

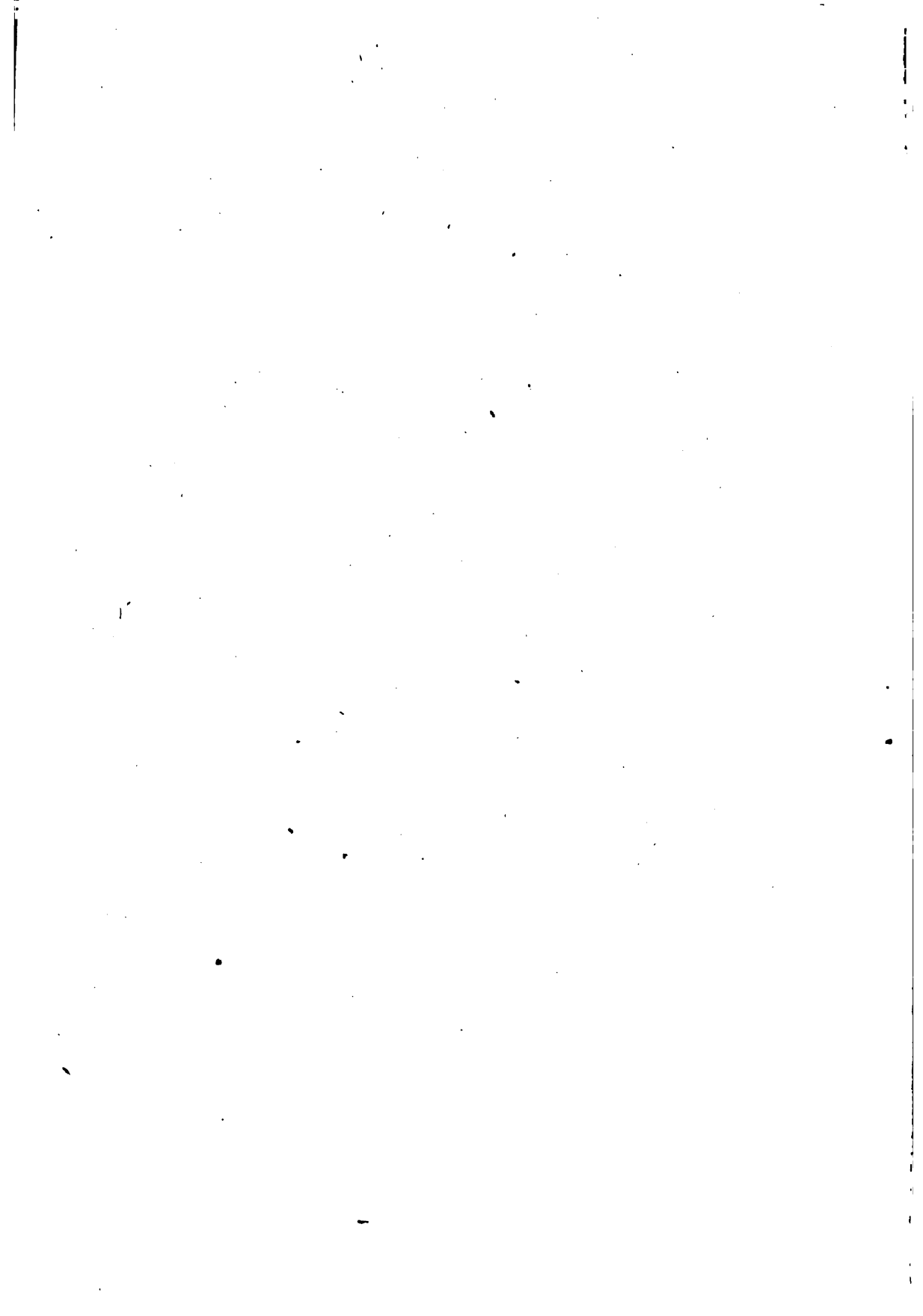
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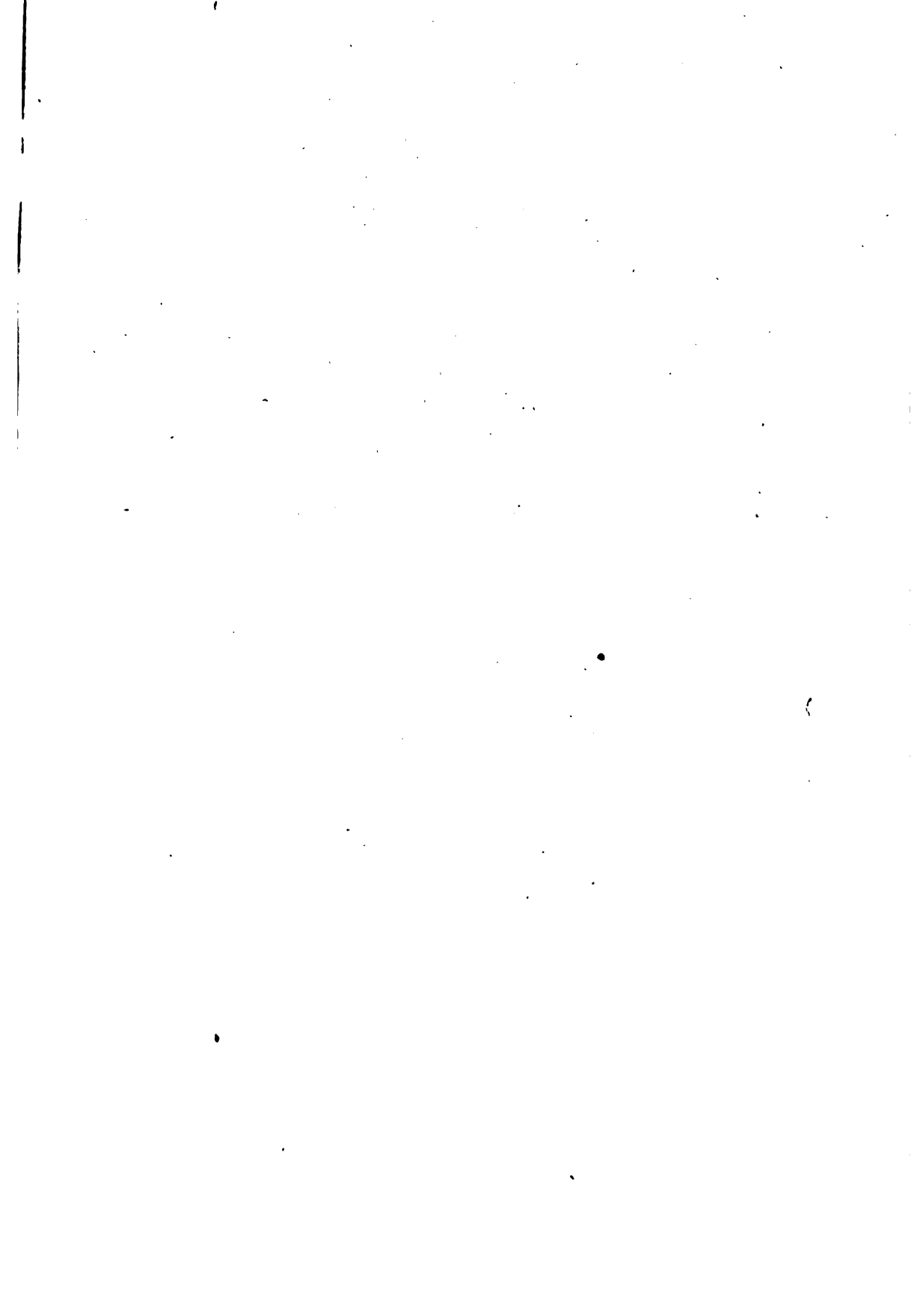


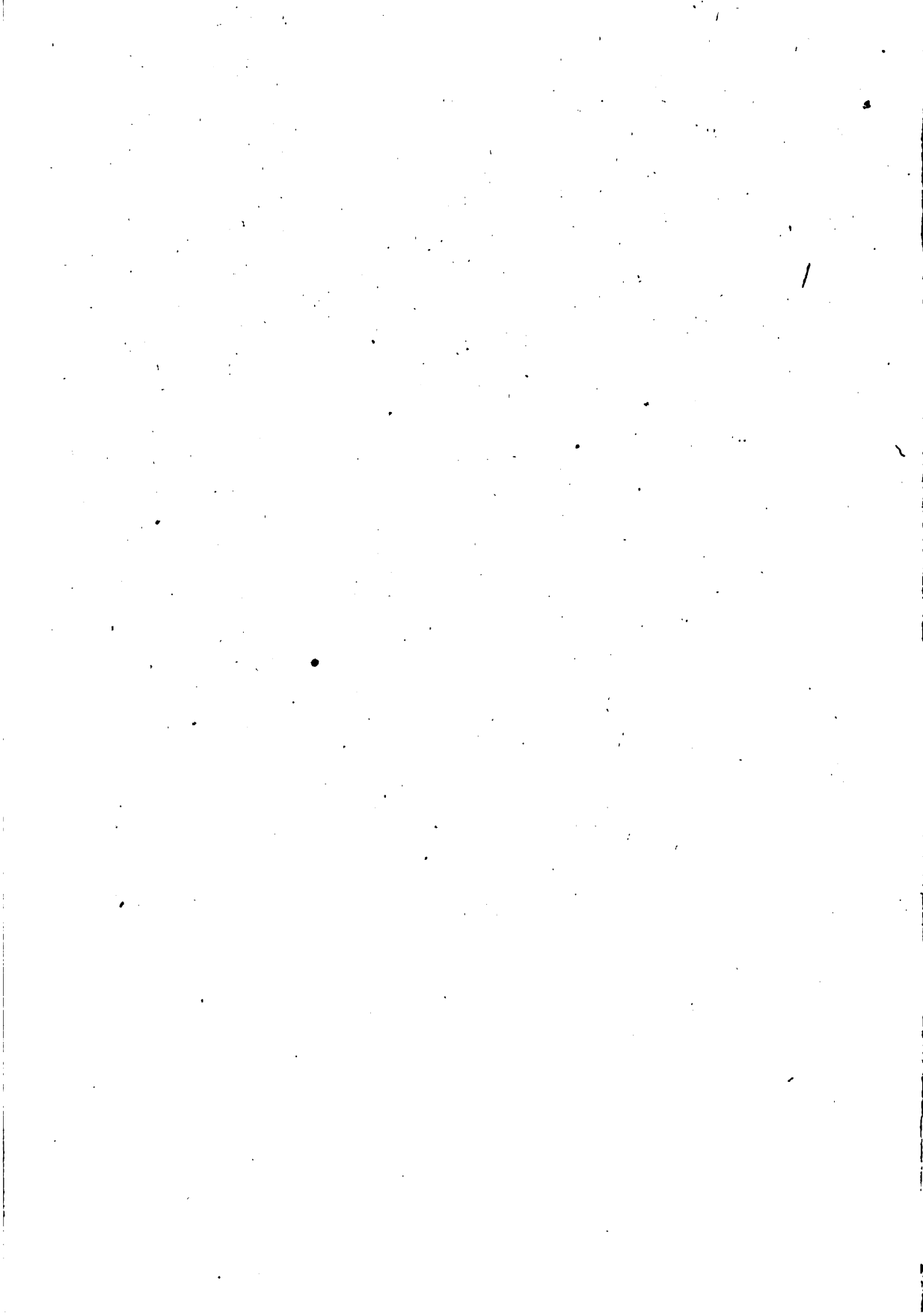
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The American Magazine

15 Cents; \$1.50 a Year



VOLUME LXXIII.

November, 1911, to April, 1912

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381 Fourth Avenue
NEW YORK

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N. D. G.

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TO

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXIII.—NOVEMBER, 1911, TO APRIL, 1912

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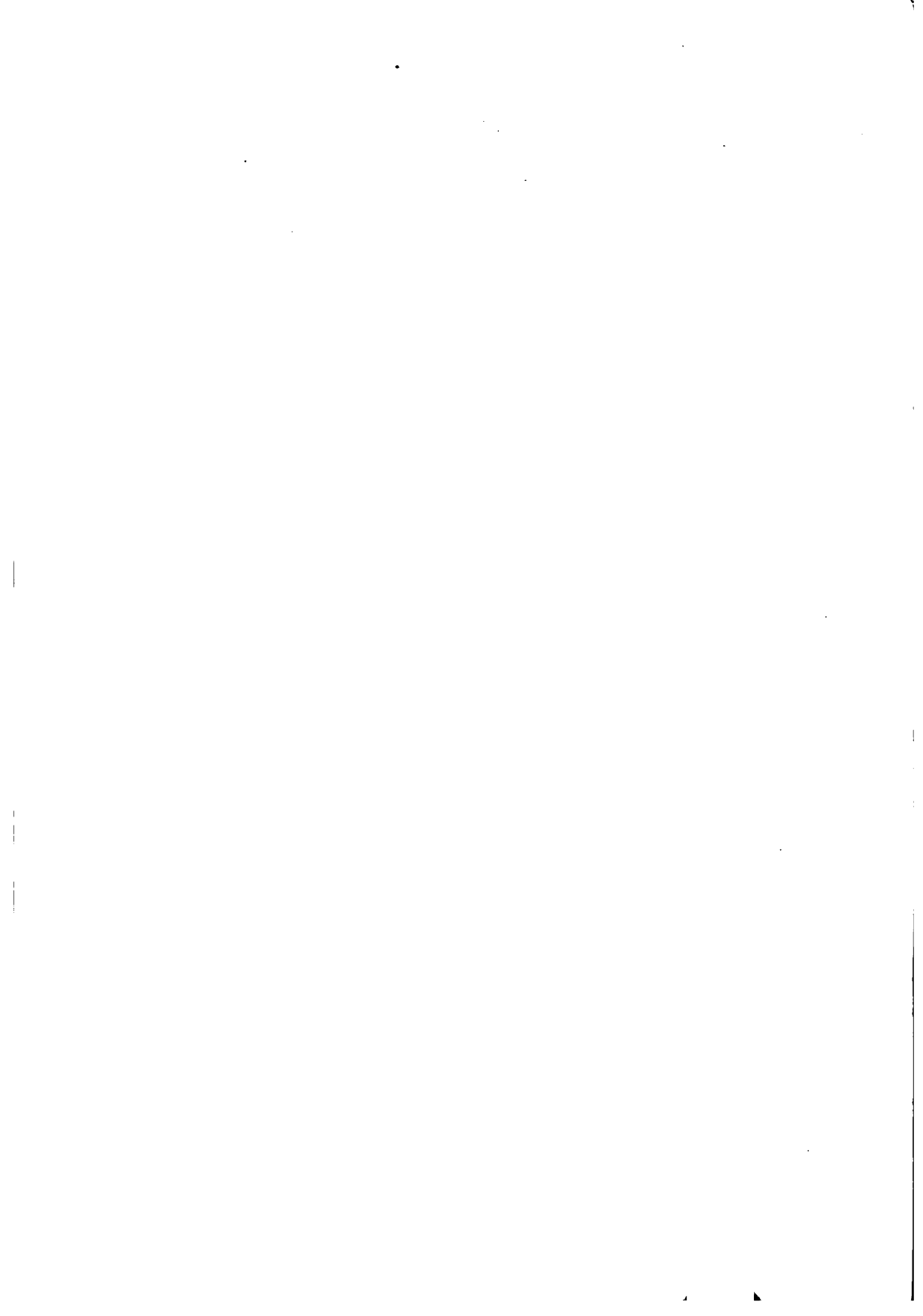
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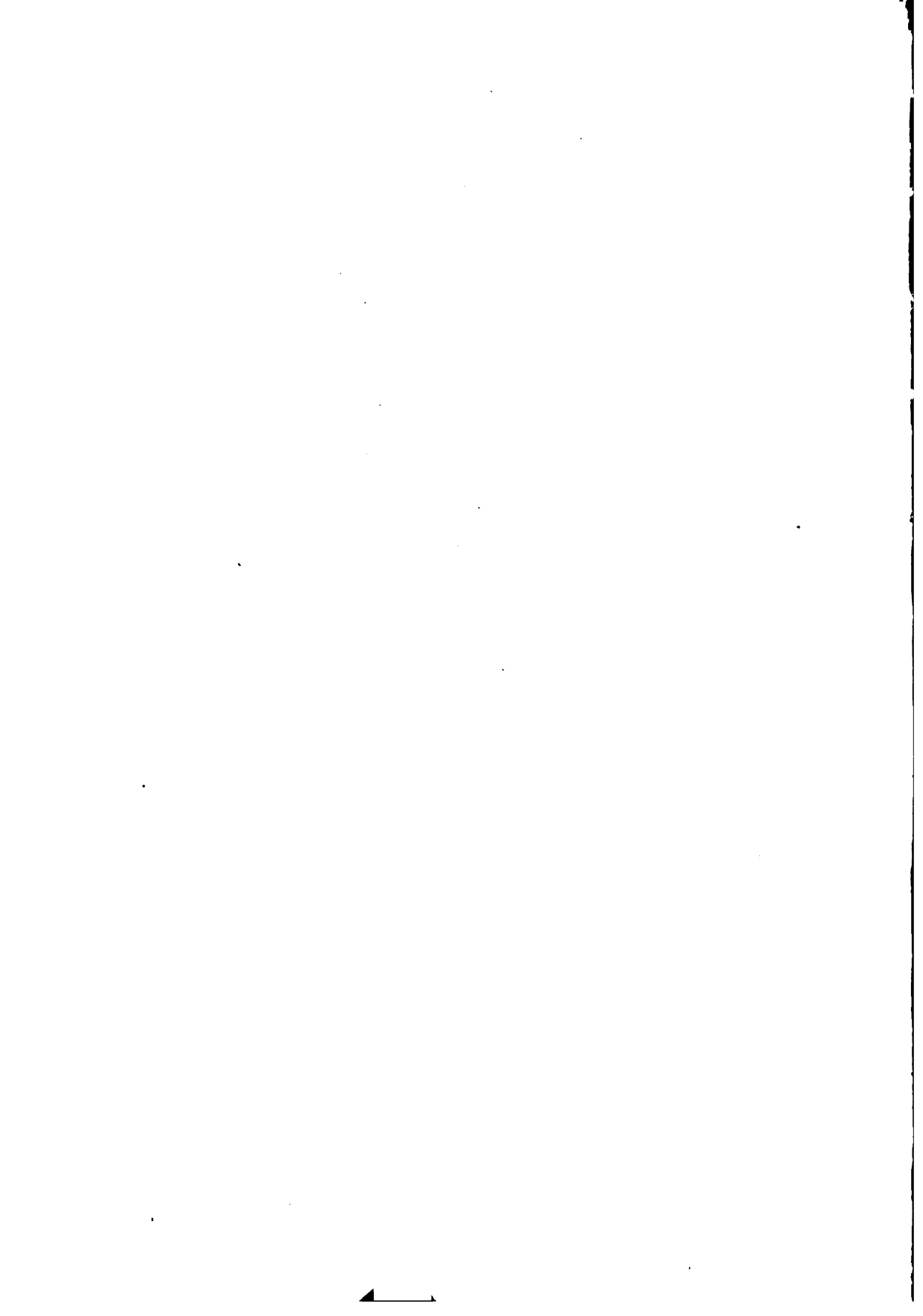
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The November
American
Magazine



Beginning "MARRIAGE"
A New Novel by H.G. WELLS

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

Prepare Generous Bounty

Pies to Make
Rolls to Bake
Bread to Bake

The Turkey
Is Only Half
The Dinner



Use **GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**
and Bake the Golden Harvest into Bread

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Eventually — Why Not Now?

THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

for November 1911

Vol. LXXIII

No. 1



MARJORIE POPE

The heroine of "Marriage," the new serial by H. G. Wells

"You might have speculated just what business was going on behind those drowsily thoughtful eyes . . ." (see page 45)

LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

HAVING thus been elected to Congress, in November, 1884, I began to realize keenly how ill-prepared I was to meet with intelligence any important national question. My service as district attorney during the preceding four years had absorbed my energies to the exclusion of everything else; in trying to do that work thoroughly well, and to keep my promise to employ no legal assistance in the trial of cases, I found I had little time to devote to political or legislative affairs.

For these reasons I resolved to go to Washington, in January, 1885. The 49th Congress, to which I had been elected, did not meet until December, but I hoped that by attending the closing session of the 48th Congress, I might learn something of the great national questions then under consideration.

I shall never forget the journey from Madison to Washington. I came by way of Harper's Ferry and I saw the old battlefields and the prison where John Brown had been confined. The first sight of the Capitol stirred me deeply. I recall distinctly how I thought of Jefferson and Hamilton and Webster and Clay and Lincoln, and I had visions of public service which I would hardly dare now to confess. I was very young then, you see. Before breakfast on my first morning in Washington, I went into Lincoln Park and stood with my hat off before Ball's statue of Lincoln. I know that critics have found fault with it as a work of art, but I cannot forget how it moved me that first morning in Washington. There stood Lincoln holding in one hand the Proclamation of Emancipa-

tion, the other extended over the head of a kneeling Negro from whose wrists the shackles had just parted! That moment and the day I spent at Mount Vernon were experiences which I shall never forget.

I attended the sessions of the House as faithfully as though I were a member. I studied the rules, followed every debate, read the Congressional Record each day. When there was an all night session I remained all night. It was soon known that I was the youngest member of the House, and this decidedly helped me in getting acquainted.

Carlisle was then speaker: he was a striking figure. A near view of his face was disappointing; it was almost colorless and his eye was as dull as lead, but, seen from the floor of the House, his great slow-moving figure and his strong head were indeed striking. He possessed something of the Southern courtesy of manner and there was a peculiar steady quality of the voice that suggested not only a reserve of power but absolute impersonality in the decision of questions. I have never known his superior as a presiding officer.

Many other notable figures were then playing their parts upon the national stage. Arthur was in the White House and Blaine was still a great party leader. In the Senate, where I sometimes occupied a seat in the gallery, were Edmunds, Hoar, Sherman, Evarts, Allison and Ingalls. In the House, the leaders were Tom Reed, McKinley, the brilliant Ben Butterworth and Joe Cannon. Cannon had not then earned the title of "uncle;" he was a rough and rugged man of fifty years of age, a hardy off-hand debater.

On the democratic side were Carlisle, Randall, Mills and Holman of Indiana. Holman was always objecting—the watch-dog of the treasury. During the daytime I heard these men discussing the important issues of the time; many of the nights I spent in the Congressional library, eagerly reading political history. I wanted to get hold of fundamental principles and the reasons underlying current issues. I also read many speeches—Lincoln and Douglas, and the Elliot debates.

I remained in Washington until after the inauguration of Cleveland. I saw Cleveland and Arthur sitting side by side in the Senate chamber on March 4th. My first impression of Cleveland was extremely unfavorable. The contrast with Arthur, who was a fine handsome figure, was very striking. Cleveland's coarse face, his heavy inert body, his great shapeless hands, confirmed in my mind the attacks made upon him during the campaign. And he was a Democrat!—and I a Republican at a time when party feeling was singularly intense. Later I came to entertain a great respect for Cleveland, to admire the courage and conscientiousness of his character.

In December I moved to Washington with my family, which then consisted of Mrs. La Follette and our little girl Fola.

A new Congressman finds himself at once irresistibly drawn into various groups and alignments. No sooner was I on the ground than I began to feel the influence of Senator Philetus Sawyer, then the leader of the Republican party in Wisconsin. Owing to the fact that I had been elected to Congress without the assistance of the organization—indeed, in defiance of it—I knew next to nothing about the underlying forces which at that time controlled, and in large measure still control, party machinery. A very small coterie of men then dominated the politics of Wisconsin and the two great leaders were Senator Sawyer and Henry C. Payne, who afterwards became a member of Roosevelt's cabinet.

Sawyer was a man of striking individuality and of much native force. He was a typical lumberman, equipped with great physical strength and a shrewd, active mind. He had tramped the forests, cruised timber, slept in the snow, built saw mills—and by his own efforts had made several million dollars. So unlearned was he that it was jokingly said that he signed his name "P. Sawyer" because he could not spell Philetus. He was nevertheless a man of ability, and a shrewd counselor in the prevailing political methods. He believed in getting all he could for himself and

his associates whenever and wherever possible. I always thought that Sawyer's methods did not violate his conscience; he regarded money as properly the chief influence in politics. Whenever it was necessary, I believe that he bought men as he bought saw-logs. He assumed that every man in politics was serving, first of all, his own personal interests—else why should he be in politics? He believed quite simply that railroad corporations and lumber companies, as benefactors of the country, should be given unlimited grants of public lands, allowed to charge all the traffic could bear, and that anything that interfered with the profits of business was akin to treason.

I had not been long in Washington before Sawyer invited me to go with him to call on the President. I can remember just how he looked climbing into his carriage—a short, thick-set, squatty figure of a man with a big head set on square shoulders and a short neck—stubby everywhere. I remember he talked to me in a kindly, fatherly manner—very matter-of-fact—looking at me from time to time with a shrewd squint in his eye. He had no humor, but much of what has been called "horse sense." His talk was jerky and illiterate; he never made a speech in his life.

We called on President Cleveland and on all the Cabinet officers. His form of introduction was exactly the same at each place we stopped. He was not quite sure, always, of my name; "Follette" he called me. He would say:

"This young man we think a great deal of; we think he is going to amount to something. I want you to be fair to him. I'd like him to get all that is coming to him in his district. I hope you will treat him right when he has any business in your department."

As we drove away from our last call, Sawyer asked me if I had in mind any particular committee in the House upon which I desired to serve. I told him I had thought it over and I wanted to go on some committee where I could make use of my legal knowledge. I could not hope to be assigned to the great Committee on Judiciary, so I told him that I should like to go on the Committee on Public Lands. I innocently explained that many land grant forfeitures were pending and I should enjoy grappling with the legal questions which they presented. Sawyer looked at me benignly and said:

"Just leave that to me; don't say another word about it to anybody. I know Carlisle; served with him in the House. Just let me take care of that for you."



GROVER CLEVELAND, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

From a photograph taken at his home in Princeton after his retirement.

"My first impression of Cleveland was unfavorable. . . . Later I came to admire the courage and conscientiousness of his character"

I was very grateful, and confided in his promises. But when Carlisle announced the committees I was astonished to find that Stephenson—now a Senator from Wisconsin—was appointed to the Committee on Public Lands and that I had been assigned to a place

on the Committee on Indian Affairs. Sawyer came to me promptly and told me that he could not secure my appointment to Public Lands, but he was sure I would enjoy my work on Indian Affairs. There was a reason for putting me on this committee, and not

upon Public Lands, which I did not appreciate until later. I had been quite too frank in expressing an interest in land grant forfeitures. It did not occur to the Senator that I might develop "foolishly sentimental" ideas against robbing Indian reservations of the pine timber in which they were very rich.

I was disappointed, but so eager to get to work at something definite that I went out immediately and invested quite a little money in second-hand books on Indians. I also had all the treaties and documents relating to Indians sent to my rooms. It made quite a library. I studied these books diligently, nor was it long before I began to feel a good deal of sympathy with the Indians. Years afterward, when I was on the Committee on Indian Affairs of the Senate, an old Indian chief who had come to Washington to plead for the interests of his people paid me one of the most amusing compliments I ever received. Quay of Pennsylvania, though a cold-blooded politician, was one of the best friends the Indians ever had in Congress. Having Indian blood in his veins he invariably opposed legislation which was unjust to the Indians. Well, this old chief came to see me and I helped him all I could. Afterwards, in trying to give me the highest measure of praise he could bestow, he said:

"La Follette—him all same Quay."

I soon found out why Sawyer had secured my appointment to the Committee on Indian Affairs. It was the first illuminating glimpse I had of the inside methods of political organization. Wellborn of Texas was then chairman of this committee. He strongly resembled Stephen A. Douglas, was an able man and a real orator. Cleveland appointed him federal judge in California where he has made a fine record. He is to-day one of the strong men of the State. We have never lost the touch of friendship since our service together in the House.

Wellborn appointed me a sub-committee of one to consider a bill introduced by Guenther of Oshkosh to sell the pine timber from the Menominee Indian Reservation in Wisconsin. Guenther represented Sawyer's Congressional district. When I began to study the bill more closely, it seemed to me to offer unlimited opportunities for stealing the timber from the Indians. I concluded to consult J. D. C. Atkinson, the Commissoiner of Indian Affairs, about it. He read the bill through; then he looked at me over his glasses and said:

"Mr. La Follette, I think this is a little the worst Indian bill I ever saw."

"Will you write me a letter as Commissioner, saying so?" I asked.

In due time I got his letter and a few days later Guenther came to me and said:

"Bob, why don't you report that bill out?"

I told him it was a bad bill and that I should report it adversely.

"Oh, don't do that," he said; "I know nothing about the bill. Sawyer asked me to introduce it, and he introduced one exactly like it in the Senate. He has passed his bill over there, and he wants me to get the House bill favorably reported and on the calendar by the time his bill comes over."

When I insisted that I would not report it favorably, that ended it and the bill died in Committee. Sawyer never spoke to me about the affair.

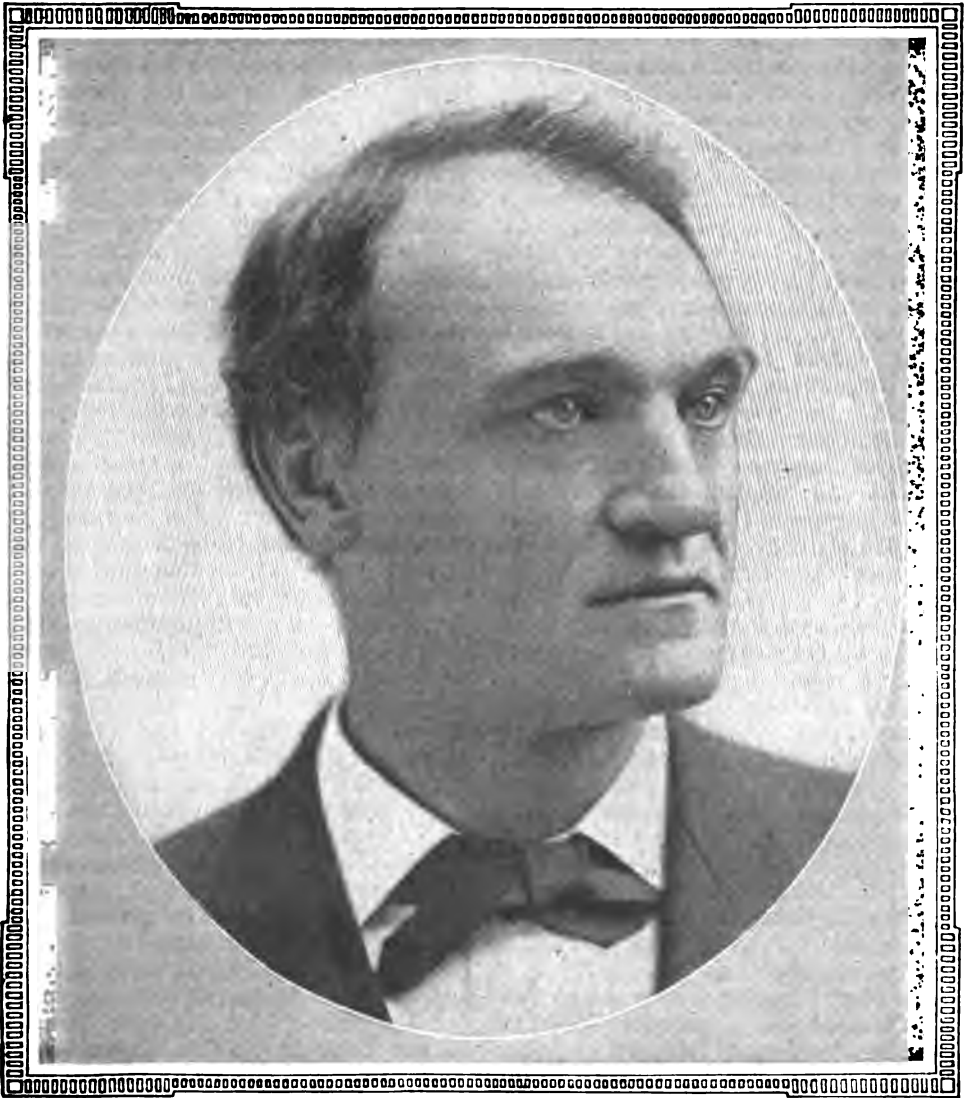
I was very soon to meet this question of political self-seeking in another form. My first speech in Congress was made on April 22, 1886. It was on the so-called "pork-barrel" bill for River and Harbor appropriations. I was then, as I am now, heartily in favor of generous expenditures of national funds for waterways and harbors, but the scramble for unwarranted appropriations was then and is now not short of scandalous.

The bill called for \$15,000,000, the largest amount at that time ever appropriated. It ignored the recommendations of the government engineers that sixty-three improvements already begun should be completed, and provided for completing only five of these unfinished improvements. This recommendation was ignored in order to use the funds to project over one hundred new improvements started to satisfy the demands of members for some of the "pork." I argued that if the sums necessary to complete unfinished work were used to inaugurate new improvements, then the next Congress would be compelled to set aside still larger appropriations merely to keep pace with the destruction resulting from the action of the elements upon the uncompleted improvements.

I argued that Congressmen should not contend as rivals for these appropriations, each seeking all he could get as a grab for his district, but that they should regard the river and harbor bill as a great national measure.

"I believe that the tendency of such legislation is to debauch the country and dull the moral instincts of the American Congress."

I went on further to say, "There is but one right course. Not one dollar of this money belongs to any State, any district, any local-



Photograph by Bell, from the collection of F. H. Meserve

JOHN G. CARLISLE OF KENTUCKY

“Carlisle was then Speaker. A near view of his face was disappointing, but, seen from the floor, his great, slow-moving figure and his strong head were indeed striking”

ity. It all belongs to the United States, and whatever is appropriated with any other view is a misappropriation of public funds. I might use a severer term. No man can shirk the responsibility. . . . He cannot say, ‘My constituents want this money, and I will therefore vote for it, though I do not approve of the measure.’ The money is neither his nor theirs. So far as this money is concerned, when by his vote he takes it from the treasury, he becomes, in a liberal use of the word, a trustee of the money, and he is bound

to expend it for the benefit of national commerce.”

I knew that the bill would pass, as it did, but I felt that I ought at least to express my convictions upon the subject. I did not oppose the bill; I opposed the policy.

This little speech—it does not seem of much importance to me now—was commented on, not only in Wisconsin, but by the press of the country. The *New York Tribune*, the *New York Sun* and other papers gave it favorable editorial notice. This

helped me in my district and aided in the contest for renomination.

The opposition of Boss Keyes and the old-time politicians of each of the counties of the district in my first nomination and election, warned me of the enemy I would have to meet in the convention of 1886. If I ever expected to serve more than one term in the House of Representatives, I knew I had to fight for that privilege. It had seemed to me in the very beginning that a public official should deal directly with the people whom he was to serve. I did not go to Boss Keyes for the office of district attorney. The district attorney was not employed by Keyes, but by the people. The office was not his to bestow; it was theirs. It was the same in my first fight for Congress. After I had won the nomination and election, it gave me still greater confidence in the people. But while the district attorney did his work in the county where the voters could see how they were being served, Washington was a long way off. How were the people to know about the proceedings of Congress and the work of their congressman?

I thought it all over. It was clear to me that the only way to beat boss and ring rule was to keep the people thoroughly informed. Machine control is based upon misrepresentation and ignorance. Democracy is based upon knowledge. It is of first importance that the people shall know about their government and the work of their public servants. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." This I have always believed vital to self government.

Immediately following my election to Congress I worked out a complete plan for keeping my constituents informed on public issues and the record of my services in Congress; it is the system I have used in constantly widening circles ever since.

There were five counties in my district, La Fayette, Grant, Green, Dane, and Iowa. I secured from the county clerks' offices a complete list of all the voters who had voted in the last election.

I had the names written on large sheets, one township, sometimes two, to a sheet. Then I sent the sheets to a friend in each county who filled in all the information he could, indicating especially the strong men in each community—those who were leaders of sentiment. To this information I added the results of my own acquaintance in the district. This gave me a complete descriptive poll list of my district.

When some Congressman made a speech on

sound money—Reed or Carlisle—I would get the necessary number of copies of that speech, and send them to those interested in the money question. When the oleomargarine bill, the interstate commerce bill, and other important legislation was pending, I sent out speeches covering the debates thoroughly. In this way I suppose I sent out hundreds of thousands of speeches, my own and others.

It is not generally known that Congressional speeches, reprinted from the Record for distribution, must be paid for by the Congressman or Senator ordering them at a cost equal to that of any first-class printing establishment. The size of the bills I paid the government printing office for many years was one of the reasons why I found myself so poor when I left Congress. A Congressman in those days received only five thousand dollars a year, and no secretarial or clerk hire whatever unless he chanced to be chairman of a committee. The result was that the bulk of the actual mechanical work of keeping up all this correspondence and pamphleteering fell upon Mrs. La Follette and myself. Occasionally we indulged in the extravagance of hiring a stenographer for a few weeks, but as a rule, while I was engaged in my Congressional duties, Mrs. La Follette worked until the late hours, writing letters, addressing envelopes and sending away stacks of speeches. We do not look upon those days with any self pity. We were both young and vigorous and they were among the happiest and most hopeful years we ever spent. We gave ourselves comparatively few amusements, but those that we did take, we enjoyed supremely. Our interest in the drama has always been keen, and I remember that whenever Booth and Barrett came to play in Baltimore—they never came to Washington owing to Booth's aversion to the scene of the tragedy with which his brother was connected—Mrs. La Follette and I threw discretion utterly to the winds, and went over to every evening performance while their engagement lasted.

The task of building up and maintaining an intelligent interest in public affairs in my district and afterwards in the State, was no easy one. But it was the only way for me, and I am still convinced that it is the best way. Never in my political life have I derived benefit from the two sources of power by which machine politics chiefly thrives—I mean patronage, the control of appointments to office, and the use of large sums of money in organization. During my fight in Wisconsin the old machine used its power of dispensing patronage to the utmost against me.

When I became Governor I appointed supporters of the Progressive movement to offices whenever there were appointments to make. These men did all in their power for the success of our campaigns. But such service is always criticized by the opposition, and discounted by the public because of the self interest of the officials, and does about as much harm as good. As soon as I had the legislature with me in 1905, I secured the passage of the strongest civil service law that could be framed, wiping out the whole system of spoils in State offices. To-day there is less patronage-mongering in Wisconsin than in any other State in the Union. As for Federal patronage, I have had very little to dispense—nor have I needed any. When Mr. Taft, soon after he became President, began withholding patronage from the Insurgents, with the idea, I suppose, of disciplining them, I stated my own views, and the position of the Insurgents editorially in *La Follette's Magazine*, as follows:

"It is well to have this patronage matter understood. The support of the Progressives for progressive legislation will be given without reference to patronage or favors of any sort. That support will be accorded on conviction. And it is idle for the President to presume that he can secure adherence from the Progressive ranks for any policies, or support for any legislation reactionary in its character for the sole purpose of party solidarity."

If you are going direct to the people, you have no need of patronage. Moreover, you have no need of organization in the complicated way in which politics has been organized in the past, nor of the use of large sums of money. The only organization through which I have attained whatever success it has been my lot to win has consisted of a clerical force to send out literature and speeches, and a manager to arrange speaking campaigns. The money for the campaigns which I have conducted—and there has never been much of it—has been supplied, not by business organizations, but by men who were sincerely interested in the cause.

In general it can be said of all the group known as Insurgents or Progressives that they have won their victories without complicated organization, without patronage, often without newspaper support and with the use of very little money. Nothing could show more conclusively that they represent a popular feeling so deep that it cannot be influenced by machine methods.

At the end of my first two years in Congress, I was renominated, overcoming all opposition and carried my district, which had given me only 400 plurality in 1884, by more than 3,500, and the third time, in 1888, I was elected by a majority of nearly 3,000.

As time passed the more familiar I became with the inner affairs of Congress, the more plainly I saw the constant crowding in of



HOME OF ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE AT MADISON
From the time he was District Attorney until he was elected Governor



MRS. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Taken at the time her husband was serving in Congress. "While I was engaged in my Congressional duties, Mrs. La Follette worked until the late hours, writing letters, addressing envelopes and sending away stacks of speeches"

ments on Indian Affairs here became useful. I discovered that in addition to the rights of way, one company was given the exclusive right to acquire 715 acres and the other 828 acres of land, ostensibly for "terminal facilities," and that each road was to have at intervals of every ten miles an additional 160 acres of land, presumably for "station privileges." I stopped the reading at this point.

"This looks to me like a town-site job," I said. "I cannot see why these railroads should have so much more land than is necessary to use directly in connection with their business as common carriers."

I had no sooner uttered these words than the member of the committee sitting upon my right nudged me and whispered, "Bob, you don't want to interfere with that provision. *Those are your home corporations.*"

private interests, seeking benefits. I soon had another very illuminating experience.

A voluminous bill was before the Committee on Indian Affairs providing for the opening for settlement 11,000,000 acres of the Sioux Indian Reservation in Dakota. As it was being read in committee, we came to a provision to ratify an agreement made by the C. M. & St. P. and C. & N. W. Railroads with the Indians for rights of way through the reservation. My previous study of docu-

But I did interfere and had the paragraphs laid over and we adjourned the session of the committee at twelve o'clock to attend the meeting of the House. I had not been in my seat half an hour when a page announced that Senator Sawyer wanted to see me. I found him waiting for me near the cloak room. We sat on a settee and talked of general matters for some time. As the Senator rose to go he said, apparently as an afterthought:

"Oh, say, La Follette, your committee will

have coming up before long the Sioux Indian bill. There is a provision in it for our folks up in Wisconsin, the Northwestern and St. Paul Railroads. I wish you'd look after it."

"Senator Sawyer," I said, "we have already reached that provision in the bill, and I am preparing an amendment to it. I don't think it's right."

"Is that so," said the Senator, in apparent surprise. "Come and sit down and let's talk it over."

We argued for an hour, Sawyer presenting every point in favor of granting the railroads the prior right to acquire all the land they wanted. This was the first time Sawyer had directly and personally attempted to influence me in a matter of legislation. I was respectful to him, but could not yield to his view. I told him that I thought it right to permit the railroads to acquire

the land necessary for rights of way, yards, tracks, sidings, depots, shops, roundhouses, and indeed, all they needed solely for transportation purposes and should favor such a provision. But as framed, the provision plainly allowed them to get prior and exclusive rights to much more land for town site and other speculative uses; that besides they were not required to build their lines within any definite time, and might hold the land to the exclusion of all



Photograph by Curtiss

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

At the age of twenty-nine; taken when he was first elected to Congress

others indefinitely, without turning a sod or laying a rail; that it was unjust to the Indians and the public, and I could not support it. He was not ill tempered, and said he would see me again about it.

Forty-eight hours later Henry C. Payne arrived in Washington. He was secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, political manager of the Wisconsin machine, lobbyist for the St. Paul Railroad and the Beef Trust, and had the backing of the important

corporate interests of the State. Obviously he had been summoned to Washington by Sawyer.

Everybody was taught to believe that Payne had some occult and mysterious power as a political manager, and that when he said a thing would happen in politics or legislation, it always did happen. He was a perfect ideal of that union of private business and politics that carried on its face apparent devotion to the public interest. A fine head and figure, meditative, introspective eyes, a quiet, clear-cut, convincing way of stating his views, he was certainly the most accomplished railroad lobbyist I ever knew. His intimate friendship and business relation with the Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee in Wisconsin came to be one of the best-known amenities in the politics of the day in that State. It was said that there was a well-worn pathway between the back doors of their private offices.

Well, Sawyer and Payne came to see me night after night for a week or more. Payne was rather stiff and harsh, but Sawyer was fatherly,—much like a parent reasoning with a wayward child.

Nils P. Haugen, Congressman from the tenth district, occupied a seat near me. One day he said:

"I want to tell you something. I saw Payne last night at the Ebbitt House and he went for you. He said, 'La Follette is a crank; if he thinks he can buck a railroad company with 5,000 miles of line, he'll find out his mistake. We'll take care of him when the time comes.'"

Payne was as good as his word. He fought me ever afterwards.

But I got my amendment through allowing the railroad to acquire the necessary right of way, twenty acres of land for stations, and only such additional land as the Secretary of the Interior should find to be a necessary aid to transportation, prohibiting the use or sale of any of said lands for town site or other purposes, and providing that each of said roads

should within three years locate, construct, and operate their lines or forfeit the lands so acquired to the government.

I felt even then, and learned far better afterwards, what it meant to oppose my own party organization; but when party leaders work for corporations and railroad control, when they do not represent the people, what other course is open for a man who believes in democratic government? I believed then, as I believe now, that the only salvation for the Republican Party lies in purging itself wholly from the influence of financial interests. It is



HENRY C. PAYNE OF WISCONSIN
One of the great leaders of the old machine politics of the country. He controlled the Republican Party of Wisconsin for many years, and was for a time Postmaster-General in Roosevelt's Cabinet

for this, indeed, that the group of men called Insurgents have been fighting—and it is this that they will contend for to the end. I here maintain with all the force I possess that it is only as the Republican party adopts the position maintained to-day by the Progressives that it can live to serve the country as a party organization.

Two of the incidents which I have related as examples showing how private interests sought advantages in Congress involve the Wisconsin organization. But Wisconsin was no whit worse than other States. While

Sawyer and Payne were getting things for their "home corporations" Quay was getting things for *his* and Aldrich for *his*, and Gorman for *his* corporations. And they all traded back and forth, Sawyer helping Aldrich and Quay in getting what they wanted, and they helping him to get what *he* wanted. At first I saw only sporadic cases, such as I have mentioned, and it was some time before I learned how thoroughly all these interests worked together, each serving the other.

It was in my second term that I crossed the trail of the national organizations of both parties meddling in legislation for corporate interests. In the session before the presidential campaign of 1888 an effort was made to pass the Nicaraguan Canal Bill. Congressman Haugen and I had been active in opposing this bill. One day we received an invitation to visit Senator Sawyer in his committee room at the Senate end of the Capitol and did so. When we arrived we found Senator Sawyer and the famous Colonel William W. Dudley alone together. Dudley

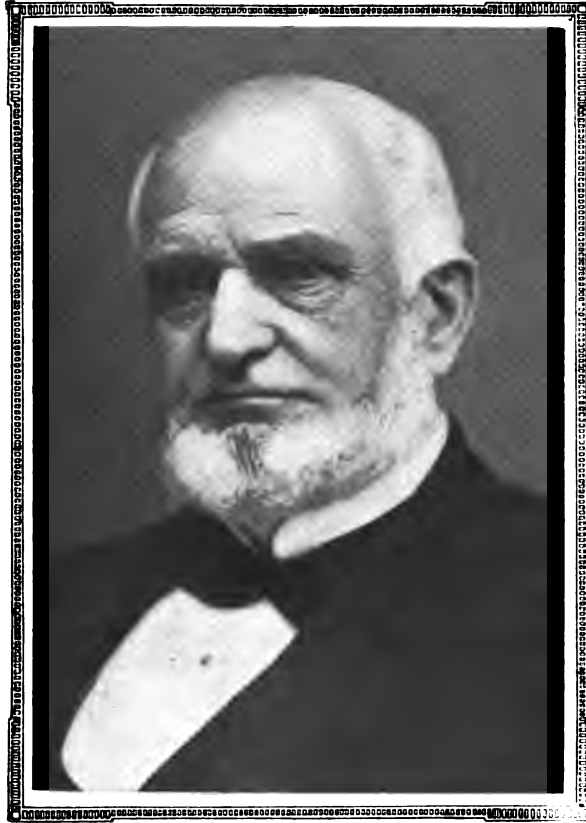
was Chairman of the executive committee of the National Republican Committee. He was a most genial man personally, a brave soldier of the Civil War, who left a leg at Gettysburg. But he was an old school politician—and practical. It was in the following campaign that the Colonel acquired the title of "Blocks-of-five Dudley," through the publication of a letter to an Indiana follower giving minute instructions as to how voters should be rounded up, watched by faithful lieutenants and voted in "blocks of five."

When we entered the room, Sawyer said: "I have called you boys over here to talk with you about the Nicaraguan Canal bill. I hear you are ag'in' it. Now that bill is all right, and ought to pass. Dudley here knows all about it. Dudley, you tell the boys about it."

Colonel Dudley argued that it was very essential that the measure then on the House calendar should pass before the adjournment of

the session. Not meeting with any favorable response from Haugen and myself, he finally appealed to us in the interests of the Republican party, and stated that if the bill was permitted to pass before the adjournment of Congress, the parties interested in the canal would contribute one hundred thousand dollars to the Republican campaign fund. Having understood that Phil Thompson, a prominent Democrat and an ex-Representative who had the privilege of the floor, was active in behalf of the same measure, I asked Dudley what the Democrats expected if the bill passed, and he

frankly admitted that there would be a similar amount contributed to the Democratic National Committee. I jokingly suggested that if the Democrats were to receive a like contribution, one would offset the other. Dudley replied in the same vein, that Republicans had a lot more sense than Democrats in spending their campaign funds, and then proceeded seriously to explain that a plan was afoot by which the Republicans hoped to carry Delaware; that in Delaware at that time only persons owning real estate could



SENATOR PHILETUS SAWYER

Republican leader in Wisconsin twenty-five years ago. "I always thought that Sawyer's methods did not violate his conscience; he regarded money as properly the chief influence in politics"

vote, and that it was proposed to use this fund or a part of the fund to buy a tract of swamp land, and parcel it out among the laboring men so as to qualify them as voters. We stated that it was a matter of principle with us, and that we should not withdraw our opposition to the bill.

The bill did not pass at that session. It did pass with some amendments in 1889.

A striking incident which occurred near the end of my service in Congress, vividly illustrated the relationship between private interests in various parts of the country in seeking legislation for special privilege.

A Ship Subsidy bill was pending in the House, so sweeping in its provisions, that as one of its opponents somewhat extravagantly said, it would "subsidize every fishing smack in New England waters." It was a flagrant effort on the part of private interests to get into the public treasury. The Democrats were generally opposed to the measure. The Republicans were then in control of the House and generally supported it. I was opposed to it, because it granted a privilege to private interests. Therefore I began to canvass among my Republican friends to see if I could not persuade enough of them to join in voting with the Democrats to defeat the bill. These first tests of strength came a few days before the close of the session, about two o'clock in the morning. Enough Republicans voted with the Democrats to defeat it by a narrow margin of five votes. While the clerk recapitulates the roll call on a close vote, effort is often made to get enough members to change their votes to reverse the result. There was great bustling about by the leading supporters of the measure, seeking out members who might be induced to change their votes. I saw what was afoot. Myron McCord was a Republican member of the Wisconsin delegation, with whom I had discussed the measure and who had voted against the bill. Suddenly I saw a group of members coming out of the cloak room, urging, almost pushing McCord down the aisle. He called out, "Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker." Obviously he was about to change his vote.

There was confusion everywhere—the same thing going on in different parts of the House. Without at all reckoning the consequences, I jumped from my seat, slipped through the crowd, and seizing McCord by his collar, jerked him suddenly backwards. Taken by surprise, unprepared for the pull, he nearly lost his feet, and I kept him going until I had him back in the cloak room.

"Tell me, Myron," I said, "what do you

mean? Why are you trying to change your vote? You promised to vote against the bill."

He did not resent what I had done. He was ashamed, and said:

"Bob, I've got to change my vote. Sawyer has just sent a page over here and insists on my voting for the bill. I've got to do it. He has loaned me money; he has a mortgage on everything I possess. And he is on his way over here now. He seems to have a personal interest in the passage of the bill."

He was much agitated.

"Myron," I said, "here is your hat and coat. Get off the floor as quickly as you can."

I went with him out of the door leading from the House floor into the corridor back of the Speaker's desk. As I returned and was passing up the center aisle, whom should I see but Senator Sawyer hurrying down the aisle to meet me. He was white with rage. He came directly at me, and jabbing me in the chest with the ends of his stubby fingers, said (I remember his exact words):

"Young man, young man, what are you doing? You are a bolter. The Republican platform promises this legislation. You are a bolter, sir; you are a bolter."

I was furious. I revolted at the whole thing.

"Senator Sawyer," I said "you can't tell me how to vote on any question. You've no business on this floor seeking to influence legislation. You are violating the rules. You get out of here, or I will call the Speaker's attention to you."

I turned toward the Speaker's desk. He knew I would do what I said, and left the floor immediately without another word. And the House bill was beaten and a substitute measure passed.

A day or two later I chanced to meet Sawyer in the corridor of the capitol. He stopped me and apologized, saying, "I am sorry for what I said the other night. You were right and I was wrong. You have a perfect right to vote as you please." I met him a number of times after that before finally leaving Washington, and he was as cordial toward me as ever.

It seems to me now as I look back upon those years that most of the lawmakers and, indeed, most of the public, looked upon Congress and the government as a means of getting some sort of advantage for themselves or for their home towns or home states. River and harbor improvements without merit, public buildings without limit,

raids upon the public lands and forests, subsidies and tariffs, very largely occupied the attention of Congressmen. Lobbyists for all manner of private interests, especially the railroads, crowded the corridors of the capitol and the Washington hotels and not only argued for favorable legislation, but demanded it.

Of this period, Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," says:

"The doors of Congress are besieged by a whole army of commercial and railroad men and their agents to whom, since they have come to form a sort of profession the name of 'lobbyists' is given. Many Congressmen are personally interested and lobby for themselves among their colleagues from the vantage ground of their official positions. Thus a vast deal of solicitation and bargaining goes on. . . . That the Capitol and the hotels at Washington are a nest of intrigues and machinations while Congress is sitting is admitted on all hands; how many of the members are *tainted* no one can tell."

The genesis of the private interest idea in our government is perfectly clear. While the country was developing rapidly, with capital scarce and competition strong, it often seemed that the best way, indeed, the only way, to secure the highest public interest was through the encouragement and protection of private interests. To the wisest men of the earlier times in this country it seemed important to encourage private interests, for example, in building railroads; hence vast tracts of land were granted to railroad companies. Our forest and other natural resources seemed unlimited, and it was anything for growth and development. For a long time, only in the case of railroads did the public generally begin to draw the line at which the protection of private interests became the legalized plunder of the public. In the newest and least developed sections of the country, as in Alaska, the line is still somewhat obscured. Private interests, fed thus upon public favors, became enormously strong. Later the combination form of organization appeared, and competition began to be wiped out. Trusts came into existence.

But the private interests, the "infant industries", the "struggling railroads"—instead of wanting less government help when they grew strong, demanded more. It was easier to grow rich by gifts from the government than by efficient service and honest effort.

At the time I was in Congress from 1885 to 1891, the onslaught of these private interests was reaching its height. I did not then fully realize that this was the evidence of a great system of "community of interests," which was rapidly getting control of our political parties, our government, our courts. The issue has since become clear. Whether it shows itself in the tariff, in Alaska, in municipal franchises, in the trusts, in the railroads, or the great banking interests, we know that it is one and the same thing. And there can be no compromise with these interests that seek to control the government. Either they or the people will rule.

I have endeavored in this chapter to show how, in those days, the consideration of private interests of all sorts overwhelmed Congress. I have showed how, in several instances, and in a limited way, I tried to fight against them—singly. But I do not mean to imply that there was no hopeful, no constructive movement then going forward, or that patriotic men, in both branches of Congress, were not doing their best to stem the tide. Such men as Sherman in the Senate and Reagan in the House were real constructive statesmen. While I was in Congress the first efforts were made, through the passage of the Interstate Commerce Law, the Sherman Anti-trust Act and other measures, to reassert the power of popular government and to grapple with these mighty private interests; but of that significant, constructive work I shall speak in the next chapter.

Even then the two diametrically opposite ideas of government had begun a death grapple for mastery in this country. Shall government be for the benefit of private interests, as the Sawyers of those days, and the Quays, Gormans, and the Aldriches believed? Or shall government be for the benefit of the public interest? This is the simple issue involved in the present conflict in the nation.

In the next installment Senator La Follette tells of his first meetings with Reed, the "Czar;" an amusing social mix-up with Roosevelt, then Civil Service Commissioner; a clash with Hanna; his first tariff speech answering the great Carlisle; Sherman and the trust problems—new then; Blaine's later days; and much about McKinley with whom La Follette was thrown into intimate relations. Inside history of stirring days when the railroad and trust problems were first before Congress.

A R E M I N I S C E N C E

By John S. Reed

WHEN I was a freshman in Harvard College, I stood one day looking into the window of a book-store on Harvard Square, at a new volume of O. Henry. A quietly-dressed, unimpressive man with a sparse, dark beard came up and stood beside me.

Said he suddenly, "Have you read the new one?"

"No," I said.

"Neither have I. I've read all the others, though."

"He's great, don't you think?"

"Bully. Let's go in and buy this one."

So we went in and bought O. Henry. Coming out of the store, he turned to me and said, "You'd better come home to dinner with me. I'm all alone to-night."

"All right," I said. "I'd like to very much."

He never asked my name; I thought he must be some College instructor.

We walked slowly through the College Yard, talking of what makes Harvard; not to a graduate, mind you, but to a freshman; the great football games, which have something stern and ideal about them; the big men in your Class, and how you're sure they'll be big men in the world some day; "parties in Town," on Spring nights, when some are just a little "edged." He listened to these things with the air of a man who knew all about them, and loved them. And yet I noticed that his beard was a little gray.

Soon we arrived at a big house on a quiet street. There was no one home but the maid who served our dinner; and a great dinner it was, too. We both fell to like farm-hands. Somehow I got the impression that this man was about my own age.

After dinner we went in to a long, deep, comfortable room, lined with low book-cases. He produced some cigars; he sat in a big chair, and I reclined on a lounge. We discussed undergraduate clubs, and how to become popular; then we drifted into comic operas. It developed that he was rather fond of Eddy Foy and Richard Carle, my particular favorites in that direction.

I staid in the big room until nearly midnight. As I stood in the doorway, telling him what a good time I'd had, he said,

"You must come again, and we'll have another talk. I don't think I know your name."

I told him.

"And now, may I ask yours?"

"I'm William James."

THE PORE FOLKS' BOY

The Story of an Escape from Bondage

BY G. W. OGDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD HEATH

IT was a wired-up, boarded-off, gone-to-the-devil sort of place where we lived, a leaning fence in front, out of which the gate was gone, like a tooth. An old lilac bush, dead and dry, a little colony of upshoots at its foot, stood in the midst of the yard, a disordered army of blue flags flashing its broad sabers all around.

People commonly spoke of us as "The pore folks," in such manner as: "I seen the pore folks boy go a-past," or "They've got the mumps over at the pore folkses." We knew of it, we felt it, dumbly perhaps, as outcast creatures accept abuse. Poverty was our sole reproach.

I was the last remaining of the flock, there in the old rookery with my parents, the others having lunged clumsily into the world on their blunt rustic wings long before. How they bore them, we did not know. They went out of our lives like the dead. We always had been a selfish, saturnine crew; that was beaten into us by the clods of the stingy fields. Once out of the crude nest, they lived to forget it. With the others, at least, this was true. I was the sentimentalist of the family. It hurts to be a sentimentalist, wherever you are. Even in the isolation of those early years I suffered, for it.

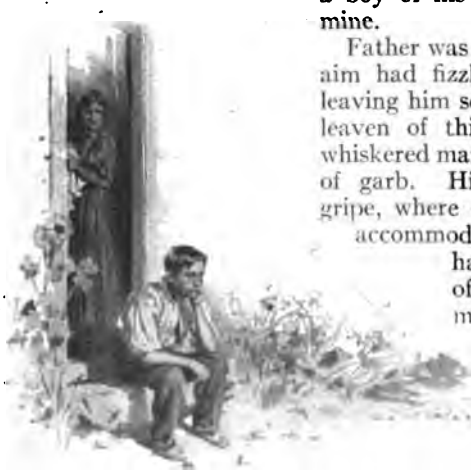
There were fields about the place, and moorlands, across which the wind came in the fall seasoned with the ripe scents of sweet herbs, drying in the languid sun; there were stretches of brown stubble where the hay had grown, fringed with rude resin weed and golden rod. By the roadside, asters. In the pasture grew clumps of sumacs, their leaves spattered with a hot crimson, which I thought must be the blood of doves. It is only as it stood in the fall-time that I see the old place now. Time has mellowed away the harsh memories of all the rest. The fall-time, scented with its solemn, lonely, humanizing charm. Perhaps because hardship and unseasonable toil ripened me before my time, and brought the autumn to me when it should have been spring. It is unfair to rob a boy of his boyhood, as I was robbed of mine.

Father was a man of a single aim, and that aim had fizzled out long before my time, leaving him sour and unresponsive to all the leaven of this world. He was a bundle-whiskered man, stooped of shoulders, patched of garb. His fingers curved in stiffened gripe, where toil had welded their joints to accommodate the helve of the ax, the handles of the plow, the snath of the scythe. All of the refinement, the man-feeling, had been battered out of him.

He was nothing but the hull of a man.

Mother would have been differ-

ent with a little encouragement. She was a morose woman about the house, with a tint of a cheerless religion, but with a great ear for gossip. She used to sing long, doleful



I WAS THE SENTIMENTALIST OF THE FAMILY

hymns in the evening and on rainy days. There is one which I always associate with clammy corn bread and wet days.

"Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave—"

There was nothing figurative in that hymn to mother, I am sure. As for myself, it brought before me a tossing picture of gray sea—although I never had seen the sea—night pressing down upon it, shipwrecked men straining with the dun waves for the shore. When mother sang that hymn her corn bread turned out clammy, as if it had received excess of moisture from her tears. God knows what labored in her heart to break its bounds and fly away—I was too young to understand.

Between my parents there was little affection. Poverty had sat at the table with them so long that love had starved. They labored on to keep a shelter over themselves, a refuge, waiting to die and be buried in the free earth. Their great fear was that they might end "on the county." You, in prosperity, do not know this fear. To an American-born it transcends all the terrors of life. In old lands it is expected of poverty to make its end in the poorhouse. In America that is the last refuge of the failure, and it is terrible to be a failure here.

There was a mortgage. I heard a great deal of it for years, but my early conception of the thing was vague. I only knew that it seemed to be a living terror, the food of which was interest, waiting like a tiger at the edge of the woods to spring upon us and drag us to the poorhouse. It could be appeased and stayed only by interest, and it had to be fed twice a year. To that end the butter yielded by our thin cows, the eggs from our clacking flocks, the produce from our lean fields were converted into interest. If the interest could be met we should have a home over us at least as long as father lived. That was what I heard him say, time and again.

We toiled valiantly to meet that condition, living sordidly. We were, indeed, a selfish crew. Poverty and want and disappointment had dulled whatever there had been of tenderness in my parents' hearts, and what there was in mine had no encouragement to increase. There was no "good morning" to light the heart with hope at the beginning of the task-long day; no "good night" at the end, to rest, a benison above its pain. If mother ever had kissed me I had no recollection of it, and I am certain

that I should have remembered it above all the sorrow and felicity of my life.

There must have been something brooding over my father, poisoning to settle at an unexpected moment and smother out his life. He had arranged everything for his going, his greatest worry being that he might overstay, and be forced to the poorhouse at the end. Of the cows, old Snow was set aside to buy his coffin, and Cherry for his burial suit. That I fully understood, and from that arrangement I got the impression early that cows were kept mainly to be sold off for burying people when they died. As there were no cows for mother and me, I concluded that we were to live a long time yet; at least until we should acquire two cows each to bear the expense of putting us away.

According to his expectation, pap— we always called him "pap," mother and I—paid his last reckoning. His account was presented to him one quiet afternoon in spring, when he was burning cornstalks in the field. His face grew purple, he sank upon the ground, and died.

It was a great comfort to mother to see him in his black burial suit and white shirt, his beard combed out until it fell far down upon his breast. The dignity of his repose, the stateliness of his appearance—for death, in his case, seemed to have withdrawn the gross—drew involuntary exclamations from the neighbors, so long accustomed to seeing him in his beggarly attire.

"Yes," said mother, "he was a fine-looking man when he was dressed up. You wouldn't 'a' thought, seeing him as he went around in his patches and tatters, that there was a time in his life when he wore a fresh white shirt every day. It used to keep a nigger woman busy a-keeping him in linen. Yes, he was an elegant fine-looking man."

Mother was proud of her gerund. She overloaded her conversation with it, never missing a possible chance to get it in, which frequently had the effect, compared to her liberal elision in other respects, of causing her diction to appear extremely lop-sided. There were more "ings" in a yard of mother's daily conversation than you would ordinarily find in a running mile of the spoken language of the community.

"We'll do the best we can," said mother, as we drove home from putting pap away in the center of his little estate, of which foreclosures, processes, delinquencies, never could dispossess him more. We were jangling as merrily as a sleighing party with our chain tugs, loose bolts, rickety wagon bed.

No matter how poor our equipage appeared, it clanked its coming with a bold challenge, more effective in its way, perhaps, than the glint of silvered trappings or the gleam of varnished panels, or the gold chasing upon the coach of a king.

One of the horses was a gaunt, blind creature, with a reach to his neck like a giraffe. He went onward eagerly, stepping high, straining his ears forward, holding his head a little to one side in his tense effort to determine what pitfalls might be waiting for him in his vast, blank world. We called him Jack.

The other was Julia, fully five hands lower than Jack. She was brown, like an oak leaf when it falls, sleepy, droop-headed, old. Upon her right shoulder was a deep brand, a rude circle ringing the letters S.J.; I believed they stood for Sam Jones, and that Sam Jones was a Texan. I also expected, fully, to meet him some time when driving Julia, and looked for him to lay claim to her as an estray. Sam Jones, I felt sure, was a tall scraggy man with one eye, wearing a narrow leather strap about his hat.

"We'll do the best we can," said mother again, as we drove through the bars. "Go on down to the stable and unhitch, and we'll do the best we can."

That became a sort of burden to mother's dismal song from that day. She cried a good deal, in a silent, furtive way, as though crying was a luxury which she could not well afford. No matter what lack of affection there may be between a man and a woman, toil-beaten, denied, let them live together thirty years and then take one of them away. The other will grieve. There will be tenderesses of young days to recall. And there will be remorse.

The day after pap's funeral it rained, and mother sang "Let the lower lights be burning." We had chicken for supper that evening, a dish so unusual that it made me begin to fear for our security. I had been trained to look upon hens as interest-payers. Now that we had begun to eat them, I felt like a merchant who has been driven by misfortune to devour his capital. Beyond that, what? I was reluctant to begin upon it. Noting my unaccountable backwardness, mother dried her eyes upon her apron, and said, "Take a piece of chicken, and we'll do the best we can."

It was decided that we should stay on the place and work on for the interest. The mortgage and interest had become incarnate things since pap's death. They walked about

in the form of Bill Braley, our neighbor. "Mr. Braley says," reported mother, "that we can stay as long as we pay the interest. He says maybe you can pay off the mortgage in five or six years; he says maybe you'll turn out to be a better manager 'n your pap was."

We had some likely-looking shoats, in which Bill Braley saw his interest, five-fold, after they should have absorbed a crop of corn. And, through the connivance of Bill Braley, I was set to work to provide the corn. Before then I had tussled with a fourteen-inch breaking plow, so the task was not new, although it was far too heavy for my years. Going straight ahead was easy enough, old Jack on the "land" because he stumbled so, Julia in the furrow. But it was panting work getting around stumps and turning at the end of the "land." By using the end of the beam as a pivot, I made out, with many a hard-fetched breath, my shoulder under the rung between the handles, to swing the heavy implement out of the cross-furrow and set it in place for the long stretch down the side of the "land."

Little boys who have toiled with big plows will understand, no matter how far back along the race of life the narrowing strip of unbroken stubble land may lie.

There were about twenty acres of arable land on the place, which had been planted with corn in unvarying round for more than twenty years. If rain came regularly, we usually made about three hundred bushels. With many a sore bone, many a strained muscle, I plowed it, harrowed it, and laid it off; that is, checked it in squares by cross-marking with a single-shovel plow, each intersecting line marking the location of a hill. When this was done I dropped the corn, mother following me, covering the grains with a hoe.

During the months succeeding the planting, Bill Braley hovered about with an offensive air of proprietorship, suggesting to me that I do this and that in his fat-jowled, overriding way. He came along and took part of the shoats in the middle of the summer, lumping off their weight at about half what it really was. "Them other ones'll make it when the next payment comes due in January," said he to mother, "if you'll pour corn into 'em. But you got to pour corn into 'em or they'll fall short."

I had a dog, wolf-muzzled, tawny as a lion, called Shep. Between Shep and me there was a perfect understanding. We were comrades. Shep made himself conspicuous while

Bill and his hired hand were loading the hogs, springing about, barking his protest against such liberties with our property. "He-he," giggled the hired man—his name was John Pruin, called Prune—"he thinks we ortent t' take 'em, he—he."

"Dry up your mouth," commanded his boss, "some folks talks too much f'r their health." He turned to mother, his face flaming red from pulling at the legs of a vigorous shoat. "What in the nations do you want to keep that dog for?" he demanded; "he eats as much as a man."

When I came in from the field that evening, Shep was gone. Mother confessed her part in the plot. "Mr. Braley come over this afternoon," said she, "and claimed that them five shoats fell short on weight and didn't come to as much as the interest. He said he didn't want to be hard on us, and he'd take Shep in place of another shoat. So I let him take him. Shep he didn't want to go; he fit and pulled back scan'lous."

I lay awake a long time that night, grieving over Shep. All through my sleep, when at last I slept, Shep gamboled before me, leading me away, with joyous precipitancy, along strange roadways, into strange lands. Early in the morning I went, red-eyed, savage-hearted, to Bill Braley, demanding Shep. I did not see him anywhere, and Bill refused to tell me what had become of him. Bill was insolently rude with me.

"Go on home an' git to work," said he. "You orto 'a' been out plowin' corn two hours ago, 'stead of comin' blubberin' around here after a darn fool dog."

"He's not a darn fool dog," I flashed. "Shep's got more sense 'n anybody in your family, and that's why you went an' stole him."

"Look a-here, Mr. Imperdence," glowered Bill, "I c'd-a kicked your old dad out in the road time an' agin when he was alive, an' I c'd kick you an' your mammy out to-day if I wanted to. That there mortgage on your place has been a-past due for more'n two years, do you know that? Well, you clear out, an' don't you come dog-whinin' around here no more. If you do, I'll cowhide you, that's what I'll do f'r you."

I was afraid of Bill Braley, who was great-handed, tall; red-faced as if he had been boiled in oil. I turned, passing dejectedly through his barnyard, sniveling as I went. Mrs. Braley had been an indignant listener to my demand. She stood in her dooryard as I passed, sweeping the tracks my bare feet had made in the dusty wallows of the

poultry, away with her broom. Mrs. Braley always made me think of clabber milk poured into a mold. She was like that, a pillowy, damp-looking woman with a little knot of hair on the top of her head.

"Huh," she snorted, making a great dust with her broom, "pore folks smells to me like a wet dog!"

I did not work in the field that day. I did not care whether Bill Braley kicked us out into the road or not. I did not care whether he ever got another shoat on interest; indeed, I am very sure that I prayed that cholera might smite the remaining six. I did not care whether fox-tail and crab grass choked the life out of the corn, or whether cockle burrs came in mailed troops to sap the strength of the soil away from its roots. Mother, ashamed to face me because of her treachery to Shep, cried again in her silent, soul-corroding way, and I went away to the hay lands, where I lay on my back under a clump of red haws, looking at the sky.

Beyond the brush-grown fence-row, a rod or two from my retreat, the road ran. Bill Braley met old Peter Haines just opposite me; I heard them pull their horses in. They began talking of our fields and our affairs. "I'll have to throw 'em on the county, Peter," said Bill. "They're back in their interest—" which was not true—"an' back on their taxes, an' I don't see no show of ever gittin' my loan. I'll jist have to put 'em out."

Peter had no sympathy for us. "A man's got to watch his money," he admitted, comfortably. Although I could not see him from my covert, I knew that he was wagging his big round head. "That there boy of the pore folkses, ain't he a doin' no good?"

"No good on earth," said Bill, "he's as lazy as all git-out. I'd like to have the trainin' of that boy for four or five year; I bet I'd take the kinks out of him."

"You might git the old lady to bind him over to you," suggested Peter. "You could pay him a little and let her keep on livin' in that old shack. You don't want the shack, the land's all you want."

"You reckon she'd do it?"

"She'd do it in a minute if you was to tell her to; she ain't got no mind of her own. 'Sides that, she dreads the pore house, she'd do anything to keep clear of the pore house; that's what she's told my wife, time over."

"S'pose we ride round an' see her about it; you wouldn't mind puttin' in a word f'r me, would you Peter?"

"I'm always willin' to help a deservin' man



Howard Neave

THE VOICES OF THE SEARCHERS ALONG THE SKIRT OF THE WOODS CAME TO ME DIMLY THROUGH THE EARLY NIGHT

by word an' deed," answered Peter, religiously. They rode away. Skulking along the corn rows, then well above my head, I ran to the house, arriving as they were dismounting. Mother met them at the door with evident trepidation. Men of consequence did not call on pore folks out of mere friendliness, her past bitter experience was full warrant for that belief. I concealed myself among the tall flags until they went in, then crept near the open window.

Bill went over the ground with her, craftily placing before her all the terrors of ending her days on the county farm, leading up to his proposal with philanthropic benignity. Peter fortified him with a word or a suggestion here and there, while I shrank trembling among the weeds. Mother yielded every point, in her usual weak way.

"It's jist to favor you and keep you off the county that I'm a-doin' this," said Bill, "'cause that boy he ain't a-goin' to turn out good, I don't believe. He'll never be worth his keep and his wages to me, but I'll take him, jist to favor you. His wages'll keep you, along with what you can raise in your garden."

The end of the conference was that they drew up a contract—it must have been a wonderful document, Peter wrote it—under which my mother was to have the use of the house, a plot of garden land and my wages. The price of her security was my becoming a bond-slave to Bill Braley until I should reach my majority, eight fearful years. My wages were to be five dollars a month for the first four years, ten dollars a month the remainder. They signed it, Bill giving mother the first month's pay in advance, to make it binding.

With the payment of the money and the pocketing of the contract Bill's philanthropic mask fell off. He at once became the bullying master, cager, it appeared to me, to get me into his hands. "I'll take him right along with me," he announced, rising heavily—I heard him stamping around—"where's he at?"

"Somewheres in the field," answered mother. "He'll come in for his dinner purty soon."

"Yes, I bet that's one thing he don't shirk," said Bill. "Look a-here, I'll be back here after him at dinner time then, for I want him right away. This here paper makes me his master till he's twenty-one, do you understand that? You ain't got no more to do with him; I'm his master from now on, his owner, you might say, as long as I pay

you his wages. If I want to lick him I can lick him, do you understand that?"

I didn't wait to hear any more. Back into the fields I ran, covering my trail like an Indian, threading my way around plowed earth and open places to a hazel thicket which bordered the tangled woods. I lay there panting with fear until evening, when I heard mother calling me, shrilly, from the house. I felt that Bill Braley was there; I could tell that by the quality of her call. I crept farther into the thicket, prepared to run for life and liberty if they came looking for me there. Dusk fell. The birds began to flip and flutter through the low copse above my head, seeking their night haunts. Every movement set my heart jumping. I believe another hour of that strain would have torn it from its moorings.

There came a movement in the edge of the thicket where I had entered, a rustling of the branches as of someone forcing his way along my trail. I rose to my hands and knees, my breath hot upon my lips, prepared to spring away if Bill Braley appeared. But my fear was groundless. It was only Shep, crawling to me, humbly, his belly against the ground, as he always came when he had done something wrong and expected chastisement. Around his neck was a stout rope, the frayed end dragging behind him. Shep, poor fellow, did not know but that he had broken some fearful human law when his patient teeth had plied upon the hard strands of the rope by which Bill Braley had bound him, until it parted, setting him free.

I gathered his neck in my arms, hugging him, rocking to and fro in the joy of having him back. "Let's run away from them, Shep," said I, "let's run away." That was a sudden solution of the whole thing, but I doubt if I should have had the courage to conceive it without Shep.

I had been serving Bill Braley and his interest since the time I was big enough to pick up potatoes or pull weeds in the field, years and years, it seemed to me. Before me there had been Ned and Ben, both toiling for the interest. They had run away. And there was Helen, eldest of us all, who had been the first to go, marrying a railroad, the first man that offered. We didn't think much of railroaders in those days. Anything was better than bondage under Bill Braley's interest. I thought that Bill Braley had grown fat upon us while we had grown lean, and my conclusion was that he had got quite enough. I never should serve him another day.

They came bellowing for me through the twilight, across the pasture, along the corn-field margin, Bill Braley, John Pruin and mother. Leaving my thicket I circled the field, flying in my eagerness toward the house. If they had left it unguarded I intended to provide myself for the march in my campaign against the world which I meant to begin that night.

The house was quiet. Mother had left a small lamp burning upon the table where she had set our supper before going out to search for me. I was hungry, but food was my last thought. A traveler must be shod and clothed, bare feet could not endure long over stony roads. There was a fairish pair of boots, left behind by my brother Ben, which I had been saving until I should grow into them. That time had not yet come, but I concluded that paper packed into the excess length of foot would render them endurable. I put them in the clear, where they could be seized at the first alarm. The voices of the searchers along the skirt of the woods came to me dimly through the early night.

Two little patched shirts I crowded into the top of a boot, and an old gray coat that Ned had not had time to take

with him in his flight I took from its nail behind the door. That was all I had to take. I turned to the table when I had collected my outfit, snatched such eatables as the slender board presented, tossing two great squares of corn bread to Shep. I rolled the food in a paper and thrust it into the top of the unoccupied boot. It made a very good haversack.

Thus equipped we set forth, Shep gamboling ahead of me, as if he thought we were bound on one of our expeditions to the creek, just as I had seen him leap and make excited little sallies into the roadside weeds in my dream.

I had but two regrets on going. One was Miss Margaret, my kind, friendly school teacher; the other was Nan. I worshiped Nan from a distance. It was only in relation to my refined, exalted affection—as only a boyish affection is exalted and refined—for her that my position in life as the pore folkses boy had borne its sting. Nan was of my own age, a slim, trim creature, who came down to the ground like an antelope. I believed that she was fairer than even the daughter of a king. We were separated by all which, in conventional life, divides the poor from the rich. Of course I knew



BUT BRAVELY AS I HAD SET OUT TO RETURN HOME, MY TIRED FEET LAGGED UPON THE ROAD, MY HEART GREW COLD OF ITS PURPOSE

that she was not for me. Nan was for Peter, old Peter's son, and Peter was for Nan. So everybody said. But I might think of her as I thought of her, and keep it to myself. That was no harm. So I reasoned, and I carried the image of her away in my heart, to fondle and to cherish through many a day and year.

There were some tears for Miss Margaret and Nan, and they came harder, it seemed to me, than any tears I ever had shed. They choked in my throat, breaking at last in sobs which almost rived my breast. But I went on. The track of the world was before my feet, the hand of oppression behind me. I went on.

I thought of mother, but for mother there were no tears. If I was cruel and selfish in that relation, it was only because I was living as I had learned. Mother had betrayed me for her own security. I had not even the memory of a kiss from her to carry away with me. So, if it was a hard little savage that set foot upon the world's high road that night, perhaps, perhaps—

Well, that was long, long ago.

I went on, taking the road which led past Nan's house, with its white pillars back among the solemn evergreens, and past Miss Margaret's house, in the hope that I might see her and say farewell. I did not see her, for by hidings when horsemen came up behind me, and deflections when any came in front, it was late when I passed Miss Margaret's home. Its windows were dark; she was asleep in security, and I was a wanderer beside the open fields.

I stood in the road a little while, whispering good-by to Miss Margaret, taking off my hat, as she had taught me to do in the presence of ladies. What a sorry-figured soldier I must have been there in the road that night. I did not think about it then, I thought only of Miss Margaret, who had been kind to me, her soft white hand upon my head.

I went on. Familiar things gave place to strange. Shep no longer ran ahead of me in gaiety and confidence, but hung at my heels, quite ready to follow meekly wherever I might lead. Across my shoulder dangled my poor possessions, the moonlight threw my grotesque shadow along the white highway. Sleep pressed upon me, a terrible burden, but I dared not sleep. I went on. Bill Braley was behind me somewhere, hallooing, searching, a paper in his pocket which bound me to years of labor in his fields. Mother was behind me, sitting at the table alone,

the yellow lamplight around her; or in her battered rocker on the porch, holding her chin in her palms, bent forward, her elbow resting upon her knee, as she sometimes sat for hours, the moonlight on her face.

On, and on, in fear, in bitterness; in regret, in hate, in hope, scuffing forward through the dust as the slow night passed. When dawn came I crept through a hedge into a hay field and made my bed. My coat for a pillow, Shep curled close beside me, I stretched under the sky and sobbed again—for Nan, for Miss Margaret, for the old fields that I loved; for the indefinite, vague hopes which had been mine under the spell of autumn winds, hungry and hollow for the affection that I could not claim of any of my kind on earth.

Toward the middle of the forenoon I woke, my limbs aching when I stirred. For a time I stretched there, listening to the sounds from the road, to the cattle lowing in the fields. I was lonely and something afraid. The fear of Bill Braley, which had sustained me in my flight, appeared diminished by distance, or by the cooling of my courage in face of the world's vastness, which began to rise above me like a mountain that I had neither the cunning nor the strength to climb.

All my days had been spent in the old sequestered fields, and longing to be again among them settled like a sickness upon me when I realized that I was leaving them forever. I moved about, going into a little wooded glen, where a spring rose, the earth trampled all about it by cattle, a little brook leading away from it among worn stones.

Should I go on, or should I turn back? The day through I rested there near the spring, where none came to trouble me, debating the venture, and my final conclusion was that, while it doubtless was brave and manly to pick up and run away, it would be braver to go back and stick to the bargain mother had made for me. I was a little bit ashamed of deserting mother; that appeared to justify Bill Braley's prediction that I wouldn't come out well in the end.

What would people say about me, what would Nan and Miss Margaret say, for deserting mother and leaving her to be thrown upon the county? There was pride, as well as fear of Bill Braley's hand, to be reckoned with, also. I jumped up refreshed and relieved, as the sun was reddening over the level pasture lands. It was decided, I was going back. I could keep mother out of the county house, and as the years passed, I said, and my sinews knitted and my bones



AT LAST I CREPT TO HER SIDE, PLACING MY HAND TIMIDLY UPON HER KNEE.
MADE BOLD TO DO IT BY THE STAND SHE HAD TAKEN
AGAINST BILL BRALEY IN MY BEHALF

grew big, I would defy Bill Braley, perhaps beat him and knock him down. For that I could afford to work hard five or six years. That would be better, more like Miss Margaret would have me do, more like a man.

But bravely as I had set out to return home, my tired feet lagged upon the road, my heart grew cold of its purpose, my exalted spirit drew back again into the shadow of fear as I came to the bars. The night was almost done. Eastward a pale, cold glow was breaking upon the sky, westward the moon stood, the light fading out of it like youth from a fair woman's face. I held back, the old house before me, for mother sat upon the porch in her battered rocker, her elbows resting upon her knees, bent forward, her chin in her palms, the wasted moonlight upon her face.

Shep, glad to be home again, bounded ahead of me, frolicking to her. She spoke to him, but her words did not reach me, and Shep, selfish in the family fashion, flung himself down wearily near her feet. She did not change her posture nor look along the path for me. So I went in, wearily, ashamed, chilled by the fear of to-morrow, stopping when I came to the steps. Mother turned her head when she heard my feet, but she said nothing, and I felt that she would have had no word of comfort or of joy if she had seen me snatched out of the grip of death and placed whole again at her side.

"I think I'll go to bed," I faltered.

"I think you better," said she. That was all.

Bill Braley's voice at the door woke me. "He's mine, you signed him over," said he, "and I'm a-goin' to have him if I have to go in there and drag him out. You took my money, ma'm, and a bargain's a bargain."

"Yes, I took your money," answered mother, her voice unsteady with passion or fright, a tremor so new and strange that I could not read it, "because you had me beat an' cowed an' fooled, more shame to me for selling my own flesh an' blood! I took it, and I've been a-keeping it to give it back to you. There it is, now you clear out!"

I sat up on my pallet in a far corner of the room, almost smothered by fear. Bill was on the porch, mother in the door. "You can't back down on a bargain that way, ma'm," said Bill. "I'll go to law, but I'm a-goin' in there first an' fetch him out. He's my property, an' I'm a-goin' to have him."

I sat cowering in my corner, my wits in a cloud, afraid of Bill Braley as I was afraid of death, even with mother on my side, as she

appeared to be. She stood in the door, blocking him, and he faced her, one great hand spread out upon the jamb, peering past her to the place where I sat, scowling meanly under his red brows. A little choking cry from mother brought me to my feet. Bill Braley pushed her aside and entered, his tread heavy upon the floor.

Mother, transfigured heroically in a splendid blaze of wrath, ran to the fireplace across the room, seized the great iron poker and stood between me and Bill, swinging her weapon for a blow. "Don't lay a hand on him," she commanded, "if you do I'll kill you in your tracks! You worked his father into the grave, you made my other ones sneak away like thieves in the night to get free from you, you've took all we've made for years and years, and now you want my last. You can't have him, you can't have him!" she stormed, her voice breaking in a trembling scream. "Get out of here, before I settle old scores in a way you'll remember to your dying day."

He retreated before her, like a sullen beast, a snarl upon his face, guarding his head with his arms. "I'll throw you on the county for this, you pauper," he threatened. "I'll pack you out of here without a day of grace!"

"Go on and do it," said mother; "we'd be a thousand times better off without the place than with it."

"You got to give me them shoats for my interest," temporized Bill, lingering doubtfully on the porch.

"Take 'em, and clear out of here," said mother, calmly defiant, placing her chair in the door, seating herself with the great iron poker near her hand.

"I'm a-goin' after the sheriff now; I'll throw you on the county before night," he blustered. "You're both paupers, you ain't got no means of support."

Mother's hand reached toward the poker, meaningly. Bill quickened his pace, his shadow falling long in the yard behind him, showing me that I had slept until the day had burned down to the stub of a wick, which soon would fall into the pit of night, and die.

For a long time mother sat there. The sun went down, gray shadows moved swiftly across the fields, gloom came into the corners of the room. At last I crept to her side, placing my hand timidly upon her knee, made bold to do it by the stand she had taken against Bill Braley in my behalf.

She seemed absorbed in her vigil, but she stretched out her hand, without turning to

me, and caressed my head. I snuggled closer, the sorrow of our bleak, bare lives heavy upon my spirit, as the weight of my grief bowed me, my face upon her knee. But a gleam through the tempest of my suffering soul was the joy of the new revelation. I had then what I never had known before, even though it was a crude affection and reserved, I had a mother who had stood up like a lioness to fend and succor me.

"I'll go to work for Bill Braley," I said. "I'll not let him throw you on the county."

Mother bent above me a little, as if my choking words had called her from a dream.

"Was that what you come back for?" she asked.

These confidences were strange to me, and I recoiled inwardly, a little, like a wild creature from a caress. "Yes," I answered, a little sulkily, "I ain't goin' to see you die on the county."

Mother bent nearer, placed her arms around me and drew me into her lap like a baby, struggling to confine her sobs, which broke over me in spite of her hard will in little sharp, gasping cries. "Oh, my pore little lubberly son," she moaned, "my pore little lubberly son!"

She brushed my damp, unruly hair back from my brow, she took my throbbing temples between her hot palms, and while her tears fell upon my cheek like rain in desert places, for which men's hearts have withered, she kissed my forehead and folded me to her breast.

"We're going to leave this slavery and this hardship to-night," she said, rocking me gently, my head upon her shoulder; "we're going to drive away from it, we're going to drive away." Over and over she said it, like the refrain of a song; "We're going to drive away, going to drive away."

There was not much to load into our old wagon, so we were ready for the road by the time the moon came up to light us. "You'd better put up the bars," said mother, as we drove out into the road, "for some stray cattle might go in and trample things."

So, with this word of tenderness for the place where we had lived so long and suffered so heavily, we drove on. The world was before me again, but my heart was leaping to rush into it and sound its vastness, all joyous and unafraid, for I had a new wealth which I bore with me as I fared away, wealth which needed no clasped chests nor guarded receptacles to contain.

We mounted the hill, and our long shadows stretched down its slope before us, as if eager to run ahead of us and taste the mysteries of the new life which lay beyond. We paused at the summit for one look behind, the old house brooding over its melancholy recollections in the moonlight. And then we passed on, old Jack's wistful ears straining into the soothing solitudes of night, my hands upon the guiding reins, mother's hand upon my shoulder, like a host of mighty men at my side, giving me confidence and courage for all the battles of the world.



W O N D E R F U L H A W A I I

A World Experiment Station

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "The Spiritual Unrest," "Following the Color Line," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I. How King Sugar Rules in Hawaii

HAWAI I has been called, and justly called, the Paradise of the Pacific. But it is a paradise not only of natural beauties and wonders; it is also a paradise of modern industrial combination. In no part of the United States is a single industry so predominant as the sugar industry is in Hawaii, and nowhere else, perhaps, has the centralized control of property reached a state of greater perfection. Hawaii furnishes a vivid illustration of the way in which private business organization in its final stages of development permeates, influences, and controls the life of a country.

Sugar is King in Hawaii to a far greater extent than cotton was in the old South. Says the United States Commissioner of Labor in his 1905 report:

"Directly or indirectly all industries in the Territory of Hawaii are ultimately dependent upon the sugar industry—the social, the economic, and the political structure of the islands is built upon a foundation of sugar."

The fact that out of \$46,000,000 of exports last year from Hawaii over \$42,000,000 represented sugar will give some idea of the relative importance of the industry to the islands.

The dominance of King Sugar is also becoming more pervasive. Five years ago there were forces at work which suggested limitations upon the power of sugar, but few of them have been in the least effectual. The last (1911) report on Hawaii by the United States Commission of Labor, recently issued, although describing the situation in the usual guarded language of a government document, makes these rather startling assertions:

"The past five years have witnessed an increasing centralization of this (the sugar) industry; large plantations have been combined into still larger plantations; sugar-factor firms, which represent the center of financial control, are fewer but stronger than in 1905; local transportation, both by land and by water, is more centralized and in more direct relations with the sugar-producing interests; and steamship lines to the mainland are more closely allied than ever with sugar factors and planters."

The sugar industry, thus being dominant in Hawaii, it becomes a question of how, by whom, and for whose benefit it is controlled.

The Hawaiian Islands, of which four are considerably inhabited, are merely the summits of vast volcanic mountains which in ages past have thrust their heads out of the depths of the mid-Pacific. Disintegrated lava has for centuries been washing down from the heights and has formed rich land areas along the seacoasts. These rich, warm lands in all the islands are devoted almost exclusively now to the production of sugarcane. They are divided up and held mostly in large plantations the number of which in the islands is about fifty. Some of them are veritable principalities, stretching for miles along the coast, the broad green fields reaching from the sea level to a height of 2,000 feet in the mountains. Seen from the ocean, with their scattered villages and the great mill at the center, they are often impressively beautiful to look upon. The largest of the ownerships is that of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company in the island of Maui with 35,000 acres, of which over 20,000 is cultivated in cane. It has an enormous

equipment of the machinery of manufacture and transportation and an army of 3,200 workers, who with their families live in twenty-four little villages or camps dotted about upon the great estate. Thirty-five thousand cattle run on the hills above the plantation, and last year the total sugar production was 55,000 tons. While this is the largest of the plantations, there are many others in the islands which produce from 15,000 to 40,000 tons of sugar annually and only a very few of the fifty produce less than 1,000 tons annually. With raw sugar selling at from \$70 to \$80 a ton, some idea of the magnitude of the operations may be formed.

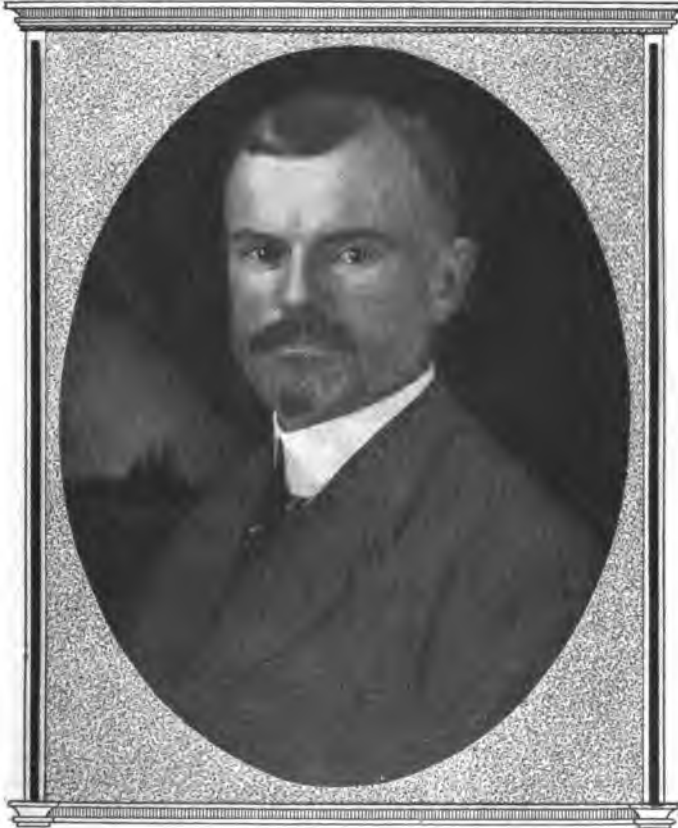
Unlike the old South, where the cotton plantations were owned by individuals or by families who lived upon them in a sort of isolated grandeur, these great sugar estates of Hawaii are without exception owned by corporations. In a few cases the original or controlling owners of these corporations continue to live upon and manage the land, but in a majority of cases—and the tendency is constantly growing—the men who really control the plantations live in Honolulu and employ salaried managers to operate the land. Modern aristocracy is urban and absentee, not agricultural and local, as was that of the last

century; the aristocrat is a financier rather than a farmer.

We thus have over fifty corporations controlling the sugar land of the Territory; but these corporations themselves are grouped together, so that in all essential matters they act as a unit.

In the first place they are organized in the powerful Sugar Planters' Association, which, while it is nominally a voluntary organization, exercises the profoundest control over industry in the islands.

Through the Planters' Association the centralized money interests in the islands act as a unit upon the labor question, they present a solid front in every political contest, and they conduct large cooperative enterprises, like the highly efficient Planters' Experiment Station, for the good of the industry of the islands. They raise



JOSEPH P. COOKE

Five powerful agencies, called the "Big Five," dominate the finances and industries of the Islands and to a great degree its life. Of these five Alexander & Baldwin has the most extensive resources and the largest business. Joseph P. Cooke is the dominating figure of Alexander & Baldwin. He may be called the leading financial force of the Islands

and dispense large sums of money every year. The Planters' Association is more powerful far than the territorial government; it has well been called the Hawaiian House of Lords.

Behind the Planters' Association, and really directing its operations, are the trustees, all of whom are representatives of the great sugar agencies or factors of the islands. There are nine such factors, but the great bulk of the sugar business

is done by five of them—the so-called Big Five:

Alexander & Baldwin, Brewer & Co., Castle & Cooke, Hockfeld & Co., and Theodore H. Davies & Co.

These five powerful financial agencies represent as factors nearly all of the plantations on the islands. They finance the plantations, they buy the supplies, they attend to the shipping and the sale of the product.

Not only are these agencies the business representatives of the plantations, but more and more they are actually coming into the stock ownership or control of the plantations. I presume that from six to ten men connected with the agencies practically dictate the policies of the island sugar industry.

One of the first things with which the investigator is impressed in the islands—and it is the familiar argument of all big business corporations—is that the stock in many of the plantations is widely held. And this, in the case of several of the large plantations, is true: the stock is scattered among business men, professional men, ministers and teachers, and even to some extent among the Chinese.

But this in Hawaii, as elsewhere, does not at all change the essential feature of centralized control. Indeed, it makes it the easier

for a comparatively small group of stockholders inside the agencies to dominate the plantation corporations, and it tends to establish a public opinion favorable to the existing system of control.

Now, I am setting down the facts regarding this solidarity of coöperative or corporate

control as a plain condition to be honestly examined. What is the result of this control? What are the advantages and disadvantages? An answer to these questions will not only explain Hawaiian conditions, but will illuminate the great problem of industrial combination which confronts the nation on every hand.

I think no one can visit the islands without being impressed with the remarkable intelligence and the high efficiency with which the sugar industry is direct-

ed. It has been in a high degree farming with brains. The planters have adapted themselves with wonderful flexibility and ingenuity to all manner of difficult conditions. Marvelous irrigation systems, ditches, and flumes from mountain streams and great pumping plants have been developed. Conditions of soil and rainfall have been studied and the last perfection of modern farm machinery and modern methods of fertilizing have been introduced. I have seen great fields being plowed nearly three



Photograph by R. K. Bonine

EDWARD D. TENNEY

Manager of Castle & Cooke, one of the "Big Five." Mr. Tenney is a leading factor in the control of the industries of the Islands. Three of the agencies in the "Big Five" are more or less dominated by the old missionary families and missionary interests

feet deep with huge steam plows—and the stories of the use of fertilizers are almost unbelievable to a person accustomed to ordinary farming methods of the middle West.

Nor is this all. The Planters' Association maintains an extensive private experiment station in Honolulu, where a group of scientists is constantly at work experimenting in the production of better grades of cane and in seeking better methods of planting and harvesting the crops. A few years ago a certain leaf-hopper began to devastate many of the plantations. Men were instantly dispatched to various parts of the world and a parasite was introduced which, bred by the station and placed in the fields, immediately destroyed the pest. The experiment station issues monthly a scientific publication for private circulation among the managers and planters, in order that all may profit by the latest knowledge.

In a hundred other ways the planters have shown remarkable constructive and organizing ability. They have begun a campaign to protect the forests and to plant more trees, they have developed private docks and private railroads, and they are seeking out or developing the very best methods for extracting the sugar in their great mills.

More than this, the combined planters

have dealt minutely with the methods of shipping and selling. When they found that the sugar trust was robbing them, they got together and formed a corporation called the Sugar Factors' Company and bought a refinery in California in which they began to refine some of their own sugar and thus compete with the trust. It was only a small refinery, but it was enough to force a favorable agreement with the trust, which has not only served to strengthen the power of the "trust," but has made the Hawaiian planters sharers in the profits which arise from that monopolistic combination.

In the same way the planters studied transportation and were instrumental in having the American-Hawaiian ship-line established, which carries the bulk of their sugar on favorable terms across

4,000 miles of sea to Central America, thence by land across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, thence again by sea to New York—a rather tremendous enterprise. They have also helped in the development of shipping facilities to the Pacific Coast.

In other big ways—the handling of their credits, the purchasing of supplies in great quantities, their participation in the control of the company which makes most of their own sugar mill machinery—in all of these big, daring, constructive lines of activity, the



Photograph by R. K. Bonine

WILLIAM PFOTENHAUER

Of the "Big Five," three are so-called American firms; one, Theodore H. Davies & Co., represents British interests, and one, H. Hackfeld & Co., represents German interests. Mr. William Pfothenauer is at the head of the German house. Besides controlling many plantations, H. Hackfeld & Co. also dominates a large portion of the wholesale and retail mercantile trade of the Islands



Photograph by R. K. Bonine

HOME OF EDWARD D. TENNEY IN HONOLULU

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, can wealth so easily command beauty and luxury as it does in Honolulu. This is but one of the many beautiful homes

combined planters of Hawaii have shown unusual ability in overcoming the disadvantages of distance and the rigors of a world competition. In other ways, also characteristic of the modern game of business as it is played at its best (or worst), the planters have shown remarkable facility—I mean in the way in which they have secured and retained the advantages of a high protective tariff, and their adroitness in handling their labor problem. Of these two latter activities, I shall speak more fully later.

It may be asked how it is possible for a comparatively few white men and their families, out of a population of nearly 200,000, thus to control so vast an industry.

In the old South domination rested upon three essential advantages or privileges. First, upon the ownership of the best and most fertile cotton lands; second, upon the control of the indispensable machinery—the cotton gin; and third, upon the absolute domination of the labor supply—the negro slaves. All these advantages gave the great planters wealth and political power, and by the use of wealth and power they were able to buy still more land, control still more

machinery, and not only acquire more slaves, but by the domination of the government, protect the institution of slavery. Power is never stationary; it either expands or contracts; and in the South it expanded—until the explosion.

Now the power of the corporation aristocracy of Hawaii, of course, rests upon exactly the same fundamental advantages. Land, machinery, labor! Control these and you control the world!

Control is made easier in Hawaii, as it was in the old South, by the presence of a very large population of non-voting workmen. This not only includes that half of the population which is made up of Chinese and Japanese, but of thousands of ignorant Portuguese, Spanish, Russians, and others, who are not yet naturalized. Fully three-quarters of the population of Hawaii have no more to say about the government under which they are living than the old slaves. The total registered voters in the islands, indeed, is only 14,442 (in 1910). Of these, nearly 10,000 are native Hawaiians, and only 1,763 are American born. The remainder is made up of naturalized Portuguese, British,



Photograph by Ford

A TYPICAL HAWAIIAN LANDSCAPE

A rough seacoast of lava and coral, a broadband of sugar-cane plantation, and above that the volcanic hills

German and other whites, and 396 Chinese and 234 Japanese. Of the 234 registered Japanese, the highest number who ever voted in an election is thirteen.

One would imagine from their predominance in number of voters that the native Hawaiians would dominate the islands. They could do it if they voted together, but as a matter of practice they are no match for the powerful, money-controlling, land-owning, employment-giving white man. Indeed, in the by-gone days of the old native government, even before they had large property rights, white men controlled the doings of the old kings and queens; and when that control proved unsubstantial and another arrangement seemed to promise better business conditions they turned out the old royal family and organized a republic: and then, when they were ready, and for business reasons, they sought the admission of the islands as a Territory of the American Union.

Ever since the early times of the old, rugged, dominating New England missionaries the white man has been the teacher and enlightener of the natives, and for generations his advice and guidance have been accepted; he has the strong position of the educated man who is accustomed to lead.

On the other hand the native, all along, has manifested a good deal of independence. He has always maintained a Home Rule party which at one time was almost in control of the island government. The native loves oratory and public meetings and has taken to politics with much enthusiasm, and being

able to live in that tropical country on a small allowance of fish and poi, he is rather more independent economically than men of the working class in northern climates.

But it has been possible to "reach" him in a hundred ways by playing upon his weaknesses. He has been flattered with banquets or *luaus*, he has been coaxed and cajoled by whites who spoke his language, and he has been won over by appointment or election to inconsequential political offices. And recently, as he has learned the rules of the game, large sums of money have been used in the elections. Hundreds of the leading natives are hired at high wages as "runners," and before election they go among their own people and by the use of oratory and "pig and gin," win their support. Moreover, through the division of the natives between the Republican, Democratic and Home Rule parties their influence is neutralized.

The Anglo-Saxon is not particular about having the name of power: what he looks for, always, are the actualities of power. He is willing to have the Hawaiians hold many of the offices, even though he regards them as inefficient administrators; for it flatters the vanity of the native, preserves political peace, and does no particular harm—so long as nothing is done to disturb him—the dominating white man—in his control of the land, the machinery, and the labor supply of the islands. Thus the mayor of Honolulu, many of the territorial legislators, and many officers in all the islands are Hawaiians—and the road-work and much other public work



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AN IRISH-HAWAIIAN TYPE

Hawaii is a melting pot of the races. Here may be found every imaginable mixture, usually with the native Hawaiian as a foundation. The pure-blooded Hawaiians are rapidly disappearing, having decreased from some 300,000 a hundred years ago to 26,099 in 1910; and the mixed bloods are increasing—there were 12,485 in 1910

of the territorial government is done, at high wages, by native voters. But the offices of real power are practically all held by strong, quiet, able white men—who hold the government with a steady hand.

An example of this difference between the ornamental name of power and the actuality of power is shown in the case of the chief elective official of the islands—I mean the delegate to Congress. This would be a fine position for any white man to hold, but the dominant group in Hawaii, represented by the Republican party, has chosen a safe native Hawaiian, who, owing to the fact that he is one of the few remaining natives of royal connection, possesses wide influence among them. The present delegate, Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, sometimes called Prince Cu-

pid, is a man of ability in some lines. He has good humor and tact, he is an excellent speaker and a man who makes a fine appearance on ornamental occasions. As a native making a sentimental appeal for his people, he can sometimes get things done in Congress that a white man could not get. But when he goes to Washington as the representative of the islands he has with him a quiet but shrewd white secretary, Mr. George McK. McClellan. Mr. McClellan not only receives from the United States Government the usual modest salary of a private secretary, but the business interests of the islands also pay him an additional large salary, said to be \$8,000 a year. The secretary is said to receive more money yearly than the delegate, and in all matters of real impor-

tance to the big interests of the islands he is the actual representative. He, with the high-paid legal agent of the Planters' Association, who is always in close attendance during congressional sessions, are the real ambassadors of King Sugar from Hawaii.

In short, while the government of Hawaii is in name an elective democracy, in actuality it is a government by a very limited aristocracy of wealth. A very few white men control the destinies of the islands and of its 200,000 diverse people. Few white men of the islands believe in the possibility of a democracy which shall admit to equal privileges the three-quarters of the population of the island which now does the hard work and has no vote. As in the old South, where the aristocrats and

poor whites were a unit when it came to the problem of the Negro, so the whites of Hawaii are of one mind regarding the Orientals. But among themselves much the same differences have developed as those which split the old Southern whites. The small, dominant, land-owning, labor-employing white group controls the Republican party and therefore the politics of the islands.

The Democratic party, on the other hand, roughly speaking, represents the opposition of the landless whites, the small homesteaders, many of the white workingmen, and some of the natives, and its leaders are, as is usual in such cases, called demagogues. Both sides appeal to the native vote, both sides use much money—but the Republicans, being in economic power, have an over-

whelming advantage. Of course neither party represents in any way the thousands of Orientals and peasant Europeans who do the manual work of the islands.

The only real political issue in Hawaii, then, is the difference within the ranks of the very small group of white men and natives, those who control the sugar lands and the sugar industry seeking to retain or increase their power, and those who are not “inside” trying to get an opportunity.

What does the dominant white group gain by its political control?

Well, it gains practically every advantage it has. It is able by controlling politics to get the legislation necessary to protect its land holdings—especially the large tracts of government land it holds under lease—it



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A CHINESE-HAWAIIAN BOY

The best of the mixed types are the Chinese-Hawaiian. A number of men of promise are the result of the marriages of Chinese men and Hawaiian women. These two studies are a part of a remarkable and artistic series made by Mrs.

C. H. Gurrey of Honolulu. Other types will be published with later articles

keeps down taxes, it is able to provide money from the territorial funds to bring in laborers for its plantations, and above all to present a strong front in Congress every time the sugar tariff comes up for discussion. Hawaiian sugar comes into the United States free: that is, it is protected from foreign competition by a tariff of some \$34 a ton. Without that tariff privilege, which is a tax paid by the consumers of the country, many of the sugar plantations of the islands would have to shut up shop.

The very great prosperity of the planters to-day, like that of some others of our law-made “trusts,” is based not so much upon natural advantages, as upon legislative and political advantages. The enormous protective tariff on sugar has enabled them to

open thousands of acres of land which they could not profitably cultivate without that tariff.

With a high protective tariff on sugar and; until recently, free trade in labor, the planters have brought in large numbers of Orientals who work at cheap wages, and live on a low scale. When commodities cannot come into a country, the people who make the commodities must come. The influx of such swarms of cheap laborers to develop an artificially stimulated industry has tended to drive out white labor and white citizens, and to prevent others from coming in. Too much cheap, low-standard labor drives out high-standard labor just as a depreciated currency drives out gold; and an overwhelming disfranchised peasantry makes a democratic citizenship impossible. The white laboring class of citizens disappears before the Oriental influx in Hawaii just as the poor whites before the war fled from the Negro.

Now this oriental-ization of the islands through an overstimulated and protected industry and a free labor market long ago began to disturb thoughtful people. What would happen if this overwhelming and intelligent Japanese working population should suddenly object to the present system? What could be done? As a remedy, then, it was proposed *not to reduce the original form of stimulation, the protective tariff, but to seek other forms of legislative protection.* Stimulation demands always more stimulation; and protection breeds more protection. Protected industry is to be offset by protected labor—in short, immigration of Orientals is to be prevented, and immigration of white citizens is to be encouraged and even subsidized.

Thus the United States has brought about the artificial restriction of Chinese and Japanese immigration, and has caused bad feeling in the two great nations of Asia. Indeed,

it has made us so fearful that we must resort to still other and even more costly forms of protection. We spend uncounted millions of dollars in fortifying the islands of Hawaii—far, far, more in cash, perhaps, than the advantages of the sugar industry of the islands are worth to us. We must keep considerable bodies of troops there on the volcanic hills, and then, to protect our communications we must have the further protection of a big navy and of a fortified Panama Canal, and we must make heroic efforts to subsidize merchant ships that they

may become fighting vessels in time of need. What a combination of costly protections in order that a few rich men should become still richer by producing sugar on lands where, without taxing the consumer of the sugar, it could not possibly be grown in competition with great sugar-producing countries like Cuba!

One wonders indeed what would have happened if Hawaii had never had a protective tariff on sugar. Certainly no such amount of land could have been opened for sugar production, but this might have given an opportunity for more white settlers to come in naturally and to practice a more

diversified agriculture. No such domination of the politics of the islands would have been possible. The development would undoubtedly not have been so rapid, but it might have been steadier and in the long run more democratic. And immigrants would have come in slowly and could have been educated and assimilated without placing the institutions of the island to the strain under which they are now laboring. The importation of hordes of ignorant people have brought in all sorts of diseases which in this tropical climate spread like wild-fire and necessitate costly sanitary, hospital and health measures to deal with cholera, the plague, leprosy and other diseases. Recently in their eagerness to get any sort of cheap labor the planters have been importing Fili-



Photograph by Harris & Ewing

PRINCE KUHIO KALANIANAOLE

One of the last Hawaiians of royal blood; elected from the territory of Hawaii to Congress



Photograph by Ford

A TYPICAL PLANTATION LANDSCAPE IN HAWAII

Showing the little camps or villages of the workers, with their churches, the great mill at the center and, beyond, the wide-stretching fields of cane

pinos, and Dr. Ramus, of the U. S. Marine Hospital service, told me that over half of them had contagious diseases; chiefly dysentery, hookworm, syphilis, and tuberculosis.

Under the same strain it has been impossible to maintain the common school system of the islands on even a fair basis of efficiency. Although the sugar industry was never so profitable as it is to-day, giving off rivers of wealth, thousands of children in the islands to-day are without adequate public school advantages. I found the government actually renting rooms in private Japanese schoolhouses because there was no money to provide new school buildings. And yet, while I was in Hawaii, during the session of the Legislature, the Planters' Association made a fight against an increase in the tax rate which would give the Territory more money for its schools.

And yet while pleading poverty when the school appropriation comes up the planters have brought about the appropriation at each recent session of the Legislature of about \$20,000 to bring over invited parties of members of Congress. These men are carefully selected by paid representatives of the planters' interests in Washington, and every cent of their expenses and often the expenses of their families to Hawaii and return is paid. So much depends on beneficial legislation in Congress that this expense seems necessary to the business interests; but, as a member of Con-

gress said of these delegations, "Their feet never once really touch the ground while they are in Hawaii."

To the outside visitor, indeed, the island life at the present time conveys a curious sense of unnatural strain and overstimulation—a condition in which many fine and sincere men are struggling with almost impossible difficulties. The dread of some change in the tariff, the constant struggle for more labor, the uncertain tenure of the land holdings, the restlessness of the unfranchised workers, the awakening self-consciousness of the Japanese, the discontent of landless whites, all add to the perplexity of a difficult situation.

Against all this, of course, the argument is advanced that the islands have been enjoying great prosperity. And they have indeed—if the profits on sugar production and the accumulation of wealth in a few hands are the standards set. As an efficient machine for producing profits, the system, so far, has worked very well indeed.

The profits on sugar during the last few years have been enormous. On a product worth over \$40,000,000 last year it is estimated that about one-third was clear profit. Of course not all the plantations are profitable, for under the stimulation of artificial conditions, much rather poor sugar land has been opened, but other plantations, on the other hand, have been abnormally profitable. The

actual cost of producing sugar on one of the smaller plantations on the island of Hawaii this year was about \$36 a ton. The value before shipment was nearly \$70 a ton.

Let me tell the story here of Ewa plantation, which, while it is not the largest, is one of the most successful in the islands. It was established about twenty-two years ago. The original investors capitalized the venture at \$500,000. Later they had to assess themselves for \$500,000 more, so that the stock finally cost \$1,000,000. Beyond this, in the early days, they had, of course, to borrow largely, but those amounts were soon paid off. By 1896 the company had grown very profitable. It earned for a time 5 per cent. a month on the existing capitalization. It then pursued the course which many of the plantation corporations of the islands have followed; it issued a series of stock dividends. That is, it presented its stockholders with so much additional stock free of cost. To-day, without another cent in cash having been added, the capitalization is \$5,000,000, on which the corporation is paying 18 per cent. a year dividends. In other words, the original owners of the stock have seen their investment increase fivefold, and on that fivefold increase they are now receiving 18 per cent. a year. This is the equivalent, for all the original investors, of 90 per cent. a year. Moreover, the stock in Ewa, with a par value of \$25 a share, sells at \$32. Is it any wonder that they talk of the success of the system in Hawaii?

But this is not all by any means. The same narrow group of men who own or control the plantations also own or control nearly everything else. For example, the fertilizer business of the islands, which is very important, is wholly monopolized by

(Next month Mr. Baker will show how, and by whom, the lands of Hawaii are held, and what the results of centralized land control have been)

two non-competitive corporations, and both of these corporations are controlled by the agency corporations. Both are made to pay fine profits. One of them, which had been paying 18 per cent. profit on a capital of \$300,000, last year made a stock dividend of \$300,000—doubling the holdings of its stockholders. The same group also controls the profitable Honolulu iron works, which has been successful in building high-grade sugar-mill machinery. They also control practically all the wholesale and most of the retail mercantile business of the territory. They are interested, back and forth and in and out, in the banks and trust companies, and they control, directly or indirectly, practically all the public utilities, telephones, electric light plants, railroads, and in some degree the steamship lines. If one venture proves unprofitable, they make it up on some other venture.

As in the old South the system has been eminently successful for those in control of the land, the machinery, and the labor supply. Many of them have become very rich. They live in excellent style; they send their sons and daughters to Eastern colleges and universities; they themselves take frequent trips to Europe or to the United States, and they are as cultivated and as delightful a people generally as there are anywhere to be found in this world.

As to the remainder of the population—the vast majority who do the hard work of the islands—the system presents entirely different aspects, some of which I shall point out in another article. The system makes much sugar and large profits, but what sort of a democratic citizenry does it make? Are men improved by it? Is there more justice, more liberty, more brotherhood?

IN NEW YORK

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Within the modern world, deformed and vast,
 Lurks everlasting, though all men deny,
 The awful force that in the ages past
 Walked on the waves and cried on Calvary.

I feel it in the crowded city street
 Mid iron walls and wheels and clanging cars,
 I feel it in my pulses as they beat,
 The monstrous Secret that propels the stars.

THE WOMAN WHO WISHED TO DIE

BY LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

MY meeting with Mr. Peters was so momentous that I can't resist mentioning it was due to some one I had never seen—to a trifle; I can't resist referring to my own affairs for a moment. I was supposed to be at work on a novel, and I had a mind as infertile as mashed potato. One day in August I tumbled a receipt out of a desk, and saw that the lady to whom I sent my stories to be type-written had had nothing from me to type-write for two months. The discovery dismayed me. I was ashamed to realize how slowly I was getting on, and resolved to try a change of surroundings. My trip altered the course of lives—and I shouldn't have made it but for the reproach of a stranger's receipt.

I decided upon Ostend, by way of Antwerp, where I wanted to see the pictures; also I meant to visit Brussels, where I wanted to see my prettiest cousin. And in Antwerp—behold Mr. Peters! As I was wandering through the gallery an American asked me if I could tell him in which of the rooms he would find "The Last Communion of St. Francis of Assisi." Having just been directed to it myself, I had the information pat, and the American and I proceeded to the room together.

I remember feeling it incumbent on me to be pained by the first words he spoke in front of the picture.

"I am told," he remarked, "that Rubens sold this work for sixty pounds, English money, and that forty thousand pounds were subsequently paid for it. Rough on Rubens!"

I affected the tone of the Superior Person. "You would see it better if you stood farther away," I said; "what do you think of the painting?"

"Of the painting," he answered, "I am no

judge, but the way the value of that property has risen just astonishes me."

I did not think I should like him, but I began to like him surprisingly soon. He was a sad-faced, middle-aged man, with a simple manner that was wonderfully winning. In less than five minutes I was humiliated that I had sneered at him in front of "St. Francis of Assisi." By what right, how much did I understand of it myself? My attitude had been nine-tenths pose. This man was genuine; he spoke of what he found interesting. And he proved anything but a fool.

We went down the steps of the Musée des Beaux Arts side by side, and strolled through the hot streets, among the swarm of ragged Flemish children, to the quarter of the hotels. It turned out that we were staying at the same one, he on the first floor and I on the fifth, and after dinner we drifted together to the Place Verte, and talked there under the trees while the band played.

He told me that he had not been to Europe before, and I discerned that he was a lonely man persevering with the effort to enjoy himself.

"The fact is," he said, handing me his cigar-case, "I ought to have made the trip some years ago.—Won't you try a cigar, sir?—There's nothing the matter with Europe, but I guess I'm not quite so keen on sight-seeing as I was. When I was a lad I was dead-stuck on coming over, but I hadn't the dollars then. I promised myself to have a good time when I was thirty, and I hustled. When I was thirty I had made a few dollars, but I saw no chance of the good time—I was still hustling. One afternoon it occurred to me that I was forty. It displeased me *some*; seemed to me that good time was never coming. At the start I had aimed to be the boss of a business, but now the business had got so big it was bossing me. 'Well,' I said, 'you

have made your pile, and you have nobody to spend it on but yourself; next year you shall quit, and have that good time you have been working for so long.' But it didn't come off. The business went on swelling, and I went on saying, 'Next year.' And before I knew where I was I was fifty, and"—his voice dropped a little—"and I have never had the good time yet."

He was leaving for Ostend the next morning, and, when we parted, I was sorry he wasn't to remain in Antwerp till the end of the week like myself. However, in Ostend I expected we should meet again, for I did not mean to stay long in Brussels. It is a beautiful city, and many of us would admire it much more if it did not set us yearning for Paris. To go to Brussels is like calling on the sister of the woman one is in love with. Brussels is Paris provincialized; one realizes it before one has sat outside a *café* for an hour and watched the types go by. I had intended to stay three or four days at most, but duty to my relatives kept me with them for ten or twelve, and at last when I did reach Ostend I had almost forgotten Mr. Peters.

The thought of him recurred to me as I made my way toward the Kursaal on the first evening, and I wondered if he was still here. It was eight o'clock, and now that the glare of sun upon the blistered *Plage* had faded, and the radiance of electricity had risen in its stead, the town was looking its best. Ostend was still dining. The long continuous line of hotel windows fronting the sea was brilliant. A frontage of gleaming tables and colored candle-shades—a dazzling frontage of flowers, and faces, and women's jewelled necks and arms.

In the Kursaal the orchestra was playing "L'Amico Fritz." I had listened to the music for perhaps half an hour when I saw Mr. Peters. He was with a friend, and he passed without observing me. They sat down a short distance off, and I noticed that he was talking with much animation to her, with much more animation than he had shown with me. Indeed, I think that was what I noticed first of all—the unexpected animation of Mr. Peters.

But the next instant I was engrossed by his companion. She was not youthful; I didn't consider her pretty; her dress, rich as it was, appeared to me a dowdy sort of thing among the elaborate costumes around us. Then what engrossed me? Well, it was the expression that she wore. I am trying to find the word. "Pleasure," of course—but

that says nothing. As nearly as I can explain, it was the wonder in her look. The "wonder," that is it! There were crow's-feet about her eyes, and her gaze shone with a young girl's wonder.

Evidently the interest in the conversation was mutual, and I assumed that they had known each other in the States. Then a second time they passed me, and I heard her speak, and she had no trace of the American accent. It began to seem to me that Mr. Peters had been making very good use of his time in Ostend.

I saw him with her again on the morrow, and on the next day, but two or three days went by before I saw him alone. When we did have a chat, I couldn't withstand the temptation to allude to her.

"You're in better spirits," I said; "have you come across anybody from the 'other side' to cheer you up?"

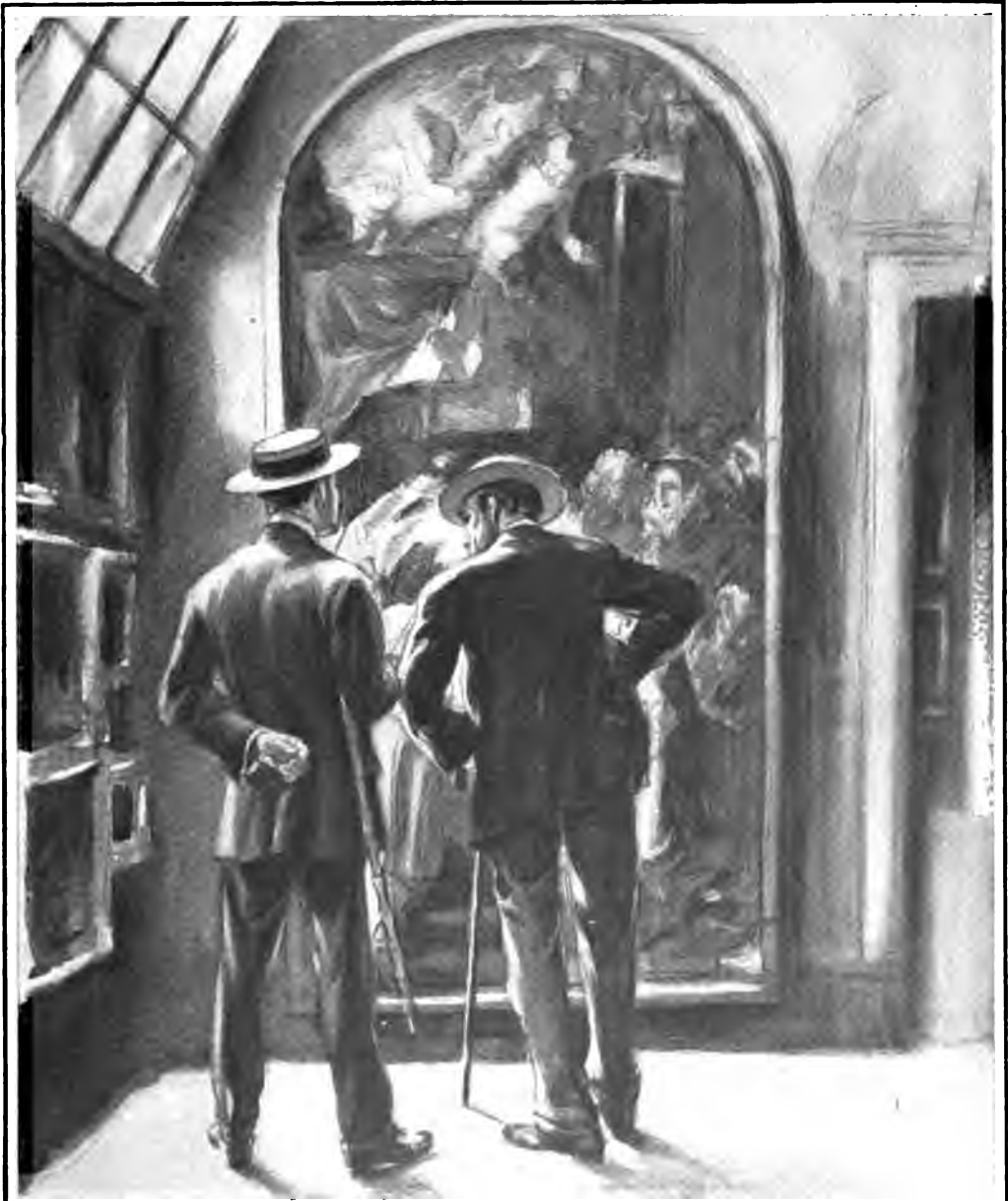
A suspicion of a smile flickered across his thin, shrewd lips.

"No," he drawled; "no, I have met no acquaintances in Europe yet, but—" He handed his cigar case to me: "Won't you try a cigar, sir?—but I am getting along."

I used to wish he would present me to her, but he never did. Constantly those two figures sat together in the Kursaal. In the concert-room or on the terrace, if I found the little woman I found Mr. Peters. Never to my knowledge did she speak to anybody else. And always the girlishness of her gaze held and mystified me—always, that is to say, until the end was approaching.

Of course, I didn't know that it threatened the end then, but I couldn't fail to perceive the difference. The curiosity she had inspired in me was so strong, I had watched her so intently for nearly a fortnight—oh, it may sound vulgar; I don't defend myself—that the first time I glanced across at her face and saw trouble there, I was sensible of a distinct shock. And in the next few days I said it was heavy trouble. It was as if the blaze within her were dwindling, as if it were dying out, and leaving her cold and grey. I said—it is a great word, but once I said the look on her face was "terror."

I did not attach any importance to the fact that Mr. Peters was sitting alone on the terrace when I went to the Kursaal that evening, because I supposed that he was waiting there for her to come in; it was when I found him alone in the same place much later that I was surprised. You know how you understand sometimes, without a gesture, that a man wants you to sit down by



AM TOLD." HE REMARKED. "THAT RUBENS SOLD THIS WORK FOR SIXTY POUNDS, ENGLISH MONEY, AND THAT FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS WERE SUBSEQUENTLY PAID FOR IT. ROUGH ON RUBENS!"

him, but doesn't want you to speak; I knew that Mr. Peters wanted me to sit down by him, and didn't want me to speak. I think we must have sat looking at the track of moonlight on the sea for a quarter of an hour before either of us said a word.

Then he remarked dryly, "My friend has gone."

"You must miss her," I responded.

He mused again, and handed his cigar case to me with his usual question. I said I would have a cigarette.



IN THE CONCERT ROOM OR ON THE TERRACE. IF I FOUND THE LITTLE
WOMAN I FOUND MR PETERS

"You found me dumfounded," he resumed, puffing his cigar deliberately, "by the most singular occurrence I have heard of in my life; I am beginning to get my breath back. You may have noticed the lady I was talking to?"

I said that I had.

"I guess that you assume her to be a wealthy woman?"

I said that I did.

"Well, sir, she is about as poor as they make them. I have lived too long to be extravagant with emotions, but that little lady's history has just broken me up. As a writer you may find it worth your attention. It was because she had always been solitary; that was what started the trouble—

her loneliness. Never a companion she had, never a pleasure. Mornings she walked to her employment; evenings she walked back to where she lodged. She was a girl of eighteen then, and she walked cheerfully. And she was cheerful when she was twenty, and twenty-five, and thirty—always keeping her pluck up with the thought of something brighter ahead, you know; always hoping, like me, for that 'good time.'" He was silent a moment.

"Go on," I said.

"When she had been clerking years, and doing home work in her leisure, she had put a small sum by. But she was frightened to touch it—there was the growing fear of the lonely woman that one day she might take

sick and need that money. And the 'good time' didn't come. And her youth went out of her, and lines began to creep about her eyes and mouth—she looked in the glass and saw them—and she didn't walk to and fro quite so bravely now. She was just faint with longing, sir. She wanted to put on pretty things before she was old—she was starving for a taste of the sweets that she was meant for."

He blew a circlet of smoke into the air and watched it.

"That stage passed. Seemed to the woman, as time dragged on, that she hadn't the energy left to long for anything. She was tired. When she lay down to sleep she wasn't particularly keen on waking up any more. As I see the matter, it was by no means the work that had done the damage—it was the dullness. It was the emptiness of her life, the forlornness of it. By and by she had to go to a doctor, and he talked about 'depression' and 'melancholia.' He said what she ought to do was to live with friends—she was about as friendless as Robinson Crusoe before Friday turned up—he recommended her to seek 'gay society!' She said she was 'much obliged,'" and went back to her lodging, and sat staring from the window at the strangers passing in the twilight. I don't know whether you have struck a case of melancholia? A man I was fond of was taken that way in Buffalo. Out of business he would sit brooding by the hour, with his eyes wide, and never saying a word. I stayed talking to him once half the night, persuading him to put a change of linen in his grip and start for Europe in the morning; I told him it would do him good to hustle round the stores, buying most things he needed to put on, after he arrived. I guess my arguments weren't so excellent as my intentions—when I went downtown after breakfast I heard he had shot himself. Melancholia's likely to be serious. . . . No, the doctor's advice wasn't much use to the little woman. Her walk to the office lay across some bridge. One evening as she was crossing it, the thought came that it would be sweet if she were lying in the river and heard the water singing in her ears. Then she tore herself away because she had turned giddy. Every morning and evening she had to cross that bridge, you understand me. Every morning and evening that thought hammered in her, and she stopped by the parapet and looked down."

In the pause he made, the music from the concert-room was painfully distinct. They were playing the "Invitation to the Valse."



"EVERY MORNING AND EVENING THAT
THOUGHT HAMMERED IN HER, AND
SHE STOPPED BY THE PARAPET
AND LOOKED DOWN."

Came the dull rattle of the ball in the wheel, and the sharp cry of the *croupier*.

"Well, just as with the friend I lost in Buffalo," he went on quietly, "while she did her work like a machine all day, she was proposing to die. She had grown so woefully tired that it was a relief to her to think of dying. . . . You will smile at what I am going to say. One afternoon she saw an ordinary picture advertisement stuck on a wall—a picture of a Continental resort, with fashionable ladies parading on the *Plage*. She told me that—with the thought of death great in her mind—she stood right there in the London street, looking at it; and, sir, her regret was that she was going out of the world without once having worn a pretty frock or bought a handful of roses in December! You may laugh at the idea of a commonplace poster influencing a woman at such a time?"

"I am not laughing," I said.

"She harped on that grievance of hers till some of the interest of her girlhood stirred in her again. The enthusiasm had gone, but she was wistful. And she'd sit thinking. She'd sit looking at her savings-book—all she had to show for her life. She figured out that she might break away from her employment and have luxury for a month. When the month was up she'd be destitute, but that didn't matter because, you see, she was quite prepared to go to sleep in the Thames. That little drudge, in that little stuffy lodging, took a notion to escape for once into the sunshine; she asked herself why she shouldn't *live* for a month—before she died! . . .

"She was timid when she went to buy the showy frocks; she touched the daintiest of them lovingly, but she was shy to choose them for herself. She came here the day after I arrived. She appeared a sad little body, sitting next to me at table; perhaps that was why I took to her so; but now it just amazes me to think of the way she livened up when we had grown friends. I have heard her laugh, sir! I have heard her laugh quite happily, though she had come to tremble each time she changed a gold piece; though she had come to shudder at each sunset that brought her nearer to the End. It was only this afternoon that she told me the circumstances; I had seen she had anxiety, and I—asked questions. I looked to meet her again this evening, but I got a letter instead to say I should never meet her any more. When they handed me her letter she had—gone."

"You don't mean she—she's dead?" I whispered.

"Not yet," he said. "She wrote that our friendship had helped her some; she wrote

that she was going back to her old lodging, and would struggle on. But she resigned her position, and she has damaged her last bank-note—how long do you surmise that she will have the heart to struggle?"

He lit another cigar; and among the jeweled, exotic crowd we stared absently over the rail at the humble flock of weary trippers who lacked the shillings to come in.

At last I said: "She must have liked you very much. Her feelings for you made her want to live; and then, to remain here with you, she squandered the money that she needed to keep her alive."

"It makes me feel good to hear you say so," he returned. "It is not encouraging that she has disappeared, knowing that she had never mentioned even the quarter where she lodged; but it would be the proudest moment of my life if that little lady would consent to marry me. When we get up we shall say 'Good-by'—I am starting for London right away."

"Without a clue to her address?"

"Yes, *sir*, without a notion. I don't know where she lodges, and I don't know where she worked, and London's a mighty big city; but I estimate there are about two sovereigns between that woman and the river, and I have to find her before they're gone."

In his glance I saw the grit that had built his fortune. I tried to be hopeful.

"If she's hunting for a situation she'll look at the newspapers," I said.

"She will look at the columns that interest her," he answered, "but I mayn't advertise on every page."

"You can pay for inquiries."

"You may bet I'll pay; all that worries me is that inquiries go slow."

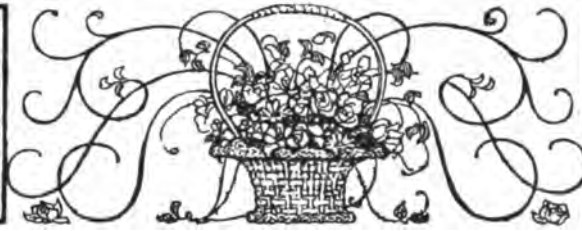
"I suppose you don't know which bridge it is she crosses every day?"

"We can build no hopes on the bridge," he replied; "I did not interrogate her—I did not suspect it was to be our last meeting."

"She may struggle longer than you think; she may be brave."

"You mean it kindly," he said, "but you have heard her history! I opine that I've got to discover that address within a week—I am racing against time. There's just this in my favor, she has a name to be noticed. She's called 'Joanna Faed,' and I guess there can't be many women called that even in a city the size of London."

"What an extraordinary thing!" I faltered. "I can give you 'Joanna Faed's' address on half a hundred receipts. Why, she must be the lady who typewrites my stories for me!"

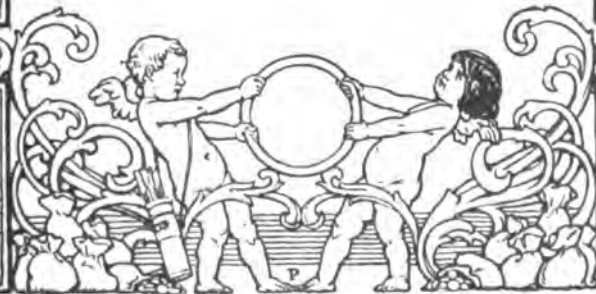


MARRIAGE

A NOVEL by H.G.WELLS



BEING a story of getting and spending; of a new young woman, seeking romance but demanding luxury; of a lover who fell from the clouds; of a wife swept into the current of to-day's extravagance; of a husband spurring his powers unceasingly to satisfy the wife's lavishness; of the tragic strain upon their relationship; of the wonderful and adventurous means by which they readjust their life together.



MICHAEL WILKINSON BROWN



"MARJORIE," CAME HIS VOICE AT LAST, STRANGELY SOFTENED, "THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY TO YOU!"

“And the Poor Dears haven’t the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards.”

—From a *Private Letter*.

M A R R I A G E

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of “*The New Machiavelli*,” “*Tono-Bungay*,” etc.

BOOK I—MARJORIE MARRIES

Chapter I—A Day with the Popes

I

AN extremely pretty girl occupied a second-class compartment in one of those trains which percolate through the rural tranquilities of middle England from Ganford in Oxfordshire to Rumbold Junction in Kent. She was going to join her family at Buryhamstreet after a visit to some Gloucestershire friends. Her father, Mr. Pope, once a leader in the coach-building world and now by retirement a gentleman, had taken the Buryhamstreet vicarage furnished for two months (beginning on the 15th of July) at his maximum summer rental of seven guineas a week. His daughter was on her way to this retreat.

At first she had been an animated traveler, erect and keenly regardful of every detail upon the platforms of the stations at which her conveyance lingered, but the tedium of the journey and the warmth of the sunny afternoon had relaxed her pose by imperceptible degrees, and she sat now comfortably in the corner with her neat toes upon the seat before her, ready to drop them primly at the first sign of a fellow-traveler. Her expression lapsed more and more toward an almost somnolent reverie. She wished she had not taken a second-class ticket, because then she might have afforded a cup of tea at Reading, and so fortified herself against this insinuating indolence.

She was traveling second-class, instead of third as she ought to have done, through one of those lapses so inevitable to young people in her position. The two Carmel boys and a cousin, two greyhounds and a chow had

come to see her off; they had made a brilliant and prosperous group on the platform and extorted the manifest admiration of two youthful porters, and it had been altogether too much for Marjorie Pope to admit it was the family custom—except when her father’s nerves had to be considered—to go third-class. So she had made a hasty calculation—she knew her balance to a penny because of the recent tipping—and found it would just run to it. Fourpence remained,—and there would be a porter at Buryhamstreet!

Her mother had said: “You will have Ample.” Well, opinions of amplitude vary. With numerous details fresh in her mind, Marjorie decided it would be wiser to avoid financial discussion during her first few days at Buryhamstreet.

Marjorie had a chin that was small in size if resolute in form, and a mouth that was not noticeably soft and weak because it was conspicuously soft and pretty. Her nose was delicately aquiline and very subtly and finely modeled, and she looked out upon the world with steady gray-blue eyes beneath broad level brows that contradicted in a large measure the hint of weakness below. She had an abundance of copper-red hair, which flowed back very prettily from her broad low forehead and over her delicate ears, and she had that warm-tinted, clear skin that goes so well with reddish hair. She had a very daintily modeled neck, and the long slender lines of her body were full of the promise of a riper beauty. She had the good, open shoulders of a tennis player and a swimmer. Some day she was to be a tall, ruddy, beautiful woman. She wore simple clothes of silvery gray and

soft green, and about her waist was a belt of gray leather in which there now wilted two creamy-petaled roses.

That was the visible Marjorie. Somewhere out of time and space was an invisible Marjorie who looked out on the world with those steady eyes, and smiled or drooped with the soft, red lips, and dreamed and wondered and desired.

II

WHAT a queer thing the invisible human being would appear if by some discovery, as yet inconceivable, some spiritual X-ray photography, we could flash it into sight!

Surely these invisible selves of men were never so jumbled, so crowded, complicated and stirred about as they are at the present time. Once I am told they had a sort of order, were sphered in religious beliefs, crystal clear, were arranged in a cosmogony that fitted as hand fits glove, were separated by definite standards of right and wrong which presented life as planned in all its essential aspects from the cradle to the grave. Things are so no longer. That sphere is broken for most of us; even if it is tied about and mended again, it is burst like a seed case, things have fallen out and things have fallen in. . . .

Can I convey in any measure how it was with Marjorie?

What was her religion?

In college forms and returns and such like documents she would describe herself as "Church of England." She had been baptized according to the usages of that body, but she had hitherto evaded confirmation into it. It had failed to catch her attention and state itself to her. A number of humorous and other writers and the general trend of talk about her, and perhaps her own shrewd little observation of superficial things, had on the other hand created a fairly definite belief in her that it wasn't, as a matter of fact, up to very much at all, that what it said wasn't said with absolute honesty, and that its hierarchy had all sorts of political and social considerations confusing its treatment of her immortal soul. . . .

At school Marjorie had been taught what I may best describe as Muffled Christianity. She had been shielded not only from arguments against her religion but from arguments for it; the two things go together, and I do not think it was particularly her fault if she was now growing up like the great majority of respectable English people, with

her religious faculty, as it were, artificially faded, and an acquired disposition to regard any speculation of why she was, and whence and whither, as rather foolish, not very important, and in the very worst possible taste.

And so, the crystal globe being broken which once held souls together, you may expect to find her a little dispersed and inconsistent in her motives and with none of that assurance a simpler age possessed of the exact specification of goodness or badness, the exact delimitation of right and wrong. Indeed, she did not live in a world of right and wrong or anything so stern; horrid and nice had replaced these archaic orientations. In a world where a mercantile gentility has conquered passion and God is neither blasphemed nor adored, there necessarily arises this generation of young people a little perplexed indeed and with a sense of something missing, but feeling their way inevitably at last to the great releasing question, "Then why shouldn't we have a good time?"

Yet there was something in Marjorie as in most human beings, that demanded some general idea, some aim, to hold her life together. A girl upon the borders of her set at college was fond of the phrase "living for the moment," and Marjorie associated with it the speaker's lax mouth, sloelike eyes, soft, quick-flushing, boneless face, and a habit of squawking and bouncing in a forced and graceless manner. Marjorie's natural disposition was to deal with life in a steadier spirit than that. Yet all sorts of powers and forces were at work in her, some exalted, some elvish, some vulgar, some subtle. She felt keenly and desired strongly, and in effect she came, perhaps, nearer the realization of that offending phrase than its original exponent. She had a clean intensity of feeling that made her delight in a thousand various things, in sunlight and textures and the vividly quick, delightful acts of animals, in landscape and the beauty of other girls, in wit and people's voices and good, strong reasoning and the desire and skill of art. She had a clear, rapid memory that made her excel, perhaps a little too easily, at school and college, an eagerness of sympathetic interest that won people very quickly and led to disappointments, and a very strong sense of the primary importance of Miss Marjorie Pope in the world.

If you could have seen Marjorie in her railway compartment, with the sunshine, sunshine mottled by the dirty window, tangled in her hair and creeping to and fro over her face as the train followed the curves of the line, you would certainly have agreed with

me that she was pretty, and you might even have thought her beautiful. But it was necessary to fall in love with Marjorie before you could find her absolutely beautiful. You might have speculated just what business was going on behind those drowsily thoughtful eyes. . . .

She was dreaming and in a sense she was thinking of beautiful things. But only meditately. She was thinking how very much she would enjoy spending freely and vigorously quite a considerable amount of money—a lot of money. . . . The Carmels, with whom she had just been staying, were shockingly well off. . . .

The train slowed down for the seventeenth time. Marjorie looked up and read "Buryhamstreet."

III

HER reverie vanished, and by a complex but almost instantaneous movement she had her basket off the rack and the carriage door open. She became teeming anticipations. There, advancing in a string, were Daffy, her elder sister, Theodore, her younger brother, and the dog, Toupee. Sydney and Rom hadn't come. Daffy was not copper-red like her sister, but really quite coarsely red-haired; she was bigger than Marjorie and with irregular teeth instead of Marjorie's neat row; she confessed them in a broad, simple smile of welcome; Theodore was hatless, rustily fuzzy-headed, with now a wealth of quasi-humorous gesture; the dog, Toupee, was straining at a leash and doing its best in a yapping, confused manner to welcome the wrong people by getting its lead round their legs.

"Toupee!" cried Marjorie waving the basket. "Toupee!"

In another moment Marjorie was out of the train, had done the swift kissing proper to the occasion, and rolled a hand over Toupee's head. There was a brief lull as the party got into the waiting governess cart. Toupee, after a preliminary refusal to enter, made a determined attempt on the best seat, from which he would be able to bark in a persistent, official manner at anything that passed. That suppressed, and Theodore's proposal to drive refused, they were able to start, and attention was concentrated upon Daffy's negotiation of the station approach. Marjorie turned on her brother with a smile of warm affection.

"How are you, old Theodore?"

"I'm all right, old Madge."

"Mummy?"

"Everyone's all right," said Theodore, "if it wasn't for that damned infernal net——"

"Ssssh!" cried both sisters together.

"He says it," said Theodore.

Both sisters conveyed a grave and relentless disapproval.

"Pretty bit of road," said Marjorie. "I like that little house at the corner."

The particular success of the village was its brace of chestnut trees which, with that noble disregard of triteness which is one of the charms of villages the whole world over, shadowed the village smithy. Beyond the green—there were the correctest geese thereon—the village narrowed almost to a normal road again, and then, recalling itself with a start, lifted a little to the churchyard wall about the gray and ample church. "It's just like all the villages that ever were," said Marjorie, and gave a cry of delight when Daffy, pointing to the white gate between two elm trees that led to the vicarage, remarked: "That's us."

In confirmation of which statement, Sydney and Rom, the two sisters next in succession to Marjorie, and with a strong tendency to be twins in spite of the year between them, appeared in a state of vociferous disrespect, opening the way for the donkey carriage. Sydney was Sydney and Rom was just short for Romola—one of her mother's favorite heroines in fiction.

"Old Madge," they said, and then throwing respect to the winds, "Old Gargoo!" which was Marjorie's forbidden nickname and short for gargoyles.

She overlooked the offense and the pseudotwins boarded the cart from behind, whereupon the already overburdened donkey, being old and in a manner wise, quickened his pace for the house to get the whole thing over.

And the vicarage was truly very interesting and amusing. To these Londoners, accustomed to live in a state of compression, elbows practically touching, in a tall, narrow fore-and-aft stucco house, all window and staircase, in a despondent Brompton square, there was an effect of maundering freedom about the place, of enlargement almost to the pitch of adventure and sunlight to the pitch of intoxication. The house itself was long and low, as if a London house had flung itself a-sprawl; it had two disconnected and roomy staircases, and when it had exhausted itself completely as a house, it turned to the right and began again as rambling, empty stables, coach-house, cart sheds, men's bedrooms up ladders, and outhouses of the most various kinds. On one hand was a neglected orchard, in the

front of the house was a bald, worried-looking lawn area capable of simultaneous tennis and croquet, and at the other end a copious and confused vegetable and flower garden. And there was access to the church and the key of the church tower, and one went across the corner of the lawn and by a little iron gate into the churchyard to decipher inscriptions, as if the tombs of all Buryhamstreet were no more than a part of the accommodation relinquished by the vicar's household.

Marjorie was hurried over the chief points of all this at a breakneck pace by Sydney and Rom, and when Sydney was called away to the horrors of practice—for Sydney in spite of considerable reluctance was destined by her father to be "the musical one"—Rom developed a copious affection, due apparently to some occult esthetic influence in Marjorie's silvery gray and green, and led her into the unlocked vestry, and there prayed in a whisper that she might be given "one good hug, just *one*"—and so they came out with their arms about each other.

Somewhere among all these interests came tea and Mrs. Pope.

Mrs. Pope kissed her daughter with an air of having really wanted to kiss her half an hour ago, but of having been distracted since. She was a fine-featured, anxious-looking little woman with a close resemblance to all her children in spite of the fact that they were markedly dissimilar one to the other, except only that they took their ruddy colorings from their father. She was dressed in a neat blue dress that had perhaps been hurriedly chosen, and her method of doing her hair was a manifest compromise between duty and pleasure. She embarked at once upon an exposition of the bedroom arrangements, which evidently involved difficult issues. Marjorie was to share a room with Daffy,—that was the gist of it, as the only other available apartment originally promised to Marjorie had been secured by Mr. Pope for what he called his "matutinal ablutions, *videlicet* tub."

"Then when your Aunt Plessington comes you won't have to move," said Mrs. Pope, with an air of a special concession. "Your father's looking forward to seeing you, but he mustn't be disturbed just yet. He's in the vicar's study. He's had his tea in there. He's writing a letter to the *Times* answering something they said in a leader, and also a private note calling attention to their delay in printing his previous communication, and he wants to be delicately ironical without being in any way offensive. He has the win-

dows on the lawn open, so that I think perhaps we'd better not stay out here—for fear our voices might disturb him."

"Better get right round the other side of the church," said Daffy.

"He'd hear far less of us if we went indoors," said Mrs. Pope.

IV

WHEN Mr. Pope had finished his letter to the *Times* he got out of the window of the study, treading on a flower bed as he did so—he was the sort of man who treads on flower beds—partly with the purposes of reading his composition aloud to as many members of his family as he could assemble for the purpose, and so giving them a chance of appreciating the nuances of his irony more fully than if they saw it just in cold print without the advantage of his intonation, and partly with the belated idea of welcoming Marjorie. The lawn presented a rather discouraging desolation. Then he became aware that the church tower frothed with his daughters. In view of his need of an audience he decided after a brief doubt that their presence there was unobjectionable, and waved his manuscript amiably. Marjorie flapped a handkerchief in reply. . . .

The subsequent hour was just the sort of hour that gave Mr. Pope an almost meteorological importance to his family. He began with an amiability that had no fault except perhaps that it was a little forced after the epistolary strain in the study, and his welcome to Marjorie was more than cordial. "Well little Madge-cat!" he said, giving her an affectionate but sound and heavy thump on the left shoulder blade, "got a kiss for the old Daddy?"

Marjorie submitted a cheek.

"That's right," said Mr. Pope, "and now I just want you all to advise me."

He led the way to a group of wicker garden chairs. "You're coming, Mummy?" he said, and seated himself comfortably and drew out a spectacle case, while his family grouped itself dutifully. It made a charming little picture of a man and his womankind. "I don't often flatter myself," he said, "but this time I think I've been neat—neat's the word for it."

He cleared his throat, put on his spectacles, and emitted a long, flat, preliminary note rather like the sound of a child's trumpet. "Er—'Dear Sir!'"

"Rom," said Mrs. Pope, "don't creak your chair."

"It's Daffy, mother," said Rom.

"Oh, Rom!" said Daffy.

Mr. Pope paused and looked with a warning eye over his left spectacle glass at Rom.

"Don't creak your chair, Rom," he said, "when your mother tells you."

"I was *not* creaking my chair," said Rom.

"I heard it," said Mr. Pope suavely.

"It was Daffy."

"Your mother does not think so," said Mr. Pope.

"Oh, all right! I'll sit on the ground," said Rom, crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Me, too," said Daffy. "I'd rather."

Mr. Pope watched the transfer gravely. Then he readjusted his glasses, cleared his throat again, trumpeted, and began. "Er—'Dear Sir!'"

"Oughtn't it to be simply 'Sir,' father, for an editor?" said Marjorie.

"Perhaps I didn't explain, Marjorie," said her father with the calm of great self-restraint and dabbing his left hand on the manuscript in his right, "that this is a *private* letter—a private letter."

"I didn't understand," said Marjorie.

"It would have been evident as I went on," said Mr. Pope, and prepared to read again.

This time he was allowed to proceed, but the interruptions had ruffled him and the gentle stresses that should have lifted the subtleties of his irony into prominence missed the words, and he had to go back and do his sentences again. Then Rom suddenly, horribly, uncontrollably, was seized with hiccups. At the second hiccup Mr. Pope paused and looked very hard at his daughter with magnified eyes; as he was about to resume the third burst its way through the unhappy child's utmost effort.

Mr. Pope rose with an awful resignation. "That's enough," he said. He regarded the pseudo-twin vindictively. "You haven't the self-control of a child of six," he said. Then very touchingly to Mrs. Pope: "Mummy, shall we try a game of tennis with the new generation?"

"Can't you read it after supper?" asked Mrs. Pope.

"It must go by the eight o'clock post," said Mr. Pope, putting the little masterpiece into his breast pocket, the little masterpiece that would now perhaps never be read aloud to any human being. "Daffy, dear, do you mind going in for the racquets and balls?"

The social atmosphere was now sultry and overcast, and Mr. Pope's decision to spend the interval before Daffy returned in seeing whether he couldn't do something to the net, which was certainly very unsatisfactory, did

not improve matters. Then unhappily Marjorie, who had got rather keen upon tennis at the Carmels', claimed her father's first two services as faults, contrary to the etiquette of the family. It happened that Mr. Pope had a really very good, hard, difficult, smart-looking serve, whose only defect was that it always went either too far or else into the net, and so a feeling had been fostered and established by his wife that on the whole it was advisable to regard the former variety as a legitimate extension of a father's authority. Naturally, therefore, Mr. Pope was nettled at Marjorie's ruling, and his irritation increased when his next two services to Daffy perished in the net. ("Damn that net! puts one's eye out.") Then Marjorie gave him an unexpectedly soft return which he somehow muffed, and then Daffy just dropped a return over the top of the net (love-game). It was then Marjorie's turn to serve, which she did with a new twist acquired from the eldest Carmel boy that struck Mr. Pope as un-English. "Go on," he said concisely. "Fifteen, love."

She was gentle with her mother and they got their first rally, and when it was over Mr. Pope had to explain to Marjorie that if he returned right up into his corner of the court he would have to run backward very fast and might fall over down the silly slope at that end. She would have to encounter him and the court. One didn't get everything out of a game by playing merely to win. She said "All right, Daddy," rather off-handedly, and immediately served to him again, and he, taken a little unawares, hit the ball with the edge of his racquet and sent it out, and then he changed racquets with Daffy—it seemed he had known all along she had taken his, but he had preferred to say nothing—uttered a word of advice to his wife just on her stroke, and she, failing to grasp his intention as quickly as she ought to have done, left the score forty-fifteen. He felt better when he returned Marjorie's serve, and then before she could control herself she repeated her new unpleasant trick of playing into the corner again, whereupon, leaping back with an agility that would have shamed many a younger man, Mr. Pope came upon disaster. He went spinning down the treacherous slope behind, twisted his ankle painfully, and collapsed against the iron railings of the shrubbery. It was too much, and he lost control of himself. His daughters had one instant's glimpse of the linguistic possibilities of a strong man's agony. "I told her," he went on as if he had said nothing. "Tennis!"

For a second, perhaps, he seemed to hesi-

tate upon a course of action. Then as if by a great effort he took his coat from the net post and addressed himself houseward, incarnate grand dudgeon—limping.

Character is one of England's noblest and most deliberate products, but some Englishmen have it to excess. Mr. Pope had.

"Had enough of it, Mummy," he said, and added some happily inaudible comment on Marjorie's new style of play.

The evening's exercise was at an end.

The three ladies regarded one another in silence for some moments.

"I will take in the racquets, dear," said Mrs. Pope.

"I think the other ball is at your end," said Daffy. . . .

The apparatus put away, Marjorie and her sister strolled thoughtfully away from the house.

"There's croquet here, too," said Daffy. "We've not had the things out yet!" . . .

"He'll play, I suppose."

"He wants to play." . . .

"Of course," said Marjorie after a long pause, "there's no *reasoning* with Dad!"

V

AT seven o'clock Marjorie found herself upstairs changing into her apple-green frock. She had had a good, refreshing wash in cold soft water, and it was pleasant to change into thinner silk stockings and dainty satin slippers and let down and at last brush her hair and dress loiteringly after the fatigues of the journey and the activities of her arrival. She looked out on the big church and the big trees behind it against the golden quiet of a summer evening with extreme approval.

"I suppose those birds are rooks," she said.

But Daffy had gone to see that the pseudo-twins had done themselves justice in their muslin frocks and pink sashes; they were apt to be a little sketchy with their less accessible buttons.

Marjorie became aware of two gentlemen with her mother on the lawn below.

One was her almost affianced lover, Will Magnet, the humorous writer. She had been doing her best not to think about him all day, but now he became an unavoidable central fact. She regarded him with a perplexed scrutiny, and wondered vividly why she had been so excited and pleased by his attentions during the previous summer.

Mr. Magnet was one of those quiet, deliberately unassuming people who do not even attempt to be beautiful. Not for him was it

to pretend, but to prick the bladder of pretence. He was a fairish man of forty, pale with a large protuberant, observant gray eye—I speak particularly of the left—and a face of quiet animation warily alert for the wit's opportunity. His nose and chin were pointed, and his lips thin and quaintly pressed together. He was dressed in gray with a low-collared silken shirt showing a thin neck, and a flowing black tie, and he carried a gray felt hat in his joined hands behind his back. She could hear the insinuating cadences of his voice as he talked in her mother's ear. The other gentleman, silent on her mother's right, must, she knew, be Mr. Wintersloan, whom Mr. Magnet had proposed to bring over. His dress betrayed that modest gaiety of disposition becoming in an artist, and, indeed, he was one of Mr. Magnet's favorite illustrators.

"Coming down?" said Daffy, a vision of sulphur yellow, appearing in the doorway.

"Let *them* go first," said Marjorie with a finer sense of effect. "And Theodore. We don't want to make part of a comic entry with Theodore, Daffy."

Accordingly the two sisters watched discreetly—they had to be wary on account of Mr. Magnet's increasingly frequent glances at the windows—and when at last all the rest of the family had appeared below, they decided their cue had come. Mr. Pope strolled into the group, with no trace of his recent *débâcle* except a slight limp. He was wearing a jacket of damson-colored velvet which he affected in the country, and all traces of his grand dudgeon were gone. But then he rarely had grand dudgeon except in the sanctities of family life, and hardly ever when any other man was about.

"Well," his daughters heard him say with a witty allusiveness that was difficult to follow, "so the Magnet has come to the Mountain again—eh?"

"Come on, Madge," said Daffy, and the two sisters emerged harmoniously together from the house.

It would have been manifest to a meaner capacity than any present that evening that Mr. Magnet regarded Marjorie with a distinguished significance. He had two eyes, but he had that mysterious quality so frequently associated with a bluish-gray iris which gives the effect of looking hard with one large orb, a sort of gray searchlight effect, and he used this eye ray now to convey a respectful but firm admiration in the most unequivocal manner. He saluted Daffy courteously and then allowed himself to re-

tain Marjorie's hand for just a second longer than was necessary as he said—very simply—"I am very pleased indeed to meet you again—very."

A slight embarrassment fell between them. "You are staying near here, Mr. Magnet?"

"At the inn," said Mr. Magnet, and then: "I chose it because it would be near to you."

His eye pressed upon her again for a moment.

"Is it comfortable?" said Marjorie.

"So charmingly simple," said Mr. Magnet.

"I love it."

A tinkling bell announced the preparedness of supper, and roused the others to the consciousness that they were all silently watching Mr. Magnet and Marjorie.

"It's quite a simple farmhouse supper," said Mrs. Pope.

VI

AFTER supper, at Mr. Magnet's initiative, the gentlemen followed the ladies almost immediately, and it was Mr. Magnet who remembered that Marjorie could sing.

Both the elder sisters, indeed, had sweet clear voices, and they had learned a number of those jolly songs the English made before the dull Hanoverians came. Syd accompanied, and Rom sat back in the low chair in the corner and fell deeply in love with Mr. Wintersloan. The three musicians in their green and sulphur-yellow and white made a pretty group in the light of the shaded lamp against the black and gold Broadwood, the tawdry screen, its pattern thin glittering upon darkness, and the deep shadows behind. Marjorie loved singing, and forgot herself as she sang.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too.

she sang, and Mr. Magnet could not conceal the intensity of his admiration.

Mr. Pope had fallen into a pleasant musing; several ripe old yarns, dear delicious old things, had come into his mind that he felt he might presently recall when this unavoidable display of accomplishments was overpassed, and it was with one of them almost on his lips that he glanced across at his guest. He was surprised to see Mr. Magnet's face transfigured. He was sitting forward, looking up at Marjorie, and he had caught something of the expression of those blessed boys who froth at the feet of an Assumption. For an instant Mr. Pope did not understand.

Then he understood. It was Marjorie! He had a twinge of surprise and glanced at his own daughter as though he had never seen her before. He perceived in a flash for the first time that this troublesome, clever, disrespectful child was tall and shapely and sweet and indeed quite a beautiful young woman. There she was, his daughter. An immense benevolence irradiated his soul—for Marjorie—for Magnet. His eyes were suffused with a not ignoble tenderness. The man, he knew, was worth at least thirty-five thousand pounds, a discussion of investments had made that clear, and he must be making at least five thousand a year! A beautiful girl, a worthy man! A good fellow, a sound, good fellow, a careful fellow, too—as these fellows went!

Old Daddy would lose his treasure of course.

Well, a father must learn resignation, and he for one would not stand in the way of his girl's happiness. A day would come when, very beautifully and tenderly, he would hand her over to Magnet, his favorite daughter to his trusted friend. "Well, my boy, there's no one in all the world—" he would begin.

It would be a touching parting. "Don't forget your old father, Maggots," he would say. At such a moment that quaint nickname would surely not be resented. . . .

After a time the younger people kissed around and were packed off to bed, and the rest of the party went to the door upon the lawn and admired the night. It was a glorious summer night, deep blue and rimmed warmly by the afterglow, moonless and with a few big lamplike stars above the black, still shapes of trees.

Mrs. Pope said they would all accompany their guests to the gate at the end of the avenue—in spite of the cockchafers.

VII

MARJORIE discovered that she and Mr. Magnet had fallen a little behind the others. She would have quickened her pace, but Mr. Magnet stopped short and said: "Marjorie!"

"When I saw you standing there and singing," said Mr. Magnet, and was short of breath for a moment.

Marjorie's natural gift for interruption failed her altogether.

"I felt I would rather be able to call you mine—than win an empire."

The pause seemed to lengthen between them, and Marjorie's remark at last struck

her even as she made it as being but poorly conceived. She had some weak idea of being self-depreciatory.

"I think you had better win an empire, Mr. Magnet," she said meekly.

Then before anything more was possible they had come up to Daffy and Mr. Winterloan and mother at the gate. . . .

As they returned Mrs. Pope was loud in the praises of Will Magnet. She had a little, clear-cut voice, very carefully and very skillfully controlled, and she dilated on his modesty, his quiet helpfulness at table, his ready presence of mind. She pointed out instances of those admirable traits, incidents small in themselves but charming in their

implications. When somebody wanted junket, he had made no fuss, he had just helped them to junket. "So modest and unassuming," sang Mrs. Pope. "You'd never dream he was quite rich and famous. Yet every book he writes is translated into Russian and German and all sorts of languages. I suppose he's almost the greatest humorist we have. That play of his; what is it called?—"Our Owd Woman"—has been performed nearly twelve hundred times! I think that is the most wonderful of gifts. Think of the people it has made happy."

The conversation was mainly monologue. Both Marjorie and Daffy were unusually thoughtful.

Chapter II—The Two Proposals of Mr. Magnet

I

IT was presently quite evident to Marjorie that Mr. Magnet intended to propose marriage to her, and she did not even know whether she wanted him to do so.

Marjorie was beginning to realize that this was going to be a very serious affair indeed for her—and that she was totally unprepared to meet it.

Her thoughts and feelings were all in confusion about this business. Her mind was full of scraps, every sort of idea, every sort of attitude contributed something to that twentieth century jumble. For example, and so far as its value went among motives it was by no means a trivial consideration, she wanted to be proposed to for its own sake.

Less clear and more instinctive than her desire for a proposal was her inclination to see just all that Mr. Magnet was disposed to do and hear all that he was disposed to say. She was curious. He didn't behave in the least as she had expected a lover to behave.

Marriage, regarded in the abstract—that is to say, with Mr. Magnet out of focus—was by no means an unattractive proposal to her. She had tasted life as it could be in her father's absence, and she was beginning to realize just what an impossible person he was. Marriage was escape from all that, it meant not only respectful parents but a house of her very own, furniture of her choice, great freedom of movement, an authority, an importance. She had seen what it meant to be a

prosperously married young woman in the person of one or two resplendent old girls revisiting Bennett College, scattering invitations, offering protections and opportunities.

Poor Marjorie! She was doing her best to be sensible, and she felt herself adrift above a clamorous abyss of feared and forbidden thoughts. Down there she knew well enough that it wasn't thus that love must come. Deep in her soul, the richest thing in her life, indeed, and the best thing she had to give humanity, was a craving for beauty that at times became almost intolerable, a craving for something other than beauty and yet inseparably allied with it, a craving for deep excitement, for a sort of glory in adventure, for passion—for things akin to great music and heroic poems and the bannered traditions of romance. She had hidden away in her an immense tumultuous appetite for life, an immense tumultuous capacity for living. To be loved beautifully was surely the crown and climax of her being.

She did not dare to listen to these deeps, yet these insurgent voices filled her. Even while she drove her little crocodile of primly sensible thoughts to their sane appointed conclusion, her blood and nerves and all her being were protesting that Mr. Magnet would not do, that whatever other worthiness was in him, regarded as a lover he was preposterous and flat and foolish and middle-aged, and that it were better never to have lived than to put the treasure of her life to his meagre lips and into his hungry unattractive arms. "The ugliness of it! The spiritless horror of it!"

so dumbly, formlessly, the rebel voices urged.

II

MR. MAGNET made his first proposal in form three days later, after coming twice to tea and staying on to supper.

Mr. Pope was really very anxious to be pleasant and agreeable to Mr. Magnet, and he could think of no surer way of doing so than by giving him an unrestrained intimacy of conversation that prevented anything more than momentary intercourse between his daughter and her admirer. And not only did Mr. Magnet find it difficult to get away from Mr. Pope without offence, but whenever by any chance Mr. Pope was detached for a moment Mr. Magnet discovered that Marjorie either wasn't to be seen, or if she was she wasn't to be isolated by any device he could contrive, before the unappeasable return of Mr. Pope.

Mr. Magnet did not get his chance, therefore, until Lady Petchworth's little gathering at Summerhay Park.

From the outset Mr. Magnet loomed upon her,—he loomed nearer and nearer. He turned the eye upon her as she came up to the wealthy expanse of Lady Petchworth's presence, like some sort of obsolescent ironclad turning a dull-gray, respectful, loving searchlight upon a fugitive torpedo boat, and thereafter he seemed to her to be looking at her without intermission, relentlessly, and urging himself towards her. She wished he wouldn't. She hadn't at all thought he would on this occasion.

At first she relied upon her natural powers of evasion, and the presence of a large company. Then gradually it became apparent that Lady Petchworth and her mother, yes—and the party generally, and the gardens and the weather and the stars in their courses were of a mind to coöperate in giving opportunity for Mr. Magnet's unmistakable intentions.

And Marjorie, with that instability of her sex which has been a theme for masculine humor in all ages, suddenly and with an extraordinary violence didn't want to make up her mind about Mr. Magnet. She didn't want to accept him; and as distinctly she didn't want to refuse him. She didn't even want to be thought about as making up her mind about him—which was, so to speak, an enlargement of her previous indisposition. She didn't even want to seem to avoid him or to be thinking about him or aware of his existence.

After the greeting of Lady Petchworth she had succeeded very clumsily in not seeing Mr. Magnet, and had addressed herself to Mr. Wintersloan, who was standing a little apart looking under his hand with one eye shut at the view between the tree stems towards Buryham street. He told her that he thought he had found something "pooty" that hadn't been done, and she did her best to share his artistic interests with a vivid sense of Mr. Magnet's tentative incessant approach behind her.

He joined them, and she made a desperate attempt to entangle Mr. Wintersloan in a three-cornered talk in vain. He turned away at the first possible opportunity, and left her to an embarrassed and eloquently silent tête-à-tête. Mr. Magnet's professional wit had deserted him. "It's nice to see you again," he said after an immense interval.

III

"SHALL we go and look at the Water Garden?" he said. "The Water Garden is really very delightful. You ought to see that."

On the spur of the moment Marjorie could think of no objection to the Water Garden, and he led her off.

"I often think of that jolly walk we had last summer," said Mr. Magnet, "and how you talked about your work at Oxbridge."

Marjorie fell into a sudden rapture of admiration for a butterfly.

Twice more was Mr. Magnet baffled, and then they came to the little pool of water-lilies with its miniature cascade of escape at the head and source of the Water Garden. "One of Lady Petchworth's great successes," said Mr. Magnet.

"I suppose the lotus is like the water lily," said Marjorie, with no hope of staving off the inevitable. . . .

She stood very still by the little pool, and in spite of her pensive regard of the floating blossoms, stiffly and intensely aware of his relentless regard.

"Marjorie," came his voice at last, strangely softened. "There is something I want to say to you."

She made no reply.

"Ever since we met last summer—"

A clear, cold little resolution not to stand this, had established itself in Marjorie's mind. If she must decide, she *would* decide. He had brought it upon himself.

"Marjorie," said Mr. Magnet, "I love you."

She lifted a clear, unhesitating eye to his face. "I'm sorry, Mr. Magnet," she said.

"I wanted to ask you to marry me," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Magnet," she repeated.

They looked at one another. She felt a sort of scared exultation at having done it; her mother might say what she liked.

"I love you very much," he said, at a loss.

"I'm sorry," she repeated, obstinately.

"I thought you cared for me a little."

She left that unanswered. She had a curious feeling that there was no getting away from this splashing, babbling pool; that she was fixed there until Mr. Magnet chose to release her, and that he didn't mean to release her yet. In which case she'd go on refusing.

"I'm disappointed," he said.

Marjorie could only think that she was sorry again, but as she had already said that three times she remained awkwardly silent.

"Is it because—" he began and stopped.

"It isn't because of anything. Please let's go back to the others, Mr. Magnet. I'm sorry if I'm disappointing."

And by a great effort she turned about.

Mr. Magnet remained regarding her—I can only compare it to the searching preliminary gaze of an artistic photographer. For a crucial minute in his life Marjorie hated him. "I don't understand," he said at last.

Then with a sort of naturalness that ought to have touched her he said: "Is it possible, Marjorie—that I might hope?—that I have been inopportune?"

She answered at once with absolute conviction.

"I don't think so, Mr. Magnet."

"I'm sorry," he said, "to have bothered you."

"I'm sorry," said Marjorie.

A long silence followed.

"I'm sorry, too," he said.

They said no more, but began to retrace their steps. It was over. Abruptly Mr. Magnet's bearing had become despondent—conspicuously despondent. "I had hoped," he said, and sighed.

With a thrill of horror Marjorie perceived he meant to *look* rejected, let everyone see he had been rejected—after encouragement.

IV

MRS. POPE'S eye was relentless; nothing seemed hidden from it; nothing indeed was hidden from it; Mr. Magnet's back was diagrammatic. Marjorie was a little flushed and bright-eyed and professed herself eager, with an unnatural enthusiasm, to play golf-croquet. It was eloquently significant that Mr. Mag-

net did not share her eagerness, declined to play, and yet, when she had started with the Rev. Jopling Baynes as partner, stood regarding the game with a sort of tender melancholy from the shade of the big chestnut tree.

Mrs. Pope joined him unobtrusively.

"You're not playing, Mr. Magnet," she remarked.

"I'm a looker-on this time," he said with a sigh.

"Marjorie's winning, I think," said Mrs. Pope.

He made no answer for some seconds.

"She looks so charming in that blue dress," he remarked at last, and sighed from the lowest depths.

"That bird's-egg blue suits her," said Mrs. Pope, ignoring the sign. "She's clever in her girlish way; she chooses all her own dresses,—colors, material, everything."

(And also, though Mrs. Pope had not remarked it, she concealed her bills.)

There came a still longer interval which Mrs. Pope ended with the slightest of shivers. She perceived Mr. Magnet was heavy for sympathy and ripe to confide. "I think," said, "it's a little cool here. Shall we walk to the Water Garden and see if there are any white lilies."

"There are," said Mr. Magnet sorrowfully, "and they are very beautiful—*quite* beautiful."

He turned to the path along which he had so recently led Marjorie.

He glanced back as they went along between Lady Petchworth's herbaceous border and the poppy beds. "She's so full of life," he said with a sigh in his voice.

Mrs. Pope knew she must keep silent.

"I asked her to marry me this afternoon," Mr. Magnet blurted out. "I couldn't help it."

Mrs. Pope made her silence very impressive.

"I know I ought not to have done so without consulting you—" he went on lamely; "I am very much in love with her. It's—It's done no harm."

Mrs. Pope's voice was soft and low. "I had no idea, Mr. Magnet. . . . You know she is very young. Twenty. A mother—"

"I know," said Magnet. "I can quite understand. But I've done no harm. She refused me. I shall go away to-morrow. Go right away forever. . . . I'm sorry."

Another long silence.

"To me of course she's just a child," Mrs. Pope said at last. "She *is* only a child, Mr. Magnet. She could have had no idea that anything of the sort was in your mind. . . ."



HIS PURPOSE WAS LUMINOUSLY CLEAR FROM THE BEGINNING OF LUNCH ONWARD

"Now I've spoken to you about it, Mrs. Pope," he said, "I can tell you just how I—oh, it's the only word—adore her. She seems so sweet and easy—so graceful—"

Mrs. Pope turned on him abruptly and grasped his hands; she was deeply moved. "I can't tell you," she said, "what it means to a mother to hear such things—"

Words failed her, and for some moments they engaged in a mutual pressure.

"Ah!" said Mr. Magnet, and had a queer wish it was the mother he had to deal with.

"Are you sure, Mr. Magnet," Mrs. Pope went on as their emotions subsided, "that she really meant what she said? Girls are very strange creatures. . . ."

"She seems so clear and positive."

"Her manner is always clear and positive."

"Yes. I know."

"I know she *has* cared for you."

"No!"

"A mother sees. When your name used to be mentioned— But these things are not

things to talk about. There is something—something sacred—"

It occurred to her that she had said enough. "What a dignity the old gold fish has!" she remarked. "He waves his tail—as if he were a beadle waving little boys out of church."

V

MRS. POPE astonished Marjorie by saying nothing about the all too obvious event of the day for some time, but her manner to her second daughter on their way home was strangely gentle. It was as if she had realized for the first time that regret and unhappiness might come into that young life. After supper, however, she spoke. They had all gone out just before the children went to bed to look for the new moon; Daffy was showing the pseudo-twins the old moon in the new moon's arms, and Marjorie found herself standing by her mother's side. "I hope, dear," said Mrs. Pope, "that it's all for

the best—and that you've done wisely, dear."

Marjorie was astonished and moved by her mother's tone.

"It's so difficult to know what *is* for the best," Mrs. Pope went on.

"I had to do—as I did," said Marjorie.

"I only hope you may never find you have made a Great Mistake, dear. He cares for you very, very much."

"Oh! we see it now!" cried Rom, "we see it now! Mummy, have you seen it? Like a little old round ghost being nursed!"

When Marjorie said "Good-night," Mrs. Pope kissed her with an unaccustomed effusion.

It occurred to Marjorie that after all her mother had no selfish end to serve in this affair.

VI

THE idea that, perhaps, after all, she had made a Great Mistake, the Mistake of her Life it might be, was quite firmly established in its place among all the other ideas in Marjorie's mind by the time she had dressed next morning. Subsequent events greatly intensified this persuasion. A pair of new stockings she had trusted sprang a bad hole as she put them on. She found two unmistakable bills from Oxbridge beside her plate, and her father was "horrid" at breakfast.

After it was over she went to the tumble-down summerhouse by the duckpond, and contemplated the bills she had not dared to open at table. One was boots, nearly three pounds, the other books, over seven. "I *know* that's wrong," said Marjorie, and rested her chin on her hand, knitted her brows and tried to remember the details of orders and deliveries. . . .

Marjorie had fallen into the net prepared for our sons and daughters by the delicate modesty of the Oxbridge authorities in money matters, and she was, for her circumstances, rather heavily in debt.

She didn't dare think now of the total. She lied even to herself about that. She had fixed on fifty pounds, as the unendurable maximum. "It is less than fifty pounds," she said, and added: "*must* be." But something in her below the threshold of consciousness knew that it was more.

And now she was in her third year and the Oxbridge tradesman, generally satisfied with the dimensions of her account and no longer anxious to see it grow, was displaying the less obsequious side of his character. He wrote remarks at the bottom of his account, re-

marks about settlement, about having a bill to meet, about having something to go on with. He asked her to give the matter her "early attention." She had a disagreeable persuasion that if she wanted many more things anywhere she would have to pay ready money for them. She was particularly short of stockings. She had overlooked stockings recently. Daffy unfortunately was also short of stockings.

She proceeded with tense, nervous movements to tear those two distasteful demands into very minute pieces. Then she collected them all together in the hollow of her hand and buried them in the loose mold in a corner of the summerhouse.

"Madge," said Theodore appearing in the sunshine of the doorway, "Aunt Plessington's coming! She's sent a wire. Some one's got to meet her by the twelve-forty train."

Aunt Plessington was a tall, lean woman with firm features, a high color and a bright eye, who wore hats to show she despised them, and carefully disheveled hair. Her dress was always good, but extremely old and grubby, and she commanded respect chiefly by her voice. Her voice was the true governing-class voice, a strangulated contralto, abundant and authoritative; it made everything she said clear and important, so that if she said it was a fine morning it was like leaded print in the *Times*.

Uncle Hubert was a less distinguished figure and just a little reminiscent of the small attached husbands one finds among the lower crustacea.

Aunt Plessington's being was consumed by thoughts of getting on. She was like Bernard Shaw's life force, and she really did not seem to think there was anything in existence but shoving. She had no idea what a lark life can be and occasionally how beautiful it can be when you do not shove, if only, which becomes increasingly hard each year, you can get away from the shovers. She was one of an energetic family of eight sisters who had maintained themselves against a mutual pressure by the use of their elbows from the cradle. They had all married against each other, all sorts of people. Aunt Plessington after spending some years in just missing a rich and only slightly demented baronet had pounced—it's the only word for it—on Uncle Hubert. "A woman is nothing without a husband," she said, and took him. He was a fairly comfortable Oxford don in his furtive way, and bringing him out and using him as a basis, she specialized in intellectual philanthropy and evolved her Movement.

What the Movement was, varied considerably from time to time, but it was always aggressively beneficial toward the lower strata of the community.

VII

AFTER lunch Aunt Plessington took her little Madge for an energetic walk, and showed herself far more observant than the vigorous egotism of her conversation at that meal might have led one to suppose.

She talked of a start in life and the sort of start she had had. She made it clear that she thought a clever marriage, if not a startlingly brilliant one, the first duty of a girl. It was a girl's normal gambit. She branched off to the things single women might do in order to justify this view. She ran over the cases of a number of prominent single women.

"And what," said Aunt Plessington, "do they all amount to? A girl is so hampered and an old maid is so neglected."

She paused.

"Why don't you up and marry Mr. Magnet, Marjorie?" she said with her most brilliant flash.

"It takes two to make a marriage, Aunt," said Marjorie after a slight hesitation.

"My dear child! he worships the ground you tread on!" said Aunt Plessington.

"He's rather—grown up," said Marjorie.

"Not a bit of it. He's not forty. He's just the age."

"I'm afraid it's a little impossible."

"Impossible?"

"You see I've refused him, Aunt."

"Naturally—the first time! But I wouldn't send him packing the second."

There was an interval.

Marjorie decided on a blunt question. "Do you really think, Aunt, I should do well to marry Mr. Magnet?"

"He'd give you everything a clever woman needs," said Aunt Plessington. "Everything."

She began to sketch out with swift, capable touches the sort of life the future Mrs. Magnet might enjoy.

For a time the girl's mind resisted her.

But Marjorie was of the impressionable sex at an impressionable age, and there was something overwhelming in the undeviating conviction of her aunt, in the clear assurance of her voice, that this life which interested her was the real life, the only possible successful life. The world reformed itself in Marjorie's fluent mind, until it was all a scheme of influ-

ence and effort and ambition and triumphs. Dinner-parties, and receptions, cabinet-ministers more than a little in love asking her advice, men wearing orders, beautiful robes, a great blaze of lights; why! she might be, said Aunt Plessington rising to enthusiasm, "another Marcella."

What else was there for Marjorie to contemplate? If she didn't take this by no means unattractive line, what was the alternative? Some sort of employment after a battle with her father, a parsimonious life, and even then the Oxbridge tradesmen and their immortal bills. . . .

VIII

THEY walked out into a luminous blue night, with a crescent young moon high overhead. Mr. Pope would have liked to walk with Mr. Magnet but some occult power baffled this intention, and he found himself in the company of his brother-in-law and Daffy, with Aunt Plessington and his wife like a barrier between him and his desire. Marjorie, on the other hand, found Mr. Magnet's proximity inevitable. They fell a little behind and were together again for the first time since her refusal.

He behaved, she thought, with very great restraint, and, indeed, he left her a little doubtful on that occasion whether he had not decided to take her decision as definitive. He seemed not only extraordinarily modest but extraordinarily gentle that night, and she felt something about him a woman is said always to respect; he gave her an impression of ability. After all, he could banish the trouble that crushed and overwhelmed her with a movement of his little finger. Of all her load of debt he could earn the payment in a day.

"Your aunt goes to-morrow?" he said.

Marjorie admitted it.

"I wish I could talk to her more. She's so inspiring."

"You know of our little excursion for Friday?" he asked after a pause.

She had not heard. Friday was Theodore's birthday; she knew it only too well because she had had to part with her stamp collection—which very likely had chanced to get packed and come to Buryhamstreet—to meet its demand. Mr. Magnet explained he had thought it might be fun to give a picnic in honor of the anniversary.

"How jolly of you!" said Marjorie.

"There's a pretty bit of river between Wamping and Friston Hanger—I've wanted you to see it for a long time, and Friston

Hanger church has the prettiest view. The tower gets the bend of the river."

"Theodore will think he is King of Surrey!"

"I'll have a rod and line if he wants to fish. I don't want to forget anything. I want it to be *his* day really and truly."

The slightest touch upon the pathetic note. She could not tell.

But that evening brought Marjorie nearer to loving Magnet than she had ever been before. Before she went to sleep that night she had decided he was quite a tolerable person again; she had been too nervous and unjust with him. After all his urgency and awkwardness had been just a part of his sincerity. Perhaps the faint doubt whether he would make his request again gave the zest of uncertainty to his devotion. Of course, she told herself, he would ask again. And then the blissful air of limitless means she might breathe. The blessed release. . . .

She was suddenly fast asleep.

IX

FRIDAY was not, after all, so much Theodore's day as Mr. Magnet's.

Until she found herself committed there was no shadow of doubt in Marjorie's mind of what she meant to do. "Before I see you again," said Aunt Plessington at the parting kiss, "I hope you'll have something to tell me." She might have been Hymen thinly disguised as an aunt, waving from the departing train. She continued by vigorous gestures, an unstinted display of teeth and a fluttering handkerchief to encourage Marjorie to marry Mr. Magnet until the curve of the cutting hid her from view. . . .

Fortune favored Mr. Magnet with a beautiful day, and the excursion was bright and successful from the outset. It was done well, and what perhaps was more calculated to impress Marjorie, it was done with lavish generosity. From the outset she turned a smiling countenance upon her host. She did her utmost to suppress a reviving irrational qualm in her being, to see clearly and simply as she had decided over-night, that he should propose again and that she should accept him.

Two waggonettes came from Wamping; there was room for everybody and to spare, and Wamping revealed itself a pleasant, small country town with stocks under the market hall, and just that tint of green paint and that loafing touch the presence of a boating river gives. The launch was brilliantly smart with abundant crimson cushions and a tasseled awning, and away to the left was

a fine old bridge that dated in its essentials from Plantagenet times.

They started with much whistling and circling, and went away up river under overhanging trees that sometimes swished the funnel, splashing the meadow path and making the reeds and bulrushes dance with their wash. They went through a reluctant lock, steamed up a long reach; they passed the queerly painted Potwell Inn with its picturesque group of poplars and its absurd new notice board of "Omlets" . . .

Friston Hanger proved to be even better than Wamping. It had a character of its own because it was built very largely of a warm, buff-colored, local rock instead of the usual brick, and the outhouses, at least of the little inn at which they landed, were thatched. And over it all rose an unusually big church, with a tall buttressed tower surmounted by a lantern of pierced stone.

"We'll go through the town and look at the ruins of the old castle beyond the church," said Mr. Magnet to Marjorie, "and then I want you to see the view from the church tower."

And as they went through the street, he called her attention again to the church tower in a voice that seemed to her to be inexplicably charged with significance. "I want you to go up there," he said.

"How about something to eat, Mr. Magnet?" remarked Theodore suddenly, and everybody felt a little surprised when Mr. Magnet answered: "Who wants things to eat on your birthday, Theodore?"

But they saw the joke of that when they reached the castle ruins and found in the old tilting yard with its ivy-covered arch, framing a view of the town and stream, a table spread with a white cloth that shone in the sunshine, glittering with glass and silver, and gay with a bowl of salad and flowers and cold pies, and a jug of claret-cup and an ice pail—a silver ice pail! containing two promising looking bottles in the charge of two real live waiters, in evening dress as waiters should be, but with straw hats to protect them from the sun and weather. "Oh!" cried Mrs. Pope, "what a splendid idea, Mr. Magnet," when the destination of the feast was perfectly clear, and even Theodore seemed a little overawed—almost as if he felt his birthday was being carried too far and might provoke a judgment later. Manifestly Mr. Magnet must have ordered this in London, and have had it sent down, waiters and all! Theodore knew he was a very wonderful little boy in spite of the acute criticism of four devoted sisters, and Mr. Magnet had noticed him before at times,



but this was, well, rather immense! "Look at the pie crusts, old man!" And on the pie crusts, and on the icing of the cake, their magnificent host had caused to be done in little raised letters of dough and chocolate the word "Theodore."

"Oh, *Mr. Magnet!*" said Marjorie—his eye so obviously invited her to say something.

"Rom!" said Theodore, uncontrollably, in a tremendous stage whisper. "There's peaches! . . . *There!* on the hamper!"

"Champagne, m'am?" said the waiter suddenly in Mrs. Pope's ear, wiping ice-water from the bottle.

(But what could it have cost him?)

X

MARJORIE would have preferred that Mr. Magnet should not have decided with such re-

lentless determination to make his second proposal on the church tower. His purpose was luminously clear to her from the beginning of lunch onward, and she could feel her nerves going under the strain of that long expectation. She tried to pull herself together, tried not to think about it, tried to be amused by the high spirits and nonsense of Mr. Wintersloan and Syd and Rom and Theodore, but Mr. Magnet was very pervasive, and her mother didn't even look at her, looked past her and away from her and all round her, in a profoundly observant manner. Marjorie felt chiefly anxious to get to the top of that predestinate tower, and have the whole thing over, and it was with a start that she was just able to prevent one of the assiduous waiters filling her glass with champagne for the third time.

There was a little awkwardness in dis-

persing after lunch. Mr. Pope, his heart warmed by the champagne and mellowed by a subsequent excellent cigar, wanted very much to crack what he called a "post-prandial jest" or so with the great humorist, while Theodore also, deeply impressed with the discovery that there was more in Mr. Magnet than he had supposed, displayed a strong disposition to attach himself more closely than he had hitherto done to this remarkable person, and study his quiet but enormous possibilities with greater attention. Mrs. Pope with a still alertness did her best to get people adjusted. "Daffy," she said, with a guileful finger extended and pointing to the lower sky as though she was pointing out the less obvious and more atmospheric beauties of Surrey. "Get Theodore away from Mr. Magnet if you can. He wants to talk to Marjorie."

Daffy looked round. "Shall I call him?" she said.

"No," said Mrs. Pope, "do it—just—quietly."

"I'll try," said Daffy and stared at her task, and Mrs. Pope feeling that this might or might not succeed but that anyhow she had done what she could, strolled across to her husband and laid a connubial touch upon his shoulder. "All the young people," she said, "are burning to climb the church tower. I never *can* understand this activity after lunch."

"Nor me," said Mr. Pope. "Eh, Magnet?"

"I'm game," said Theodore. "Come along, Mr. Magnet."

"I think," said Mr. Magnet looking at Marjorie, "I shall go up. I want to show Marjorie the view."

"We'll stay here, Mummy, eh?" said Mr. Pope with a quite unusual geniality, and suddenly put his arm round Mrs. Pope's waist. Her motherly eye sought Daffy's, and indicated her mission. "I'll come with you, Theodore," said Daffy. "There isn't room for everyone at once up that tower."

"I'll go with Mr. Magnet," said Theodore, relying firmly on the privileges of the day. . . .

For a time they played for position, with the intentions of Mr. Magnet showing more and more starkly through the moves of the game. At last Theodore was lured down a side street by the sight of a huge dummy fish dangling outside a tackle and bait shop, and Mr. Magnet and Marjorie, already with a dreadful feeling of complicity, made a movement so rapid it seemed to her almost a bolt for the church tower. Whatever Mr. Magnet de-

sired to say and whatever elasticity his mind had once possessed with regard to it there can be no doubt that it had now become so rigid as to be sayable only in that one precise position, and in the exact order he had determined upon. But when at last they got to that high serenity, Mr. Magnet was far too hot and far too much out of breath to say anything at all for a time except an almost explosive gust or so of approbation of the scenery. "Shor' breath!" he said, "win'ey stairs always—that 'fect on me—buful sceny—Suwy—like it always."

Marjorie found herself violently disposed to laugh; indeed she had never before been so near the verge of hysterics.

"It's a perfectly lovely view," she said. "No wonder you wanted me to see it."

"Naturally," said Mr. Magnet; "wanted you to see it."

Marjorie with a skill her mother might have envied wriggled into a half-sitting position in an embrasure and concentrated herself upon the broad-wooded undulations that went about the horizon, and Mr. Magnet mopped his face with surreptitious gestures, and took deep restoring breaths.

"I've always wanted to bring you here," he said, "ever since I found it in the spring."

"It was very kind of you, Mr. Magnet," said Marjorie.

"You see," he explained, "whenever I see anything fine or rich or splendid or beautiful now, I seem to want it for you." His voice quickened as though he were repeating something that had been long on his mind. "I wish I could give you all this country. I wish I could put all that is beautiful in the world at your feet."

He watched the effect of this upon her for a moment.

"Marjorie," he said, "did you really mean what you told me the other day; that there was indeed no hope for me? I have a sort of feeling I bothered you that day, that perhaps you didn't mean all—"

He stopped short.

"I don't think I knew what I meant," said Marjorie, and Magnet gave a queer sound of relief at her words. "I don't think I know what I mean now. I don't think I can say I love you, Mr. Magnet. I would if I could. I like you very much indeed, I think you are awfully kind, you're more kind and generous than anyone I have ever known. . . ."

Saying he was kind and generous made her through some obscure association of ideas feel that he must have understanding. She had an impulse to put her whole case before him

frankly. "I wonder," she said, "if you can understand what it is to be a girl."

Then she saw the absurdity of her idea, of any such miracle of sympathy. He was entirely concentrated upon the appeal he had come prepared to make.

"Marjorie," he said, "I don't ask you to love me yet. All I ask is that you shouldn't decide *not* to love me."

"If you would consent only to make an experiment, if you would try to love me. Suppose you *tried* an engagement. I do not care how long I waited. . . ."

He paused. "Will you try?" he urged upon her distressed silence.

She felt as though she forced the word. "Yes!" she said in a very low voice.

Then it seemed to her that Mr. Magnet leaped upon her. She felt herself pulled almost roughly from the embrasure, and he had kissed her. She struggled in his embrace. "Mr. Magnet!" she said. He lifted her face and kissed her lips. "Marjorie!" he said, and she had partly released herself.

"Oh, *don't* kiss me!" she cried, "don't kiss me yet!"

"But a kiss!"

"I don't like it."

"I beg your pardon!" he said. "I forgot—But you . . . You . . . I couldn't help it."

She was suddenly wildly sorry for what she had done. She felt she was going to cry, to behave absurdly.

"I want to go down," she said.

"Marjorie, you have made me the happiest of men! All my life, all my strength, I will spend in showing you that you have made no mistake in trusting me—"

"Yes," she said, "yes," and wondered what she could say or do. It seemed to him that her shrinking pose was the most tenderly modest thing he had ever seen.

"Oh, my dear!" he said, and restrained himself and took her passive hand and kissed it.

"I want to go down to them!" she insisted.

He paused on the topmost rungs of the ladder, looking up at her unspeakable things. Then he turned to go down, and for the second time in her life she saw that incipient thinness of his hair. . . .

XI

THAT night when Daffy came up Marjorie was ostentatiously going to sleep. . . .

As she herself was dropping off Daffy became aware of an odd sound, somehow familiar, and yet surprising and disconcerting.

Suddenly wide awake again, she started up. Yes, there was no mistake about it! And yet it was very odd.

"Madge, what's up?"

No answer.

"I say! you aren't crying, Madge, are you?"

Then after a long interval: "*Madge!*"

An answer came in a muffled voice, almost as if Marjorie had something in her mouth: "Oh, shut it, old Daffy."

"But Madge!" said Daffy after reflection.

"Shut it. *Do* shut it! Leave me alone, I say! Can't you leave me alone? Oh!"—and for a moment she let her sobs have way with her—"Daffy, don't worry me. Old Daffy! Please!"

Daffy sat up for a long time in the stifled silence that ensued, and then like a sensible sister gave it up, and composed herself again to slumber. . . .

Outside, watching the window in a state of nebulous ecstasy, was Mr. Magnet, moonlit and dewy. It was a high, serene night with a growing moon and a scattered company of major stars, and if no choir of nightingales sang there was at least a very active night-jar. "More than I hoped," whispered Mr. Magnet, "more than I dared to hope." He was very sleepy, but it seemed to him improper to go to bed on such a night—on such an occasion.

(To be continued)

The next instalment of "Marriage" describes the dramatic entrance of a new lover; tells of Marjorie's experiences under the stress of his wooing—intense scenes, yet modern, real, in the very spirit of to-day.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Brief Accounts *with* Photographic Portraits of

Charles Townsend Copeland

Richard Stevens

Mrs. Caroline Bayard Alexander

J. H. Hale

George Ade

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND

IF YOU climb the south stairway of Hollis Hall, one of the ancient and honorable dormitories of Harvard, some Saturday night after ten o'clock, you will find Charles Townsend Copeland in his room up under the roof by the side of a "sea-coal fire"; and, overflowing from chair and settle to the floor at his feet, a crowd of undergraduates. There are athletes, editors of college papers, Socialists, atheists, gentlemen, social stars, and the lesser orbs whose light is hid under the college bushel.

It is a wonderful room, lined from floor to low ceiling with books. The broad mantel and the little wall space are covered up with signed pictures of great people that you read about and all the long generations of boys whose friend he has been. Over the door is a horseshoe and a bunch of rowan berries. The only light is from the fire, perhaps a candle on the mantelpiece, and the reading light to the left of the fire, where sits the little man, interminably smoking an infamous brand of cigarettes. Everybody talks of the thing nearest his heart; everybody finds himself alert, quick, almost brilliant. Startling theories are expounded, and strange systems of philosophy. One tells of rowing, another of throwing the hammer, of "parties" in town, of clubs and books and college politics. I don't know whether the little man is interested in these things, which he has heard from so many classes, but he evidently loves the spirit of youth that is in them. Indeed, he once said that, if ever he were cut off from youth, he would wither up and die.

Assistant Professor of English, Charles T. Copeland is known as "Copey" by the University and by hundreds of graduates; and the nickname shows how much he is loved. But there is no one of the teaching force more feared and respected than he.

"Strange," you will say. "I never heard

of a teacher who was a chum of the taught. Harvard must be a curious place."

But it isn't. With any of the other professors the rule holds good. Perhaps they each have their little group of satellites. Copeland has the whole firmament.

If you want further proof go to the Union, the great University clubhouse, some night when Copeland reads aloud. The dining room is crowded with "sports," "grinds," athletes, dilettanti—two to three hundred of them—the most representative crowd ever gathered together at Harvard, except for a football game. They greet him as they would greet one of their classmates suddenly become famous, or a newly elected class officer—as some one friendly, and particularly of themselves; when he reads, they are unconscious of anything else. Kipling, Bret Harte, Shakespeare, Burns, Conrad, Hardy, the Bible, Boswell—they will take anything he gives them, and ask for more. Yet he has a wonderful gift of knowing what will please the fellows. Sometimes he will read something of his own, about great men he has known or studied; or a Christmas sermon; or sometimes he just talks. I think they like that best of all.

In between, he scolds his audience, bullies them, shames them for their ignorance, tells them that they ought to read, grumbles at the light, or the stuffiness of the room—with such drollness of phrase, such sympathy with youth, that they love it all.

"Copey's" official classes are but a part of his great teaching. One year he will give a course on Scott, another year on Dr. Johnson; but his favorite and most delightful course is in English composition. Such are the number of applicants that entrance to the class is by competition; few members ever miss a meeting of English twelve. Certain days he will never touch upon the subject: reminiscing and telling anecdotes, reading, or begin-



CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND

Assistant Professor of English in Harvard University. A great teacher and friend of young men, he has extraordinary power in building character. His Christmas mail is swelled by hundreds of letters from former students all over the world

ning a free-for-all discussion on universal peace, Socialism, anarchy, or the theatre.

He rules them like a czar; and they like it. He has always something witty to say, always something inspiring to teach.

Unostentatiously, one learns English composition with Copeland; incidentally, literature and the lost art of conversation, together with other things not taught in books.

To his intimate friends, which are a few from every senior class, he is like a roommate. These are the privileged individuals who stay after hours in his room, who walk across the yard with him, who sit with him on the bench under the elms on spring afternoons. He

treats them as his brothers; some of them would rather tell their troubles to him than to their families. He is always ready to advise, to give, to comfort, to laugh. I have never known anyone to abuse his friendship.

When a negro waiter at the Union, or a scrubwoman in a dormitory, falls sick, or dies, or marries, "Copey" always remembers. Few people know what he has done for the poor, the weary, and the miserable.

None who have ever seen him will forget the eternal glass of water on his desk, which he drinks in the midst of an interesting sentence, his grimaces of disgust when something goes wrong, the biting sarcasm with which he

punishes late-comers and interrupters, and the mock rages into which he flies with delinquents.

He used to write, and write well, as his "Life of Edwin Booth," his edition of Gray's poems, various criticisms and centennial lectures testify. Writing is a torture to him now. He very rarely ever answers letters by hand, and his pupils read their own themes aloud to him. Also, he is not a scholar in the accepted sense of the word, although he probably knows more about the human side of history and literature than any other man in the University. He is sometimes arrogant, and often rude to strangers or nervous undergraduates; and he has violent and instinctive antipathies. That unfortunate and repellent creature, the serious-minded, humorless "grind," will be sure to resent "Copey's" frequent digressions from the subject of the course, which treat of the relative worth of gas and electricity for a reading light, the advantages of politeness, the desirability of a hair-cut, and the like.

However much men may drift away from

Harvard when they graduate, they never lose touch with "Copey." His disciples number hundreds, and are scattered all over the world; and when they come back "Copey" is the first that they want to see.

One of the disciples, Henry Milner Rideout, a graduate of English twelve, dedicated his book, "Dragon's Blood," in this way:

"DEAR COPE: Mr. Peachey Carnahan, when he returned from Kafirstan, in bad shape, but with a king's head in a bag, exclaimed to the man in the newspaper office, 'And you've been sitting here ever since!' There is only a pig in the following poke; yet in giving you the string to cut and the bag to open, I feel something of Peachey's wonder to think of you, across all this distance and change, as still sitting in your great armchair by the green lamp, while past a dim background of books moves the procession of youth. Many of us, growing older in various places, remember well your friendship, and are glad that you are there, urging our successors to look backward into good books, and forward into life."

JOHN S. REED.

RICHARD STEVENS

RICHARD STEVENS' grandfather, John Stevens, invented and ran the first steamboat, and it was in his office in Hoboken, New Jersey, that Robert Fulton was trained and where he found the plans and models he afterward brought to perfection and practical use. John Stevens' sons contributed still more to the up-building and glory of New Jersey. Robert invented the screw propeller and the steel rail. John was a great yacht designer, and commodore of the New York Yacht Club. Edwin, Richard's father, had the best business head of the family, and was president of the Camden-Amboy Railroad. Like his father, Richard was the youngest son of a large family, but neither brains nor energy had petered out. Of slight build and not looking over-strong, he has indomitable energy and recuperative force, and can tire out three husky men in tennis, his favorite form of exercise. He has been treasurer of the National Lawn Tennis Association for fifteen years, and has done as much as any man in the country for the game. Tennis has perhaps trained his eye, for he sees everything while apparently noticing nothing. Quiet and observant, he keeps in the background, egging others on to daring feats of protest or radical measures. He has as fertile a brain as his

sister, Mrs. Alexander, and a still greater love of trying experiments. He puts the Stevens inventive genius into schemes for Hoboken. The tenement-house proposition was one of his first big concerns. Here he and his sister, Mrs. Alexander, planned and worked together, and he is having plans made at the present time for model tenements like those built for Mrs. Vanderbilt by Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury.

For years he has tried the experiment of starting enterprises for the public good, proving their value and then trying to induce the city to take them over, thus raising the whole social body and body politic to a higher level. He built public baths and supported them until the Salvation Army took them off his hands, combining them with headquarters and free lodgings. He started a sailors' reading room and coffee house, for the thousands belched out daily from the great steamship lines. He put up a recreation pier which the city has not yet taken over, but he hopes will eventually. Here he has concerts every Sunday afternoon through the summer. He is president of the Fresh-Air Fund and finances most of the outings for mothers and babies. He backed an effort to try and reduce the mortality of infants by supplying pure milk and a trained, visiting nurse who looked after one hundred babies during the hot months,



RICHARD STEVENS

For eight years Probation Officer of Hudson County, New Jersey. Descendant of New Jersey's greatest family, he lavishes resources and splendid energy upon the welfare of the people. He starts enterprises for the public good, and persuades the city to take them over

and there was an astonishing drop in the death rate. He is hoping to try the plan adopted in Dijon, France, of open-air moving-picture shows in order to rouse the municipal authorities to the responsibility of providing for "the spirit of youth in our city streets," especially during the long summer evenings. He and his sister were instrumental in having the experiment of municipal dances tried, hoping to counteract the influence of the low dance halls. They were immensely popular, proving the sad and shameful truth that innocent girls are lured into bad company and evil resorts through their craving for a little harmless fun, and that no means of wholesome recreation is provided for them.

Mr. Stevens maintains that the city's first duty is to make crime unattractive, and an honest, decent life not only possible, but pleasant. He has strictly economic reason for all that he does, for his hobby is that charity must give object lessons in how to live. For eight years he has been the probation officer for Hudson County. He gives himself to this gigantic task with a consecration of all his faculties and energies, following up his work in this office by frequent visiting in the houses of the boys. He cows the loud-mouthed bully or silences the smooth crook by a quiet, compelling force that can't be analyzed.

Mrs. Alexander and he play into each other's hands, take counsel together, and put the same kind of ginger into all they undertake. But when it comes to a big dinner, a

public speech, a conspicuous position on the platform, then, like the snark, Mr. Stevens "softly and suddenly vanishes away," leaving his vote (if possible), or his check, or, often, his umbrella. But a child, his old nurse, or a man or boy in trouble, can always find him, and he is adored by all those who work for him. When he is caught red-handed in giving money away he has the most ingenious reasons for its being a form of economy. A Christmas tree for six hundred children saves him lots of money; so does his annual dinner for two hundred newsboys; and equally economical is chartering the whole theatre several times during the season, or taking the entire company to Jamesburg by special train for the benefit of the boys in the reform school. A staunch Catholic, he is deeply interested in Christ Hospital, Jersey City, and is the main-spring of its support. At a kirmess given for its benefit he evolved a scheme of voting for the best-run town, and stirred up such a spirit of rivalry, loyalty, and competition between Hoboken and Jersey City that money for votes poured in. The tightest buttoned-up pockets of the cautious opened wide in the *business* interests of each city. It is needless to say that Mr. Stevens saw that Hoboken won out.

Like Kipling's Lord Roberts;

He's little, but he's wise,
He's a terror for his size,
And he doesn't advertise;
Do you, Bobs?

MRS. CAROLINE BAYARD ALEXANDER

WHAT first strikes the eye on entering the fine hall of the new courthouse in Trenton, New Jersey, are the great guardian angels by Blashfield, each holding a shield on which is a medallion bust of Hudson County's honored dead. One of these four patron saints is John Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, philosopher, inventor, man of broad culture, great landowner, and public benefactor. It would be most natural that his granddaughter, Caroline Bayard Stevens (Mrs. Alexander), as she goes week by week to attend the sessions of the Juvenile Court as assistant probation officer, should, on looking up at this portrait, feel the thrill of a grave responsibility.

A letter she received lately from an unknown source illustrates the way in which her position is regarded. "Mrs. Alexander," it

ran, "as you are the guardian of Hudson County, will you please see that my grandchildren are not ill-treated by their step-father?" And the amazing thing is, she does see. She makes it her business to see that "not one of these little ones shall perish."

Mrs. Alexander has lived her whole life at Castle Point. Castle Point dominates Hoboken. Her father, Edwin Stevens, was the controller and developer of its expanding municipal life, and the one supreme authority; and on his death the whole city looked up to his young widow as to a feudal mistress. It was character, even more than wealth or social prestige, that gave Mrs. Stevens this unique position, and the inspiration of her life is behind her daughter's highest aims and efforts. She often says that she never goes to Holy Innocents Church, built and endowed by her mother, without feeling this sense of debt to



MRS. CAROLINE BAYARD ALEXANDER

With her brother, Richard Stevens, also Probation Officer of Hudson County, New Jersey. For eight years she has never missed a sitting of the court. Known to the people as "the guardian of Hudson County," her dynamic energy for good never slackens. She seems to understand all languages, all creeds, and all motives

the people; and the memorial to Peter, the faithful old colored servant, beside that of his mistress, symbolizes and intensifies the transmitted spirit of loyalty and duty.

Mrs. Alexander began her civil work in Hoboken, as organizer of the first working-girl's club, and has been its president for over twenty-seven years. In this, as in all other associations, her faithfulness and truth have been their shield and buckler. One of the judges of Hudson County gave her a man's highest praise when he said, "She has never missed a sitting of the court." Eight years ago Mrs. Alexander and her brother, Richard Stevens, were appointed probation officers for Hudson County. They are still "holding their job" with the tenacity of purpose and undiminished enthusiasm of those who "love their fellow men" under all disguises and deformities. They seem to speak every language, being really at home in three or four. They know all the dialects, the slang of every quarter. They are "on" to all the tricks and shifts of the streets and expose them relentlessly in language that goes straight home. But they are quick to catch and kindle the smallest spark of real manhood or womanhood in the most revolting cases; and they never lose hope while there is one redeeming touch of true emotion in the dramatic story with its often ghastly details. No probation system in the country has ever been carried out with such thoroughness and success. More than fourteen hundred probationers have passed through their hands, and the blessings that follow these untiring personal efforts, the sympathy, understanding, and substantial aid, blessings couched in every strange vernacular, make a chorus that rises like incense to heaven.

One of the most spectacular as well as worth-while episodes in her civic life was the crusade she and her brother, Richard Stevens, made against the dives in North Hudson County. She induced members of the women's club to go with them on Sunday evenings to the resorts, getting first evidence that resulted in seven indictments and in the principal offender, who boasted that his "pull" would save him, being sent to the penitentiary. This crusade was not aimed at the liquor dealers as such, but only after repeated cases came to the probation office of young working girls ruined at these resorts which the local authorities would not control.

Perhaps the greatest test of moral courage was when Mrs. Alexander consented to take part as one of the committee on the feeble-minded in the discussions on protective State

legislation. She was the only woman present and helped in framing the bill which is now before the Legislature for the sterilization of incurable defectives. It is problems like these that make Mrs. Alexander feel the imperative necessity of a high personal standard. This passion of moral responsibility never makes Mrs. Alexander narrow or intolerant—it is simply the mainspring of action. The power of giving herself unreservedly to whatever matter she has in hand is marvelous. Whether it be an aviation meet, a Vanderbilt cup race, a meeting of the State Board, the Epileptic Village, or Home for the Feeble-minded, her interest never flags. She goes abroad often for the summer to rest and relax, as her family and friends vainly hope, but they find that even her trip is planned with a view to some special investigation. It may be French prisons, English coöperative colonies, German epileptic villages, Swiss reformatories, playgrounds, housing problems, milk depots, etc. In 1909 she was appointed a delegate from the State Department to the Brussels Congress of Education, and one of her contributions to the discussion was the difficult intellectual feat—a real "stunt"—of translating sentence by sentence from English into French, as it was delivered on the platform, Dr. Goddard's speech on the study of the defective child, in Vineland, New Jersey.

It is this many-sidedness, this alertness of mind, that gives her so many points of contact and makes her life so rich and varied. Her contagious enthusiasm inspires all those about her. The love and loyalty of all who serve her, to the third and fourth generation, their intense admiration, prove a rare exception to the dictum that no man can be a hero to his valet. Four of those now working for her, in the house or on the place, foot up ninety-nine years of service. Every hand on the ferry, every man on the dock, who remembers the old days, looks eagerly for a word or smile from Mrs. Alexander. All who serve her in any capacity know that she makes their lives her real concern, that she never sits, like Mrs. Jellaby, with her eyes fixed on Africa (or a municipal problem) while those about her are in trouble or need.

How she lives on twenty-four hours a day without wearing out or running down is a mystery. She seems to have a large share of perhaps the greatest Stevens invention of all, a self-feeling spirit that relaxes and reenergizes her, gives her that vividness and spice, that quality of unexpectedness that makes her a continual joy to all who know her.

JULIANA CONOVER.



GEORGE ADE

The slang fabulist who has become a Hoosier country gentleman. At Hazelden Farm, near Brook, Indiana, Farmer Ade lives an ideal life, visiting with his neighbors and writing plays. He hopes to write a real novel some day



J. H. HALE

The Peach King. When a boy, he planted a few peach trees, and with the profits paid off the mortgage on the home farm. Now he owns fruit lands all over Connecticut, and the biggest peach orchard in the world

GEORGE ADE

EVERY little while somebody bobs up and inquires in a tone fraught with much genuine curiosity:

"What's become of George Ade?"

For the benefit of this class of inquirer, it may be stated that the slang fablist and dramatist is leading what a great many would regard as the most ideal life of anybody in this country.

Out in the felt-boot section of western Indiana lie 1,800 acres of fertile soil, as black as a buggy curtain, that belong to George Ade. On Hazelden farm, a beautifully landscaped but dividend-paying farm, that comprises about a third of his landed possessions, dwells Ade whenever the weather makes farm life seem inviting. Throughout the winter months, the dramatist travels—to Europe, California, the Bermudas, or wherever the lands of illusion seem to beckon. But along in May or June he usually drifts back to Kentland, Ind., which is his birthplace, and hangs around there with his father and brother for a short time, after which he opens up the big old English home at Hazelden farm, near Brook, Ind., a few miles away. There he will remain, most of the time, until cold weather—a bachelor in a Hoosier Arcady. In the forenoon he writes, or dictates things for the stage. By noon his day's work is done and he devotes himself to his guests—and they are usually present at Hazelden during the summer months. When there's nothing else doing he'll arrange a ball game between teams from near-by towns—Brook, Goodland, Kentland, or Ade—the latter named after himself.

One may get a good idea of the real character of George Ade from the way he lives, or rather from the locality in which he lives. He could just as easily have a big estate on Long Island or Lake George, but he prefers to be a Hoosier. And he likes to be near enough to Chicago to visit with the old crowd around the Chicago Athletic Club, evenings, when things are dull down at the farm. He be-

longs to a number of more fashionable clubs in Chicago and elsewhere, but he finds more friends whom he knew in his old newspaper days at the C. A. C., and there is where he may be found when he's in Chicago. The slang fablist never becomes bored with the home folks. Not infrequently he'll spend half a day just sitting around and talking to acquaintances at Brook—which is a typical Hoosier village of four hundred or five hundred souls.

Several times within the last two or three years the author of "The College Widow" has said "king's ex" on the whole play-writing game, but each time a manager has come along and pestered him into writing just one more. The manager doesn't live, however, who can cajole him into writing another musical show. Ade began writing for the stage because he saw that there was money in that line of endeavor, but now that he has an income like a king or a malefactor of big business he would like to devote himself to novels or something in which he would not be obliged to figure on the speed of scene shifters and getting one's story told in time for the audience to get home without waiting for the owl cars.

On at least ninety-five per cent. of Farmer Ade's trips to town he may be noticed wearing a black cutaway coat, bound in silk braid, and gray trousers—an outfit that makes him look like an old-fashioned country gentleman. The most noticeable physical feature of the man is the exceptionally large development of his head "fore and aft," as John McCutcheon puts it.

In consequence of the bubbling good humor of everything Ade has turned out since he began writing his daily column of tales picked up at the Chicago World's Fair, few appreciate that he is past forty-five years of age. His hair is gray, and if it were not for a whimsical, optimistic smile, he would have ceased to look young. FRED C. KELLY.

J. H. HALE—THE PEACH KING

J. H. HALE is the kind of man whom writers delight to describe as a human dynamo. He is always on the move, generally talking, impatient of system, intensely human, forever planning big undertakings. He controls nearly 900 acres of the roughest kind of fruit land in Connecticut—land which the former owners had abandoned in disgust—and 2,000 acres in Georgia, where

he has the largest peach orchard in the world. Sometimes he harvests a million peaches a day, and the amount of money involved in each season's transactions is an independent fortune.

The peach king is a self-made man. He left school when he was eleven years old to work for the neighboring farmers in South Glastonbury, Conn., where he was born, for twelve dollars and fifty cents a month. The

reason lay in the fact that his mother had been left a widow with two small boys as liabilities, and no assets except a sandy farm weighted down with a mortgage.

Casting about for some way to crawl out from under this burden, young Hale made up his mind to try a flier in peaches. He scraped together a few dollars after a time and invested them in peach trees, which he cared for with the greatest assiduity. Just before the first crop was ready, the mortgage fell due and the good deacons who held it asked for the money. They were afraid of his peach venture. The boy put them off until the crop had been sold, when, much to their astonishment, he walked into their meeting and laid down the cash.

After that the Hale boy was much in the local public eye. He went to town meeting one year and asked for a better road between Glastonbury and Hartford. The conservative tobacco farmers frowned on the forward youth. Next year he was on hand again, however, this time to plead for permission to have built only ten rods of good road at the town's expense. He was politely informed that boys were made to be seen and not heard and went home disappointed once more. But the next year he bobbed up a third time, more determined than ever, and evinced a disposition to talk all day. On that occasion his persistency and filibustering tactics were too much for the town fathers, and they consented to the appointment of a committee, with young Hale as chairman, to lay ten rods of modern roadway; telling them to build it anywhere they chose, but naturally expecting that Hale would select the section in front of his own farm. Instead, he picked out the worst section of the road, at least four miles from his home.

When the next spring came, this piece of roadway was like an oasis in a desert of mud, and there was little further opposition to road improvement in that part of the Connecticut valley.

As fast as young Hale made money from his peaches he put it into more peaches. He planted trees in land where there was hardly room to stick them between the rocks. He cleared hundreds of acres of scrub-land and planted peach trees.

It is a rough and hilly country, as different as one can imagine from the smooth plantation of Georgia. I believe, though, that it is more fun for Hale to grow fruit on these rock-ribbed hillsides than it is in the sunny Southland.

After Mr. Hale's Georgia orchard had begun to bear, he found it extremely difficult to mar-

ket the fruit, because of the poor railroad facilities. Other growers, who were having the same trouble, had determined upon the most drastic measures to bring the railroads to terms. Mr. Hale, however, would have nothing to do with this project. Instead, he went straight to the biggest railroad man he could find and begged him to go down to see the crop. As a result he rode to Ford Valley in the private car of the president of one railroad to meet the president of another road, who had arranged to be there at the same time. Talked to in Hale's intelligent and forceful manner, and with the loaded trees of fast-ripening peaches before their eyes, the railroad men quickly saw the merits of the case and established a service which made it possible for peach trains to side-track the crack Southern Limited.

Although Mr. Hale has made his fortune from peaches, he says that he depends upon apples to care for him in his old age, and as he is only fifty-seven he has ample time in which to develop his apple orchards. He is characteristically enthusiastic in his vision of New England's future, with her hillsides covered with apple trees.

Mr. Hale is in great demand as a speaker, for he has a homely wit and a fascinating personality. Once, when lecturing at Cornell, he filled three study periods, moving from classroom to classroom as they were demanded by other classes, and ending with a greater crowd than when he began.

Of course, a man like Hale could not go his dynamic way without annexing a large number of honors. He has been president of the Connecticut and the American Pomological Societies, master of the State grange, a trustee of the State college, and, though a Republican, the Democratic governor of Connecticut recently appointed him a member of the Public Utilities Commission, a board of three men who control the public-service corporations of the state in the public interest.

What the peach king has done in a humanitarian way for the negroes of Georgia and the Italians of Connecticut would take too much time in the telling. And then, Hale knows how to get the best out of any employee. He is a big-hearted man, this peach king, and nobody envies him his success. What he has done for the New England farmer in showing him how to grow a barrel of apples where nothing but birch scrub grew before puts the proverbial personage who replaced a single blade of grass with two blades entirely out of the running.

E. I. FARRINGTON.

T H E L A S T C O N F L I C T

The Horror that Awoke the Nations

BY WALT McDUGALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

Mr. Orville Wright read this story at our request and sent us the following comment: "As a rule I do not think it a good plan to submit works of fiction to the criticism of technical people. Too often the most interesting parts of a story will not bear critical technical inspection. A story, rich in imagination, appeared in one of the magazines three or four years ago, written by a well-known author, that was much appreciated by many people, but I could not read it with pleasure, because I was constantly finding fault with descriptions of events which seemed to me physically impossible, but which, no doubt, appeared quite real to those who had no technical knowledge of the subject. However, I read 'The Last Conflict' with a different feeling. The scenes described are within the realms of possibility, and the flying machine, I sincerely believe, will perform an important part in hastening the advent of universal disarmament."

ON the *Hermanus* the monoplane-launching apparatus was of an old pattern, but it had been repeatedly tested with such uniformly good results that it had not been superseded by a newer device. It consisted of a pair of parallel steel tracks jutting out over the stern of the German warship upon which the wheels of the launching truck ran until the monoplane slipped off into the air. The monoplane itself was of the latest design, an electrically propelled Bierstadt, and the operator was one of Bierstadt's own pupils, one Kremmentz, a Bavarian who had taken the Imperial gold medal at last year's bomb-dropping contest at Kiel, with a record of forty-six out of a possible fifty bullseyes while flying at the rate of fifty miles per hour. Kremmentz, dark, phlegmatic but thin and wiry, stood in the shadow of the monoplane's vast wing when a sudden movement on the bridge of the warship caught his somber eye. He stepped out of the shade and stood waiting. A moment later a young officer with an eager and excited air breathlessly accosted him:

"Heinrich, the lookout reports a large English ship off the port quarter about ten miles away. It's sure to be the *Victoria!*"

"Nothing else! Well, we are ready for her," replied Kremmentz.

"The order is, that you get away at once!"

The monoplane's launching crew appeared as if by magic, each man taking his station in silence. Kremmentz put on his headpiece and gloves while on the superstructure officers came aft and looked down. The ship's speed had not lessened, but Kremmentz noted that she was turning to port so that the monoplane would face the western breeze. In another moment he had taken his seat and grasped the steering wheel. The moment of launching the giant monoplane with its deadly freightage of five hundred pounds of olinite suspended immediately beneath Kremmentz's feet in the shape of a four-foot bomb was always one of breathless and excited interest to every man on board and general conversation was invariably suspended until the feat had been accomplished.

For thirty seconds the propellers whirled noiselessly, then the wheels of the truck began to revolve, and the machine, which had seemed part of the ship's self before, slid out upon the tracks. As she neared the end of the slim steel structure it sank beneath her and with a quick birdlike lift the great flying

machine soared aloft. An irrepressible cheer broke out from the throats of the eleven hundred seamen and officers of the *Hermanus*.

"Now we shall see what the new theories are worth!" exclaimed Admiral Von Grotzen, without taking his faded gray eyes from the monoplane as she circled aloft. Baron Greuze of the Naval Board, a young, portly, rosy-cheeked man, laughed as he replied:

"Heretofore, my dear admiral, it has been theory but to-day it is practice, and, look you, we put now into practice the first rule of aerial warfare—we launch our machine before the enemy launches his!"

"Well, we shall see what we shall see," replied the admiral.

The *Hermanus* was now speeding ahead at some forty knots an hour, while the monoplane, after making two wide circles to gain height, was flying a half mile to starboard somewhat in advance of the warship and rapidly distancing her. After five minutes had passed Krementz was seen to turn to the southward, rising perhaps five hundred feet, until the aluminum flyer resembled a gray gull sweeping into the strata of haze that stretched across the sky.

"Ha! It will all be over before we get within vision, I am afraid," remarked the merry little baron. "He should have waited for us!"

"If he gets into the clouds he will perhaps miss the Englishman. These birdmen cannot navigate by compass yet," added the admiral.

"Perhaps that is his idea," suggested the baron. "He may intend to steal upon them behind that gray curtain."

The English warship suddenly flashed up into their vision against a low-lying bank of neutral-tinted haze that clung to the horizon, a blue-white vessel, pyramidal in effect, a floating mountain of solid steel.

"The *Victoria*! It is she!" sprang from the lips of many of the officers on the superstructure, and a number from the groups upon the gun deck below showed that even among the crew the vessel had been recognized.

"She is coming along at a fifty knot clip!" commented Captain Keller, approaching the admiral. "Can he hit her?"

"If he does not we shall have some work on our hands," remarked the baron. "She has sixteen thousand tons the better of us and twenty-one bigger guns as well as three or four hundred more men! Still, I put my money on Heinrich Krementz!"

"A splendid ship!" muttered the admiral, gnawing his grizzled mustache as he surveyed the oncoming ship through his marine glasses. After a careful scrutiny he said:

"Gentlemen, if Krementz gets her our occupation is gone. The gentle art of marine warfare will languish and vanish from off the earth if one man can destroy that magnificent fabric!"

"He cannot miss her!" cried the captain shrilly. "See! She is as steady as a rock! There is no motion to her stacks whatever! There he is! Look!"

At the instant the monoplane appeared sweeping down toward the *Victoria* in a gradual slant from a height of some seven hundred feet. The eyes of every man were glued to his glasses, and in all the ship not a voice broke with even a whisper the sudden hush. No sign came from the English ship to denote that she had sighted the dread terror that was hurtling down from the clouds upon her. From her two rear stacks dense black streamers of smoke were pouring, indicating a suddenly increased consumption of oil fuel, but these were all of the evidences of life that she showed.

"*Hein!* They are so busy watching us that they see him not!" snapped the baron, as his voice disturbed the stillness like a sudden shot. Many of the officers bestowed queer stares upon the little nobleman, then nervously took up the tense watching. The captain leaned far out over the bridge rail as if trying to project himself into the coming event. The monoplane sped hawklike upon her prey, swooping without a dip or curve until it seemed to the straining eyes that she had overflown her mark; then, as she turned and flashed a gleam of silvery radiance from her wide wing, they saw a streak of light fall from her, a brief, sharp glint that vanished in the inky smoke pouring from the *Victoria's* stacks like a gleaming feather from the breast of some ocean bird, and then she darted aloft with incredible swiftness.

The space of time that followed the falling of the bomb as indicated by a stop-watch in the hands of Lieutenant Kurchstein was precisely two seconds, but it seemed minutes before the appalling result followed. The cameras snapped each feature as it developed, but no two men could have agreed upon particulars. The ebony smoke was cut off as a ribbon is severed by the shears, then the *Victoria's* rear stack shot aloft three hundred feet into the air; the forward turret, with a queer, lifelike action, turned over, apparently slowly, twice and plunged into the sea over the bow. Then a black chasm opened amidships, a mass of disintegrated matter resembling charred straw or other fragmentary refuse, impossible to identify, but which was,



IT WAS EVIDENT TO MANY OF THE OFFICERS, WHO WERE THEMSELVES PRACTICALLY BIRDMEN, THAT HE HAD THE SHIP AT HIS MERCY

of course, the machinery, the thirteen hundred men and the interior fittings of this matchless warship, was spewed upward from the crater and a tower of cadmium-yellow smoke mounted and began to spread like an enormous palm at the top. Its base clung to the sea for another instant, and lifting, revealed the crimson flag of England just sinking beneath the waves. There was a tense, breathless space of silence, and then came the roar of the explosion or rather a series of mingled roars, six shocks in all, and a blast of air that shook the flags and signals of the *Hermanus*.

It seemed incredible, so swiftly and completely had the English ship been demolished, and the glasses remained glued to many an eye for several seconds before the men looked at one another. No one spoke. The baron after a space pointed a shaking forefinger, and Keller, following the motion, observed Krementz making a vast detour far to the northward.

"*Gott in Himmel!* I had forgotten all about the fellow!" he growled.

Two of the photographers began hastily to make preparations to repair to the developing room. The admiral, with a face from which all color had vanished, stepped toward Keller and parted his lips to speak, lips that revealed that he was deeply moved. He seemed to find difficulty in voicing his words and he inhaled twice with evident effort. The captain gazed at him curiously as if beholding some marvel.

Suddenly from far aloft came a queer, rasping yet hollow sound, not the throaty call of the lookout but an agonized and horror-stricken shriek of alarm, inarticulate but replete, even in its echo along the metal sides of the turrets, with choking fear. Every eye aboard was turned upward to behold the lookout, a grizzled Swabian seaman, holding his arms aloft and frantically waving them as he shrieked out his cry of warning, and every eye followed the lookout's startled gaze only to start in dismay and petrify into an icy horror.

There, against the afternoon sky, perhaps three miles astern, hung an oblong blot, seemingly swinging motionless in the blue, yet every eye on that ship discerned that it was approaching with a speed that was sweeping death nearer every second. A large aeroplane, larger than that of the *Hermanus* and even at that distance the missile with which it was freighted was plainly visible to the naked eye, a bright egg-shaped object suspended by invisible tackle beneath the dark plane.

The admiral's shaggy brows lifted as the utterance with which he had been struggling formed into coherent speech.

"*Ach!* Gottfried, after all, the Englishman saw us first! That was launched before we sighted her!"

Captain Keller shouted a hoarse, rasping order to the officer of the Krupp aeroplane-destroying gun that stood amidships pointing a slim nozzle skyward constantly. Three men sprang swiftly to the piece.

"Utterly useless!" muttered the admiral. "One might as well aim at a gnat!"

Strange, incoherent cries, sharp calls and uncouth bellows arose from among the mass of men below who surged to and fro in an uncontrollable heaving. Many began to remove their shoes with hasty nervous fingers, all watching the oncoming terror with pale, set features. Klepperman, at the Krupp gun, waved a shaking hand toward the captain in an improvised signal and the latter called out: "Fire!"

Scarce a man heard the sharp report of the long, slim gun so intent were all in watching the flight of its five-pound missile, which, however, showed from its curve, ere it vanished in the distance, that it was soaring wide of its swiftly moving mark. The Krupp was fired thrice in less than two minutes, and then went out of action through some defect in its mechanism caused by the shock. Klepperman wrung his hands. The admiral smiled and laid his hand on Keller's shoulder.

"It is our turn now, my dear Gottfried. Only one thing can save us if this fellow is as good a marksman as Krementz, and that is Krementz himself. He might intercept him — if he had the pluck!"

Captain Keller turned swiftly and groaned: "*Gott,* he is five miles away and this Englishman can go faster!"

"Great heavens!" cried the baron in a thin, shrill voice: "The man is smoking a pipe!"

The aeroplane was following the *Hermanus* and its inclination permitted those with glasses to perceive its occupant plainly, and everyone noted recurring puffs of smoke proceeding from the aviator's lips.

He was perhaps a thousand feet from the surface of the water trailing the ship as a falcon trails a heron and visibly lessening his speed as he slanted downward without a dip or variation of his direct flight. The captain pushed a button. The *Hermanus* reversed her engines in a twinkling, throwing men flat upon her decks, and as she pushed backward at a rate of perhaps twenty-five knots she swung to starboard in a short half-circle that



AS HE PASSED BELOW THE ENGLISHMAN FIRED TWICE, AND
KREMENTZ HEARD THE BULLETS SING NEAR
HIM AS HE PUT ON MORE SPEED

in half a minute brought her directly beneath the pursuer for a dreadful and torturing second, during which the great dark plane was seen to waver. Then it was apparent that she had oversped her mark and a vast sigh of relief was breathed from the men massed on the decks of the German warship. A sudden, sharp but brief clamor rose, and then the silence fell again as the aeroplane, with a bat-like turn against the breeze, an abrupt fluttering curve, resumed its pursuit. Keller sent

down another signal and the *Hermanus* darted forward at full speed, turning sharply down the wind as the water foamed astern. The admiral showed his yellow teeth in a grim smile:

"Check! For just an instant!" said he. "He can keep this up as long as we can!" he added.

"He can fire but one shot!" replied the captain. "If he misses us he will be in a peculiar predicament!"

It was quite plain that the aviator was capable of following closely each sharp turn made by the warship; in fact, it was evident to many of the officers, who were themselves practically birdmen, that he had the ship at his mercy and was merely amusing himself before he delivered the *coup de grace*. Down among the crew men were muttering prayers, others cursed loudly, lifting aloft menacing fists in impotent threats. Others, as if frozen with terror, stared up at the destroyer in pallid silence. The ship turned and doubled, but the thing hung in her wake as the weasel clings to the trail of the hare.

A sharp, thin report rang out from the lee of the after turret and a tall dark officer was seen to be carefully aiming a Mauser for a second shot, but before the third had echoed from the metal sides the *aéroplane* darted forward with increased speed. In three seconds its shadow fell upon the superstructure and moved along the ship's length at twice her velocity. As it enveloped the narrowing forward deck in gloom the egg-shaped bomb was seen to slant down, a gleam of shimmering light from beneath the aviator's feet. Straight as an arrow from a bow it fell, growing larger to the terrified eyes below until a whistling was audible which grew into a moaning as the missile plunged into the fifty-foot midship smokestack of the *Hermanus* and vanished. As the bomb fell the *aéroplane* veered sharply to starboard as if to meet Krementz in midair to the south.

There was a period of absolute stillness, an appreciable pause during which men drew a breath. It seemed, in that swiftly passing instant that, after all, nothing had happened, yet in that twinkling of time everything had happened and the vast steel fabric of the *Hermanus* was disintegrating, dissolving, with a manifold movement that permitted many distinct phases to be observed by different beholders who never recorded their observations.

The three stacks twisted upward, writhing, contorted, and streamed aloft in black ribands. This was all that Baron Greuze beheld; he died watching this phenomenon. Keller saw the forward turret crumble like a dry ant hill, its gigantic twenty-four-inch guns melting like wax in a furnace, and as he turned a dull, dazed gaze upon Admiral Von Grottzen, the left leg of that officer disappeared as if by magic. The captain, who himself felt no sensation and heard no sound as this amazing spectacle imprinted itself upon his senses, stared stupidly as the admiral fell to the deck and was surrounded in

an instant by a great spreading pool of crimson. Lieutenant Klepperman gaped in incredulous amazement as the heads of six men vanished, leaving their headless bodies standing, erect and trembling, at the port rail, their blood spouting forth in regular jets. He also saw the forward deck split lengthwise, noiselessly and curl up like a carpet, parting to right and left and rolling up in two metal scrolls. He heard nothing for his ears had been shocked beyond hearing by the sound of an explosion so vast as to be beyond human auditory powers. In the fleeting space during which he retained consciousness his scientific mind recorded the observation that it seemed as if giant but invisible hands were tearing at the vessel from many directions. A gunner between decks, reeling toward a bulkhead for support, found himself walking a narrow strip of steel with serrated edges like a tremendous saw, with an infinity of bluish space surrounding him and a yawning black chasm below, but before he had taken a step he flew into nothingness.

The entire stern quarters of the *Hermanus* soared aloft, yet spitting out in every direction masses of men, metal, stores, and ammunition; but as this hundred-foot block of steel flew upward it, too, crumbled, as if in a crucible, and fell in fragments, yards away, into the boiling sea. A blast that was as if some monstrous, unseen scythe had mowed along the vessel, sheared away the superstructure, tilted it upward, twisted it into a tangle of steel bands and rods filled with bleeding corpses and flung it far to starboard, yet nine men standing wide-eyed and paralyzed with terror in the bow, heard no sound, felt no shock while the ship melted away before their vision until, with a gentle, tremulous uplift, the bow was reared aloft slowly; and just as they became aware, dully and uncomprehending, that they were alone on that sea, they, too, vanished into nothing.

An enormous gyrating column of opalescent smoke mounted into the sky, coming out of the purple waters in curling, tumbling, feathery spirals, spreading umbrellalike at an immense height and reaching out until at last it joined the pall of gray vapor that hung over the spot where the *Victoria's* flag had fluttered fifteen minutes before. A great seething heap of yellowish spume bubbled up out of the waters at the base of this column of smoke, in which dark, shapeless masses moved with convulsive motions for a brief space before being swallowed by the sea.

To Krementz speeding toward the *Hermanus* it had seemed that the German war-



RUNNING HIS SKIFF TO SHORE HE SPRANG OUT BESIDE A
LARGE GRAY MONOPLANE LYING JUST BEYOND
THE REACH OF THE BREAKERS

ship had executed a series of peculiar shifting movements as he had seen things done in the comic moving pictures, startling, inscrutable transformations that seemed unreal and that would prove to be due to his disordered vision, but a mile away from the ship he was tilted, sharply upward by a shaft of air that seemed to tear at his machine even as it thrust it up and back. Every wire in the monoplane shrieked and snarled as this gust hurled him

upward, and before he had regained his equilibrium the *Hermanus* had become dust and had gone to join the plasmic ooze a thousand fathoms below. The two aviators were the only living creatures within a thousand miles.

Beyond the pale pillar of smoke he saw the Englishman coming directly toward him, but slightly higher in air, and as the two machines neared each other the German, watching

narrowly, saw the Englishman's right elbow silhouetted against the sky in an action as if drawing a weapon. Kremenz dipped as he veered sharply to port. As he passed below the Englishman fired twice, and Kremenz heard the bullets sing near him as he put on more speed, then looking back after a moment he found to his surprise that he was not being pursued. He had fully expected a long chase, and knowing his adversary to be armed had quickly decided to evade him by a flight into the clouds that were mounting in the eastern sky, but already the Englishman had lost the opportunity of engaging the monoplane upon anything like equal terms. He was fast disappearing in the western haze when Kremenz last looked back, and beneath him stretched a watery desert a thousand leagues wide. The German smiled, cast a glance toward his motor and settled into his seat.

Two days afterward a fisherman on St. Helena Bay, Cape Colony, at dawn, saw something flutter along the gray beach and settle upon the strand. Running his skiff to shore he sprang out beside a large gray monoplane lying just beyond the reach of the waters. In its seat sat an emaciated, shriveled form attired in leather, its face blackened, yet livid, its lips withered and cracked but with eyes that gleamed from their sunken sockets with feverish, almost insane eagerness. Kremenz was incapable of speech or movement beyond a gesture that indicated thirst and the fisherman, instantly comprehending his need, placed his jug to the parched lips. The aviator drank with difficulty, and while the fisherman endeavored to hold him erect, the water spilled upon his breast. Two men, early-rising hotel guests, strolling along the beach, sighted the unusual spectacle and hurried to the spot just as the fisherman,

realizing the danger of giving the famished man too much water, drew the jug away from the clutch of the German.

"What is it? Who is he?" eagerly demanded one of the newcomers.

"I don't know. He fell here just now, right out of the sky!" replied the fisherman.

Kremenz straightened up, grasped his steering wheel and his lips moved. The man bent down toward him.

"Heinrich Kremenz. First aviator—His Imperial Majesty's ship *Hermanus*." The words came in hoarse, croaking gasps.

"Man of War *Hermanus*! I saw her in Cape Town six weeks ago!" said the other man.

"I dropped a bomb on the British ship *Victoria*—destroyed her two days ago—then *Hermanus* was blown up by English aeroplane—send word to the Emperor—both ships destroyed with all hands—only man left alive . . ." The glare in the blue eyes faded—a misty glaze stole over them as he slowly sank back, but as they reached in among the wires to lift him from his seat, he straightened up, waved his arms feebly and whispered:

"*Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch!*"

Kremenz died at nightfall. Before he expired he was able to give the frightful details of the destruction of the two battleships in mid-Atlantic. Within ten days, in the parliaments of seven nations, measures had been taken to forever prohibit the building of war vessels and putting out of commission the navies of the entire world, for the horrible occurrence had suddenly opened the eyes of mankind to the utter futility of such methods of offense or defense. In The Hague Museum stand, grouped together in a large case, the models of the *Victoria*, the *Hermanus*, and the two aeroplanes that abolished war.





Photograph by The Pictorial News Co.

THE YALE TRIO OF 1910

Fred Daly (captain), Ted Coy (coach), and Johnny Mack (trainer), who, with the help of Walter Camp and Tom Shevlin, stiffened one of Yale's worst teams into a fighting machine that beat Princeton and tied Harvard

G R E A T M O M E N T S O F F O O T B A L L

*When a Player, a Coach or a Team Has Snatched Victory
from Defeat*

BY EDWARD LYELL FOX

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

YALE is behind. Through the late November afternoon of gray sky and raw wind she has fought as only Yale can. But it has been a useless fight—Princeton is ahead. If we did not know the score, a big blackboard over the south stand would have told us that the Tiger had made three points while successfully fighting off all attacks at his goal. And now dusk is falling; the sky is yellowing; to the west, beyond Yale's cheering section, the Gothic towers of Princeton have taken on a cold luster. Soon time will be up. The teams are well into the second half. Comes

the blaring of a band, a waving of arms by the cheer leaders, and the crowd on either side of the field, in a succession of great waves, beginning at the lower seats, surges to its feet. Past the center of the gridiron, picked out clearly in the level light, a confusion of men, all tense and alert, is crouched. On the ground, partly hidden, lies the ball, yellow and oval. At a signal Howe leaves his position at quarterback and drops behind his line—Yale is about to punt. Then the ball passes between the thick legs of the center, is caught, poised on a ready hand, dropped to a swinging foot, and as if released by

some mighty coil of wire goes thumping away in a high arc.

Over many chalk lines it sweeps in a spinning parabola. Down in Princeton territory ready to make his catch waits the fleet Pendleton. Toward him, the Yale ends and tackles are racing. Cross field two Princeton backs are hurrying to his aid. But Pendleton's eyes are only on the ball, now descending in a swift bolt. Skillfully he cups his arms, hears the slap of the leather against his body and with the instinct of a star half-back gets into motion instantly. Veering to him from the sidelines, the bulky Kilpatrick is rushing to make his tackle. So Pendleton swings back toward his own goal, cutting wider to the left. But Kilpatrick, with that agility peculiar to some few heavy men, as quickly changes his course, cuts off Pendleton and dives fiercely with extended arms and rigid body. It is a vicious tackle and backward they pitch. Into the hard turf their bodies grind and the ball jumping from Pendleton's arms goes bobbing toward Princeton's goal. Both teams give pursuit and on the twenty-seven-yard line it is hidden under a pile of men. Then the referee's whistle pipes shrilly and when the pile disintegrates, it is Scully, a Yale tackle, who clutches the ball to his chest.

It is Yale's chance to score. The measured cheering of the stands has become a tumult—“Touchdown Yale!” “Hold 'em, Princeton!”

Again the ball passes; the mêlée forms; a smashing battering formation at center; a

rending of canvas, a thumping of bodies, a revolving, pushing, pulling, fighting mass that sways and slowly collapses. But Baker has gained only two yards and the steady “Hold 'em Princeton!” seems more hopeful.

Yale has been unable to pierce the Tiger line. They will lose the ball on downs. They will lose the game, too. This Yale knows; Howe, the quarterback, knows it; the tired men who obey his commands know it. Also they know that the game must be thrown on one chance. Princeton must be taken by surprise. They gather about Howe, hear a whispered caution and hurry back to their positions. The plan that they have decided upon is risky, perhaps foolhardy. Its execution requires nerve. Every Yale man knows that and knows the part he must play. Yale's chances of victory depend on *him*.

The slightest clog in the delicate mechanism—a glance to the left, revealing the point of attack—and Yale's chance is lost.

The ball is near the sidelines; it is an awkward position, yet a kick is the only logical move. Suddenly Howe and Baker drop back of the scrimmage as if to try a goal from placement. An odd silence takes the stands. A field goal and Princeton will be tied.

“Block it!” the hoarse command runs down the Princeton line.

The forwards crouch closer to the ground and gather to meet the terrific shock of the charge. Standing behind the line, his arms outstretched, is Baker. Beside him, on one knee, ready to poise the ball, is Howe and



Photograph by The Pictorial News Co.

CAPTAIN HOWE, OF YALE

Whose head work won the Yale-Princeton game last year

he watches the wide backs in front of him. A Yale guard is playing a trifle too far away from his center. Howe calls to him. The guard closes the gap. Then Howe's arm raises, ever so slightly, and in response comes the ball. Instantly Howe jumps to his feet and takes the pass. Baker darts forward to protect him. Seeing he has been tricked, the Tiger fights desperately. Two of his forwards break through and storm down upon Howe, sweeping aside the Yale backs like so much grain. That he is about to make a forward pass they perceive. He retreats backward, holding the ball overhead. His position is as dangerous as it is awkward. He is near the sidelines. Even if he eludes those charging figures and gets off his pass there is a chance of it going out of bounds. Now they are upon him. Under the arm of the first he wriggles and, dancing lightly to the left, dodges the other. This brings him to the sidelines and those standing there can hear his quick breathing. He draws back his arm, thrusts it forward and the ball goes spinning over the mêlée, above waving hands and arms. Along the sidelines it shoots, so close that an excited arm could have reached out and touched it—over one white line, another, another, into the waiting arms of Kilpatrick. Entirely unprepared for such an attack, Princeton sees Kilpatrick's bulk fall across the goal line for a touchdown. Howe and the something that makes Yale teams a terrific fighting unit in a crisis has won.

That happened last year. Some more

equally sensational is apt to be seen to-day or to-morrow if Yale is playing. For Arthur Howe, the hub around which that play revolved, is Captain of Yale's eleven this autumn. But that sensational play was only an example. It was a crisis characteristic of any big football match. Last year brought many similar crises. This year is likely to bring many more. It has been said that such situations give football its popularity. Let us for the moment consider this popularity before seeing how some of these situations have been solved. Football has been called a "class game." This definition can only be taken to mean that no professional elevens have been able to make money out of football. Also, this definition may have come from the fact that the game's greatest popularity is attained in our colleges and universities. Nevertheless, thousands of dollars are spent every autumn on the maintenance of elevens and thousands of people pay more thousands of dollars to see the "big games." Your average spectator realizes little of the enormity of the football campaign made successful or a failure by some action of one man at one moment during the game. And only a few understand the rigor of the weeks and weeks of training; the search for material, the retinue of coaches, trainers, rub-



Photograph by The Pictorial News Co.

"WILD BILL" MORLEY, OF COLUMBIA

A coach who, like Haughton, of Harvard, never hesitated to substitute men at critical moments

bers, and what-not that have made possible the crises they enjoy so well. Now perhaps, we are better prepared to see some of these moments acted over again. One of Columbia's victories in the old days illustrates the point.

"Wild Bill" Morley Wins from the Sidelines

In 1905, the last year of football at Columbia University, the varsity met Amherst. The first half ended with Columbia in the lead, but Amherst rallied and five minutes before the close of the second period led by 10 to 6. "Wild Bill" Morley, now a ranch owner in the Southwest, was the Columbia coach. He had studied the way the game was going and resolved upon a daring and perhaps foolish chance. Donovan, the regular Columbia quarterback, was playing his usual game, steady, but not brilliant. If left on the field Donovan would continue to gain ground consistently but slowly. There were, however, only five minutes in which to score and the ball was on Columbia's 20-yard line—a tedious march to the Amherst goal. A long run, a new, swift and puzzling attack was needed. Morley called Donovan to the sideline. He sent out Eddie Collins, now second base of the Philadelphia Athletics, to handle the team. Collins was "green," he had been out for practice only a few days. The Columbia stands gaped unbelievably when he shook off his blanket and darted forth from the bench.

"Why a green man," they asked, "and Columbia behind?"

Alumni of some years back wagged their heads dubiously. Not even the men on the team knew what it meant. But Morley knew that Collins had shown ability as an open field runner. On his first play Collins tried an end run. He was turned back. He tried again and made twenty yards. Again he

raced around Amherst's flank. In four plays he landed the ball forty yards from the goal. Morley looked at his watch. It told him there was time for one more play. To the surprise of every one, he called Collins to the sidelines. Morley beckoned and another substitute jumped to his feet. He was Schultz, and while he tugged and pulled at the heavy sweater around his shoulders Morley whispered:

"You've time for one play. Kick that goal!"

No one had ever heard of Schultz. He had tried four years to make the team. Morley knew that if Schultz could do nothing else, he could kick. The angle was deceptive; the wind was blowing. But Schultz kicked and the ball spun between the posts just as the whistle blew.

There a coach changed the aspect of a game. Before, we saw how Yale, the team, rallied and also saved a game. All of which would hint that crises on the football field are met in different ways.

Three Kinds of Football Crises

To clarify this, let us divide into three general groups:

First: The team meeting the crisis.

Second: The coach meeting the crisis.

Third: The player meeting the crisis.

In the first group will come instances where eleven men have worked



Photograph by Paul Thompson

TIPTON, OF WEST POINT

A player who met a crisis in a remarkable way—and won by it

in unison, executing an effective and particularly daring play at the turning point in the game. Also will fall there instances of teams, who, goaded by a coach's speech, have returned to the field for the second half, playing with a fierceness and purpose all in contrast to a lackadaisical opening

period. In the second group belongs Morley, playing the game from the sidelines; in the third the player meeting the crisis.

We have seen examples of these first two groupings. Let us see an incident from the third group—how one man changed a game.

In 1904 the Army and the Navy had unusually strong teams. The Army had beaten Yale; the Navy, Princeton. So, as expected, the Army-Navy game on Franklin Field that year was very close. First one team and then the other would rush the ball for short gains, only to be forced to kick before a stiffening defence. Finally, the Army found themselves on their own 25-yard line. They tried to rush and failed. They had to kick. Back of the center, his arms outstretched, stood Torney, the Army full-back. His hands moved signalling Tipton to pass the ball. Tipton obeyed, sprang forward, and began racing down the field. As he ran he heard Torney's foot thump loudly against the blown leather. Glancing quickly over his shoulder he saw the ball begin to describe a great twisting arc.

Also, he saw that he had beaten his own ends in the chase toward Norton, quarterback of the Navy team.

Norton awaited the ball. With one eye he watched its descent; the other was upon big Tipton, whom he saw plunging nearer and nearer like some raging engine. Norton gave a sudden nervous look. Tipton was almost



CORBETT, OF HARVARD

Probably the most brilliant back of last year, whose one fumble in the Yale game was fatal

upon him. His face twitched; his hands began to shake, and when the ball spun down in a swift drop, he fumbled it.

The Star Player Meets the Crisis

Instinctively Tipton veered from his course and pounded across the turf to where the oval was bobbing. His plan was quick in coming. He saw he dare not stop and pick up his quarry. He would kick the ball along until it rolled across the goal line. There he would fall on it for a touchdown.



Photography by The Pictorial News Co.

DE WITT, OF PRINCETON

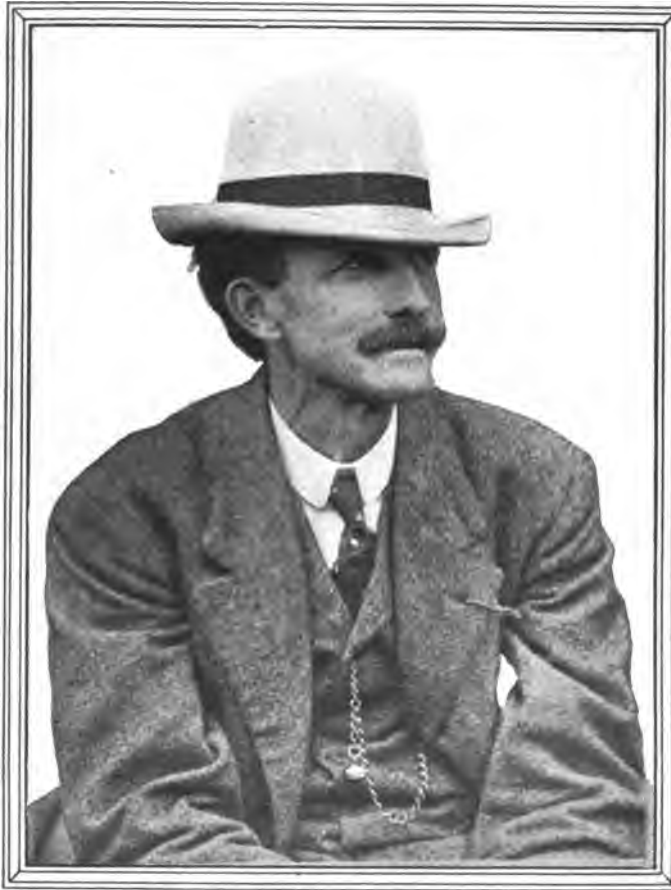
Whose kicking in a crucial moment won the Princeton-Yale game in 1903

Never before had this play been attempted, and as Tipton pounded along, dribbling the ball with his foot much like a hockey player carries the puck with his stick, the crowd watched silently, so queer was it all. Nearer and nearer to the goal raced Tipton. Before him, back and forth across the field, skidded and rolled a football in response to jerky kicks. Behind him streamed Army and Navy players in broken pursuit. Then the ball bounded over to the corner of the gridiron where the lines meet, stood on end, wobbled a moment and fell over. Tipton leaped upon it and hid it with his body. Upon the score-board a shiny black plate bearing a big "Touchdown" dropped in place opposite Army.

But always the player does not meet his crisis successfully. Take a case furnished by the Yale-Harvard game a year ago. A terrific line-smashing attack by Wendell had brought the ball from Harvard territory to a point twenty-five yards from Yale's goal. It had been hard fighting for the doughty Wendell and, thinking to rest him before the final attack to a touchdown which it seemed the weakening Yale line could not prevent, the Harvard quarterback called upon Corbett for the next play. It being a chance for Wen-

dell to gather his strength, his part in the formation was small. The ball passed. Corbett, a sensational half-back whose move it was to swing toward the center

of the field and hold on to the ball no matter how hard tackled, fell in behind the swift screen of his backs. Instead of following this course, he suddenly darted aside and was met by the combined tackle of Paul and Brooks. The impact was terrific and the ball jumped from Corbett's arms, bounding across the grass until a Yale man was seen to dive and smother it. Harvard's chance to score never came again.



Photograph by The Pictorial News Co.

MIKE MURPHY, OF PENNSYLVANIA
Whose eloquence won the Harvard-Pennsylvania game in 1905

Sensational Kickers Snatch Victory from Defeat

Often the kicking ability of a man will overturn a game. DeWitt, Moffat, Lamar, and Poe, of Princeton; Coy, of Yale; O'Dea, of Wisconsin; Hirschberger and Eckersall, of Chicago, and Marshall and Capron, of Minnesota, all have kicked, and swept the grandstands with excitement. Perhaps DeWitt was called upon at as crucial a moment as the gridiron could bring. He was asked to win a Yale game for Princeton. He did. It was in 1903 at New Haven. With the score tied the timekeepers were bent over their watches. The second half was almost over. Standing

behind his goal, Bowman, the Yale full-back, sent a punt booming from his toe. The wind had freshened and catching the ball at an angle, drove it spinning across to the sidelines. Vetterlein, the Princeton quarter-back, bounded over to make his catch. As he ran, he figured upon the strength of the wind, the angle from the goal posts, the time left to play—and DeWitt. By the time the ball descended, he had made up his mind. Overhead he tossed one hand. It was the signal for a "fair catch." Yale tacklers could not approach him; he could not run. Also, it privileged Princeton to try for a field goal and Yale could not come within ten yards of the point from which the ball would be kicked. That point was on Yale's forty-three-yard line. A sharp angle was made worse by a gusty wind. The play was a possibility with only one man; he was DeWitt. Vetterlein held the ball. DeWitt plucked a tuft of grass and with it tested the wind. Then he spoke to Vetterlein and drew back into position. Some seconds later DeWitt's heavy boot put the oval in flight and a hushed crowd saw it gleam yellow as the sun caught its arc high above the posts.

Four years before, Poe won for Princeton under similar conditions. Came the last minute of play with the Tiger behind. There was a chance, however, for Yale fumbled on their forty-yard line and Princeton gained the ball. Two rushes failed. The Tigers were in the last ditch, so they turned over the game to Poe. Poe was no great kicker, but had a knack, it seemed, of meeting any crisis. Often he had dashed to the touchdown or had made the tackle saving Princeton. And now the goal posts were forty yards away; the angle was severe—but the ball flew from Poe's toe and Princeton won.

When Minnesota met Chicago in 1906 it happened that two exceptionally clever kickers faced each other. On the Minnesota team was Marshall, a negro, who played end. Chicago's star was Eckersall. To them early in the game came opportunities. Both tried field goals only to fail. In the course of play Minnesota had the ball on their fifty-yard line. It was then that Marshall made the two plays that overwhelmed his rival. First, carrying the ball, he swung outside Chicago's flank and ran twenty yards before being tackled. Oddly enough, it was Eckersall who threw him. The ball was forty yards from the goal posts, but, feeling sure of himself, Marshall dropped back for a kick. Eckersall was among those who saw the oval fly from Marshall's toe and arch over the crossbar.

In 1907 Minnesota and Wisconsin played 17 to 17. The match has been ballyhooed "the most sensational ever seen." That it ended in a tie was because of Capron. He saved Minnesota. He kicked three goals from the field. The game began with a bewildering series of rushes, end runs, and triple forward passes. The score leaped to Wisconsin 12, Minnesota 5. Here Capron began to kick. Standing on the thirty-yard line he drove the ball between the posts. Wisconsin's lead was reduced to three points. Again, this time from the forty-five-yard line, Capron sent the ball sailing true. Minnesota led 13 to 12. The first half ended, however, with Wisconsin swinging back into the lead. A touchdown came after a succession of end runs. The score was Wisconsin 17, Minnesota 13. In the second half the teams steadied down and played "close football." No more scores were likely. But in the closing minutes, Capron sent a kick twisting from the forty-five-yard line. It cleared the bar and the score was tied. Wisconsin had the better team; Minnesota had Capron.

Coaches That Foresaw Gridiron Crises

So much for individual players who have met crises. But let us see how coaches have assumed charge and from their stations on the sidelines directed with a daring and an almost uncanny foresight the moves that have won. Take the case of Coy who beat Harvard in 1909. He kicked two goals from the field. That he was to do so was destined for him, weeks before that November afternoon. In early season, the Yale coaching board, of which Walter Camp is head strategist, decided that Harvard's line was too strong to break by rushing. Therefore, Harvard had to be beaten through another medium. That medium was Coy. From a line-breaker he was changed quietly into a mighty kicker. Always he had possessed punting ability, but his drop kicking skill had to be developed. It was. So against Harvard the crowd was surprised to find a different Coy. He was not a Coy who plunged and smashed, but a Coy who punted and punted and when he had brought the ball within striking distance neatly placed it over the goal.

The case of Coy is a peep behind the scenes, so to speak. It was an instance of where coaches foresee a broad crisis and weeks ahead of time prepare to meet it successfully. It was more the crisis of a campaign than the crisis of a game. Illustrative of the latter, we remember how Morley juggled three quarter-

backs for Columbia. Also, there is the story of Haughton and Kennard, of Harvard, and how the Navy once beat Princeton. Oddly enough all these incidents hinge upon a coach sending out a man from the sidelines whom he knew was almost certain to take the opportunity offered and kick a goal.

Who in the crowd at New Haven in 1908, watching Yale and Harvard, expected Coach Haughton to supplant Ver Weibe with Kennard? By terrific line smashing Ver Weibe had fought his way to Yale's twenty-five yard line. He seemed certain to score a touch-down. Yale was crumbling. But with the ball landed twenty-five yards from the goal posts, Ver Weibe's part was finished. With one hand, Haughton reached out and brought him to the sidelines. With the other hand Haughton deposited Kennard behind the Harvard center with instructions to kick a goal. Kennard did. Haughton, the coach, who all season had developed Kennard for this one play, should the chance come, never hesitated in meeting his crisis.

And the Navy beat Princeton in 1904 because another coach threw his cards face up on the table. Princeton led by three points and time was almost up. With the game apparently safe the Tigers had assumed the defensive. At mid-field, Tooker punted, but Smith of the Navy blocked the kick and dashed to Princeton's thirty-yard line before he was pulled down from behind. The Navy coach saw he had one chance. He took it. He called Wilcox, his regular quarterback, to the sidelines. He sent out Martin, a substitute. On the first play Norton, as instructed, kicked a field goal, beating Princeton. Again, the crisis that was solved on the sidelines.

When Tongue-Lashing Wins the Game

There are instances, however, whereby coaches have won games all unbeknown to the public. These are crises that have been faced in the dressing-room, between the halves, with the team stretched out dirty and bruised. Here enters the psychological, to say nothing of the dramatic. Lashed by coaches' tongues or stirred by the appeal personal, an apparently disorganized and defeated rabble often becomes a steady, but furious fighting unit. For instance:

In 1905 Pennsylvania went to their dressing-room after playing a 6 to 6 first half with Harvard. The tie score was misleading. Harvard had played the better football. They had ripped the red and blue line to tatters. And Harvard would have crushed Pennsyl-

vania if Mike Murphy, the veteran trainer, had not jumped upon a table and talked three minutes to the team. Murphy, like Anthony, was no orator.

"Do you want a lot of bean-eaters up there in Boston to crow over the hash their team made of you?" cried he. "They'll turn that city inside out and on good Penn money at that! Your friends'll be courtin' free-lunch counters for weeks if you let those dubs get away with this! Myself—it almost made me cry to see those big stiffs walk all over you." (He gulped noticeably.) "Because I know how good you are. You weren't right that half. You'll kill 'em now. You've got to. Think of the crowd. And say, fellows, if there's no mother, father, sister, or girl up there watchin', just think of me, fellows. Think of me, that takes care of you all. For I've got the 'con,' boys."

He coughed, brushed his eyes with the back of his hand and faltered on:

"I won't be with you very much longer and I want you to win this game."

He finished speaking and stole away without a word. There was no cheering; the men were thinking too hard. The next half Harvard found a different Pennsylvania team, a team whose emotions were keyed up to such a pitch that their fierce football has never since been seen on Franklin Field. Harvard was dazed, swept away, and beaten—because a man spoke. To-day Murphy is alive and well.

Another remarkable turning of a game between the halves occurred at Ithaca in 1905. Cornell led Columbia by 6 to 0 when the teams returned to the dressing-rooms. Columbia had not recovered from a wearing game with Princeton the week before. Many of the men were overtrained. There was a distinct feeling of the hopelessness-of-it-all when the players lay down upon the floor and benches. Only Bill, a white bull terrier mascot, showed signs of liveliness. It was cold in the dressing-room and a trainer shook the ashes in the stove. He used a poker the end of which became red hot. When finally he laid down the metal rod the red whitened, but the heat remained. Bill, deciding that the poker was to be played with like a stick, caught the heated end in his maw. Instantly his lips seared and turned black. Bill only shook the poker harder. Two men grabbed him and tried to force him to open his mouth. But Bill fought back and finally they had to choke him before he would loosen his grip. It was then that Coach Morley nudged Captain Fisher and pointed to the

dog. Catching the idea, Fisher sprang to his feet and built up a speech around Bill. He compared Bill's nerve to the team's and asked the men if they were not ashamed of themselves. His closing sentence was: "Just play for Bill, Bill, Bill!"

When Columbia returned to the field, Bill, yelping furiously, led the way. All through the half the team heard him barking from the sidelines. Said Von Saltza, the big tackle, after the game,

"We heard every yelp, and it simply drove us."

Also, Bill's yelping was so good that Columbia won out, 12 to 6.

These are cases of where a coach alone has handled the situation. That Pennsylvania and Columbia played better football was natural. Only wooden men would have failed to rise under such goadings. But teams, with initiative all their own, have also handled just as severe crises. Take the Yale team of 1906, that, just as last year's eleven tricked Princeton, beat Harvard by using the forward pass at a time when that play least of all was expected. Earlier in the game, Yale had attempted the play, near Harvard's goal, but standing under the posts Olcott had fumbled Jones' pass. Later when Yale again bored down to the twenty-five yard line, Harvard figured that they would not dare to repeat the play. But Yale did and won the game.

Also consider the Yale teams of 1908 and 1909; how apparently defeated at the end of the first half they rallied around Ted Coy and beat out Princeton. And remember how Dartmouth humbled Princeton two years ago before a New York City crowd—all because they held their nerve when the game brought its crisis and executed a bewildering forward pass that scored the winning touch-down.

A Failure That Lost a Championship

We have seen how players, coaches, and teams have met the crises of football and met them well. But there is a case of where a man failed in a crisis. It was an unusual failure. The man almost became insane.

Five years ago Michigan met Chicago. At that time (the universities have not met since) it was the Yale-Harvard game of the West. At the end of the first half the teams left the field, scoreless. Twenty-five minutes of the second period passed and still no score had been made. Meanwhile, the feeling on the field and in the stands had reached the breaking point. Small fights, apt to flash

into rioting, had broken out in the crowd. It was more than rivalry when Michigan met Chicago.

Finally, punting from midfield, Eckersall, of Chicago, drove the ball high into the wind. Turning and shooting in an uncertain parabola it sailed far down field. Suddenly it bolted swiftly down and bounded over the goal line. Clarke, a Michigan half-back, whose duty it had been to catch that ball was already in pursuit. Behind him, strung out, men of both teams urged their weary bodies after Clarke.

As Clarke ran, he figured out the play. If he fell on the ball, it would be a touch-back. No score could be recorded against Michigan. They could kick out, unmolested from the twenty-five yard line. But the wind was blowing hard. It might make the kick short; Chicago might make a fair catch; Eckersall might kick a goal. On the other hand, if Clarke, trying to run out the ball was thrown behind his own goal line, it would be a safety. It could count two points against Michigan—enough to lose the game. Clark decided upon the chance.

Never slackening his pace, he bent low as he neared the ball. With a quick swoop he snatched it up, saw a Chicago end at his shoulder, dodged cleverly, and ran circling behind his goal. Came another Chicago man plunging at him. This one Clarke dodged only to swerve into a third. Promptly Clarke thrust forward his hand. It covered a face and a heavy body lurched unsteadily for a moment. That lurch enabled Clarke to make a quick turn and dash back upon the gridiron. To him from the stands rolled the confused roaring of many voices. Michigan was safe. Then a heavy form appeared so suddenly that it seemed to spring from the ground before his feet and a man leaped upon him. He was Badenock, a Chicago tackle, and Clarke felt two thick arms clutch his legs. A hard, black helmet was driven into his stomach. Another pair of arms wrapped themselves around his tired body. Catlin, the Chicago captain, had come to Badenock's aid. Clarke felt himself being borne back, back, toward his goal. Then with a last crushing of his body they threw him across the line, the three falling in a writhing heap. Michigan was beaten—and by just those two points.

We have seen how these crises have been met—how teams, how coaches, how players have thought and acted with the swift power of perfect coordination. Your seasoned coach will tell you it's *football instinct*. Perhaps it is.

THE DISCOVERIES

The Martins Learn Something About One Another

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

THE WALDORF, NEW YORK, Monday.

MY DEAR BERTHA:
I got in this morning all right. I saw Hallowell and fixed that matter up in no time. I shall be all through with it in a day or two. They certainly do things in this town and do them quick. I could get back Thursday morning, but I think I'll seize this opportunity to run down to Princeton to see Ernest. You know I've never had much curiosity to go there because—well, I guess I never let you know what a disappointment it was to me that he didn't go to Harvard. But somehow in the last month or so I've had a sort of hankering to see college life once more. I feel as if I'd been getting a little rusty and that would set me up. It may be spring fever, but, after all, that's a conviction a man never loses—that there was a kind of gayety about his college days that he will never find anywhere else, that he can go back any time and take it up. Anyway, I'd like to have one more taste of it before I admit that I'm middle-aged. Don't expect me back until you seem and take care of yourself. Love to Phoebe.

Your affectionate husband,
EDWARD MARTIN.

MAYWOOD, MASSACHUSETTS, Tuesday.

DEAR EDWARD:

I am so glad that you are going to see

Ernie. Will you find out if he got the new winter flannels that I told him to buy at Christmas? I have asked him this question in every letter I've written and he hasn't answered it yet. I hope you won't come home feeling about college life the way I feel about Phoebe's engagement. Why, Edward, I almost envy her. It's such a lovely time when a girl's engaged. Sometimes I think it's the happiest period that a woman knows. Stay as long as you can, Edward, for you certainly do need a rest. I shan't feel lonely with Debbie here. Phoebe sends her love.

Your loving wife,

BERTHA.

MAYWOOD, MASSACHUSETTS, Tuesday.

DEAR ERN:

Mother has just got a letter from father saying he was going down to Princeton to see you for a few days. Father hasn't been at all well lately. Nights when he comes home, he seems awfully tired. In fact, he looks *all in*. And I want you to see that he doesn't have a chance to think of business while he's there. Of course I understand that it is something of a problem

to entertain one's father at college. For though we have the best parents that ever children were blessed with, it's ridiculous to think that we can ever quite understand each other. They've had *their* experiences and we've had *ours*, and of course there's no what you



"MY DEAR BERTHA . . ."

might call *neutral ground* on which we can come together. Personally I think they were too proper in those days to really enjoy themselves. At the same time, Ern, I don't want you to leave a *stone unturned* that means giving father a good time. And if you need any extra money, don't ask him for it. I've saved up eleven dollars and eighty-three cents and I'll gladly contribute it to the cause.

Yours affectionately,

PHOEBE.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, Wednesday.

DEAR PHOEBE:

Say, you make me tired asking me to be good to father and offering me that money. I guess I'm not piker enough—or tight-wad enough—to let father come down here and not do anything for him. I'll turn myself inside out. And who do you suppose blew in yesterday morning—Tug. He's traveling in this vicinity for a few days and he's going to make Princeton his center. He was tickled to death to hear father was coming. Blanche Williston has three Radcliffe girls visiting her—queens! Did you ever meet any of them—Eunice Dunster, Janet George and Nora Riley—they all live about Boston. Maybe Sandy and I haven't jollied them within an inch of their lives about Harvard. I took Tug to call there last night and we all went for a long walk. I think Eunice is the prettiest but Tug is strong for Janet. Tug's writing you now and he'll tell you all about it. The Willistons have invited us there for Saturday evening, and when I told Sandy that father would be here, he said to bring him right along. Of course I said I would. But to tell the truth I'm dreading that a little for I'm afraid those girls won't take any notice of father and he'll be bored. It is funny when you stop to think of it how many more experiences and how much more interesting ones the young people of to-day have—compared with what father and mother had. I'm glad I live in these times. I bet it was slow at Harvard when father went.

Your loving brother,

ERNEST MARTIN.

The picture that the living room at Maywood presented was one that had duplicated itself every evening for three months—a big fire burning red, a big student lamp, gleaming yellow, a big center table dotted with spools, foaming with long-cloth, lawn, linen, glittering with scissors, needles, pins, netted with skeins of embroidery linen, cards of tape, bundles of lace. On one side Mrs.

Martin, sweetly faded, rippled monologues placid as any brook. On the other side, Cousin Debbie clucked comments like an excited little hen.

It was a picture that to the last detail made for cheer and charm. But to Phoebe, coming swiftly down the stairs, dashing even more swiftly across the hall and pausing for a silent moment in the doorway, it apparently carried no comfort. She did not even look at it. She stood tall and tense, her eyes flashing out of the tangle of her frown, her teeth biting at her lip.

"Where are you going, little daughter?" Mrs. Martin asked.

Mrs. Martin did not raise her eyes from her sewing. But Cousin Debbie, turning slightly, surveyed with a certain covertness the spirited figure.

"To post this letter," Phoebe answered. Involuntarily her grasp tightened on the bulky envelope which she carried. "I want it to get the last mail." She did not go at once, however. Her gaze slid past the *tête-à-tête* pair, probed the fire, caught on some more vivid picture there, clutched, held tight.

In the meantime the broken conversation at the table mended itself. Bits of fact flashed out of its many-faceted composite.

"Oh yes, the boys are having a perfectly lovely time," Mrs. Martin was saying. "It was so nice that Tug happened to be there too. Ernie writes that he and Tug have been down to the Willistons all the time, walking or motoring with those four college girls. Edward'll be there to-night and——"

Phoebe suddenly flashed about and darted through the hall. The front door shut. The bang which unavoidably proclaimed arrival or departure to the Martin household seemed to ring with something positively vicious.

"Phoebe doesn't seem quite herself these last two or three days, Bertha," said Cousin Debbie. "I don't know that I've ever seen her so sort of indifferent and absent."

"I hadn't noticed it," said Mrs. Martin. She stopped sewing an instant and her face assumed the serious, preoccupied look of one who is running swiftly through the foreground of the past. "I guess it's staying indoors and sewing so hard. She doesn't get so very much exercise with both Ernie and Tug away, you know. And I have never been one to let her go out alone at night. She says herself that any engaged girl whose 'steady,' as she calls him, is away might just as well be dead. It's queer how quiet the house is. So few young men come here now."

"It was just the same when you were engaged to Edward," said Cousin Debbie. "Don't you remember how lonesome it was at first? All the boys stopped coming—except Jim Bassett. Do you recall how jealous Ed used to get of him?"

Mrs. Martin laughed, and there was a ring of conscious coquetry to her mirth.

Again the door opened—shut with its accustomed bang. "Is that rain, Phoebe?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"Yes," Phoebe answered listlessly, "it's raining hard."

The two women took up their talk; and this time the conversational plummet dropped into the past. Apparently Phoebe heard no word of it. She sank into a chair by the fire and stared into the flames. The mental knot still showed itself on her smooth forehead. An interval of this stupor and she jumped up, dashed into the hall, flew up the stairs into her own room. She walked up and down clasping and unclasping her hands. It was as if the mental knot had begun to untie. Then she threw herself face downward on the bed, buried her head in the pillow.

"Sometimes I think," Cousin Debbie was saying, "it worries Phoebe—Tug's being on the road. I think it frets her when his letters don't come. I notice though that when one day goes by without one, there's always two the next day. It's dreadful though, his being away after the engagement's announced. I always say that's the hardest position a woman can be placed in."

Phoebe lay on her bed for nearly an hour. Then she sat up. The mental knot had undoubtedly pulled itself loose. All the fire and flame had gone out of her manner. Every connotation of irresolution showed itself in her bowed shoulders and twisting hands. She pulled to her feet finally, drifted over to the cedar-chest, lifted the cover. For a long time, she stood staring down on what lay there—a daintiness, peculiarly feminine, a daintiness of embroidered lawn, of lacy ruffles, of delicately-tinted ribbons. From the cedar-chest, she moved over to the high-boy, one of Aunt Mary's treasures, recently resurrected from the barn. Panoplied rows, exquisitely embroidered, of her own initials, stared at her as she opened the drawers.

Suddenly Phoebe sank into a chair and burst into tears. Rocking convulsively back and forth, she cried until her handkerchief dripped. Then another impulse took her. She arose, dashed into the bath room, bathed her face, re-combed her hair, flew downstairs

into the library, took up the telephone receiver.

"What's the matter with the telephone, mother?" her distracted voice called in another moment.

"I don't know. Something happened this afternoon. I notified the telephone people right away, but they haven't come yet. If it's anything important, go over to Mrs. Warburton's."

"Oh, it's nothing in particular," said Phoebe. But her teeth tore at her lip again. And now her brow snarled with a look of perplexity. She resumed her place at the fire, resumed her study of the flames.

Gradually her face lightened. An idea—palpably it fascinated and frightened her, palpably again and again she rejected it only to recover it. She arose, strolled through the back library, strolled through the hall, tiptoed into the kitchen. Opening the back door carefully, she flashed through the rain to the barn. In another moment, she emerged carrying a ladder. She walked with it round to the side of the house, placed it so that the top went through the open window of her room. Then reëntering the house, she shut the back door silently, tiptoed through the kitchen, strolled through the hall, and strolled into the living room again.

"I feel awfully tired, mother," she said smoothly, taking up a magazine; "I propose that we go to bed early to-night."

"All right," said Mrs. Martin tranquilly.

"Bertha," Cousin Debbie said—and apparently she was striking off on a tangent from the main course of their talk—"were you ever jealous of Edward when he was on the road?"

"Jealous!" Mrs. Martin laughed. "I should say I was. Debbie, I never told you about Minnie Pratt, did I? No, I know I didn't. For I've never told anybody. Well, I'm going to tell you now. Do you remember how much Edward's traveling those years we were engaged took him off Seriph Four Corners way?"

"Oh yes, seemed as if he was always there."

"Well, there was a girl lived there that he'd always known—Minnie Pratt—they'd been sweethearts in a boy-and-girl way. She was a kinder pretty girl—if you liked that style—great bold black eyes and jet-black hair—she wore it in those beau-catcher curls. I don't know as you ever saw it but there was a picture of her round in Edward's room for a long while."

"I want to know! I always thought that was some relation of Edward's."

"Well—it *wasn't*," said Mrs. Martin with emphasis. "He used to go to supper at their house whenever he was in Seriph—Mrs. Pratt had been an old friend of his mother's—and of course sometimes Edward would take Minnie to places as a sort of return for their hospitality. Not that he wasn't perfectly fair about it—she knew all about our engagement. Well one day—I can't recall now just what it was made me mad—but I'd been getting a lot of letters with too much Minnie in them. And—and—well, the long and short of it was that I sat right down and wrote Edward a letter, breaking the engagement."

"Bertha, you *didn't*!" said Debbie horrified.

"Yes sir," said Mrs. Martin with the pride we all take in our own unreasonableness, "I did. And I told him he needn't write to me, for I'd tear up, unread, any letter he sent me. I did too. They kept coming by every mail for two weeks. But he couldn't write them any faster than I could tear them up. Then all of a sudden they stopped."

Mrs. Martin also stopped. She bit off a piece of thread, thrust it into the eye of the needle. Phoebe lifted her gaze, which for five minutes had been riveted on the same page of her magazine, and fixed it on her mother. A little stir of interest rippled across her face.

"It was one thing to order Edward not to write and it was another to have him take me at my word. I put in the most dreadful week I have ever known in all my life, except when the children have been sick. I certainly thought I would *die*. My pride would not let me give in. But I said to myself, if Edward would only write me one more letter, I'd make up. And oh how I looked for it! But it didn't come and it didn't come. It got toward the end of the third week and I thought I'd go crazy. By that time, I'd lost all account of Edward's travel schedule. But I knew that the first of every month he had to be in Pocohonkit. I knew—because he always dreaded it. The trains ran so that he used to get into Eldersville at two in the morning and wait a whole hour for the train to Pocohonkit. So I was certain that, unless something happened, Edward would be in the Eldersville Station from two until three Thursday night of that third week. And what do you suppose I did?"

"Go on," Cousin Debbie implored.

"You know how poor we were in those days, Debbie?" Cousin Debbie nodded.

"I hadn't at that time a cent to my name.

Neither had mother. But I did own three pieces of jewelry—that string of gold beads that I'd always had—the one Phoebe wears now—a pin of jet and pearl that Aunt Mary gave me—the one I gave to that Mrs. Ventry I was telling you about the other day—and a lovely little brooch of carved ivory that Miss Summers brought me back from Switzerland. Well, I waited until everybody had gone to sleep that night, and then when the clock struck twelve I got up and dressed, climbed out my window, and walked to Campion Centre."

"Did you meet anybody?" Debbie asked breathlessly.

"Not a living soul—not so far's I know. And I guess if anybody had seen me I'd have heard of it," Mrs. Martin said with a grim emphasis. "You know North Campion? Well, I walked in on the ticket seller in Campion Centre and told him I wanted a ticket to Wissigissett. I told him that I hadn't any money—but that it was a matter almost of life and death—and I'd leave the jet and pearl brooch as security."

"Why Bertha Brooks!" said Cousin Debbie as if they were girls again, "if you don't beat the Dutch!"

"He looked at me for about a minute," Mrs. Martin went on, "and I looked at him. I remember him perfectly—he was a fat man with a kinder jolly face. Then he said, 'All right.' That's all there was to that. He handed me the ticket and I handed him the brooch and pretty soon the train came along and I took it. I got to Wissigissett at one o'clock. I had to change there into a train to Braley. I told the ticketman just what I told the other one and offered him the carved ivory brooch. I can see that man yet—he was sort of pious-looking, with one of those serious sort of faces with little near-together eyes. He said, 'Are you sure there is nothing criminal about this?' I had to laugh at that and I came right out with it. I said, 'I've quarreled with my beau and I want to see him to-night.' He said: 'I don't want your pin and I'll pay for your ticket. But that's just like a woman—raising the dickens when a man's away off and can't get to her. I hope it's a lesson to you.' I couldn't make him take the brooch. Finally the train came along, and I said: 'All right, I'll pay you back some day.' I got to Braley at quarter past one. The ticketman there wasn't so nice as the others."

"What did he do?" Cousin Debbie asked indignantly.

"He didn't do anything—but he said I

was an awful pretty girl to be wandering round that hour of night alone. He was one of those conceited-looking men. He had a black mustache with little curls on the end of it and he kept twisting it while he talked with me. He offered me a five dollar bill. But of course I didn't touch it. I did take the ticket though, and I made him take the gold beads. I got into Eldersville at exactly half past two—and—well, I wish you could have seen Edward Martin's face when he saw me coming out of that car."

"What *did* he say?" Debbie asked.

"It was a minute before he could say anything. But after that, we certainly did do some talking."

"What time did you get back?"

"About five. I climbed in through the back sitting-room window without a soul hearing me. And nobody's ever known about it until this day."

"How did you ever get your things again?"

"Edward gave me the money to redeem them on my way home. I was the whole summer earning money to pay him back. Oh, wasn't he mad that I did it! He threw one dollar that I gave him into the river, and I nearly broke the engagement again. I never heard such a crazy thing—throwing good money away!"

"Mother Martin," Phoebe said, bursting into the conversation with the air of one who can no longer control herself, "is that true, every word of it?"

Mrs. Martin laughed and nodded. There was a slight embarrassment in her manner. But an emotion much stronger—a reminiscent delight in her own escapade—had fired her eyes and curved her lips. Her cheeks flaunted a pink almost velvety. Looking at her closely, you might have seen the girl of thirty-years before.

"Well, mother," Phoebe said slowly, "I can't imagine *you* doing such a thing. I wouldn't have thought it was *in* you." She added after an instant's reflection: "I don't wonder the man tried to flirt with you though—you must have been a perfect peach."

"Well," said Cousin Debbie with an emphasis almost indignant, "I should say she was. She was the handsomest girl in North Campion. You'll do very well miss if you're ever as good-looking as your mother."

The talk drifted far afield. An hour went by. Phoebe tried to read her magazine, but a restlessness that increased with every moment harried her. Again and again she reminded her mother and her cousin that they

ought to be tired. But the two women continued to dawdle over their sewing. It was eleven o'clock before the last sound in the house died down.

Phoebe did not go to bed at all. Fully dressed she sat quietly in her room until the clock struck twelve. Then she put on her hat and rubbers and threw her raincoat out the window. Exercising phenomenal care, she climbed down the ladder, pulled on her coat, tiptoed over the lawn. Two minutes later she was running down the street.

An hour afterwards, a tall slender girl, dripping water at every angle, eyes and cheeks aflame, curls frescoed on her damp forehead down to her very eyebrows, burst into the railroad station at Rosedale.

The telegram which, after many false starts, she finally composed was brief. Addressed to Mr. Toland Warburton, Princeton Inn, Princeton, New Jersey, it read: "Send back last letter unread, and if read, disregard utterly. Undying love and faith, Phoebe."

"Say, Tug," Ernest said over the telephone early Saturday evening, "Sandy and I have fixed it to have some bridge whist and a rabbit this evening on father's account. Now you never can tell how girls will act. So if it gets slow, jump in and make things whiz, won't you? I don't suppose father will have much use for those girls or they for him. But I guess between us, you and I can keep things going."

"Sure," agreed the cheerful Tug, "I shall open my face wide the moment we get inside the door and I shan't close it until we say *au revoir*."

"Oh and, say Tug," Ernest went on, "Sandy and I have got a new jolly for those Radcliffe girls. Sandy wanted me to tell you, so you wouldn't think he was really slamming Harvard."

"Do your darnedest," advised the serene Tug. "I think those four Radcliffe maids are quite able to take care of themselves."

"Oh, and Tug," Ernest added, "I have an engagement late this evening, after it's all over. I don't want father to know anything about it. But you suggest leaving me at my street. See!"

"I'm on," answered the buoyant Tug.

"Mrs. Williston," Ernest was saying an hour later to the pleasant woman—ample, white-haired and fifty—who arose to greet them, "let me introduce my father and"—this to a quartette of beauties who sat wedged on a couch, "Miss Williston, Miss Dunster, Miss George, Miss Riley, my father."

The quartette of beauties bowed politely. Mrs. Williston added to her cordial greeting: "Mr. Martin, I'm going to ask if you will chaperone this quartette of young people to-night in my place. We've just heard of the illness of a very old friend. Mr. Williston has gone on ahead and I must join him now. I hope you will excuse me, but it is a case where we can do nothing else."

Mr. Martin excused her with the requisite graciousness. He accompanied her to her car put her into it with protestations,

constantly renewed, of delight in his new rôle. As he returned to the pleasant library, he caught the words "Radcliffe" and "Harvard." But apparently the fair quartette on the couch had neither stirred nor spoken.

"Mr. Martin," suddenly said the peachy-cheeked, honey-haired, heroic-sized blondness that was Eunice Dunster, "we welcome you to these alien halls of learning. For one week, we have put in most of our time refuting the knocks of ignorant Princetonians in regard to Harvard University. Your son says that you are a Harvard man. We would like to ask you if in your day the other colleges were as frantically jealous of Harvard as they are now?"

"It was even so in those days, Miss Dun-



"MOTHER MARTIN," PHOEBE SAID BURSTING INTO THE CONVERSATION . . . "IS THAT TRUE. EVERY WORD OF IT!"

ster," he affirmed seriously, "black, bitter, biting envy beset us on every side."

"Mr. Martin," said the delicate, slender Gallic bruneness that was Janet George, "for a child's size college, Princeton is a very pretty toy. Is it not so?"

"I have no doubt whatever, Miss George," he assented gravely, "that Princeton will qualify as soon as it grows up."

"Mr. Martin," said the willowy, violet-eyed Irishness that was Nora Riley, "why is it that we permit these minor mushroom universities to exist? Is it not our duty to rise in our might sometime and raze them to the ground?"

"I believe this is the one case above all the others, Miss Riley," he pronounced sol-

emply, "when we should temper justice with mercy."

Miss Williston moved away from Miss Dunster. "The gentleman qualifies. Mr. Martin, will you kindly join the Harvard forces on the couch?"

Mr. Martin squeezed his big bulk into the place the two girls made. He surveyed them all with his amused, indulgent gaze.

"Now," said Ernest briskly. "I tell you what let's do. There are just eight of us. How about bridge?"

"Not for a moment," said Miss Dunster decisively. "If the gods have favored us so far as to send one of themselves—that is to say a real Harvard man—right down in our midst, shall we flout them by indulging in piffing games and sports? By Memorial Hall, nay; by Hollis, Holworthy and Gray's, twice nay; by the statue of John Harvard, thrice nay; Mr. Martin, let our conversation be of our alma mater and pater. Did you perchance ever do any acting when you were at Harvard?"

"Not exactly," said Mr. Martin, "I wasn't very much of an actor myself. But I was always on committees to get plays up. We did Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' Sheridan's 'The Rivals' and ---"

"The Rivals!" Miss Dunster exclaimed. "Did you really. Why we're getting up 'The Rivals' at Radcliffe for the spring Emmanuel. Nora's chairman of the committee—the martyred angel. Blanche is playing *Bob Acres*. Janet's *Lydia Languish* and I'm *Sir Lucius*. Oh, I say, Mr. Martin, do you remember any of the business?"

"I should say I did," answered Mr. Martin with fervor. "About three weeks before our play came off, Joe Jefferson showed in 'The Rivals' in Boston. I went six times just to take notes on the business. I know that play from A to Z and from omega to alpha."

"Shades of the sacred Harvard quadrangle!" exclaimed Nora Riley, "we've struck oil—a gusher! Girls, this is where we take Mr. Martin by the forelock. Help me clean this table off, Janet. Eunice, you go upstairs and get the books. Blanche, rustle paper and pencils. You wouldn't mind going through the play with us would you, Mr. Martin?"

"I should enjoy it enormously," said Mr. Martin.

Five minutes later Mr. Martin found himself seated before the bared center table, a girl suspended at either shoulder and two

leaning so far across the table that their heads almost bumped his, and all hanging on his words.

Tug and Sandy merged themselves with a game of chess. Ernest fell on the pile of magazines that had been shoved from the table.

"Check!" said Tug at the end of an hour.

"Say, father," hinted Ernest after an aimless interval of three-cornered masculine talk, "aren't you most finished with that stuff? I'm sure the girls are ready to play now."

"Finished!" answered Blanche Williston, "we've hardly begun. Now I tell you what you three do. You run upstairs and play billiards and don't bother us any longer. What was that point about the positions at the beginning of the duel scene, Mr. Martin? I didn't entirely get that."

Three-quarters of an hour later Ernest returned to the library. "Sandy says," he announced sulkily, "that he's hungry and would like the rabbit now."

"Mr. Martin," said Janet George, "will you kindly request that obnoxious Princeton person not to interrupt us again?"

"Ernest," ordered his father without looking up, "go into a corner and stand with your face to the wall."

Half an hour later Ernest again entered. "Sandy says that the table is set," he announced stiffly, "and the cheese all cut up and—"

"Mr. Martin," interrupted Eunice Dunster, "I see now why you didn't send him to Harvard—he wasn't good enough."

"Ernest," implored his father, "don't stand there any longer, bringing my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Fifteen minutes later Ernest reappeared in the doorway. "Sandy says," he emitted in a single breath, "that the rabbit's all cooked and if you don't come now, you can take it cold." Before anybody could administer rebuke he vanished.

The group at the table arose and, laughing and talking, filed into the dining-room. The girls, bunching themselves about Mr. Martin, absently accepted the plates that were handed them.

"Well, if you could have seen what happened the night we gave it in Seriph Four Corners," Mr. Martin was concluding, "you'd have—"

"Seriph Four Corners!" Eunice Dunster exclaimed. "Why my mother came from Seriph. I wonder if you knew her. Her name was Minnie Pratt. My goodness gracious, are you Edward Martin?"



FIVE MINUTES LATER MR. MARTIN FOUND HIMSELF SEATED BEFORE THE BARED CENTER TABLE. A GIRL SUSPENDED AT EITHER SHOULDER AND TWO LEANING SO FAR ACROSS THE TABLE THAT THEIR HEADS ALMOST BUMPED HIS. AND ALL HANGING ON HIS WORDS

"That's who I am," Mr. Martin confessed. "Of course I knew your mother. She was one of the nicest girls I ever met—and one of the prettiest."

Eunice unfastened the chain that hung about her neck, opened the pendant locket, handed it to Mr. Martin.

"Yes, that's Minnie," said Mr. Martin, smiling a little. "You don't look like her, do you?"

"No," said Eunice regretfully, "everybody says I'm a Dunster. I can't believe you're Edward Martin. My mother's told us children a thousand times how you walked right up to a man with a gun, took it away from him and thrashed him because he'd been beating his mother. Why, girls, when Mr. Martin was at Harvard, he was— Well, mother's told me many a time how you helped paint John Harvard red and how you put the alarm clocks in Professor Moy's recitation room. Girls, they went off at five-minute intervals during the entire lecture. Mother said you had the greatest collection of funny signs—she said you stole one out of a police station. Mother always insists that you hung the skeleton onto the flagpole that time. Did you?"

Mr. Martin shook his head decisively. "Oh no!" he said.

"Mother says you always say 'No,'" con-

tinued Eunice. "She says you were all sworn to deny it to the end of your days." She stopped and stared at Mr. Martin, an imp of mischief dancing in each blue eye. "I bet you did it," she wheedled.

Except for his twinkle, Mr. Martin sustained her accusing gaze equably. "I bet I didn't," he asseverated.

The imps vanished from Eunice's eyes. Her gaze became a little dreamy. "Just think of you're being Edward Martin," she murmured half to herself. "Why I've heard of you all my life. You've been a sort of legendary hero to us children. I don't know what mother will say when I write her that I've met you. What I can't get over though is your seeming so young—so much younger than mother."

"What I can't get over," said Mr. Martin, "is Minnie's having a great girl like you."

"Ernest Martin," said Eunice, "it doesn't seem possible that Edward Martin can be your father. He looks more like your brother."

Ernest looked up, startled. He stared at his father.

Mr. Martin was a heavy man but his bulk all ran to shape. His hair was perfectly white but it was thick and the ends broke into a crisp ripple. The effect, moreover, of the lineless floridity of his face, the quizz-

cal geniality of his clear hazel eyes, was to make this seem a premature silvering. Somehow he seemed to gain rather than lose in youthfulness by contrast with the cluster of beautiful girl faces. Ernest realized, as he never could before, what Phoebe meant when she said that he looked like a leading man in a play.

And then—how did it come up—suddenly he saw his father from an angle of mental vision so different from the physical one that it was as if he were seeing him for the first time. He saw him divorced utterly from his aspect of husband and parent. He saw him as a human being among human beings. He saw him as a man among men. He saw him as a man among women. Why his part in the game of life had been as red-blooded as Ernest's own. He had taken all a male's chances, both of the body and of the soul. He had hit his man. He had kissed his maid. His father! *His father!* The sensation bothered Ernest. It brought a strange perplexity, an irritation. He tried to throw it off. He tried mentally to push his father back into his place—to settle him in that station of the middle years where paternally white-haired, not youthfully so, he should hover eternally on the brink of old age.

Ernest stared and stared—stared at the ghost of his father's youth.

An hour later, clad in overalls, a pot of green paint plopping and dripping from his belt, a new paint brush held between his teeth, Ernest was climbing perilously up the progs of the water tower. Below in the shrubbery skulked half a dozen classmates, keeping guard. Two perils added their agreeable excitement to Ernest's undertaking: first and least that he might break his neck, second that he would be suspended instantly if discovered. Slowly, carefully, he pulled himself up. His hand did not falter, however, nor his resolution shake. Arrived at the tip-top, he painted his class numerals on the tower with the boldest sweep of green that his peril would permit. And having finished, he climbed down, doffed his disguise, strolled back to tranquil sleep.

After Mr. Martin left Ernest, he went directly to the inn. Once in his room, however, a strange restlessness fell upon him. He walked up and down, stopping now and then to fall into a brown study. Coming abruptly out of the last of these reveries, he moved over to the window. For a long time, he stood there looking out on a patch of starlit

lawn. Finally he sat down at the desk and began to write.

PRINCETON INN, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.
Saturday, late.

MY DEAR BERTHA:

I think I'll return to New York to-morrow. I'll have to be at the Waldorf for a day or two—then I'll come home. I've had all I want of college life for a while. It all sounds so foolish and shallow here. I don't believe we were like that at Harvard in my day. By George, I know we weren't. Why at Ernest's age, I was painting John Harvard red and stealing signs out of police stations. Do you remember the time we set off the eight alarm clocks during Professor Moy's lecture? Do you remember the time we precipitated the race-riot in Memorial? Why Ernest lives the correct, bloodless life of the store-window mannikin. Not that I want him to be the offensive type of college man. But— Well, I'm glad I'm not Ernest. Love to you and Phoebe!

Your affectionate husband,
EDWARD MARTIN.

P. S. Oh, by the way, I met Minnie Pratt's daughter at the Willistons' to-night. I promised we'd look them up when I got back. I'd really like to do that.

2 P. S. I have always forgotten to ask Ernest if he bought those flannels—but I didn't notice that he shivered any.

DEAR EDWARD:

I understand in a way how you feel about Ernie's college life. I think there's nobody so old as the young people nowadays. Just the same, I'm glad Ernie is not cutting up. It's very rough and ungentlemanly, besides being dangerous. If Ernest should get arrested, I don't know what I'd do. Lois Lynch was in last night and she said that her brother (who's a freshman at Princeton) wrote home that some of the students painted the class numbers on the water tower the other night. They'd been expelled if they'd been found out. I should feel awfully if Ernie got mixed up with anything like that.

I guess I'll have to believe in mental telegraphy after this. For while you were talking with Minnie Pratt's daughter, I was telling Debbie how I went over to Eldersville in the middle of the night to talk half an hour with you after a quarrel. Edward, I've been thinking over Phoebe and Tug, and they don't care for each other the way we did.

Not that I'd want to have Phoebe do anything like that exactly. Why, Edward, they don't even realize what fun it is quarreling.

We are well except Phoebe. She has a dreadful cold and I can't think how she got it.

Your loving wife,

BERTHA.

P. S. You never said what Minnie Pratt's married name was, but I'd love to go to call on her.

DEAR ERN:

I have a perfectly awful cold from taking a long walk in the rain, so I can't write much this time. I'm glad father had such a good time in Princeton, but I wish he'd stayed

longer. I'm going to take back one thing I said about father and mother. I guess they've had experiences just as interesting as ours—and *maybe more so*. Anyway, Ern Martin, if you don't realize that Mother Martin must have been a *perfect wonder*, I now announce to you that that's what she was.

Yours affectionately,

PHOEBE.

DEAR PHOEBE:

Yes, I'm sorry that father went home so soon, but he said he had a good time and I think he did. I feel just the same way about father that you do about mother—he's no back number and don't you forget it.

Your loving brother,

ERNEST.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE NEW THEATRE

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "The Arrow Maker," produced last Spring at The New Theatre

The New Theatre, founded on subscription (equivalent to an endowment) for the purpose of producing in an artistic manner the great plays—both classical and modern—has abandoned its sumptuous play-house, which has been leased to Liebler and Co. for their regular theatrical productions. Plans are now being made to build a smaller house and under a new management to re-try the experiment.

I WAS in Paris when the news of the founding of The New Theatre reached me, and in London when I had word that a play of mine had been accepted; and in the summer of 1910, when I returned to New York to direct its production, it was with the highest possible hopes of what such an institution might do for the burgeoning dramatic impulse in America, and the greatest possible willingness to lend myself to its maintenance and support. And the very first discovery I made about it was that it had produced, so far, a very general feeling of disappointment.

I found critics and the public honestly distressing themselves in an attempt to account for and perhaps dissipate a pervasive sense of failure. In my own circle, the working Art community, there was a positive movement of relief at having some one who would be in a position to know, from the point of view of the working artist, what was the difficulty at The New Theatre. In brief, just that was the difficulty.

The New Theatre at no time in its career was the center of the working community. Within a few weeks as I renewed and extended my acquaintance with playwrights, actors, editors, novelists, I found that none of them knew anything about The New Theatre except from the outside. A professedly National institution, it had not succeeded in enlisting in its behalf the very considerable body of producing artists on which the very existence of a National Art depends. For The New Theatre had no Articles of Faith, no propaganda. It opened up no new vistas, not even mistaken ones. In short, the crying difficulty about The New Theatre was that it was not New; it was merely sumptuous.

It is certain that most art movements embrace a great deal that is ridiculous; but the indispensable thing about an art movement is that it moves. I looked then to find The New Theatre clearing a wide swath through foreign tradition and indigenous ignorance and commercialism to make a

place for the young sprig of National Art to stretch itself and grow in until it should be competent to carry all that the drama has to say to our National life. And the immediate conclusion was that The New Theatre wasn't doing it.

What Was Expected of It

There are three things expected to be accomplished by a subsidized theatre: (the release of the arts of acting and play writing from the pressure of private commercialism; (the formation of public taste) and (the rendering of our National life in terms of art that shall entitle our artistic output to a place in the regard of nations, commensurate with what we feel the scope and vitality of that life to be.) Much of what The New Theatre fell short of in these directions was I believe due to a total want of touch of the Directorship with the sources of our Nationalism, and an unexpected personal conception of his relation to the work in hand.

When I protested to Mr. Ames against what I felt to be unwarrantable infringements of both the text and meaning of my play, on the ground that such interference was not in harmony with the public profession of the Foundation, he answered with emphasis that he recognized no obligation or interest in the artistic integrity of the native dramatist; he was there, as I was frequently assured, for the purpose of producing what he liked, in the way he liked it, which included the reshaping, recoloring and complete New-Theatrising the author's work at his, the Director's discretion. But this is precisely the attitude of the private managers, and with at least this excuse, that they are risking their private means; and with this extenuation, that they do occasionally make the author a great deal of money, which a repertory theatre could hardly expect to do. Now there are just two things that the sincere dramatist wants: the opportunity to have his play produced as he wrote it and money enough to live on until he can write another one. What Mr. Ames failed to realize was that he invalidated the institution which he represented, for if there are not enough American playwrights the sincerity and integrity of whose work is to be respected, there is no possible excuse for a subsidized American theatre.

The Handicaps of the Director

The first Director of The New Theatre was a man of gifts and ideals, but he labored

under two insuperable disadvantages: he was born rich and he was born in Boston. The genius of America, whatever else it is, is democratic. It is true that a small and important section of the Atlantic seaboard exhibits a disposition to play copy-cat and import its art and opinions very much as it does its population; but the producing artists, though they tend to gravitate toward New York do not notably spring from it. Moreover there is probably no man in America whose genius for producing is sufficiently conspicuous to entitle him to the choice product of our playwrights and the magnificence of The New Theatre as a personal instrument. What the founders must look for is not a man to dominate their venture, but to stand to it in the relation which public officials in a democracy are supposed to stand, as a guarantee that its function is not to be diverted or interfered with.

The form the drama takes in any country is determined by the temperament of its people, and the present foreign forms, perfect as their technique may be, are no more a competent vehicle for the expression of our National life than the obsolete Greek forms or the obsolescent Elizabethan. If we haven't here in America a dramatic impulse of sufficient vitality to work out under favorable conditions our dramatic redemption, what little we have isn't going to be helped by having all the individual character pounded out of it as some cooks pound a beefsteak. It is of no consequence that plays offered by the sincerest of our playwrights fail in any or most particulars to conform to existing standards, or rather it is of just this consequence that if we are ever to have a distinctive art it is going to begin by being distinct from this foreign product. It should be the province of The New Theatre to discover just that fortunate variation which can be counted on ultimately to blossom in a type. Herein lies the greatest menace of a subsidized theatre; it might succeed in producing a sufficient number of plays that do conform and illustrate accepted standards, and producing them so acceptably that the public, unavoidably ignorant of the private process of art growth, may remain blind to the stifling of native originality. It was, therefore, with the sense of its having done the best thing possible for the situation that I watched The New Theatre fall away from its effort to force the foreign standard, was even reconciled to the mutilations of my own play when I saw how they contributed to the con-

viction that the Procrustean method wouldn't work.

No amount of contriving can keep the major mood of the worker out of the finished product. Nobody attempted to deny that the producing force of The New Theatre was sincere and indefatigable; but the unconscious revelations of its alienation from the springs of national endeavor came out in it like secret writing before a flame. Let me illustrate:

(The Choice of Plays)

More than half of every audience is made up of women, and of the men who are present, fully one-half have come because their women elected. At The New Theatre this majority would consist of the most advanced and cultivated women of New York, and that is a large order. Yet last year three plays were produced that were patently without any interest for such an audience. I refer to The Merry Wives of Windsor, Maeterlinck's Mary Magdalene and Vanity Fair. These plays were without any special claim. The Merry Wives is the least spontaneous of the Shakespearean comedies, Maeterlinck had already been represented by two plays in the year's repertory—three plays by a Frenchman and two by Americans in a National theatre!—and Vanity Fair was without any intrinsic merit. The offense of these plays is that they are obsolete as expressions of our interest and without any pertinence to our point of view. We no longer think a fat man funny, we are not amused by the pretence of women to be untrue to their husbands, and the incident of the dirty clothes basket is simply vulgar. Played in London once a year by Ellen Terry, as part of the Shakespeare traditions, it succeeds in pleasing the limited audience of His Majesty's Theatre, but in America The Merry Wives is inexcusable. As for the Magdalene, it is simply impossible to get the class of women who make up The New Theatre audiences interested in the courtesan except it may be as a civic problem. The day of her glamour has departed; not even when she is repentant can she stir the sensibilities of members of the League for Municipal Reform. It is time some of our managers who attempt to cater to the better class of audiences should find this out. The type of woman portrayed in Vanity Fair is also a waning orb. For certain people whose affection for Becky Sharp is coexistent with their early delight in Thackeray, and played by some consummate favor-

ite like Mrs. Fiske, it will always have a kind of personal appeal but it is not broad enough to carry the favor of the young generation.

In the meantime dust had gathered on the manuscript of accepted plays and Mr. Henry B. Harris had produced Percy MacKaye's Scarecrow, a play bristling with intimation of new technique as a tulip bed at the end of February. It had that quality of being native to the soil, like Dr. Johnson's camel, difficult to define but you know it when you see it, yet it was one of the many American plays rejected by The New Theatre in favor of such futilities as Old Heidelberg, Vanity Fair and the decadent Maeterlinck.

Commercialism Not Such a Bug-a-Boo

There has been more or less said about the sums by which the expenditures of The New Theatre exceeded the income. It seems to me beside the mark. The business of The New Theatre was to lose money, and if it was lost judiciously in the forwarding of its avowed object, there is no cause for complaint. And if there was injudiciousness it was not so much culpable as ridiculous. Men whose business efficiency has put them in a position to found theatres have only themselves to thank if they have not spared enough of that quality to manage their foundation at least as successfully as a soap factory.

I confess to being entirely skeptical as to the preëminence of commercialism in the theatres. My conviction is, after a year in New York, that what is needed is a little of the plain sort of sense that is necessary for the successful issue of the soap factory. And it seemed a wholly inexcusable error that there should have been allowed to form between the theatre and the so-called commercial houses a pronounced antagonism. It is not worth while attempting to assign the blame for this situation; probably it was too deliberate on either side, but nothing could have been more unfavorable to the maintenance of a high artistic standard. In anything but a socialistic state, Art must largely depend for its development and support upon the private manager, who if we are ever to get anywhere must be assumed to be as interested in the higher aspects of his work as he can afford to be. Therefore, if a New Theatre is to be effective in raising the tone of dramatic work all over the country, it must actively concern itself with the interest of the private manager.

Its manifest relation to the general mana-

ger should be that of a pace maker. It should be able to formulate and maintain not only standards of taste and craftsmanship, but a pattern of behavior toward actors and playwrights such as can be openly brought into court as a witness to integrity. It should stand on its subsidy as on a watch tower to catch from afar off intimations of dawning genius, of new appreciations, to serve as a mark for the perplexed and doubtful private manager. In view of the importance of its reactions on the commercial theatrical world, it seemed to me, then, to be a conspicuous error of the earlier organization that its business manager should have remained actively in the market against other managers. It should obviously be the business of a National Theatre to enrich the whole body of drama accessible to the people by works of new and accomplished playwrights, established on a scale in advance of anything possible to our present commercial hesitations. But this advantage must be as public in its operation as the theatre is supposed to be in intention. The spectacle of one private manager exclusively tapping this increment of successful plays through the vantage of a salaried position would naturally be the most damning circumstance that could be urged against the institution by the managerial world.

Plays Reflecting the Heart of Our People Necessary

Nor can a desirable *entente* be preserved so long as The New Theatre appears in the market as a rival by the mere advantage of having more money to spend. Until it has exceeded what the private manager can do in understanding, in breadth of treatment, in acting power and finesse, the superiority of sumptuousness will tend on the whole to be demoralizing. This will be especially the case in the matter of foreign plays. All of them that have any pretension to success get reproduced here in the course of time. The effect of The New Theatre entering the market against the smaller houses, should it continue as large a buyer as indicated, must result in the neglect of the second best and the seizure by the commercial managers of the sensational and meretricious. If the National Theatre is to concern itself greatly with foreign plays—most national theatres don't—then it should be only on the basis of being able to offer them a superior pro-

duction, which should be practically attested to by refraining from offering the financial inducements which are the prerogative of the commercial theatres. Never should it become what New York is to most foreigners, an open pocket from which to replenish their own.

The plain fact is that no National art was ever competently nourished on importations. The so-called classic plays were not classic when they were produced; they were the intimate product of the soil, and most of them of the type known as "timely." The Greek tragedies dealt with immediate Greek problems; the Shakespearean comedies abound in local "gags"; and the scenes that take place to-day in the *Comedie Francaise* over the political and social enthusiasms on which much of their drama is based, would put the tepidity of a New Theatre audience to shame. But the tepidity of the audience was an exact measure of the want of relativity of The New Theatre's repertory to the time. What it wants is not so much theatricality as catholicity of interest, and disassociation in the person of the business manager from discredited forms of commercialism.

A Plain Human Enterprise


It isn't meant here to impute blame to one, or even two of three persons. It is rather distinctively American, at any rate it is New Yorkish, to be so anxious for rightness as to fall into some unsureness as to just what right may be. There is a certain courage demanded and credit due to those who negotiate blind leads if for no other service than proving that they are blind.

One suspects The New Theatre rather fancied itself in the character of *deus ex machina*, stooping from nearly inaccessible heights to lay the envied wreath on the assuming brow of merit.

As a matter of fact, it will take twenty years' hard work to make it possible to assume that attitude without being ridiculous; for the worthwhile artist, the middle-aged, disillusioned, convinced worker cares not a rap for honors unless they are so. And The New Theatre isn't so; not yet; not to any appreciable extent.

That sort of worker wants a new theatre and wants it badly; not however as a sort of intellectual cake-walk but as a plain human enterprise.

At the time this magazine is put together the new plays are just being put in rehearsal. Later Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton will give details of the new attractions



STARS
OF THE
SEASON'S OFFERINGS



Photograph by Bangs

JANE COWL

Who is to appear early in the spring in a new play by Henry Bataille upon the termination of her engagement in "The Gamblers"



Photograph by Sykes

HELEN WARE

Starring in George Broadhurst's drama, "The Price." Miss Ware is regarded as one of the leading exponents of the natural school of expression



Photograph by White

MARY NASH

Who plays with such consummate skill the rôle of the telephone operator in W. C. De Mille's political drama, "The Woman,"—Belasco's new offering



Photograph by Matusz

VERA FINLEY

A stage beauty who is playing one of the principal feminine rôles in Lew Field's production of "The Never Homes"



Photograph by Strauss Peyton

BLANCHE RING

Who is starring in "The Wall Street Girl," a musical comedy written especially for her by Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selwyn, with music by Karl Koeschna



Photograph by Moffett

MARGARET ANGLIN

After the conclusion of her present play, "Green Stockings," Miss Anglin will appear in a new drama by Israel Zangwill, entitled "The Next Religion"



Photograph by Moffett

FRITZI SCHEFF

Now appearing in "The Duchess," a new light opera by Victor Herbert, the book for which was written by Joseph Herbert and Harry B. Smith



Photograph by Strauss-Peyton.

JANET DUNBAR

Leading woman with David Warfield in Belasco's production of "The Return of Peter Grimm"

THE NEW LITTLE BOY'S T H A N K S G I V I N G

BY WELLS HASTINGS

Author of "The New Little Boy," "That Day," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

THE little world of St. Stephens was like an apiary in swarming time; the various dormitories grouped irregularly about the broad green quadrangle buzzed and hummed like so many hives with (to paraphrase a little) the murmur of innumerable boys. Boys were continually pouring in and out of doors, scurrying busily—often with arms laden—from one dormitory to another. Boys were continually flinging up window sashes to lean far out and call to dormitory or quadrangle at the top of their lungs. The air rang with shouted question and answer, with shrilling thrust and piercing repartee. John Norman Selfridge, Jr., tried to enjoy it all, endeavored with a kind of valiant despair to hurl himself body and spirit into the seething jubilation about him. But he found it difficult, because, as a matter of fact, vicarious happiness always is difficult, and he felt that he had no actual, licensed share in the mad carnival about him. These were actors; he was only a spectator. The school was going home for Thanksgiving, he alone was to stay.

This was doubly hard because it awakened him for the first time to a philosophical consideration, because it brought him to the tragic realization that he had no home to go to. That his father was a prize fighter had never distressed him. His father's profession had been to him simply a profession, and his father himself much like other men—except, of course—much better. Now he felt, not exactly a mistake, but rather a want in his father's scheme of things. To his clear, straightforward intelligence this business of a home made a direct appeal. He made up his mind that he would speak to him about it; perhaps somehow they could work it out between them. In all his twelve years he had

never been unreasoningly denied anything, and now he felt he had discovered a lack, which every instinct in him cried out to have supplied. Yes, certainly, he would speak of it. Perhaps he would not even wait for the opportunity, but would first broach the matter in writing.

Letter writing was one of the many new habits he had formed at St. Stephens. Before his life there began he and his father had been inseparable. They had boxed and trained together, they had walked and talked together, they had even roomed together at the various hotels and farmhouses which had sheltered their mutual existence. It was only the father's pride in the position his son was taking at St. Stephens that made the situation possible, and even pleasant, for both of them. The newly acquired habit of letter writing had grown naturally enough. Twice a week he heard from his father; twice a week he wrote to him. It was a virile correspondence, full of male doings and male thoughts, with an easy understanding that all the life of each was of vital importance to the other. His father's letters came from a great distance now, a surprising distance, for "Kid Mack" (as the world knew him) had announced his retirement from the ring, and it was only an irresistibly large purse which had drawn him from his country and his determination to Australia. But except for the gap of the voyage the correspondence had been uninterrupted. In the midst of the tumult about him, Jack wondered if a letter, broaching this idea of a home, would have time to reach his father.

The door was flung violently open, and Clem Robbins, his roommate, his arms heaped with miscellaneous clothing, burst in upon him.

"Pretty state of affairs," said Clem, "when a fellow has to retrieve his purple and fine linen from all over the school. There must be something about my clothes people like. I'm a pair of shoes shy even yet. Lovely fixings? Hey, what?"

He pulled a somewhat rumpled dress shirt from the tumbled heap, and held it up before him. "Some class to that, Jack," he said. "I guess I'll be 'clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,' when I get that on."

Jack tried to smile, but did not make much of a success of it.

"Anything the matter?" asked Clem, in immediate sympathy.

Jack shook his head. There was an unexpected lump in his throat which he felt ashamed of.

A great light came over his roommate. He dropped the things in his arms and his theatrical style at the same moment, and came over and put his hand on Jack's shoulder.

"I suppose," he said, "I'm the most brainless fool alive. It's hard to believe, but it never occurred to me until this moment."

Jack swallowed the lump in his throat with all the heroic manliness of twelve years. He even essayed mirth.

"I don't believe it yet, Clem," he said.

But Clem was not to be diverted. "I don't mean about my being a fool, as you know very well. I'm talking about your Thanksgiving. Your father's in Australia, isn't he?"

Jack nodded.

"That means, of course, that you can't have Thanksgiving dinner with him, and that means, I suppose, that you, Jack Selfridge, are going to stay right here in school and eat your turkey with Mr. and Mrs. Dum-dum? Oh, Jack, such an idea never entered my head."

"I think it was very nice of Mr. and Mrs. Dumfries to have asked me." Jack threw his shoulders back with a confidence he did not feel. "I'll have a bully time."

Clem snorted, and fell back upon the classics:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble—

That's the way Thanksgiving dinner here would look to me. The idea is too horrid to contemplate."

"To what?" Jack asked, stirred even in his trouble by his lasting envy and wonder of his roommate's marvelous vocabulary.

"Contemplate, consider, think about."

Both of them were interested in the progress of Jack's vocabulary, but the gloom only

lifted for a moment. At Jack's suggestion, Clem turned again to his packing, but his hilarity was gone, even his capacity for quotation deserted him.

An uncomfortable hour wore away. Clem's bag was packed at last, packed in spite of the frequent interruptions of "Oh, you Clem Robbins," or "Oh, Jack Selfridge," from the quadrangle without, which necessitated leaning out of the window for a shouted conversation with some excited friend or other, some happy boy bound home like Clem, and full of exhilaration.

All through his packing Clem kept muttering invective to himself, invective against fate, his own thoughtlessness and his roommate's unhappy lot. And Jack persisted in whistling little, inharmonious attempts at tunes with determined gayety. It was a relief to both when Mike, the historic expressman, thrust the red effulgence of his smiling face in at the door, dangled a great ring of baggage checks, made his historic joke about an elephant and a trunk, and stalked away with Clem's luggage. It was a relief because it meant the beginning of the end. Clem slapped his hat on the back of his head, threw his overcoat over his arm, and wrung his roommate's hand. Neither boy said anything, but they turned with one accord, and made their way downstairs to join the shouting mob in the quadrangle. It was Wednesday, and the school was not coming back until the following Monday, and the school appreciated the fact.

Boys were beating one another on the back and shouting unanswered questions scrambling into the stages, and calling to their chosen intimates to take places beside them, or scrambling out again to change to places of greater imagined desirability. And through the mass, like uncertain generals at a harrying, the masters were pushing here and there, striving to bring order out of chaos, and realizing that, for the day at least, their authority was but the ghost of its customary omnipotence. At last the stages were filled, however, and one by one, they lumbered away to the cracking of whips, and the many-noted cheering of their burden. Jack found himself staring after them with Mr. Dumfries' arm about his shoulders and a very queer feeling at the pit of his stomach. He saw Clem wave to him as Clem's particular stage turned a corner in a cloud of dust, and he waved back. Mr. Dumfries' hand tightened on his shoulder, and his five days' vacation had commenced.

"Cheer up, John," said Mr. Dumfries,



THE DOOR WAS FLUNG VIOLENTLY OPEN, AND CLEM ROBBINS, HIS ROOMMATE, HIS ARMS HEAPED WITH MISCELLANEOUS CLOTHING, BURST IN UPON HIM

"we're going to have a good time of it, and we'll have a dinner to-morrow that will surprise you." He still thought of Jack as the New Little Boy, and his heart went out to him in his loneliness.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Jack. He spoke bravely enough, but in his heart he felt he must get away. That hand on his shoulder seemed to have a peculiar effect on his throat. "I think I'll go and take a walk, if that is all right."

Mr. Dumfries had built up a great school; he was indisputably a man of intelligence; so

now he made no offer of sympathy, and he put away immediately his first impulsive idea of entertaining his pupil for the afternoon.

"Certainly, it is all right," he said. "What's a holiday for? Stop in at the study. I'll have some sandwiches put up for you, so that you won't have to bother to come back to lunch. You can make a day of it."

But in spite of a picnic lunch made up under the supervision of Mrs. Dumfries herself, Jack found the day a long and dreary one, a sucked orange of a day, to the casual eye full and golden and fair, but, in actual experience,

mockingly empty. He made the rounds of all their familiar haunts, places that he and Clem knew and loved, places where he had adventured with Bangs Simonds, woodland roads and meadow short-cuts already familiar to him where he had panted along with the school in hare and hounds. An empty orange? Rather the world was like an empty theatre he had seen before his school days, its stage set for life and action—with no sign of life about it. He recognized all this vaguely, but concretely he knew well enough that he was lonely. Wood and brook and pond and meadow were all very well. They were beautiful. He remembered them alluring, but pleasure was to him a generous thing, existent only in the sharing. He wandered back to his room at supper time, tired, and in spite of himself, depressed.

His supper he took at the headmaster's own table, and there he struggled valiantly to be what his father would have called "game," and because he tried hard, and because Mrs. Dumfries did her tactful best to help, he met with some measure of success. He even grew interested and excited; for the headmaster of St. Stephens and the sweet lady who was his wife and a lonely little boy of twelve, who was by hard circumstance their guest, beguiled the evening hours with the life and battles of Kid Mack, middle-weight champion of the world.

Jack went to bed with much the feeling of a soldier, grievously wounded, but with the glamour of victory to lighten his pain. He slept in his own room with a friendly gardener in the room across the hall, that he might not be alone in the dormitory. He wished that the gardener were a more noisy man; for it was like trying to go to sleep in a cathedral. He had not realized the noise of the dormitory until it was gone. Before he turned out the light he tried to pencil a few lines to his father, to start his essay letter on the subject of home; but he found he could not write as he wanted to. He had always written cheerfully and now the words would not come.

"Dear father," he wrote, "Thanksgiving vacation has commenced. We are to have five days. I am to take Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Dumfries. Isn't that fine?" He paused, for it did not sound very fine. On the whole, perhaps, he had better write the letter to-morrow. He pushed aside pencil and paper and crept into bed. It was some time after the school chimes had struck eleven that he fell at last asleep. It was only shortly after this that he was aware of a light in the room.

He awoke and thought for a moment that he was still dreaming; for Mrs. Dumfries was standing beside his bed and smiling down at him. She would have looked an angel, only angels do not wear men's ulsters. While he was still rubbing the wonder and sleep from his eyes, she leaned over and kissed him.

"Jackie, boy," she said, "you have a telegram. It came to the study after we had gone to bed, and we opened it, because that is a school rule, and then I thought I had better bring it to you." She did not add that she had had to use some persuasion, that she had come across to the dormitory with Mr. Dumfries' overcoat hastily thrown over her nightgown. She had a little lantern in her hand, and she turned and set it on the bureau. Jack saw that her eyes were starry in the flickering light.

"A telegram?" He was fully awake now.

"Yes," she said, "from your roommate, a very nice telegram, I think, so good that it wouldn't keep till morning. You can read it yourself."

She gave him the yellow slip of paper that was his first telegram, and he sat up in bed to read the blue-typed, magic words by lantern light.

Take the early morning train for Thanksgiving here. Hip, hip, hooray. CLEM.

It was unbelievable. Jack looked up at Mrs. Dumfries. Mrs. Dumfries laughed.

"Oh, yes, it's quite true," she said, "and you can go. I knew you'd like it. Now you must go to sleep quickly, for you will have to be up at five and your train goes at six. I looked at the time table before I came over. I'll have you called."

She took up her lantern and went out of the room, leaving him just as he was to think it over.

"My dear, I almost cried," she said to Mr. Dumfries a few minutes later. "Oh, no, of course I didn't, but I almost did. I wish you could have seen him. There he was, sitting up straight in bed, the same gallant New Little Boy as ever. His eyes were so round and blue, and that hair he is so careful about was so rumpled and astonished-looking, and his expression—I can't tell you about his expression. People must look just that way—or, at any rate, I hope they do—when they walk in at the door of heaven."

Certainly it seemed to Jack himself that a finite mind could grasp no more infinite happiness. He sat there in the dark, the telegram still in his hand to prove he had not dreamed it all; the wonder of the moment

and the wonder of the morrow billowing like a rolling, golden haze before his mental vision. Once he spoke aloud in the darkness that was no longer lonely.

"Well," he said, "well, I say!" and could find no more adequate expression.

He forced himself to lie down again at last, as he had seen his father compose himself, by sheer will, before an important battle, and by sheer will, he, too, fell asleep, the slumber that was that happy borderland between sleep and waking, when the body takes its rest, and the soul is dimly conscious of great and glorious things, prescient of the marvels that the day may bring forth.

At five the friendly gardener awakened him, and he sprang up with that clear consciousness which is one of the rights of clean boyhood. Before he was half dressed, the rubicund face of Mike, the historic expressman, appeared at the door, and between them they bundled Jack's clothes into a big bag, once the property of Kid Mack; and Mike made the historic joke about the elephant and the trunk, and Jack found it inexpressibly funny.

There was something romantically fascinating about eating his breakfast by artificial light. It was as if life had been turned suddenly inside out, and in celebration of the day he was allowed for a little to live on the reverse. Oatmeal had zest to him, and bread and butter a changeling charm.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dumfries were up to see him off, and he understood the effort that it cost. It was something unofficial and human that made his happiness greater.

They instructed him carefully, so that with breakfast over he knew, as he drove away to the station, just what train he was to take, where he was to change cars, and what train he should change into.

Mike, the expressman, drove him to the station in a cart that rattled and banged over

the unaccustomed and gray-
ing darkness of the familiar road. At the railway station he was surprised to find so many people already astir, but he felt glad of them. They were comrades in the day of festival. His shyness and reserve were gone. He told the ticket agent all about the telegram when he bought his ticket, and that busy and harassed young man listened to the end, and heartily congratulated him. Even the conductor on the train, whom he remembered as a gilt-braided, grim tyrant, he saw now to be a jovial person fond of a little joke; for he



SHE GAVE HIM THE YELLOW SLIP OF PAPER THAT WAS HIS FIRST TELEGRAM. AND HE SAT UP IN BED TO READ THE BLUE TYPED. MAGIC WORDS BY LANTERN LIGHT

punched Jack's ticket with great deliberation, and when he thrust it back again into the edge of the seat in front of him, Jack saw that a rather Aztec-looking turkey had been fretted on it by his punch.

The country racing backward past his window grew clearer and clearer, until in the hazy pink of accomplished dawn he could see smoke beginning to curl from chimney tops, and here and there steps being swept down, and the world in general awaking to Thanksgiving. Before he had grown weary of looking the train drew in at the great city where he was to change cars, and there—not much to his surprise, for it was evidently to be a day of miracles—he discovered Clem awaiting him on the platform, and Clem fell upon

him and beat him on the back, and danced around him, and chanted incoherently. His bag was taken from him, and he found himself being introduced to a tall man of about his father's age, who looked like a general, and who Clem explained in parenthesis was *his* father.

"We live only about forty miles from here," Clem explained, "and so father and I got up at the crack of dawn and came over for you in the car. It was bully, Jack; we started with the searchlights. We had to race to catch you before you changed cars. When did you get the telegram?"

"Late last night. Mrs. Dumfries brought it over. I tell you what, I was surprised." How feeble words were.

"Oh, Jack, were you? To think of your going to bed and not knowing. That's just like our telegraph office at home. They're awfully slow. I told grandmother about you just as soon as I saw her, and she said that it was a shame, and that I ought to have had sense enough to have brought you along anyhow. Didn't she, father?"

Mr. Robbins nodded. He was keeping carefully out of the conversation.

"Well, I got it anyhow," said Jack conclusively.

It was as if they had been parted for years. They talked in crowded, half-finished sentences, and the forty fast miles were gone before they had exhausted the individual happenings of the last twenty-four hours.

Their home-coming was joyful confusion. Jack saw a big, old-fashioned house, set far back in a great, well-kept place, a house the door of which was flung open to pour the multitude of the Robbins family down the steps to their welcoming. There were little sisters and little brothers, seemingly countless cousins and aunts and uncles of every age and variety. There was a lovely lady something like Mrs. Dumfries, who kissed him in exactly the same way, a white-haired, ruddy young fellow of sixty, whom they called grandfather, and a stately lady with iron-gray, old-fashioned curls, who was the heart and center of it all. Jack was a little afraid of her for a minute or so.

They all crowded around him very much as he had seen people crowd around his father in the dressing-room after a fight. Little brothers and little boy cousins expressed a shy desire to feel his muscle, which gave him the warm feeling of a man of years, and of being for the first time an "old boy" at St. Stephens. Even the grandfather poked him tentatively in the solar plexus, and murmured

something about the interest with which he had followed his father's career—a murmur which the grandmother heard and laughed at.

He said nothing at all to the little girls. They were starchy, fluffy creatures, all ruffles and ribbons and blowing hair, and more beyond his ken than if they had been the fairies they looked. He presently found himself out of doors again with Clem, that he might make a tour of the place, and to work up the all-conquering appetite which Clem informed him was an absolute necessity.

Here again were pond and meadow and wood and stream, but to-day their beauty cried aloud to him, all the lovely russet world of after-harvest time fairly shouted him welcome. He took great lungfuls of the keen, clear air, and threw back his head in the sunlight. They visited barn and stable and the orchard, where late russet apples were still on the trees. They skirted the poultry yard, and cut across the pasture, to return home at last through a wide, brown, stubbled corn-field, where the crisp, rustling stalks were stacked here and there like the tents of an army, and orange-yellow pumpkins lay in gigantic splendor at the ends of withered, running stalks which could not possibly have nurtured them.

Jack had taken Thanksgiving dinners before, or thought he had, uninteresting, perfunctory hotel affairs, where he had eaten two slabs of lukewarm turkey, and a dab of glucose-stiffened cranberry sauce, dinners that he discovered now were no more like the real thing than those hotels were like this home. The long, white-draped table filled most of the big, sunny dining room. There was something ceremonial about its very size.

He had heard of tables groaning beneath the feast, but there was no groan about this table, rather it seemed to laugh and chatter and almost sing. There was only room down the center of it for a low and narrow bank of flowers, and all the rest of its great length and breadth were crowded with side dishes of various necessity as the meal progressed, dishes of salted nuts and candies and fruits, and dishes whose contents he could only guess; a comfortable, old-fashioned, homely board with no modern nonsense about it, where there was plenty of bread and butter, and the changes of silver were brought on as they were needed, and not arranged in a Chinese puzzle beside the plates to trip the unwary and the young. The dinner commenced auspiciously with oyster stew, illu- sively flavored, hot and steaming, an ideal medium to crumple crisp crackers into; then

came chicken pie, brown, crusted, and succulent, which the grandmother served from her end of the table, an estimable dish, somewhat neglected to be sure, and cast in the shade by the coming lord of the feast.

Even in his inexperience Jack knew perfectly well when the turkey was coming. There was a stir among the children, a sudden hush in the chatter about the table, an unconscious turning of faces toward the pantry door, a galvanic thrill of premonition. Much the same sort of thing precedes the entrance of the monarch at coronation, or the appearance of the elephants in a circus parade. This turkey, as it was borne into the room, seemed a blending of both, a monarch of the feast, a mastodon-like fowl. Even the experienced, imagining the largest turkey possible to their conception, are always surprised—if the feast be a proper one—at a creature larger than their imaginings. To Jack this turkey seemed a sheer miracle—a stupendous, awe-compelling dish. A great, golden-brown bird it was, looming above an enormous platter, garlanded and decked about with parsley, steaming incense to high heaven, a bird impossible to city ovens, none of your square-molded market creatures, but of plump, high-standing breast bone as nature made him.

There were cries and clapping of hands, a shrill "Oh!" from one of the younger children, which brought a laugh from the grown-ups. Jack found that he had been cheering with the rest, and that the little girl beside him—whom he had not yet dared to look at—was squeezing his hand in the ecstatic abandon of the moment. He looked at her. She was not looking at him, but at the turkey. She was flushed and wide-eyed and very pretty. There was no self-consciousness about her, even when she dropped his hand.

"Isn't it *e-normous!*" she gasped, turning to him.

"It looks like an ostrich," said Jack, suddenly finding himself able to talk.

The little girl giggled with delight. He was a man of wit and presence.

The rosy grandfather had gotten to his feet, explaining that he had to be able to see over what he was carving. The children shouted, and Jack, shouting with them, recognized him as a polished representative of the old school, a very paragon of sprightly, courtly humor. Even his carving was a relic of the lost arts of days gone by; for the thin, juicy slices fell under his knife in miraculous orderly fashion in patterns of white and brown on each side of the fast-appearing rack.

Jack found his plate when it was set before him a wide, heaping profusion in which it was difficult to choose the first point of attack. There were turkey white and brown, chestnut and sausage meat stuffing, crimson cranberry sauce that no French chef had ever learned the secret of, a snowy mound of mashed potato, a dash of transfigured turnip, and something which looked like pale-green gold, which he discovered to be squash. These made islands, and round about and between was a brown sea of gravy. The little girl beside him passed him celery, celery still crisp with a cool, underground isolation. With grateful presence of mind he offered her the salt, and she poured a little heap for their mutual benefit on the tablecloth between their plates. It was lovely of her. He remembered something Clem had said about salt.

Just when he had decided he could eat no more, the table was cleared, the turkey vanished away, and pie reigned in its stead. He ventured to take a small slice of mince. The little girl beside him whispered that the grandmother made all the pies herself. She said it as if he should have known, as if only grandmothers could make pies worth eating. He heard the grandmother herself avowing, in her stately way, her scorn of brandy in mince pie, and explaining to one of the aunts that boiled cider was the only thing to put into mince meat. Whether it was due to the lack of brandy or the presence of boiled cider, he did not know; he only knew that his hunger had taken a sort of second wind. He allowed himself more mince, and branched from that into apple, lemon, and even squash pie, a delicious spicy dish hitherto unknown. Nuts and raisins came as a happy anticlimax. He found himself skillful in nut-cracking. The little girl beside him told him it was because he was so "awfully strong." She insisted upon it in spite of his disclaimer.

Afternoon was well advanced when they left the table, but after some sit-around games played in deference to the common repletion there was still time for others when activity returned again. Jack found himself on intimate terms with everybody, even white dresses and ruffles—now losing something of their starchiness—inspired him no longer with terror. With Clem he shared the honors of prisoner's base; with the little girl who had sat beside him he found, at hide-and-seek, a place that even Clem could never discover. And when at last the children came trooping in from barn and meadow and orchard to sit down to a cold supper, he was warm with new



PRESENTLY THE ROSY OLD BOY OF SIXTY BEGAN THE STORY WHICH WAS EXPECTED OF HIM

comradeship, aglow with the feeling that he was almost kin with these happy, wonderful, everyday boys and girls.

The evening was cold and a fire of soft pine had been lighted in the big fireplace in the living room. Jack threw himself naturally enough with the rest of the children on the floor before it; their elders grouped in the flickering, half-shadows behind them. It was evidently the ceremonial end of the ceremonial day; for everybody waited in silence, or talked in low whispers, until presently the rosy old boy of sixty began the story which was expected of him—a story which Jack realized meant that he was not sixty at all, but something more than seventy. For it was all about what he called “the late unpleasantness,” the tragic struggle between North and South, and how he had been captured and had escaped, an enthralling tale of armies and war, of lonely wildernesses and baying bloodhounds, a tale that concerned the vital life of his great and glorious country—and Jack’s.

When it was over the good nights were said quietly. Clem took Jack to his room, tried to talk, and finally yawned himself away to his own bed. Jack stood for a moment with his hand upon the door knob, alone and with his heart swelling within him. Home and Thanksgiving day! He understood them

both now. His soul was singing in a sort of reverent exaltation. He wished that he were Clem, that with pen and ink and easy cadence he might express it all. He began slowly to undress, and among his clothes, in Kid Mack’s big bag, he found his half finished letter, and a little stub of pencil. He paused a moment and then wrote rapidly from his full heart:

“I did not stay at school after all. Clem telegraphed for me to come to his grandmother’s. I wish that you had been here. I never understood about Thanksgiving. I will write all about it sometime if I can—but I am afraid that I can’t ever write it well enough. I’ll have to wait until you are home again” (he paused at the “home” and then underscored it), “then I shall try to tell you about it.”

He knew that this was a poor expression, but he hoped his father would understand. Then he had an inspiration, and getting up, he took something from his jacket pocket and wedged it carefully into the addressed envelope.

“P. S.,” he wrote, “I am sending you the wish-bone of the turkey.”

He folded the letter, and sealed the lumpy package. In five minutes more he was in bed.

A THREE-YEAR OLD-BOY

With a Vocabulary of 1771 Words

A FEW months ago we published, in an article dealing with Dr. Peter Roberts's great work of teaching English to foreigners, a statement that the average child of six or seven has a vocabulary of 200 or 300 words. Subsequently Dr. Roberts corrected this statement by saying that the figures ought to be 300 or 400.

Since the publication of that article we have received many interesting letters on the subject. One of the most interesting is the following from Guy Montrose Whipple, Assistant Professor of Science and Art of Education in Cornell University. We publish it because it contains information about an interesting child, and because it raises the point that children have larger vocabularies than we credit them with having:

"Because I happen, for professional reasons, to have collected information about children's vocabularies for a number of years past, I have been much interested in the comments of your readers concerning the size of these vocabularies.

"The truth is, I believe, that most parents greatly underestimate the number of words that are used by their children. The only way to get a child's speaking vocabulary is to go after it with pencil and paper and religiously to set down his words, one by one, not for a day or for several days, but for several weeks. When, during the course of a dinner-table conversation, I asked how many words an ordinary, every-day three-year-old boy could use, the first of my friends 'guessed' 150 words; his estimate was greeted with derision by the other, who declared: 'Oh, pshaw; fifty words would cover the vocabulary of the brightest three-year-old you ever knew.' Needless to add that my assertion that my own youngster at that age actually used, by count, 1,771 different words was the occasion of polite incredulity and jocose commiseration of the fond but deluded parent.

"However, this vocabulary is on record in detail (*Pedagogical Seminary*, March, 1909) and the inquisitive reader may learn there that it is by no means the largest vocabulary

that has been reported, though, to be sure, probably above the average performance. In the twenty-odd published vocabularies, we find that children from 16 to 19 months are using from 60 to 232 words, that two-year-old children are using from 115 to 1227 words and that the vocabulary increases rapidly from that time on. It is perfectly safe to assert that the average three-year-old child makes use of 1000 words. This holds true at least for the child who has an ordinary quantum of curiosity and a normal tendency toward linguistic imitation and who is in daily contact with parents or older children who are ready to name situations for him as fast as they appear."

We have gone to the article referred to by Professor Whipple, and below we reprint a small part of the child's vocabulary, just as an interesting exhibit. Before taking up a partial list of the words used by this child, however, it is worth while to read an extract from Professor and Mrs. Whipple's account of their son and of their observations as to his use of the language:

"The child Richard, whose vocabulary up to three years of age is here presented, has been the only child in the family since his birth. He is in every way a normal child, but perhaps somewhat farther advanced in general physical and mental development than the average child of his age. . . .

"R's health has been uninterrupted by any serious ailment. He has not been forced in his development. No special pains have been taken to enlarge his vocabulary, though he has been taught the meaning of words about which he inquired, and has been read to from several children's story-books. His vocabulary has been acquired almost entirely from his parents' conversation. The influence of parental example, with the avoidance of excessive 'baby talk' and the use of careful enunciation, is, we believe, responsible for the exceptionally good pronunciation and relative freedom from errors of syntax that have characterized R's speech. He has had the stimulus to linguistic acquisition that comes from a considerable amount of travel

and several changes of residence. He had, at the age of three, received no instruction in reading or writing, in the hope of postponing as long as possible the close use of the eyes.

"The present vocabulary was assembled in the following manner: We first prepared 26 blank sheets, one for each letter, and for ten days prior to his third birthday recorded words as fast as we heard them used. We next added those words which we knew had been used previously, but which had not chanced to appear during this record; in each instance we framed up conversation that would involve the use by *R* of the word in question in order to make sure that the word was still known and could be properly used. Finally, we turned to the several published vocabularies of children and found a large number of words that had not been recorded by either of the first two methods: these were similarly tested before they were included. Even after all these devices had been exhausted, we doubtless missed a number of words, as several terms appeared during the next few weeks which were thought to be third-year terms, so that the 1771 words which are recorded represent a minimal vocabulary, and the actual number of words known and used by *R* prior to his third birthday is probably in the neighborhood of 1800.

"The principles which have governed us in our record demand a brief explanation. The words here listed are those actually used in sentences, but we have not included any isolated terms which were merely pronounced imitatively, or catch-phrases from nursery rhymes that were uttered without any appreciation of their meaning. Naturally, not all the words listed were used accurately or even with adequate appreciation of their meaning, *e. g.*, the words *eighty*, *hundred*, and *thousand* were simply known to mean a large number of things. Contrary to the custom of some writers, we have included inflected endings (except plurals), grammatical variants and compounds, *e. g.*, *tall*, *taller*, and *tallest*; *go*, *going*, and *gone*; *has* and *hasn't*; *blue*, *bird*, and *blue-bird*. It seems unnecessary to point out that, psychologically speaking, related forms like these are just as much distinct acquisitions for the child as are totally different words such as *tall* and *short*: the principles of exclusion that have been adopted by some compilers of children's vocabularies, notably by Holden, may be grammatically, but they are not psychologically, justifiable."

With this explanation Professor and Mr. Whipple set down a complete list of their child's known vocabulary of 1,771 words at the age of three. This list covers several pages in the pamphlet, and, if we should reproduce it here in fine type—eight columns to a page—like the following example—it would fill considerably more than two solid pages of this magazine. The following sections of the youngster's authorized vocabulary under the letters C and T will give some idea of the 1,771 words.

<p>C</p> <p>cab cabbage cage call (n) call (v) came camel can (n) can (v) candle candy cannon can't cap captain car card card-case care careful carefully carnation Caroline carriage carpet carrot carry cart Cashmere Bouquet cat catalogue catch caterpillar cathedral caught cave celery cellar Centralia certainly chafing-dish chair chalk chance chanced change (n) change (v) chase chased "chaser" check check-book cheese chew Chicago chickadees chicken chiffonier children chimney chin chocolate choke "choo" chop (n) chop (v) Christmas Christmas-tree chunk church cigar cinnamon circus cities clap claws</p>	<p>clean cleaning clear Clifford climb clock closet cloth clothes clothes-line clothes-pin clouds cloudy clown Clyde coal coal-bin coat cocoa cocoanut coffee coffee-pot Coffman's cold (a) cold (n) cold-air-box collar collision color colored Columbia Columbus comb come commode company conductor cook cook-book cookies cooking cool coop "Co-op" corncob corner cornet corn-flakes cornstarch corset-cover cotton couch could couldn't couple (v) coupled coupling counin course cover (n) cover (v) covered cow crackers cranberries crawl crayon cream creep creeping crows crows crumbs crust cry crying cuff cuff-buttons cunning cunningest</p>	<p>cup cupful curly curtains curve curved cushion custard cut</p> <p>T</p> <p>tabby table tablecloth tall take taken taking talk talking tall taller tallest tam tan tape-needle tapoca tassel taste (n) taste (v) taught tea tea-ball teach tea-kettle tea-pot teaspoon tea-table team tear (v) Teddy-bear "teetery" teeth telegaph pole telephone (n) telephone (v) tell ten tender (a) tender (n) tennis terribly than thank that the their them then there thermometer these they thick thimble thing think thinking thirsty thirteen this those though thought thousand thread throat through</p>	<p>throw throwing thumb Thursday ticket ticking "tick-tick" tickle tie tiger tight time tin tin-foil tiny tip tippy tire (n) tired tissue-paper tomato toast (n) toast (v) toasted tobacco tobacco-jar toboggan to-day toe toe-nail together tomato Tom-cat Tommy to-morrow tongue tongue to-night too tool tool-house "toot-toot" tooth tooth-brush tooth-past tooth-pick touch top towards towel towa toy track train tray tree trick trill trolley-car trousers truly trumpet trunk trunk-wagon try trying tub Tuesday tumble (v) tumbler tunnel turkey turn turned turning turtle twelve two typewriter "typewriting"</p>
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THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

The First Kindergarten in America

IN one of Miss Tarbell's articles on *The American Woman*, published in a magazine some few years ago, the work of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, was briefly analyzed. And now there comes to *The Pilgrim's Scrip* a letter from one of the readers of this article who says he was a pupil of Miss Peabody and claims to be the first "kindergarted" child in America. His reminiscences of his teacher are brief, but too suggestive to those who are interested, as we believe the readers of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* generally are on the subject of education, not to be passed on.

"It was before the year 1854 that I first saw Miss Peabody. Probably about a year and a half before, for it was spring, and we sat by an open window while she told me a story. It was of the siege of Troy, and she made it so plain and matter-of-fact to me at that very juvenile age (1848 was my birth year) that I know exactly how that big, wooden horse looked to me from her description. A few years after, she was teaching me geometry, and later on reading. Of course I did not know that I was being educated on strict kindergarten lines, but years after I fully appreciated it.

"She could make herself plainly understood by even the very smallest of children. There was no talking down to their level—no 'baby talk' about her. The words were selected that were already known and some new ones added and explained. Never tiresome. We always wanted

more—went away hungry is no fanciful phrase as applied to Miss Peabody's teaching. She did not lay any stress upon remembering things, but on knowing them. She could make a very young child know geometry and Latin, but there was no conjugating of verbs or heavy demonstration of theorems. It was all done in short talks and spontaneous questions. It seemed as if she could see a question in an eye glance or gesture of a pupil and bring out an answer from some other one or furnish it herself just as it was needed. I am sure her equal never did exist. For who will ever be so venturesome to-day as to place geometry, algebra, and arithmetic in the sequence as named and successfully teach them to a child. Beginning geometry before reading and letting the letters of algebra come as an aid in learning to spell.

"Of her classroom work I know very little. I was in her school at Englewood, N. J. (Mr. Theodore Weld's school), but all that I can remember was Miss Peabody. What she said and how she said it filled every crack and cranny of our minds. I do not remember to have ever heard a word said about not whispering or 'keep still.' But I do remember with the impression still vivid as of a hideous dream my first and only half day under 'academic' discipline.

"The best way that I can express Miss Peabody's methods is to say that she created an appetite for knowledge and then satisfied that appetite. And we all know that it is an appetite that grows by what it feeds on."

The City Drinker who is not Vicious—but Weary

AT the Café Martin I have been watching a man who is in the grip of liquor. He looks about thirty, but there is a curious glare in his eyes and an unhealthy condition of the flesh.

He seems to be a business man, for he generally lunches alone, and is occupied with papers and memoranda of various kinds. He is distinctly not of the frivolous kind. I suspect that he is overworked, and worried.

At lunch he drinks absinthe, followed by whisky high-balls, and, frequently, wine.

After his final coffee, one day, I saw him start

to go, then linger and call a waiter. He ordered a cocktail, which he drank eagerly. Then he left the restaurant hurriedly, busily, but steadily. He looks weary, miserable, unhappy—as if he *must* have the temporary life that alcohol gives him, but as if he appreciates the helpless condition into which he is rapidly drifting.

He is not the vicious, weak, hopeless, and traditional drunkard that the country W. C. T. U. pictures in its imagination. He is the new drunkard of our later civilization—a much more serious product. He is the cruel product of the swift city life—where rush and mighty competi-

tion drive men to over-exertion—where good men of limited powers and capacity are forced to compete with genius.

The struggle of the ordinary man to keep up

with the exceptional man is the heartless spectacle one sees in the city. Whisky seems to help, for a very short time. At least it seems to give rest—where weariness is about to overpower.

Not the Cost of Living but the Standard of Living that has Gone up

AS a boy in the early '70's, I remember going to the store for my mother and paying nothing less than \$1.00 per pound for tea. Flour was 6 or 7 cents per pound. Sugar 8 to 10 cents. Coffee 40 and 45 cents. A pair of high boots, such as I wore in the winter, cost \$7.50 or \$8.00, and to make them last they were copper-toed. My father was a country parson with never more than \$1,000 per annum. I'm a free lance, earning from \$2,500 to \$4,000. 'Tis true, I'm no better off than was my father, but the fault is mine, not the cost of necessities. I pay 60 cents a pound for tea, 3 or 4 cents for flour, 5 to 7 cents for sugar, 29 to 35 cents for coffee, \$3.50 to \$4.00 for the boots without protectors. Then why is it so? Simply this, I have altered the whole plan of living as compared with my father's time, and instead of doing the thousand and one things personally which my parents did for themselves, I employ others to do them for me, and, of course, have to pay them. A dollar is not a unit of gold, but a unit of labor. Now, labor is dear in this country because it is *scarce*, and for no other reason. 'Tis true, I pay 25 cents a pound for steak, but this is not due to a Beef Trust or robber this or robber that, but because of the manner in which I demand my steak shall be handled and handed to me before I will receive and pay for it. As a matter of fact, I could not have obtained such a steak at 50 cents per pound fifteen years ago.

If I will do as my daddy did it, get up in the morning, take my market-basket and walk to the places where the same quality of food and vegetables as he bought are still handled, I will get them at the same price, but if I demand my steaks and chops brought to my door, handled from the day the animal was born in the most intelligent and scientific manner, fed and killed in up-to-date conditions, hauled to me in automobiles, wrapped in wax paper and delivered by a boy in a clean, white apron, I have to pay for the labor involved. Again, as a boy in the early '80's, working as a clerk for five dollars per week, in Philadelphia, I received 50 cents for supper-

money when we were required to work extra. Of course, I hunted up a 25-cent place to eat, so that the other quarter would buy some amusement or other. To-day, for 25 cents, I can get a better meal in New York restaurants of the same class, the latter being much cleaner. In short, it is not the cost of living that has gone up, but the standard of living. And all the howling we country boys brought up on a dollar-a-day standard may do, is useless, so long as we try to make our now ten-dollar-a-day income pay for fifteen-dollar-a-day style. I tried housekeeping in London in 1904. Rented a furnished house in the southeast section, New Cross. Kept the same woman who had worked for the regular occupants. We tried to live on our regular New York Harlem-flat standard. The woman opened her eyes, so did we, at the bills. Yes, living is cheaper in London, but only by the London-living standard. So it is in New York, if we stick to the Squedunk standard. But the laboring man? A few years ago we had no such man in America. He doesn't exist to-day in certain parts of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois or Texas—or any other State. We hear a lot about his suffering on the East Side. Go look where he came from. As a matter of fact, he don't know how to live any better than he does. He is living so much better than he did, that he can hardly stand it. I, an American by eight or ten generations of residence here, went to school with boys and girls of the same class; patches on my pants and boots were common also on those of the other boys. My boy goes with the children of fathers who do not yet wear a hat and mothers to whom a shawl is still enough, and yet I look in vain for the patches on their pants or copper on the toes of their shoes.

Finally, I would suggest a comparison of the savings banks' statements of to-day, ten years ago, twenty years ago, and so on. They represent the results of labor in the U. S. A. Take the per capita average. In England, France, and Germany, the great middle-class use the savings banks to an extent unknown here by the same class of people. Don't forget that. E. J. KENNEY.



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THE panting and coughing of a motor car at the door of Mr. Worldly Wiseman's house interrupted Mr. Wiseman just as he had commenced again his lecture on art. Presently, above the roar of the machine, we heard a voice raised in angry denunciation of somebody or something, and then, unannounced, a whirlwind, in the shape of a stout, red-faced old man, swept into the room, damning the night, the country, the invention of automobiles, the intelligence of

**Mr. Worldly
Wiseman's
Father-in-Law
Arrives**

his chauffeur and the eyes of Mr. Worldly Wiseman's servants, and challenging us all to open our mouths and be damned, too. By these signs we recognized the celebrated Mr. Abel Driver, Mr. Worldly Wiseman's father-in-law. It was this personage who now entered and who, we gathered from a torrent of eloquence that would be an "edification for any common sailorman," had, through the machinations of the devil, the unfairness of God, and the blankety-blank double-dashed stupidity of the dash-dashed French plumber who was driving his nefarious machine, lost his way and missed his poker game in New York and now was compelled to spend the night in a dashety-dashed mausoleum that looked like a dashety-dashed pawn shop.

Mr. Worldly Wiseman received this explosion with bland indifference and, when it had partly spent itself, introduced the old gentleman to the company. Mr. Wagg and Mr. Wenham he knew, and he returned the smiling courtesies of these two worthies with a nod. The rest of us he acknowledged with a hoarse grunt and immediately thereafter demanded food. When it was brought he fell upon it with amazing ferocity, fairly hurling himself at it as a man might at a dangerous foe, never taking his eye from it lest it escape him by some

**Mr. Abel
Driver Regales
His Inner
Man**

trick until he had engulfed it. Then he drew an enormous cigar from a case almost as big as a traveling bag, and proceeded to light and smoke it with the same fierce intentness he had shown in devouring his meal. All this time he said not a single word; but gradually the effect of his exercise seemed to pacify him and he suddenly turned with great truculence on the Poet and demanded: "How much do you pay for gasoline?"

Mr. Abel Driver was at this time in his eighty-eighth year, but there was nothing in the vigor of his manner or the alertness of his mind that would show that age had taken a great revenge on him for his defiance of its claims. It had robbed him of little and it had given him nothing,

**A Captain of
Industry
of the
Old School**

for, in spite of his years, no one ever spoke of him as venerable. To do him justice, he would have resented the epithet with his customary emphasis. He had never wished for any man's love, having a feeling that this sentiment, when genuine at all, is generally a mask for pity. He despised weakness and was determined that no matter how else he might be registered in the minds of his fellow-men he would not be regarded as an object of pity. It might be said that

**An Old Age
Sustained
and Soothed
by Hatreds**

his old age was sustained and soothed by his hatreds, for hatred was his controlling impulse. He would go into spasms of rage over the mention of the name of a competitor who had been dead for fifty years, whether the object of his animosity had encountered him in shooting live pigeons or in rigging a stock market.

We must confess an unaccountable admiration for this famous, undaunted old man, with the flames of passion still burning in his heart, rejecting love, spurning sympathy, enjoying ravenously the brute comforts of life, at war with his fellow-men as completely as if he were an old tiger of the jungle sur-

rounded by wild beasts, and erectly infidel at a time of life when any man might be forgiven for approaching the great mystery with fear and humility. He was as uncompromising in his irreligion as in his other feuds. But this much must be said for him—

**A Man Utterly
Without
Hypocrisy**

that he was no kind of hypocrite, either wilful or unconscientious, but said and practised absolutely what he believed. His family denied, but he did not, that in his youth he had been engaged in the illicit importation of slaves as well as in the interstate slave trade which was carried on under the protection of the law. Although born in the northern part of New York State, he owned a plantation in Virginia where negroes were bred for sale in the States farther south. He was bitterly opposed to the sentimentalism of the Abolitionists and contributed heavily to the fund which was raised by Forney among the Wall Street bankers and brokers for the election of Buchanan. He opposed the election of Lincoln and was one of the men mentioned by Forsyth in his letter to Jefferson Davis in which the Confederate commissioner wrote that he had been informed that "two hundred of the most influential and wealthy citizens of New York had been approached and were then arranging the details of a plan to throw off the authority of the Federal and State governments, to seize the navy yard at Brooklyn and to declare New York a free city." Yet when the popular feeling broke down this conspiracy, he did not hesitate to avail himself of the commercial possibilities afforded by the contest, for he was equally active in financing Union army contracts and Confederate blockade runners, trading in gold, building the Union Pacific Railway, and in the other activities to which the adroit minds of those days addressed themselves. You may be sure that he had his full share in the fierce combats and sports of that and later periods. He measured his wits against Commodore Vanderbilt, schemed and fought with Jay Gould, caroused with Jim Fiske. He backed Heenan to beat Sayers, put on the gloves with Bill Poole, drove his team of fast trotters, bet furiously on all sporting events, fought cocks and dogs, shot pigeons, and had a rat pit in his stable where he entertained his friends on Sunday afternoons. His breed of bull terriers was famous, and he could gaff a chicken as clev-

**The Good
Red-Blooded
Sports**

erly as any man from Quebec to Galveston. Now, he deplored the decay of those generous days in the insipid refinements of modern times when the "good red-blooded sports" are only practised spasmodically and when you are more likely to find "a man of wealth, a gentleman, by God, dancing around a dashed lawn-tennis court" than sympathetically watching a terrier killing rats. All through his life the old gentleman had been a prodigious eater and drinker. His aged eye would still light up with something like affection when a dish was mentioned. He would have been a fit table companion for Friar John, for he could drink with any man who ever lived, defied all medical rules as to his potatoes, and now, when within twelve years of a century in age, would envelop a bottle of burgundy at a sitting and think nothing of it. Battle and carouse, that was life and all there was of life.

It was plain that at least two of his three friends looked upon Mr. Abel Driver with something like dread. Mr. Wagg and Mr. Wenham were extremely cautious when addressing him, and if they did no more than offer him a cigar, made the approach with the air of being ready to leap back to escape a blow. Yet it was apparent that with all their fear they did not dare to treat him with disrespect. "We must overlook idiosyncrasies in a man of his advanced years," said Mr. Wagg. "How much do you suppose the old scoundrel is worth?" said Mr. Wenham. Mr. Driver, for his part, treated the two courtiers with hostility and contempt. When Mr. Wagg offered an opinion Mr. Driver almost always received it with an exclamation of disgust, and when Mr. Wenham delivered one of his immortal epigrams the aged person turned to the Poet, for whom he had conceived a sudden liking, and muttered: "Damn puppy!" Mr. Worldly Wiseman was masterly in his treatment of his relation. His manner was warily fond. He displayed the affection of an executor of the will, and a prudence calculated nicely to the dangerous activity of the testator. He indulged Mr. Driver in his stormy outbreaks while clearly indicating that he did not approve of them. In the difficult business of maintaining an equilibrium in his actions toward a man who was at once a friend, a possible enemy and a moribund relation with much money, our illustrious patron excited our admiration.

**A Man
to be Feared
and
Respected**

But in attempting to describe this dis-

tinguished company we must not forget our duty to put down their conversation, which turned now on the social position of the Jew in America.

I WOULD like some one to explain the position of the Jew—said Mr. Wiseman. It is very strange. There is no city in the world where there are so many Jews or where the Jews are so powerful. There are about a million of them, and that is almost one-fifteenths of the total Jewish population of the world. And then look at their power! In financial circles it is so great that Mr. Morgan has had to organize against them. They are the great international bankers;

The Financial Dominance of the Jew in America

they control railways. Take a look at the signs along lower Broadway and you will see that they almost monopolize the business of that neighborhood. Uptown the retail dry-goods business, under Christian names or otherwise, is wholly theirs. They own the theatres, have a greater influence with the press than any other race, and manage, in fact, two of the principal newspapers. You would think from this that in a great commercial city like New York they would receive all the other benefits that come from wealth and power. But this is not so. The fact is that Jews are not socially received in New York. I belong to a dozen clubs and there isn't a Jew in one of them. Not only that, but I wouldn't propose a Jew for membership or ask for a two-weeks' card for a Jew. I think it is safe to say that there isn't a desirable club in New York where a professed Jew could be admitted to membership. Of course

A First-Class Club for Gentlemen

you know what I mean by desirable clubs. With all due respect to you gentlemen, I don't mean clubs frequented by literary and professional men. I mean first-class clubs for gentlemen. I have put up and seen elected lots of men whom I disliked, men whom I considered bounders, for I don't think a man should be rejected from a club merely because he is personally objectionable so long as he is a man of wealth or otherwise is a gentleman. Besides, it is quite a common practice to use clubs as a business convenience. If you run across a man from out of town who has come here to live and you expect to get business from him you naturally get him into a club. He values that attention more than anything else. I

know of a number of firms which insist upon their members belonging to a great many clubs for this purpose alone. As a matter of fact I belong to clubs which I think so little about that I wouldn't hesitate to introduce my grocer to them, and I wouldn't introduce my best friend if he were a Jew. The anti-Semitic ordinance is stronger than the written laws of clubs. A man might break the printed rules and escape with less penalty in the long run than if he violated this unwritten law. Sometimes I have found it a great inconvenience. I have often

The Unwritten Club Ordinance Against Jews

come uptown with a man with whom I was engaged in a business deal, and found myself at the door of my club. As in an ordinary case of a visitor from out of town my first thought would be to put him down on the visitors' book. Then I would suddenly reflect that he was a Jew and I would be obliged to leave him or take him to a hotel. The Jews are forced to maintain clubs of their own. They have three or four very fine ones to which only Jews are admitted, although I never heard of anyone else trying to get into them. This antipathy to Jews extends to the whole social life of New York. Jews, no matter how rich or clever, are not admitted to fashionable society, except in the exceptional instances where they have married into old New York families or when they belong to one of the half dozen Jewish families that have lived in this town for two hundred years or more. A hotel ceases to be fashionable once it is frequented by Jews. When the Jews gain a foothold in a summer resort it becomes a summer resort for Jews alone. Jewish boys are not welcomed in the preparatory schools where people of our class send their children. You won't find their names on the lists of Groton, St. Mark's or St. Paul's. These, it is true, are denominational schools in a sense, but the rich educated Jew of the present day is not much of a stickler for religious forms. Jewish young men get into the universities and they earn honors for scholarship, but they don't get into the social clubs where young men of even less wealth are prepared for their superior social station in after life. All this is strange and almost unaccountable considering the proper worship of wealth in this community.

Yet it is a fact which the Jews have observed with indignation and which one of their most prominent clergymen has denounced with great bitterness. It isn't so in England, where people of our caste go

for most of their social standards. Jews are prominent in London society. A number of them are in the House of Lords, and they were among the most intimate friends of the late King. Personally, I don't object to the system of exclusion. I willingly accept the

The Social Prominence of Jews in London

law of my class. But it seems strange that we should socially put up the bars against a rich and powerful race with whom we are glad to associate in commercial life."

Saying which, Mr. Worldly Wiseman sank back in his chair with the air of a man who has delivered himself of a profound philosophical speculation.

IT is all the stranger—said Mr. Wenhams—when you reflect that a great number of the most prominent New York families were founded by Jews. It is a well-known fact that the first head of the family which by common consent is the most eminent socially in America was a Jew. I think it is also a fact that a large number of the Knickerbocker families are of Jewish extraction. If we had no other proof of that the strongly Semitic appearance of their descendants would be proof enough.

Mildred and Priscilla Might be Rachel and Rebecca

There is no escaping that evidence. I know a dozen men in my club, of the best social standing, who by every rule of physiognomy are Jews. The old families are

full of them, and you will find as many handsome Rachels and Rebeccas under the name of Mildred or Priscilla at a fashionable ball in New York as at a dinner in the house of Isaac of New York. Whether we keep out the new Jews or not, the old Jews are at the top of New York society, be gad.

MR. ABEL DRIVER had listened to this conversation with a painful degree of impatience, which he manifested by alarming snorts and groans. Finally, he could stand the strain no longer, but burst out in an explosion of maledictions as a preface to saying: "Of course, we don't receive the Jews socially. Why the blazes should we? I hate 'em. It's their dash dashed air of superiority I can't stand. They think they're better than we are, that they're more civilized and know more and they can't help showing it. Curse 'em! I always feel they're secretly laughing at us. Think we're crude savages, that's what they do. You get back of that damn supercilious smile on a Jew and you'll find he despises Christians like us. I don't want to meet 'em socially. If they ever get into my clubs I'll resign. It's bad enough to run across them in business. Why, downtown they think they're honester than we are because we do things on a big scale and by force—take a weak fellow's property away from him with the strong arm instead of trading with him. Damned peddlers and pawnbrokers! Only last year we had a Jew in our combination, and just at a time when we had old Jabez Winterbotham out on a limb and were sawing it off the Jew quit us. Said it wasn't fair. And not only that, but he financed old Jabe over his troubles and they're making money hand over fist. Nothing but treachery. When I get away from them downtown I want to find men of my own class to associate with, New York gentlemen of the old school. I wouldn't introduce a Jew to my crowd. They don't know how to act in good society. They ain't got good manners. Here, you [to the butler], gimme a light."

New York Gentlemen of the Old School

OLD WORDS

BY LOUIS HOW

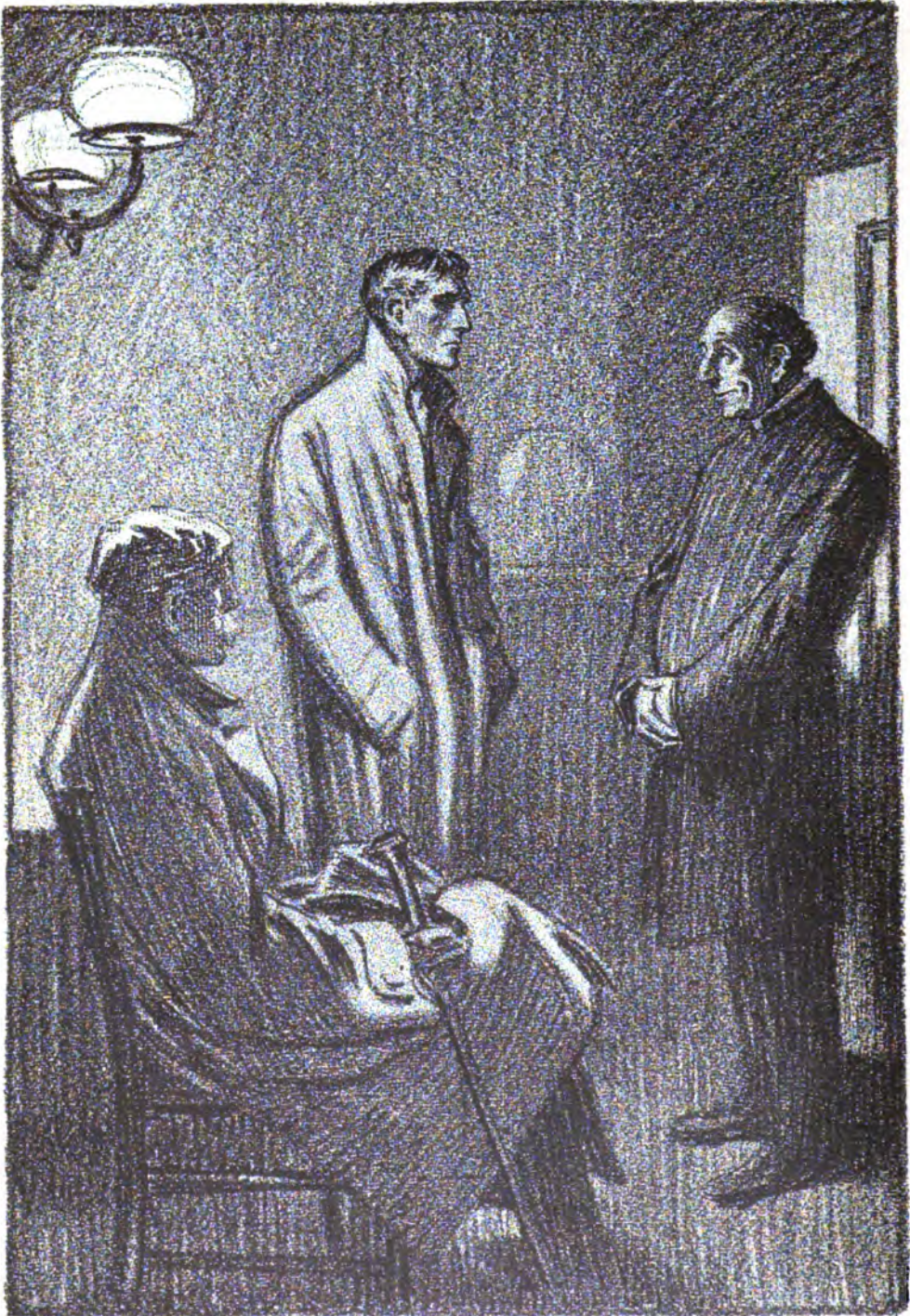
All has been said that can be said:
 But not by us.
 Moreover, love when fullest fed,
 Is ravenous.
 Decrepit words ere we were born,
 Spoken by you,
 Become like sunbeams of the morn,—
 So fresh, so new!

THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

for December, 1911

Vol. LXXIII

No. 2



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

"OUR TIME IS LIMITED, WATSON," SAID HOLMES. "IF YOU TRY TO STOP US, PETERS, YOU WILL MOST CERTAINLY GET HURT. WHERE IS THAT COFFIN WHICH WAS BROUGHT INTO YOUR HOUSE?"

SHERLOCK HOLMES' LATEST ADVENTURE

The Disappearance of Lady Carfax

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"**B**UT why Turkish?" asked Mr. Sherlock Holmes, gazing fixedly at my boots. I was reclining in a cane-backed chair at the moment, and my protruded feet had attracted his ever-active attention.

"English," I answered in some surprise. "I got them at Latimer's in Oxford Street."

Holmes smiled with an expression of weary patience.

"The bath!" he said, "the bath! Why the relaxing and expensive Turkish rather than the invigorating home-made article?"

"Because for the last few days I have been feeling rheumatic and old. A Turkish bath is what we call an alterative in medicine—a fresh starting point, a cleanser of the system. By the way, Holmes," I added, "I have no doubt that the connection between my boots and a Turkish bath is a perfectly self-evident one to a logical mind, and yet I should be obliged to you if you would indicate it."

"The train of reasoning is not very obscure, Watson," said Holmes, with a mischievous twinkle. "It belongs to the same elementary class of deduction which I should illustrate if I were to ask you who shared your cab in your drive this morning."

"I don't admit that a fresh illustration is an explanation," said I with some asperity.

"Bravo, Watson! a very dignified and logical remonstrance. Let me see, what were the points? Take the last one first—the cab. You observe that you have some splashes on the left sleeve and shoulder of your coat.

Had you sat in the center of a hansom you would probably have had no splashes, but if you had they would certainly have been symmetrical. Therefore it is clear that you sat at the side. Therefore it is equally clear that you had a companion."

"That is very evident."

"Absurdly commonplace, is it not?"

"But the boots and the bath?"

"Equally childish. You are in the habit of doing up your boots in a certain way. I see them on this occasion fastened with an elaborate double bow, which is not your usual method of tying them. You have therefore had them off. Who has tied them—a bootmaker—or the boy at a bath? It is unlikely that it is the bootmaker, since your boots are nearly new. Well, what remains? The bath. Absurd, is it not? But for all that, the Turkish bath has served a purpose."

"What is that?"

"You say that you have had it because you need a change. Let me suggest that you take one. How would Lausanne do, my dear Watson, first-class tickets and all expenses paid on a princely scale?"

"Splendid! But why?"

Holmes leaned back in his armchair and took his notebook from his pocket.

"One of the most dangerous classes in the world," said he, "is the drifting and friendless woman. She is the most harmless, and often the most useful of mortals, but she is the inevitable inciter of crime in others. She is helpless. She is migratory. She has

sufficient means to take her from country to country and from hotel to hotel. She is lost, as often as not, in a maze of obscure pensions and boarding-houses. She is a stray chicken in a world of foxes. When she is gobbled up she is hardly missed. I much fear that some evil has come to the Lady Frances Carfax."

I was relieved at this sudden descent from the general to the particular. Holmes consulted his notes.

"Lady Frances," he continued, "is the sole survivor of the direct family of the late Earl of Rufton. The estates went, as you may remember, in the male line. She was left with limited means, but with some very remarkable old Spanish jewelry of silver and curiously cut diamonds, to which she was fondly attached—too attached, for she refused to leave it with her banker and always carried it about with her. A rather pathetic figure, the Lady Frances, a beautiful woman, still in fresh middle age, and yet by a strange chance the last derelict of what only twenty years ago was a goodly fleet."

"What has happened to her, then?"

"Ah, what has happened to the Lady Frances? Is she alive or dead? There is our problem. She is a lady of precise habits, and for four years it has been her invariable custom to write every second week to Miss Dobney, her old governess, who has long retired, and lives in Camberwell. It is Miss Dobney who has consulted me. Nearly five weeks have passed without a word. The last letter was from the Hotel National at Lausanne. Lady Frances seems to have left there and given no address. The family are anxious and as they are exceedingly wealthy no sum will be spared if we can clear the matter up."

"Is Miss Dobney the only source of information? Surely she had other correspondents."

"There is one correspondent who is a sure draw, Watson. That is the bank. Single ladies must live, and their pass-books are compressed diaries. She banks at Silvester's. I have glanced over her account. The second last check paid her bill at Lausanne, but it was a large one and probably left her with cash in hand. Only one check has been drawn since."

"To whom, and where?"

"To Miss Marie Devine. There is nothing to show where the check was drawn. It was cashed at the Credit Lyonnais at Montpellier, less than three weeks ago. The sum was fifty pounds."

"And who is Miss Marie Devine?"

"That also I have been able to discover. Miss Marie Devine was the maid of Lady Frances Carfax. Why she should have paid her this check we have not yet determined. I have no doubt, however, that your researches will soon clear the matter up."

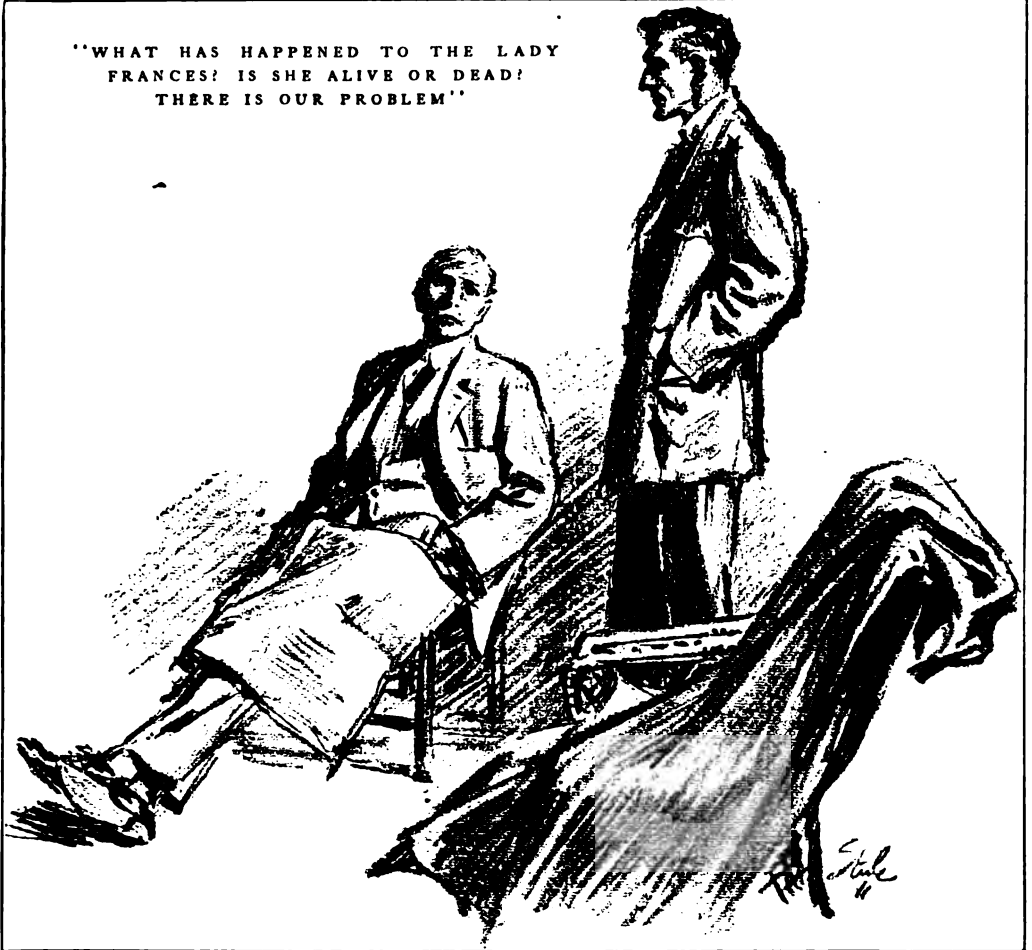
"My researches!"

"Hence the health-giving expedition to Lausanne. You know that I cannot possibly leave London while old Abrahams is in such mortal terror of his life. Besides, on general principles, it is best that I should not leave the country. Scotland Yard feels lonely without me, and it causes an unhealthy excitement among the criminal classes. Go, then, my dear Watson, and if my humble counsel can ever be valued at so extravagant a rate as two-pence a word, it waits your disposal night and day at the end of the Continental wire."

Two days later found me at the National Hotel at Lausanne, where I received every courtesy at the hands of M. Moser, the well-known manager. Lady Frances, as he informed me, had stayed there for several weeks. She had been much liked by all who met her. Her age was not more than forty. She was still handsome and bore every sign of having in her youth been a very lovely woman. M. Moser knew nothing of any valuable jewelry, but it had been remarked by the servants that the heavy trunk in the lady's bedroom was always scrupulously locked. Marie Devine, the maid, was as popular as her mistress. She was actually engaged to one of the head waiters in the hotel, and there was no difficulty in getting her address. It was 11, Rue de Trajan, Montpellier. All this I jotted down into my notebook, and felt that Holmes himself could not have been quicker or more adroit in collecting his facts.

Only one corner still remained in the shadow. No light which I possessed could clear up the reason for the lady's sudden departure. She was very happy at Lausanne. There was every reason to believe that she intended to remain for the season in her luxurious rooms overlooking the lake. And yet she had left at a single day's notice which involved her in the useless payment of a week's rent. Only Jules Vibrat, the lover of the maid, had any suggestion to offer. He connected the sudden departure with the visit to the hotel a day or two before of a tall, dark, bearded man. "*Un sauvage—un véritable sauvage!*" cried Jules Vibrat. The man had rooms somewhere in the town. He had been seen talking earnestly to Madame

"WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE LADY
FRANCES? IS SHE ALIVE OR DEAD?
THERE IS OUR PROBLEM"



on the Promenade by the lake. Then he had called. She had refused to see him. He was English, but of his name there was no record. Madame had left the place immediately afterward. Jules Vibrat, and, what was of more importance, Jules Vibrat's sweetheart, thought that this call and this departure were cause and effect. Only one thing Jules could not discuss. That was the reason why Marie had left her mistress. Of that he could or would say nothing. If I wished to know, I must go to Montpellier and ask her.

So ended the first chapter of my inquiry. The second was devoted to the place which Lady Frances Carfax had sought when she left Lausanne. Concerning this, there had been some secrecy, which confirmed the idea that she had gone with the intention of throwing some one off her track. Otherwise, why should not her luggage have been openly labeled for Baden? Both she and it reached the Rhenish Spa by some circuitous route.

Thus much I gathered from the manager of Cook's local office. So to Baden I went, after dispatching to Holmes an account of all my proceedings, and receiving in reply a telegram of half humorous commendation.

At Baden the track was not difficult to follow. Lady Frances had stayed at the Englischer Hof for a fortnight. While there she had made the acquaintance of a Dr. Shlessinger and his wife, a missionary from South America. Like most lonely ladies, Lady Frances found her comfort and occupation in religion. Dr. Shlessinger's remarkable personality, his whole-hearted devotion, and the fact that he was recovering from a disease contracted in the exercise of his apostolic duties, affected her deeply. She had helped Mrs. Shlessinger in the nursing of the convalescent saint. He spent his day, as the manager described it to me, upon a lounge chair in the verandah, with an attendant lady upon either side of him. He was pre-

paring a map of the Holy Land with special reference to the kingdom of the Midianites, upon which he was writing a monograph.

Finally, having improved much in health, he and his wife had returned to London, and Lady Frances had started thither in their company. This was just three weeks before, and the manager had heard nothing since. As to the maid, Marie, she had gone off some days beforehand in floods of tears, after informing the other maids that she was leaving service forever. Dr. Shlessinger had paid the bill of the whole party before his departure.

"By the way," said the landlord in conclusion, "you are not the only friend of Lady Frances Carfax who is inquiring after her just now. Only a week or so ago we had a man here upon the same errand."

"Did he give a name?" I asked.

"None, but he was an Englishman, though of an unusual type."

"A savage," said I, linking my facts after the fashion of my illustrious friend.

"Exactly. That describes him very well. He is a bulky, bearded, sunburned fellow, who looks as if he would be more at home in a farmer's inn than in a fashionable hotel. A hard, fierce man, I should think, and one whom I should be sorry to offend."

Already the mystery began to define itself, as figures grew clearer with the lifting of a fog. Here was this good and pious lady pursued from place to place by a sinister and unrelenting figure. She feared him, or she would not have fled from Lausanne. He had still followed. Sooner or later he would overtake her. Had he already overtaken her? Was that the secret of her continued silence? Could the good people who were her companions not screen her from his violence, or from his blackmail? What horrible purpose, what deep design lay behind this long pursuit? There was the problem which I had to solve.

To Holmes I wrote showing how rapidly and surely I had got down to the roots of the matter. In reply I had a telegram asking for a description of Dr. Shlessinger's left ear. Holmes' ideas of humor are strange and occasionally offensive, so I took no notice of his ill-timed jest,—indeed, I had already reached Montpelier in my pursuit of the maid, Marie, before his message reached me.

I had no difficulty in finding the ex-servant and in learning all that she could tell me. She was a devoted creature, who had only left her mistress because she was sure that she was in good hands, and because her own ap-

proaching marriage made a separation inevitable in any case. Her mistress had, as she confessed with distress, shown some irritability of temper toward her during their stay in Baden, and had even questioned her once as if she had suspicions of her honesty, and this had made the parting easier than it would otherwise have been. Lady Frances had given her fifty pounds as a wedding present. Like me, Marie viewed with deep distrust the stranger who had driven her mistress from Lausanne. With her own eyes she had seen him seize the lady's wrist with great violence on the public promenade by the lake. He was a fierce and terrible man. She believed that it was out of dread of him that Lady Frances had accepted the escort of the Shlessingers to London. She had never spoken to Marie about it, but many little signs had convinced the maid that her mistress lived in a state of continual nervous apprehension. So far she had got in her narrative, when suddenly she sprang from her chair and her face was convulsed with surprise and fear. "See!" she cried. "The miscreant follows still! There is the very man of whom I speak."

Through the open sitting-room window I saw a huge, swarthy man with a bristling black beard walking slowly down the center of the street and staring eagerly at the numbers of the houses. It was clear that like myself he was on the track of the maid. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, I rushed out and accosted him.

"You are an Englishman," I said.

"What if I am?" he asked, with a most villainous scowl.

"May I ask what your name is?"

"No, you may not," said he, with decision.

The situation was awkward, but the most direct way is often the best.

"Where is the Lady Frances Carfax?" I asked.

He stared at me in amazement.

"What have you done with her? Why have you pursued her? I insist upon an answer!" said I.

The fellow gave a bellow of anger and sprang upon me like a tiger. I have held my own in many a struggle, but the man had a grip of iron, and the fury of a fiend. His hand was on my throat and my senses were nearly gone before an unshaven French *ouvrier* in a blue blouse darted out from a *cabaret* opposite with a cudgel in his hand and struck my assailant a sharp crack over the forearm, which made him let go his hold. He stood for an instant fuming with



"SEE!" SHE CRIED. "THE MISCREANT FOLLOWS STILL! THERE IS THE VERY MAN OF WHOM I SPEAK"

rage and uncertain whether he should not renew his attack. Then, with a snarl of anger, he left me and entered the cottage from which I had just come. I turned to thank my preserver, who stood beside me in the roadway.

"Well, Watson," said he, "a very pretty hash you have made of it! I rather think you had better come back with me to London by the night express."

An hour afterward, Sherlock Holmes, in his usual garb and style, was seated in my private room at the hotel. His explanation of his sudden and opportune appearance was simplicity itself, for, finding that he could get away from London, he determined to head me off at the next obvious point of my travels. In the disguise of a workingman he had sat in the *cabaret* waiting for my appearance.

"And a singularly consistent investigation you have made, my dear Watson," said he. "I cannot at the moment recall any possible

blunder which you have omitted. The total effect of your proceedings has been to give the alarm everywhere and yet to discover nothing."

"Perhaps you would have done no better," I answered bitterly.

"There is no perhaps about it. I *have* done better. Here is the Honorable Philip Green, who is a fellow lodger with you in this hotel, and we may find him the starting point for a more successful investigation."

A card had come up on a salver, and it was followed by the same bearded ruffian who had attacked me in the street. He started when he saw me.

"What is this, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "I had your note and I have come. But what has this man to do with the matter?"

"This is my old friend and associate, Dr. Watson, who is helping us in this affair."

The stranger held out a huge, sunburned hand, with a few words of apology.

"I hope I didn't hurt you. When you accused me of hurting her I lost my grip of myself. Indeed, I'm not responsible these days. My nerves are like live wires. But this situation is beyond me. What I want to know in the first place, Mr. Holmes, is how ever you came to hear of my existence at all?"

"I am in touch with Miss Dobney, Lady Frances' governess."

"Old Susan Dobney with the mob cap? I remember her well."

"And she remembers you. It was in the days before—before you found it better to go to South Africa."

"Ah, I see you know my whole story. I need hide nothing from you. I swear to you, Mr. Holmes, that there never was in this world a man who loved a woman with a more whole-hearted love than I had for Frances. I was a wild youngster, I know—not worse than others of my class. But her mind was pure as snow. She could not bear a shadow of coarseness. So, when she came to hear of things that I had done, she would have no more to say to me. And yet she loved me—that is the wonder of it!—loved me well enough to remain single all her sainted days just for my sake alone. When the years had passed and I had made my money at Barberton, I thought perhaps I could seek her out and soften her. I had heard that she was still unmarried. I found her at Lausanne, and tried all I knew. She weakened, I think, but her will was strong, and when next I called she had left the town. I traced her to Baden, and then after a time heard that her maid was here. I'm a rough fellow, fresh from a rough life, and when Dr. Watson spoke to me as he did, I lost hold of myself for a moment. But for God's sake tell me what has become of the Lady Frances."

"That is for us to find out," said Sherlock Holmes, with a peculiar gravity. "What is your London address, Mr. Green?"

"The Langham Hotel will find me."

"Then may I recommend that you return there and be on hand in case I should want you? I have no desire to encourage false hopes, but you may rest assured that all that can be done will be done for the safety of Lady Frances. I can say no more for the instant. I will leave you this card so that you may be able to keep in touch with us. Now, Watson, if you will pack your bag I will cable to Mrs. Hudson to make one of her best efforts for two hungry travelers at seven-thirty to-morrow."

A telegram was awaiting us when we reached our Baker Street rooms, which Holmes read with an exclamation of interest and threw across to me. "Jagged or torn," was the message, and the place of origin Baden.

"What is this?" I asked. "It is everything," Holmes answered. "You may remember my seemingly irrelevant question as to this clerical gentleman's left ear. You did not answer it."

"I had left Baden and could not inquire."

"Exactly. For this reason I sent a duplicate to the manager of the Englischer Hof, whose answer lies here."

"What does it show?"

"It shows, my dear Watson, that we are dealing with an exceptionally astute and dangerous man. The Reverend Dr. Shlessinger, missionary from South America, is none other than Holy Peters, one of the most unscrupulous rascals that Australia has ever evolved and for a young country it has turned out some very finished types. His particular specialty is the beguiling of lonely ladies by playing upon their religious feelings, and his so-called wife, an Englishwoman named Fraser, is a worthy helpmate. The nature of his tactics suggested his identity to me and this physical peculiarity—he was badly bitten in a saloon fight at Adelaide in '89—confirmed my suspicion. This poor lady is in the hands of a most infernal couple, who will stick at nothing, Watson. That she is already dead is a very likely supposition. If not, she is undoubtedly in some sort of confinement, and unable to write to Miss Dobney or her other friends. It is always possible that she never reached London, or that she has passed through it, but the former is improbable, as with their system of registration it is not easy for foreigners to play tricks with the Continental police, and the latter is also unlikely, as these rogues could not hope to find any other place where it would be as easy to keep a person under restraint. All my instincts tell me that she is in London, but as we have at present no possible means of telling where, we can only take the obvious steps, eat our dinner, and possess our souls in patience. Later in the evening, I will stroll down and have a word with friend Lestrade at Scotland Yard."

But neither the official police, nor Holmes' own small, but very efficient, organization sufficed to clear away the mystery. Amid the crowded millions of London the three persons we sought were as completely obliterated as if they had never lived. Advertise-

ments were tried, and failed. Clues were followed and led to nothing. Every criminal resort which Shlessinger might frequent was drawn in vain. His old associates were watched but they kept clear of him. And then suddenly, after a week of helpless suspense, there came a flash of light. A silver-and-brilliant pendant of old Spanish design had been pawned at Bevingtons in Westminster Road. The pawner was a large, clean-shaven man of clerical appearance. His name and address were demonstrably false. The ear had escaped notice, but the description was surely that of Shlessinger.

Three times had our bearded friend from the Langham called for news—the third time within an hour of this fresh development. His clothes were getting loose on his great body. He seemed to be wilting away in his anxiety. "If you will only give me something to do!" was his constant wail. At last Holmes could oblige him.

"He has begun to pawn the jewels. We should get him now."

"But does this mean that any harm has befallen the Lady Frances?"

Holmes shook his head very gravely.

"Supposing that they have held her prisoner up to now, it is clear that they cannot let her loose without their own destruction. We must prepare for the worst."

"What can I do?"

"These people do not know you by sight?"

"No."

"It is possible that he will go to some other pawnbroker in the future. In that case, we must begin again. On the other hand, he has had a fair price and no questions asked, so if he is in need of ready money he will probably come back to Bevington's. I will give you a note to them, and they will let you wait in the shop. If the fellow comes you will follow him home. But no indiscretion, and, above all, no violence! I put you on your honor that you will take no step without my knowledge and consent."

For two days the Honorable Philip Green (he was, I may mention, the son of the famous admiral of that name who commanded the Sea of Azof fleet in the Crimean War) brought us no news. On the evening of the third he rushed into our sitting room pale, trembling, with every muscle of his powerful frame quivering with excitement.

"We have him! We have him!" he cried.

He was incoherent in his agitation. Holmes soothed him with a few words, and thrust him into an armchair.

"Come, now, give us the order of events," said he.

"She came only an hour ago. It was the wife, this time, but the pendant she brought was the fellow of the other. She is a tall, pale woman, with ferret eyes."

"That is the lady," said Holmes.

"She left the office and I followed her. She walked up the Kennington Road, and I kept behind her. Presently she went into a shop. Mr. Holmes, it was an undertaker's."

My companion started. "Well?" he asked, in that vibrant voice which told of the fiery soul behind the cold, gray face.

"She was talking to the woman behind the counter. I entered as well. 'It is late,' I heard her say, or words to that effect. The woman was excusing herself. 'It should be there before now,' she answered. 'It took longer, being out of the ordinary.' They both stopped and looked at me, so I asked some question and then left the shop."

"You did excellently well. What happened next?"

"The woman came out, but I had hid myself in a doorway. Her suspicions had been aroused, I think, for she looked round her. Then she called a cab and got in. I was lucky enough to get another and so to follow her. She got down at last at No. 36, Poulteney Square, Brixton. I drove past and then left my cab at the corner of the Square, and watched the house."

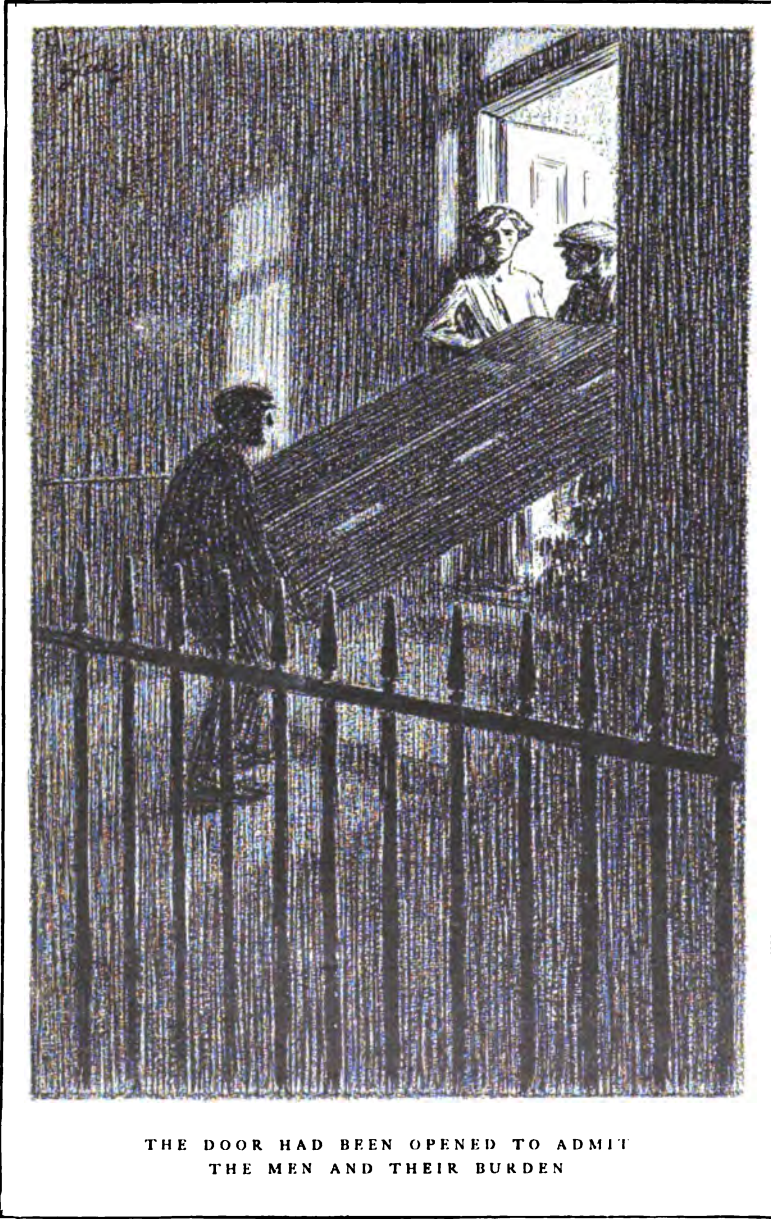
"Did you see anyone?"

"The windows were all in darkness save one on the lower floor. The blind was down, and I could not see in. I was standing there, wondering what I should do next, when a covered van drove up with two men in it. They descended, took something out of the van, and carried it up the steps to the hall door. Mr. Holmes, it was a coffin."

"Ah!"

"For an instant I was on the point of rushing in. The door had been opened to admit the men and their burden. It was the woman who had opened it. But as I stood there, she caught a glimpse of me, and I think that she recognized me. I saw her start, and she hastily closed the door. I remembered my promise to you, and here I am."

"You have done excellent work," said Holmes, scribbling a few words upon a half sheet of paper. "We can do nothing legal without a warrant, and you can serve the cause best by taking this note down to the authorities and getting one. There may be some difficulty but I should think that the



THE DOOR HAD BEEN OPENED TO ADMIT
THE MEN AND THEIR BURDEN

me as so desperate that the most extreme measures are justified. Not a moment is to be lost in getting to Poultney Square."

"Let us try to reconstruct the situation," said he, as we drove swiftly past the Houses of Parliament and over Westminster Bridge. "These villains have coaxed this unhappy lady to London, after first alienating her from her faithful maid. If she has written any letters they have been intercepted. Through some confederate they have engaged a furnished house. Once inside it, they have made her a prisoner, and they have become possessed of the valuable jewelry which has been their object from the first. Already they have begun to sell part of it, which seems safe enough to them, since they have no reason to think that anyone is interested in the lady's fate. When she is released she will, of course, de-

sale of the jewelry should be sufficient. Lestrade will see to all details."

"But they may murder her in the meanwhile. What could the coffin mean, and whom could it be for but her?"

"We will do all that can be done, Mr. Green, not a moment will be lost. Leave it in our hands. Now, Watson," he added, as our client hurried away, "he will set the regular forces on the move. We are, as usual, the irregulars, and we must take our own line of action. The situation strikes

me as so desperate that the most extreme measures are justified. Not a moment is to be lost in getting to Poultney Square."

"That seems very clear."

"Now we will take another line of reasoning. When you follow two separate chains of thought, Watson, you will find some point of intersection which should approximate to the truth. We will start now, not from the lady, but from the coffin, and argue backward. That incident proves, I fear, beyond

all doubt, that the lady is dead. It points also to an orthodox burial with proper accompaniment of medical certificate and official sanction. Had the lady been obviously murdered, they would have buried her in a hole in the back garden. But here all is open and regular. What does that mean? Surely that they have done her to death in some way which has deceived the doctor, and simulated a natural end—poisoning, perhaps—and yet how strange that they should ever let a doctor approach her unless he were a confederate, which is hardly a credible proposition.”

“Could they have forged a medical certificate?”

“Dangerous, Watson, very dangerous. No, I hardly see them doing that. Pull up, cabby! This is evidently the undertaker’s, for we have just passed the pawnbroker’s. Would you go in, Watson? Your appearance inspires confidence. Ask what hour the Poultney Square funeral takes place to-morrow.”

The woman in the shop answered me without hesitation that it was to be at eight o’clock in the morning.

“You see, Watson, no mystery, everything above board! In some way the legal forms have undoubtedly been complied with, and they think that they have nothing to fear. Well, there’s nothing for it now but a direct frontal attack. Are you armed?”

“My stick!”

“Well, well, we shall be strong enough. ‘Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.’ We simply can’t afford to wait for the police or to keep within the four corners of the law. You can drive off, cabby. Now Watson, we’ll just take our luck together, as we have occasionally done in the past.”

He had rung loudly at the door of a great dark house in the center of Poultney Square. It was opened immediately and the figure of a tall woman was outlined against the dim-lit hall.

“Well, what do you want?” she asked sharply, peering at us through the darkness.

“I want to speak to Dr. Shlessinger,” said Holmes.

“There is no such person here,” she answered, and tried to close the door, but Holmes had jammed it with his foot.

“Well, I want to see the man who lives here, whatever he may call himself,” said Holmes firmly.

She hesitated. Then she threw open the door. “Well, come in!” said she. “My husband is not afraid to face any man in the

world.” She closed the door behind us, and showed us into a sitting room on the right side of the hall, turning up the gas as she left us. “Mr. Peters will be with you in an instant,” she said.

Her words were literally true, for we had hardly time to look round the dusty and moth-eaten apartment in which we found ourselves before the door opened and a big, clean-shaven, bald-headed man stepped lightly into the room. He had a large, red face, with pendulous cheeks, and a general air of superficial benevolence, which was marred by a cruel, vicious mouth.

“There is surely some mistake here, gentlemen,” he said, in an unctuous make-everything-easy voice. “I fancy that you have been misdirected. Possibly if you tried farther down the street—”

“That will do; we have no time to waste,” said my companion firmly. “You are Henry Peters of Adelaide, late the Rev. Dr. Shlessinger of Baden and South America. I am as sure of that as that my own name is Sherlock Holmes.”

Peters, as I will now call him, started and stared hard at his formidable pursuer. “I guess your name does not frighten me, Mr. Holmes,” said he coolly. “When a man’s conscience is easy, you can’t rattle him. What is your business in my house?”

“I want to know what you have done with the Lady Frances Carfax, whom you brought away with you from Baden?”

“I’d be very glad if you could tell me where that lady may be,” Peters answered. “I’ve a bill against her for nearly a hundred pounds, and nothing to show for it but a couple of trumpery pendants that the dealer would hardly look at. She attached herself to Mrs. Peters and me at Baden (it is a fact that I was using another name at the time), and she stuck on to us until we came to London. I paid her bill and her ticket. Once in London, she gave us the slip, and, as I say, left these out-of-date jewels to pay her bills. You find her, Mr. Holmes, and I’m your debtor.”

“I mean to find her,” said Sherlock Holmes. “I’m going through this house till I do find her.”

“Where is your warrant?”

Holmes half drew a revolver from his pocket. “This will have to serve till a better one comes.”

“Why, you are a common burglar.”

“So you might describe me,” said Holmes cheerfully. “My companion is also a dangerous ruffian. And together we are going through your house.”

Our opponent opened the door.

"Fetch a policeman, Annie!" said he. There was a whisk of feminine skirts down the passage, and the hall door was opened and shut.

"Our time is limited, Watson," said Holmes. "If you try to stop us, Peters, you will most certainly get hurt. Where is that coffin which was brought into your house?"

"What do you want with the coffin? It is in use. There is a body in it."

"I must see that body."

"Never with my consent."

"Then without it." With a quick movement Holmes pushed the fellow to one side, and passed into the hall. A door half open stood immediately before us. We entered. It was the dining room. On the table, under a half-lit chandelier, the coffin was lying. Holmes turned up the gas and raised the lid. Deep down in the recesses of the coffin lay an emaciated figure. The glare from the lights above beat down upon an aged and withered face. By no possible process of cruelty, starvation, or disease could this worn-out wreck be the still beautiful Lady Frances. Holmes' face showed his amazement, and also his relief.

"Thank God!" he muttered. "It's some one else."

"Ah, you've blundered badly for once, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Peters, who had followed us into the room.

"Who is this dead woman?"

"Well, if you really must know, she is an old nurse of my wife's, Rose Spender her name, whom we found in the Brixton Workhouse Infirmary. We brought her round here, called in Dr. Horsom, of 13 Firbank Villas—mind you take the address, Mr. Holmes—and had her carefully tended, as Christian folk should. On the third day she died—certificate says senile decay—so we ordered her funeral to be carried out by Stimson & Company, of the Kennington Road, who will bury her to-morrow morning. Can you pick any hole in that, Mr. Holmes? You've made a silly blunder, and you may as well own up to it. I'd give something for a photograph of your gaping, staring face, when you pulled aside that lid expecting to see the Lady Frances Carfax, and only found a poor old woman of ninety."

Holmes' expression was as impassive as ever under the jeers of his antagonist, but his clenched hands betrayed his acute annoyance.

"I am going through your house," said he.

"Are you, though?" cried Peters, as a

woman's voice and heavy steps sounded in the passage. "We'll soon see about that. This way, officers, if you please. These men have forced their way into my house, and I cannot get rid of them. Help me to put them out."

A sergeant and a constable stood in the doorway. Holmes drew his card from his case.

"This is my name and address. This is my friend, Dr. Watson."

"Bless you, sir, we know you very well," said the sergeant, "but you can't stay here without a warrant."

"Of course not. We will go. I am always on hand in case this matter goes farther."

"Arrest him!" cried Peters.

"We know where to lay our hands on him if he is wanted," said the sergeant majestically, "but you'll have to go, Mr. Holmes."

"Yes, Watson, we shall have to go."

A minute later we were in the street once more. Holmes was as cool as ever, but I was hot with anger and humiliation. The sergeant had followed us.

"Sorry, Mr. Holmes, but that's the law."

"Exactly, Sergeant—you could not do otherwise."

"I expect there was good reason for your presence there. If there is anything I can do—"

"It's a missing lady, Sergeant, and we think she is in that house. I expect a warrant presently."

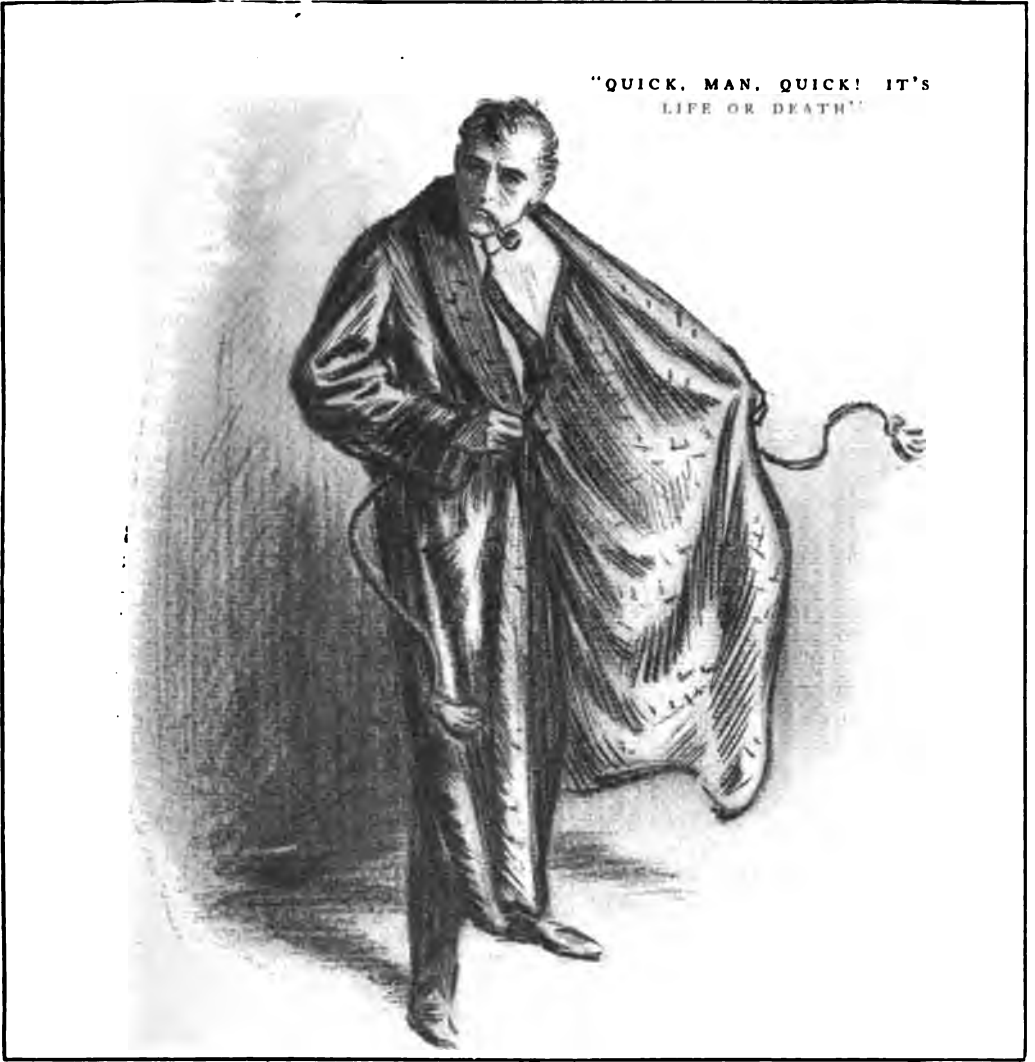
"Then I'll keep my eye on the parties, Mr. Holmes. If anything comes along, I will surely let you know."

It was only nine o'clock, and we were off full cry upon the trail at once. First, we drove to Brixton Workhouse Infirmary, where we found that it was indeed the truth that a charitable couple had called some days before, that they had claimed an imbecile old woman as a former servant, and that they had obtained permission to take her away with them. No surprise was expressed at the news that she had since died.

The doctor was our next goal. He had been called in, had found the woman dying of pure senility, had actually seen her pass away, and had signed the certificate in due form. "I assure you that everything was perfectly normal and there was no room for foul play in the matter," said he. Nothing in the house had struck him at suspicious, save that for people of their class it was remarkable that they should have no servant. So far and no farther went the doctor.

Finally, we found our way to Scotland

"QUICK, MAN, QUICK! IT'S
LIFE OR DEATH!"



Yard. There had been difficulties of procedure in regard to the warrant. Some delay was inevitable. The magistrate's signature might not be obtained until next morning. If Holmes would call about nine he could go down with Lestrade and see it acted upon. So ended the day, save that near midnight our friend, the sergeant, called to say that he had seen flickering lights here and there in the windows of the great dark house, but that no one had left it, and none had entered. We could but pray for patience, and wait for the morrow.

Sherlock Holmes was too irritable for conversation and too restless for sleep. I left him smoking hard, with his heavy dark brows knotted together, and his long nervous fingers tapping upon the arms of his chair, as he turned over in his mind every possible

solution of the mystery. Several times in the course of the night I heard him prowling about the house. Finally, just after I had been called in the morning, he rushed into my room. He was in his dressing-gown, but his pale, hollow-eyed face told me that his night had been a sleepless one.

"What time was the funeral? Eight, was it not?" he asked eagerly. "Well it is seven-twenty now. Good heavens, Watson, what has become of any brains that God has given me! Quick, man, quick! It's life or death, a hundred chances on death to one on life. I'll never forgive myself, never, if we are too late!"

Five minutes had not passed before we were flying in a hansom down Baker Street. But even so, it was twenty-five to eight as we passed Big Ben, and eight struck as we

tore down the Brixton Road. But others were late as well as we. Ten minutes after the hour, the hearse was still standing at the door of the house, and even as our foaming horse came to a halt the coffin, supported by three men, appeared on the threshold. Holmes darted forward and barred their way.

"Take it back!" he cried, laying his hand upon the breast of the foremost. "Take it back this instant!"

"What the devil do you mean? Once again, I ask you where is your warrant?" shouted the furious Peters, his big red face glaring over the farther end of the coffin.

"The warrant is on its way. This coffin shall remain in the house until it comes."

The authority in Holmes' voice had its effect upon the bearers. Peters had suddenly vanished into the house and they obeyed these new orders. "Quick, Watson, quick! Here is a screwdriver!" he shouted as the coffin was replaced upon the table. "Here's one for you, my man! A sovereign if the lid comes off in a minute! Ask no questions! Work away! That's good! Another! And another! Now pull all together! It's giving! It's giving! Ah, that does it at last!"

With a united effort we tore off the coffin lid. As we did so there came from inside a stupefying and overpowering smell of chloroform. A body lay within, its head all wreathed in cotton wool, which had been soaked in the narcotic. Holmes plucked it off and disclosed the statuesque face of a handsome and spiritual woman of middle age. In an instant, he had passed his arm round the figure and raised her to a sitting position.

"Is she gone, Watson? Is there a spark left? Surely, we are not too late!"

For half an hour it seemed that we were. What with actual suffocation, and what with the poisonous fumes of the chloroform, the Lady Frances seemed to have passed the last point of recall. And then, at last, with artificial respiration, with injected ether, with every device that my science could suggest, some flutter of life, some quiver of the eyelids, some dimming of a mirror, spoke of the slowly returning life. A cab had driven up, and Holmes, parting the blind, looked out at it. "Here is Lestrade with his warrant," said he. "He will find that his birds have flown. And here," he added, as a heavy step hurried along the passage, "is some one who has a better right to nurse this lady than we have. Good morning, Mr. Green, I think

that the sooner we can move the Lady Frances the better. Meanwhile, the funeral may proceed, and the poor old woman who still lies in that coffin may go to her last resting place alone."

* * * * *

"Should you care to add the case to your annals, my dear Watson," said Holmes that evening, "it can only be as an example of the temporary eclipse to which even the best balanced mind may be exposed. Such slips are common to all mortals, and the greatest is he who can recognize and repair them. To this modified credit I may perhaps make some claim. My night was haunted by the thought that somewhere a clue, a strange sentence, a curious observation, had come under my notice, and had been too easily dismissed. Then, suddenly, in the gray of the morning, the words came back to me. It was the remark of the undertaker's wife, as reported by Philip Green. She had said, "It should have been there before now. It took longer being out of the ordinary." It was the coffin of which she spoke. It had been out of the ordinary. That could only mean that it had been made to some special measurement. But why? Why? Then in an instant, I remembered the deep sides, and the little wasted figure at the bottom. Why so large a coffin for so small a body? To leave room for another body. Both would be buried under the one certificate. It had all been so clear, if only my own sight had not been dimmed. At eight the Lady Frances would be buried. Our one chance was to stop the coffin before it left the house.

"It was a desperate chance that we might find her alive, but it *was* a chance, as the result showed. These people had never to my knowledge done a murder. They might shrink from actual violence at the last. They could bury her with no sign of how she met her end, and even if she were exhumed, there was a chance for them. I hoped that such considerations might prevail with them. You can reconstruct the scene well enough. You saw the horrible den upstairs, where the poor lady had been kept so long. They rushed in and overpowered her with their chloroform, carried her down, poured more into the coffin to insure against her wakening, and then screwed down the lid. A clever device, Watson. It is new to me in the annals of crime. If our ex-missionary friends escape the clutches of Lestrade, I shall expect to hear of some brilliant incidents in their future career."

LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE REED CONGRESS AND THE NEW NATIONAL ISSUES

I COME now with great personal interest to an account of what was, with a single exception, the most tumultuous and exciting session of Congress in all our history, and one of the most important. It was the so-called "Reed Congress" of 1889 to 1891.

For the first time in fourteen years—since 1875—the Republican party had come into full control of all the departments of government; but while Harrison had comfortably defeated Cleveland, and Blaine was in the cabinet, the House of Representatives was Republican by so narrow a majority that there was some talk that we might not be able to organize the House and elect a speaker.

It developed immediately that McKinley and Reed were to be the two chief candidates of the Republicans for the speakership, and the lines of the contest were soon sharply drawn. I was for Reed; I was for Reed notwithstanding the fact that I felt for McKinley a peculiar admiration and affection. I thought Reed better equipped in temperament and character for the struggle which we all knew must follow.

McKinley and Reed were not at all alike. McKinley drew men to him by the charm, courtliness, and kindness of his manner; Reed drove and forced men; he scourged them with his irony—stung them with his wit. McKinley was a magnetic speaker; he had a clear, bell-like quality of voice, with a thrill in it. He spoke with dignity, but with freedom of action. The pupils of his eyes would dilate until they were almost black, and his

face, naturally without much color, would become almost like marble—a strong face and a noble head. When interrupted either in a speech or debate, instead of seeking to put his man at a disadvantage, as Reed did, he sought to win him. He never had a harsh word for a harsh word, but rather a kindly appeal: "Come now, let us put the personal element aside and consider the principle involved."

Reed, on the other hand, impressed one with his power. He was rough and sharp and strong. He was one of the ablest men in either House of Congress—next to Sherman, who was a broader statesman, perhaps the ablest. He had a marvelous gift of expression. His sentences were short, crisp, strong, and his diction was perfect, but his voice was harsh and disagreeable especially in its higher notes. As a debater he has rarely been equaled in our public life; he had a caustic wit, was often sarcastic, ironical, sometimes droll. He would metaphorically lay hold of his opponent, shake him for a few minutes like some great mastiff, and then drop him into his seat all crumpled up. And yet, though witty in his dealings with individual members, he never trifled with the business of the House. Some of his passages with Carlisle, when Carlisle was speaker, were among the best examples of close forensic reasoning I have ever heard. Both were as fine parliamentary athletes as were ever to be found. I remember vividly a characteristic passage between them. It was near the end of the session, and three o'clock in the morning. An appropriation bill was pending. Some

one offered an amendment. If it passed, some advantage would accrue to the Democrats; if it failed, some advantage to the Republicans. A point of order was raised against it and Carlisle overruled the point. Reed was on his feet—Reed, three hundred pounds, six feet tall. He was the leader on the Republican side. I remember he had just two gestures: one an impressive downward movement with his extended index finger, and in the other, during his higher flights, he held one great clinched fist high above his head—like some colossus. He was a striking figure.

"I contend," he said, on the occasion to which I refer, "that the speaker is wrong."

Carlisle standing there in the speaker's place answered, "I shall be glad to hear the gentleman from Maine."

Reed retorted: "The speaker is wrong for this reason"—and put it in a nutshell.

"Ah, but the gentleman from Maine is in error because"—and Carlisle stated his contention without a superfluous word.

"Yes," answered Reed, "but Mr. Speaker"—and for ten or fifteen minutes it was parry and thrust, thrust and parry, Reed pressing Carlisle from position to position until finally the speaker said:

"The gentleman from Maine is clearly right. The speaker is wrong and reverses his ruling."

It was during the speakership fight, in which the interest of the country was intense, that I first met Theodore Roosevelt. He was at that time Civil Service Commissioner, and was much interested in the success of Reed. I liked him. I thought him an unusually able and energetic man, but I think no one then realized the power of growth that was in him. We were about the same age, we were both interested in Reed's election, and I saw quite a little of him that winter. I recall an amusing incident of one of our meetings. It was at a reception given by Secretary of Agriculture Rusk. Mrs. La Follette and I were a part of a little group which included Lodge and Roosevelt. We were all drinking coffee. Roosevelt grew characteristically animated about something he was saying, and in gesticulating he struck the cup which Mrs. La Follette held in her hand, splashing the black coffee down the front of the white gown she was wearing!

Years later when I came to Washington as Senator, Mrs. La Follette and I attended a reception at the White House. The instant Roosevelt saw us he stopped the receiving line and laughingly recalled his first meeting

with Mrs. La Follette and the coffee incident, saying:

"Why, when I wake up in the dark and think about that, I positively blush!"

Well, we chose Reed speaker, and it was not long before the expected clash took place. In previous Congresses and under the old rules it was possible for an obstructive minority, by refusing to vote, to prevent the House from accomplishing anything. A change in the rules seemed absolutely necessary if the Republicans were to enact any legislation, and indeed, that was one of the issues in Reed's election. The initial test, as I recall, came on some minor matter, and I have never, in any legislative body, seen anything like it for intensity of emotion and excitement.

It was evident beforehand that the Democrats were preparing, by refusing to vote, to make a point of no quorum and prevent the consideration of the motion which was before the House. Reed with McKinley and other members of the Committee on Rules were in conference in the speaker's room. The time came for action. Reed returned to the floor of the House. I remember how he loomed up behind the speaker's desk. His face was set and grim. His eyes were dead black, and beyond those of any man I ever knew his were the eyes of power.

The motions necessary to close the debate were made; the yeas and nays were demanded; the clerk was ordered to call the roll.

As we anticipated, the Democrats refused to vote. When the roll was completed a point of no quorum was made. This was the moment of suspense. What would Reed do? What would the Democrats do? A perfect hush fell upon the House; I found myself holding fast to my desk. Reed raised his gavel and with the mallet end in his hand, deliberately pointed out and called the names of members present and not voting, and directed the clerk to so record them. Then he proclaimed a quorum present, announced the vote, and declared the result.

Instantly members on the Democratic side were on their feet and rushed down the aisles toward the speaker. An angry roar went up; there were cries of "Czar," "Tyrant." Immediately the Republicans pressed forward to the support of the speaker. The least thing in the world—say, if some one had by accident been thrust against another—a conflict of serious consequences might have been precipitated.

As for Reed, he never stirred from his place, but stood unmoved and with a look held them



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THOMAS B. REED

“Reed impressed one with his power. He was rough and sharp and strong. He was one of the ablest men in either house of Congress—next to Sherman, who was a broader statesman, perhaps the ablest”

until one by one they dropped back into their places.

Reed appointed me a member of the Ways and Means Committee, which was then as now the leading committee of the House. Among its members were an unusually talented group of men. On the Republican side were McKinley, the chairman, who afterwards became President; McKenna, now a member of the Supreme Court; Burrows of Michigan, who went to the Senate; Dingley of Maine, and Payne of New York, both of whom afterwards became leaders of the House; Bayne

of Pennsylvania; Gear of Iowa, afterwards United States Senator. On the Democratic side were Carlisle of Kentucky, afterwards Senator and Secretary of the Treasury; Flower of New York who served as governor of his State; Roger Q. Mills of Texas, author of the Mills bill, and afterwards United States Senator; Breckenridge of Arkansas, afterwards Minister to Russia, and McMillan of Tennessee, afterwards governor of his State.

I was younger than any of the other members. I think my appointment came largely as the result of a speech I made on the tariff

in the preceding session. It was during the discussion of the Mills bill. I had taken no part in the debate, although I had been trying hard to prepare myself on the tariff, studying all the great debates on the subject, going back to Clay and Hamilton.

Ordinarily Roger Q. Mills, as the father of the measure, should have closed the debate, but for some reason that task fell to Carlisle, the speaker. Reed closed for the Republicans. Both speeches were very able efforts and made a profound impression; but both had been prepared beforehand and each without reference to the other.

I felt that Carlisle's speech was a dangerous one for the Republicans. It dealt with former tariff legislation, particularly with the effect of the acts of 1846 and 1857. I was sure that Carlisle was not only erroneous in his statement of historical facts, but misleading in his deductions from statistics.

I believed strongly that Carlisle ought to be answered, though I felt that it would be presumptuous for a member of my youth and inexperience to attempt it. Finally I went to Reed, told him how I felt and urged him to reply to Carlisle. He responded by advising me in a jocular way to answer Carlisle myself. I then went with the same proposition to McKinley. And McKinley also said to me:

"Bob, you answer it."

"Well," I said, a bit nettled, "I will answer it."

I had a cartload of *Congressional Records* and reports sent to my home. I put in two or three weeks of the hardest kind of work and prepared a speech about an hour and a quarter long. I knew that under the rules I could get only five minutes, but I hoped to make enough impression in five minutes to secure an extension of time from some other member. I read the speech in advance to just one member of Congress, William E. Fuller of Iowa, who had been my good friend, and he advised me to deliver it.

I waited my opportunity, and began my answer to Carlisle. I did my best to crowd everything I could into the first few minutes, keeping my eyes more or less on Reed, the Republican leader. He was working at his desk, writing. After I had been speaking for a time he stopped and turned around to listen to me.

Presently the gavel fell, cutting off my speech. Butterworth and Reed both came to their feet. Butterworth asked that my time be extended so as to enable me to finish my remarks. Reed also interposed—I can recall just how he looked, saying:

"Mr. Speaker, I think that courtesy ought

to be allowed the gentleman. This speech ought not to be interrupted here."

Unanimous consent was given, and I continued to the end of my speech.

The speech, which was afterwards widely circulated, evidently so impressed the party leaders as to assure me a place on the Ways and Means Committee.

As soon as the committee was organized, we began serious work upon the preparation of the measure afterwards known as the McKinley bill. McKinley apportioned the different schedules to subcommittees for special consideration. I was assigned to prepare the agricultural, jute, hemp, flax, and tobacco schedules, and was one of three on the metal schedule. Gear of Iowa and I made the chief fight to put sugar on the free list.

For many weeks we held open hearings and scores of men of all classes appeared before us and presented their views. Most of the information we then received, as I now realize, consisted of the loose statements of interested men. The facts and figures of the manufacturers were accepted as reliable. I think at that time I did not seriously question this unscientific method of securing information as a basis for such important legislation as that upon the tariff.

We relied upon the historical theory of the protective tariff as advocated by the Republican party. Hamilton, Clay, Blaine, and McKinley believed that it made little difference how high the duties were fixed, because free competition between domestic manufacturers within the tariff wall would inevitably force prices down, insuring the lowest charge to the consumer commensurate with paying American wages to American workmen.

Blaine in his "Twenty Years in Congress" makes domestic competition the cornerstone of protection. He says:

"Protection . . . does not invite competition from abroad, but is based on the contrary principle, that competition at home will always prevent monopoly on the part of capitalists, assure good wages to the laboring man, and defend the consumers against the evils of extortion."

But the trouble has been that domestic competition did not prove the strong regulator of commerce that the early protectionists believed it would. Money interests began to form monopolies behind the tariff wall and both consumers and wage-earners began to suffer from extortion.

The difference in view on the tariff between the progressive Republicans and the so-



HON. ROBERT M. L. FOLLETT
WISCONSIN



HON. THOMAS M. PAYNE
PENNSYLVANIA



HON. BENTON M. MILLIN
VERMONT



HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE
TEXAS



HON. FERNANDO E. PAYNE
NEW YORK



HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY
OHIO



HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE
TEXAS



HON. NEWELL C. FLOWER
NEW YORK

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE
of the House of Representatives in the "Reed
Congress," from 1889 to 1891

"Reed appointed me a member of the Ways and Means Committee, of which McKinley was chairman. Among its members was an unusually talented group of men. On the Republican side were McKinley, who afterwards became President; McKenna, afterwards appointed to the Supreme Court; Burrows of Michigan, who went to the Senate; Dingley of Maine and Payne of New York, both of whom afterwards became leaders of the House; Bayne of Pennsylvania; Gear of Iowa, afterwards United States Senator. On the Democratic side were Carlisle of Texas, afterwards Senator; Flower of New York, who served as Governor of his State; Roger J. Mills of Texas, author of the Mills bill; Breckenridge of Arkansas, afterwards Minister to Russia, and MacMillan of Tennessee, afterwards Governor of his State"



HON. ROGER J. MILLS
TEXAS



HON. JULIUS C. BURROWS
MICHIGAN



HON. NELSON DINGLEY
MAINE



HON. JOSEPH M. MCKENNA
CALIFORNIA



HON. JOHN D. EARLE
TEXAS

called "stand-pat" Republicans lies exactly here. The progressives have seen this vast revolution in economic conditions and have recognized the need of radical changes in our tariff system, while the stand-pat Republicans, led by Aldrich, Penrose, Lodge, Smoot, and others, have refused to recognize the changed conditions. They believe in keeping the tariff wall as high as possible notwithstanding the growth of extortionate monopolies. They believe it more important to keep up the profits of the combined manufacturers than to keep down the prices to the people. The passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill of 1909, of which I shall have more to say later in the appropriate place, was the most outrageous assault of private interests upon the people recorded in tariff history.

Progressive Republicans have demanded a Tariff Commission of scientific experts, with power to investigate and discover the actual differences in labor cost between American and foreign products. We do not wish to have the tariff reduced below that difference, but we realize that we can not accept the statements of interested manufacturers. In my speech in 1890, supporting the McKinley bill, I referred to the wide difference in conditions between farmers and wage-earners in America compared with those in foreign countries. I said:

"Gentlemen may reason upon any line they choose; they may approach the subject from either side; but, sir, there is no escape from the conclusion that labor is the great issue involved. The workers in every field of industry in this broad land are the ones vitally interested."

Where there can be shown to be no difference in labor cost I am for free trade. But the difference must be determined by real experts who understand the use and limits of statistics. This was my criticism at the last session of Congress, of the present so-called tariff board appointed by Mr. Taft. This board reported to Congress the *average* difference on print paper and wood pulp, but I showed that their "average" had no meaning at all. It was made up from many establishments, some of which had old, antiquated machinery which ought long ago to have gone to the scrap heap. In these establishments the labor cost was excessively high, and *we do not believe in protecting inefficient management*. On the other hand, by digging into their report, I showed from their own statistics, that the up-to-date efficient plants in this country were making paper just as cheaply as it can be made in Canada, and for that reason I was

for free print paper and wood pulp. A tariff board is a poor substitute for the haphazard hearings on the McKinley, Dingley, and Payne-Aldrich bills, if the statistical experts do not know how to collect and interpret their statistics. While the present tariff board *may* gather much valuable information, it has no power of commanding the facts from unwilling manufacturers; it does not meet the requirement that every member shall be specially trained for the service, it is insufficiently supplied with funds, and it reports to the executive rather than the legislative branch of the Government. Its lack of power was well expressed by its capable chairman, Prof. Henry C. Emery, in a speech to the American Association of Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers on December 8, 1910. He said:

"You must not think I am joking about this thing, but there is a joke about it, and the joke is this: I have no powers whatsoever. The tariff board has no powers. There is really no such thing as a tariff board. The law says that for certain purposes the President may 'employ such persons' as he sees fit. I am one of 'such persons.' That is all."

The Tariff Commission should be at the service of the houses of Congress instead of the semi-confidential advisers of the President. For it is Congress which is charged with the duty of framing the tariff laws, and there are other things besides mere statistics that Congress must pass upon. Congress must determine whether a given industry shall be protected at all. We do not want to protect tropical products not suited to our climate. We do not want to protect raw material, like lumber and phosphates, *where protection merely adds to the exhaustion of our natural resources*. Then, before Congress decides that a given industry shall be protected, we want to know how much of its claim for protection is due to its own inefficiency. We ought to work toward a condition in which American enterprise, good management, clever and powerful machinery, intelligence and skill of the workers will enable us to have *low cost of labor along with high wages to the laborer*.

For this reason we want to know also what are the *actual* wages and *actual* standards of living of American labor in the protected industries. If men are working twelve hours a day seven days a week, as they are in the steel industry, whereas their competitors in England are working eight hours a day six days a week, then the fact that our labor cost is less than the English labor cost does not

necessarily require us to adopt free trade in steel products. Our tariff should be based on what American labor *ought* to get in order to reach our ideal of living wages suited to American citizenship. In 1890 when we were working on the McKinley bill the iron and steel workers had the most powerful trade union in the country. There was no question then that they would be able to get from their employers their fair share of the tariff protection. But their union was broken to pieces afterwards by the Homestead strike. The question of how American labor is going to protect itself against the trusts is a serious problem fast looming up ahead of us. Certainly we should not reduce the tariff so low as to shut off their hope of better conditions. If their unions are destroyed *we must supplement our tariff legislation by labor legislation.*

These are some of the facts which a really expert Tariff Commission should furnish to Congress. And I can see, by comparison with our hearings on the McKinley bill, how such a commission would be of incalculable service to the Ways and Means Committee.

But to return to my story. As soon as the hearings were completed the committee

divided and the Democratic members, led by Carlisle and Mills, discontinued their attendance. In doing this they were following the

precedent set by the Republicans in the former Congress, when the Mills bill was being framed by a Democratic majority. In framing the measure each subcommittee reported and the bill was then drafted by the Republican members. I remember spending night after night with McKinley in his rooms in the Ebbit House going over, comparing, and arranging the paragraphs of each schedule.

One interesting feature of our deliberations was our various consultations with James G. Blaine. Blaine was a man of extraordinary personality, possessing those peculiarities of temperament and character which made him a great leader of men. I never was an ardent Blaine man. I always shared the Wisconsin admiration for Sherman, and it was a disappointment to me when Blaine was nomi-

nated for the Presidency. He was a man who had to be defended; and many Republicans who were not infatuated with him were somewhat afraid of him.

I remember especially one visit that the Republican members of our committee paid to Blaine in his office as Secretary of State.



He was not then in good health; the malady to which he finally succumbed had fastened upon him. His face was chalky white and as he talked I remember he leaned upon his desk. It was suggested by McKinley that he sit down. "No, no," he said, "I can't talk when I sit down." The only thing that did not look like death in his face was his brilliant black eyes.

Blaine was one of the most effective talkers we have had—clear, easy, copious, and with a rare grace of expression. He gave us his views on reciprocity, and before the bill finally became law they were substantially incorporated in Section III. At that time Blaine had begun to see clearly the path along which the high protective tariff was driving us, and to realize the necessity of developing our foreign markets. But the sort of reciprocity which he advocated was very different from the reciprocity advocated by President Taft and opposed by many of the Republican progressives in the last session of Congress.

Nothing surprised me more during that session than the misunderstanding in many minds of the Republican doctrine of reciprocity. It was astonishingly confused with what might be called the Democratic doctrine. The Republican doctrine, as expounded by Blaine, is based upon the protection of all American industries that can economically be conducted in this country. It then places a high tariff on articles, such as tropical and semi-tropical products, that cannot be produced in this country except at excessive cost. But this tariff is not for the purpose of protection. It is for the purpose of "trading capital." Its object is to enable the President to make a trade with foreign countries by offering to them a reduction of duties on articles which we do not care to protect, in exchange for the reduction of their duties on articles which we wish to protect but which we wish also to export. It is a kind of double protection for American industries—protection of the home market against foreigners, and extension of the foreign market for Americans.

But the Democratic doctrine applied to reciprocity is exactly the opposite. It is based upon the free trade theory. It proposes to make "trading capital," not of the industries which we cannot build up economically, but of the industries which we want to protect. In fact, carried to the extreme, as was done by President Taft in his Canadian pact, it sacrificed the farmers, who, with the laborers, are almost the only interests we want to protect, in favor of the trusts, which

are the last interests needing protection. It proposed to reduce our tariffs on farm products if the Canadians would reduce their tariffs on our trust products. No wonder the Canadians rejected it! and I believe the Americans would have rejected it if they could have had a similar campaign of education upon it. It would have sacrificed our farmers to Canadian competition, while actually strengthening our trusts by giving them cheaper raw material; and it would have placed the Canadians at the mercy of our trusts, so that they could not have retained the advantages of their cheap raw material after their own manufacturers were driven out. It was also an attractive bait for the American newspapers, which were influenced in its favor by the promises of free print paper and wood pulp. In my speech in the Senate I proclaimed that the suppression by the newspapers of news against reciprocity was a black page in our history.

The McKinley tariff bill was a momentous measure. It aided in defeating the Republican party in 1892, but, when the reaction came, McKinley's connection with it was largely instrumental in making him President of the United States.

McKinley believed profoundly that the interests of the whole country, agricultural as well as manufacturing, were involved in the maintenance of such duties as would insure the protection of all articles which it was economically possible for us to produce in this country. That meant patriotism to him. It was a deep conviction, almost a religion, with him. No one who worked with him could doubt it.

A few months after his inauguration, I received a telegram from President McKinley and also from Senator Spooner, offering me the position of Comptroller of the Treasury. It came out of a clear sky: I was not a candidate for any position under his administration, and I declined by telegraph. Later I called on him at the White House, explaining why I could not accept. We were then in the midst of the Wisconsin fight, and besides I did not desire an appointive office. We sat on a lounge together and talked over our old days in Congress. He told me what his hopes and ambitions were, as to extending our trade abroad; that in his selection of appointees in foreign missions and in the consular service he hoped to secure trained business men, who were masters in the lines of trade which could be extended in the countries to which they were sent. It was McKinley's greatest ambition, now that



JOHN H. REAGAN

"To Reagan of Texas, more than to any other one man, belongs the credit for the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act. . . . He took a great interest in my fight, afterwards, for railroad regulation in Wisconsin."

the country had reached its highest development under the protective system, with an excess of production demanding outlet, to round out his career by gaining for America a supremacy in the markets of the world; and this he hoped to do without weakening the protective system.

During all the years that I was in Congress the stupendous problems which now confront us, and which will occupy us for a long time to come, had already begun to appear. I mean the problems of the trusts and the railroads: in short the problems of vast financial power in private hands. In those years the Government of the United States for the first time began to consider seriously the condition of the common man—the worker, the farmer. While I was in Congress we passed two measures, which I heartily supported, that were destined to be of incalculable value to the

plain people. One of them provided for the organization of a national Bureau of Labor, which has since become one of the great departments of the Government with a representative in the cabinet. The other was the establishment of the Department of Agriculture—the recognition of the great farming industry of the country. Until that time, while manufacturers had been lavishly protected and while railroads had received vast grants of land, the wage-earner and the farmer had received little attention and no direct benefits. It is fortunate that this coöperation of the Government with wage-earners and farmers took the form, not of direct financial advantage, but of investigation, publicity, and education, which in their nature are soundly constructive.

But the great subjects which were dealt with for the first time in those three Con-

gresses were the railroad and trust problems. Real statesmen like Sherman and Reagan saw that the policy, until then pursued, of serving the public interest by assisting private interests was no longer tenable. Private interests had grown so strong that it was felt that either the Government must control them with a strong hand or else they would control the Government.

It would not have availed then, nor will it avail now, merely to pursue the negative method of removing the tariff which has encouraged the growth of trusts and combinations. I believe that the reduction of tariffs will furnish a small measure of relief from the extortion of certain combinations, but it will not cure the evil of monopolies in private hands. Many trusts, such as the Standard Oil Company, the Anthracite Coal trust, and the whole group of trusts based upon monopoly of patent rights, do not now depend and never have depended for their existence or their power upon a protective tariff. Foreign competition will not, therefore, cure the trust evil: indeed, it will encourage the movement already strongly in evidence, toward the organization of international and world-wide monopolies.

No, the constructive statesmen of those times saw clearly that there must be positive action of Government either to prevent or to control monopolies. Two very significant laws, both of which I supported heartily, were therefore passed in those years. In one of these—the Sherman anti-trust act—the key-note was *prohibition*, the effort to prevent combination and to restore competition by drastic laws. In the other, the act establishing the Interstate Commerce Commission for the control of railroads, the keynote was *regulation*.

Of all the legislation of those years none interested me so deeply as the measure for the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which we passed in 1887. I laid there the foundation of the knowledge which afterwards served me well in the fight in Wisconsin, and continued of value after I came back to the Senate nineteen years later when railroad legislation occupied so much of the time of Congress.

I was strongly in favor of the regulation of railroads, and while the bill as proposed did not go as far as I should have liked, I worked for it and voted for it. Of all the speeches I made while a member of Congress, the one on the railroad bill gives me to-day the greatest satisfaction.

It was a bitter fight. To Reagan of Texas,

more than any other one man in the House, belongs the credit for the passage of the act. He was a very able man, a Democrat. He was for a time postmaster-general of the Confederacy. Reagan afterwards went to the Senate, but because of his public-spirited interest in transportation questions, his desire to see railroad regulation established upon correct principles, he resigned, went home to Texas, and took the chairmanship of the state railroad commission at a much lower salary. He afterwards took a great interest in my fight for railroad regulation in Wisconsin. When I was governor I sent him the original draft of our proposed Wisconsin law, and was much aided by his wise criticisms and suggestions.

Another method of dealing with private interests also appeared during those sessions of Congress in which I personally was particularly interested. I mean the regulation of industry by *internal revenue taxation*. The measure at issue was a bill to check the manufacturers of oleomargarine, mostly the great packers of Chicago, who made a bogus product and sold it as butter. It seriously injured the dairy business all over the country. The bill was debated for months in the House. The constitutional argument in favor of the measure had taken on an apologetic tone. The bill imposed an internal revenue tax on oleomargarine. It could not be defended as a measure to raise revenue for there was a surplus of revenue in the treasury. When pressed by opponents of the bill to answer whether it was a proper use of the constitutional power to levy a tax when revenue was not needed, advocates of the measure inconsistently and illogically admitted that it was not. In my speech, I argued openly that the Constitution authorized the federal Government to use the taxing power, that there was no limit to that power for police purposes, and that it could be used not only to raise revenue but frankly and unreservedly to regulate or destroy an evil. I think now as I thought then, that the power of internal revenue taxation, which has never been extensively used in this country, save for revenue purposes, will in the future be a valuable means of correcting some of the abuses which have grown out of modern business methods.

Every effort in those days to bring about constructive reforms, especially if they struck at concrete evils, met with the bitterest opposition as indeed they do to-day, in the case, for example, of such a reasonable and practical measure as that which provides for a parcels-post.

One single illustration will show the difficulties that beset any man in Congress who tries honestly to press a constructive reform against the power of private interests.

Henry Clay Evans of Tennessee was a friend of mine. He was formerly from Wisconsin, and in the convention of 1896 at St. Louis I seconded his nomination for the vice-presidency. At that time Vilas of Wisconsin was Postmaster-General in Cleveland's cabinet. One of the first reforms he urged was against the excessive rental charge of railroad companies for postal cars. After a thorough investigation he showed that for the rental which it paid annually the Government could actually build outright, equip, and keep in repair all the cars it used—and then save \$500,000 a year.

Evans had been appointed to the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and when he got hold of Vilas'

report it amazed him—as it would amaze anyone not connected with a railroad company. It seemed to him that he had only to make these facts known in order to have the abuse corrected. He came to me and said very earnestly:

"I am going to get a provision adopted by the committee to stop this abuse and secure an appropriation sufficient to enable the Government to build its own mail cars."

It seemed the sensible, honest thing to do. I encouraged him and told him that, if he could get the matter before the House, I would help him.

A few weeks later he gave me the result of his effort in committee:

"I put that thing up to the committee," he said, "with a good plain statement which should have convinced any man, and I couldn't even get a vote in support of the proposition."

If he had tried to get it upon the floor of the House there would not have been a corporal's guard to sustain him. The railroad lobby outside and the railroad members inside would have prevented any action.

Seventeen years afterwards, when I came to the Senate, I looked this matter up and there was the same old abuse. During all those years the Government had been paying enough rental every year to the railroads to buy the cars outright. I took up the old Vilas report, interested Victor Murdock of Kansas, then on the House Committee on Post Offices, and at-

tempted to get something done. Murdock encountered the same opposition that defeated Evans years before—he could accomplish nothing. But when the Post Office Appropriation bill came over to the Senate, I offered an amendment providing for an investigation in order to bring the Vilas data down to date. I believe that legislation should always be preceded by accurate information. I knew that my proposal was subject to a point of order as an amendment to an appropriation bill, but it was so manifestly right and in the public interest that I hoped the point would not be



insisted upon. But no! Penrose raised the point of order and the investigation was denied.

The next year when Penrose got the Post Office appropriation bill up I was in a stronger position. For some reason he wanted it passed that day. But I stood in its path with my amendment and the power of unlimited debate. He suggested that if the Senator from Wisconsin would not press the matter at that time, but would offer his amendment later and independently, that he (Penrose) would promise to have it reported back favorably from the committee and help in passing it. I promptly accepted his proposition, but Penrose went away and did not return until so near the end of the session that when I went to him, he said he could not get his committee together—so I lost out again.

At the next session I began earlier, and got a resolution through the Senate which provided for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. This investigation has been made and reported—and at another session we are going at it again!

During those years in the eighties, while I was in Congress, the lines between the progressive and stand-pat elements were already beginning to appear. The alignment of forces was not so clear to me then as it is now, but I knew well enough where the leaders stood. Reed always used his great powers in defending the existing system. He sneered at those who desired new legislation. He closed one of his speeches with these words:

“And yet, outside the Patent Office there are no monopolies in this country, and there never can be. Ah, but what is that I see on the far horizon’s edge, with tongue of lambent flame and eye of forked fire, serpent-headed and griffin-clawed? Surely it must be the great new chimera ‘Trust.’ . . . What unreasonable talk this is. A dozen men fix the prices for sixty million freemen! They can never do it! There is no power on earth that can raise the price of any necessity of life above a just price and keep it there. More than that, if the price is raised and maintained even for a short while, it means ruin for the combination and still lower prices for the consumers.”

Reed had no sympathy with the Interstate Commerce bill, and voted against it.

I always felt that McKinley represented the newer view. Of course, McKinley was a high protectionist, but on the great new questions as they arose, he was generally on the side of the public and against private interests.

And this the people instinctively sensed. In my own State of Wisconsin during the campaign for the Republican nomination in 1896 I was strongly for McKinley, but the old machine leaders, Payne, Sawyer, Spooner, Pfister and Keyes, all worked vigorously for Reed. Reed had Big Business with him; but the sentiment in the State was too strong for the bosses. The Wisconsin delegation to the St. Louis convention, of which I had been elected as an anti-machine member, was instructed for and stood solid for McKinley.

I am saying this notwithstanding McKinley’s relationships with Mark Hanna. The chief incentive behind Hanna’s support of McKinley, I am convinced, was the honest love he felt for his friend. McKinley inspired affection of that sort. And Hanna, having come largely into control of the Republican organization through his genius as a leader and through the enormous expenditure of money, he tried to bring all the elements together in harmony. The first and only time I ever met him was at the St. Louis convention. He requested me to come and see him. He was extremely cordial, almost affectionate. I remember he put his arm around me and told me of his relations with McKinley. He told me—and this was the object of the meeting—that he felt sure that McKinley would like to see Payne on the national committee from Wisconsin. He understood, he said, that I was making a fight on Payne, but hoped that in the interest of harmony I would stand for Payne’s selection. I told him very earnestly about our struggle in Wisconsin, that a great movement had started there which could not be arrested or diverted, that Payne and his associates stood for the destruction of representative government, and that we could make no truce with them. Mr. Hanna’s manner changed abruptly, and the interview terminated.

I know of my own knowledge that McKinley stood against many of the corrupt influences within his own party—that he even stood firmly against the demands of his best friend Hanna.

McKinley had no sooner been elected than the Wisconsin machine, backed strongly by Hanna, demanded the appointment of Henry C. Payne as Postmaster-General. And I with others brought forward the name of Governor Hoard of Wisconsin as candidate for Secretary of Agriculture. A few weeks before McKinley’s inauguration, upon his invitation, I went to Canton to see him. When I called about ten o’clock he told his secretary that he would not see anybody else before five



Photograph by Newman

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

"I never felt that McKinley had a fair chance. His first term was broken into by the Spanish War. His second was cut off at the very beginning by assassination. He had no opportunity to develop his carefully wrought-out plans for large trade extension"

that afternoon. We drove about town and visited his mother, a beautiful old lady. We had luncheon at his house. We discussed at length the appointment of Payne and Hoard to the cabinet. I explained to him what forces Payne represented in Wisconsin, and indeed he had already known Payne's work as a lobbyist in Washington in connection especially with beef trust matters, and I knew he abominated that sort of thing. But he told me that he believed no other man had ever been so strongly endorsed by prominent influential politicians in every part of the country as was Payne for that appointment.

When it was nearly time for me to go, McKinley said:

"Bob, I may not be able to appoint Hoard, but I will say to you that Henry Payne shall not be a member of my cabinet."

When I saw McKinley at the White House in the following winter, he told me how the effort to secure Payne's appointment had culminated. He said that Hanna had come to him just before his final decision was made and said: "You may wipe out every obligation that you feel toward me, and I'll ask no further favors of you, if you'll only put Henry Payne in the cabinet."

McKinley's answer was: "Mark, I would do anything in the world I could for you, but I cannot put a man in my cabinet who is known as a lobbyist."

And he kept his word.

McKinley did not fully appreciate the new currents then entering our public life. He was a leader in the old business school of politics which regarded material prosperity as the chief end of all government. But he was a consistently honest man throughout. To illustrate:

It was during his administration that extensive frauds were discovered in the Post Office Department and in the Department of Posts of Cuba. Senator Bristow of Kansas was then the fourth assistant postmaster-general. He is a born investigator, able, original, fearless. McKinley, when he realized the gravity of the frauds, sent for Bristow and told him he had selected him to go to Cuba and make a thorough investigation and clean out any corruption that might be found there.

"I am willing to go, Mr. President," said Bristow, "but before going I want to call your attention to the fact that every appointee in Cuba who has been accused of wrong-doing has been sent there upon the recommendation of members of Congress, Senators, or men influential in the Republican party. When it becomes necessary for me to arrest or remove from office any of these men, they will at once complain to their friends in the states and you will be bombarded with complaints as to my conduct. All I ask is that you withhold judgment until you hear my side of the case."

McKinley said: "Mr. Bristow, I understand just how difficult a task I have assigned to you. But go ahead, do what is right, be cautious, but firm, and shield no man who has been guilty of wrong-doing. As to the complaints, leave them to me; I will take care of them."

Bristow did go ahead and ran his game to cover, and when Hanna and other Senators and Congressmen protested he told them that the Cuban postal service was infested with a

gang of thieves and that he was simply doing his duty and proposed to keep it up. Then they went to the White House and McKinley told them that Bristow was acting on his orders. He stood unwaveringly by Bristow against the persistent importunity of many of his most intimate political advisers.

I never felt that McKinley had a fair chance. His first term was broken into by the Spanish War. His second was cut off at the very beginning by assassination. He had no opportunity to develop his carefully wrought-out plans for large trade extension. He was a rarely tactful manager of men. Back of his courteous and affable manner was a firmness that never yielded conviction, and while scarcely seeming to force issues he usually achieved exactly what he sought.

In the fall of 1890 I was a candidate for a fourth term in Congress. I was so confident of reelection that I spent much time campaigning in other parts of Wisconsin and in speaking in Iowa and elsewhere. But serious complications had arisen in Wisconsin politics: an act known as the Bennett law had been passed by the preceding Legislature which the very large Lutheran and Roman Catholic element in the State believed to be a blow at their parochial school systems, and there was a wholesale cutting of the Republican ticket. Combined with this the machine leaders in Wisconsin came into my district while I was absent speaking for candidates in other parts of the State, and secretly used all their power against me and in favor of the Democratic candidate. The result was that although I ran seven hundred votes ahead of my ticket, I was defeated. The whole State went heavily Democratic. Every Republican Congressman save one lost his seat.

Thus I was returned to private life and to my law practice; but it was not long before I began the fifteen years' struggle with the machine in Wisconsin which finally resulted in a complete overthrow of the political system of the State. Of that I shall tell in coming chapters.

Next month Senator La Follette will relate an experience which he calls the turning point in his life.

ROAST BEEF, MEDIUM

Served Hot by Emma McChesney

BY EDNA FERBER

Author of "Dawn O'Hara," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THESE is a journey compared to which the travels of Bunyan's heroes were a summer-evening's stroll.

The Pilgrims by whom this forced march is taken belong to a maligned fraternity, and are known as traveling men. Sample-case in hand, trunk key in pocket, cigar in mouth, brown derby atilt at an angle of ninety, each young and untried traveler starts on his journey down that road which leads through morasses of chicken *à la Creole*, over greasy mountains of queen fritters made doubly perilous by slippery glaciers of rum sauce, into formidable jungles of breaded veal chops threaded by sanguine and deadly streams of tomato gravy, past sluggish mires of dreadful things *en casserole*, over hills of corned-beef hash, across shaking quagmires of veal glace, plunging into sloughs of slaw, until, haggard, weary, digestion shattered, complexion gone, he reaches the safe haven of roast beef, medium. Once there, he never again strays, although the pompadoured, white-aproned siren sing-songs in his ear the praises of Irish stew, and pork with apple sauce.

Emma McChesney was eating her solitary supper at the Berger House at Three Rivers, Michigan. She had arrived at the Roast Beef haven many years before. She knew the digestive perils of a small town hotel dining-room as a guide on the snow-covered mountain knows each treacherous pitfall and chasm. Ten years on the road had taught her to recognize the deadly snare that lurks in the seemingly calm bosom of minced chicken with cream sauce. Not for her the impenetrable mysteries of hamburger and onions. It had been a struggle, brief but terrible, from which Emma McChesney had

emerged triumphant, her complexion and figure saved.

No more metaphor. On with the story, which left Emma at her safe and solitary supper. She had the last number of the *Dry Goods Review* propped up against the vinegar cruet, and the Worcestershire, and the salt shaker. Between conscientious, but disinterested mouthfuls of medium roast beef, she was reading the snappy ad set forth by her firm's bitterest competitors, the Strauss Sans-silk Skirt Company. It was a good reading ad. Emma McChesney, who had forgotten more about petticoats than the average skirt salesman ever knew, presently allowed her luke-warm beef to grow cold and flabby as she read. Somewhere in her subconscious mind she realized that the lanky head waitress had placed someone opposite her at the table. Also, subconsciously, she heard him order liver and bacon, with onions. She told herself that as soon as she reached the bottom of the column she'd look up to see who the fool was. She never arrived at the column's end.

"I just hate to tear you away from that love lyric; but if I might trouble you for the vinegar—"

Emma groped for it back of her paper and shoved it across the table without looking up. "—and the Worcester—"

One eye on the absorbing column, she passed the tall bottle. But at its removal her prop was gone. The *Dry Goods Review* was too weighty for the salt shaker alone.

"—and the salt. Thanks. Warm, isn't it?"

There was a double vertical frown between Emma McChesney's eyes as she glanced up over the top of her *Dry Goods Review*. The frown gave way to a half smile. The glance settled into a stare.

"But then, anybody would have stared. He expected it," she said, afterward, in telling about it. "I've seen matinée idols, and tailors' supplies salesmen, and Julian Eltinge, but this boy had any male professional beauty I ever saw, looking as handsome and dashing as a bowl of cold oatmeal. And he knew it."

Now, in the ten years that she had been out representing T. A. Buck's featherloom petticoats, Emma McChesney had found it necessary to make a rule or two for herself. In the strict observance of one of these she had become past mistress in the fine art of congealing the warm advances of fresh and friendly salesmen of the opposite sex. But this case was different, she told herself. The man across the table was little more than a boy—an amazingly handsome, astonishingly impudent, cockily confident boy, who was staring with insolent approval at Emma McChesney's trim, shirt-waisted figure, and her fresh, attractive coloring, and her well-cared-for hair beneath the smart summer hat.

"It isn't in human nature to be as good-looking as you are," spake Emma McChesney, suddenly, being a person who never trifled with half-way measures. "I'll bet you have bad teeth, or an impediment in your speech."

The gorgeous young man smiled. His teeth were perfect. "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," he announced, glibly. "Nothing missing there, is there?"

"Must be your morals then," retorted Emma McChesney. "My! My! And on the road! Why, the trail of bleeding hearts that you must leave all the way from Maine to California would probably make the Red Sea turn white with envy."

The Fresh Young Kid speared a piece of



"Peter Piper picked a peck of

liver and looked soulfully up into the adoring eyes of the waitress who was hovering over him.

"Got any nice hot biscuits to-night, girlie?" he inquired.

"I'll get you some; sure," wildly promised his handmaiden, and disappeared kitchenward.

"Brand new to the road, aren't you?" observed Emma McChesney, cruelly.

"What makes you think—"

"Liver and bacon, hot biscuits, Worcestershire," elucidated she. "No old-timer would commit suicide that way. After you've been out for two or three years you'll stick to the Rock of Gibraltar—roast beef, medium. Oh, I get wild now and then, and order eggs if the girl says she knows the hen that layed 'em, but plain roast beef, unchloroformed, is the one best bet. You can't go wrong if you stick to it."



pickled peppers," he announced, glibly

pump burgs. Kill 'em! It can't be done. They die harder than the heroine in a ten, twenty, thirty. From supper to bedtime is twice as long as from breakfast to supper. Honest!"

But Emma McChesney looked inexorable, as women do just before they relent. Said she: "O, I don't know. By the time I get through trying to convince a bunch of customers that T. A. Buck's featherloom petticoat has every other skirt in the market looking like a piece of Fourth of July bunting that's been left out in the rain, I'm about ready to turn down the spread and leave a call for six-thirty."

"Be a good fellow," pleaded the unquenchable one. "Let's take in all

The god-like young man leaned forward, forgetting to eat. "You don't mean to tell me you're on the road!"

"Why not?" demanded Emma McChesney, briskly.

"Oh, fie, fie!" said the handsome youth, throwing her a languishing look. "Any woman as pretty as you are, and with those eyes, and that hair, and figure—Say, Little One, what are you going to do to-night?"

Emma McChesney sugared her tea, and stirred it, slowly. Then she looked up. "To-night, you fresh young kid, you!" she said calmly, "I'm going to dictate two letters, explaining why business was rotten last week, and why it's going to pick up next week, and then I'm going to keep an engagement with a nine-hour beauty sleep."

"Don't get sore at a fellow. You'd take pity on me if you knew how I have to work to kill an evening in one of these little town-

the nickel shows, and then see if we can't drown our sorrows in —er—"

Emma McChesney slipped a coin under her plate, crumpled her napkin, folded her arms on the table, and regarded the boy across the way with what our best talent calls a long, level look. It was so long and so level that even the airiness of the buoyant youngster at whom it was directed began to lessen perceptibly, long before Emma began to talk.

"Tell me, young 'un, did anyone ever refuse you anything? I thought not. I should think that when you realize what you've got to learn it would scare you to look ahead. I don't expect you to believe me when I tell you I never talk to fresh guys like you, but it's true. I don't know why I'm breaking my rule for you, unless it's because you're so unbelievably good-looking that I'm anxious to know where the blemish is. The Lord don't make 'em perfect, you know. I'm

going to get out those letters, and then, if it's just the same to you, we'll take a walk. These nickel shows are getting on my nerves. It seems to me that if I have to look at one more Western picture about a fool girl with her hair in a braid riding a show horse in the wilds of Clapham junction and being rescued from a band of almost-Indians by the handsome, but despised Eastern tenderfoot, or if I see one more of those historical pictures, with the women wearing costumes that are a pass between early Egyptian and late State Street, I know I'll get hysterics and have to be carried shrieking, up the aisle. Let's walk down Main Street and look in the store windows, and up as far as the park and back."

"Great!" assented he. "Is there a park?" "I don't know," replied Emma McChesney, "but there is. And for your own good I'm going to tell you a few things. There's more to this traveling game than just knocking down on expenses, talking to every pretty woman you meet, and learning to ask for fresh white-bread heels at the Palmer House in Chicago. I'll meet you in the lobby at eight."

Emma McChesney talked steadily, and evenly, and generously, from eight until eight-thirty. She talked from the great storehouse of practical knowledge which she had accumulated in her ten years on the road. She told the handsome young cub many things for which he should have been undyingly thankful. But when they reached the park—the cool, dim, moon-silvered park, its benches dotted with glimpses of white showing close beside a blur of black, Emma McChesney stopped talking. Not only did she stop talking, but she ceased to think of the boy seated beside her on the bench.

In the band-stand, under the arc-light, in the center of the pretty little square, some neighborhood children were playing a noisy game, with many shrill cries, and much shouting and laughter. Suddenly, from one of the houses across the way, a woman's voice was heard, even above the clamor of the children.

"Fred-dee!" called the voice. "May-belle! Come, now."

And a boy's voice answered, as boy's voices have since Cain was a child playing in the Garden of Eden, and as boy's voices will as long as boys are:

"Aw, ma, I ain't a bit sleepy. We just begun a new game, an' I'm leader. Can't we just stay out a couple of minutes more?"

"Well, five minutes," agreed the voice. "But don't let me call you again."

Emma McChesney leaned back on the rustic bench and clasped her strong, white hands behind her head, and stared straight ahead into the soft darkness. And if it had been light you could have seen that the bitter lines showing faintly about her mouth were outweighed by the sweet and gracious light which was glowing in her eyes.

"Fred-dee!" came the voice of command again. "May-belle! This minute, now!"

One by one the flying little figures under the arc-light melted away in the direction of the commanding voice and home and bed. And Emma McChesney forgot all about fresh young kids and featherloom petticoats and discounts and bills of lading and sample-cases and grouchy buyers. After all, it had been her protecting maternal instinct which had been aroused by the boy at supper, although she had not known it then. She did not know it now, for that matter. She was busy remembering just such evenings in her own life—summer evenings, filled with the high, shrill laughter of children at play. She, too, had stood in the doorway, making a funnel of her hands, so that her clear call through the twilight might be heard above the cries of the boys and girls. She had known how loath the little feet had been to leave their play, and how they had lagged up the porch stairs, and into the house. Years, whose memory she had tried to keep behind her, now suddenly loomed before her in the dim quiet of the little flower-scented park.

A voice broke the silence, and sent her dream-thoughts scattering to the winds.

"Honestly, kid," said the voice, "I could be crazy about you, if you'd let me."

The forgotten figure beside her woke into sudden life. A strong arm encircled her shoulders. A strong hand seized her own, which were clasped behind her head. Two warm, eager lips were pressed upon her lips, checking the little cry of surprise and wrath that rose in her throat.

Emma McChesney wrenched herself free with a violent jerk, and pushed him from her. She did not storm. She did not even rise. She sat very quietly, breathing fast. When she turned at last to look at the boy beside her it seemed that her white profile cut the darkness. The man shrank a little, and would have stammered something, but Emma McChesney checked him.

"You nasty, good-for-nothing, handsome young devil, you!" she said. "So you're married."

He sat up with a jerk. "How did you—what makes you think so?"



"You nasty, good-for-nothing, handsome young devil, you!" she said. "So you're married"

"That was a married kiss—a two-year-old married kiss, at least. No boy would get as excited as that about kissing an old stager like me. The chances are you're out of practice. I knew that if it wasn't teeth or impediment it must be morals. And it is."

She moved over on the bench until she was close beside him. "Now, listen to me, boy." She leaned forward, impressively. "Are you listening?"

"Yes," answered the handsome young devil, sullenly.

"What I've got to say to you isn't so much for your sake, as for your wife's. I was married when I was eighteen, and stayed married eight years. I've had my divorce ten years, and my boy is seventeen years old. Figure it out. How old is Ann?"

"I don't believe it," he flashed back. "You're not a day over twenty-six—anyway, you don't look it. I——"

"Thanks," drawled Emma. "That's because you've never seen me in negligee. A woman's as old as she looks with her hair on the dresser, and bed only three minutes away. Do you know why I was decent to you in the first place? Because I was foolish enough to think that you reminded me of my own kid. Every fond mamma is gump enough to think that every Greek god she sees looks like her own boy, even if her own happens to squint and have two teeth missing—which mine hasn't, thank the Lord! He's the greatest young—Well, now, look here, young 'un. I'm going to return good for evil. Traveling men and geniuses should never marry. But as long as you've done it, you might as well start right. If you move from this spot till I get through with you, I'll yell police and murder. Are you ready?"

"I'm dead sorry, on the square, I am——"

"Ten minutes late," interrupted Emma McChesney. "I'm dishing up a sermon, hot, for one, and you've got to choke it down. Whenever I hear a traveling man howling about his lonesome evenings, and what a dog's life it is, and no way for a man to live, I always wonder what kind of a summer picnic he thinks it is for his wife. She's really a widow seven months in the year, without any of a widow's privileges. Did you ever stop to think what she's doing evenings? No, you didn't. Well, I'll tell you. She's sitting home, night after night, probably embroidering monograms on your shirt sleeves by way of diversion. And on Saturday night, which is the night when every married woman has the inalienable right to be taken out by her husband, she can listen to the woman in the

flat upstairs getting ready to go to the theatre. The fact that there's a ceiling between 'em doesn't prevent her from knowing just where they're going, and why he has worked himself into a rage over his white lawn tie, and whether they're taking a taxi or the car and who they're going to meet afterward at supper. Just by listening to them coming downstairs she can tell how much Mrs. Third Flat's silk stockings cost, and if she's wearing her new La Valliere or not. Women have that instinct, you know. Or maybe you don't. There's so much you've missed."

"Say, look here——" broke from the man beside her. But Emma McChesney laid her cool fingers on his lips.

"Nothing from the side-lines please," she said. "After they've gone she can go to bed, or she can sit up, pretending to read, but really wondering if that squeaky sound coming from the direction of the kitchen is a loose screw in the storm door, or if it's someone trying to break into the flat. And she'd rather sit there, scared green, than go back through that long hall to find out. And when Tillie comes home with her young man at eleven o'clock, though she promised not to stay out later than ten, she rushes back to the kitchen and falls on her neck, she's so happy to see her. Oh, it's a gay life. You talk about the heroism of the early Pilgrim mothers! I'd like to know what they had on the average traveling man's wife."

"Bess goes to the *matinée* every Saturday." he began, in feeble defense.

"*Matinée!*" scoffed Emma McChesney. "Do you think any woman goes to *matinée* by preference? Nobody goes but girls of sixteen, and confirmed old maids without brothers, and traveling men's wives. *Matinée!* Say, would you ever hesitate to choose between an all-day train and a sleeper? It's the same idea. What a woman calls going to the theatre is something very different. It means taking a nap in the afternoon, so her eyes will be bright at night, and then starting at about five o'clock to dress, and lay her husband's clean things out on the bed. She loves it. She even enjoys getting his bath towels ready, and putting his shaving things where he can lay his hands on 'em, and telling the girl to have dinner ready promptly at six-thirty. It means getting out her good dress that hangs in the closet with a cretonne bag covering it, and her black satin coat, and her hat with the paradise aigrettes that she bought with what she saved out of the house-keeping money. It means her best silk stockings, and her diamond sunburst that



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I won't ask you to forgive a hound like me. I haven't been so ashamed of myself since I was a kid"

he's going to have made over into a La Valiere just as soon as business is better. She loves it all, and her cheeks get pinker and pinker, so that she really doesn't need the little dash of rouge that she puts on 'because everybody does it, don't you know?' She gets ready, all but her dress, and then she puts on a kimono and slips out to the kitchen to make the gravy for the chicken because the girl never can get it as smooth as he likes it. That's part of what she calls going to theatre, and having a husband. And if there are children——"

There came a little, inarticulate sound from the boy. But Emma's quick ear caught it.

"No? Well, then, we'll call that one black mark less for you. But if there are children—and for her sake I hope there will be—she's father and mother to them. She brings them up, single-handed, while he's on the road. And the worst she can do is to say to them, 'Just wait until your father gets home. He'll hear of this.' But shucks! When he comes home he can't whip the kids for what they did seven weeks before, and that they've forgotten all about, and for what he never saw, and can't imagine. Besides, he wants his comfort when he gets home. He says he wants a little rest and peace, and he's darned if he's going to run around evenings. Not much, he isn't! But he doesn't object to her making a special effort to cook all those little things that he's been longing for on the road. Oh, there'll be a seat in Heaven for every traveling man's wife—though at that, I'll bet most of 'em will find themselves stuck behind a post."

"You're all right!" exclaimed Emma McChesney's listener, suddenly. "How a woman like you can waste her time on the road is more than I can see. And—I want to thank you. I'm not such a fool——"

"I haven't let you finish a sentence so far, and I'm not going to yet. Wait a minute. There's one more paragraph to this sermon. You remember what I told you about old stagers, and the roast beef diet? Well, that applies right through life. It's all very well

to trifle with the little side-dishes at first, but there comes a time when you've got to quit fooling with the minced chicken, and the imitation lamb chops of this world, and settle down to plain, everyday, roast beef, medium. That other stuff may tickle your palate for a while, but sooner or later it will turn on you, and ruin your moral digestion. You stick to roast beef, medium. It may sound prosaic, and unimaginative and dry, but you'll find that it wears in the long run. You can take me over to the hotel now. I've lost an hour's sleep, but I don't consider it wasted. And you'll oblige me by putting the stopper on any conversation that may occur to you between here and the hotel. I've talked until I'm so low on words that I'll probably have to sell featherlooms in sign language to-morrow."

They walked to the very doors of the Berger House in silence. But at the foot of the stairs that led to the parlor floor he stopped, and looked into Emma McChesney's face. His own was rather white and tense.

"Look here," he said. "I've got to thank you. That sounds idiotic, but I guess you know what I mean. And I won't ask you to forgive a hound like me. I haven't been so ashamed of myself since I was a kid. Why, if you knew Bess—if you knew——"

"I guess I know Bess, all right. I used to be a Bess, myself. Just because I'm a traveling man it doesn't follow that I've forgotten the Bess feeling. As far as that goes, I don't mind telling you that I've got neuralgia from sitting in that park with my feet in the damp grass. I can feel it in my back teeth, and by eleven o'clock it will be camping over my left eye, with its little brothers doing a war dance up the side of my face. And boy, I'd give last week's commissions if there was someone to whom I had the right to say: 'Henry, will you get up and get me a hot-water bag for my neuralgia? It's something awful. And just open the left-hand lower drawer of the chiffonier and get out one of those gauze vests and then get me a safety pin from the tray on my dresser. I'm going to pin it around my head.'"



PHOEBE AND HER HOUSE BOOK

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

The day after Christmas.

THE most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, since Mrs. Warburton asked me to go abroad, happened yesterday. It was a Christmas gift. It came in my Christmas stocking. It was a house. I don't mean that a house came in the stocking. But a note from Tug's father did. And the note said that his Christmas gift to Tug and me was a house for us to live in after we were married. Think of it—a house! I'm going to write it again. A house! Once more and maybe I can believe it. A HOUSE! The house isn't built yet, but it's going to be built right here in Maywood on any one of a dozen lots that Mr. Warburton owns. Mr. Warburton said it could be any kind of a house Tug and I wanted. We could buy a house already built or build one to suit ourselves—anything, provided we did not spend more than five thousand dollars. Well, I went just about crazy with delight, and all day long my head was in a perfect whirl. After all the Christmas excitement was over, Tug and I had a long talk.

Of course, I knew at once that this problem was entirely up to me. Tug wouldn't know anything about it, even if he ever thought of it. I decided immediately that I wanted to build. There are no houses in Maywood that appeal to me especially. In fact, the only vacant one I can think of is

the old ramshackle Durland place, that's had a *For Sale* sign in the orchard ever since I can remember. And I wouldn't live *there* for forty red apples. When it comes to *architecture*, I don't exactly know yet what I *do* want, but I know perfectly well what I *don't* want. I distinctly don't want a house like *this* one where I've lived all my life. Of course, I'm fond of it *after a fashion*. But it is too square and straight and tiresome—geometric almost—the kind of house a child draws on a slate. I want something different. I don't know exactly how to put it. *Fussy* isn't the word. I want it sort of cut-up and unexpected, with all kinds of little *butt-out* and *butt-in* places and with all kinds of fancy things, like oriel windows, a chimney outside, a pergola, and porches tucked just everywhere—more on the order of the Warburton place. In fact, I want the keynote of my house to be *up-to-dateness*. Our house is far from up-to-date—that is, as far as the house itself is concerned. The furnishings are absolutely the last cry. And I flatter myself that I am responsible for that. Until a few years ago, we had no furniture at all but what mother inherited from Aunt Mary. Everything was hopelessly behind the times. There wasn't a smart effect *anywhere*. Well, after I grew up, I saw there ought to be a change if we were to have any social position whatever. I almost had to get

down on my bended knees, but I finally persuaded father and mother to do the place over in red and green cartridge, mission furniture, east-side brass and some modern china. Then I brought a lot of bric-à-brac from abroad that gave nifty little touches here and there. There isn't a thing in it now that I would change. I shall duplicate many of the effects in my own house.

That matter settled, Tug and I spent the whole afternoon and evening drawing up plans for the house. It was twelve o'clock before we finished, and *then* mother had to send Tug home. Tug is going to show them to Jake Pebworth, an architect friend of his, and get an estimate on them. I guess Mr. Pebworth will be surprised to see what a business-like job two amateurs have turned out. After all, you can tackle anything in this life, if you only use *common sense*—now this wasn't so very different from a dress pattern. Tug and I decided that we could not possibly get along with less than twelve rooms, a downstairs living-room, library, dining-room, kitchen, an upstairs living-room, four chambers, a garret and two maids' rooms. We shall have to have at least three bathrooms, one for our guests, one for the maids and one for ourselves. I really think we ought to have four—but I am willing to economize in this one thing.

In talking this over, Tug and I made a solemn oath that we would each do our best to keep the other from growing into a typical married person. That is the only *out* about marriage—the change it makes in you. It is just as if you caught a stupid microbe of some sort; for all married people start in being such fearful bores the moment the ceremony is over. And the dreadful thing about it is that they're so uncon- of the change—they see contented, even su- covered a kind of hap- e ever thought of. ented it. Well, Tug o be like that. If I oing to grow into the Ellis is, I don't know ed to be a *perfect pippin* rtest girl in Maywood. I was in to me, I ried Will in seven is gray at to conceal g but push a clothes—the r. Now Callie contrast to Lila.

She's been married just as long, but she's kept her figure, and, my goodness, the clothes that girl has! To be sure, she's had no children. Children seem to interfere with so much.

No, Tug and I are going to make it a point to keep right on with everything, dancing particularly. I'm going to try to make my house a sort of rendezvous for the young people. And every night that we are alone, we're going to read aloud to each other, so that we won't rust. Most people lose all interest in everything that's going on in the world, the moment they get married. They seem to think of nothing but their children. Now I want my children to think of me the way I think of my mother and father. My mother isn't what you call a highly-educated woman—that is, she isn't a college graduate. But she's kept her eyes and ears open all right! She doesn't talk so much, but I notice when she does open her mouth, people *listen*. As for my father, well, my father is a perfect *mine of information*. He is up on every question of the day. Tug says he has never met a better-informed man. Ern Martin will never be the man father is; not if he lives to be ninety.

Ever since I read Mr. Warburton's note, my head has been teeming with ideas for architecture and interior decoration. What a help my trip abroad will be! Even my visit in New York will furnish me with many practical ideas. I remember some of the up-to-date schemes in Mrs. Raeburn's house: like, for instance, having two ice-chests, one for the desserts only; a linen-closet with slatted shelves so the clothes can air all the time; lights in the closets, etc. Last night after I got to bed, I made up my mind that I would keep a sort of diary of the house—a *house-book*, so to speak. This morning I went down to the Center and bought this leather-covered blank-book (*eighty-five cents* was all they stung me for it!) and I'm going to write in it every plan and idea and thought that I have in regard to the house. I'm not going to read from day to day what I have written, so that I can go at the problem fresh every morning, not biased by what's happened before. And when the house is finished and the book is done, I'm going to tie it with yellow ribbon and seal it with great scarlet seals and the day that Tug and I have been married twenty-five years, I'm going to get it out and read it to him. We can thus live all over again what will probably prove to be the happiest period of our life. It almost reconciles me to growing old.

This is all for to-day.

January 5.

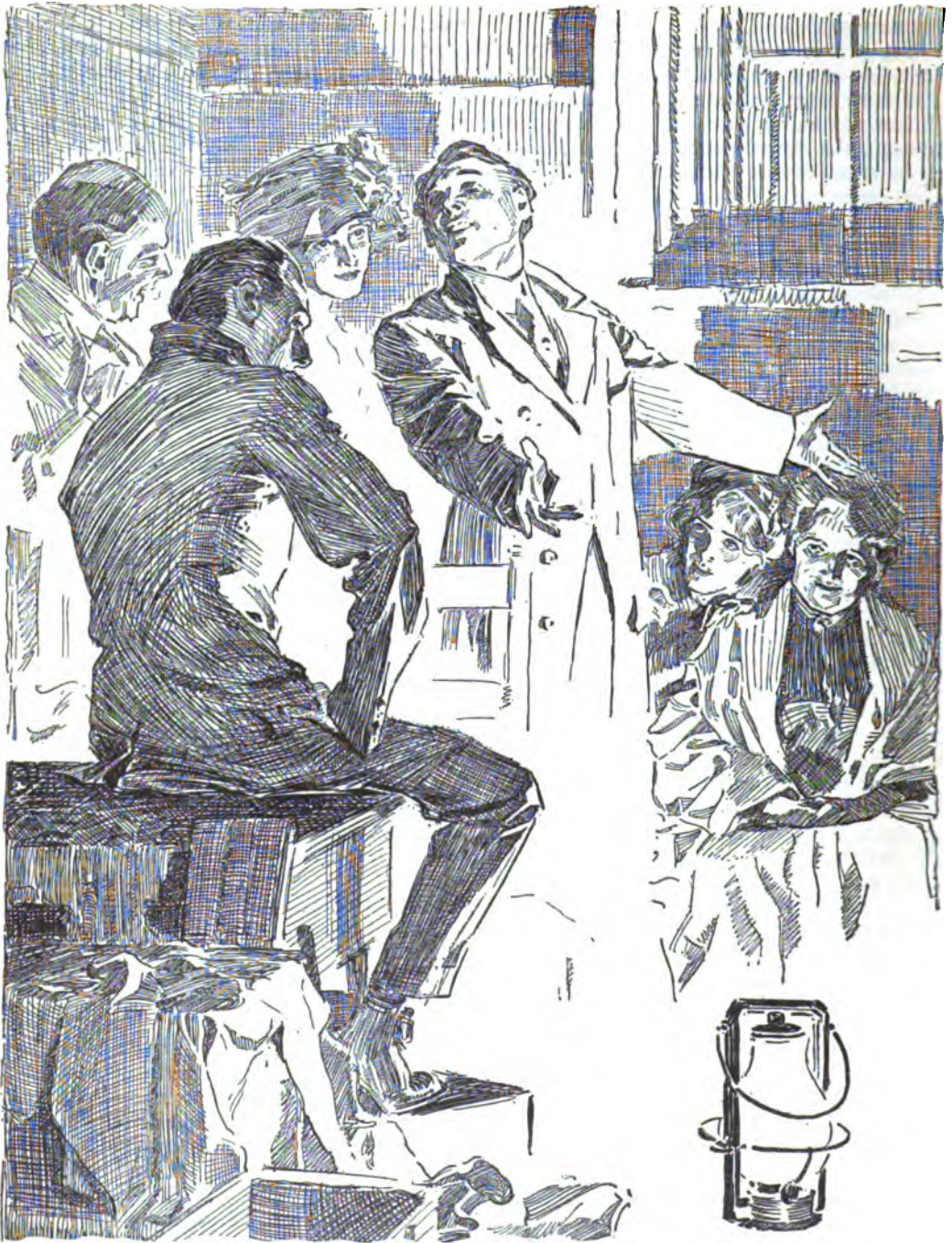
Tug saw Jake Pebworth to-day about the plans we drew up Christmas night and he said that, after he had put in stairways and closets and had allowed for plumbing and a furnace, the house would probably not cost more than fifteen thousand dollars. Fifteen thousand! Goodness! I hadn't any idea that it took so much money to build. Mr. Pebworth didn't seem to think much of the plans and suggested that we wait and look about before we did anything more about it. At first it quite discouraged me. But now I'm very glad those plans proved lemons; for I have changed my mind completely. The other day when I was in Boston, I subscribed to three illustrated magazines—*The Architectural Review*, *The Interior*, and *The Builder*, and I have been getting out bound copies of past numbers from the library. I didn't know that there were so many ways of building houses. It seemed to me that my ideas changed every time I turned a page; for each picture was lovelier than the last. Finally, however, I boiled my ideas down to three. Number one was to put up an exact duplicate of Anne Hathaway's cottage. I thought it was perfectly *darling* when I was in Shottery, but it did not occur to me how lovely it would be to live in it until I saw some beautiful pictures of it. Number two was to build an Italian villa—like the one that Mr. Waring had in Fiesole. It was a great, roomy, simple place with only the most *subtle* and *simple* ideas in decoration inside and a formal garden outside. Number three (and on the whole, this fascinated me more than any) was to have a Spanish hacienda—everything on one floor and all built around a square interior court with a flower-garden and a fountain in the center. I was just full of this when Tug came to-night. Tug said (the way he always does, the angel love) not to consider him, to have exactly what I wanted. But he pointed out that a stone floor, like Anne Hathaway's cottage, would be cold as ice in winter. He said that when he was in Shottery, the caretaker told him that winters she nearly died of chilblains. Tug said, moreover, that he'd feel very anachronistic mixing a Bronx cocktail in an Elizabethan cottage. He said, "Think of hanging up all my college flags in an Italian villa or inviting the boys to play billiards in a Spanish hacienda." Moreover Tug pointed out to me that the Italian villa and the Spanish hacienda were invented specially for a *semi-tropical* climate. And when you come to think of it, an interior court with a foun-

tain in it would look sort of lonesome in winter-time, all covered with snow. Well, I've sort of given up the idea; but I'm really very disappointed for I think it would be a very original stunt. There are terrible obstacles in this life to anybody who tries to stray from the beaten path—especially in any *artistic* line.

January 8.

Mother and I had a long talk to-day. I told her how disappointed I was that I couldn't have an Italian villa or a Spanish hacienda. She said that she knew exactly how I felt. She said she wanted a house just strung with bay-windows; that the only reason that she and father ever got this great barn of a place was because it was going for almost nothing. She says she fell in love at once with the big room on the third floor which we called the playroom when we were children. She said that it proved a very wise choice; for the children in the neighborhood always came here to play. Mother said, "Why don't you look up every house that's 'for sale' or 'to let' in town? You'll get more ideas from them than from all the books and magazines in the library." That struck me as a very valuable suggestion and in the afternoon, Tug and I started out. The first person we met was Lila Ellis in an old mangy fur-coat, wheeling that eternal baby-carriage. She stopped and spoke to us. She said that she had heard that we were going to build and she said if we ever wanted to talk with somebody who had learned much practical wisdom through bitter experience to come to her. Of course, I was just as nice as I could be, but I should never think of going. I don't think Lila could tell *me* much, that is, judging by the way she dresses. To think that the day would ever come when I should feel so superior to Lila Ellis.

We had hardly turned the corner when we ran into Callie Hunt. She stopped us, too. "Why don't you come over and see my place," she said. So we went. Well, never in my born days have I seen anything so well kept! In the first place, the house itself is all cut up just the way I like a house to be, everything opening into everything else, funny little unexpected seats and settles, nooks and corners, turns and twists. As for decoration—well, the artistic touch was *everywhere*. Then, of course, as it is perfectly new, the floors, paper, paint, plaster are immaculate and what with all her new shiny furniture and her bright, new rugs—it was Spotless Town all right. I really never saw a house so, what you call, *hygienically* clean. I



I didn't realize how much stuff there was there—the old sideboard, the highboy, the lowboy, the secrecouches and tables galore. They all seemed awfully interested

didn't see a speck of dust anywhere. You see drawing-room is kept in cabinets, her books are kept in cases with doors to them; there are Callie keeps everything behind glass. Her dining-room was just one gorgeous glitter of cut-glass, but every speck of it was in cabinets. The bric-à-brac in her living-room and drawing-room is kept in cabinets, her books are kept in cases with doors to them; there are Callie keeps everything behind glass. Her dining-room was just one gorgeous glitter of cut-glass, but every speck of it was in cabinets. The bric-à-brac in her living-room and



tary, two or three old clocks, half a dozen old mirrors, eight or nine chests of drawers, chairs and in them. They examined them *microscopically*, I might say

wasn't a picture and yet Callie told me that she herself dusted *behind them* every day of her life. Well, the house showed the care.

I asked Tug after we got out, if he didn't think she was a marvel and he said—now,

aren't men queer—that he had never been so uncomfortable in his life. He said that the house felt like a sanatorium. He said the kitchen looked like an operating-room. He said he was absolutely sure that Callie steril-

ized everything we touched the moment we left the house. "I understand perfectly, now," he said, "why Al Hunt is at the Club every night. He feels too much like an interne if he stays at home."

Well, after we left Callie's we went to all the vacant houses and apartments in town—all except the old Durland place; of course, there was no use in going there. And I guess I was never more discouraged in my life. Such teeny-weeny little rooms and such gigantic rents. I didn't see a single thing that I liked. I feel all at sea.

January 11.

Tug brought Jake Pebworth over this evening. The first thing he did was—what do you think—to go perfectly mad about our house! He went from room to room on the lower floor, simply exploding with admiration. Then he asked permission to go upstairs. He said it was one of the best-built houses that he ever saw in his life. He said the lines and proportions of it were perfect. He said it made every other house that he'd seen in Maywood look *jerry-built*, whatever that means. Father just sat there and beamed. It was nuts to him, for if there's one thing he's crazy about, it's this house. He hates to change anything about it—oh, what a struggle it was that time I got him to do it all over. Mr. Pebworth seemed particularly struck with the marble mantels and the chandeliers downstairs. I did love the chandeliers when I was a child—they have long garlands of brass, craved with grapes and tiny little foxes' heads peering out from them. But I have always hated the mantels—they look like mausoleums to me. I could never drape things over them in any really artistic way. Father told Mr. Pebworth a whole lot of stuff that was new to me. He said that Mr. Esdaile, who built the house, also built the Durland place. He was a crank on old things. Every time a fine old house was dismantled in Boston, he used to go in and buy parts of it. It seems that our stairway is a peach—the mahogany rail is very classy for some reason or other. Well, I have never seen anybody so crazy as Mr. Pebworth was. He lingered in every room. Finally, he said that he had two women friends in Maywood, interior decorators, and did we mind if he called them up and asked them up to see our house. I knew at once who they were when he mentioned their names—a Miss Ralph and a Mrs. Hollet who live on the Gardiner Road, great friends of Mrs. Marsh's—fierce high-brows and terribly exclusive. Of course, father and

mother were very pleased. I did not think for one moment that they would come on such an informal invitation. But when I heard what Mr. Pebworth said over the telephone, you would certainly have thought he was inviting them to see Buckingham Palace. They asked if they could bring a Miss Whiting, who happened to be calling on them. Miss Whiting is an artist—she has a studio on the Gardiner Road that I've always been crazy to see the inside of. Well, the long and short of it was, up they beat it in a machine. Miss Ralph is little and wiry and quick and dark, with snapping black eyes, and Mrs. Hollet is big and massive and slow and sort of glacial. Miss Whiting is long and lippy, the very *personification of grace*, a regular Burne-Jones. Well, I guess artistic people must be alike, for they were just as bad as Mr. Pebworth. They raved about the rooms and they raved about the mantels and they raved about the chandeliers and the stairs, windows and the doors and even the latches on the doors. Mother and father just ate it up. Of course, mother made her usual hit; you could see they were crazy about her. I didn't feel so very comfortable myself. For when I advanced an opinion, they listened to me so sort of *hard* that it was really embarrassing. And sometimes before I'd get half through what I had to say, I'd have a feeling that it wasn't especially worth saying anyway. I never had a sensation quite like it.

After a while, they asked what we had on the wall before we put on the red and green cartridge. Mother told them all about the queer paper that was on the living-room and library, great big scenes. I remember how ashamed I used to be of it when I was growing up—it was so antiquated and different from what everybody else had. They seemed to know all about it—they called it a "landscape" paper. They said it must have been the "Lady of the Lake" pattern.

I don't know exactly how it all came about; but somebody, mother, I think, mentioned Aunt Mary's furniture and Miss Ralph asked if they could see it. Before we knew it, we were all traipsing out to the barn, carrying lanterns and as muffled up as if we were going motoring.

I didn't realize how much stuff there was there—the old sideboard, the highboy, the lowboy, a secretary, two or three old clocks, half a dozen old mirrors, eight or nine chests of drawers, chairs and couches and tables galore. They all seemed awfully interested in them. They examined them *microscopically*, I might say. They asked how long they had been in

the barn and I told how we did the house all over a few years ago. And I guess they thought we did a good job, too. Mrs. Hollet asked mother if she had ever thought of selling the furniture and mother said she'd as soon think of selling one of us. Miss Ralph asked if she might come over some day and take pictures. Miss Ralph is writing a book on old furniture and she illustrates it with photographs. It seems that all Aunt Mary's stuff is especially "good"—*good* is the word they always used. The highboy in particular is six-legged—a very rare piece. Fancy Aunt Mary's stuff turning out to be *valuable!*

January 15.

Yesterday mother received a note from Miss Whiting asking us if we would come to her studio to-day and have a cup of tea with her. Of course, we were delighted to go and went. I came away perfectly crazy to build just such a place as she has. It's a bungalow—consisting of three rooms on one floor—a big studio (which is living-room, library and bedroom), a dining-room, a kitchen. The other rooms didn't make such a hit with me—but, oh, that studio! She told me it was forty-one by twenty-three and it has a great big fireplace. Such a wonderful place to give dances or charades or theatricals in! Of course, it was interesting—all artist's places are. The furniture was all mahogany. "But I have nothing that can compare with the beautiful things in your barn," she said. It's curious, but it had never entered my head that Aunt Mary's things were *beautiful*. I suppose it was because I was brought up with them.

That night I told Tug about the studio plan. It didn't seem to make any hit with him at all. He said it was all right for a girl-artist living alone, but when it came to a married couple—why they must think of the future and three rooms were altogether too few. Of course, when Tug put it that way to me, I saw that the bungalow was entirely out of the question. Sometimes I think I'm not so practical as I might be. And, of course, it isn't as if I could get any help from Tug. Tug knows what he doesn't want; but he is not what I call *creative*. I feel more at sea than ever. Sometimes I almost think we'd better give the whole thing over to Jake Pebworth, and let him do the best he can for us. But somehow that seems so sort of *soulless* and *mechanical*—if you know what I mean. It's like putting a nickel in the slot and taking any house that comes. I want my house to represent my personality. But I'm sure I don't know what my personality is.

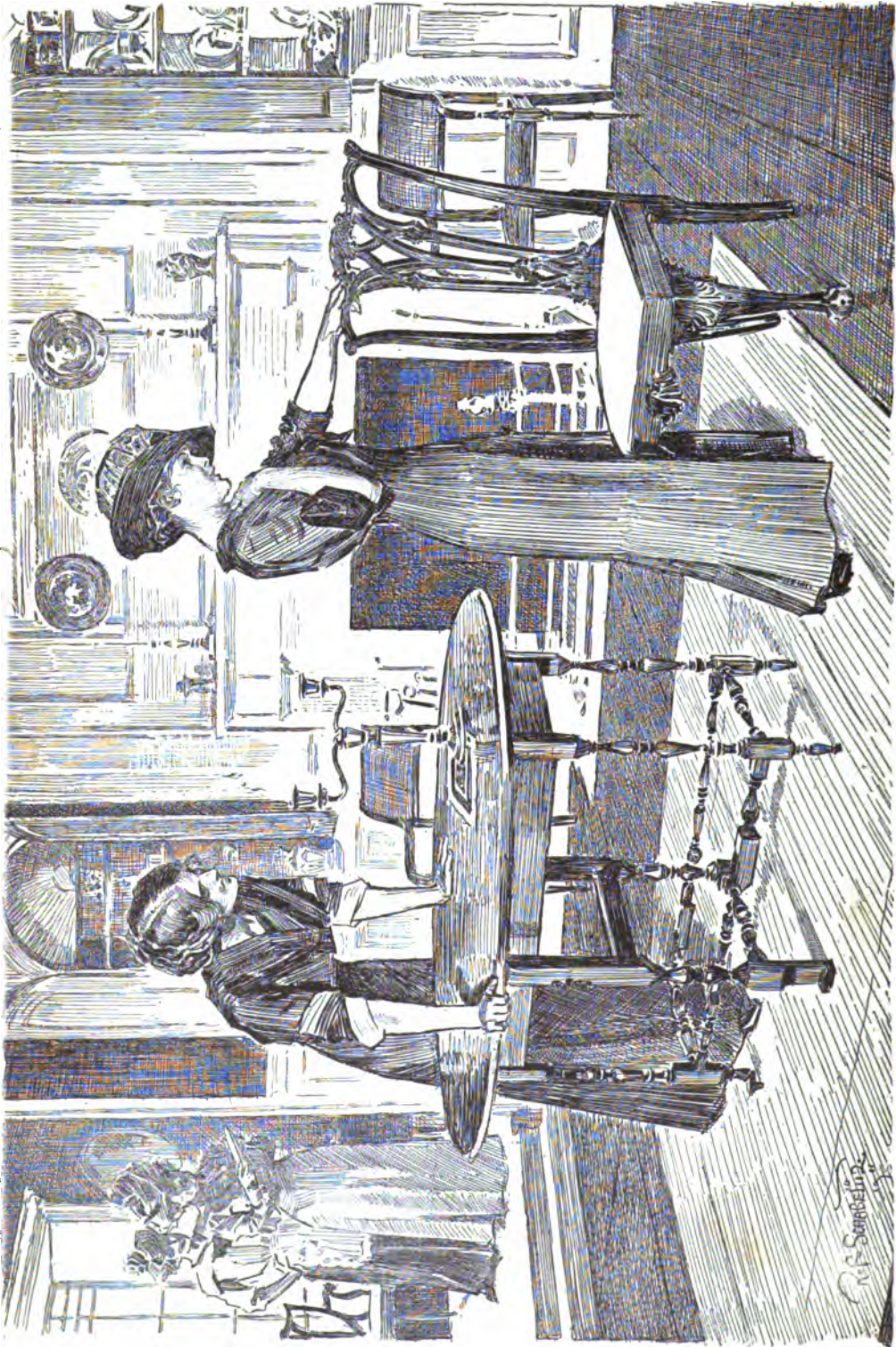
January 22.

Yesterday mother and I went to tea with Mrs. Hollet and Miss Ralph. Oh, I'm so glad that I went, for all my ideas changed completely. I feel so much better now. I really think I see light ahead. There were only six of us at the tea—our hostesses, Jake Pebworth, Tug, mother and me. Like Miss Whiting, their furniture was all old mahogany. And it seems that they *prefer* it to modern furniture, no matter how much it costs. They spend all their time and most of their money hunting up old stuff. They furnish houses for people with it. It seems it's the thing nowadays to have colonial furniture and that it brings fabulous prices. Aunt Mary's six-legged highboy, for instance—they said they could sell it for us for over two hundred dollars if we wanted to part with it—in fact, they said everything of Aunt Mary's was exceptionally beautiful, interesting and, *hence*, valuable.

Well, if I wasn't the surprised person. I knew of course that people clung on to heirlooms. Of course, I'd heard of people buying antiques, but I thought they bought them because they could get them so much cheaper than modern furniture. I went around like a girl in a dream and just gawked at things—listening to the infinitesimal prices they paid for them and the fabulous prices they would now bring.

Later Mr. Pebworth came. Mrs. Hollet and Miss Ralph were getting the tea ready and they asked me if I would show him a picrust table that they had just fixed up. It was in another room and after we got there alone, I just took my courage in my hand and I said:

"Mr. Pebworth, I don't know what you will think of me for what I'm going to say. But I'm a very ignorant girl, very much in need of advice. And I'm going to ask you to help me." He looked as surprised, but he stopped jumping about and came and sat down beside me. I said, "Tug and I, as you know, have this money to buy a house and it's all up to me to choose it. But I don't know what I want or ought to want. And when it comes to furnishings— For instance, it is a very great surprise to me to find out that Aunt Mary's old furniture is so valuable. But it's a greater surprise to find that it is beautiful. I can't see it—I honestly can't. I prefer modern things—for they seem so much more light and clean and convenient and smart. But I don't want to make any mistakes and I *do* want to buy things that are permanent. And if old things



I went around like a girl in a dream and just gawked at things

are better, I want to get them. But I want to know why."

Well, you never saw anybody so sweet and kind and sympathetic as he was. He gave me the nicest and clearest and most interesting talk I ever listened to. He began by saying that my state was enviable because, unlike most people, I knew enough to know that I didn't know anything. Then he took up the house subject. He gave me a little lecture on architecture and he told me just what was wrong with the houses that I had looked at in Maywood. He ended by saying, "Why, Miss Martin, you're living now in a house that is a model of taste. I'll be frank with you and tell you that, from my point of view, and the point of view of everybody with a cultivated taste, you ruined it by putting that new paper on and buying all that modern furniture." Then came a lecture on old furniture—he simply threw fits over Aunt Mary's mahogany. "I cannot bear to think of that splendid mahogany rusting in the barn—it must have been wonderful in those fine, noble big rooms," he concluded. Then he gave me a list of books on old furniture.

February 23.

The night I came home from tea with Mrs. Hollet and Miss Ralph I told Tug that I wasn't going to think of the house for a whole month. I was going to put every plan and idea that I'd had out of my head and see what leaving it alone would do. Mother says a watched pot never boils and I guess I had too many ideas for my own good. Anyway I decided to put the pot on the back of the stove and let it simmer. And I've done that thing. In the meantime, I've got hold of every book on old furniture that I could beg, borrow or steal and I've read them from beginning to end and from the end to the beginning. I've studied the pictures until I know them by heart. I've gone out into the barn and examined Aunt Mary's things by the half-hour. I don't know how it came about—perhaps it was the fact that I have thought of nothing else—but I've got sort of—obsessed—I guess that's the word—with old things.

To-day I had a long talk with mother. I told her how I had changed my opinion about Aunt Mary's mahogany and if she would let me use some of it in my house after I was married, I would take the most precious care of it. I told mother quite frankly that, if I were she, I'd get rid of all the modern stuff that's in our house now and have Aunt Mary's furniture done over and put right back in the places where they used to stand. I told mother

that now when I looked back on it that it seemed to me I had influenced her and father *unduly* in getting the mission. You should have heard mother laugh. She said that getting that new furniture was all her idea (though later, I noticed when we talked it over with father, he said it was all his idea). Mother said that she was glad, however, that I had grown to love Aunt Mary's things because she'd always had a guilty feeling about their being out in the barn. She said I could have them *all* and welcome. But I said I should only take half because half really belonged to Ern. Mother wrote Ern and asked him if he wanted half and he said, no, he hated the darned old truck. But just the same I shall divide them with the utmost care. For if Ern Martin doesn't know enough to appreciate those beautiful things, his wife will and I'm not going to have her say that I *hogged* all the family heirlooms.

But I am just as much at sea in regard to the house.

February 27.

I am going to tell just what happened to-day in the order in which it happened.

When Tug and I went out for a walk this afternoon, we met Lila Ellis. She stopped and asked us how the house was coming on. Of course, I had to say that I hadn't made up my mind yet. Then she asked us if we wouldn't come home with her and talk it over. I went—well, I must confess, mainly because I didn't know how to say, *no*. She was wheeling the baby. But after we turned round, Tug took it out of her hands in the most natural way in the world. It was the strangest thing, to see Tug pushing that baby-carriage. Tug is such a dear. I don't suppose Ern Martin or Tom Deane or Fred Partland would be caught dead doing such a thing. But Tug was as unconcerned and unconscious, making jokes every step of the way. When we got to the door, he lifted little Molly up and carried her into the house as naturally as if he'd taken care of babies all his life.

Well, the moment I stepped into Lila Ellis's house, I *loved* it. We walked straight into a great big living-room flooded with sunlight. There was a huge fireplace at one end that ran to the very ceiling, made of old Delft tiles with funny Biblical pictures and inscriptions on them. The room was very simple, almost scantily furnished with a few old pieces that were quite as good as Aunt Mary's. The furniture certainly looked as

if it had been used. But I mustn't waste time talking about the house; for, in front of the fire sat three of the most beautiful children I have ever laid my eyes on. The oldest boy is Ralph, brown-haired and gray-eyed, slender, aristocratic-looking—he might be a *prince of the blood*. Then comes Marcia, a perfect little angel-blonde—curls tumbling off her head by the hundreds—Lila says

it's all she can *do* to get a comb through them. Then comes Gideon, who's black-haired and black-eyed—the football-type, a perfectly *corking*-looking child, and Molly, the baby, who's red-headed, pink-cheeked and covered with dimples. I never saw such children—they looked as if they'd never had a sick day in their lives. And when Lila took off that mangy fur coat and revealed a little house-dress of dark gingham, her hair, gray as it was, floating like a soft cloud above her forehead and that pinky color which comes from being out-of-doors so much with the baby—why, she looked like a madonna.

After a while, Lila told the children, who were tumbling all over Tug, that they must take care of the baby while she served tea. And if you will believe it, those children sat down and played with Molly, as obedient as trained animals. After we had tea, Lila took us all through the house.

I never saw a house *like* it—Tug was wild about it. It seems that it was an old, broken-down place to begin with. Lila said, "My father gave me three thousand dollars and all my mother's furniture for a wedding-gift. I could have had a new house with that money,

but, oh, it would have been so little and cramped. Then Will and I happened to see this and I decided to buy it—I would be ashamed to tell you what we paid for it—and put the rest of the money into good plumbing and modern conveniences."

I can't go into everything, but there was a bathroom that was a *perfect wonder* and a kitchen with so many modern conveniences

that it seemed as if all you had to do was to touch a button and the house cleaned itself. But I *must* describe the nursery—the great, big room that was formerly the attic. It was papered with Mother Goose paper, all the books and toys on shelves and in closets and made just right for children to sleep and play in. It was the most lovely child's room I ever saw. Lila had a kitchenette put in right beside it with an electric stove and a refrigerator. She never has to go downstairs for anything that the children need. She says I can't possibly have any idea the



On the way, I passed the old Durland house, and the idea came to me that I would like to see the inside. I didn't have a key, but I climbed in through a window

steps that alone has saved her.

After a while we came downstairs and Tug had a frolic with the babies. It was a revelation to me. I hadn't any idea Tug was so fond of children. Children always come to me, but I don't consider that I'm much of a hand with them, but Tug is a perfect *wizard*. He got right down on the floor, notwithstanding he was wearing a new suit, and they climbed all over him.

After a while Tug had to leave. Then Lila and I had a long talk.

I guess I've got to revise every idea I ever had of Lila Ellis; for, after that talk, there's

nobody in this town I admire more. She told me something about her life before she was married. It was far from a bed of roses. To think how I used to envy her! Her mother died when she was a little girl. She grew up just adoring her father and her brother Tom. But first her brother married a woman who became very jealous of her, then her father did. "It seems incredible what things women can do to men and with them, Phoebe," she said, "but after a while, those women managed to alienate my father and brother from me, although I tried to steer as tactful a course as I could. I haven't seen Tom for five years now and after my father had been married two years, he proposed that I should go somewhere to board. Oh, what a miserable time I had until I married Will! Nobody knows what an unhappy thing I was; for I never told anybody. I made up my mind after I was married that I was going to surround myself with *love*—the *only kind of love that never fails*. And, oh, I've been so happy with my children. I haven't half enough. I want to have a little brood 'round me. Molly's beginning to walk now and already I feel as if I must have a *little* baby in the house. Of course, I've given up my life to them. People don't hesitate to intimate to me that I'm pursuing a very foolish course. They tell me I'm falling behind the times; and it is true that I don't get much chance to read. They don't hesitate to tell me that I'm losing my looks—as if my mirror would conceal that fact from me. But I can't seem to care about my looks—Marcia and Molly have all the beauty we need in this family. Best of all we're all well—the children and Will and I. I lay half our good health to the roominess and convenience of this house."

I walked home alone. On the way, I passed the old Durland house, and the idea came to me that I would like to see the inside. I didn't have a key, but I climbed in through a window.

It was the most beautiful old place I ever was in—except my own home. Downstairs there's a long room on one side of the lovely

big hall and two rooms on the other. Upstairs there are four chambers and a great garret that would make a lovely nursery. There are fireplaces in all the rooms. And then the details of it are so fascinating—the woodwork, the panelling, the doors and windows and the quaint, queer closets everywhere. Somehow an old house is such a *friendly* place. I sat on the fine old stairway for a long time, planning where I would put Aunt Mary's things if it belonged to me. I was thinking what had probably happened there—births and deaths and weddings and funerals and dances and theatricals—when suddenly I remembered something that old Mrs. Sawyer told me once. When she was a girl, the Durlands themselves lived there. Mr. and Mrs. Durland were blonde and they had eight beautiful children—just like a flight of stairs for size—all blonde, too. Mrs. Sawyer said that everybody used to call them "the angels." And she said they all grew up perfect beauties and one of them, Esther Durland, married a very distinguished Englishman—he was Prime Minister or something. I tried to imagine those eight little fairy beings tumbling up and down those stairs. Well, perhaps—

After dinner, I told Tug that I would rather buy the old Durland house than build a new one. To my great surprise, Tug was perfectly delighted. He said that pleased him more than anything I could do. And he told me something he never told me before. He said that all his life, *our* house has been his ideal of a *home*. He said that he will never forget, as long as he lives, what fun he used to have rainy days in the playroom when all the children in the neighborhood were gathered there. He says that, in some ways, it seems more like a home to him than his own house. He said that Callie Hunt's house wasn't a home at all because there was too much system in it and that Miss Ralph's place wasn't a home because there was too much *art*; but that Lila's house was a real home because it was all *heart*. What beautiful ideas Tug has! I wonder I didn't consult him in the first place.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Brief Accounts with Photographic Portraits of

Reginald H. Thomson

Marie Samuella Cromer

George Pierce Baker

George Jackson Kneeland

REGINALD H. THOMSON

THIRTY years ago a young engineer from the Middle West stood on the shore of Puget Sound at the point where a little town was being hewn out of the jungle forest. What his imagination saw was not a raw, crude, fire-blackened frontier outpost but a great port of entry filled with ships unloading their wares and taking on lumber, coal, iron, and wheat for the market of the world. To help make that vision come true of Seattle has been the dream of Reginald H. Thomson's life.

It was already known among the group of railroad engineers with whom the young man was associated that Washington was a wonderfully rich virgin territory. Bisected by the Cascades, the eastern portion of the future State was an agricultural paradise, the western part prodigally wealthy in timber, coal, and iron ore. The close proximity to the raw material made it certain that this port of Puget would be the center from which these products would radiate. Rightly or wrongly, he was of an abiding faith that the final great port of the Pacific would be here. The passing of the next decade justified Thomson. Orchard and wheat fields already dotted the Yakima and Palouse districts. Mines and mills were eating into the forests and the hills of the western slope. The eyes of the world had begun to turn to the Northwest. From Tacoma on the south to Whatcom on the north, Puget Sound was swarming with industry. But Thomson saw that if Seattle was to fulfill her destiny as the center of that port the town must prepare for the opportunity while there was yet time.

Jammed between the Sound and Lake Washington, with no room to spare and every foot of the ground tipped up or down at impossible angles, Seattle looks at first glance the most unlikely site conceivable for a metropolis. But Thomson, like thousands

of other enthusiastic young men, believed this was the place appointed for a great city. Unlike them, he saw the vital need of remodeling these hills and gulches so that the commerce pouring into the town from north and south would find adequate arteries through which to flow.

To remedy the defects of nature, Thomson got himself appointed city engineer. His work was to reshape its map to serve business ends, at the same time lending the hand of art to enhance the natural loveliness of its hills, lakes, and perpetual green.

What he intended to do he has done. Mayors come and go, are but for a month or a year; but Thomson hangs on forever. For twenty years he has pounded away with his hydraulics at the hills of Seattle, has built boulevards and parks, put in sewers and a water system, and incidentally piled up taxes upon indignant citizens. To-day he is recognized as one of the great municipal engineers of the country, but the opposition to him has been tremendous. You have only to look at the strong, well-set, iron-gray man with the closely clamped jaw to know he is a fighter. But he could never have won if he had not been a diplomat, too. He has had to move the minds of the people from their inertia so that they would see with a vision broad enough to understand the situation as he did. To that end he has argued, explained, conciliated, educated, while at the same time he was washing into the tide flats a glacial moraine that had been inconsiderately dumped in the way of the main arteries of the city.

In the early days improvements were made at the least possible expense, so that many of the grades were as high as twenty-two feet in the hundred. To cut down such inclines from all lines of general traffic has been the chief work of R. H. Thomson. Take the case of Jackson Street, an important



REGINALD H. THOMSON

City Engineer of Seattle. The man who flattened out the hilly city of Seattle. He washed the hills into the bay, tore down and regraded five square miles of city. He piles taxes on the citizens, and they grumble and follow him

east and west artery. Upon it were grades of fifteen per cent. To reduce these, so that the highest should not be over five per cent., required a cut through seven blocks at a maximum depth of ninety feet. In order not to leave the street a canyon, it became necessary to regrade a district five blocks wide. In other words, every improvement in a built-up territory of fifty-five acres, stretching close to the business heart of the

city, had to be destroyed with the consent of a majority of the owners.

Thomson believed it would pay the property owners to have this done, and with characteristic energy he set about proving it to them. A chart was prepared with a series of pictures. The first showed a load that could be hauled by one horse on the level, as shown in Trautwine's Engineers' book. The last gave a picture of nine horses

pulling the same weight up Jackson Street. This argument was so effective for the regrade that the work was indorsed by the owners, with the result that the surface of one hundred and twenty acres was removed, involving a total of 3,361,000 cubic yards of earth.

In all he has regraded more than twenty-five miles of street and has moved more than 16,000,000 cubic yards of dirt. Most of this has been washed into the tide flats and has been used to reclaim land for railroad yards and factory sites. As yet his work is not more than half done. R. H. Thomson is still the busiest man in Seattle, building parks and boulevards and sewers, moving moun-

tains and moraines, explaining, defending, attacking. Ask twenty men about him, and you will get twenty different answers. He is the best-hated man in his city. He has the staunchest following. Distrusted by many, he yet enjoys the confidence of the business men. Seattle grumbles and follows him. Perhaps the secret of his power is the dynamic energy that gets things done. In the West, especially, a leader who is sure of what he wants and where he is going can always command a large following. R. H. Thomson has always been quite sure. He is as certain as mathematics about the outcome.

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

MARIE SAMUELA CROMER

MISS MARIE CROMER, of Aiken County, South Carolina, a year ago was a teacher in a Southern school. To-day she is a symbol of an inspiring movement for the uplift of Southern women, a salaried officer of the Department of Agriculture, and the almoner of a fund of \$25,000 entrusted to her by the General Education Board of New York City. Briefly, Miss Cromer is the Jeanne d'Arc of a crusade of Southern women in agriculture. The Boys' Corn Clubs, now a great army of over 100,000 boys in all Southern States, aroused Miss Cromer's emulation. She felt that the divine gift of the soil should possess something for girls. She thought of roses, chrysanthemums and other possibilities, and finally pinned her faith to the practical and delectable tomato.

The dynamic power of the human idea is a wonderful thing. Miss Cromer has entablatured her idea as "the Originator of the Girls' Tomato Clubs." In January, 1910, she had enrolled 46 girls from her schools in Aiken County in the first organized agricultural movement for women. Each girl marked off one-tenth of an acre of land and planted tomato seeds. There was no school girl in South Carolina who had not been a spectator of the honors bestowed upon the Corn Club heroes,—diplomas from the governor, excursions to Washington, all sorts of prizes,—and real money from the crop. The Aiken girls resolved to "show 'em" something. They did. Before the summer was over the watchful eye of the United States Farm Demonstration Service, from its office at Columbia, South Carolina, discovered the importance of Miss Cromer's idea. The late Dr. S. A. Knapp, head of this federal bureau, secured the sum of \$5,000 to buy can-

ning machinery and send experienced operators to take a hand in the game. The Aiken girls then waked up to a sense of an immense opportunity. Emulation was strong within the little group of forty-six girls; and the boys of the corn clubs were beaten to a finish.

This is what happened. Miss Katie Gunter, of Samaria, Aiken County, put up 512 cans of tomatoes. Her profits, after all expenses had been paid, were a trifle more than forty dollars, or at the rate of \$400 an acre! The best that the boys have done in the corn clubs was the achievement of Jerry Moore,—a profit of over \$130 on one acre of corn. The Aiken girls have "come across" with an achievement over threefold greater. Their canned tomatoes commend themselves to the popular palate, because they are done better than the factories. They are labeled like other canned tomatoes, but each girl puts her autograph on the can, which with the legend, "Put up by the Girls' Tomato Club of Aiken County," adds the flavor of romance to an otherwise commonplace commodity.

Miss Cromer's achievement has arisen to the dignity of a national movement, fostered by the United States Government. Within a year five Southern States have taken up the growing and canning of tomatoes. Her army has grown to 3,000 girls from the original forty-six. In May the General Education Board promptly gave its check for \$25,000 to meet the expense of equipment and a propaganda of national circularization. The federal agricultural department has scattered broadly through the South leaflets of instruction, and girls and women are everywhere awake to the fact that the divine gift of the soil was not for man alone. The cru-



MARIE SAMUELLE CROMER

The Jeanne d'Arc of a crusade of Southern women in agriculture. By means of "Girls' Tomato Clubs," she is teaching three thousand girls to become independent through growing and putting up vegetables. The movement has become national, and is backed up by the Department of Agriculture

ade is to be far-reaching and will not be confined to tomatoes; when the work progresses further, cucumbers and other garden products will be given attention. The proper ways of cooking will be taught, for

Miss Cromer has been in New York observing the principles of teaching Domestic Science. Southern homes will be healthier, wealthier, and wiser, when Miss Cromer's mission is complete. STANLEY JOHNSON.



Photograph by Puch

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

Professor of Dramatic Literature at Harvard University. The man who broke the pedantic prejudice against teaching the modern drama. He has done much to bring the University and the Theatre together. He founded a course to instruct aspiring dramatists in the technique of the stage

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

TWO vital institutions, long estranged, have lately been drawing in to closer sympathy and mutual understanding: the university and the theatre are beginning to recognize their

definite relationship as factors in modern civilization. Foremost, on the part of the American universities, Harvard has recognized this relationship concretely by establishing courses in the study of modern dram-

artists and the technique of the drama; and these courses are the auspicious results of the knowledge, patience, and insight of one man: George Pierce Baker, Professor of Dramatic Literature.

other, among dramatists, actors, and theatrical managers, it stands equally for university training in the theatre. At this focus point of live forces, it is not strange that he has been called by the ultra-theatrical "academic," and by the ultra-scholastic "sensational"!

So it happens that Professor Baker stands,



GEORGE JACKSON KNEELAND

As Field Director of the Mayor's Vice Commission in Chicago, he collected at first hand the bitter facts of the underworld. After a wandering career as shepherd, cigar-maker, and divinity student, he found himself

almost alone, at the intersecting point of two great living currents of modern life. On the one hand, among the widely strewn colleges and universities of the United States, his name stands preëminently for dramatic craftsmanship in the university; on the

In truth, he is neither. A man of common sense, enthusiasm, and quiet humor, he is as far from the fanatic as from the pedant: in conversation, of few words to the point; in public speaking, fluent, lucid, logical, as one would expect of the author of "The

Principles of Argumentation"; in manner, reticent yet simple and accessible—a "New England" exterior, tempered by the friendliness of a smile which makes him warmly beloved. Himself a Harvard man, of the class of 1887, he has risen in the faculty from instructor to full professor, thorough and constant in his work as teacher, and as editor of several scholarly series. In 1907, he published "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist," a significant volume, which emphasizes the stage craftsmanship of the poet.

When he began his dramatic courses he found Harvard, like all universities, strangely obtuse to art as a factor of education. He found there the art of the drama recognized only as a branch of philology; Shakespeare and the Elizabethans treated as the most recent of modern dramatists; and the only boards whereon their characters might be permitted to strut—the boards of text-books. That was a decade ago. To-day, the study of the drama is more concentratedly alive at Harvard than at any other spot in America; the characters of the modern dramatists—of Germany, France, Spain, Norway, Denmark, England, America, and elsewhere—are more familiar within the walls of Baker's class-room than within our cosmopolitan theatres; the dramatic critiques of the world are at the disposal of his students; on the boards of some Cambridge hall, or the college graduation stage (for he has accomplished his constructive work without laboratory or studio in the shape of a theatre, which is sorely needed for his purposes to-day), the students of the Harvard Dramatic Club enact plays by Harvard undergraduates and graduates, under a director chosen for his professional experience. These plays have all been notable for ideas and practical workmanship.

Among the more advanced of his many students, those known as "Baker's Dozen," some have already been heard from beyond college walls. Edward Sheldon, '08, has written "Salvation Nell," "The Nigger," "The Boss," all remarkably successful on the professional stage. Among others, Hermann Hagedorn, Jr., '07, whose adaptation, "The Witch," was played at the New The-

atre, New York, has written several acted one-act plays; David Carb's "The Things We Create" has been produced on the professional stage; Allan Davis's "The Promised Land" proved powerfully actable in Cambridge. In competition for the Craig prize, Miss Florence Lincoln, of Professor Baker's class at Radcliffe, wrote "The End of the Bridge," performed very successfully at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, where two other plays of the competition were accepted for performance later. Besides these, a Christmas Masque, by Charlton Andrews, was lately performed by the MacDowell Club, in New York. Moreover, a cordial relation toward the professional stage has resulted in bringing to Harvard some of the best artists of the theatre, to speak or to act on various occasions, of which Henry Miller's performance of William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Faith Healer," at Sanders Theatre, in 1909, was notably important.

In August, 1910, Professor Baker demonstrated his own constructive spirit as an artist in devising and directing the MacDowell Pageant, at Peterborough, N. H., set to music of MacDowell, with results beautiful and lasting in their influence. From his initiative have also resulted the MacDowell Scholarship at Harvard for students in dramatic technique, drawing students from distant places to Cambridge; as well as the Craig prize of \$500 yearly, for the best play submitted by his students—to be acted by Mr. John Craig's company in Boston (half of the prize money to go to the author, half to the college library for books about the drama). But besides training the growth of dramatic writers, Professor Baker is equipping his students to become efficient dramatic critics, as is evident by the work of Kenneth McGowan, '11, in the columns of the *Boston Transcript*.

Needless to say, Professor Baker aims not at making dramatists but at aiding them: aiding them, early in their careers, by knowledge, discipline and critical self-help in a definite craft, which he himself is clear to point out; has no set formulæ or recipes for the creative spirit. PERCY MACKAYE.

GEORGE JACKSON KNEELAND

NO recent modern report on human life, save only the Pittsburgh Survey, has so stirred the American people as that of the Mayor's Vice Commission of Chicago. It is thor-

ough. It built up an almost staggering array of facts, and let the facts do most of the generalizing. Out of the ugly discordant wreckage through which it picked its way, the Commission struck an arousing

note—that of rigorous repression of vice, and that of appeal to the chivalry of men to rescue women from being exploited for money.

The report proved that at least \$15,000,000 a year are the profits on Chicago's vice. It showed an army of 5,000 to 7,000 girls exploited by men for money—hotel-keepers, druggists, brewers, real estate agents, property owners. It showed that Chicago was not worse than other cities—rather, that it was better than many,—but that this pathetic underworld makes up a universal situation among our cities and towns—a situation which it is time that we take in hand.

There would have been no Mayor's Vice Commission, no unanimous and convincing agreement on remedies resulting from observed fact, but for the intelligence and high character of the Commission, with such men active as Dean Sumner, Graham Taylor, and Frank Gunsaulus.

But also there would have been no probe so searching, no body of facts so voluminous, comprehensive, irrefutable, but for the Field Director, George Jackson Kneeland. The understatements of the report are deadly. Its accuracy is as undisturbed as that of a census. It was Kneeland who harvested that bitter crop of facts.

He is far from the professional investigator, who is able to collect spicy, picturesque notes out of human woe, with the calm detachment of a scientist in a laboratory of germs. Every creature encountered has a human appeal to him—he senses the sordid, tragic, life history that has gone into the forced gayety and tired animation.

Sanity is the keynote of the man. It has saved him from the cynicism of men of the world in dealing with the most ancient evil on the earth, and from the fanaticisms and swift panaceas of some reformers.

Tending sheep in utter loneliness on the broad, unpeopled levels of Nebraska prairie, two decades ago, he desired an education, and a college education at that. So he learned the trade of cigar making, and earned enough money—supplemented by hard work throughout the college years—to send himself through Whipple Academy and Illinois College. He graduated with a reputation already established for public speech. He turned to the ministry for a life-work, and journeyed East to the Yale Divinity School. For the summer vacation months, he preached as supply in a Vermont country church, and brought its attendance from a handful to a few hundred.

But then he was back again to the theological professors, fingering the dry bones of the minor prophets, the intricacies of Trinitarian refinements, the heresies of nineteen centuries. It distressed his thinking apparatus and grieved him. Right in the middle of the college year, he up and left. Innate honesty turned him from a sure career.

He came down upon New York, with his thoughts in turmoil, his life all at sea. He filled a couple of business positions acceptably, and one or two sub-editorships. There were seven or eight years in there of rebuffs and slippery footholds, which would have worn down many a man of even unusual vitality into a clerk and drudge of broken spirit.

Then came daylight with the Committee of Fourteen, when its Research Committee wished to probe New York on law enforcement. Kneeland had charge of the investigation for Frances Kellor. The result was an accurate, excellent volume, widely known to specialists. Then followed Mayor Busse's appointment of a Vice Commission for Chicago, and the selection of Kneeland as the one man in the nation thoroughly competent for the exacting requirements of the field investigation.

His gift of public speech has been rediscovered, and from many clubs, churches, and organizations of Chicago, and from many towns of the Middle West the calls are almost constant for a talk. His speaking voice is an organ of beauty—there are few men in public life to-day who can command a range of equal richness and depth of tone.

His faults are the faults of his country—a slight suspicion of academic training, of foreign travel, of aristocratic culture, a distrust of systematized sociology. It takes him time to get his bearings. His mind moves slowly over fresh ground. By the end of the first week or two of working with him, you find the product is a little tardy and meager. Within a month, you discover he has planned a bigger foundation with a stouter underpinning than you had suspected. At the year's end, the structure is complete, while the bustling hasty approximators have scattered their looser work in half a dozen places.

His is a mind that doesn't misstate, nor half-remember. Once a fact finds lodgment there, it stays put, without faulty accretions.

He sets you wondering just how far he will carry. He is of the very same stuff that has made excellent Governors and Senators.

ARTHUR H. GLEASON.



"HELP ME TO HOLD THE CONFOUNDED THING UP!" HE CRIED, WITH A TOUCH OF IRRITATION IN HIS VOICE AT HER ATTITUDE

M A R R I A G E

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt
they will live happily ever afterwards."

—From a Private Letter

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR W. BROWN AND DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:—Marjorie Pope is the second eldest daughter of a retired coach-builder who with his family of five children has rented a vicarage for the summer at Buryhamstreet in England. Here Will Magnet, a well known humorous writer for the English magazines and newspapers, seeks her, renewing a former acquaintanceship. In a short time, he falls in love and asks her to marry him which she at first declines to do. Urged by her mother and her aunt, however, and attracted by his position and unembarrassed income,—which she appreciates will aid her in avoiding difficulties with her father in which thoughtlessly acquired college debts have involved her—she accepts Magnet when he proposes a second time. The eldest daughter of the Pope family is known as Daffy, the boy as Theodore and there are twins named Syd and Rom.

THE MAN WHO FELL OUT OF THE SKY



FOR the next week Marjorie became more nearly introspective than she had ever been in her life before. She began to doubt her hitherto unshaken conviction that she was a single, consistent human being. She found such discords and discrepancies between mood and mood, between the conviction of this hour and the feeling of that, that it seemed to her she was rather a collection of samples of emotion and attitude than anything so simple as an individual.

For example, there can be no denying there was one Marjorie in the bundle who was immensely set up by the fact that she was engaged, and going to be at no very remote date mistress of a London house. She was profoundly Plessingtonian, and quite the vulgarest of the lot. The new status she had attained and the possibly beautiful house and the probably successful dinner parties and the arrangement and importance of

it was the substance of this creature's thought. She designed some queenly dresses. This was the Marjorie most in evidence when it came to talking with her mother and Daphne. I am afraid she patronized Daphne, and ignored the fact that Daphne, who had begun with a resolute magnanimity, was becoming annoyed and resentful.

Another Marjorie in the confusion of her mind was doing her sincerest, narrow best to appreciate and feel grateful for and return the devotion of Mr. Magnet. This Marjorie accepted and even elaborated his views, laid stress on his voluntary subjection, harped upon his goodness, brought her to kiss him.

"I don't deserve all this love," this side of Marjorie told Magnet. "But I mean to learn to love you—"

"My dear one!" cried Magnet, and pressed her hand. . . .

A third Marjorie among the many was an altogether acuter and less agreeable person. She was a sprite of pure criticism, and in spite of the utmost efforts to suppress her she de-



clared night and day in the inner confidences of Marjorie's soul that she did not believe in Mr. Magnet's old devotion at all. She was anti-Magnet, a persistent insurgent. She was dreadfully unsettling. It was surely this Marjorie that wouldn't let the fact of his baldness alone, and who discovered and insisted upon a curious unbeautiful flatness in his voice whenever he was doing his best to speak from the heart. And as for this old devotion, what did it amount to? A persistent unimaginative besetting of Marjorie, a growing air of ownership, an expansive, indulgent, smiling disposition to thwart and control. And he was always touching her! Whenever he came near her she would wince at the freedoms

a large, kind hand might take with her elbow or wrist, at a possible sudden clumsy pat at some erring strand of hair.

Then there was an appraising satisfaction in his eye.

On the third day of their engagement he began, quite abruptly, to call her "Magsy." "We'll end this scandal of a Girl Pope," he said. "Magsy Magnet, you'll be—*M. M.* No women *M. P.*'s for us, Magsy!" . . .

She became acutely critical of his intellectual quality. She listened with a new alertness to the conversations at the dinner table, the bouts of wit with her father. She carried off utterances and witticisms for maturer reflection. She was amazed to find how little they could withstand the tests and acids of her mind. So many things, such wide and interesting fields, he did not so much think about as cover with a large enveloping shallowness. . . .



THE aviation accident occurred while Mrs. Pope, her two eldest daughters and Mr. Magnet were playing golf croquet upon the vicarage lawn. It was a serene, hot afternoon, a little too hot to take a game seriously, and the four little figures moved slowly over the green and grouped and dispersed as the game required. No one else was in sight; the

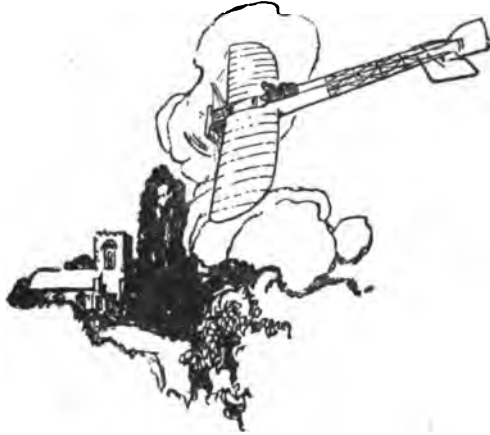
pseudo-twins and Theodore and Toupee were in the barn, and Mr. Pope was six miles away at Wamping, lying prone, nibbling grass blades and watching a county cricket match, as every good Englishman who knows what is expected of him loves to do. . . . Click went ball and mallet, and then, after a long interval, click. It seemed incredible that anything could possibly happen before tea.

But this is no longer the world it was. Suddenly this tranquil scene was slashed and rent by the sound and vision of a monoplane tearing across the heavens.

A purring and popping arrested Mr. Magnet in mid-jest, and the monster came sliding up the sky over the trees beside the church to the

east, already near enough to look big—a great stiff shape, big buff sails stayed with glittering wire and with two odd little wheels beneath its body. It drove up the sky, rising with a sort of upward heaving, until the croquet players could see the driver and a passenger perched behind him quite clearly. It passed a little to the right of the church tower and only a few yards above the level of the flagstaff—there wasn't fifty feet of clearance altogether—and as it did so Marjorie could see both driver and passenger making hasty movements. It became immense and overshadowing, and everyone stood rigid as it swept across the sun above the vicarage chimneys. Then it seemed to drop twenty feet or so abruptly, and then both the men cried out as it drove straight for the line of poplars between the shrubbery and the meadow. "Oh, oh, OH!" cried Mrs. Pope and Daffy. Evidently the aviator was trying to turn sharply; the huge thing banked, but not enough, and came about and slipped away until its wing was slashing into the tree tops with a thrilling swish of leaves and the snapping of branches and stays.

"Run!" cried Magnet, and danced about the lawn, and the three ladies rushed sideways as the whole affair slouched down on them. It came on its edge, hesitated whether to turn over as a whole, then crumpled, and, amidst a volley of smashing and snapping, came to rest, amidst ploughed-up



turf, a clamorous stench of petrol and cloud of dust and blue smoke, within twenty yards of them. The two men had jumped to clear the engine, had fallen headlong and were now both covered by the fabric of the shattered wing.

It was all too spectacular for word or speech until the thing lay still. Even then the croquet players stood passive for a while, waiting for something to happen. It took some seconds to reconcile their minds to this sudden loss of initiative in a monster that had been so recently and threateningly full of *go*. It seemed quite a long time before it came into Marjorie's head that she ought perhaps to act in some way. She saw a tall young man wriggling on all fours from underneath the wreckage of fabric. He stared at her rather blankly. She went forward with a vague idea of helping him. He stood up, swayed doubtfully on his legs, turned, and became energetic, struggling mysteriously with the edge of the left wing. He gasped, and turned fierce, blue eyes over his shoulder.

"Help me to hold the confounded thing up!" he cried, with a touch of irritation in his voice at her attitude.

Marjorie at once seized the edge of the plane and pushed. The second man, in a peculiar button-shaped headdress, was lying crumpled up underneath. His ear and cheek were bright with blood, and there was a streak of blood on the ground near his head.

"That's right. Can you hold it if I use only one hand?"

Marjorie gasped "Yes," with a terrific weight, as it seemed, suddenly on her wrists.

"Right-o," and the tall young man had thrust himself backward under the plane until it rested on his back, and collared the prostrate man. "Keep it up!" he said fiercely when Marjorie threatened to give way. He seemed to assume that she was there to obey orders, and with much grunting and effort he dragged his companion clear of the wreckage.

The man's face was a mass of blood, and he was sickeningly inert to his companion's lugging.

"Let it go," said the tall young man, and Marjorie thanked heaven as the broken monoplane wing flapped down again.

She came helpfully to his side, and became aware of Daffy and her mother a few paces off. Magnet—it astonished her—was retreating hastily. But he had to go away because the sight of blood upset him—so much that it was always wiser for him to go away.

"Is he hurt?" cried Mrs. Pope.

"We both are," said the tall young man, and then, as though these other people didn't matter and he and Marjorie were old friends, he said: "Can we turn him over?"

"I think so," said Marjorie, grasped the damaged man's shoulder and got him over skilfully.

"Will you get some water?" said the tall young man to Daffy and Mrs. Pope, in a way that sent Daffy off at once for a pail.

"He wants water," she said to the parlor maid who was hurrying out of the house.

The tall young man had gone down on his knees by his companion, releasing his neck and making a hasty first examination of his condition. "The pneumatic cap must have saved his head," he said, throwing the thing aside. "Lucky he had it. He can't be badly hurt. Just rubbed his face along the ground. Silly thing to have come as we did."

He felt the heart, and tried the flexibility of an arm.

"*That's* all right," he said.

He became judicious and absorbed over the problems of his friend's side. "Um," he remarked. He knelt back and regarded Marjorie for the first time. "Thundering smash," he said. His face relaxed into an agreeable smile. "He only bought it last week."

"Is he hurt?"

"Rib, I think—or two ribs, perhaps. Stunned rather. All *this*—just his nose."

He regarded Marjorie and Marjorie him for a brief space. He became aware of Mrs. Pope on his right hand. Then, at a clank behind, he turned round to see Daphne advancing with a pail of water. The two servants were now on the spot, and the odd-job man, and the old lady who did out the church, and Magnet, hovered doubtfully in the distance. Suddenly, with shouts and barks of sympathetic glee, the pseudo-twins, Theodore and Toupee, shot out of the house. New thoughts were stirring in the young aviator. He rose, wincing a little as he did so. "I'm afraid I'm a little rude," he said.

"I do hope your friend isn't hurt," said Mrs. Pope, feeling the duty of a hostess.

"He's not hurt *much*—so far as I can see. Haven't we made rather a mess of your lawn?"

"Oh, not at all!" said Mrs. Pope.

"We have. If that is your gardener over there, it would be nice if he kept back the people who seem to be hesitating beyond those trees. There will be more presently. I'm afraid I must throw myself on your

hands." He broke into a chuckle for a moment. "I have, you know. Is it possible to get a doctor? My friend's not hurt so very much, but still he wants expert handling. He's Sir Rupert Solomonson, from"—he jerked his head back—"over beyond Tunbridge Wells. My name's Trafford."

"I'm Mrs. Pope, and these are my daughters."

Trafford bowed. "We just took the thing out for a lark," he said.

Marjorie had been regarding the prostrate man. His mouth was a little open and he showed beautiful teeth. Apart from the dry blood upon him he was not an ill-looking man. He was manifestly a Jew, a square-rigged Jew (you have remarked of course that there are square-rigged Jews, whose noses are within bounds, and fore-and-aft Jews, whose noses aren't), with not so much a bullet-head as a round-shot, cropped like the head of a Capuchin monkey. Suddenly she was down and had his head on her knee, with a quick movement that caught Trafford's eye. "He's better," she said. "His eyelids flickered. Daffy, bring the water."

She had felt a queer little repugnance at first with the helpless man, but now that professional nurse who lurks in the composition of so many women was uppermost. "Give me your handkerchief," she said to Trafford, and with Daffy kneeling beside her and also interested, and Mrs. Pope a belated but more experienced and authoritative third, Sir Rupert was soon getting the best of attention. "Wathall . . ." said Sir Rupert suddenly, and tried again: "Wathall." A third effort gave "Wathall about, eh?"

"If we could get him into the shade," said Marjorie.

"Woosh!" cried Sir Rupert. "Weeeoooo!"

"That's all right," said Trafford. "It's only a rib or two."

"Eeeeyooooo!" said Sir Rupert.

"Exactly. We're going to carry you out of the glare."

"Don't touch me," said Sir Rupert. "Gooo."

It took some little persuasion before Sir Rupert would consent to be moved, and even then he was for a time—oh, crusty! But presently Trafford and the two girls had got him into the shade of a large bush close to where, in a circle of rugs and cushions, the tea things lay prepared. There they camped. The helpful odd-job man was ordered to stave off intruders from the village; water, towels, pillows were forthcoming. Mr. Magnet reappeared as tentative assistance, and Solo-

monson became articulate and brave and said he'd nothing but a stitch in his side. In his present position he wasn't at all uncomfortable. Only he didn't want anyone near him. He enforced that by an appealing smile. The twins, invited to fetch the doctor, declined, proffering Theodore. They had conceived juvenile passions for the tall young man, and did not want to leave him. He certainly had a very nice face. So Theodore, after walking twice round the wreckage, tore himself away and departed on Rom's bicycle. Inquiry centered on Solomonson for a time. His face, hair and neck were wet but no longer bloody, and he professed perfect comfort so long as he wasn't moved and no one came too near him. He was very clear about that, though perfectly polite, and scrutinized their faces to see if they were equally clear. Satisfied upon this point, he closed his eyes and spoke no more. He looked then like a Capuchin monkey lost in pride. There came a pause. Everyone was conscious of having risen to an emergency and behaved well under unusual circumstances. The young man's eye rested on the adjacent tea things, lacking nothing but the coronation of the teapot.

"Why not," he remarked, "have tea?"

"If you think your friend—" began Mrs. Pope.

"Oh, *he's* all right. Aren't you, Solomonson? There's nothing more now until the doctor."

"Only want to be left alone," said Solomonson, and closed his heavy eyelids again.

Mrs. Pope told the maids with an air of dismissal to get tea.

"We can keep an eye on him," said Trafford.

Marjorie surveyed her first patient with a pretty unconscious mixture of maternal gravity and girlish interest, and the twins, to avoid too openly gloating upon the good looks of Trafford, chose places and secured cushions round the tea things, calculating to the best of their ability how they might secure the closest proximity to him. Mr. Magnet and Toupee had gone to stare at the monoplane, where they were presently joined by the odd-job man in an interrogative mood. "Pretty complete smash, sir," said the odd-job man, and then perceiving heads over the hedge by the churchyard, turned back to his duties of sentinel. Daffy thought of the need of more cups and plates and went in to get them, and Mrs. Pope remarked that she did hope Sir Rupert was not badly hurt. . . .

"Extraordinary, all this is," remarked Mr. Trafford. "Now, here we were, after lunch,

twenty miles away, smoking cigars and with no more idea of having tea with you than—I was going to say flying. But that's out of date now. Then we just thought we'd try the thing. . . . Like a dream!"

He addressed himself to Marjorie: "I never feel that life is quite real until about three days after things have happened. Two hours ago I had not the slightest intention of ever flying again."

"But haven't you flown before?" asked Mrs. Pope.

"Not much. I did a little at Sheppey, but it's so hard for a poor man to get his hands on a machine. And here was Solomonson with this thing in his hangar, eating its head off. 'Let's take it out,' I said, 'and go once round the park.' And here we are. . . . I thought it wasn't wise for him to come. . . ."

Sir Rupert, without opening his eyes, was understood to assent.

"Do you know," said Trafford, "the sight of your tea makes me feel frightfully hungry."

"I don't think the engine's damaged," he said cheerfully, "do you?" as Magnet joined them. "The ailerons are in splinters, and the left wing's not much better. But that's about all except the wheels. One falls so much lighter than you might suppose—from the smash. . . . Lucky it didn't turn over. Then, you know, the engine comes on the top of you, and you're done."



THE doctor arrived after tea, with a bag and a stethoscope in a small coffin-like box, and the Popes and Mr. Magnet withdrew while Sir Rupert was carefully sounded, tested, scrutinized, questioned, watched and examined in every way known to medical science. The outcome of the conference was presently communicated to the Popes by Mr. Trafford and the doctor. Sir Rupert was not very seriously injured, but he was suffering from concussion and shock, two of his ribs were broken and his wrist sprained, unless, perhaps, one of the small bones was displaced. He ought to be bandaged up and put to bed—

"Couldn't we——" said Mrs. Pope, but the doctor assured her his own house was quite the best place. There Sir Rupert could stay for some days. At present the cross-country journey over the Downs or by the South-Eastern Railway would be needlessly trying and painful. He would, with the Popes' permission, lie quietly where he was for an hour or so, and then the doctor would come with

a couple of men and a carrying bed he had, and take him off to his own house. There he would be, as Mr. Trafford said, "as right as ninepence," and Mr. Trafford could put up either at the Red Lion with Mr. Magnet or in the little cottage next door to the doctor. (Mr. Trafford elected for the latter as closest to his friend.) As for the smashed aeroplane, telegrams would be sent at once to Sir Rupert's engineers at Chesilbury, and they would have all that cleared away by midday to-morrow. . . .

The doctor departed, Sir Rupert, after stimulants, closed his eyes, and Mr. Trafford seated himself at the tea things for some more cake, as though introduction by aeroplane was the most regular thing in the world.

He had very pleasant and easy manners, an entire absence of self-consciousness, and a quick, talkative disposition that made him very rapidly at home with everybody. He described all the sensations of flight, his early lessons and experiments, and, in the utmost detail, the events of the afternoon that had led to this disastrous adventure. He made his suggestion of "trying the thing" seem the most natural impulse in the world. The bulk of the conversation fell on him; Mr. Magnet, save for the intervention of one or two jests, was quietly observant; the rest were well disposed to listen. And as Mr. Trafford talked his eye rested ever and again on Marjorie with the faintest touch of scrutiny and perplexity, and she, too, found a curious little persuasion growing up in her mind that somewhere, somehow, she and he had met and had talked rather earnestly. But how, and where, eluded her altogether. . . .

They had sat for an hour—the men from the doctor's seemed never coming—when Mr. Pope returned unexpectedly from his cricket match, which had ended a little prematurely in a riot on an over-dry wicket. He was full of particulars of the day's play, and how Wiper had got a most amazing catch and held it though he fell; how Jenks had deliberately bowled at a man's head, he believed, and little Gibbs thrown a man out from slip. He was burning to tell all this in the utmost detail to Magnet and his family, so that they might at least share the retrospect of his pleasure. He had thought out rather a good pun on Wiper, and he was naturally a little thwarted to find all this good, rich talk crowded out by a more engrossing topic.

At the sight of a stranger grouped in a popular manner beside the tea things, he displayed a slight acerbity, which was, if anything, increased by the discovery of a

prostrate person with large, brown eyes and an expression of Oriental patience and disdain in the shade of a bush near by. At first he seemed scarcely to grasp Mrs. Pope's explanations, and regarded Sir Rupert with an expression that bordered on malevolence. Then, when his attention was directed to the smashed machine upon the lawn, he broke out into a loud, indignant: "Good God! What next?"

He walked toward the wreckage, disregarding Mr. Trafford beside him. "A man can't go away from his house for an hour!" he complained.

"I can assure you we did all we could to prevent it," said Trafford.

"Ought never to have had it to prevent," said Mr. Pope. "Is your friend hurt?"

"A rib—and shock," said Trafford.

"Well, he deserves it," said Mr. Pope.

"Rather than launch myself into the air in one of those infernal things I'd be stood against a wall and shot."

"Tastes differ, of course," said Trafford, with unruffled urbanity.

"You'll have all this cleared away," said Mr. Pope.

"Mechanics—oh, a complete breakdown party—are speeding to us in fast motors," said Trafford, "thanks to the kindness of your domestic in taking a telegram for me."

"Hope they won't kill anyone," said Mr. Pope, and just for a moment the conversation hung fire. "And your friend?" he asked.

"He goes in the next ten minutes—well, whenever the litter comes from the doctor's. Poor old Solomonson!"

"Solomonson?"

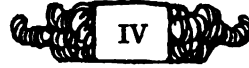
"Sir Rupert."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pope. "Is that the Pigmentation Solomonson?"

"I believe he does do some beastly company of that sort," said Trafford. "Isn't it amazing we didn't smash our engine?"

Sir Rupert Solomonson was indeed a very familiar name to Mr. Pope. He had organized the exploitation of a number of pigment and by-product patents, and the ordinary and deferred shares of his syndicate had risen to so high a price as to fill Mr. Pope with the utmost confidence in their future; indeed he had bought considerably, withdrawing capital to do so from an Argentine railway whose shares had awakened his distaste and a sort of moral aversion by slumping heavily after a bad wheat and linseed harvest. This discovery did much to mitigate his first asperity. His next remark to Trafford was almost neutral, and he was even asking Sir Rupert

whether he could do anything to make him comfortable when the doctor returned with a litter borne by four roughly compiled bearers.



SOME brightness seemed to vanish when the buoyant Mr. Trafford, still undauntedly cheerful, limped off after his more injured friend, and disappeared through the gate. Marjorie found herself in a world whose remaining manhood declined to see anything but extreme annoyance in this gay, exciting rupture of the afternoon. "Good God!" said Mr. Pope. "What next? What next?"

"Registration, I hope," said Mr. Magnet, "and relegation to the Desert of Sahara."

"One good thing about it," said Mr. Pope, "it all wastes petrol. And when the petrol supply gives out—they're done."

"Certainly, we might all have been killed!" said Mrs. Pope, feeling she had to bear her witness against their visitors, and added: "If we hadn't moved out of the way, that is."

There was a simultaneous movement toward the prostrate apparatus, about which a small contingent of villagers who had availed themselves of the withdrawal of the sentinel had now assembled.

"Look at it!" said Mr. Pope with bitter hostility. "Look at it!"

Everyone anticipated his command.

"They'll never come to anything," said Mr. Pope after a pause of silent hatred.

"But they *have* come to something," said Marjorie.

"They've come to smash!" said Mr. Magnet, with the true humorist's air.

"But consider the impudence of this invasion, the wild objectionableness of it!"

"They're nasty things," said Mr. Magnet. "Nasty things."

A curious spirit of opposition stirred in Marjorie. It seemed to her that men who play golf croquet and watch cricket matches have no business to contemn men who risk their lives in the air. She sought for some controversial opening.

"Isn't the engine rather wonderful?" she remarked.

Mr. Magnet regarded the engine with his head a little on one side. "It's the usual sort," he said.

"There weren't engines like that twenty years ago."

"There weren't people like *you* twenty

years ago," said Mr. Magnet smiling wisely and kindly, and turned his back on the thing.

Mr. Pope followed suit. He was filled with the bitter thought that he would never now be able to tell the history of the remarkable match he had witnessed. It was all spoiled for him—spoiled forever. Everything was disturbed and put out. . . .



NEXT morning a curious restlessness came upon Marjorie. Conceivably it was due to the absence of Magnet, who had gone to London to deliver his long-promised address on "The Characteristics of English Humor" to the *Literari* club. Conceivably she missed his attentions. But it crystallized out in the early afternoon into the oddest form, a powerful craving to go to the little town of Pensting, five miles off on the other side of Buryhamstreet, to buy silk shoe laces.

She decided to go in the donkey cart. She communicated her intention to her mother, but she did not communicate an equally definite intention to be reminded suddenly of Sir Rupert Solomonson as she was passing the surgery, and make an inquiry on the spur of the moment—it wouldn't surely be anything but a kindly and justifiable impulse to do that. She might see Mr. Trafford, perhaps, but there was no particular harm in that.

It is to be remarked, however, that as Marjorie approached the surgery she was seized with an absurd and powerful shyness, so that not only did she not call at the surgery but she did not even look at the surgery, but instead gazed almost rigidly straight ahead—telling herself, however, that she merely deferred that kindly impulse until she had bought her laces. And so it happened that about half a mile beyond the end of Buryhamstreet she came round a corner upon Trafford, and by a singular fatality he also was driving a donkey, or rather was tracing a fan-like pattern on the road with a donkey's hoofs. It was a very similar donkey to Marjorie's, but the vehicle was a governess cart, and much smarter than Marjorie's turn-out. His ingenuous face displayed great animation at the sight of her, and as she drew alongside he hailed her with an almost unnatural ease of manner.

"Hello!" he cried, "I'm taking the air. You seem to be able to drive donkeys forward. How do you do it? I can't. Never done anything so dangerous in my life before. I've just been missed by two motor cars, and hung for a terrible minute with my left wheel

on the very verge of an unfathomable ditch. I could hear the little ducklings far, far below, and bits of mold dropping. I tried to count before the splash. Aren't you—*white*?"

"But why are you doing it?"

"One must do something. I'm bandaged up and can't walk. It hurt my leg more than I knew—your doctor says. Solomonson won't talk of anything but how he feels, and I don't care a rap how he feels. So I got this thing, and came out with it."

Marjorie made her enquiries. There came a little pause.

"Some day no one will believe that men were ever so foolish as to trust themselves to draught animals," he remarked. "Hullo! Look out. The horror of it!"

A large oil van, a huge drum on wheels, motor-driven, had come round the corner, and after a preliminary and quite insufficient hoot, bore down upon them, and missing Trafford, as it seemed by a miracle, swept past. Both drivers did wonderful things with whips and reins, and found themselves alone in the road again with their wheels locked and an indefinite future. "I leave the situation to you," said Trafford. "Or shall we just sit and talk until the next motor car kills us?"

"We ought to make an effort," said Marjorie cheerfully, and descended to lead the two beasts. Assisted by an elderly hedger who had been taking a disregarded interest in them for some time, she separated the wheels and got the two donkeys abreast. The old hedger's opinion of their safety on the King's Highway was expressed by his action rather than his words; he directed the beasts toward a shady lane that opened at right angles to the road. He stood by their bridles while Marjorie resumed her seat. "It seems to me clearly a case for compromise," said Trafford. "You want to go that way, I want to go that way. Let us both go *this* way. It is by such arrangements that civilization becomes possible."

He dismissed the hedger generously and resumed his reins. "Shall we race?" he asked.

"With your leg?" she enquired.

"No, with the donkey's. I say, this is rather a lark. At first I thought it was both dangerous and dull. But things have changed. I am in beastly high spirits. I feel there will be a cry before night, but still I am. . . . I wanted the companionship of an unbroken person. It's so jolly to meet you again."

"Again?"

"After the year before last."

"After the year before last?"

"You didn't know," said Trafford, "I had met you before? How aggressive I must have seemed! Well, I wasn't quite clear. I spent the greater part of last night—my ankle being foolish in the small hours—in trying to remember how and where."

"I don't remember," said Marjorie.

"I remembered you very distinctly, and some things I thought about you, but not where it had happened. Then in the night I got it. It is a puzzle, isn't it? You see I was wearing a black gown, and I had been out of the sunlight for some months—and my eye, I remember it acutely, was bandaged. I'm usually bandaged somewhere.

I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian
slave

—I mean a candidate."

Marjorie remembered suddenly. "You're Professor Trafford!" "Not in this atmosphere. But I am at the Romeike College. And as soon as I recalled examining you I remembered it—minutely. You were intelligent, though unsound—about cryo-hydrates it was. Ah, you remember me now! As most young women are correct by rote and unintelligent in such questions, and as it doesn't matter a rap about anything of that sort whether you are correct or not as long as the mental gesture is right—" He paused for a moment as though tired of his sentence—"I remembered you."

He proceeded in his easy and detached manner that seemed to make every topic possible, to tell her his first impressions of her, and show how very distinctly indeed he remembered her. "You set me philosophizing. I'd never examined a girls' school before, and I was suddenly struck by the spectacle of the fifty of you. What's going to become of them all?"

"I thought," he went on, "how bright you were and how keen and eager you were, you, I mean, in particular, and just how certain it was your brightness and eagerness would be swallowed up by some silly ordinariness or other—stuffy marriage or stuffy domestic

duties. The old, old story—done over again with a sort of threadbare badness. (Nothing to say against it if it's done well.) I got quite sentimental and pathetic about life's breach of faith with women. Odd, isn't it, how one's mind runs on. But that's what I thought. It's all come back to me."

Marjorie's bright, clear eye came round to him. "I don't see very much wrong with the lot of women," she reflected. "Things are different nowadays. Anyhow—"

She paused.

"You don't want to be a man?"

"No!"

She was emphatic.

"Some of us cut more sharply at life than you think," he said, plumbing her unspoken sense.

She had never met a man before who understood just how a girl can feel the slow obtuseness of his sex. It was almost as if he

had found her out at something.

"Oh!" she said, "perhaps you do," and looked at him with an increased interest.

So they began a conversation in the lane, where the trees met overhead, that went on and went on like a devious path in a shady wood, and touched upon all manner of things. . . .



IN the end quite a number of people were aggrieved by this duologue, in the shady lane that led nowhither. . . .

Sir Rupert Solomonson was the first to complain. Trafford had been away "three mortal hours." No one had come near him, not a soul, and there hadn't been even a passing car to cheer his ear.

Sir Rupert admitted that he had to be quiet. "But not so *darned* quiet."

"I'd have been glad," said Sir Rupert, "if a hen had laid an egg and clucked a bit. You might have thought there had been a Resurrection or somethin', and cleared off everybody. Lord! it was deadly. I'd have sung out myself if it hadn't been for these infernal ribs. . . ."



Mrs. Pope came upon the affair quite by accident.

"Well, Marjorie," she said as she poured tea for the family, "did you get your laces?"

"Never got there, Mummy," said Marjorie, and paused fatally.

"Didn't get there!" said Mrs. Pope. "That's worse than Theodore! Wouldn't the donkey go, poor dear?"

There was nothing to color about, and yet Marjorie felt the warm flow in neck and cheek and brow. She threw extraordinary quantities of candor into her manner. "I had a romantic adventure," she said rather quietly. "I was going to tell you."

(Sensation.)

"You see it was like this," said Marjorie. "I ran against Mr. Trafford. . . ."

She drank tea, and pulled herself together for a lively description of the wheel-locking and the subsequent conversation, a bright, ridiculous account which made the affair happen by implication on the high road and not in a byway, and was adorned with every facetious ornament that seemed likely to get a laugh from the children. But she talked rather fast, and she felt she forced the fun a little. However, it amused the children all right, and Theodore created a diversion by choking with his tea. From first to last Marjorie was extremely careful to avoid the affectionate scrutiny of her mother's eye. And had this lasted the *whole* afternoon? asked Mrs. Pope. Oh, they talked for half an hour, said Marjorie, or more, and driven back very slowly together. "He did all the talking. You saw what he was yesterday. And the donkeys seemed too happy together to tear them away."

"But what was it all about?" asked Daffy, curious.

"He asked after you, Daffy, most affectionately," said Marjorie, and added, "several times." (Though Trafford had, as a matter of fact, displayed a quite remarkable disregard of all her family.)

"And," she went on, getting a plausible idea at last, "he explained all about aeroplanes. And all that sort of thing. Has Daddy gone to Wamping for some more cricket?" . . .

(But none of this was lost on Mrs. Pope.)



MR. MAGNET'S return next day was heralded by nearly two-thirds of a column in the *Times*.

The Lecture on the Characteristics of

Humor had evidently been quite a serious affair, and a very imposing list of humorists and of prominent people associated with their industry had accepted the hospitality of the *Literari*.

Marjorie ran her eyes over the Chairman's flattering introduction, then with a queer faint flavor of hostility she reached her destined husband's utterance. She seemed to hear the flat, full tones of his voice as she read, and automatically the dessicated sentences of the reporter filled out again into those rich, quietly deliberate unfoldings of sound that were already too familiar to her ear.

At this point the flight of Marjorie's eye down the column was arrested by her father's hand gently but firmly taking possession of the *Times*. She yielded it without reluctance, turned to the breakfast table, and never resumed her study of the social relaxations of humorists. . . .

Indeed, she forgot it. Her mind was in a state of extreme perplexity. She didn't know what to make of herself or anything or anybody. Her mind was full of Trafford and all that he had said and done and all that he might have said and done, and it was entirely characteristic that she could not think of Magnet in any way at all except as a bar-like shadow that lay across all her memories and all the bright possibilities of this engaging person. But she was restless, wildly restless, as a bird whose nest is taken. She could abide nowhere.

She had a curious and rather morbid indisposition to go after lunch to the station and meet Mr. Magnet, as her mother wished her to do, in order to bring him straight to the vicarage to early tea, but here again reason prevailed and she went.

Mr. Magnet arrived by the 2.27, and to Marjorie's eye his alighting presence had an effect of being not so much covered with laurels as distended by them. His face seemed whiter and larger than ever. He waved a great handful of newspapers.

"Hullo, Magsy!" he said. "They've given me a thumping Press. I'm nearer swelled head than I've ever been, so mind how you touch me!"

"We'll take it down at croquet," said Marjorie.

"They've cleared that thing away?"

"And made up the lawn like a billiard table," she said.

"That makes for skill," he said waggishly.

"I shall save my head after all."

For a moment he seemed to loom toward

kissing her, but she averted this danger by a business-like concern for his bag. He entrusted this to a porter, and reverted to the triumph of overnight so soon as they were clear of the station. He was overflowing with kindness toward his fellow humorists who had appeared in force and very generously at the banquet, and had said the most charming things—some of which were in one report and some in another, and some the reporters had missed altogether—some of the kindest.

"It's a pleasant feeling to think that a lot of good fellows think you are a good fellow," said Mr. Magnet.

He became solicitous for her. How had she got on while he was away? She asked him how one was likely to get on at Buryhamstreet; monoplane didn't fall every day, and as she said that it occurred to her she was behaving meanly. But he was going on to his next topic before she could qualify.

"I've got something in my pocket," he remarked, and playfully: "Guess."

She did, but she wouldn't. She had a curious sinking of the heart.

"I want you to see it before anyone else," he said. "Then if you don't like it, it can go back. It's a sapphire."

He was feeling nervously in his pockets and then the little box was in her hand.

She hesitated to open it. It made everything so dreadfully concrete. And this time the sense of meanness was altogether acuter. He'd bought this in London; he'd brought it down, hoping for her approval. Yes, it was—horrid. But what was she to do?

"It's—awfully pretty," she said with the glittering symbol in her hand, and, indeed, he'd gone to one of those artistic women who are reviving and improving upon the rich old Roman designs. "It's so beautifully made."

"I'm so glad you like it. You really do like it?"

"I don't deserve it."

"Oh! But you do like it?"

"Enormously."

"Ah! I spent an hour in choosing it."

She could see him. She felt as though she had picked his pocket.

"Only I don't deserve it, Mr. Magnet. Indeed, I don't. I feel I am taking it on false pretences."

"Nonsense, Magsy. Nonsense! Slip it on your finger, girl."

"But I don't," she insisted.

He took the box from her, pocketed it and seized her hand. She drew it away from him.

"No!" she said. "I feel like a cheat. You know, I don't—I'm sure I don't love—"

"I'll love enough for two," he said, and got her hand again. "No!" he said at her gesture, "you'll wear it. Why shouldn't you?"

And so Marjorie came back along the vicarage avenue with his ring upon her hand. And Mr. Pope was evidently very glad to see him. . . .

The family was still seated at tea upon rugs and wraps, and

still discussing humorists at play, when Professor Trafford appeared, leaning on a large stick and limping but resolute by the church gate. "Pish!" said Mr. Pope. Marjorie tried not to reveal a certain dismay, there was dumb, rich approval in Daphne's eyes, and the pleasure of Theodore and the pseudo-twins was only too scandalously evident. "Hooray!" said Theodore with ill-concealed relief.

Mrs. Pope was the incarnate invocation of tact as Trafford drew near.

"I hope," he said with obvious insincerity, "I don't invade you. But Solomonson is frightfully concerned and anxious about your lawn, and whether his men cleared it up properly and put things right." His eye went about the party and rested on Marjorie. "How are you?" he said in a friendly voice.

"Well, we seem to have got our croquet lawn back," said Mr. Pope. "And our nerves are recovering. How is Sir Rupert?"

"A little fractious," said Trafford with the ghost of a smile.

"You'll take some tea?" said Mrs. Pope in the pause that followed.

"Thank you," said Trafford and sat down instantly.

"I saw your jolly address in the *Standard*," he said to Magnet. "I haven't read anything so amusing for some time."

"Rom, dear," said Mrs. Pope. "will you take the pot in and get some fresh tea."

Mr. Trafford addressed himself to the flattery of Magnet with considerable skill. He had detected a lurking hostility in the eyes of the two gentlemen that counseled him to propitiate them if he meant to maintain his footing in the vicarage, and now he talked to



them almost exclusively and ignored the ladies modestly but politely in the way that seems natural and proper in a British middle-class house of the better sort. But as he talked chiefly of the improvement of motor machinery that had recently been shown at the Engineering Exhibition, he did not make that headway with Marjorie's father that he had perhaps anticipated. Mr. Pope fumed quietly for a time, and then suddenly spoke out.

"I'm no lover of machines," he said, abruptly slashing across Mr. Trafford's description. "All our troubles began with villainous saltpetre. I'm an old-fashioned man with a nose—and a neck, and I don't want the one offended or the other broken. No, don't ask me to be interested in your valves and cylinders. What do you say, Magnet? It starts machinery in my head to hear about them. . . ."

On such occasions as this when Mr. Pope spoke out, his horror of an anti-climax or any sort of contradiction was apt to bring the utterance to a culmination not always to be distinguished from a flight. And now he rose to his feet as he delivered himself.

"Who's for a game of tennis?" he said, "in this last uncontaminated patch of air? I and Marjorie will give you a match, Daffy—if Magnet isn't too tired to join you."

Daffy looked at Marjorie for an instant.

"We'll want you, Theodore, to look after the balls in the potatoes," said Mr. Pope, lest that ingenuous mind should be corrupted behind his back. . . .

Mrs. Pope found herself left to entertain a slightly disgruntled Trafford. Rom and Syd hovered on the off chance of notice, at the corner of the croquet lawn nearest the tea things. Mrs. Pope had already determined to make certain little matters clearer than they appeared to be to this agreeable but superfluous person, and she was greatly assisted by his opening upon the subject of her daughters. "Jolly, tennis looks," he said.

"Don't they?" said Mrs. Pope. "I think it is such a graceful game for a girl."

Mr. Trafford glanced at Mrs. Pope's face, but her expression was impenetrable.

"They both like it and play it so well," she said. "Their father is so skillful and interested in games. Marjorie tells me you were her examiner a year or so ago."

"Yes. She stuck in my memory— Her work stood out."

"Of course she is clever," said Mrs. Pope. "Or we shouldn't have sent her to Oxbridge. There she's doing quite well—quite well.

Everyone says so. I don't know, of course, if Mr. Magnet will let her finish there."

"Mr. Magnet?"

"She's just engaged to him. Of course she's frightfully excited about it, and naturally he wants her to come away and marry. There's very little excuse for a long engagement. No."

Her voice died in a musical little note, and she seemed to be scrutinizing the tennis with an absorbed interest. "They've got new balls," she said, as if to herself.

Trafford had rolled over, and she fancied she detected a change in his voice when it came. "Isn't it rather a waste not to finish a university career?" he said.

"Oh, it wouldn't be wasted. Of course a girl like that will be hand and glove with her husband. She'll be able to help him with the scientific side of his jokes and all that. I sometimes wish it had been Daffy who had gone to college, though. I sometimes think we've sacrificed Daffy a little. She's not the bright quickness of Marjorie, but there's something quietly solid about her mind—something *stable*. Perhaps I didn't want her to go away from me. . . . Mr. Magnet is doing wonders at the net. He's just begun to play—to please Marjorie. Don't you think he's a dreadfully amusing man, Mr. Trafford? He says such *quiet* things."



THE effect of this *eclaircissement* upon Mr.

Trafford was not what it should have been. Properly he ought to have realized at once that Marjorie was forever beyond his aspirations, and if he found it too difficult to regard her with equanimity then he ought to have shunned her presence. But instead, after his first shock of incredulous astonishment, his spirit rose in a rebellion against arranged facts that was as un-English as it was ungentlemanly. He went back to Solomonson with a mood of thoughtful depression giving place to a growing passion of indignation. He presented it to himself in a generalized and altruistic form. "What the deuce is the good of all this talk of Eugenics," he asked himself aloud, "if they are going to hand over that shining girl to that beastly little area sneak?"

He called Mr. Magnet a "beastly little area sneak!"

Nothing could show more clearly just how much he had contrived to fall in love with Marjorie during his brief sojourn in Buryhamstreet and the acuteness of his disappoint-

ment, and nothing could be more eloquent of his forcible and undisciplined temperament. And out of the ten thousand possible abusive epithets with which his mind was no doubt stored, this one I think had come into his head because of the alert watchfulness with which Mr. Magnet followed a conversation, as he waited his chance for some neat but brilliant flash of comment. . . .

Trafford, like Marjorie, was another of those undisciplined young people our age has produced in such significant quantity. He was just six and twenty, but the facts that he was big of build, had as an only child associated much with grown-up people and was already a conspicuously brilliant success in the world of micro-chemical research, had given him the self-reliance and assurance of a much older man. He had still to come his croppers and learn most of the important lessons in life, and so far he wasn't aware of it. He was naturally clean-minded, very busy and interested in his work, and on remarkably friendly and confidential terms with his mother, who kept house for him, and though he had had several small love disturbances, this was the first occasion that anything of the kind had ploughed deep into his feelings and desires.

Trafford's father had died early in life. He had been a brilliant pathologist, one of that splendid group of scientific investigators in the middle Victorian period which shines ever more brightly as our criticism dims their associated splendors, and he had died before he was thirty through a momentary slip of the scalpel. His wife—she had been his wife for five years—found his child and his memory and the quality of the life he had made about her too satisfying for the risks of a second marriage, and she had brought up her son with a passionate belief in the high mission of research and the supreme duty of seeking out and expressing truth finely. And here he was, calling Mr. Magnet a "beastly little area sneak."

The situation perplexed him. Marjorie perplexed him. It was, had he known it, the beginning for him of a lifetime of problems and perplexities. He was absolutely certain she didn't love Magnet. Why then had she agreed to marry him? Such pressures and

temptations as he could see about her seemed light to him in comparison with such an undertaking.

Were they greater than he supposed?

His method of coming to the issue of that problem was entirely original. He presented himself next afternoon with the air of an invited guest, drove Mr. Pope, who was suffering from liver, to expostulatory sulking in the study, and expressed a passionate craving for golf croquet, in spite of Mrs. Pope's extreme solicitude for his still bandaged ankle. He was partnered with Daffy, and for a long time he sought speech with Marjorie in vain. At last she was isolated in a corner of the lawn, and with the thinnest pretence of inadvertence, in spite of Daffy's despairing cry of "She plays next!" he laid up within two yards of her. He walked across to her as she addressed herself to her ball, and speaking in an incredulous tone and with the air of a comment on the game, he said: "I say, are you engaged to that chap Magnet?"

Marjorie was amazed, but remarkably not offended. Something in his tone set her trembling. She forgot to play and stood with her mallet hanging in her hand. "Punish him!" came the voice of Magnet from afar.

"Yes," she said faintly.

His remark came low and clear. It had a note of angry protest. "Why?"

Marjorie, by way of answer, hit her ball so that it jumped and missed his, ricocheted across the lawn and out of the ground on the farther side. "I'm sorry if I've annoyed you," said Trafford, as Marjorie went after her ball, and Daffy thanked heaven aloud for the respite.

They came together no more for a time, and Trafford, observant with every sense, found no clue to the riddle of her grave, intent bearing. She played very badly, and with unusual care and deliberation. He felt he had made a mess of things altogether, and suddenly found his leg was too painful to go on. "Partner," he asked, "will you play out my ball for me? I can't go on. I shall have to go."

Marjorie surveyed him, while Daffy and Magnet expressed solicitude. He turned to go, mallet in hand, and found Marjorie following him.

"Is that the heavier mallet?" she asked,



and stood before him looking into his eyes and weighing a mallet in either hand.

"Mr. Trafford, you're one of the worst examiners I've ever met," she said.

He looked puzzled.

"I don't know *why*," said Marjorie, "I wonder as much as you. But I am"; and seeing the light dawning in his eyes, she turned about and went back to the *débauche* of her game.



AFTER that Mr. Trafford had one clear desire in his being which ruled all his other desires. He wanted a long, frank, unembarrassed and uninterrupted conversation with Marjorie. He had a very strong impression that Marjorie wanted exactly the same thing. For a week he besieged the situation in vain. After the fourth day Solomonson was only kept in Buryhamstreet by sheer will power, exerted with a brutality that threatened to end that friendship abruptly. He went home on the sixth day in his largest car, but Trafford stayed on beyond the limits of decency to perform some incomprehensible service that he spoke of as "clearing up." "I want," he said, "to clear up."

"But what *is* there to clear up, my dear boy?"

"Solomonson, you're a pampered plutocrat," said Trafford as though everything was explained.

"I don't see any sense in it at all," said Solomonson, and regarded his friend aslant with thick, black eyebrows raised.

"I'm going to stay," said Trafford. And Solomonson said one of those unhappy and entirely disregarded things that ought never to be said.

"There's some girl in this," said Solomonson. . . .

"Your bedroom's always waiting for you at Riplings," he said when at last he was going off. . . .

It was a matter of some certitude to Trafford that Marjorie also wanted with an almost equal eagerness the same opportunity for speech and explanations that he desired, and this sustained him in a series of unjustifiable intrusions upon the seclusion of the Popes. But although the manner of Mr. and Mrs. Pope did change considerably for the better after his next visit, it was extraordinary how impossible it seemed for him and Marjorie to achieve their common end of an encounter.

Always something intervened.

In the first place, Mrs. Pope's disposition to optimism had got the better of her earlier discretions, and a chance glance at Daphne's face when their visitor reappeared started quite a new thread of interpretations in her mind. She had taken the opportunity of hinting at this when Mr. Pope asked over his shirt-stud that night, "what the devil that—that chauffeur chap meant by always calling in the afternoon."

"Now that Will Magnet monopolizes Marjorie," she said, after a little pause and a rustle or so, "I don't see why Daffy shouldn't have a little company of her own age."

Mr. Pope turned round and stared at her. "I didn't think of that," he said. "But anyhow, I don't like the fellow."

"He seems to be rather clever," said Mrs. Pope, "though he certainly talks too much. And after all it was Sir Rupert's aeroplane. *He* was only driving it to oblige."

"He'll think twice before he drives another," said Mr. Pope wrenching off his collar. . . .

Once Mrs. Pope had turned her imagination in this more and more agreeable direction she was rather disposed, I am afraid, to let it bolt with her. And it was a deflection that certainly fell in very harmoniously with certain secret speculations of Daphne's. And Trafford, too, being quite unused to any sort of social furtiveness did, perhaps, in order to divert attention from his preoccupation with Marjorie, attend more markedly to Daphne than he would otherwise have done. And so presently he found Daphne almost continuously on his hands. So far as she was concerned he might have told her the entire history of his life and every secret he had in the world without let or hindrance. Mrs. Pope, too, showed a growing appreciation of his company, became sympathetic and confidential in a way that invited confidence, and threw a lot of light on her family history and Daffy's character. She had found Daffy a wonderful study, she said. Mr. Pope, too, seemed partly reconciled to him. The idea that, after all, both motor cars and monoplanes were Sir Rupert's and not Trafford's, had produced a reaction in the latter gentleman's favor. Moreover, it had occurred to him that Trafford's accident had, perhaps, disposed him toward a more thoughtful view of mechanical traction, and that this tendency would be greatly helped by a little genial chaff. So that he ceased to go indoors when Trafford was about, and hung about meditating and delivering sly digs at this new victim of his ripe old-fashioned humor.

Nor did it help Trafford in his quest for Marjorie and a free, outspoken delivery, that the pseudo-twins considered him a person of very considerable charm, and that Theodore, though indisposed to "suck-up" to him publicly—I write here in Theodoresque—did so desire intimate and solitary communion with him, more particularly in view of the chances of an adventitious aeroplane ride that seemed to hang about him—as to stalk him persistently—hovering on the verge of groups, playing a waiting game with a tennis ball and an old racquet, strolling artlessly toward the gate of the avenue when the time seemed ripening for his appearance or departure.

On the other hand, Marjorie was greatly entangled with Magnet.

Magnet was naturally an attentive lover, he was full of small, encumbering services, and it made him none the less assiduous to perceive that Marjorie seemed to find no sort of pleasure in all the little things he did. He seemed to think that if picking the very best rose he could find her did not cause a very perceptible brightening in her then it was all the more necessary quietly to force her racquet from her hand and carry it for her, or help her ineffectually to cross a foot-wide ditch, or offer to read her some chosen passage from "The Forest Lovers" of Mr. Maurice Hewlett,—for whose delicate sensuousness Mr. Magnet had the intensest admiration. And behind these devotions there was a streak of jealousy. He knew, as if by instinct, that it was not wise to leave these two handsome young people together; he had a queer little disagreeable sensation whenever they spoke to each other or looked at each other, whenever Trafford and Marjorie found themselves in a group, there was Magnet in the midst of them. He knew the value of his Marjorie and did not mean to lose her. . . .

Being jointly baffled in this way was oddly stimulating to Marjorie's and Trafford's mutual predisposition. If you really want to throw people together the thing to do—thank God for Ireland!—is to keep them apart. By the fourth day of this emotional incubation, Marjorie was thinking of Trafford to the exclusion of all her reading, and Trafford was lying awake at nights—oh! for half an hour and more—thinking of bold, decisive ways of getting at Marjorie, and bold, decisive things to say to her when he did.

(But why she should be engaged to Magnet continued, nevertheless, to puzzle him extremely. It was a puzzle to

which no complete solution was ever to be forthcoming.) . . .



AT last that opportunity came. Marjorie had come with her mother into the village, and while Mrs. Pope made some purchases at the general shop she walked on to speak to Mrs. Blythe, the washerwoman. Trafford suddenly emerged from the Red Lion with a soda syphon under either arm. She came forward smiling.

"I say," he said forthwith, "I want to talk with you—badly."

"And I," she said unhesitatingly, "with you."

"How can we?"

"There's always people about. It's absurd."

"We'll have to meet."

"Yes."

"I have to go to-morrow. I ought to have gone two days ago. Where *can* we meet?"

She had it all prepared

"Listen," she said. "There is a path runs from our shrubbery through a little wood to a stile on the main road." He nodded. "Either I will be there at three or about half-past five or—there's one more chance. While Father and Mr. Magnet are smoking at nine. . . . I might get away."

"Couldn't I write?"

"No. Impossible."

"I've no end of things to say. . . ."

Mrs. Pope appeared outside her shop, and Trafford gesticulated a greeting with the syphons. "All right," he said to Marjorie. "I'm shopping," he cried as Mrs. Pope approached.



ALL through the day Marjorie desired to go to Trafford and could not do so. It was some minutes past nine when, at last, with a swift rustle of skirts, that sounded louder than all the world to her, she crossed the dimly lit hall between dining-room and drawing-room and came into the dreamland of moonlight upon the lawn. She had told her mother she was going upstairs; at any moment she might be missed, but she would have fled now to Trafford if an army pursued her. Her heart seemed beating in her throat, and every fiber of her being was aquiver. She flitted past the dining-room window like a ghost, she did not dare to glance aside at the smokers within, and round the lawn to the shrubbery and so

under a blackness of trees to the gate where he stood waiting. And there he was, dim and mysterious and wonderful, holding the gate open for her, and she was breathless and speechless and near sobbing. She stood before him for a moment, her face moonlit and laced with the shadows of little twigs, and then his arms came out to her.

"My darling," he said, "oh, my darling!"

They had no doubt of one another or of anything in the world. They clung together; their lips came together fresh and untainted as those first lovers' in the garden.

"I will die for you," he said, "I will give all the world for you." . . .

They had thought all through the day of a hundred statements and explanations they would make when this moment came, and never a word of it all was uttered. All their anticipations of a highly strung, eventful conversation vanished, phrases of the most striking sort went like phantom leaves before a gale. He held her and she clung to him between laughing and sobbing, and both were swiftly and conclusively assured their lives must never separate again.



MARJORIE never knew whether it

was a moment or an age before her father came upon them. He had decided to take a turn in the garden when Magnet could no longer restrain himself from joining the ladies, and he chanced to be stick in hand because that was his habit after twilight. So it was he found them. She heard his voice falling through love and moonlight something like that comes out of an immense distance.

"Good God!" he cried, "what next!"

But still he hadn't realized the worst.

"Daffy," he said, "what in the name of goodness—?"

Marjorie put her hands before her face too late.

"Good Lord!" he cried with a rising inflection, "it's Madge!"

Trafford found the situation difficult. "I should explain——"

But Mr. Pope was giving himself up to a towering rage. "You damned scoundrel!" he said. "What the devil are you doing?" He seized Marjorie by the arm and drew her toward him. "My poor misguided girl!" he said, and suddenly she was tensely alive, a little cry of horror in her throat, for her father, at a loss for words and full of heroic rage, had suddenly swung his stick with passionate force and struck at Trafford's face. She heard the thud, saw Trafford wince and stiffen. For a perfectly horrible minute it seemed to her these men, their faces queerly distorted by the shadows of the branches in the slanting moonlight, might fight. Then she heard Trafford's voice, sounding cool and hard, and she knew that he would do nothing of the kind. In that instant, if there had remained anything to win in Marjorie, it was altogether won. "I asked your daughter to meet me here," he said.

"Be off with you, sir!" cried Mr. Pope. "Don't tempt me further, sir," and swung his stick again. But now the force had gone out of him. Trafford stood with a hand out ready for him, and watched his face.

"I asked your daughter to meet me here, and she came. I am prepared to give you any explanation——"

"If you come near this place again——"

For some moments Marjorie's heart had been held still, now it was beating violently. She felt this scene must end. "Mr. Trafford," she said, "will you go? Go now. Nothing shall keep us apart!"



Mr. Pope turned on her. "Silence, girl!" he said.

"I shall come to you to-morrow," said Trafford.

"Yes," said Marjorie, "to-morrow."

"Marjorie!" said Mr. Pope, "will you go indoors?"

"I have done nothing——"

"Be off, sir."

"I have done nothing——"

"Will you be off, sir? And you, Marjorie, will you go indoors?"

He came round upon her, and after one, still moment of regard for Trafford—and she looked very beautiful in the moonlight, with her hair a little disordered and her face alight—she turned to precede her father.

Mr. Pope hesitated whether he should remain with Trafford.

A perfectly motionless man is very disconcerting.

"Be off, sir," he said over his shoulder, lowered through a threatening second and followed her.

But Trafford remained standing stiffly with a tingling temple, down which a little thread of blood was running, until their retreating footsteps had died down into that confused stirring of little sounds which makes the stillness of an English wood at night.

Then he roused himself with a profound sigh, and put a hand to his cut and bruised cheek.

"Well!" he said.

(To be continued)



FORGOTTEN

Adapted from the French of Hérédia

BY JOHN S. REED

THE temple falls to ruin on the cape,
 And utter sleep has mingled with the mold
 The marble gods and paladins of old,—
 Locked in the prison whence is no escape.
 Sometimes the lonely herdsman drives his kine
 To the clear lake, and wakes the ancient pain,
 With the sad piping of an old refrain,—
 Clear-cut against the far horizon-line;
 The kindly Earth guards well its old régime
 And each Spring, vainly eloquent, doth dower
 The broken pillar with a new-born flower:
 But man, unheedful of his father's dream,
 Fears not to hear each night, unchangingly,
 The vast, eternal sorrow of the sea.

W O N D E R F U L H A W A I I

A World Experiment Station

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "The Spiritual Unrest," "Following the Color Line," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

II. *The Land and the Landless*

A PLEA of an orphan to a court always awakens ready interest. It suggests distress and a story of sorrow. While I was in Hawaii an orphan named Mary Beatrice Campbell, about sixteen years old, appealed to the courts for relief. The girl's mother was a native Hawaiian woman, and her father was James Campbell, a shrewd Scotchman. Both were dead. Mary Beatrice came into court in the person of her guardian and asked that her "present allowance," which "is entirely inadequate and out of proportion with her reasonable needs," be increased.

It seems that this Scotch-Hawaiian girl had been receiving for her support the sum of \$600 a month or \$7,200 a year. This, her guardian declared in legal English, to be wholly inadequate to her support, and he asked that it be increased to \$1,000 a month, or \$12,000 a year. And this was not all. He declared that it was now necessary that Mary Beatrice should complete her education by "an extended trip through foreign countries" accompanied by "a suitable instructor and companion." For the purpose of this trip he asked an additional allowance of \$5,000.

I am relating this little incident because it gives a flash-light glimpse of a bit of present-day Hawaiian life.

Where was all this money coming from? Who earned it? Who worked for it?

Of course, all wealth traces back to the land. If you own or control the land of a country, you can make all the other people work for you, either directly or indirectly. If you own the land you can control the machinery, the transportation appliances, and the labor supply.

Originally all the land in Hawaii belonged to the natives—at first to the native kings and afterwards, through a method of distribution devised and inspired by the old missionaries, a considerable part of it was divided among the people—a fishing place on the shore, a taro patch on the lowland, and a pasture or woodland in the mountains higher up.

If there is one lesson that the Anglo-Saxon has learned it is that land-control is the key to power. And it was not long before white men began, in one way or another, to acquire the lands of the Hawaiians. Having acquired the lands it was not long before the Hawaiians, or such of them as were now landless, began to work more or less constantly for the white man. By this means the white man developed, gradually, the high degree of control of the islands, which, as I showed last month, he now exercises.

Let me show how all this worked out in the case of the Scotchman, James Campbell, the father of Mary Beatrice. In an early day he married a Hawaiian woman, and acquired by trade and purchase an enormous tract of land along the shore of the island of Oahu. The land at that time had comparatively little value. By and by a shrewd promoter came to the islands and wanted to build a little railroad outward from Honolulu. I can give only the barest skeleton of a complicated story, but the promoter finally leased the land from Campbell, the Scotchman, for \$40,000 a year for fifty years. Everyone thought at the time that he was crazy, but he started in to build his road and to encourage the development of the land that lay along it.

One of the plantations now using the land is called Ewa—and it bears the reputation of



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A GERMAN-HAWAIIAN TYPE

Often the intermixtures between the native Hawaiians and other races show rare grace and charm



Copyright by Mrs. C. H. Gurrey

AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN TYPE

This and other type portraits published in this number are part of a remarkable series of studies of racial intermixtures taken by Mrs. Caroline Haskins Gurrey of Honolulu

being the most profitable one, considering the actual money invested, of any in the islands. Ewa plantation alone, and it is only a part of the Campbell lands, has paid the railroad company over \$80,000 rental in a single year.

This shows why and how Mary Beatrice can ask for \$17,000 a year to live on.

All of these profits, of course, grow directly out of the hard toil under tropical conditions of a large number of Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Spanish, Filipino, Porto Rican and other workers, who live on a very low scale and have no vote and no say whatever in the conduct of the government. At the standard scale of day wages paid to Japanese, eighteen dollars a month, I calculate that it would require the labor of seventy-eight Japanese workmen, working steadily, to support the "reasonable needs" of Mary Beatrice, and enable her to "make an extended trip through foreign countries with a suitable instructor and companion." And Mary Beatrice is only one of a number of heirs who are drawing large unearned incomes yearly from the Campbell lands.

There could scarcely be a better illustration than this of the way in which a leisure class may be built up—by holding a grip on the land, and getting someone else to do the hard work in improving and developing that land.

This story of James Campbell has been repeated in slightly variant forms hundreds of times in Hawaii. Several different classes of people have profited by the system. Much government land is leased under very low rentals to the great plantation corporations; one of them pays \$2,000 a year under an old lease for 92,000 acres of land. This plantation has been enormously profitable to its owners. Much other government land is similarly held at absurdly low rentals, and as the leases are beginning to expire the planters are interposing the utmost opposition to the reasonable readjustment of their rentals, or to the use of the land for small farms.

Many of the best opportunities for getting hold of the land naturally went to the old missionaries and their families. They were not only the first on the ground, but they were a prudent, far-seeing group of men. Being New Englanders the instinct of the trader was scarcely secondary to that of the religious enthusiast, and if it did not come vigorously to the surface in the first generation it usually did in the second or third. The most powerful influences in business in the islands to-day are the old missionary families—Baldwin, Alexander, Castle, Cooke, Damon, Wilcox, and many others.

Of course the opportunities came to various men in various ways, but they have succeeded in one way or another in getting and holding land in larger or smaller tracts. A single minor example will illustrate how these things came about. One of the early and earnest missionaries was Dr. Bond of Kohala in the island of Hawaii. A generation or more ago he received a legacy of \$4,000—and immediately bought a large tract of land of the Hawaiians. A few years later, when the sugar industry began to spread, a corporation bought Dr. Bond's land, giving him paid-up stock in payment. The years went on. Before Dr. Bond died he had received, as a result of his investment of \$4,000 in land, between \$250,000 and \$300,000 in dividends. Of course he never turned a hand in earning any of this money, although when it began to come in in such amounts he distributed much of it in various good causes. He paid back to the American Board of Missions every cent paid him in salary and many thousands of dollars besides, and he continued his missionary work as long as he was able. He also contributed liberally to educate the disappearing Hawaiians, especially to the Kohala girls' school of which he was a trustee. And yet, when he died, his estate was worth over \$300,000, or some seventy-five times as much money as he invested originally.

But the missionary families are by no means the only residents who have profited by keeping their hands on the land. Other white men, early traders and German and English settlers, have also used their opportunities to good advantage, and finally many Hawaiians, either owing to chance, or to good advice, or to an unusual streak of native caution, have refused to part with their lands and as a result, where these lands happened to be valuable, they are now living in modest idleness on the rentals. A single plantation—the Waialua Agricultural Company—pays \$47,000 a year in rentals to Hawaiians and Hawaiian estates. You will see in the little settlements in the islands, or in the towns of Honolulu and Hilo, many nice homes where Hawaiians live on the unearned income of the land. In a very few cases Hawaiian natives developed a shrewdness that would have done credit to a Yankee. One such man lives in Hilo. Years ago he rented tracts of land from the kingdom of Hawaii for a few hundred dollars a year for fifty years. He now rents the same lands to one of the great sugar plantations for a sum estimated at over \$20,000 a year. He goes often to Europe, takes hunt-

ing trips in Canada and is altogether a prominent citizen.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the natives and part natives are the only elements of the diverse population in Hawaii who are at all accepted in white society. First and last there has been not a little intermarriage between the races, and the Hawaiians and whites, both being voters, and both more or less land owners, have been drawn together in a sort of solidarity. Both live largely on the labor of Orientals and European peasants.

But still another class of people in Hawaii are able, owing to their land holdings, to live in part without working. This includes the small land owners and homesteaders who own farms around the big plantations or taro and rice land in the gulches. Land, of course, is worthless without labor, and these small owners, finding it difficult or unpleasant to make a living on the land, have leased it out to Japanese or Chinese.

Without capital, without rights of citizenship, without a Western education, the Orientals and most of the Portuguese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans and others, of course, cannot acquire land. So they have two courses open to them; they may work on the plantations for wages, or they may lease small tracts of land, at the highest possible rentals, from

small land owners. Often you will find Hawaiians living in a sort of squalid idleness from the income of a bit of wet taro land, where a couple of old Chinamen are putting out

rice with patient industry. Or you will find Japanese families—men and women both—toiling with a passion of industry unequalled elsewhere upon this earth day after day and year after year on rented lands in order to make for themselves a little more money than they have to pay out to the man who owns the land and does nothing. And then the white man brings the charge against the Oriental that he sets a ruinously low standard of living!

It is, indeed, almost impossible for a white man—except a few Portuguese peasants, whose scale of living is not much above that of the Japanese—to remain on the land in Hawaii and do his own work. It is very much as it was in the South before the war:

landless white men are either driven out entirely or else they become wage-earning overseers or clerks on the plantations. A few Americans, indeed, still occupy comparatively small tracts of land in various parts of the islands and raise pineapples, coffee, tobacco and fruits, but they all, practically, employ Japanese laborers—and the tendency in spite of the activity of the government, is toward turning over the small holdings either to the big plantations or to Oriental renters.



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SURF-RIDING

Surf-board riding is the unique and exciting sport of Honolulu. Originally the pastime of the natives, it is now encouraged by a popular organization called "The Outrigger Club." It consists of paddling out to sea on a long, smooth board and being driven in on the crest of the surf. In that tropical sea it is a thrilling and exhilarating sport.

Thus the drift in the islands is ever more strongly toward the division of the people into two widely separate castes or classes—a small, aristocratic land-owning voting class of white men with a few Hawaiians, and, on the other hand, a large class of depressed, though often highly intelligent, voteless laboring people.

It is difficult for an outsider to form any adequate conception of the extent to which a feudal aristocracy, dominating the land, can direct or influence even in remote details the life, the income, the politics, the education and even the religion of the country. Not only does the plantation manager dominate the actual work on his own plantation but his domination extends to all the people who live around the plantation—to all the little settlements and to all the small groups of homesteaders and small farmers near about. And being in most instances an employee himself, with his own success dependent on making dividends for distant stockholders, it may be imagined how thoroughly he turns all his power to advantage with yearly profits in view.

Let me illustrate: Along nearly the whole northern and northeastern coast of the island of Hawaii extends a broad band of plantations. Among these plantations are quite a number of small villages with a few white men in each and many Japanese and Portuguese. And back on the hills are a few small land owners and homesteaders who are nominally independent of the plantations.

Many of the plantations have built wharves or landings in front of their mills and here vessels stop and discharge their freight. Some of this freight is ordered by the small merchants and independent homesteaders.

The plantation fixes a scale of charges for landing goods from the vessel to the wharf. I have before me a list of the landing charges of the Honokaa Sugar Company. For lifting one barrel of cement, twenty cents; a bag of grain, ten cents; a barrel of whiskey, \$2.50; a bicycle, fifty cents; a sewing machine, \$1.00; and so on.

Let us see how this works out in the case of a ton of barley shipped from San Francisco to Honokaa. The freight from San Francisco to Hilo, over 2,500 miles, is \$2.75 a ton. There is still ocean competition from San Francisco. But at Hilo competition ends. All the inter-island shipping is practically monopolized by the Inter-Island Steamship Company, owned and controlled by the same interests as the plantations—an enormously profitable company.

When the ton of barley gets to Hilo, then, it is taken by the Inter-Island Steamship Company and pays \$5 freight for a trip of sixty miles to Honokaa. It paid \$2.75 for over 2,500 miles from San Francisco—and nearly twice as much for sixty miles to Honokaa. Here it is landed on the private wharf of the plantation corporation at ten cents a bag or \$2 for a ton.

But the profit in such devices as these is not, after all, the main thing. The power, the control, which it gives the plantation corporation over all the people of the community: over the laborers, over the merchants, over the voters—that is the main thing.

It enables them to dictate largely who shall thrive and who shall not, it enables them to discipline the unruly voter and crowd out any man who does not submit. But more than this, it increases very materially the cost of living to the people. They have to pay more for all sorts of imported food, horse feed, machinery—everything they use. It is another way by which the controlling financial interests tax all the people.

But the wharfage privilege is only one method by which the plantations, through land control, dominate the life of the country and tax the people. All the plantations have other systems of transportation—some own little railways on which they bring in the cane from their vast fields, others have systems of water-flumes in which the cane is floated down to the mill, and a few have wire cables on which cane is run in bundles carried on pulleys. In short, they control the interior transportation facilities of the country. Added to that, also, is the still greater power of the control of the indispensable sugar-mill machinery. Sugar cane must be ground soon after being cut, else it spoils, and the methods of grinding are such that they require a vast and expensive plant, highly skilled chemists and other expert workmen and a well-organized system. No small cane-grower can, of course, own a mill. The result is that the small farmers and homesteaders around and above the big plantations are wholly at the mercy of the big planters to whom they must sell their cane.

At Hilo I came across a vivid illustration showing how this system works out, showing how impossible it is, under present conditions, to expect any considerable number of free white farmers to move into the country. I met at Hilo Mr. J. E. Gamalielson, a very intelligent Swedish-American. I also talked with other people who knew intimately of the same case.

Mr. Gamalielson, beguiled by the beauties and opportunities of the islands, which at first glimpse seem marvelous, came to the neighborhood of Hilo about fifteen years ago and took up sixty-nine and one-half acres of land, of which 20.85 acres were rich agricultural land suitable for cane growing. At about the same time, twenty other homesteaders, about one-third Americans and two-thirds Portuguese, settled in the same neighborhood, and all began to cultivate the land in cane.

At that time it happened that actual competition existed in the grinding of cane. A number of small Portuguese land owners had organized a coöperative mill, called the Hilo Portuguese Sugar Mill Company. Near at hand was one of the oldest and most powerful of the sugar plantations on the island—the Hilo Sugar Company, owning 10,000 acres of land, a big mill and a fine fluming system. Mr. Scott, the manager of this big plantation, offered flattering contracts to the new settlers, agreeing to purchase at a fixed price all sugar cane "which the planters might grow."

The temptation to the small planters was so strong that many of them signed contracts with Mr. Scott, and the coöperative mill, nearly bankrupted, sold out to the big sugar interests. Competition, thus destroyed, was never afterwards revived.

Mr. Gamalielson and his friends, feeling themselves protected by honorable contracts,

continued at work raising cane. But when they came to sell their first crops to the big planters, they found that they were paid, not on a basis of a fixed price per ton for "all sugar cane," but for the *sugar content of all sugar cane* as declared by the chemist of the

company, so that the homesteaders received not the price contracted for, but in many cases less than half of that price.

Of course they expostulated and objected, but what could they do? There was no other mill which would bid for their product and, moreover, they were heavily in debt to the corporation for supplies, fertilizers and the like, and upon these debts, by the way, they were forced to pay ten per cent. interest. And they had to borrow of the plantation corporation because the banks



Photograph by Netman

THE REV. DR. DOREMUS SCUDDER

Pastor of the great central church at Honolulu, and one of the progressive leaders of the islands. Over \$30,000 was contributed in a single missionary offering at his church last year

of Hilo, controlled by the same plantation interests, refused to loan to them. In other words, they were forced into dependence on the plantation manager. And the manager now began to thresh and winnow them thoroughly.

Gamalielson and his friends, having their lands in cane crops and seeing no way out, decided to go forward and see if they could make a living by accepting the price paid by the mill, and so dogged were they, so determined, that it took seven years to drive them into absolute bankruptcy. When all hope was finally gone, they joined together and began suits. Of course, the rich plantation corpora-

tion with all the money, all the political influence, all the social power of the islands behind it, could hire lawyers and make a long fight, and while the homesteaders won their contention that their basic contract was valid, still, through all sorts of legal devices, through the pleading of the statute of limitation and so on, the homesteaders finally came out without a cent—squeezed dry. Gama-lielson was forced into bankruptcy and has practically nothing left.

What happened to these twenty homesteaders who went in at the same time with Gamalielson?

Just three remain on the land. Of these three, one, a British Columbian, lost all he had but his land and is now dairying. A second is living on his place and renting part of his land to Japanese; the third, Mr. Gamalielson, is doing a little general farming and raising chickens.

Of the remaining seventeen, six or seven escaped by selling their land to the Hilo Sugar Company which had forced them to the wall. The others rent their land to Japanese who can pay as high as ten or twelve dollars an acre, and by extraordinary industry, with both men and women in the fields, still make a little money at raising cane and selling to the plantation mill.

Now the Hilo Sugar Company, which brought about this condition, is enormously profitable. It is said to pay over a hundred per cent. yearly on the actual cash originally

invested, although it is a very close corporation, making the fewest possible disclosures regarding its business.

In other important ways the landed proprietors control the entire life of the country. They own and control most of the wholesale and retail business of the islands and in the greater part of the country absolutely dictate who shall and who shall not sell goods. They also control all the means of communication—telephones and telegraphs and even, on most plantations, the plantation manager is the United States postmaster, so that all mail must pass through the company's office. The manager is practically in charge of the policing of the country, so that he can handle the matter of petty offenses just as he likes. He is usually a dominant factor in the educational affairs of his community, as well as the local agent of the forestry and game department.

Some of the white settlers, or would-be settlers, have endeavored to escape from this universal control by opening new lines of activity. Certain lands unsuitable for cane were found to be excellent for pineapples and immediately quite a number of enterprising Americans came in and began to develop the land. To-day the pineapple industry is the second most important in the islands—but the small, independent, thrifty citizen-owner is being now rapidly crowded out. Big corporations, with packing plants and transportation facilities, and backed largely by the same interests which are in control of sugar,



Photograph by Ernest Moses of Hilo

Scene on one of the great sugar plantations, taken from the top of a sugar mill



A rich valley in the "Garden Island" of Kauai

are rapidly coming into the full control of the situation and Japanese laborers and Japanese renters are taking the places of white settlers. The same process is going forward with the pineapples as with the sugar cane.

Is it any wonder that the land question to-day is the chief political issue of the islands? Is it any wonder that many people are disturbed with this centralization of land control, which tends toward a steady crowding out of white settlers and the substitution of a depressed, non-voting population of Oriental people?

Even the more far-seeing of the planters have become alarmed and recently the territorial government, led by Governor Frear, succeeded in getting the land laws so changed in Congress as to encourage homesteading by citizen settlers. Their idea is to get in white people who will really live upon and work the land; but the new laws are so complicated and the economic conditions of the islands are so difficult that homesteading so far as it has meant actual settlement of white citizens has been a pure farce.

The reasons for this failure are perfectly plain.

Most of the government land is of the poorer sort located too high on the mountains to be available for sugar (else it would

already have been taken) and this high land, offered in absurdly small tracts, is usually inaccessible and distant from the public roads, and in some cases it requires a hundred dollars an acre to clear it of jungle. The opportunities of a poor white man under such conditions may be imagined! Moreover, he is 2,500 miles from markets, and if he attempts to raise sugar, as some homesteaders have done, he is, as I have shown, wholly at the mercy of the big planters who own the mills and to whom he must sell his crop.

On the other hand, some of the best government land is not located on the mountains, but is leased to the sugar planters on rentals made years ago at absurdly low prices. It has now become enormously valuable. One corporation in the island pays the government \$2,000 a year rental on 92,000 acres of land. Now, these leases are expiring and there has been the possibility of some of this rich land being divided up among small settlers (indeed a very little of it has already been so divided); but last winter, in spite of political promises, in spite of opposition of the Governor, in spite of the fact that the present homestead law is so new that it is practically untried, a resolution was forced through the legislature to ask Congress for a change in the organic law providing that this land shall not be divided

up among settlers, but *shall be released to the sugar corporations.*

I have shown how complete is the control of these land-owning corporations on the economic side of their activities; but it extends also to many other lines of community life. The trouble with a feudalism is that the feudal-lord must do everything himself. By withholding the industrial independence and social initiative of the people under him he also makes them supine in many other matters—as of sanitation, education, religion. They come to have no community life or activity.

Thus many of the planters of Hawaii have gone to really astonishing lengths in developing all sorts of benevolent activities. This is especially true of the old missionary stock, which has a tender conscience, and responds readily to the sense of obligation which goes with great power. I have rarely visited any place where there was as much charity and as little democracy as in Hawaii. Colleges, kindergartens, churches, missions, and social settlements flourish there with unexampled vigor. A year or so ago they wanted a new Y. M. C. A. building and went out with the intention of raising \$100,000 in ten days, but so liberal was the giving that they got \$143,000 in six days, and had to close the subscriptions; in one missionary collection in Dr. Scudder's great church last year over \$30,000 was raised.

At the same time Honolulu has some of the worst slums in the world—and if poverty in the tropics is picturesque, its gnawings are none the less painful. For downright overcrowding and unsanitary conditions it would be hard to find anything worse than some of the rickety old tenements which I visited in the city of Honolulu. And one will find here, exactly as in the slums of Chicago or New York, earnest men and women trying to convert these miserable creatures to the religion of Him who laid down the Golden Rule.

So heavily do the conditions rest upon some of the rich men of Honolulu, that in one or two instances they give from 40 to 60 per cent. of their income yearly to benevolences, chiefly religious work. While I was in Honolulu I came across a public letter of one of the leading business men of the islands, Mr. George P. Castle, of which this is an extract:

"I think that by taking honest, unselfish consideration of one's self and one's finances many may find that they can give more than customary, thus bringing in the aggregate much relief. In order to give the thing a start, hoping that others will follow, I will here state that I promise, unless something unforeseen and entirely unexpected should prevent, to

give 25 per cent. of my income for the year 1909 to objects of above-mentioned nature, or objects of general good."

I found in some plantations excellent hospitals (especially that at Ewa); I saw at Ewa a free kindergarten, at another, Kahuku, an excellent day nursery and a club for working-men; at others, various sorts of schools, more or less assisted by the manager. All the plantations, partly as a consideration in keeping the employees satisfied, partly as a benevolence, and partly because of the pressure of the health authorities, maintain the services of a doctor and usually a sanitary expert whose duty it is to keep the health of the camp intact. In every other possible way, as I shall show more fully next month, the management controls the life of the workers in the camps.

In the case of one of the greatest of the plantations, where the corporation owns not only the agricultural land, but the railroad and all the land of the town (which is also the seaport), the manager has used his power of benevolent protection to the utmost degree. He has admitted no saloons, no gambling places, no houses of prostitution and he has been careful in renting stores only to especially approved tenants. He has allowed the building of no shacks or poor structures. He has permitted one church, one wholesale liquor store, one Japanese store, and one Portuguese store. He dictates to the last degree the conduct of the place and its people—as also he dictates the politics. He and his family contribute liberally to all the Christian churches in that island; they maintain a fine settlement work, kindergartens, and reading rooms, and for the white employees they have a big club house with bowling alleys, tennis-courts and a swimming tank. The expenditures every year by this planter and his family for benevolent purposes must be very large. Every employee is directed at every turn and in nearly every detail of his life. I never knew a more complete nor more benevolent example of feudalism than this; and never more respectable and less democratic conditions.

At another plantation, which happens to be situated near a rather squalid village, in which the land is not owned by plantation interests, the manager was remarking on what he declared was a wholly inexplicable tendency among certain of his workers. He said that in spite of the fact that the company furnished them good houses rent free to live in and plenty of free water, supplied them with free medical attendance, and insisted on

clean surroundings, gave them all their firewood, and even contributed to their churches and schools; that, notwithstanding all these things, many of the workmen insisted on moving down into the little squalid town, paying rent for their houses, buying their own fuel, and walking an unnecessarily long distance to work in the morning. He couldn't understand it!

Toward all these remarkable conditions there is a decided divergence of view, even among the united group of white men who dominate the islands. I have said that from six to ten men practically control the business of Hawaii. Well, there is even a division of views as to policies among them, as there was among the old slaveholders regarding the institution of slavery.

There are, indeed, two clearly defined and wholly contrary tendencies among the dominant people in the islands.

The first comes from that group of business men whose standard of success is profit alone. They believe quite frankly that they are there to govern the islands, that their way of producing sugar with the cheapest possible labor, taking all the profits themselves, is the best possible way. They look to the time of retirement with a large fortune. A number of them have already retired to England and Germany and another, an American, went back to California a year or so ago with a fortune estimated at \$10,000,000. You will

hear them not only decrying the present mildly progressive government, but suggesting that the islands be placed frankly under the control of a government commission, partly military; that plenty of Chinese laborers be introduced under a contract system to work at low wages for three or five years and

then sent home again; that education of Oriental children be reduced to the minimum, because it destroys good laborers, and that the sanitation, so necessary in a tropical country, be forced by military rule, rather than by education. They believe a democracy impossible in a territory so largely Oriental, and they think a frank and absolute control of the people by the white plantation owners will produce more sugar and more profits than any other



WALTER F. FREAR
Governor of the Territory of Hawaii

The Governor of Hawaii is appointed by the President of the United States

system. A very large proportion of the sugar planters and business men of the islands—those who are getting rich fastest—hold practically to this view of affairs.

The other group is in part descended from the old, earnest missionary stock. Most of these men were born in the islands and love them. They came out of an intensely religious environment and were raised in modest homes where human helpfulness was the keynote of life. They have become aristocrats not with entire comfort; they have inherited somewhat of the old democratic and religious spirit. The New England conscience survives among them. This group tends to



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FRENCH-HAWAIIAN TYPE



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A SPANISH-HAWAIIAN TYPE

more democracy rather than less. It would like to see more white citizens and settlers, it would intrust more and more power to the present local governments, it would pursue a vigorous policy of popular education no matter what the ultimate outcome, it already demands an elective commission government for the city of Honolulu and a direct primary system. It would extend rather than restrict the franchise, and it looks toward ultimate statehood for Hawaii in the American Union. A few of this group even believe that the Japanese will make good American citizens, and can be trusted as voters. The present Governor Frear, a mildly progressive man with a judicial temperament, has used his influence upon this side. But the problems are so great, and most of the leading men are so enmeshed in the business system that few have dared to get down to fundamental con-

ditions or to suggest fundamental remedies.

These two groups, in fact, are divergent only upon more or less superficial issues. Like the old Southerners, when the "peculiar institutions" of Hawaii are attacked, they all, instantly, come together and prepare to fight. Anyone who touches the tariff in Hawaii, or the land question, or the labor question—the things that really matter—would better be careful!

Thus all the liberal changes in the laws which the progressives have been able to bring about, all their benevolences and philanthropies, all their missions and churches, have so far not appreciably changed the oligarchic system. Indeed, the aristocracy grows ever wealthier, the middle-class white settlers and workers become fewer, the peasant laborers more numerous, and the feudalistic system more firmly entrenched.

(Next month Mr. Baker will describe the situation of the workers of Hawaii—the island conditions as they look from underneath)

BREAD AND ROSES

BY

JAMES OPPENHEIM

"Bread for all, and Roses, too"—a slogan of the women in the West

AS we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill-lofts gray
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing, "Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses."

As we come marching, marching, we battle, too, for men—
For they are women's children, and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes—
Hearts starve as well as bodies: Give us Bread, but give us Roses.

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient song of Bread;
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew—
Yes, it is Bread we fight for—but we fight for Roses, too.

As we come marching, marching, we bring the Greater Days—
The rising of the women means the rising of the race—
No more the drudge and idler—ten that toil where one reposes—
But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

THE THEATRE

Building a Show

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the world of the theatre any performance, from "Hamlet" to "The Follies of 1911," is a "show," just as any printed article is a "story" to a newspaper man. But the term is more generally—and more happily—applied to a certain type of entertainment which, in recent years, has become only too common, the plotless, pointless musical comedy which is too often devoid of real music and real comedy, but which contrives to please by a hodge-podge of vaudeville "specialties" and the posturings of a large and more or less comely chorus. Such entertainments are turned out annually by the score, till they have cast a reflected disgrace upon the beautiful art of operetta. Since the music of one always sounds like the music of all the rest, since very much the same performers appear in the casts season after season, it is not hard to realize that the success of these "shows" depends, to an extent unprecedented in other branches of the drama, on the stage manager, on the man who can invent new dances and "effects," drill the girls of the chorus in novel and intricate evolutions, devise specialties, string the vaudeville hodge-podge into a pleasing whole.

The men who can do this command big salaries—much larger salaries than the men who stage Shakespeare and Ibsen! To drill fifty chorus girls day after day in intricate evolutions, to listen to inane lyrics and worse music and plan how to make the combination alluring, to teach dancing and acting and singing all at once, perhaps is to earn every cent of the salary, however large. We may marvel at the smoothness of a Belasco production, but for sheer labor Mr. Belasco's task is light compared with Mr. Wilson's, stage manager of the Hippodrome. Mr.

Wilson has to be the commander of an army, literally hundreds of men and girls have to be drilled into a single performing unit, and the evolutions of this unit, moreover, cannot follow a military manual, but must be attractive to the eye, in time to the music, and as far as possible new to the public. In this year's Hippodrome entertainment, for instance, the huge chorus in one song gradually draw in to the center and rear of the stage. Tables and chairs are swiftly piled up, till a perfect grandstand is built, facing the audience. Upon this the men and women climb, their gay clothes making a solid bank of color. Then, on the refrain of the song, they produce tambourines with chime bells on the rims, and play the tune with these chimes, each row taking a note. Anybody who has tried to teach four or five highly intelligent persons to play a chime will realize without being told the difficulty of teaching four or five hundred chorus men and women.

Of course, the piling up of this human bank of color and the unexpected revelation of the chimes please the audience. It is one of those touches of stage management which go to make a successful "show."

Two or three years ago, when R. H. Burnside was stage manager at the Hippodrome, his always fertile brain devised a chorus effect in "The Battle of the Skies" which invariably won applause. Fifty girls marched up a series of ladders, twenty-five feet high, till there was a trellis of girls. Then the fifty faced the audience and suddenly threw open their long cloaks. The edges of the cloaks touched, and they made, as a whole, a huge American flag. As the audience applauded, the girls turned on tiny electric lights in the linings, and the "living flag" became a glowing one. Such a device may

not be the acme of dramatic art, but it is the stuff that "shows" are made of.

Some of the other effects that Mr. Burnside devised in various musical comedies may be mentioned. He himself says they were devised solely to surprise the audience. They had no particular relation to the dramatic action of the piece. Probably there *was* no dramatic action, anyhow. They surprised, therefore they pleased, and helped to make the "show" a success.

In "The Earl and the Girl" twenty-four chorus girls dressed as waitresses were suddenly transformed into soldiers. In "Fantana" eight chorus girls dressed as valets changed with lightning rapidity into evening dress (men's evening dress, of course!). In the same "show" a score or more of the chorus formed a lifeboat with flags, and seemed to be rowing as they sang the refrain of a song. Yes, gentle reader, men are paid large, fat salaries for inventing and putting into operation just such intellectual and artistic evolutions as these; and they are paid because you and I pay to see the "shows" where the evolutions are exhibited.

When the Mikado of Japan sings his little ditty concerning his sublime object of adjusting the punishment to the crime, or Little Buttercup warbles of her wares, or Koko tells in dulcet tones of his acquaintance, the Tomtit, or the irascible old gentleman in one of Victor Herbert's operettas informs the public that he wants what he wants when he wants it, the spectator does not pay much attention to the chorus, if a chorus is present, except perhaps as a pleasing background to the eye and a harmonic accompaniment to the tune. These songs are witty in words and captivating in melody, and interest on their own account. They have a certain dramatic fitness, too, in the action of the plays as a whole. One would as soon expect to see the chorus coming out dressed as a life-boat in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta as to see a song and dance introduced into "Hedda Gabler." The stage manager's task here is not to invent new "business" for the chorus, but to see that dramatic and musical fitness is preserved, that the author and composer are truly represented. His task here is to stage a play, not "build up a show." Obviously, it is quite a different problem.

There is a song in a musical comedy current this season, "The Girl of My Dreams," called, "Oh, tinkle Tinkler of old Toy Town," which is sung by a "Santa Claus" chorus. Some ingenious stage manager devised a scheme of hitching the chorus girls in pairs,

each pair behind a figure of Santa Claus. One girl supplies the right leg of the figure, the other the left. Their own odd legs stick out on either side, and their heads peep from behind either shoulder. When they dance, the effect is extremely grotesque. Presumably it pleases. Doubtless a great deal of thought went into the creation of this "business," and not a little money. But the question remains, would not the same amount of brains applied to the words and music of the song have accomplished a better result? As a general thing, it may be said that the amount of energy spent upon the "effects" of a "show" is in inverse ratio to the energy spent upon the libretto and the music. As, year after year, musical comedies grow more elaborate, with larger choruses, more expensive gowns, more intricate evolutions, more spectacular scenery, ladies in aeroplanes, in swings, on top of trellises, and the like, the librettos seem to grow more inane and the music more commonplace. The stage managers have to work harder and harder to find new devices, and when they can't dress their chorus girls any more, they reverse the process and undress them.

But meanwhile, with the successful revivals of "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" in New York, with the enormous vogue of "The Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier" still fresh in mind, with "The Arcadians" and the better of the Victor Herbert pieces making their way everywhere, it is quite apparent that true musical comedy—that is, a story told with the help of songs and choruses which have dramatic fitness and musical charm—is still the surest way to win popular favor. The "show" is a makeshift, an apology for real art, and the sooner the managers realize that the encouragement of composers and librettists is a far better investment than scenery and costumes and large choruses and elaborate "effects," the better it will be all around.

When "Pinafore" was revived at the New York Casino last spring, the receipts for the first week were over \$18,000. "The Merry Widow" played for a year in New York to capacity audiences in a theatre seating over 2000. "The Chocolate Soldier" was nearly as successful. Yet in none of these operettas, nor in plays of their class, is there any of that chorus juggling so characteristic of the "show"; there are no groupings without any relation to the action, no irrelevant costumes, no interpolated "specialties" furnished by some vaudeville team to help entertain the audience. The



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MARGUERITE SYLVA

A discovery of Oscar Hammerstein who is now appearing in the light opera "Gypsy Love"
by Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow"

chorus is there to sing; it is supposed to consist of men and women germane to the story; and its actions are merely such as these men and women would naturally perform, or such as are needed to point the words of a lyric.

It is interesting to hear what one of the most successful of "show" builders in the country, not excepting Lew Fields, has to say on the subject. He is George Marion, a man of many gifts, once an actor in the old Boston Museum stock company, stage manager of such diverse pieces as the stupid reviews at the Folies Bergere, George Ade's delicious genre comedy, "The College Widow," the modern morality, "Everywoman," and the operetta, "The Merry Widow."

We found Mr. Marion in a dim theatre, clad in a sailor's blue jersey, rehearsing "Gypsy Love," the operetta by Franz Lehár, composer of the "The Merry Widow," in which Marguerite Sylva is by now appearing. On the stage were two score chorus girls in street clothes, half as many chorus men, and the principals, including Henry E. Dixey. The manager sat down in the dark auditorium, saying nothing, which was the wisest thing he could say. Mr. Marion was in charge. Everything was bustling and businesslike. The girls picked up their skirts and went through mad dances, with their faces set and determined, striving hard to memorize the evolutions that were to create the atmosphere of gay, gypsy life. They wore none of those dental smiles familiar to audiences. The piano banged. Mr. Marion shouted directions, clapped his hands for a pause, ordered everybody back to the beginning, encouraged, explained, illustrated. In the second act a tenor aria, repeated from the first act, comes back into the score with tense dramatic significance. This episode was rehearsed several times before the singers and actors satisfied the director. He was after the thrill. Finally he got it. You could feel it out in the empty theatre, without the aid of orchestra or costumes or scenery.

When the act was over Mr. Marion pounded a chair back enthusiastically. "There's material to work with!" he exclaimed. "Did you hear how that song comes back into the score with new significance? Lehár is a master at that. Remember how the Prince's song, 'I'm going to Maxim's', came back at the close of the second act of 'The Merry Widow', with the same kind of dramatic thrill? No, you don't have to devise any chorus evolutions to

stage a scene like that! You have to get the musical and dramatic significance out of it, you have to interpret the author and composer. I've staged plenty of musical plays in my day, but I never staged one yet that had a lasting success unless I had a real story to work with, real dramatic situations."

"What were some of the best effects you have achieved?" we asked, curious to hear what he would say.

Mr. Marion scratched his head. "Well," he answered, "I guess as good a one as any was the second curtain in the last act of 'The Merry Widow.' When the curtain was raised on the applause, it showed the stage illumined only by invisible amber lights from above, and under this streaming, amber light, in the center, danced the lovers, with the rest grouped at the sides. That picture, with the music and the dance and the amber glow, summed up the whole piece—it had the merriment of Maxim's, the seductive rhythm of the waltz and the romantic glamour of the story. It was a kind of coda to the play."

"But you couldn't have achieved it," we suggested, "without the play which went before?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "You can't create a romantic glamour at the end of a vaudeville burlesque. Nothing goes so far with the public in any kind of a play as charm, and a stage manager, to create charm, must have good dramatic situations to work with, good music, good voices. You can hitch chorus girls together with ribbon reins and drive 'em round the stage, or turn 'em into rabbits, or swing 'em out over the audience, or mass 'em in living flags, or what not; but it won't take the place of a beautiful melody or a sound dramatic situation.

"You can't put it too strongly to the men who write and the men who compose musical comedies, that it isn't their business to rely on the stage manager to make a song 'go.' Their business is to write a song that can stand on its own legs, both in words and music. Their business is not to ask the stage manager to disguise their poverty of plot and dramatic and musical charm, but to give him a plot which he can translate into vivid stage terms, and charm which he can drill his company to impart. All my stage experience has taught me that the better the book and the music, the larger the success will be, and the better will be the work the stage manager will put into it.



MARY MANNERING

The star chosen by George C. Tyler of Liebler & Co. to play the difficult rôle of *Domini* in the magnificent production of "The Garden of Allah" at The Century Theatre



Photograph by Miskin

FLORA ZABELLE

A beautiful and talented actress who can both dance and sing and whose work in "The Kiss Waltz," the new Viennese operetta, has done much to insure its success. She is the wife of the comedian, Raymond Hitchcock



Photograph by Moffett Studios

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

The beautiful sister of Maxine and the wife of the distinguished actor, Forbes Robertson, now appearing in Joseph Medill Patterson's "Rebellion," a play of modern marriage conditions



Photograph by Savino

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

A stage beauty appearing in the "Folies Bergère," now on the road. The experiment of an entertainment combining dinner and a theatrical entertainment unfortunately failed to meet with the success in New York City that Henry B. Harris and his associates hoped for it

What we need to-day is an increased respect for musical comedy among educated writers and composers. We need better men in the business, and they should take it more seriously. They can't write a plot that's too good, or music that is too melodic."

It is interesting to find Mr. Marion and the critics—those creatures so despised of certain managers—in such hearty accord. It is interesting, also, to observe that the managers are turning once more to Vienna for their musical comedy supply, where the traditions of operetta still impose both plot and music.

We in America have a first-rate composer of light lyric music—Victor Herbert. But Mr. Herbert has unfortunately infrequently written the score for a libretto of much dramatic value. Last season his "Naughty Marietta," in which Mlle. Trentini appeared, was as delightful musically as it was doleful, stupid and crass dramatically. Musical comedy must be a perfect marriage of the two elements, and no work can succeed which is conspicuously deficient on either side. If, instead of spending \$25,000 "building a show," which consists of vaudeville specialties, elaborate chorus evolutions, much scenery, many mechanical effects, raucous voices and tin-pan music by a Maurice Levy or some other member or members of the Broadway school of unidigital tune carpenters, our managers would seek to encourage first-class playwrights to devise librettos and first-class composers to furnish the scores, they could save money before the curtain went up on the opening performance, and make money afterward. If the same amount of time and brains now spent in devising new and mostly silly antics for chorus girls to perform during the "rendering" of a mushy ballade about the butterflies and roses or other men's wives, were expended upon the creation of true dramatic situations and music with true melody and charm, we might indeed suppose that the millennium had come.

Meanwhile, let us bear in mind that the number of times the chorus changes its costumes in a musical comedy is in inverse ratio to the musical and comic value of the piece, and that the true art of musical comedy, the wedding of appropriate music to significant action, essentially differs from the art of opera only in the depth and purpose of its emotional appeal. The "show" is but a poor makeshift for true operetta, and flourishes on its present scale merely for want of something better.

It may, of course, be urged that the pictorial side of the "show" is pleasing on its own account, and therefore justifies itself. But why have pictorial or "spectacular" effects which are unrelated to the drama, when they might be an integral part of your play? The Wagnerian operas are spectacular, but the scenic pomp is devised to create an atmosphere. Much money was spent upon the settings for "The Merry Widow," but that was done to enhance the charm of the score. Mr. George Tyler is spending a fortune, so they say, to stage "The Garden of Allah." He is "building" a sand storm and securing scenery and costumes which will truly depict the desert and its life. But he is doing all this to increase the illusion of his drama, to make the story more real for the spectator. Mr. Tyler would not introduce a sand storm if the scene of his play were not the desert, and if the narrative did not depend upon a sand storm for its development. And even so, if the story itself is not interesting, all the sand storms in Sahara will not save it.

Just so in musical comedy, the true basis of the entertainment is the story and the music, and unrelated spectacle, chorus effects, the usual paraphernalia of the "show," will not avail to take their places. No matter what form it may assume, grave or gay, the ultimate foundation of any stage entertainment is dramatic action, and spectacle is always secondary. To ignore this truth is to invite mediocrity or failure.



"TO MY CHARMING HOSTESSES," HE SAID. "TO OUR CHARMING GUEST," RESPONDED THE SISTERS TOGETHER.

WHERE THE HEART IS

Showing *that* Christmas *is* what You Make It

BY WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD P. HEATH

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" chirped Miss Wilson. "Say, I beat you all to it ten seconds before the flag! I won't be here in the morning to speak those words personal, because I'm off on the eight-twenty-nine to old home-day in the custard pie belt." Miss Wilson's cheeks glowed under her black picture hat; her round, jetty eyes snapped.

"Merry Christmas!" responded the other boarders. And each had excitement in his voice, open or suppressed according to his temperament.

A quickened atmosphere beat through the rather bare, black-walnut dining-room. Everything spoke of broken routine—the clatter of tongues, the dishes half-eaten or carelessly pushed aside, the spray of holly in the hair of Martha, black maid-of-all-work. Further, Miss Wilson's neat, gray traveling suit, Mrs. Hepburn's costume of new brown brillantine, the English bag which Mr. Withers had deposited at the door, spoke of immediate departures.

Miss Wilson hung her coat on the back of her chair and cast about a roving eye. She rested her gaze on the pink, callow, somewhat repressed youth at the foot of the table.

"You won't be here Christmas Day, will you, Mr. Cordingly?" she asked.

Although Mr. Cordingly was the youngest person at Mrs. Parrott's and, in brain and experience, probably the least considerable one, all matters of taste, personal conduct, and family affairs were referred to him as by right. It happened so because the boarders had learned, quite early in his stay, the truth about him and his antecedents. He was, in fact, son of Jerahiah C. Cordingly, *the* Cordingly of the great New Haven valve company, planted now in New York to learn the selling

end of the business with a wholesale house. His father, who held old-fashioned views, had ruled that he must live within his salary during his two years' apprenticeship; and he managed very well by means of secret and timid additions from his mother. Too young for matrimonial plans, too reserved for flirtation, he held nevertheless a clutch upon the imagination of the sprightly Miss Wilson and the slow, rather affected Miss Violet Worth, actress-out-of-an-engagement, who sat at his right.

"No," said Mr. Cordingly, with his own simple reserve, "I'm going north at eight-thirty myself."

"To the New Haven house or the country place at Noroton?" insinuated Miss Wilson, at one and the same time parading her knowledge concerning the habits of Our Best Society, and satisfying her private curiosity.

"The governor always opens the country house for Christmas," replied Mr. Cordingly with a burst of confidence rare in him. "He has all the people on the place at the house Christmas Eve. I'll get home before ten, and the tree will be all lighted when I arrive—they'll just about be starting to distribute the gifts. The next day Christmas dinner—children and grandchildren—twenty of us. It's a great tableful." He stopped suddenly. Never before had he so far committed himself concerning the habits of his family. But an unwonted brightness in his eye, a flush in his cheek, showed that he was all in a fever of anticipation.

"Well, it's lovely to be with your folks again," commented Miss Wilson with an unexpected soft sympathy. "And it's great to have 'em near enough so you can run home Christmas. I wouldn't have 'em way out in Kansas for the old farm. My Cousin Char-



"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" RESPONDED THE OTHER BOARDERS. AND EACH HAD EXCITEMENT IN HIS VOICE, OPEN OR SUPPRESSED, ACCORDING TO HIS TEMPERAMENT

lie promised to meet me with the cutter if there was snow enough. And I guess," she added, glancing out of the window, "the weather's made good for him all right. And Cousin Sophie's been fattening that turkey since September. How about you, Violet?"

Miss Worth dropped her fork to her plate with a flutter, lifted her eyes and trained them on Miss Wilson with another flutter, and held the pose. So long had she been doing society parts—they were her specialty—that the voice and gesture of her working hours had become the manner of her private moments. What were affectation in others was nature in her.

"Think of it," she said, and her voice swelled with well-trained vibration. "Christmas at home with one's own!" She made the proper stage pause before she continued. "And this year I'm to be with my own. I've two old aunts in Staten Island—dear things! I really ought to visit them oftener than I do, and I want to go, but my work is in New York or on the road, so what would you? Every Christmas for years they've wanted me to come down, but I've always been trooping. But this falls just between engagements, so I'm going over to-night." Her voice fell richly, and again her eyes fluttered downward. "Dear old ladies! What fun it will be! I

know just what they'll have for dinner. I know by heart every piece of linen and china and silver that they'll put on the table. I know that with the flaming Christmas pudding will come a present to me that they've been working on since September. There'll be just we three, doing all the work together and chatting over old times. Dear Aunt Lettie! Dear. Aunt Em!" Miss Worth's eyes glistened and moistened. Perhaps she herself would have found it hard to say whether or no she was acting at that moment. Nevertheless, it had the effect on her audience of all good emotional histrionics. Miss Wilson's face changed perceptibly; the direct and practical Bob Withers looked far away; Mrs. Hepburn quite openly removed her glasses and wiped them.

"Ah," she said, when she had resumed her glasses and patted into place the disturbed white waves above her ears, "I, too, am fortunate! An old seminary friend whom I've just found this year has come to New York to live on Riverside Drive. I go there to-night until over Christmas. A houseful of children!" she added, brightening. "I don't know when I've seen a children's Christmas. And Christmas is so incomplete without them!"

"Mine will be complete then, all right, all

right!" exclaimed Bob Withers cheerfully. "No race suicide in the Witherses. All sorts from Kindergarten to College. One grand jag of joy. Say, you'd have died to see me raking the department-store getting presents for sizes from six months to sixteen years. That bag there would fit up the holiday rally of the Brooklyn Sunday-School Union. Funny, ain't it, we've all got people close to New York. Guess everybody's accounted for." Then he stopped, and his eyes traveled to the one who had not yet spoken. Five other pairs of eyes followed his to the head of the table, where the Colonel sat. They had forgotten the Colonel.

It was easy to forget him, so quiet, so self-effacing, so altogether detached did he appear. He was a little, old man with a drooping white mustache, and a pair of straight, ingenuous blue eyes filmed with reserve. Following the New York rule of impermanence, none of the rest had arrived at Mrs. Parrott's earlier than last summer. They found him there when they arrived; and they called him "the Colonel" because they had heard Mrs. Parrott apply that title, and because he spoke in a Southern accent. The title was more nearly accurate than they knew. He had, indeed, served in the Civil War; and he had handed over to his conqueror the sword of a boy lieutenant.

Success sat not at Mrs. Parrott's table. All these people were about to arrive, or the arrival had been postponed forever. Miss Wilson, assistant suit-buyer at Silverstein's, had her feet already on the bottom rungs of the ladder. The future stretched assured before Mr. Cordingly—that he was his father's son sufficed. Mr. Withers, clerk in a brokerage house, was rising. In a year, Mrs. Parrott's would see him no more. Miss Worth had passed the climax and missed it; now she was maintaining a brave front by exaggerating about prospective engagements. She supported herself by giving elocutionary readings in Brooklyn—did it secretly, for she

would have died rather than confess elocution. The climax had long passed for Mrs. Hepburn, childless widow; she was living on a small annuity and on the bounty of relatives in Chicago, who paid her board that they might keep her away. But for none was the scroll so completely rolled and tied as for the Colonel. His day had passed; his hopeful striving was done. Sixty-eight years old, without money, without abilities, he worked as curator of a small private library.

The pause which followed on Mr. Withers's remark grew embarrassing. It was Miss Wilson who, with the rough-and-ready tact which she had acquired in her business, threw herself into the breach.

"Will you be here Christmas, Colonel?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the Colonel, raising his innocent, quiet blue eyes, and dropping them again.

"Some different from old days in the South before the war," ventured Mr. Withers.

"Yes," replied the Colonel as shortly as before.

Miss Wilson opened her lips to speak. They wore a softer expression than usual. She must have thought better of it, for she closed them without sound. The boarders looked at one another, and then at their plates. The distant roar of an elevated train, the whirl of a starting taxicab, the kitchen-clatter of Martha, the maid, became perfectly audible in the dining-room.

The pause was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Parrott, head of the boarding house, and Miss Newton, her sister. They proceeded to the little side-table at which they always dined alone and in silence. Mrs. Parrott, widow, and Miss Newton, old maid, were cast from the same mold. Only the metal of Mrs. Parrott had been poured colder and more amply. Both were faded ashen-blond in hair, faded white in skin. Their faces were a little impassive—mark of their profession. Beneath it, however, struggled the softened expression of better days.



There was about Mrs. Parrott, somehow, a deadened liveliness. There was about Miss Newton a very ghost of girlish gaiety. Mrs. Parrott was a little the more plump, a little the stronger in the features, a little the more stolid. In appearance, as in conduct of life, she was the original and Miss Newton the replica. "It's sister this and sister that," remarked Miss Wilson once, "until if Mrs. Parrott broke her ankle, sister would stub her toe."

Miss Wilson used this entrance as an excuse to turn the conversation.

"We were talking about Christmas, Mrs. Parrott," said she. "Too bad you can't get away for the holidays—too many of us animals to feed!"

Mrs. Parrott laughed perfunctorily and her sister echoed it faintly.

"I'm sorry—for us of course—that most of you will be away," said Mrs. Parrott. "I should have tried to make it pleasant for you—"

"Sister had thought," supplemented Miss Newton, "that we might have egg-nog in the parlor."

An appreciative murmur came from the boarders. Out of it boomed the voice of Bob Withers.

"Much obliged, I'm sure, but I'm on the cart. I make it a point to present myself at home in good order."

Just here the Colonel rose. "If you'll excuse me, ladies!" he said. He hesitated a second "Merry Christmas—a very Merry Christmas," he went on. The table responded cordially; but as his straight, old back went through the door, the boarders exchanged looks again.

At eight o'clock Miss Wilson, tailored, veiled, and carrying a bag, met in the hall Miss Violet Worth, similarly attired and equipped.

"Fierce, ain't it, about the Colonel?" said Miss Wilson in an undertone. "Guess he's an old grouch for sure, or he'd have some folks to go to. Think of passing Christmas in a boarding-house!"

"Oh, *think* of it!" murmured Violet Worth,

and now the vibration had gone completely from her voice. "But I sympathize most with Mrs. Parrott and Miss Newton. They seem born to better things. Well, they'll have a rest at least with only the Colonel to take care of—pretty near a holiday."

"If I was them," said Miss Wilson, "I'd ship him off to a restaurant."

"Well, perhaps they think—" began Miss Worth—"There! There's my taxi," she broke off in utterly unfeigned excitement. "Good-by, and a Merry Christmas again!" She fluttered down the stairs.

Bob Withers, packing, found himself out of dress ties; and since train time was near, he slipped across the hall to young Cordingly's room on a borrowing expedition. Precisely because he was the only person at Mrs. Parrott's—except the reserved Colonel—who did not yield to Mr. Cordingly a measure of social deference, Mr.

Withers was the only boarder who enjoyed anything of his confidence.

"Say," remarked Mr. Withers when young Cordingly had produced the tie. "Somewhat rough on the Colonel. No? Suppose he hasn't any folks. I don't think much of my family three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, but on the three-hundred-and-sixty-sixth—meaning Christmas—I'm mighty glad I've got one. Just think—no presents. Nothing but dinner alone at the big table, with the Misses Pie-Face eating all alone at theirs. Some tough!"

"It is pretty hard," acknowledged Mr. Cordingly. "I'd really like to leave him a present of some kind if I thought he'd take it right."

"I wouldn't. Hurt his Southern pride and all that. Probably send it back with a note. Tough, though."

"Certainly is!" responded Mr. Cordingly.

In her private sitting room, Mrs. Hepburn was writing the last of her Christmas letters.

"And I should like to have you know," she wrote, "how many are less favorably cir-



"MY COUSIN CHARLIE PROMISED TO MEET ME WITH THE CUTTER"

cumstanced than I. We have in this boarding-house a poor old gentleman who must spend his Christmas all alone here. Equally unfortunate are the two estimable ladies who conduct the place. When I think that I, bereaved though I be, have so many blessings—

She paused here and let a tear blot the paper, an art at which she had grown adept.

"Poor old Colonel Wharton," she sighed softly.

It was twelve noon of Christmas Day when Miss Newton ventured forth from her room.

She emerged a different woman from the tired drudge who had entered it at twelve midnight of the evening before. She was dressed in black silk with a fine white line in it. Lace softened the throat and wrists. Strung on either arm were meager wreaths of Christmas greens, decked scantily with scarlet ribbon. In her hand she carried an old

coffee-pot, silver-over-copper—carried it as though it were glass. She stopped a moment in the dining-room to hang the wreaths in the window, and another to deposit the silver on the table.

"Merry Christmas, Martha," she greeted the quivering bulk of black flesh who presided in the kitchen. "Did you bring the Colonel's breakfast up to him promptly at ten?"

"Yas'm—yas'm—I sho'ly did," said Martha. "The Cunnel was powerful hungry, Mis' Newton. Yas'm—three cups of coffee. Yas'm, the Cunnel is shorely folks, Mis' Newton. He tol' me an' I tol' him all about them Christmas we used to have in Vaginyah befo' de wah. Ah sholy am grateful for that dress-pattern, Mis' Newton. Yas'm—I sholy am. The Cunnel—he give me two dollars, too. Yas'm."

"I'm glad you liked it, Martha," said Miss Newton. "There, there's the bell. It is the Colonel now, back from church, Martha."

"Yas'm."

"You may go now for the rest of the day, Martha," Miss Newton went on. "Be back promptly at seven to-morrow."

"Yas'm, Mis' Newton," Martha said, "I sholy will. Yas'm!"

"The Colonel came home from church, sister," Miss Newton greeted Mrs. Parrott, who, having dressed at a more leisurely pace, now entered the kitchen. "The turkey's in and the vegetables on—and I've just sent Martha home."

Mrs. Parrott also looked rested. She bore about her, too, the same air of staid middle-aged jubilation.

"He's coming down now," she said in a suppressed whisper.

"Oh, Merry Christmas, Colonel," she called an instant later. And the Colonel stood bowing at the door. He wore a majestic frock-coat, long and single-breasted, a stiff, high collar, a black string scarf. His scanty gray hair was plastered with painful precision; his shoes shone even as his nails.

"I heard all the sounds of Christmas," he said, "and I smelled all the smells of Christmas, and I wondered if I could be of any assistance?"

A negative was forming on Mrs. Parrott's lips, but Miss Newton put in a well-simulated question. "Haven't we forgot to dress the celery?"

"Yes, and some one must mix the mayonnaise—"

"If you'd like to—"

"And know how—"

"I have done a right smart bit of housework—in the war and just after," replied the Colonel. "Some of us had to learn. May I remove my coat?" He doffed his ceremonial garment, hung it over a chair, stacked his cuffs in his sleeve. Mrs. Parrott and Miss Newton had already covered their holiday finery with long, enveloping aprons. Mrs. Parrott insisted on draping the Colonel also.

"And remember, only a drop of oil at a time," she admonished.



"CHRISTMAS AT HOME WITH ONE'S OWN!"

"I'll be as stingy as if it were melted gold," replied the Colonel. And when, with much clatter of dishes and tongues, the mayonnaise was finished, and the celery dressed, and the beaten biscuits in the oven, and the turkey basted for the last time, it was the Colonel's privilege to help set forth the feast. Already Miss Newton had folded up and put away the long oak table of the regular boarders, had drawn to the center of the room their own private round-table. She made some magic passes over a basket. Out came a damask table-cloth of quaint, old design, a set of silver, worn and solid and old, a lacy cover.

The Colonel straightened up after he had set down with mathematical precision the last of the knives.

"If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll add the finishing touch," he said; and he was gone upstairs. When he returned, he bore proudly in his right hand two red roses. Also, he was maneuvering to keep his left hand behind his back.

"The last in the shop this morning," he said.

"Oh, sister, come look!" cried Mrs. Parrott.

"Roses!"

"And such red ones!"

"And at this time of the year!"

"Not more beautiful," declared the Colonel in all the tones of conviction, "than the ladies to whom I have presented them." Mrs. Parrott laughed and said:

"This to two old women."

And Miss Newton added proudly:

"You should have seen sister once!"

"In spite of your well-known temperance principles, Mrs. Parrott," broke in the Colonel, delicately leaving the compliment where it stood, "I hope you'll accept this addition to your repast." He drew his left hand from behind him, and handed Mrs. Parrott—a bottle. "Madeira," he explained—"the remains of my Uncle Porter's cellar."

"Oh, thank you, Colonel—you remember the last, sister——"

"It tasted like elderberry wine——"

"But it's much more precious——"

"Liquor belongs," interrupted the Colonel, "to those who know how to use it. I'm sure you understand moderation."

"Well," said Mrs. Parrott, "the bottle you gave me last Christmas wasn't used up until Thanksgiving."

"It will never hurt you at that rate," declared the Colonel. "Miss Newton, may I assist with the turkey?"

He bore the platter to its place; he opened the old Madeira and filled three glasses; he raised his own.

"To my charming hostesses," he said.

"To our charming guest," responded the sisters together; and so they fell to.

The shades were falling when they had finished with their coffee. Mrs. Parrott it was who broke up the dinner by rising to light the gas.

"Permit me," said the Colonel,

rousing himself from his pleasant lethargy, "to assist you in clearing things away."

"Oh, no—it won't take a minute—this is the one day of the year, you remember, when we don't wash the dishes right away——" began Mrs. Parrott.

"Martha does them with the breakfast things," supplemented Miss Newton. So the Colonel sat apart while Mrs. Parrott and Miss Newton flew back and forth to and from the kitchen, dropping conversation as they worked.

"And now, Colonel," broke in Mrs. Parrott, stripping off her apron as she bustled through the door, "wouldn't you like to come upstairs to our sitting-room?"

"Nothing," replied the Colonel, rising and bowing, "would delight me more than to continue our conversation."

This dwelling followed the rule of boarding-houses. It was a relic of old gentility—in its time a mansion. The sisters lived in that low-studded pair of rooms which had been the nursery quarters of happier days. An open grate fire-place, very shallow and tiny, a marble mantel, the niche for a statuette now gone,



"THE FLAMING CHRISTMAS PUDDING"

recalled faded glories. Their personal belongings, relics of another past glory, fitted into their surroundings. Miss Newton's special chair was a little rocker of solid and serviceable hickory; Mrs. Parrott's was mahogany, carved with stiff bunches of grapes. The Colonel took, as if by custom, the big modern Morris chair at the table. The wall supported one old portrait in a flaking gold frame, and three enlarged crayon heads stared starkly from ovals of walnut. Along the window-sill—though it was late December—blossomed three geraniums in pots. And above them a canary started into life at the sudden flare-up of the gas-jets, and opened in mirthful song.

"Do smoke, Colonel!" said Mrs. Parrott.

"It makes one feel that there's a man about," supplemented Miss Newton.

"It's like home," added Mrs. Parrott.

"You were telling me last year," said the Colonel, "about your Uncle Arad and the war." As a matter of fact, Mrs. Parrott and Miss Newton, strophe and antistrophe, had told him every Christmas in the past four years about Uncle Arad and the war. This was only the preliminary, opening sentence to a ritual whose first solemn act was the production of the family photograph album.

"Did I show you his picture last year?" asked Mrs. Parrott, preserving the rules of decent reserve.

"I should like right well to see it again," declared the Colonel.

Mrs. Parrott went down to the bottom drawer of her dresser, produced a square of plush and gilt, opened its ornate clasp. She put it on the Colonel's knee; she and Miss Newton drew up to right and left, and strophe and antistrophe they began at the frontispiece.

"Grandfather Joel Curtis. Just think, he lived to be ninety—but he was only seventy when this photograph was taken—still he always looked just like that, even when they laid him out—"

"Grandmother Curtis—she was a Clapp of Norboro—granddaughter of old Squire Clapp. He used to own nearly everything round there. They'd lost it all before grandmother was born. Do you remember her, sister—"

"Indeed I do. Remember how she wouldn't go inside a house that burned gas for fear of suffocation—"

"But she hated electricity three times worse—it was newer."

"Uncle Henry Curtis when he was a boy—"

"He always kept that cowlick on his hair to the day of his death."

So, through six deceased and ill-favored relatives, all human expression drawn from their faces by the strained attention necessary to old-fashioned photography, they came at last to a photograph on which none, at first, made any comment. It was a bridal group of the seventies. He



stood at her side. He was a stalwart man, spite of his pose; and his locks flowed as elaborately as his narrow cravat. The bride was seated, the over-ornamentation of a wide, gathered skirt making billows and crevasses about her. None could mistake the face; for it was the kind which changes not its outlines with age. It was Mrs. Parrott.

They looked for a whole minute before Mrs. Parrott spoke.

"He lived only five years," she said.

"He looks like a man," said the Colonel.

"He was *that*," put in Miss Newton. "The dearest brother—"

The Colonel lingered unaccountably on that page. He cleared his throat; he looked up.

"She was dressed like that," he said—"the late Mrs. Wharton." Suddenly, impulsively, he put his hand to his inner pocket, drew out a small daguerreotype. The tarnished black cover fell open revealing a sweet, pointed face, still childish. Under her strained expression, as the girl held the pose for the camera, there seemed to burn always a smile, ready to burst out and blur the picture.



"THE LATE MRS. WHARTON—MISS VIRGINIA FAIRHAVEN—THE YEAR SHE
CONSENTED TO MARRY ME." HE SAID

"The late Mrs. Wharton—Miss Virginia Fairhaven—the year she consented to marry me," he said.

Mrs. Parrott and Miss Newton gasped and murmured softly over her. She was a "perfect beauty," Mrs. Parrott said; "Sweetly, pretty," said Miss Newton. It was astonishing how much the two ladies managed to convey of admiration and sympathy without any direct allusion to his loss.

"She lived only nine years," he said. "My boy died, too. And I came North." He put the little black box back, and returned to the Curtis-Newton family album. And now something alert came into his attitude. For on that page, spaced into four little windows for old-time tin-types, were four photographs—such boy-soldiers as fight all our wars. One, standing at strained attention with his Springfield beside him, was dwarfed by his very gun. One, in the high boots and peaked cap of a cavalry man, looked like a schoolboy who played at war. Only one appeared like a man grown. He was seated, leaning his left hand on a sword; and his shoulder-straps bore the double bar of a captain.

"They were brave enemies," said the Colonel, gallantly. "They won because they had the resources, but they were brave—." Then, as though seeing the necessity of backing water, he added: "I cherish no animosities and I admire your great Lincoln. I'm free to admit I hated Sherman for a long time. But war is war. And there are necessities. It's not those who did the fighting who keep hatred in their hearts. We learned to respect you-all." His voice ran low. "But this is your Uncle—Captain Arad Curtis, is it not?"

"Captain Curtis,—th New York," said Mrs. Parrott. "He entered as a private. They made him captain just before Petersburg—"

"For bravery on the field of action," supplemented Miss Newton.

"And he was killed just two days before the surrender at Appomattox. I don't understand all about it—something very brave. They were running toward the enemy, I

think, and some of his men ran away and hid in the brush. He got them together and made them go on with him. By this time the rest had run away. But he and these men didn't know it, and they kept on—and of course they were all wounded or killed. He lived only a day. If he had lived just another day he would have learned—"

She stopped there. "That you had won," finished the Colonel. "Well, one side has to win. When I gave up my sword I felt for a minute that it would have been better if I'd died in the last action. But we get over that—and our feelings." He looked down at the photograph. "We'd have a right good time now, he and I, just talking it over."

His eyes dreamed away another minute. Miss Newton leaned lightly forward and shot with uplifted eyebrow a signal to Mrs. Parrott. But the latter shook her head, for the Colonel was beginning to speak.

"It was just before Christmas of '64 that I saw Lee last," he said. "South bank of the Appomattox. I wonder if any of the Northern army knew what it was to be as hungry as we-all were those days? The Captain sent me up with a report to the General's house—he had an old farm building for his headquarters. I went on foot, because we were sparing our horses. And right there happened about the greatest piece of luck I ever had in my life. I

kicked something in the road. Well, I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw what it was. It was half a boiled ham. How it got there I've never known to this day. Some raiders making camp dropped it, I reckon. If I found ten thousand dollars in the street to-morrow, it wouldn't seem so lucky. I wrapped it up

under my cape, just unable to think of anything but how good it was going to taste. You see," put in the Colonel parenthetically, as though he felt the need of apology for carnal appetites, "I wasn't much more than a boy. I enlisted at seventeen in '62; I was only nineteen then, and just wearing my Second Lieutenant's shoulder-straps.

"Well, I came to the turn of the road, and





"HELLO, PEOPLE!" CALLED MISS WILSON. "COME IN AND REUNITE. HOW WAS MERRY CHRISTMAS WITH YOU!"

looked up. And there came the General with his staff. Some of the boys had been complaining. I'd heard them say that the General was living in a house, eating fried chicken while we were eating bran and going meat-hungry. I thought of that, with the ham under my cape. I dropped it down so I could hold it with my left hand when I saluted, and stood there by the road at attention.

"I hadn't seen the General for a year. But Lordee—what a year had done to that man! Then his hair was gray-brown—now it was almost white. Then his eyes were clear like a boy's—now they were old. And his face was pinched and hollow. You couldn't fool me. I'd seen that look often enough before. The General was hungry.

"Well, I went on up to headquarters with the report. And all the time I held the ham, and all the time I was thinking of the General and the way he looked. And when I got ready to start back, something struck me. I wasn't much use to the Confederacy. He was everything. I just turned and went out to the kitchen. I found the nigger boiling a little handful of corn meal. I took out that ham and I said, 'Get a knife, nigger, and slice up this meat. It's for the General. And if I ever find you haven't fed it to him, you

won't have to wait for the Yanks to get you.' And I went back and ate a corn cake and a little sliver of bacon for dinner that day. But thinking over it now it was the best Christmas dinner I ever ate—not excepting yours, Mrs. Parrott."

Mrs. Parrott and Miss Newton had heard the tale, in the same order and in nearly the same words, three times before. But still they smiled at its mild pleasantries, said "Oh!" and "Ah!" at its grave events, as they had at the first recital. And when the Colonel had finished, and sat looking into the fire as though he saw there the long, gray lines straggling through the forests of Virginia, they made their accustomed comment.

"Sister and I have often said"—this Mrs. Parrott—"that the Southern ladies——"

"Must have suffered so much more," Miss Newton took it up, "than the Northern ladies."

"Because they were right in the midst of it and saw it all," concluded Mrs. Parrott.

Then Miss Newton leaned across the Colonel again and made silent question with her mouth.

Mrs. Parrott nodded eagerly.

"Would you mind closing your eyes, Colonel?" she asked, a childlike tone in her voice.

The Colonel turned, looked, and did as he was bid. Miss Newton put something in his hand and closed his fingers above it.

"Don't look until we tell you," she said. "Our Uncle Arad, after the battle of the Wilderness, found something among the truck they captured——"

"And he sent it home for a memento——" added Miss Newton.

"And we've kept it all these years," said Mrs. Parrott, "but we'd forgotten about it."

"And we came across it just yesterday," said Miss Newton. "Now open your hand."

It was only a little old silver token-button, very tarnished. But it bore the three-barred flag of the Confederate Union—and the motto: "Lee and Country."

There was a long silence while the Colonel sat gazing at his palm with all his sight. Imperceptibly, his eyes dimmed and moistened. Then he rose, squared his shoulders to attention, and put the token in his button-hole. He hesitated for a second before he took the withered, toil-worn hands of the sisters and kissed them one after another.

"You've made this a good Christmas," he said, "a good, good Christmas for an old man."

And as they three stood moist-eyed with the happiness which is so much greater and deeper than laughter can express, a series of sounds broke in upon them.

A key had grated in the lock down-stairs; a step had sounded in the hall; the bell had rung.

"Sister, did you remember the bath-towel in Mr. Cordingly's room?" asked Mrs. Parrott.

"I believe I did forget it!" exclaimed Miss Newton. She hesitated.

"Good-night, ladies—until next Christmas," said their guest.

"Until next year!" cried the sisters together; but the ring was gone from their voices.

The door closed on the Colonel.

Miss Wilson it was who had ascended the stairs. She deposited her suit-case in her room with a "whoof!" of relief, and sprawled out in her Morris chair. After a moment, she rose, removed her hat, passed a powder rag over her nose, and sought the front parlor. Mr. Cordingly it was who had rung the bell. He sat now before the gas log, his ulster over his arm, his stick across his knees—the picture of despondency.

"A Happy New Year!" said Miss Wilson. "I'm up-to-date, and I want to get this

Christmas thing out of my system. Gee! it was fierce! Have a good time yourself?"

"No," said Mr. Cordingly shortly. "I didn't."

"What's the matter? Not relations, I hope? I've had a dose of 'em myself."

Mr. Cordingly permitted himself, for the first time in his residence at Mrs. Parrott's, the luxury of a thorough personal confidence.

"The governor," he said, "made the mater own up that she'd been shipping me money to patch out my salary. There was the merry to pay." He resumed his gaze at the fire.

"Well, I've come to the conclusion," said Miss Wilson, disposing her skirts modestly to toast her feet at the gas log, "that relations are mostly a bunk. Gee! I didn't know there were so many Hiram and Karenhappuchs in the Wilson tribe. Ain't I glad to be back in little old New York!" And she, too, studied the gas flame with lowering brows.

The lock turned again to a double entrance. It was Miss Violet Worth, escorted by Bob Withers.

"Hello, people!" called Miss Wilson. "Come in and reunite. How was Merry Christmas with you? I ain't making any bones about mine. I drew a lemon."

"Same here," remarked Bob Withers. "Did you have any kids in yours? Say, if there are any spits of the devil they're the kids of my Aunt Sophie. They bellowed and bawled and yelled and yowled for twenty hours steady."

"You wanter be thankful it wasn't jays, like mine," replied Miss Wilson. "How about your aunts, Violet?"

Miss Worth had not spoken yet. She had not even set down her suitcase.

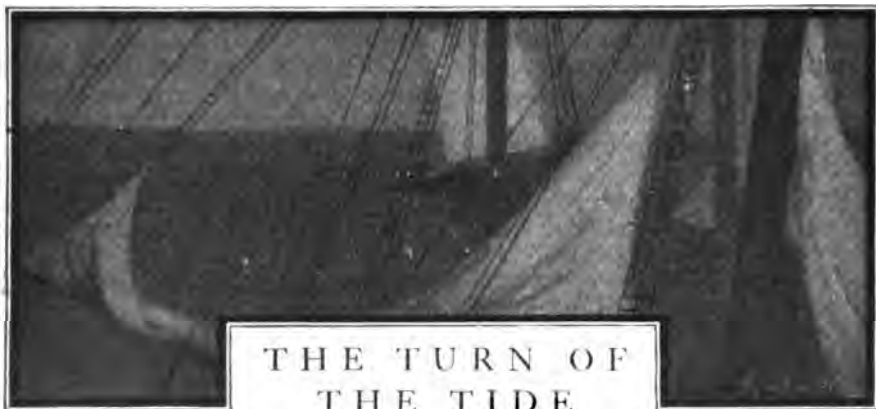
"I've got the grippe, if you please. I slept in a room that was one hundred and ten below—a cover of snow on me when I woke this morning and the water frozen in the pitcher. Let me get close to that fire!"

Miss Wilson threw herself back, and laughed immoderately.

"All accounted for except Mrs. Hepburn, and the more miserable time she had, the better she enjoyed it, I suppose." Suddenly she grew serious. "But I guess there's some worse off than we are," she said. "Think of the old ladies, left here! My!"

"Sure," said Mr. Cordingly, waking to sudden sympathy, "And the Colonel—think of it!"

"It cer-tainly is fierce," said Mr. Withers as he took up his suit-case. "Christmas in a boarding-house! Gee!"



THE TURN OF
THE TIDE

BY

CHARLES W. KENNEDY

SLACK water, and a night bereft of stars;
A bitter wind blows in from out the dark,
And I go seaward with the turning tide.

The yellow lights that blink across the night,
The fragrance of salt marsh, the incessant whisper
Of waves upon the rocks—these things have been
Blood of my blood, bone of my bone since birth.

The dear loved faces that have filled my years,
The voices I would know across the world,
These will remain, and one by one be numbered
With those that vanish from the kindly shore.

New lands, new faces, yea! it may be—peace;
But never again the old familiar greeting,
The homely word, the honest smile that lights
The worn and furrowed face with holiness.

Day after day sails vanish into silence,
And we who linger wonder and are still.

Then in the night the call, insistent, low,
Offering the heart nor joy nor grief,
But keen-edged as a sword that shears away
The treasure of the dear remembered years.

The rhythmic slap of halyards on the mast
Sounds from the darkness, straining anchor chains
Speak of the currents setting to the sea,
And I go out forever with the tide.

Before—the unknown silent years. Behind—
Inviolable and crowned with morning light,
The secret, dreaming fairyland of Youth.



ANDY TOTH AND HIS FOUR SONS

THE WRONG MAN

*The Story of Andy Toth, Who Served Twenty Years in Prison
for Another's Crime*

BY MADGE C. JENISON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH DRAWINGS BY G. W. HARTING

WE saw him behind the barred door as we went into the great hall, a little toad of a man, motionless, his hands folded in front of him, staring out at the group of his sons and the reporters. He seemed to be looking across at them from another shore. His boys closed around him when he came into the Warden's office. He kissed them all, first on one cheek and then the other, in the Hungarian way. The tears rolled down their faces. His lawyer and the warden shook hands with him hastily. A look so strange gleamed across every face in the room, as the light of a mirror will pass along a wall, as if we all said to ourselves— "It is extremely depressing and I see nothing which I in-

dividually can do. It will be best not to go into it." The man at the door, old too, and indifferent, said "Well, good-by Andy!" in a kind of blind voice. He went down the road without even looking back, though he had been there twenty years.

I used to see him often, going about Brad-dock in those first weeks after his release. He was always going somewhere and he was always talking, one or more of his boys listening to him with head bent forward. The Spring flew early across the town last year, many-tinted, light-heeled as Ariel, and it took Andy along with it on its gay affairs. There was something unspeakably sinister in his very walk. When we standardize men in the mold of prisons, we alter even their

step. His boys moved heavily like all Hungarian laborers, as if their joints had just been finished. Their square coats, too short all around and a little shorter behind, made even their backs boyish. But the old man was loosened, shuffling, resolved into himself. That measured, pendulous, and slouching step, never hastening nor slackening, so perfectly equal yard after yard, block by block, stood out of the swarming pavements of Pittsburgh when I saw him there one day.

We forget sometimes about prisoners, that there are over 100,000 of them in this one country alone, living this monstrous mode of life so far away from the ordinary ways of men—that there are men who have not seen a child, nor an animal at play, nor had their feet on grass, for twenty, or thirty, or even fifty years. A warden of Ohio has heard a boy who is sentenced for life playing marbles in his cell. Andy was forty-one years old when he went in. He had a certain fixed horizon—a set of purposes. In those twenty years he must have been entirely reformed. Life seldom takes a man of forty-one and entirely reforms him.

He was too self-respecting to make free with his own experience, but at last I found a way to beg him to tell me what he would. He would sit with his hands folded in front of him, interlarding his discourse with the jocular jerk of the head backward and ejaculations of "Oi, oi—" with which he gave assent to what pleased him. His eyes were very brown and bright, but his face had the prisoner's look of something swept away, above all blank, as if it were the face not of a single human being but only a part of some great exhausted face of Pain. And sometimes as he talked he would say more than he had meant to say—he had let me draw too near to him, and he became very silent, his eyes like those of an old dog at which you stare too hard and it gets up and moves to another place on the rug, watching you with the sickened abasement of the brute toward men; after such a mischance I would not see him for some time. And this was his story:

He had come to the steel works of Braddock from a little town of North Hungary called Abanj. He came to pay off a debt on his house. He worked the thirteen-hour day with a twenty-four-hour shift every two weeks, neither Christmas nor New Year's off. On New Year's day of 1891 when he had been here six years and was almost ready to go home, he took part in a labor riot. Five days after the riot an old watchman died of injuries received in the attack which the strikers made on the men at work. Andy was

one of three Hungarians held for the murder. It was a crime in Alleghany County in those days to have been born in Hungary. The Irish population despised, and feared, at once, the element that was supplanting them. The Company was only too eager to make an example of somebody and stop the demonstrations then rife in the steel industry. With very little effort to fix with any certainty the responsibility for the murder, the three men accused were sentenced to be hanged. The evidence against them was so flimsy, their character so good, that public sentiment was aroused in their behalf. Andy especially was generally believed to be innocent. There seems no doubt that he was mistaken for another man. An influential minister of Braddock was heard to say that it would be a blot upon the commonwealth of Pennsylvania if those men were hanged. It was inconceivable that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania should be blotted. The sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. One day the warden of the city jail came to Andy and said:

"Well, Andy, they've given you ninety-nine years." That night they took him to the penitentiary.

The strain through which every man who goes to a penitentiary has passed shows itself in the first few days. He sleeps a great deal and is voraciously hungry. When Andy had slept off this first exhaustion, he sat at the door of his cell looking up and down the corridor, feeling almost cheerful at times. It was very still. You do not mind that so much at first, but after a while it is bad. This silence alone desiccates men. It seems to become in itself "a terrible and paralyzing tyranny." Andy had never been a garrulous man but when he was taken, after a month, to the shop where the other men were, he had an impulse sometimes when he thought a thing to say it. A prisoner has to learn not to talk. It used to seem to Andy sometimes in after years as if they were all dead in this silence with their eyes wide open, as he had once seen two drowned boys in a pond near Abanj.

It is the first two or three years which are the worst time for a prisoner. After that it is not so bad. Every man in a penitentiary comes to a crisis when that happens to him which is called his "head working." A prisoner's head *must not work*. One man will say to another in despair "My head's working."—or a guard pass this warning to another of a man who is to be watched. Guards know the symptoms of this hysteria well. Some

are good to a man whose head is working, Andy said. They talk to him and try to show him how useless any outbreak is. If he has a friend among the prisoners they think they can trust, they let him talk to the sufferer, too. There was one guard who used to take men who were getting nervous for a trip around the prison. It is a relief only to see a new corridor or another tier of cells.

But in the end, the purposelessness of his life, the stagnation, the lack of any gain, the realization that when one piece of work is done he will only be given another, that he will never get any money, that he will never be promoted, always breaks a man down. It may be six months before a man's head works. With Andy it was almost two years. About fifty men a

year go to the asylum from a penitentiary the size of the one Andy was in. One morning he saw a man jump from a bench in the workshop shrieking and fighting with every one who came near him, and through a saffron August dusk he heard one of his neighbors shouting over and over the last thing the prison doctor had said to him—"Getting better—getting better—getting better—no—no—no—no! Now I am alone—getting better—getting better—" and throwing himself again and again against the wall of his cell. It is hard to know whether it is one of the mercies or horrors of prison life that a man is never alone night nor

day unless he goes to the dungeon. In this last extremity, a hundred men listen near, and one whose time is near, rises perhaps, and stumbles round and round his cell, moving his head from side to side, with his jaws set together. A man would be only a little

crazy at first, Andy said. Then the doctors came, sometimes there were three or four doctors, and they took him away.

In the cell next to Andy, about eight months after he went in, a man was put who became known as Big-Bill-who-works-on-the-wall. He was a great hulk of a man with crisp white hair and a rose-red, cherub face. He was the sort of man that Andy had always respected. He read the papers and magazines, took fine books from the library, and played beautifully on the



"His eyes were very brown and bright, but his face had the prisoner's look of something swept away"

violin. He was in fact a race-track gambler of the most superior sort, such as we mistake for the president of a trust when we see him dining at hotels. He and Andy became friends. At first he used to whistle a great deal, and Andy took from him that feeling we get from cheerful people. The sun came up in the morning when he heard Big Bill moving about the next cell.

Big Bill took the prison pallor slowly. After a while everything about him began to sag. His cheeks hung down. His throat hung down. His clothes hung down under the arms. His voice grew shuffling. His eyes began to look like glazed stone. Even

after twenty years, Andy's face darkened as he spoke of those three days and nights when Big Bill was champed down into the prison dust. Those tearing sobs were the last thing he heard as he fell asleep at night, the first thing as he drifted back into the world in the morning. He would throw himself before his crucifix with his rosary slipping the beads click after click upon their string. What was the supplication back of those muttered prayers one wonders? For strength? For freedom? For an understanding of pain?

One morning, as he sat weaving mats in the shop, something twisted in himself as he has seen wire fly out of a lineman's hand. He stood up looking into a row of faces which grew enormously large and then disappeared. Some one lead him away. He dreamed that he was wading in deep black water which was flowing very fast, his legs covered with leeches. At last he could not go on. The water closed over his head. When he came out of the dark, the prison doctor was standing near him by a bright clean window. He was in the hospital. A gloom lay over him which was like nothing he had ever known. It was several days before he began to walk about.

After Andy's head had worked, a new phase of his prison life began for him. He was not the kind of stuff that goes mad.

Many a full-blooded young brute comes out of the prisons of Russia, a poet and mystic. Andy had always been religious. Now he had time, nothing but time in fact,—a wall of nothing but time between him and release. He began to play his life now on a single string. The mystical Rose of Heaven was to deliver him, to clear his name, to punish the false witnesses. He became known as Praying Andy Toth. When the guards passed his cell in the early morning, they saw the old man kneeling at his devotions all gilded by the dawn. It was the last thing they saw of him at night. He dreamed often of The Blessed Mother. Once she came to him with his own mother and another woman from Abanj.

"What is the matter Andy?" his mother said to him, and when he told her, she said—"What can I do to help you?"

"I don't know anything but pray"—Andy answered her.

"Do you know who that is?"—she said then. "It is Our Lady," and then the Virgin came to him and took his hand and lead him out. The land was all covered with snow but in a cut a meadow lark was

singing. He awakened and thought he saw something moving, but it was only the light from the yard on the floor of his cell.

We always think of penitentiaries as filled with the vicious and base. Andy could not argue "what proportion of crime is starvation, and what is sin," nor that what the rich hide in asylums, the poor must keep in penitentiaries. But part of his prison experience was his altered attitude toward the men about him. A good many of the men there were good men he said. He did not believe that they had done anything. There were many that he admired. The men in any penitentiary are much like the first seven hundred men you would pass on the street, and only the circumstances are different. Andy had apparently revolved this question of crime and personality through long processes of unforeseen sympathy. If they had done something, he argued after a while, it was only once in a moment of great excitement. Even he had evolved some theories of criminal law. If he could make one law, he said, it would be that the first sentence must be very short, because prisons made men bad. The second should be longer, and then a third time it would be all up with them.

Strange, terrible stories came up to the surface when he began to talk of the men in the prison. It was usually the poor fellows who got into trouble—miners, or working men who were put on the hard jobs, or who couldn't speak the language; or sometimes it was the young fellows who were high spirited and tried to do something to get in with the real criminals. There was one story of a big Swede who was under a very brutal guard. He was sick but somehow he grew to have a reputation both with the guards and the prisoners for shamming. He was kept in the works. He would stumble along the corridor, the guard pushing him on and shaking him on to his feet.

"Oh, let up on this. You're just playing simple," the keeper would say. One night Andy saw them driving him home like this. The next morning he was dead.

The great anxiety of every prisoner after the first years is about letters. At first every one writes to a prisoner very often. Then gradually the letters grow less and less. He holds on so despairingly to every tie he has with that world by which we all expect to prosper. At last, what is there to go back to? Forfeiture by forfeiture, the arteries which connect him with the outside world are cut. As the life of the free man is a record of

what he gains, the life of the prisoner is a record of what he loses.

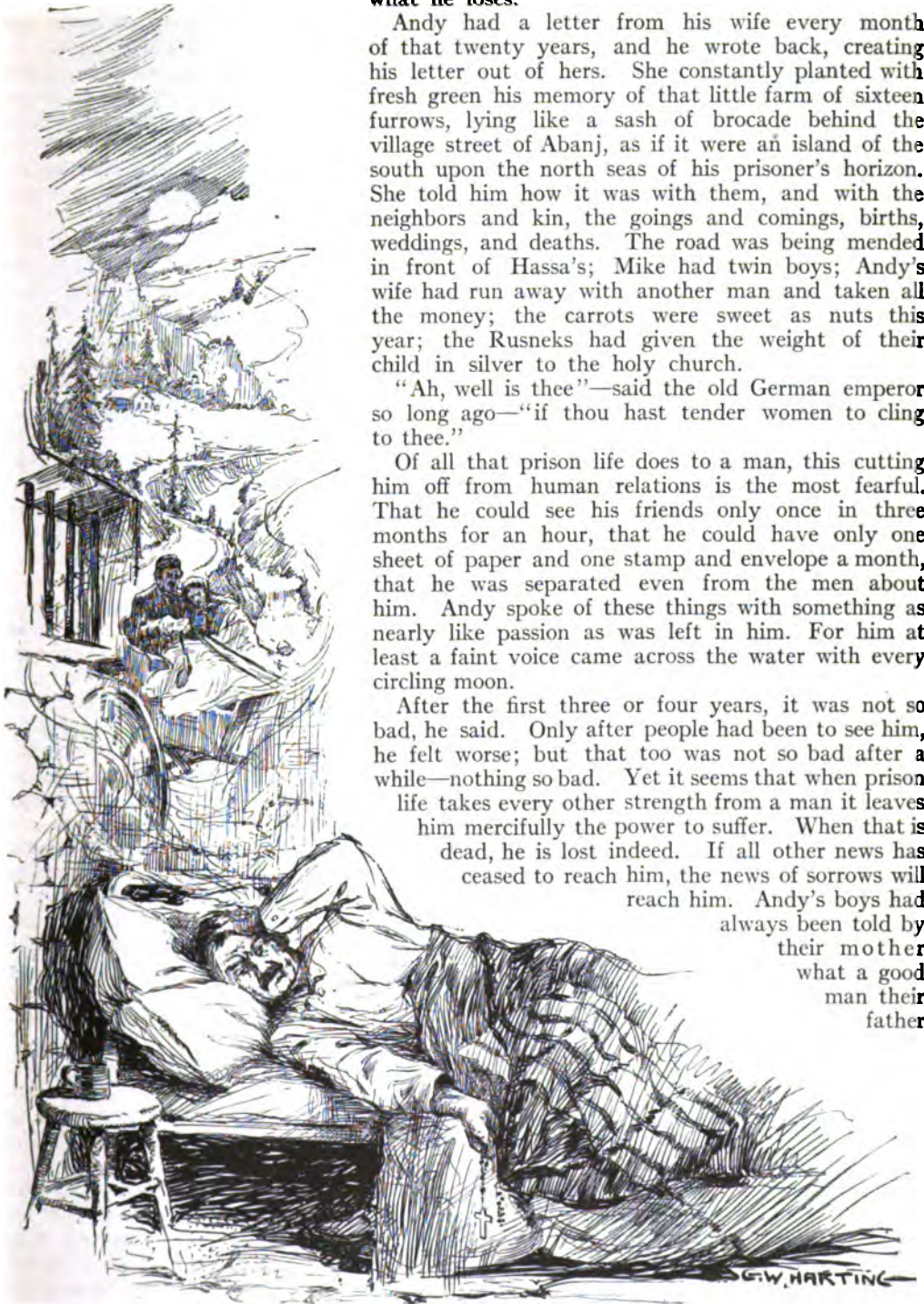
Andy had a letter from his wife every month of that twenty years, and he wrote back, creating his letter out of hers. She constantly planted with fresh green his memory of that little farm of sixteen furrows, lying like a sash of brocade behind the village street of Abanj, as if it were an island of the south upon the north seas of his prisoner's horizon. She told him how it was with them, and with the neighbors and kin, the goings and comings, births, weddings, and deaths. The road was being mended in front of Hassa's; Mike had twin boys; Andy's wife had run away with another man and taken all the money; the carrots were sweet as nuts this year; the Rusneks had given the weight of their child in silver to the holy church.

"Ah, well is thee"—said the old German emperor so long ago—"if thou hast tender women to cling to thee."

Of all that prison life does to a man, this cutting him off from human relations is the most fearful. That he could see his friends only once in three months for an hour, that he could have only one sheet of paper and one stamp and envelope a month, that he was separated even from the men about him. Andy spoke of these things with something as nearly like passion as was left in him. For him at least a faint voice came across the water with every circling moon.

After the first three or four years, it was not so bad, he said. Only after people had been to see him, he felt worse; but that too was not so bad after a while—nothing so bad. Yet it seems that when prison life takes every other strength from a man it leaves him mercifully the power to suffer. When that is dead, he is lost indeed. If all other news has ceased to reach him, the news of sorrows will reach him. Andy's boys had

always been told by
their mother
what a good
man their
father



Remembered with terrible vividness other nights . . . when he had driven home from a christening with his gray-eyed wife asleep against his shoulder, the road and fields of hay all blanched with that pale, heavy splendor, his house when they drew up to it, full of his own, asleep

was. She remembered him with great affection. He had never struck her or any of the children—an extravagant record for a Hungarian peasant. Often they would look across the fields as they grew up, and see her weeping, and they knew that she thought of the father. It became established that when they were men, they were to come to America and get him out. They came along at intervals when they were twenty-one—the first, a stolid young blockhead with small metallic Slavish eyes, but strong and good; the second like himself, amiable and gentle, already at twenty-one, a little deaf; the third, the flower of the Toths, handsome, a little debonnaire after the peasant fashion, with a good brain and the mother's strong heart; the last with her soft lips and mobile irregular face, planned to be forever young and framed to dream.

"Do you know who this is?" John said to his father when he came.

"No, young man, I do not know who you are;—" Andy answered, and then he said that he was John. And when Andy saw them each time, looking at him so curiously and yet so kind, he suffered again. That he should be for a shame to them, and must go with a guard to see his boy,—when each one came, he wished that he had died, he said.

It is the nights which are the worst in prison. When the sun sinks on a prison and the night comes on, thoughts begin to pass and go along those dreadful corridors. Sometimes on summer nights as he sat in his cell Andy could hear the children outside singing and running at their games and striking their hoops. "Some of the men were so mean" he said "that they would shout and groan to drown out these sounds." The music from an excursion boat on the river came up to them sometimes and they knew that there was dancing on board. And sometimes as the nights wore on, he would rise and stand looking through the door of his cell at the white brilliance of the moonlight lying in great bars upon the walls and floor of the cell houses, and when he went back to his cot, the poor wretch remembered with terrible vividness other nights like this when in his boyhood the pool behind the schoolmaster's wood, had burned with silver fires, or when he had driven home from a christening with his grey-eyed wife asleep against his shoulder, the road and fields of hay all blanched with that pale, heavy splendor, his house when they drew up to it, full of his own, asleep.

One April morning by that voiceless language by which prisoners keep themselves

still human the news ran about the prison that a child had been born among them. They talked about it all that day. Its mother was a girl who had killed a man. As he stood in the door of his cell one evening after about two months, Andy could see through the window of the corridor that it had been brought out into the yard. Once, as the women passed near, they opened the blanket which covered it. In fifteen years Andy had only twice seen a child.

Nearly every evening through that summer they had it out in the yard. He wanted to go and see it, but he couldn't—he stopped thinking about it, he said.

For a long time the men did not know which of two women was its mother. One was a very beautiful girl as white as phlox, with red hair and pale green eyes like green grapes, always moving and stirring like a tree. The men often talked about this girl. They gave her the child apparently as they would have given her flowers and rich ornaments. In their possessionless estate it was the only thing they had. But there was another girl, ugly, and terribly pale and meagre, to whom it seemed to belong too. She looked at it so, Andy said. As he talked of her, she seemed to me some prison Melisande stripped of all Melisande's beauty and charm, with the spirit of her youth in another place, pressing this breathing joy to her breast lest it should slip away before she could inhale its sweetness. Andy could not tell why he was so glad when he found that the ugly girl was its mother.

By mid-summer it was beating its hands and feet on the air if a passing guard spoke to it. One evening its mother began to sing to it in a shrill girlish voice of the kind I suppose that is learned only in music halls. It was very strong and it sat up and looked at her in a way that made all the women about it laugh. This became a part of every evening's program. She would sing, and it would rise up and eye her with an astonishment which had been irresistibly comic to Andy. And as he stood watching it through the clear summer twilight, he said that he could see across the yard a line of many another silent figure pressed against the bars watching it too. Under many eyes, this flower of the pit waxed and sent out on the air of a prison yard, the "sweet scent of childhood." As the winter came on they seldom saw it. When it was a year old, the news went around one day that it had been taken from her and sent to the workhouse. She had carried on something awful, the man said, who took



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the bread to for freedom. With a peasant's concrete the women's imagination, Andy was able to leap into quarters. She was a life liberty with his bird. It set him free for a period from the prisoner's torment of torments,—the walls. From prisoners one learns what root the love of liberty has. A man may have been fed on meat as black as the stones, he may have suffered the misery which is foredoomed to many when they are put in the absolute power of others, he has been reduced to silence, has perished for thoughts and change and affection and joy and beauty, but every prisoner will speak of the walls before all these things. He never thought of Hungary after a while, Andy said, or what he would do,—he just wanted to get out. All his stories were only the foam on the current of this eternal aspiration to go on, to press forward and rise, which if we cannot find some way to reserve to men in prisons, all are but dikes in the way of what we try to do.

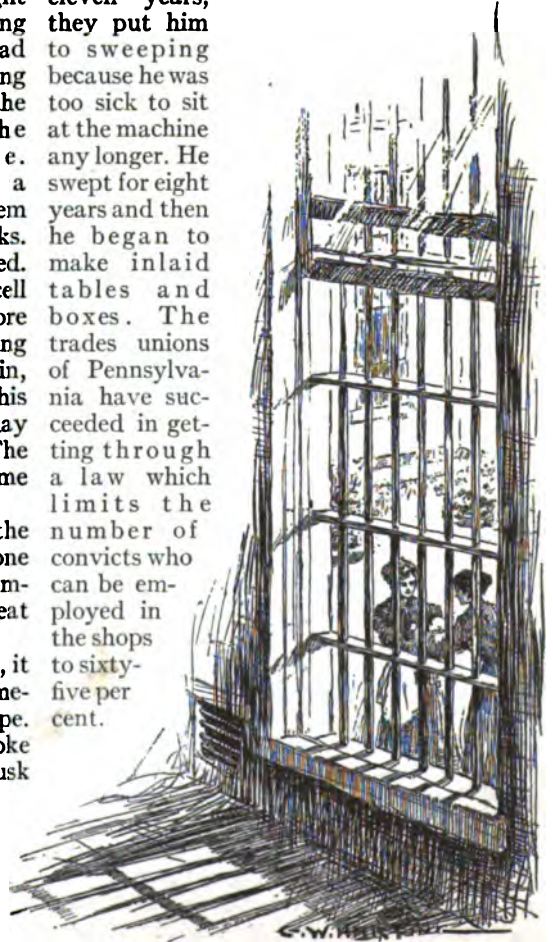
In a cell which he passed every day for a while when he was coffee-boy, a big negro called Eat-a-Bite Debs had a robin in a cage made out of a basket. Andy tried to buy this bird but the negro would not part with it. One May day a guard brought him two young ones that had come tumbling down from the eaves of the cell-house. Andy made a cage for them out of some sticks. One of them lived. He had it in his cell for some time before a long ray of feeling

slanted across the man's half-paralyzed brain, reaching from the day of his sentence to this bird. Then he began to take it every day into the cell-house hall and let it out. The guards did not interfere with him. He came and went as he pleased by this time.

“That man never killed a fly”—the guards said of him. He was regarded as one of those mistakes of justice which are common enough in the neighborhood of great industries.

One evening, when he went for the bird, it had not returned to its usual place. Somewhere up there it had found a way of escape. He took the cage back to his cell and broke it to pieces. For many weeks the gray dusk of his mind seems to have been shot by a heavenly excitement. The Hungarians are one of the great free peoples. They have a wonderful history. If you stick a red cap on their heads they will leave the ploughs to fight

After Andy had worked in the shop for eleven years, they put him to sweeping because he was too sick to sit at the machine any longer. He swept for eight years and then he began to make inlaid tables and boxes. The trades unions of Pennsylvania have succeeded in getting through a law which limits the number of convicts who can be employed in the shops to sixty-five per cent.





He began to take it every day
into the cell-house hall
and let it out

It has been one of the problems of Pennsylvania wardens how to keep the remaining thirty-five per cent. from going mad. A new warden at Riverside utilized the

energy which has long been accumulated in penitentiaries in a new field. He turned to beautiful things,—a strange untried point of the compass in the long unspeakable history of prisons. The men made the gates of the Alhambra for the end of the great waiting-room. They made chests and tables of inlaid wood, after patterns of the early fifteenth century. Warden Francies reasoned that it cost the State no more to provide these woods and designs than to provide orderlies in an asylum; and you had, at a discount, the civilizing effect of such work upon men, in whose life beauty had had no part. At sixty Andy learned to make something delicate and beautiful. If he had stayed in the Steel Works, he would probably have been dead at sixty. The inside of his boxes he painted with the most eye-splitting green and red paints which the market affords. He liked this color and his eyes clung to it as he lifted out the trays. "It's good to you, miss, when you've looked on only gray for twenty years," his glance would say.

It seemed as we saw Andy in that first eventful month of his freedom, as if that Freedom alone kindled the only remaining

gleam left in him of the Promethean fire. Whenever I saw him, he was going somewhere. I came upon him sometimes standing looking up into the sky. He was always out of doors, swinging along with that changeless prison step. When his boys and the lawyer had begun to talk to him of a pardon he had not wanted to come out. Everybody was good to him at the penitentiary—it was his home now—he could stay there until he died, he said. They persuaded him by reminding him of his wife. But in his liberty he found something larger than personal relationships. The very friction and irregularity of things vitalized him. He was a pawn at first. He asked for nothing—went where his boys took him—sat where they pointed—the very eagerness to think and act dried in him to powder. The lives of the free are made up of choices. In the very routine of existence we initiate and decide. Here was a man who had not made a choice for twenty years. When he went to buy him some clothes he put on the coat which the clerk handed him without looking at it. Shoes—he sat down. Old gentlemen wore black ties—he tied the one that was given him about his collar. If he had been gentle when he went in, he must have come out far gentler. It must have surprised his sons who found him so negative, to come as they did after a few weeks, upon a peak line of preference and will.

He tried for two months to get work. A penitentiary, when a man leaves it after twenty years, gives him five dollars with which to get on his feet. The boys had their families. They had undertaken, in the appeal for his pardon, a debt which working people must confront for years to pay. He wanted to be at work—something where he could be out of doors; and when he had saved enough for his passage, he would go home to his wife and farm. But there were more than enough derelicts in Braddock for such work as he could do. He could get nothing. In this crisis a local bank offered him a room in its cellar, where he could make his tables and boxes, and perhaps turn a microscopic income. He put this offer aside unhesitatingly when it was brought to him. He did not want to stay there, he said, on account of the walls.

I used to think sometimes that nothing else was so remarkable about him as that he had changed so little. In as far as he could he had transferred his old life to the prison.



He had always been respected in his community. He had led a life of honor in the penitentiary, all hideously stripped as it was and all the sinews slackened, it was as nearly like the old one as he could make it. He had never come into conflict with authority. He had no sympathy with disorder or rebellion. Men who were sent into solitary confinement looked very sulky when they came out and as yellow as a wedding dress, but it was their own fault. If you behaved you got along all right, he said, forgetting the story of the sick Swede. Andy had always behaved. He did not even know of any system of signals. When I asked him whether the warning of an official's coming was three or four taps, he stared at me a moment lifting first one eyebrow and then the other, and then shrugged his shoulders. It was no use to try to escape, he reasoned. One man whose sentence was only four years, got away but they brought him back from McKeesport and gave him four years more. And if you managed it, you had always to live secretly and in fear. There could be no dignity, in short, in your life. There had been dignity in Andy's life as he had lived it.

He was a great deal on the public mind when he came out. An innocent man—twenty-years—compensation—amount of wages—at innumerable points all over the country, the public consciousness crystallized into the same thought. Men told their wives over the edge of the morning paper that he had no case "The State can do no wrong—" and they meditated on the way into town that the law really ought to be revised in these matters. A bill in the Pennsylvania legislature proposed to compensate Andy to the extent of \$10,000. An English convict was recently indemnified from unjust sentence with £5,000. The amount of Andy's wages for twenty years would have been \$11,500. The bill was unconstitutional. It sank out of sight as the appeal of his case had sunk out of sight twenty years before. He, whose business it was to push it, had no experience in the persuasion of justice.

He must have turned over in his mind secretly as he tramped about under the suns of spring, the possibility of becoming a burden to the boys. The press announced to us

one morning that he had asked the penitentiary to take him back. This news was received with the complacency which is conceded to anything which has a poetical justice, expressed in this case by the phrase "How the Caged bird loves its Cage." We like to see events thrown into the round. It is probably true enough that the new spring fires in Andy sank readily into ashes. There was little fuel left in him.

But there seemed no end to the sport which some flushed Master of Revels had in store to make with this docile, plodding, humorous little peasant. The solution with which we content ourselves in so many straits, was projected for him. A rich man who was importuned in his behalf gave him a pension. Andy took it with the dead compliance which is the prisoner's only dignity. Perhaps anything seemed to him his now that men would let him have. A man wrecked at sea must look so toward a fire on the beach. He was no revolté, with a cry on caked and livid lips:—"I am only a type of the great fellowship of Pain, which society does not heed. I stand as a symbol of all prisoners, the children in mills, men in mines and caissons, the crippled and blind from their trades, charwomen with children, the reserve of the unemployed which industry says it must have. And of them all perhaps I am the most wretched, so think on me well and what I represent. The State has brutalized me so that I am a thing not like other men, neither alive nor dead. There is nothing else in all the world like me. This it makes of all prisoners, but to me it has done more. Its very justice which is its boast and its only reason for being, it admits now has concerned itself with me amiss. Let it show a measure of that eager justice now, so that I may lie down in honor and not in charity at last."

He did not say or even think such things as this. In the vast economy of existence, there had been light in such a narrow circle about Andy and all the rest was dark. Yet in his old face, so like the gutterings of a wasted candle, I have seen when those first letters of bounty came, the look of the old dog when you draw too near to its spirit, and it will rise from its sleep and move to another part of the rug, its head hanging and in its eyes, the misery of the abased.

On the eighteenth of September, Andy Toth reached his old home in Hungary. He rejoined his wife, whom he had not seen for twenty-seven years, and found five grandchildren, none of whom he had ever seen



WHEN THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN

The Story of an Old-Fashioned Country Editor

BY ED HOWE

Author of "The Life, Death and Obsequies of George Coulter"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

WHEN I was a little boy, living in North Missouri, my father returned one evening from the country town where he had been several days and announced that he had bought the weekly paper printed there. I had no idea what a printing office was like, but soon had an opportunity to find out, for the next morning I was taken to town and turned over to the foreman, who was told to make a printer of me. That was nearly fifty years ago, and I have been in a printing office ever since. I have gone through all the grades: printer's devil, journeyman, foreman, editor, publisher, solicitor, job printer and reporter.

The man who taught me the trade was an old-fashioned printer named Martin, who had a bed in the office, and who wrote stories for the New York *Mercury*, and played the guitar and sang, and took part in amateur theatricals. He was a very kind and intelligent man, and I have never known another printer quite like him.

This man told me of "Gulliver's Travels," and "Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe," and many other books of which I had heard, and helped me get them. My brother Jim worked in the office with me, and we worshiped Mr. Martin. He gave us little suppers in the office at night, when we had rare things to eat of which we had heard, but had never hoped to taste; including cove oysters, with little round crackers, instead of the big square kind to which we had been accustomed. At the conclusion of these suppers Mr. Martin told us stories, and usually we became so sleepy that he was compelled to drag us into his bed and spend the night himself on a pallet on the floor.

Among other things this wonderful man told us about was the circus. He had seen one, although there had never been one in the town where we lived. But one day, after Mr. Martin had gone away for good, and Jim and I were doing the mechanical work on the paper, with the assistance of the editor, the advance agent of a circus came to town in a



little wagon, for in those days circuses traveled overland, there being few railroads, and none at all in our section.

We were tremendously excited, as Mr. Martin had said printers always received free tickets. Much to our dismay, however, father had a quarrel with the agent. Father was a preacher, and said circuses were immoral; that no picture of an elephant should appear in his paper; and, what was more, he would use his influence to keep people away from the circus man's demoralizing exhibition.

It was a terrible blow, but father kept his word: he attacked the circus with as much violence as he attacked the institution of slavery, a question then prominent. So Jim and I looked at the bills, and wondered if we should get to see the show.

When circus day arrived, father told us we were not to attend the circus; and, what was more, we were to work all day, and not see the crowds, or the parade.

The attack of the editor on the circus did not do it any harm. Indeed, early on the morning of circus day the town was crowded with country people from many miles around. And every farmer who came into the printing office to pay his subscription made jokes with the editor, who was surly because his good advice had not been taken. It was the town's first circus, and we soon discovered that it was also the town's greatest crowd. Teams began arriving in the vacant lot back of the printing office at an early hour, and the horses were hurriedly unhitched, and the owners went away to see and mingle with the excitement. In the front office, the editor was

having an uncomfortable time with the farmers, who thought it a great joke on the paper that its abuse of the circus had brought out an enormous crowd. While the editor was arguing angrily with a number of men about the iniquity of the circus, and the men were laughing merrily, I told Jim I intended to make a sneak and see the circus if I died for it. Jim was a good boy, and warned me not to go, but when he saw I was determined, he accompanied me in the wild run we made for liberty.

When we reached the streets, we found the circus had not yet arrived, so we set out, with a number of other boys, to meet it. We knew it was to come in on The Falls Road; every boy knew that, somehow, so we traveled that road until we became suspicious, and turned back. Reaching town, tired and hungry, we found the circus had arrived by another road, and that the parade and the afternoon performance were over.

We were hungry, but we didn't dare go home, so we hunted up a woman we had known in the country, and she gave us something to eat.

Then we started out to borrow money with which to attend the evening performance. But we didn't make any progress, so when the band struck up for the night show, we decided to crawl under the tent. It seemed easy, and I was about in, when a man caught me by the heels and pulled me out. While the circus man was cuffing me, I saw another circus man cuffing Jim, about twenty feet away. He had also failed. Then we met a man named McCurry, a member of my father's church,

a good man who did not intend to witness the performance, but who was nevertheless walking around outside to see the crowds, and hear the band. We appealed to him. We said we had run off, and should get a whipping, but that it would be terrible to get a beating and not see the performance.

Mr. McCurry looked around, to see no one was watching, and said:

"Well, I don't want your father to know it, but I'll loan you the money."

A few minutes later we were inside the tent, whistling with the other boys, and inviting the circus men to "play ball," for the performance had not yet commenced. But when it did begin it was all we had expected, and more. It was Miles Orton's circus, I remember, and the clown was a merry fellow called Doctor Gilkerson.

Delight succeeded delight for an hour, when the proceedings were interrupted by a drunken man. We didn't know him; there was only one drunkard, Fin Wilkinson, in our neighborhood. We supposed the new drunkard had wandered into town from some other neighborhood, owing to the circus, and we were in sympathy with the ringmaster, who attempted to throw the man out. But the man wouldn't be thrown out, and seemed determined to make trouble. He said he had known the clown, Doctor Gilkerson, when they were boys, and wanted to talk to him. About this time Doctor Gilkerson came in, and said he didn't know the dissipated man. But the dissipated man insisted, and finally patched up an acquaintance with the clown. We were disposed at first to be annoyed by the interruption of the tipsy man, but when Doctor Gilkerson shook hands with him, and threw him head over heels, we were amused.

It seemed Doctor Gilkerson had known the fellow very well; they had gone to school together, as boys, somewhere, and after they had talked awhile Doctor Gilkerson said:

"By the way, what has become of old Howe, who used to teach school down there?"

"Why," replied the drunken man, "don't you know? He's running a newspaper about the size of a postage stamp here in Bethany, and has become so good he won't print circus advertisements."

It was the first joke on a citizen ever heard in a show in Bethany, and the people roared, and almost suffocated with merriment, they were so pleased. The show was brought to a standstill by the merriment of the people over the joke on the editor, and Jim and I were amused, too; we were getting something

to offset the whipping we expected later. At last the people were satisfied with the joke on the editor, and we thought the performance would be resumed. But the clown's friend still insisted upon being sociable with the show people, and there were cries of "Put him out!" But the man wouldn't go out, and wanted to ride a horse that stood in the ring. I had been thinking I could ride it, as the ring horse had a big flat pad on its back. Doctor Gilkerson was in favor of letting the intruder ride, but the ringmaster said he would kill himself.

"All right," said the merry man, "let him kill himself. That's a good way to get rid of him."

It was finally agreed to let the stranger try, and away went the horse and the band, with the drunken man on the horse's back. It was tremendously exciting. The man reeled and staggered a good deal, and the people in the audience were mightily pleased that a man from the country, and drunk at that, could do it. Then the man managed to stand on his feet, and take off his coat. This was exciting, but a dreadful thing happened at this time: the man being intoxicated, and not knowing what he was doing, began taking off his pants! Much to my surprise, the circus men didn't stop him, and before we all died of mortification, the man got his pants off, and turned out to be a circus rider in tights.

Well! We felt mighty cheap when we realized that we had been beautifully fooled; but we enjoyed that, too, along with the joke on the editor, and everybody had a good time.

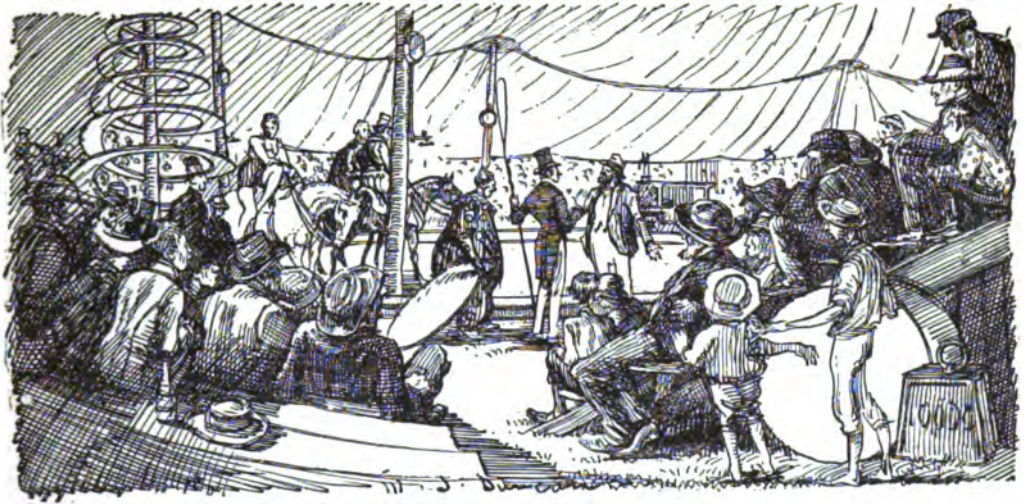
But at last the show was over, and Jim and I hung around an hour or more, dreading to go home—we knew what was coming to us. There was a side show, and the barker was busy while the main tent was being torn down. I wanted to see the side show, but had no money, and finally thought of a scheme. I had heard that if a printer displayed his rule to the doorkeeper of a show, the doorkeeper would let him in free. I tried it, and the doorkeeper looked at me in an amused way, laughed, and said:

"Well, it's all right! Go on in!"

Probably he had been a printer's devil himself; anyway, he let me in. He tried to stop Jim, who hadn't his rule with him, but I said:

"That's all right; he has one, but left it at home."

So Jim got in free, too, and I felt mighty important. The side show didn't amount to much; it was nothing more than a lot of stereopticon views of the war, then going on,



and we were soon confronted with the necessity of going home and taking our whipping.

The last wagon drove away about one o'clock in the morning, and then there was nothing left for us but to face the editor. So we sneaked in at the kitchen door; we imagined mother would leave that open for us, and found she had. After entering the kitchen, there was a door leading into the sitting room, and then a stairway leading up to our room. We had gone around the house, and noted a light in the sitting room; we expected trouble there. After entering the kitchen, we tried the knob of the sitting-room door, and tried to turn it quietly. Ever notice how a door knob squeaks when you try to turn it quietly? That door knob squeaked, and when we turned it, and went into the sitting room, there sat the editor, waiting for us. I went in first, and Jim sneaked in behind me.

"Well," father said, "you've been to the circus?"

There was no use trying to deceive him. I was willing to try, but knew it was impossible, so I replied, meekly:

"Yes, sir."

He thought awhile, as though trying to decide just how hard he would whip us, and finally inquired:

"How did you like it?"

I was too wise a boy to be enthusiastic, under the circumstances, so I replied:

"Oh, I didn't think it amounted to much." (It did, though; it was the very best show I ever saw in my life.)

For some reason the editor didn't grab us and begin the punishment we expected, and he had no switch.

"Did they say anything about me?" he asked.

I hadn't thought of that before, but evidently he had been expecting an attack. I repeated what the clown had said, making it as mild as possible.

"How did the people take it?" he asked again.

Then I had an idea. I replied with animation:

"Well, sir, you should have been there, and seen how the people took it! Bill Hillman, the sheriff, walked down to the ring, and shook his fist at the clown, and said the people wouldn't stand for low circus people abusing a prominent man like you. And Mr. Cuddy, the banker, he walked down to the ring, too, and told the circus men what he thought of them. He said you were one of the most useful men in town, and that people looked up to you, and that they didn't want to hear any more of that."

The editor was evidently pleased; still he delayed the whipping.

"Well," he said at last, after thinking awhile, "hurry on to bed. We have a big day's work ahead of us to-morrow."

When we got in bed, we chuckled softly, and Jim nudged me with his elbow, and said I was certainly the boldest, wisest boy the country ever produced. And we paid back Mr. McCurry next day, with ducks we stole from mother, and later we fixed it all right with her—she never was as hard on us as father was. When we told her how we had fooled father, she said it was a sin, but we caught her laughing about it afterward.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

MORE "UNINTERESTINGNESS OF LIFE IN A SMALL TOWN"

THE "Uninterestingness of Life in a Small Town" is due to sloth; people do not desire to take trouble. There are few towns without some cultured people; culture is the fruit of a wise use of leisure; people are not dependent altogether on schools for culture. I know a man of fifty who in the dullest environment has fitted himself for the proudest chair in English literature; he does not sit in that chair but works a few hours a day as a lawyer and has endowed himself with a competence while mating his soul and the world to each other. I know an ornithologist in Connecticut, a botanist in West Virginia, a merchant in a dull Missouri town who is at home in theology and church history; time would fail to tell of the musicians, of the artists who are not in the market and the religiously cultured. The discussion which you invite may awaken interest in many a small dull town and big one, and lead to the discovery of resources in every community which will relieve it of the dead weight of its loafers and make it ashamed to be the breeding place of the crowds of idlers, inefficient, incompetents and others who live in vain.

AN INTERESTING POINT IN THE STEEL DISCUSSION

LOST in the interminable jungle of great investigations, one sometimes stumbles on uninviting tables, which, held up to the light, show surprising significance. Such a table turned up in the Stanley Steel Investigating Committee on September 8th. Nobody seems to have noticed it, significant as it is, possibly because there are so many people of importance who would prefer that it should not be noticed. This table told the prices at which the United States Steel Corporation has been selling rails, structural plates, wire, nails, tin plate and other things during the last five years here in the United States and also over the water. It was a fine study in gratitude.

Averaging the five leading steel products in which comparative prices were quoted in the table, it turns out that we have been paying to our own American manufacturer from five dollars and a half to nearly eight dollars more per ton than Europeans do. Our tin plate cost us \$12.54 more a ton last year than it cost the foreigners and our steel rails \$3.84 more. There

was no chance to plead that the difference was negligible because applied only to dumped goods—though why, if there are goods to be dumped at bargain price, the patient and long-suffering American purchaser should not have a chance at them, we have never been able to see,—they were regular exports which have been steadily growing in amount through the period until in 1910 they amounted to over 1,216,000 tons. If that 1,216,000 tons had been sold to you and me we would have paid some \$7,296,000 more for it than the trust got from the people in Europe who did buy it. If the device which makes this favoritism possible—that is prohibitive duties—remains, we shall pay next year about \$60,000,000 more than we would if the duty was removed. It comes down to the question of who ought to have the \$60,000,000—the United States Steel Corporation and its stockholders or common folks?

A REAL FRIEND AND HIS POSTAL CARD

IN the October AMERICAN MAGAZINE we asked you to send us the names of friends who might be interested to read La Follette's Autobiography. We promised to notify your friends that the Autobiography has begun, thus giving them an opportunity to get it and read it if they care to.

From a busy Kansas farmer we received eight names of friends accompanied by the following characterizations. Of course we do not publish the name of the farmer who took all this trouble, nor the names of his friends, but we publish his characterizations and his own comment because of their sincerity and interest:

"Friends of mine who should read La Follette's articles are:

- Needs it, not much of a reader.
- Needs it, can appreciate it.
- Young man, insurgent and Democrat.
- Intelligent, stand-pat Republican.
- Young, bright, too absorbed in money-making.
- Needs and can understand it.
- Insurgent Democrat, not much reader.
- Needs it.
- A real man. May take it new.

"All are personal friends, who care what is right. I am delighted with La Follette's writings, so plain, direct, of absorbing interest. Last night I glanced at it, then read an hour, tired and sleepy, should have been in bed. (Am rushed farmer.) THE AMERICAN is best of the good magazines."

"F. A. S. ———, Kansas."

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THE FEAST OF ST. FRIEND

A Talk *About* Christmas By Arnold Bennett

SOMETHING has happened to Christmas, or to our hearts; or to both. In the old days of not so long ago the festival began to excite us in November. For weeks the house rustled with charming and thrilling secrets, and with the furtive noises of paper parcels being wrapped and unwrapped; the house was a whispering gallery.

The Christmas That Used to Be The tension of expectancy increased to such a point that there was a positive danger of the cord snapping before it ought to snap. On the

Eve we went to bed with no hope of settled sleep. On the supreme day we came downstairs hiding delicious yawns, and cordially pretending that we had never been more fit. The day was different from other days; it had a unique romantic quality, tonic, curative of all ills. On that day even the toothache vanished, retiring far into the wilderness with the spiteful word, the venomous thought, and the unlovely gesture.

And when all the parcels were definitely unpacked, and the secrets of all hearts disclosed, we spent the rest of the happy morn in waiting, candidly greedy, for the first of the great meals. And then we ate, and we drank, and we ate again; with no thought of nutrition, nor of reasonableness, nor of the morrow, nor of dyspepsia. We ate and drank without fear and without shame, in the sheer, abandoned ecstasy of celebration. And by means of motley paper headgear, fit only for a carnival, we disguised ourselves in the most absurd fashions, and yet did not make ourselves seriously ridiculous; for ridicule is in the vision, not in what is seen. And we danced and sang and larked, until we could no more. And finally we chanted a song of ceremony, and separated; ending the day as

we had commenced it, with salvoes of good wishes. And the next morning we were indisposed and enfeebled; and we did not care; we suffered gladly; we had our pain's worth, and more. This was the past. . . . Even to-day the spirit and rites of ancient Christmas are kept up, more or less in their full rigor and splendor, by a race of beings that is scattered over the whole earth. I mean the children. By virtue of the children's faith, the reindeer are still tramping the sky, and Christmas Day is still something above and beyond a day of the week; it is a day out of the week. We have to sit and pretend; and with disillusion in our souls we do pretend. At Christmas, it is not the children who make believe; it is ourselves. Who does not remember the first inkling of a suspicion that Christmas Day was after all a day rather like any other day? . . . I do not mean that we do not enjoy ourselves on Christmas Day. There is no doubt that, with the inspiring help of the mysterious race, and by the force of tradition, and by our own gift of pretending, we do still very much enjoy ourselves on Christmas Day.

But that Christmas has lost some of its magic is a fact that the common sense of the western hemisphere will not dispute. To blink the fact is infantile. To confront it, to try to understand it, to reckon with it, and to obviate any evil that may attach to it—this course alone is meet for an honest man.

NO! The decay of the old Christmas spirit among adults is undeniable and its cause is fairly plain. It is due to the labors of a set of idealists—men who cared not for money, nor for glory, nor

By Virtue
of the
Children's
Faith

for anything except their ideal. I mean the great philosophers and men of science—especially the geologists—of the nineteenth century.

Has Christmas Magic? I mean such utterly pure-minded men as Lyell, Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley. They inaugurated the mighty age of doubt and skepticism.

They made it impossible to believe all manner of things which before them none had questioned. The movement spread until uneasiness was everywhere in the realm of thought, and people walked about therein fearsomely, as in a land subject to earthquakes. It was as if people had said: "We don't know what will topple next. Let's raze everything to the ground, and then we shall feel safer." And there came a moment after which nobody could ever look at a picture of the Nativity in the old way. Pictures of the Nativity were admired, perhaps, as much as ever, but for the exquisite beauty of their naïvetè, the charm of their old-world simplicity, not as artistic renderings of fact. . . .

An age of skepticism has its faults, like any other age, though certain persons have pretended the contrary. It gives up faith, it despises faith, in spite of the warning of its greatest philosophers, including Herbert Spencer, that faith of some sort is necessary to a satisfactory existence in a universe

"Give Us Something in Which We Can Believe"

admits it can never solve. But the warning has been ignored, as warnings nearly always are. Faith is at a discount. And the qualities which go with faith are at a

discount. Sentimentality is held in such horror that people are afraid even of sentiment. . . .

They forget, in their confusion, that the great principles, spiritual and moral, remain absolutely intact. They forget that, after all the shattering discoveries of science and conclusions of philosophy, mankind has still to live with dignity amid hostile nature, and in the presence of an unknowable power, and that mankind can only succeed in this tremendous feat by the exercise of faith and of that mutual goodwill which is based in sincerity and charity. And so, at that epoch of the year which nature herself has ordained for the formal recognition of the situation of mankind in the universe and of its resulting duties to itself and to the Unknown—at that epoch, they bewail, sadly or impatiently or

cynically: "Oh! The bottom has been knocked out of Christmas!" . . .

But the bottom has not been knocked out of Christmas. And people know it. Somewhere, in the most central and mysterious fastness of their hearts, they know it. If they were not, in spite of themselves, convinced of it, why should they be so pathetically anxious to keep alive in themselves, and to foster in their children, the Christmas spirit? Obviously, a profound instinct is forever reminding them that, without the Christmas spirit, they are lost. The forms of faith change, but the spirit of faith, which is the Christmas spirit, is immortal amid its endless vicissitudes. At a crisis of change, faith is weakened for the majority; for the majority it may seem to be dead. It is conserved, however, in the hearts of the few supremely great and in the hearts of the simple.

Forms Change; The Spirit of Faith is Immortal.

IT is a curious fact that the one faith which really does flourish and wax in these days should be faith in the idea of social justice. For social justice simply means the putting into practice of goodwill and the recognition of the brotherhood of mankind. Whenever you meet a first-class man who is both enthusiastic and altruistic, you may be sure that he has got into his head the notion that some class of persons somewhere are not being treated fairly, are not being treated with fraternal goodwill, and that he is determined to put the matter right, or perish. . . .

In England, nearly all the most interesting people are social reformers: and the only circles of society in which you are not bored, in which there is real conversation, are the circles of social reform. These people alone have an abounding and convincing faith. Their faith has, for example, convinced many of the best literary artists of the day, with the result that a large proportion of the best modern imaginative literature has been inspired by the dream of social justice. Take away that idea from the works of H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy and George Bernard Shaw, and there would be exactly nothing left. Despite any appearance to the contrary, therefore, the idea of universal goodwill is really alive upon the continents of this planet: more so, indeed, than any other idea. . . .

Authors Inspired by the Dream of Social Justice

“YES,” you say, “I am quite at one with you as to the immense importance of goodwill in social existence, and I have the same faith in it as you have. Why eating and drinking and ceremonies? Surely one can have faith without festivals?” . . .

The answer is that one cannot; or at least that in practice, one never does. A disinclination for festivals, a morbid self-conscious fear of letting oneself go, is a sure sign of lack of faith. If you have not enough enthusiasm for the cult of goodwill to make you positively desire to celebrate the cult, then your faith is insufficient and needs fostering by study and meditation. . . .

Real faith effervesces; it shoots forth in every direction; it communicates itself. And the inevitable result is a festival. . . . Now, if we maintain festivals and formalities for the healthy continuance and honor

**A Festival
That Makes
Human Existence
Bearable**

of a pastime or of a personal affection, shall we not maintain a festival—and a mighty one—in behalf of a faith which makes the corporate human existence bearable amid the menaces and

mysteries that forever threaten it,—the faith of universal goodwill and mutual confidence?

If then, there is to be a festival, why should it not be the festival of Christmas? It can, indeed, be no other. Christmas is most plainly indicated. It is dignified and made precious by traditions which go back much further than the Christian era; and it has this tremendous advantage—it exists! In spite of our declining faith, it has been preserved to us, and here it is, ready to hand. Not merely does it fall at the point which uncounted generations have agreed to consider as the turn of the solar year and as the rebirth of hope! It falls also immediately before the end of the calendar year, and thus prepares us for a fresh beginning that shall put the old to shame. It could not be better timed. Further, its traditional spirit of peace and goodwill is the very spirit which we desire to foster. And finally its customs—or at any rate, its main customs—are well designed to symbolize that spirit. If we have allowed the dispatch of Christmas cards to degenerate into naught but a tedious shuffling of pasteboards and overwork of post-office officials, the fault is not in the custom but in ourselves. The custom is a most striking one—so long as we have sufficient imagination to remember vividly that we are all in the same boat—I mean, on the

same planet—and clinging desperately to the flying ball, and dependent for daily happiness on one another's goodwill! A Christmas card sent by one human being to another human being is more than a piece of colored stationery sent by one log of wood to another log of wood; it is an inspiring and reassuring message of high value. The mischief is that so many self-styled human beings are just logs of wood, rather stylishly dressed.

**Dependent
for Happiness
on One
Another's
Goodwill**

And then the custom of present-giving! What better and more convincing proof of sympathy than a gift? The gift is one of these obvious contrivances—like the wheel or the lever—which smooth and simplify earthly life, and the charm of whose utility no obviousness can stale. But of course any contrivance can be rendered futile by clumsiness or negligence. There is a sort of Christmas giver who says pettishly: “Oh! I don't know what to give to So-and-So this Christmas! What a bother! I shall write and tell her to choose something herself, and send the bill to me!” And he writes. And though he does not suspect it, what he really writes, and what So-and-So reads, is this: “Dear So-and-So. It is nothing to me that you and I are alive together on this planet, and in various ways mutually dependent. But I am bound by custom to give you a present. I do not, however, take sufficient interest in your life to know what object it would give you pleasure to possess; and I do not want to be put to the trouble of finding out, nor of obtaining the object and transmitting it to you. Will you, therefore, buy something for yourself and send the bill to me? Of course, a sense of social decency will prevent you from spending more than a small sum, and I shall be spared all exertion beyond signing a check. Yours insincerely and loggishly,” So managed, the contrivance of present-giving becomes positively sinister in its working. But managed with the sympathetic imagination which is infallibly produced by real faith in goodwill, its efficacy may approach the miraculous.

The Christmas ceremony of good-wishing by word of mouth has never been in any danger of falling into insincerity. Such is the power of tradition and virtue of a festival, and such the instinctive brotherliness of men, that on this day the mere sight of an acquaintance will soften the voice and warm the heart of the most superior skeptic and curmudgeon that the age of disillusion

sion has produced. In spite of himself, faith flickers up in him again, be it only for a moment. And, during that moment, he is almost like those whose bright faith the age has never tarnished, like the great and like the simple, to whom it is quite unnecessary to offer a defence and explanation of Christmas or to suggest the basis of a new faith therein. . . .

The Instinctive Brotherhood of Men on This Day

IT being agreed, then, that the Christmas festival has lost a great deal of its old vitality, and that, to many people, it is a source of tedium and the cause of insincerity; and it being further agreed that the difficulty cannot be got over by simply abolishing the festival, as no one really wants it to be abolished; the question remains—what should be done to vitalize it? The former spirit of faith, the spirit which made the great Christmas of the golden days, has been weakened; but one element of it—that which is founded on the conviction that goodwill among men is a prime necessity of reasonable living—survives with a certain vigor, though even it has not escaped the general skepticism of the age. This element unites in agreement all the pugnacious sectaries who join battle over the other elements of the former faith. This element has no enemies. None will deny its lasting virtue. Obviously, therefore, the right course is to concentrate on the cultivation of goodwill. If goodwill can be consciously increased, the festival of Christmas will cease to be perfunctory. It will acquire a fresh and more genuine significance, which, however, will not in any way inconvenience those who have never let go of the older significance. . . .

Restoring the Old Vitality of Christmas

The fancy of some people will at once run to the formation of a grand international Society for the revivifying of Christmas by the cultivation of goodwill, with branches in all the chief cities of Europe and America, and headquarters—of course at the Hague; and committees and subcommittees, and presidents and vice-presidents; and honorary secretaries and secretaries paid; and quarterly and annual meetings, and triennial congresses! And a literary organ or two! And a badge—naturally a badge, designed by a famous artist in harmonious tints! . . .

But my fancy does not run at all in this

direction. I am convinced that we have already far too many societies for the furtherance of our ends. I should define the majority of these societies as a group of persons each of whom expects the others to do something very wonderful. No society can cultivate goodwill in you. You might as well create a society for shaving or for saying your prayers. And further, goodwill is far less a process of performing acts than a process of thinking thoughts. . . .

Most Moral Societies Clumsy Machines for Doing Simple Jobs

You can best help the general cultivation of goodwill along by cultivating goodwill in your own heart. Until you have started the task of personal cultivation, you will probably assume that there will be time left over for superintending the cultivation of goodwill in other people's hearts. But a very little experience ought to show you that this is a delusion. You will perceive, if not at once, later, that you have bitten off just about as much as you can chew. And you will appreciate also the wisdom of not advertising your enterprise. Why, indeed, should you breathe a word to a single soul concerning your admirable intentions? Rest assured that any unusual sprouting of the desired crop will be instantly noticed by the persons interested. . . .

The next point is: Toward whom are you to cultivate goodwill? Naturally, one would answer: Toward the whole of humanity. . . . If a novice sets out to embrace the whole of humanity in his goodwill, he will have even less success than a young man endeavoring to fall in love with four sisters at once; and his daily companions—those who see him eat his bacon and lace his boots and earn his living—will most certainly have a rough time of it. . . . No! It will be best for you to center your efforts on quite a small group of persons, and let the rest of humanity struggle on as well as it can, with no more of your goodwill than it has hitherto had.

In choosing the small group of people, it will be unnecessary for you to go to Timbuctoo, or into the next street or into the next house. And, in this group of people you will be wise, while neglecting no member of the group, to specialize on one member. Your wife, if you have one, or your husband? Not necessarily. I was meaning simply that one who most frequently annoys you. He may be your husband, or she may be your wife.

Cultivating Goodwill Toward Persons Who Irritate You—a Good Test

These things happen. He may be your butler. Or you may be his butler. She may be your daughter, or he may be your father, and you a charming omniscient girl of seventeen wiser than anybody else. Whoever he or she may be who oftenest inspires you with a feeling of irritated superiority, aim at that person in particular.

The frequency of your early failures with him or her will show you how prudent you were not to make an attempt on the whole of humanity at once. And also you will see that you did well not to publish your excellent intentions. If nobody is aware of your striving, nobody will be aware that you have failed in striving. Your successes will appear effortless, and—most important of all—you will be free from the horrid curse of self-consciousness. Herein is one of the main advantages of not wearing a badge. Lastly, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that, if everybody else is doing as you are, the whole of humanity is being attended to after all. And the comforting thought is that very probably, almost certainly, quite a considerable number of people are in fact doing as you are; some of them—make no doubt—are doing a shade better.

YOU may be polite to a child, and pretend to appreciate his point of view; but, unless you really do put yourself to the trouble of understanding him, unless you throw yourself, by the exercise of imagination, into his world, you will not succeed in being his friend. To be his friend means an effort on your part, it means that you must divest yourself of your own mental habit, and, for the time being, adopt his. And no nice phrases, no gifts of money, sweets or toys, can take the place of this effort, and this sacrifice of self. With five minutes of genuine surrender to him, you can win more of his esteem and gratitude than five hundred pounds would buy. His notion of real goodwill is the imaginative sharing of his feelings, a convinced participation in his pains and pleasures. He is well aware that, if you honestly do this, you will be on his side. . . .

Now, adults, of course, are tremendously clever and accomplished persons and children are no match for them; but

Adults Lack Important Knowledge That Children Possess	still, with all their talents and omniscience and power, adults seem to lack important pieces of knowledge which children possess; they seem to forget, and to fail to profit by, their infantile experience. Else
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why should adults in general be so extraordinarily ignorant of the great truth that the secret of goodwill lies in the sympathetic exercise of the imagination? Since goodwill is the secret of human happiness, it follows that the secret of goodwill must be one of the most precious aids to sensible living; and yet adults, though they once knew it, have gone and forgotten it! Children may well be excused for concluding that the ways of the adult, in their capricious irrationality, are past finding out.

To increase your goodwill for a fellow creature, it is necessary to imagine that you are he: and nothing else is necessary. This feat is not easy; but it can be done. Some people have less of the divine faculty of imagination than others, but nobody is without it, and, like all other faculties, it improves with use, just as it deteriorates with neglect. In order to cultivate goodwill for a person, you must think frequently about that person. You must inform yourself about all his activities. You must be able in your mind's eye to follow him hour by hour throughout the day, and you must ascertain if he sleeps well at night—because this is not a trifle. And you must reflect upon his existence with the same partiality as you reflect upon your own. (Why not?) That is to say, you must lay the fullest stress on his difficulties, disappointments and unhappinesses, and you must minimize his good fortune. You must magnify his efforts after righteousness, and forget his failures. You must ever remember that, after all, he is not to blame for the faults of his character, which faults, in his case as in yours, are due partly to heredity and partly to environment. And beyond everything you must always give him credit for good intentions. Do not you, though sometimes mistakenly, always act for the best? You know you do! And are you alone among mortals in rectitude? . . .

Are You Alone Among Mortals in Rectitude?

This mental exercise in relation to another person takes time, and it involves a fatiguing effort. I repeat that it is not easy. Nor is it invariably agreeable. You may, indeed, find it tedious, for example, to picture in vivid detail all the worries that have brought about your wife's exacerbation—negligent maid, dishonest tradesman, milk in a thunder storm, hypercritical husband, dirt in the wrong place—but, when you have faithfully done so, I absolutely defy you to speak to her in the same tone as you used to employ,

and to cherish resentment against her as you used to do. And I absolutely defy you not to feel less discontented with yourself than in the past. It is impossible that the exercise of imagination about a person should not result in goodwill toward that person. The exercise may put a strain upon you; but its effect is a scientific certainty. . . .

A FAIRLY early result will be the gradual decline, and ultimately the death, of the superior person in oneself. It is true that the superior person in oneself has nine lives, and is capable of rising from the dead after even the most fatal blows. But, at worst, the superior person—(and who among us does not shelter that sinister inhabitant in his soul?)—will have a very poor time in the soul

**The Superior
Person in
Oneself—the
Sinister
Inhabitant
of the Soul**

of him who steadily practices the imaginative understanding of other people. In the first place, the mere exercise of the imagination on others absolutely scotches egotism as long as it lasts, and leaves it weakened afterwards. And, in the second and more important place, an improved comprehension of others must destroy the illusion, so widespread, that one's own case is unique. The amicable study of one's neighbors on the planet inevitably shows that the same troubles, the same fortitudes, the same feats of intelligence, the same successes and failures, are constantly happening everywhere. One can, indeed, see oneself in nearly everybody else, and, in particular, one is struck by the fact that the quality in which one took most pride is simply spread abroad throughout humanity in heaps! It is only in sympathetically contemplating others that one can get oneself in a true perspective. Yet probably the majority of human beings never do contemplate others, save with the abstracted gaze which proves that the gazer sees nothing but his own dream. . . .

**Seeing
Ourselves in
the Mirror of
Friendship**

Another result of the discipline is an immensely increased interest in one's friends. One regards them even with a sort of proprietary interest; for, by imagination, one has come into sympathetic possession of them. Further, one has for them that tender

feeling which always follows the conferring of a benefit, especially the secret conferring of a benefit. It is the benefactor, not the person benefited, who is grateful. The benefit which one has conferred is, of course, the gift of oneself. The exercise of sympathetic imagination will cause one to look upon even a relative as a friend—a startling achievement! It will provide a new excitement and diversion in life.

When the month of December dawns, there need be no sensation of weary apprehension about the difficulty of choosing a present that will suit a friend. Certainly it will not be necessary, from sheer indifference and ignorance, to invite the friend to choose his own present. On the contrary, one will be, in secret, so intimate with the friend's situation and wants and desires, that sundry rival schemes for pleasing him will at once offer themselves. And when he receives the present finally selected, he will have the conviction, always delightfully flattering to a donee, that he has been the object of a particular attention and insight. . . .

And on the day of festival itself one feels that one really has something to celebrate. The occasion has a basis, if it had no basis for one before; and if a basis previously existed, then it is widened and strengthened. One is not reminded by Christmas of goodwill, because the enterprise of imaginative sympathy has been a

**Value of
Goodwill in
the Formidable
Adventure of
Existence**

daily affair throughout the year; but Christmas provides an excuse for taking satisfaction in the success of the enterprise and new enthusiasm to correct its failures. Christmas becomes as personal as a birthday. One eats and drinks to excess, not because it is the custom to eat and drink to excess, but from sheer effervescent faith in an idea. And as one sits with one's friends, possessing them in the privacy of one's heart, permeated by a sense of the value of sympathetic comprehension in this formidable adventure of existence on a planet that rushes eternally through the night of space; assured indeed that companionship and mutual understanding alone make the adventure agreeable,—one sees in a flash that Christmas, whatever else it may be, is and must be the Feast of St. Friend, and a day supreme among the days of the year. . . .

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JOCK-AT-A-VENTURE BY ARNOLD BENNETT
THE UNEASY WOMAN BY IDA M. TARBELL

You Can't Get It



Unless
You
Ask
Your
Grocer

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR is very near to you. A simple thing ---"ask your Grocer"--- brings it to the door and then you will have the best flour on earth, good rolls, cake and pastry, and all will be well on baking day. But you can't get it -- unless you ask your grocer.
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

Eventually — Why Not Now?

THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

for January, 1912

Vol. LXXIII

No. 3



Illustration by George M. B.

THE JOB OF A WORLD SCOUT

He came out of the flames with the baby safe in his arms—a thirteen-year-old boy who had gone where grown men dared not go. "It's my job," he said. "I'm a World Scout"

See page 275



THE UNEASY WOMAN

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Tariff in Our Times," "The American Woman," etc.

THE most conspicuous occupation of the American woman of to-day, dressing herself aside, is self-discussion. It is a disquieting phenomenon. Chronic self-discussion argues chronic ferment of mind, and ferment of mind is a serious handicap to both happiness and efficiency. Nor is self-discussion the only exhibit of restlessness the American woman gives. To an accustomed observer she seems always to be running about on the face of things with no other purpose than to put in her time. He points to the triviality of the things in which she can immerse herself—her fantastic and ever-changing raiment, the welter of lectures and other culture schemes which she supports, the eagerness with which she transports herself to the ends of the earth—as marks of a spirit not at home with itself, and certainly not convinced that it is going in any particular direction or that it is committed to any particular worth-while task.

Freer—But More Uneasy

Perhaps the most disturbing side of the phenomenon is that it is coincident with the emancipation of woman. At a time when she is freer than at any other period of the world's history—save perhaps at one period in ancient Egypt—she is apparently more uneasy.

Those who do not like the exhibit are inclined to treat her as if she were a new

historical type. The reassuring fact is, that ferment of mind is no newer thing in woman than in man. It is a human ailment. Its attacks, however, have always been unwelcome. Society distrusts uneasiness in sacred quarters; that is, in her established and privileged works. They are the best mankind has to show for itself. At least they are the things for which the race has slaved longest and which so far have best resisted attack. We would like to pride ourselves

that **they** were permanent, that we had settled some things. And hence society, especially man-made society, resents a restless woman. And this is logical enough.

Embroidered as man is in an eternal effort to conquer, understand, and reduce to order both nature and his fellows, it is imperative that he have some secure spot where his head is not in danger, his heart is not harassed. Woman, by virtue of

the business nature assigns her, has always been theoretically the maker and keeper of this necessary place of peace. But she has rarely made it and kept it with full content. Eve was a revoltée, so was Medea. In every century they have appeared, restless Amazons, protesting and remolding. Out of their uneasy souls have come the varying changes in the woman's world which distinguish the ages.

Society has not liked it—was there to be no quiet anywhere? It is poor understanding that does not appreciate John Adams' parry of his wife Abigail's list of grievances,

Is man the calculating tyrant the modern uneasy woman charges? Are her fetters due only to his unfair domination? Or is she suffering from the generally bungling way things go in the world? And is not a man a victim as well as she—caught in the same trap?

which she declared the Continental Congress must relieve if it would avoid a woman's rebellion. Under the stress of the Revolution children, apprentices, schools, colleges, Indians, and negroes had all become insolent and turbulent, he told her. What was to become of the country if women, "the most numerous and powerful tribe in the world," grew discontented?

Nature and Society Get into Each Other's Way

Now this world-old restlessness of the women has a sound and a tragic cause. Nature lays a compelling hand on her. Unless she obeys freely and fully she must pay in unrest and vagaries. For the normal woman the fulfillment of life is the making of the thing we best describe as a home—which means a mate, children, friends, with all the radiating obligations, joys, burdens those relations imply.

This is nature's plan for her; but the home has got to be founded inside the imperfect thing we call society. And these two, nature and society, are continually getting into each other's way, wrecking each other's plans, frustrating each other's schemes. The woman almost never is able to adjust her life so as fully to satisfy both. She is between two fires. Euripides understood this when he put into Medea's mouth a cry as modern as any that Ibsen has conceived:

"Of all things upon earth that grow,
A herb most bruised is woman. We must pay
Our store of gold, hoarded for that one day,
To buy us some man's love; and lo, they bring
A master of our flesh! There comes the sting
Of the whole shame. And then the jeopardy,
For good or ill, what shall that master be;
'Tis magic she must have or prophecy—
Home never taught her that—how best to guide
Toward peace this thing that slepeth at her side.
And she who, laboring long, shall find some way
Whereby her lord may bear with her, nor fray
His yoke too fiercely, blessed is the breath
That woman draws!"

Medea's difficulty was that which is oftenest in the way of a woman carrying her business in life to a satisfactory completion—false mating. It is not a difficulty peculiar to woman. Man knows it as often. It is the heaviest curse society brings on human beings—the most fertile cause of apathy, agony, and failure. If the woman's cry is

more poignant under it than the man's, it is because the machine which holds them both allows him a wider sweep, more interests outside of their immediate alliance. "A man, when he is vexed at home," complains Medea, "can go out and find relief among his friends or acquaintances, but we women have none to look at but him."

And when it is impossible longer to "look" at him what shall she do! Tell her woe to the world, seek a soporific, repudiate the scheme of things, or from the vantage point of her failure turn to the untried relations of her life, call upon her unused powers?

Her Revolt Against Man

From the beginning of time women have tried all these preventives or remedies for false mating and its consequent unrest.

The typical uneasy American woman of to-day is a variant of a species as old as the world. She is, however, decidedly more thoroughgoing in her theory and her methods than her predecessors, save perhaps the Amazons. Her ferment goes to the bottom of things. Her revolt is against man and his pretensions. The essence of her complaint is

And she has this advantage: custom makes it cowardly for a man to attempt to demonstrate that woman is a tyrant—it laughs and applauds woman's attempt to fix the charge on man.

that man is a conscious tyrant holding woman an unwilling captive—cutting her off from the things in life which really matter: education, freedom of speech, the ballot; that she can never be his equal until she does the same things her tyrant does, studies his books, practices his trades and professions, works with him in government.

The inference from all this is that the Business of Being a Woman, as it has been conducted heretofore by society, is of less importance than the Business of Being a Man, and that the time has come to enter his world and prove her equality. This is no fanciful analysis of her position. It is her own statement made sixty years ago in a carefully prepared List of Grievances, and an eloquent Declaration of Sentiment, both adopted in a strictly parliamentary way, and made the basis of an organized revolt, which has gone on systematically ever since.

There are certain assumptions in her program which will bear examination. Is man the calculating tyrant the modern uneasy woman charges? Are her fetters due only to his unfair domination? Or is she suffering

from the generally bungling way things go in the world? And is not a man a victim as well as she—caught in the same trap? Moreover, is woman never a tyrant? One of the first answers to her original revolt came from the most eminent woman of the day, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and it was called "*Pink and White Tyranny!*" "I have seen a collection of medieval English poems," says Chesterton, "in which the section headed 'Poems of Domestic Life' consisted entirely (literally entirely) of the complaints of husbands bullied by their wives."

Again, will doing the same things a man does work as well in stifling her unrest as she fancies it has in man's case? If a woman's temperamental and intellectual operations were identical with a man's there would be hope of success,—but they are not. She is a different being. Whether she is better or worse, stronger or weaker, primary or secondary, is not the question. She is different, subtly, wonderfully, bafflingly different. And she tries to ease a world-old human curse by imitating the occupations, points of views, and methods of a radically different being. Can she realize her quest in this way? Generally speaking, nothing is more wasteful in the operations of man than following a course which is not native and spontaneous, not according to the law of the being.

The Business of Being a Woman

If she demonstrates her points, makes a fairish man of herself, can she impress her program on any great body of women? The mass of women believe in their task. Its importance is not capable of argument in their minds. Nor do they see themselves dwarfed by their business. They know instinctively that under no other circumstances can such ripeness and such wisdom be developed, that nowhere else is the full nature called upon, nowhere else are there such intricate, delicate and intimate forces in play, calling and testing them.

It is the intuitive loyalty to her Business of Being a Woman, her unwillingness to have it tampered with that is to-day and always has been the great obstacle to our Uneasy Lady putting her program of relief into force. And it is the effort to move this

mass which she derides as inert that leads to much of the over-emphasis in her program and her methods. If she is to attract attention she must be extreme. The campaigner is like the actor—he must exaggerate to get his effect over the footlights. Moreover, there are natures like that of the actor who could not play Othello unless his whole body was blackened. Nor is the extravagance of the method, which the militant lady follows to put over her program, so foreign to her nature as it may seem. The suffragette adapts to her needs a form of feminine coquetry as old as the world. To defy and denounce the male has always been one of woman's most successful provocative ways!

Taking an Unfair Advantage of Man

However much certain of the assumptions in her program may seem to be against its success, there is much more for it. It gives her a scapegoat—an outside, personal, attackable cause for the limitations and defeats she suffers. And there is no greater consolation than fixing blame. It is half a cure in itself to know or to think you know the cause of your difficulties. Moreover, it gives her a scape-

That a man's life may not be altogether satisfactory she declines to believe. The uneasy woman has always taken it for granted that man is happier than woman. It is an assumption which is at least discussible.

goat against whom it is easy to make up a case. She knows him too well, much better than he knows her, much better than she knows herself, at least her knowledge of him is better formulated. And she has this advantage: custom makes it cowardly for a man to attempt to demonstrate that woman is a tyrant—it laughs and applauds woman's attempt to fix the charge on man.

It gives her a definite program of relief. To attack life as man does: to secure the same kind of training, enter a trade or profession where she can support herself, mingle with the crowd as he does, get into politics—that she assumes to be the practical way of curing the inferiority of position and of powers which she is willing to admit, even willing to demonstrate. That a man's life may not be altogether satisfactory she declines to believe. The uneasy woman has always taken it for granted that man is happier than woman. It is an assumption which is at least discussible.

Her program, too, has the immense advantage of including all that the new order

of things in this country, instituted by the Revolution, made imperative for women—the schooling, the liberty of action, the independent pocketbook. Because she has formulated these notions so definitely and has hammered on them so hard the militant woman frequently claims that they originated with her, that she is the *cause* of the great development in educational opportunities, in freedom to work and to circulate, in the increasing willingness to face the facts of life and speak the truth. This claim she should drop. She is rather the logical result of these notions, their extreme expression. She has, however, had an enormous influence in keeping them alive in the great slow-moving mass of women, where the fate of new ideas rests and where they are always tried out with extreme caution. Without her the thrill of hope that ran through the women of the nation in 1776 might have grown weaker. As long as she is in the field it never will.

All over the land there are women with children clamoring about them, apologizing for never having done anything! Women whose days are spent in trade and professions complacently congratulate themselves that they at least have lived!

ashamed of, to be apologized for. All over the land there are women with children clamoring about them, apologizing for never having *done* anything! Women whose days are spent in trade and professions complacently congratulate themselves that they at least have *lived*! There were girls in the early days of the movement, as there no doubt are to-day, that prayed on their knees that they might escape the frightful isolation of marriage, might be free to "live" and to "work," to "know" and to "do."

What it was really all about they never knew until it was too late. That is, they examined neither the accusations nor the premises. They accepted them. Strong young natures are quick to accept charges of injustice. To them it is unnatural that life should be hampered, that it should be anything but radiant. Curing injustice, too, seems particularly easy to the young. It is simply a matter of finding a remedy and putting it into force! The young American woman of militant cast finds it is

Man and Marriage a Trap

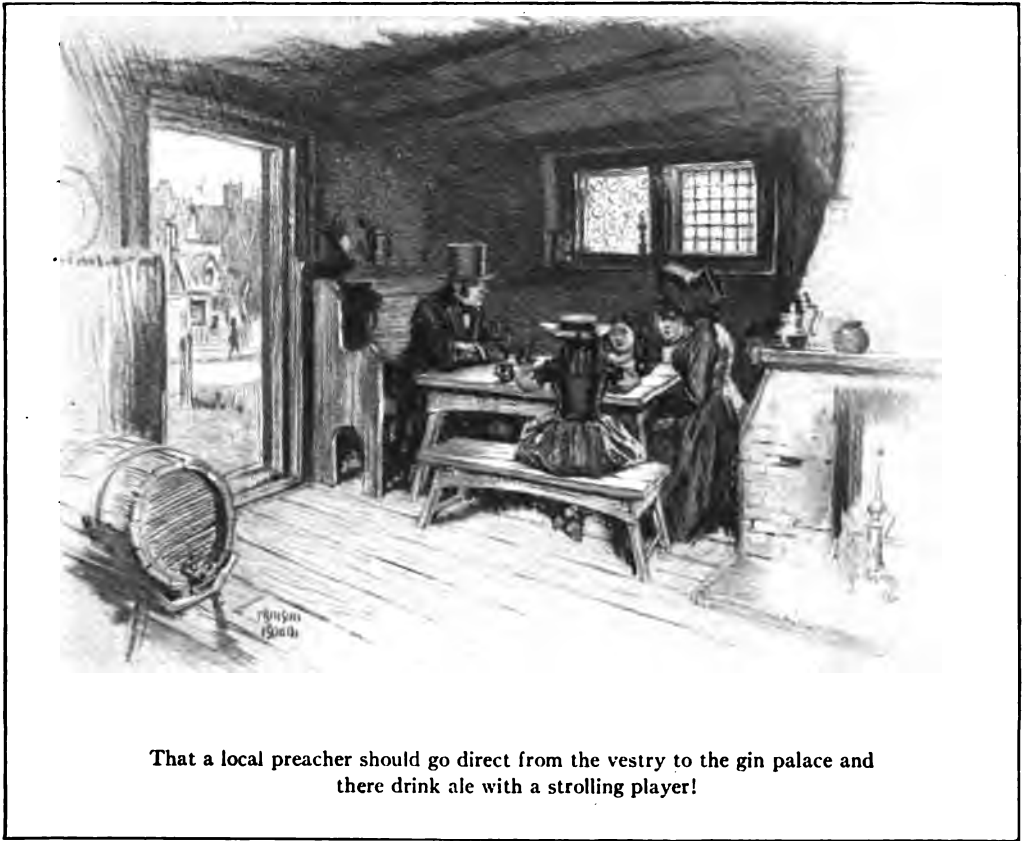
The great strength of her program, however, is now, as it has always been, the powerful appeal it makes to the young woman. Man and marriage are a trap—that is the essence the young woman draws from the campaign for woman's rights. All the vague terror which at times runs through a girl's dream of marriage, the sudden vision of probable agonies, of possible separations and deaths, become under the teachings of the militant woman so many realities. She sees herself a "slave," as the militant jargon has it, putting all her eggs in one basket with the certainty that some, perhaps all, will be broken.

The new gospel offers an escape from all that. She will be a "free" individual, not one "tied" to a man. The "drudgery" of the household she will exchange for what she conceives to be the broad and inspiring work which men are doing. For the narrow life of the family she will escape to the excitement and triumph of a "career." The business of Being a Woman becomes something to be

easy to believe that the business of Being a Woman is slavery. She has her uneasy mother's pains and sacrifices and tears before her and she resents them. She meets the militant theory on every hand that the distress she loathes is of man's doing, that it is for her to revolt, to seize his business, and so doing escape his tyranny, find a worth-while life for herself and at the same time help "liberate" her sex.

Making a Man of Herself

And so for sixty years she has been working on this thesis. That she has not demonstrated it sufficiently to satisfy even herself is shown by the fact that she is still the most conspicuous of Uneasy Women. But that she has produced a type and an influential one is certain. Indeed she may be said to have demonstrated sufficiently for practical purposes what there is in making a man of herself. And it is this genuine service to the woman question that we shall consider in the next article in this series.



That a local preacher should go direct from the vestry to the gin palace and there drink ale with a strolling player!

JOCK - A T - A - VENTURE

A Pugilistic Barber of the Five Towns Who Found Religion and Ultimately Love

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "The Old Wives' Tale," "Buried Alive," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

I

ALL this happened at a Martinmas Fair in Bursley, long ago in the fifties, when everybody throughout the five towns pronounced Bursley "Bosley" as a matter of course; in the tedious and tragic old times, before it had been discovered that hell was a myth, and before the invention of pleasure or even of half-holidays. Martinmas was in those days a very impor-

tant moment in the annual life of the town, for it was at Martinmas that potters' wages were fixed for twelvemonths ahead, and potters hired themselves out for that term at the best rate they could get. To the present day the housewives reckon chronology by Martinmas. They say: "It'll be seven years come Martinmas that Sal's babby died o' convulsions." Or: "It was that year as it rained and hailed all Martinmas." And many of them have no idea why it is Martinmas, and not

Midsummer or Whitsun, that is always on the tips of their tongues.

The fair was one of the two great drunken sprees of the year, the other being the Wakes. And it was meet that it should be so, for intoxication was a powerful aid to the signing of contracts. A sot would put his name to anything, gloriously; and when he had signed he had signed. Thus the beaver-hatted employers smiled at Martinmas drunkenness, and smacked it familiarly on the back; and little boys swilled themselves into the gutter with their elders, and felt intensely proud of the feat. These heroic old times have gone by, never to return.

It was on the Friday before Martinmas, at dusk. In the center of the town, on the waste ground to the north of the "Shambles" (as the stone-built meat market was called), and in the space between the Shambles and the as yet unfinished new Town Hall, the showmen and the showgirls and the showboys were titivating their booths, and cooking their teas, and watering their horses, and polishing the brass rails of their vans, and brushing their fancy costumes, and hammering fresh tent pegs into the hard ground, and lighting the first flares of the evening, and yawning, and quarreling, and washing—all under the somber purple sky, for the diversion of a small crowd of loafers, big and little, who stood obstinately with their hands in their pockets or in their sleeves, missing naught of the promising spectacle.

Now in the midst of what in less than twenty-four hours would be the Fair was to be seen a strange and piquant sight—namely, a group of three white-tied, broad-brimmed dissenting ministers, in earnest converse with fat Mr. Snaggs, the proprietor of Snaggs'—Snaggs' being the town theatre, a wooden erection, generally called by patrons the "Blood Tub," on account of its sanguinary programs. On this occasion Mr. Snaggs and the dissenting ministers were for once in a way agreed. They all objected to a certain feature of the fair. It was not the roundabouts, so crude that even an infant of to-day would despise them. It was not the shooting galleries, nor the cocoanut shies. It was not the arrangements of the beer sellers, which were formidably Bacchic. It was not the boxing booths, where adventurous youths could have teeth knocked out and eyes smashed in free of charge. It was not the monstrosity booths, where misshapen and maimed creatures of both sexes were displayed all alive and nearly nude to anybody with a penny to spare. What Mr. Snaggs and

the ministers of religion objected to was the theatre booths, in which the mirror, more or less cracked and tarnished, was held up to nature.

Mr. Snaggs' objection was professional. He considered that he alone was authorized to purvey drama to the town; he considered that among all purveyors of drama he alone was respectable, the rest being upstarts, poachers, and lewd fellows. And as the dissenting ministers gazed at Mr. Snaggs' superb moleskin waistcoat, and listened to his positive brazen voice, they were almost convinced that the hated institution of the theatre could be made respectable and that Mr. Snaggs had so made it. At any rate, by comparison with these flashy and flimsy booths, the Blood Tub, rooted in the antiquity of thirty years, had a dignified, even a respectable air—and did not Mr. Snaggs give frequent performances of Cruikshank's "The Bottle," a sermon against intemperance more impressive than any sermon delivered from a pulpit in a chapel? The dissenting ministers listened with deference as Mr. Snaggs explained to them exactly what they ought to have done, and what they had failed to do, in order to insure the success of their campaign against play-acting in the fair—a campaign which now for several years past had been abortive—largely (it was rumored) owing to the secret jealousy of the Church of England.

"If ony on ye had had any gumption," Mr. Snaggs was saying fearlessly to the parsons, "ye'd ha' gone straight to th' Chief Bailiff and ye'd ha'—Houch!" He made the peculiar exclamatory noise roughly indicated by the last word, and spat in disgust; and without the slightest ceremony of adieu walked ponderously away up the slope, leaving his sentence unfinished.

"It is remarkable how Mr. Snaggs flees from before my face," said a neat, alert, pleasant voice from behind the three parsons. "And yet, save that in my unregenerate day I once knocked him off a stool in front of his own theayter, I never did him harm nor wished him anything but good. . . . Gentlemen!"

A rather small, slight man of about forty with tiny feet and hands, and "very quick on his pins," saluted the three parsons gravely.

"Mr. Smith!" One parson stiffly inclined.

"Mr. Smith!" from the second.

"Brother Smith!" from the third, who was Jock Smith's own parson, being in charge of the Bethesda in Trafalgar Road, where Jock



"Those are bonny potatoes, missis!"

Smith worshiped and where he had recently begun to preach as a local preacher.

Jock Smith, herbalist, shook hands with vivacity, but also with self-consciousness. He was self-conscious because he knew himself to be one of the chief characters and attractions of the town, because he was well aware that wherever he went people stared at him, and pointed him out to one another. And he was half-proud and half-ashamed of his notoriety.

Even now a little band of ragged children had wandered after him, and, undeterred by the presence of the parsons, were repeating among themselves, in a low, audacious monotone: "Jock-at-a-venture! Jock-at-a-venture!"

II

HE was the youngest of fourteen children, and when he was a month old his mother took him to church to be christened. The rector was the celebrated Rappey, sportsman, who (it is said) once pawned the church Bible in order to get up a bear-baiting. Rappey asked the name of the child, and was told by the mother that she had come to the end of her knowledge of names, and would be obliged for a suggestion. Whereupon Rappey began to cite all the most ludicrous names in the Bible, such as Aholibamah, Kenaz, Iram, Baal-hanan, Abiasaph, Amram, Mushi, Libni, Nepheg, Abihu. And the mother laughed, shaking her head. And Rappey went on: Shimi, Carmi, Jochebed. And at Jochebed the mother had become hysterical with laughter. "Jock-at-a-venture," she had sniggered, and Rappey, mischievously taking her at her word, christened the infant Jock-at-a-venture before she could protest; and the infant was stamped forever as peculiar.

He lived up to his name. He ran away twice, and after having been both a sailor and a soldier, he returned home with the accomplishment of flourishing a razor, and settled in Bursley as a barber. Immediately he became the most notorious barber in the five towns, on account of his gab and his fisticuffs. It was he who shaved the left side of the face of an insulting lieutenant of dragoons (after the great riots of '45 which two thousand military had not quelled), and then pitched him out of the shop soapsuds and all and fought him to a finish in the cock yard and flung him through the archway into the marketplace with just half a magnificent beard and mustache. It was he who introduced hair-dyeing into Bursley. Hair-dyeing might have grown popular in the town if one night, owing

to some confusion with red ink, the chairman of the Bursley Burial Board had not emerged from Jock-at-a-venture's with a vermilion top-knot and been greeted on the pavement by his waiting wife with the bitter words: "Thou foul!"

A little later Jock-at-a-venture abandoned barbering and took up music, for which he had always shown a mighty gift. He was really musical, and performed on both the piano and the cornet, not merely with his hands and mouth, but with the whole of his agile, expressive body. He made a good living out of public houses and tea meetings, for none could play the piano like Jock, were it hymns or were it jigs. His cornet was employed in a band at Moorthorne, the mining village to the east of Bursley, and on his nocturnal journeys to and from Moorthorne with the beloved instrument he had had many a set-to with the marauding colliers who made the road dangerous for cowards. One result of his connection with Moorthorne was that a boxing club had been formed in Bursley, with Jock as chief, for the upholding of Bursley's honor against visiting Moorthorne colliers in Bursley's marketplace.

Then came Jock's conversion to religion, a blazing affair, and his abandonment of public houses. As tea meetings alone would not keep him, he had started again in life, for the fifth or sixth time, as a herbalist now. It was a vocation which suited his delicate hands and his enthusiasm for humanity. At last, and quite lately, he had risen to be a local preacher. His first two sermons had impassioned the congregations, though they were critics to accuse him of theatricality. Accidents happened to him sometimes. On this very afternoon of the Friday before Martinmas an accident had happened to him. He had been playing the piano at the rehearsal of the grand annual evening concert of the Bursley Male Glee Singers. The Bursley Male Glee Singers, determined to beat records, had got a soprano with a foreign name down from Manchester. On seeing the shabby, perky little man who was to accompany her songs, the soprano had had a moment of terrible misgiving. But as soon as Jock, with a careful-careless glance at the music which he had never seen before, had played the first chords (with a "How's that for time, missis?"), she was reassured. At the end of the song her enthusiasm for the musical gifts of the local artist was such that she had sprung from the platform and simply but cordially kissed him. She was a stout, feverish lady. He liked a lady to be stout;

and the kiss was pleasant, and the compliment enormous. But what a calamity for a local preacher with a naughty past to be kissed in full rehearsal by a soprano from Manchester! He knew that he had to live that kiss down, and to live down also the charge of theatricality.

Here was a reason, and a very good one, why he deliberately sought the company of parsons in the middle of the fair ground. He had to protect himself against tongues.

III

"I DON'T know," said Jock-at-a-venture to the parsons, gesturing with his hands, and twisting his small elegant feet, "I don't know as I'm

in favor of stopping these play-acting folk from making a living—stopping 'em by force, that is."

He knew that he had said something shocking, something that when he joined the group he had not in the least meant to say. He knew that instead of protecting himself he was exposing himself to danger. But he did not care. When, as now, he was carried away by an idea, he cared for naught. And, moreover, he had the consciousness of being cleverer, acuter than any of these ministers of religion, than anybody in the town! His sheer skill and resourcefulness in life had always borne him safely through every difficulty—from a prize fight to a soprano's embrace.

"A strange doctrine, Brother Smith!" said Jock's own pastor.

The other two hemmed and hawed, and brought the tips of their fingers together.

"Nay!" said Jock, persuasively smiling. "Stead o' bringing 'em to starvation, bring 'em to the house o' God! Preach the gospel to 'em, and then when ye've preached the

gospel to 'em, happen they'll change their ways o' their own accord. Or happen they'll put their play-acting to the service o' God. If there's plays agen drink, why shouldna' there be plays agen the devil, and for Jesus Christ, our blessed Redeemer?"

"Good day to you, brethren," said one of the parsons, and departed. Thus only could

he express his horror of Jock's sentiments.

In those days churches and chapels were not so empty that parsons had to go forth building up congregations. A pew was a privilege. And those who did not frequent the means of grace had at any rate the grace to be ashamed of not doing so. And further, strolling



"It's a defiling of the Lord's temple; that's what it is!" Jabez Hanks continued

players, in spite of John Wesley's exhortations, were not considered to be salvageable. The notion of trying to rescue them from merited perdition was too fantastic to be seriously entertained by serious Christians. Finally, the suggested connection between Jesus Christ and a stage play was really too appalling! None but Jock-at-a-venture would have been capable of such an idea.

"I trust, my friend—," began the second remaining minister.

"Look at that good woman there!" cried Jock-at-a-venture, interrupting here with a dramatic outstretching of the right arm, as he pointed to a very stout but comely dame who, seated on a three-legged stool, was calmly peeling potatoes in front of one of the more resplendent booths. "Look at that face! Is there no virtue in it? Is there no hope for salvation in it?"

"None," Jock's pastor replied, mournfully. "That woman—her name is Clowes—is notorious. She has eight children, and she has brought them all up to her trade. I have;

made inquiries. The elder daughters are actresses and married to play-actors, and even the youngest child is taught to strut on the boards. Her troupe is the largest in the Midlands."

Jock-at-a-venture was certainly dashed by this information.

"The more reason," said he obstinately, "for saving her! . . . And all hers!"

The two ministers did not want her to be saved. They liked to think of the theatre as being beyond the pale. They remembered the time, before they were ordained, and after, when they had hotly desired to see the inside of a theatre and to rub shoulders with wickedness. And they took pleasure in the knowledge that the theatre was always there and the wickedness thereof, and the lost souls therein. But Jock-at-a-venture genuinely longed, in that ecstasy of his, for the total abolition of all forms of sin.

"And what would you do to save her, brother?" Jock's pastor inquired coldly.

"What would I do? I'd go and ask her to come to chapel Sunday, her and hers. I'd axe her kindly, and I'd crack a joke with her. And I'd get round her for the Lord's sake."

Both ministers sighed. The same thought was in their hearts: namely, that brands plucked from the burning (such as Jock) had a disagreeable tendency to carry piety, as they had carried sin, to the most ridiculous and inconvenient lengths.

IV

"THOSE are bonny potatoes, missis!"

"Ay!" The stout woman, the upper part of whose shabby dress seemed to be subjected to considerable strains, looked at Jock carelessly, and then, attracted perhaps by his eager face, smiled with a certain facile amiability.

"But by th' time they're cooked your supper 'll be late, I'm reckoning."

"Them potatoes have naught to do with our supper," said Mrs. Clowes. "They're for to-morrow's dinner. There'll be no time for peeling potatoes to-morrow. Kezia!" She shrilled the name.

A slim little girl showed herself between the heavy curtains of the main tent of Mrs. Clowes' caravansary.

"Bring Sapphira, too!"

"Those yours?" asked Jock.

"They're mine," said Mrs. Clowes, "and I've six more, not counting grandchildren and sons-in-law like."

"No wonder you want a pailful of potatoes!" said Jock.

Kezia and Sapphira appeared in the gloom. They might have counted sixteen years together. They were dirty, tousled, graceful and lovely.

"Twins," Jock suggested.

Mrs. Clowes nodded. "Off with this pail, now! and mind you don't spill the water. Here, Kezia! Take the knife. And bring me the other pail."

The children bore away the heavy pail, staggering, eagerly obedient. Mrs. Clowes lifted her weighty form from the stool, shook peelings from the secret places of her endless apron, and calmly sat down again.

"Ye rule 'em with a rod of iron, missis," said Jock.

She smiled good-humoredly, and shrugged her vast shoulders—no mean physical feat.

"I keep 'em lively," she said. "There's twelve of 'em in my lot, without th' two babbies. Some one's got to be after 'em all the time."

"And you not thirty-five, I swear!"

"Nay! ye're wrong."

Sapphira brought the other pail, swinging it. She put it down with a clatter of the falling handle and scurried off.

"Am I now?" Jock murmured, interested; and, as it were out of sheer absent-mindedness, he turned the pail wrong side up, and seated himself on it with a calm that equaled the calm of Mrs. Clowes.

It was now nearly dark. The flares of the showmen were answering each other across the fair ground; and presently a young man came and hung one out above the railed platform of Mrs. Clowes' booth; and Mrs. Clowes blinked. From behind the booth floated the sounds of the confused chatter of men, girls, and youngsters, together with the complaint of an infant. A few yards away from Mrs. Clowes was a truss of hay; a pony sidled from somewhere with false innocence up to this truss, nosed it cautiously, and then began to bite wisps from it. Occasionally a loud but mysterious cry swept across the ground. The sky was full of mystery. Against the sky to the west stood black and clear the silhouette of the new Town Hall spire, a wondrous erection, and sticking out from it at one side was the form of a gigantic angel. It was the gold angel which from the summit of the spire has now watched over Bursley for half a century, but which on that particular Friday had been lifted only two-thirds of the way to its final home.

Jock-at-a-venture felt deeply all the influences of the scene and of the woman. He was one of your romantic creatures; and for him

the woman was magnificent. Her magnificence thrilled.

"And what are you going to say?" she queried him. "Sitting on my pail!"

Now to quiz Jock was to challenge him.

"Sitting on your pail, missis," he replied, "I'm going for to say that you're much too handsome a woman to go down to hell in eternal damnation."

She was taken aback, but her profession had taught her the art of quick recovery.

"You belong to that Methody lot," she mildly sneered. "I thought I seed you talking to them white-chokers."

"I do," said Jock.

"And I make no doubt you think yourself very clever."

"Well," he vouchsafed, "I can splice a rope, shave a head, cure a wart or a boil, and tell a fine woman with any man in this town. Not to mention boxing, as I've given up on account of my religion."

"I was handsome once," said Mrs. Clowes, with apparent, but not real, inconsequence. "But I'm all run to fat, like. I've played Portia in my time. But now it's as much as I can do to get through with Maria Martin or Belladonna."

"Fat!" Jock protested. "Fat! I wouldn't have an ounce taken off ye for fifty guineas."

He was so enthusiastic that Mrs. Clowes blushed.

"What's this about hell-fire?" she questioned. "I often think of it—I'm a lonely woman, and I often think of it."

"You lonely!" Jock protested again. "With all them children?"

"Ay!"

There was a silence.

"See thee here, missis!" he exploded, jumping up from the pail. "Ye must come to th' Bethesda down yon, on Sunday morning, and hear the word o' God. It'll be the making on ye."

Mrs. Clowes shook her head.

"Nay!"

"And bring yer children," he persisted.

"If it was you as was going to preach-like . . .," she said, looking away.

"It is me as is going to preach," he answered loudly and proudly. "And I'll preach agen any man in this town for a dollar!"

Jock was forgetting himself; an accident which often happened to him.

Sunday, and partly because the preacher happened to be Jock-at-a-venture. That Jock should have been appointed, on the "plan" (rota of preachers) to discourse in the principal chapel of the connection at such an important feast showed what extraordinary progress he had already made in the appreciation of that small public of experts which aided the parson in drawing up the quarterly plan. At the hands of the larger public his reception was sure. Some sixteen hundred of the larger public had crammed themselves into the chapel, and there was not an empty place either on the ground floor or in the galleries. Even the "orchestra" (as the "singing seat" was then called) had visitors in addition to the choir and the double-bass players. And not a window was open. At that date it had not occurred to people that fresh air was not a menace to existence. The whole congregation was sweltering, and rather enjoying it: for in some strangely subtle manner perspiration seemed to be a help to religious emotion. Scores of women were fanning themselves; and among them was a very stout peony-faced woman of about forty in a gorgeous yellow dress and a red-and-black bonnet, with a large boy and a small girl under one arm, and a large boy and a small girl under the other arm. The splendor of the group appeared somewhat at odds with the penury of the "Free Seats" whither it had been conducted by a steward.

In the pulpit, dominating all, was Jock-at-a-venture, who sweated like the rest. He presented a rather noble aspect in his broad-cloth, so different from his careless shabby week-day attire. His eye was lighted; his arm raised in a compelling gesture. Pausing effectively; he lifted a glass with his left hand and sipped. It was the signal that he had arrived at his peroration. His perorations were famous. And this morning everybody felt, and he himself knew, that all previous perorations were to be surpassed. His subject was the wrath to come, and the transient quality of human life on earth.

"Yea," he announced in gradually increasing thunder, "all shall go. And loike the baseless fabric o' a vision, the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself—yea, I say, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, and, like this insubstantial payjent faded, leave not a rack behind."

His voice had fallen for the last words. After a dramatic silence, he finished, in a whisper almost, with eyebrows raised and staring gaze directed straight at the vast

V

THE Bethesda was crowded on Sunday morning; partly because it was Martinmas

woman in yellow: "We are such stuff as drames are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep. May God have mercy on us. Hymn 442."

The effect was terrific. Men sighed and women wept, in relief that the strain was past. Jock was an orator; he wielded the orator's dominion. Well he knew, and well they all knew, that not a professional preacher in the five towns could play on a congregation as he did. For when Jock was roused you could nigh see the waves of emotion sweeping across the upturned faces of his hearers like waves across a wheat field on a windy day.

And this morning he had been roused.

VI

BUT in the vestry after the service he met enemies, in the shape and flesh of the chapel steward and the circuit steward, Mr. Brett and Mr. Hanks respectively. Both these important officials were local preachers, but unfortunately their godliness did not protect them against the ravages of jealousy. Neither of them could stir a congregation nor even fill a country chapel.

"Brother Smith," said Jabez Hanks, shutting the door of the vestry. He was a tall man with a long grayish beard and no mustache. "Brother Smith, it is borne in upon me and my brother here to ask ye a question."

"Ask!" said Jock.

"Were them yer own words—about cloud-capped towers and baseless fabrics and the like? I ask ye civilly."

"And I answer ye civilly. They were," replied Jock.

"Because I have here," said Jabez Hanks maliciously, "Dod's 'Beauties of Shakespeare,' where I find them very same words, taken from a stage-play called 'The Tempest.'"

Jock went a little pale as Jabez Hanks opened the book.

"They may be Shakespeare's words, too," said Jock lightly.

"A fortnight ago, at Moorthorne Chapel, I suspected it," said Jabez.

"Suspected what?"

"Suspected ye o' quoting Shakespeare in our pulpits."

"And cannot a man quote in a sermon? Why, Jabez Hanks, I've heard ye quote Matthew Henry by the fathom."

"Ye've never heard me quote a stage play in a pulpit, Brother Smith," said Jabez Hanks majestically. "And as long as I'm chapel steward it wunno' be tolerated in this chapel."

"Wunner it?" Jock put in defiantly.

"It's a defiling of the Lord's temple; that's what it is!" Jabez Hanks continued. "Ye make out as ye're against stage plays at the fair, and yet ye come here and mouth 'em in a Christian pulpit. *You* agen stage plays! Weren't yer seen talking by the hour to one o' them trulls, Friday night? And weren't ye seen pepping through th' canvas last night? And now——"

"Now what?" Jock inquired, approaching Jabez on his springy toes, and looking up at Jabez' great height.

Jabez took breath. "Now ye bring yer fancy women into the house o' God! You—a servant o' Christ, *you*——"

Jock-at-a-venture interrupted the sentence with his darting fist, which seemed to lift Jabez from the ground by his chin, and then to let him fall in a heap, as though his clothes had been a sack containing loose bones.

"A good day to ye, Brother Brett," said Jock, reaching for his hat, and departing with a slam of the vestry door.

He emerged at the back of the chapel, and got by "back entries" into Aboukir Street, up which he strolled with a fine show of tranquillity as far as the corner of Trafalgar Road, where stood and stands the great Dragon Hotel. The congregations of several chapels were dispersing slowly round about this famous corner, and Jock had to salute several of his own audience. Then suddenly he saw Mrs. Clowes and her four youngest children enter the taproom door of the Dragon.

He hesitated one second, and followed the variegated flotilla and its convoy.

The taproom was fairly full of both sexes. But among them Jock and Mrs. Clowes and her children were the only persons who had been to church or chapel.

"Here's preacher, mother!" Kezia whispered, blushing, to Mrs. Clowes.

"Eh," said Mrs. Clowes, turning very amiably. "It's never you, mester! It was that hot in that chapel we're all on us dying of thirst. . . . Four gills and a pint, please!" (This to the tapster).

"And give me a pint," said Jock desperately.

They all sat down, familiarly. That a mother should take her children into a public house and give them beer, and on a Sunday of all days, and immediately after a sermon! That a local preacher should go direct from the vestry to the gin palace and there drink ale with a strolling player! These phenomena were simply and totally inconceivable! And yet Jock was in presence of them, assisting at them, positively acting in them! And in spite



He stepped nimbly—he was a fine walker—but none the less his breath came short and quick, for he had been making haste up a steepish hill in order to overtake the van

of her enormities, Mrs. Clowes still struck him as a most agreeable, decent, kindly, motherly woman—quite apart from her handsomeness. And her offspring, each hidden to the eyes behind a mug, were a very well-behaved lot of children.

"It does me good," said Mrs. Clowes, quaffing. "And ye need sommut to keep ye up in these days! We did 'Belphegor,' and 'The Witch' and a harlequinade last night. And not one o' these children got to bed before half after midnight. But I was determined to have 'em at chapel this morning. And not sorry I am I went! Eh, mester, what a Virginius you'd ha' made! I never heard preaching like it—not as I've heard much!"

"And you'll never hear anything like it again, missis," said Jock. "For I've preached my last sermon."

"Nay, nay!" Mrs. Clowes deprecated.

"I've preached my last sermon," said Jock again. "And if I've saved a soul wi' it, missis. . . ." He looked at her steadily, and then drank.

"I won't say as you haven't," said Mrs. Clowes, lowering her eyes.

VII

RATHER less than a week later, on a darkening night, a van left the town of Bursley by the Moorthorne Road on its way to Axe-in-the-Moors, which is the metropolis of the wild wastes that cut off northern Staffordshire from Derbyshire. This van was the last of Mrs. Clowes' caravansary, and almost the last to leave the fair. Owing to popular interest in the events of Jock-at-a-venture's public career, in whose meshes Mrs. Clowes had somehow got caught, the booth of Mrs. Clowes had succeeded beyond any other booth, and had kept open longer and burned more naphtha and taken far more money. The larger vans of the stout lady's enterprise (there were three in all) had gone forward in advance, with all her elder children and her children-in-law and her grandchildren, and the heavy wood and canvas of the booth. Mrs. Clowes, transacting her own business herself, from habit, invariably brought up the rear of her procession out of a town; and sometimes her leisurely manner of settling with the town authorities for water, ground space, and other necessary commodities, left her several miles behind her tribe.

The mistress' van, though it would not compare with the glorious vehicles that showmen put upon the road in these days, was a roomy and dignified specimen, and about as

good as money could then buy. The front portion consisted of a parlor and kitchen combined, and at the back was a dormitory. In the dormitory Kezia, Sapphira, and the youngest of their brothers, were sleeping hard. In the parlor and kitchen sat Mrs. Clowes, warmly enveloped, holding the reins with her right hand, and a shabby paper-covered book in her left hand. The book was the celebrated play "The Gamester," and Mrs. Clowes was studying therein the rôle of *Dulcibel*. Not a rôle for which Mrs. Clowes was physically fitted; but her prolific daughter, Hephzibah, to whom it appertained by prescription, could not possibly play it any longer, and would indeed be incapacitated from any rôle whatever for at least a month! And the season was not yet over; for folk were hardier in those days.

The reins stretched out from the careless hand of Mrs. Clowes and vanished through a slit between the double doors, which had been fixed slightly open. Mrs. Clowes' gaze, penetrating now and then the slit, could see the gleam of her lamp's rays on a horse's flank. The only sounds were the hoof falls of the horse, the crunching of the wheels on the wet road, the occasional rattle of a vessel in the racks when the van happened to descend violently into a rut, and the steady murmur of Mrs. Clowes' voice rehearsing the grandiloquence of the part of *Dulcibel*.

And then there was another sound, which Mrs. Clowes did not notice until it had been repeated several times; the cry of a human voice out on the road:

"Missis!"

She opened wide the doors of the van, and looked prudently forth. Naturally, inevitably, Jock-at-a-venture was trudging alongside, level with the horse's tail! He stepped nimbly—he was a fine walker—but none the less his breath came short and quick; for he had been making haste up a steepish hill in order to overtake the van. And he carried a bundle and a stick in his hands, and on his head a superb but heavy beaver hat.

"I'm going your way, missis," said Jock.

"Seemingly," agreed Mrs. Clowes, with due caution.

"Cawst gi' us a lift?" he asked.

"And welcome!" she said, her face changing like a flash to suit the words.

"Nay, ye needna' stop!" shouted Jock.

In an instant he had leaped easily up into the van, and was seated by her side therein on the children's stool.

"That's a hat—to travel in!" observed Mrs. Clowes.

Jock removed the hat, examined it lovingly, and replaced it.

"I couldn't ha' left it behind," said he, with a sigh, and continued rapidly in another voice: "Missis, we'n seen a pretty good lot of each other this wik, and yet ye slips off o' this'n, without saying good-by, nor a word about yer soul!"

Mrs. Clowes heaved her enormous breast, and shook the reins.

"I've had my share of trouble," she remarked mysteriously.

"Tell me about it, missis!"

And lo! in a moment, lured on by his smile she was telling him quite familiarly about the ailments of her younger children, the escapades of her unmarried daughter aged fifteen, the surliness of one of her sons-in-law, the budding dishonesty of the other, the perils of infant life, and the need of repainting the big van, and getting new pictures for the front of the booth. Indeed, all the worries of a queen of the road!

"And I'm so fat!" she said. "And yet I'm not forty, and sha'n't be for two year—and me a grandmother!"

"I knowed it!" Jock exclaimed.

"If I wasn't such a heap o' flesh——"

"Ye're the grandest heap o' flesh as I ever set eyes on. and I'm telling ye!" Jock interrupted her.

VIII

THEN there were disconcerting sounds out in the world beyond the van. The horse stopped. The double doors were forced open from without, and a black figure, with white eyes in a black face, filled the doorway. The van had passed through the mining village of Moorthorne, and this was one of the marauding colliers on the outskirts thereof. When the colliers had highroad business in the night they did not trouble to wash their faces after work. The coal dust was a positive aid to them, for it gave them a most useful resemblance to the devil.

Jock-at-a-venture sprang up as though launched from a catapult.

"Is it thou, Jock?" cried the collier, astounded.

"Ay, lad!" said Jock briefly.

And caught the collier a blow under the chin that sent him flying into the obscurity of the night. Other voices sounded in the road. Jock rushed to the doorway, taking a pistol from his pocket. And Mrs. Clowes, all dithering like a jelly, heard shots. The horse started into a gallop. The reins escaped from the hands of the mistress, but Jock secured them, and lashed the horse to greater speed with the loose ends of them.

"I've saved thee, missis!" he said later. "I give him a regular lifter under the gob, same as I give Jabez, Sunday. But where's the sense of a lone woman wandering about dark roads of a night wi' a pack of childer? . . . Them childer 'ud ha' slept through th' battle o' Trafalgar," he added.

Mrs. Clowes wept.

"Well may you say it!" she murmured. "And it's not the first time as I've been set on!"

"Thou'rt nowt but a girl, for all thy flesh and thy grandchilder!" said Jock. "Dry thy eyes, or I'll dry 'em for thee!"

She smiled in her weeping. It was an invitation to him to carry out his threat.

And while he was drying her eyes for her, she asked:

"How far are ye going? Axe?"

"Ay! And beyond! Can I act, I ask ye? Can I fight, I ask ye? Can ye do without me, I ask ye, you a lone woman? And yer soul, as is mine to save?"

"But that business o' yours at Bursley?"

"Here's my bundle," he said. "And here's my best hat. And I've money and a pistol in my pocket. The only thing I've clean forgot is my cornet; but I'll send for it and I'll play it at my wedding. I'm Jock-at-a-venture."

And while the van was rumbling in the dark night across the waste and savage moorland, and while the children were sleeping hard at the back of the van, and while the crockery was restlessly clinking in the racks and the lamps swaying, and while he held the reins; the thin, lithe, graying man contrived to take into his arms the vast and amiable creature whom he desired. And the van became a vehicle of high romance.



A THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE MILITARY CABAL.

Sir Francis Vane—hater of war, enemy of false patriotism, and creator of the World Scout idea. Seeing that the Boy Scouts were becoming a military training school, he began to teach Universal Brotherhood to boys all over the world. Decorated for distinguished service in South Africa, he came back and wrote a book scoring England's war policy.

“WORLD SCOUTS”

A *New Movement that has Enlisted Thousands of Boys in England and Europe; Its Leader and how He Uses the Boy's Thirst for Chivalrous Adventure to Noble Ends*

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Author of "The Things That Are Caesar's"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH PICTURES BY
GEORGE WRIGHT

DURING the first week of September, two vastly important meetings were held on opposite sides of the English Channel.

On the north side of the Channel, at Portsmouth, the British Association, fifteen hundred strong, met to consider the world's supply of *energy* and the problem of what to do with it.

On the south side, at Hadelot, near Boulogne, a camp of eighty boys came together in the interest of the world's supply of *manhood*, and the problem of making it as good as possible.

It was a camp of Scouts, who had gone over from England under the leadership of Sir Francis Vane, for a week's outing.

I had seen Scouts in England, sometimes marching and countermarching by squads in the parks, sometimes by twos and threes in the busy parts of the city, apparently scouting the streets. I noticed that they always walked fast and seemed to be intent on something; also, that they looked a bit happier and brighter than English children usually do. But I paid no particular attention to them, because I was not interested.

Like everyone else I had looked into the Scout movement when it first came out, but I could not see much in it except a sort of kindergarten for militarism, so I promptly lost interest. The Scout principles were good, but in the background there was always the idea that war and fighting—fighting other people—are inevitable and often praiseworthy. It was this tacit acceptance of

war as a commonplace of life that made me think the Scout movement was likely to do a great deal more harm than good. At the head of the movement were Lord Roberts, General Baden-Powell, Lord Charles Beresford and others like them—a first-class military cabal. I doubted whether these men were fitted to give a proper educational direction to a movement of boys. In fact, I was sure they were not. Then, too, I knew that the South African war had made England very nervous about her future fighting stock,—and the Scouts were being trained to arms and told by their leaders that “we know for whom we are preparing!” So I decided that as far as civilization was concerned, the Scout movement was detrimental and retarding.

But one morning I read in the London papers an account of a thirteen-year-old boy who had gone into a burning house and carried out a baby. The little fellow took a risk that grown-ups would not take. It was one of the bravest, finest things I ever heard of. The baby's father offered him a reward, but he refused it, saying: “No, it is my job,—I'm a World Scout.”

That got me interested again. I had never heard of that kind of thing being part of a Scout's job. I noticed, too, that the small hero called himself a *World Scout*. That sounded better.

I had been done to death with the insurmountable, cramping insularity of England and it was a comfort to hear of the word *world* in an English mouth. I began to think

that either I had overlooked something or that there were two kinds of Scouts; and I presently found out that there are indeed two kinds of Scouts, differing precisely on those issues which had influenced my own interest.

There are the Boy Scouts—we have thousands of them in the United States—and the World Scouts. The points of difference are these:

The Boy Scout is trained to believe in two artificial, false, old-fashioned and utterly exploded ideas—ideas that the world has no use for. First, he is taught to believe in the existence of a large class of beings called *foreigners*. Second, that it is normal, right, and above all very glorious and interesting to oppose these beings occasionally in the institution called *warfare*.

The World Scout, on the other hand, is in these respects not trained at all. He is simply allowed and encouraged to keep the natural, true, clear vision of human beings that he was born with. He is permitted to grow up in the plain natural truth that there are no *foreigners*, and that warfare—modern warfare—is neither glorious nor interesting, but, on the contrary, very sordid and stupid.

Let us leave Scout history a moment and take a little gossiping detour around these two ideas, to see whether the World Scouts are building on a sound foundation.

We have always heard of *foreigners*. For most of us the world is divided into two classes—*foreigners* and folks. But did you ever ask yourself the simple question, *What is a foreigner?* Wherein do foreigners really and vitally differ from folks?

I asked myself that question first a couple of years ago, when I was seeing more or less of the shirt-waist strike in New York. The strikers were *foreigners*—so the papers said—but I got rather well acquainted with a number of them and discovered that they were so much like folks that I could not tell the difference. For all I could see, they were just like anybody else. So I could not answer my own question.

Then I went to the men of science, the travelers, and found them the worst people of all to go to, because they answered all kinds of questions except the one I wanted answered. I learned all about clothes and languages and social customs and so forth, but never a word did I find to tell me what a foreigner is, or what there is in his nature that makes him different from you or me.

Science has that way of disappointing you. I remember perhaps ten years ago I wanted

a plain answer to the question, *What is a criminal?*—because I had been hearing so much just then about *the criminal class*. So I went to the criminologists—Lombroso, Laschi, Garofalo and others—and read their books. They told me all about the shape of men's ears and the influence of hot and cold weather, and heredity, and a great many other things, but they did not tell me what a criminal is, or what the criminal class is, and I have never found out to this day; though I have asked many lawyers too, and after a great deal of talk and argument, it always turned out that they did not know.

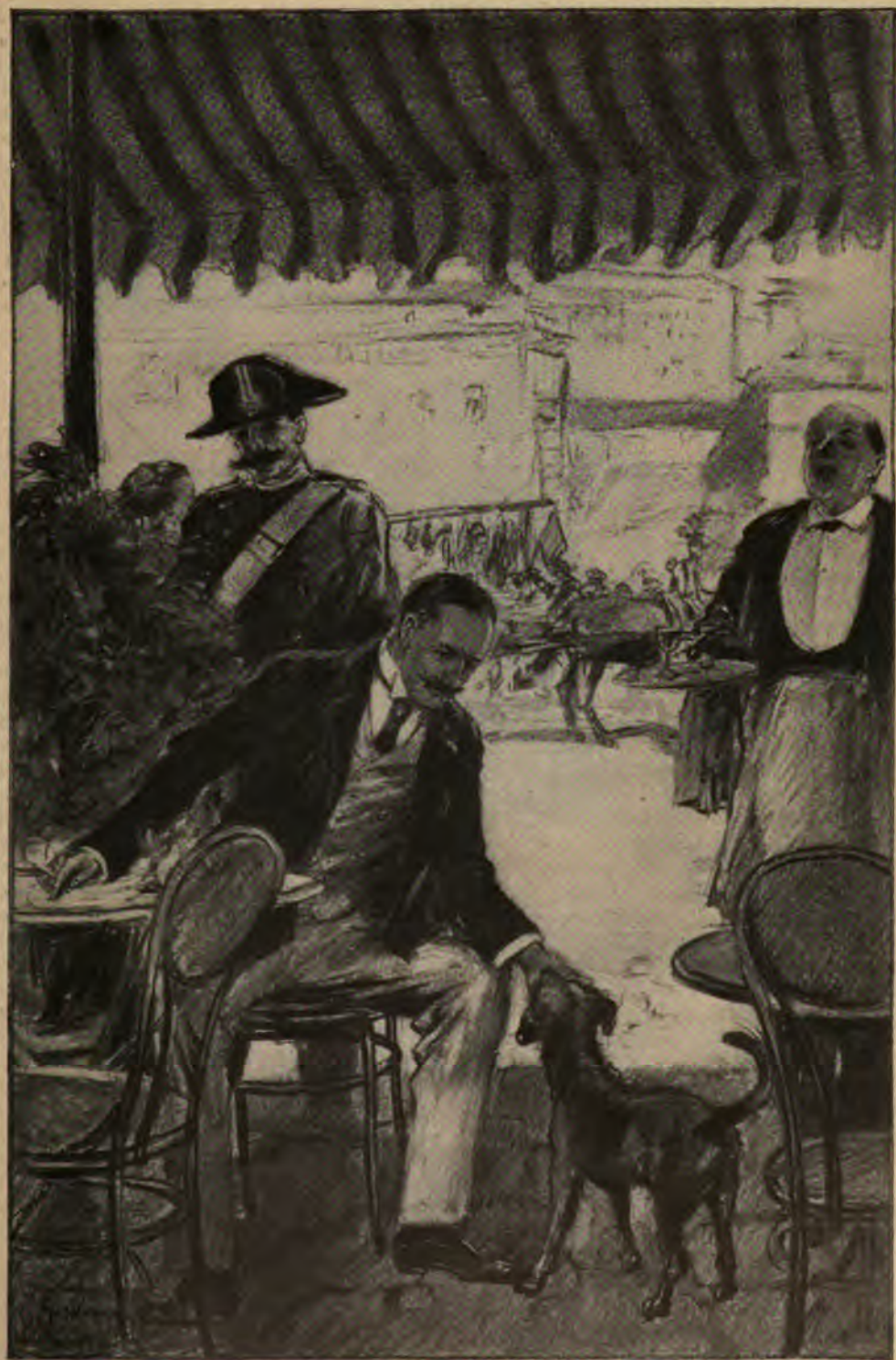
No more did the scientific travelers tell me what a foreigner is. So when it came my turn to do a little traveling, I thought I would find out for myself. English-speaking people kept talking to me about "picturesque foreigners," "interesting foreigners," "beastly foreigners." So I was greatly keyed up to see for myself what foreigners were like, and I was told that Naples was just the place to see them.

Almost the first thing I noticed in Naples was a dog. He came up to my table at a sidewalk café, sat down, cocked his ear and declared himself. I spoke to him in English and he moved his tail faintly. Then I tried him in Italian and we became fast friends at once. He seemed to me just like an American dog, and for his part did not appear to trouble himself about my "foreign extraction." We had a first-rate visit together and were both frankly sorry when it came time to part.

Then I went out to the park where the Aquarium is, and found a horde of children playing. They seemed as natural and homelike as though I had met them in Central Park, and when I offered to take a hand in their sport, they swarmed around me in droves, as friendly as children could be. It was impossible for me to differentiate them from American children except by language, which is a very superficial matter.

To make a long story short, I have had this identical experience with adults, children, dogs, cats, horses, and chickens all over Italy, France and England. I am still unable to answer the question, *What is a foreigner?*

Now, suppose the United States should get involved in the present trouble between Italy and Turkey: I would be supposed to go and help shoot people whom I have found to be precisely like myself and my neighbors in my home town, and who have been kind and good to me without exception.



WHAT IS A FOREIGNER?

"He seemed to me just like an American dog, and for his part did not appear to trouble himself about my 'foreign extraction'"

One would not want to do that. So long as one believes there are foreigners, one would perhaps as lief shoot them as not. But when one finds that the people he supposed were foreigners are really not foreigners but folks, one looks at it differently.

I have gone through all this to show that when one gets done explaining *foreigners*, one finds that one has gone only in a big circle back to the attitude of mind that one was born with. A child does not know the difference between a *foreigner* and anybody else. He does not know it because there *is* no difference. The person or society that tries to teach him that there is a difference, does a great wrong against nature, a wrong that it may take him a lifetime to right, if indeed he ever rights it.

The World Scout is allowed to go on looking at people as they really are, and to take them as he finds them, which is the right way to take them; not as he thinks they must be or ought to be. A boy will keep that point of view easily, if he is permitted, because it is natural to him. This explains part of the great success of the World Scouts.

The World Scout, too, is permanently enlisted for peace, not by having peace preached to him, for that could not interest him a moment. But as he is allowed to see the plain simple truth about human beings, so he is allowed to see the plain truth about war. As he learns that society tries to deceive him about the difference between foreigners and folks, so he finds that society puts up a shocking deception on him about war.

Boys can be easily taught to like the idea of war, because of their instinct of chivalry and their instinct of adventure. Every boy is born a knight-errant; always a-doing in

quest of stirring experience. Hence mischief oftentimes. You can lay finger on nothing in all the immortal knavery of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer that is not traceable straightway to those two instincts of chivalry and adventure. They are born with the boy, born with his inestimable blessing of imagination and "pretending," and they

control him until they are evaporated by the dusty atmosphere of these unchivalrous days.

The idea of war fascinates him, *if he is properly lied to about it*. Hence society gets up a system of lies, exactly calculated to hoodwink the boy's instincts of chivalry and adventure. The uniforms and music, the pageantry and gorgeousness of war—these all speak of splendid adventure and are all lies. The political excuses that nations put up when they declare war—"benevolent protectors," "training people for self-government," "the white man's burden," and such like,—all these

speak of splendid chivalry, and they are all lies.

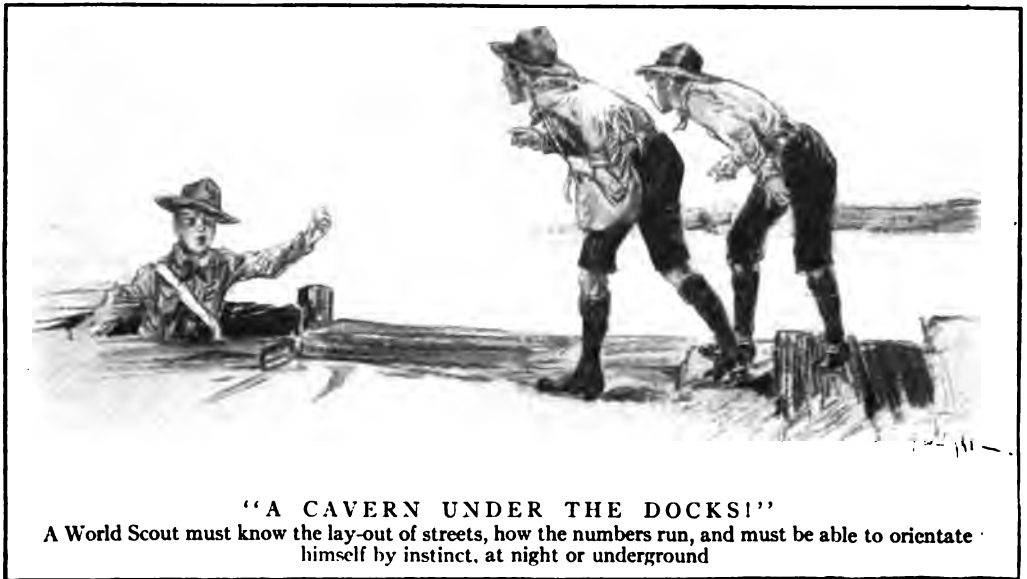
The World Scout is allowed to see modern warfare as it really is. Not a fight against foreigners and enemies, because there are no foreigners, and those we call foreigners are not enemies, but quite the opposite. Not an adventure in chivalry, because there is no more real adventure or glory of chivalry in modern war than there is in going out into the backyard and shooting the cow.

Arthur's knights would fare forth looking for the Holy Grail or questing adventure in behalf of weakness oppressed or beauty captive. The Crusaders went out to free the sepulchre of the Saviour. This was real chivalry and real adventure, and the story of it warms the cockles of a boy's heart, because it is a disinterested, aboveboard ap-



THE SCOUT-ERRANT

World Scouts go into the city streets, in search of chivalrous adventure: to pilot some old woman over a crowded crossing; to rescue an animal from cruelty; —to save a life



peal to an instinct that is true, right and natural.

But would Arthur's knights buckle up and get busy because the American trusts wanted to exploit the Philippine Islands, or a handful of freebooters wanted to dig diamonds in South Africa, or some German manufacturers wanted to peddle their knick-knacks around Morocco?

When your ten-year-old boy gets through reading Sir Thomas Malory, ask him that question and watch him grin from ear to ear. He will think you have gone crazy. So, too, if we had kept his clear, natural view of things as they are, would we think our governments were crazy—or criminal.

When Tristram or Launcelot met the oppressor of innocence or the jailer of beauty, they met face to face a lance-length apart, and somebody had to take the dust. They knew each other and knew what the trouble was. And each knew which was right and which was wrong. This was adventure.

But would Tristram or Launcelot see any adventure in roosting all day behind a pile of mud, while an invisible man half a mile away took pot-shots at him with a high-power rifle—a man, mind, that he had never seen or heard of before, who had nothing against him and no particular interest in the cause of war, and ten chances to one was a first-rate fellow whom one could not help liking if one tried?

England has begun equipping with a gun that will carry twenty-one miles—so the papers say. How Simon de Montfort would

enjoy a siege nowadays! The naval end of it carried on at twenty-one miles range! Can you imagine him directing the movements of a land-force that he cannot see, from a tent so far away that he can scarcely hear the rifle-fire of the battle? Imagine Roland or Bayard four miles to the rear, moving invisible troops by telegraph and getting reports from aeroplane-scouts with a wireless attachment.

Put in a stock-ticker and the base-ball returns and the whole picture is alive with chivalry and adventure—reeks with it.

Well, all this—the simple unvarnished truth about modern war—is what the World Scout is permitted to go on seeing.

Now, being turned off from following a false ideal of chivalry, the Scout learns indirectly how to get at the true. Scouts are started out in twos and threes, as I was continually seeing them in the London streets, to find something good that needs doing and do it. Perhaps it is some old woman that needs to be piloted over a crowded crossing; perhaps a cat or dog to be rescued from cruelty; perhaps a child to be fished out of the Thames. (I read of several such rescues by the Scouts.) Scouts beat out the heather-fires that were started in this summer of record heat and drought. The case of the child rescued from the fire is in point. The Scout was looking for anything that was in his line, the opportunity came,—a very serious one,—and he was on the job.

The everlasting love of adventure, the fun of never knowing what is going to turn up—

that is what holds the Scouts to their work. Anyone who realizes what a hunting, trailing, yes, in a good sense, gambling creature a boy is by nature, can see at once how efficient the motive is. All the strongest factors of boy-life come into play,—the "gang-instinct," emulation, imitation, competition,—all work powerfully together for good, if the good is once seen to be (as again, it really is) an *adventure*.

But the World Scout soon finds out that if he wants to be efficient in the game of chivalry, he must train for it. A hard body, a quick and active mind and a tender heart—he can't do business without them. And he *will* train—because he has an incentive, and an *immediate* incentive. Not the prospect of distinguishing himself in some remotely possible war with France ten years hence—his chance to distinguish himself may come to-morrow. A runaway horse might break loose at four this afternoon, or a child fall in the river at sundown. So he digs in and trains with might and main.

There are some curious features in their training. I saw several Scouts running in and out of the Underground station at the Bank—appearing and disappearing like prairie dogs. I found that they were training their sense of direction. The Bank station is a maze—our Grand Central subway station is nothing to it. These little chaps would get their bearings, dive down this labyrinth and run around it this way and that and box the compass as they went.

Scouts know the time of trains in their towns, the route of street cars, the lay-out of streets and how the numbers run, the best way to stop a runaway horse, the elements of first-aid, how to swim and run properly and what to do with an incipient fire.

They learn how to look after themselves in the open—how to build a brush tent, cook, sew, how to know birds, herbs, trees, in a practical way. They spend as much time as possible outdoors and in camp. They are not trained in the use of weapons because they never expect to need them.

So much for what the Scouts are; now a word about their history, most of which turns on the personality of one man,—the most remarkable and interesting man that I had the fortune to meet in all Europe.

This is Sir Francis Vane, sixth in line from the Sir Harry Vane of Cromwell's time, who had a foot in both worlds, having held office in England and afterwards in New England as Governor of Massachusetts. Sir Francis Vane is an aristocrat of the purest type, by

birth, appearance, manner, intelligence, and, at the same time, one of the best democrats living.

There is a point where aristocracy and democracy merge and become indistinguishable. This point is called *noblesse oblige*, and Sir Francis Vane is always at that point. All of him is there all the time. That is why boyhood takes him in at once and will stick to him as long as there is any of him left. He is tall, soldierly, fine-looking. He volunteered for service in the South African war, went through it with credit—two medals and five crosses—and having done his duty by his country, went home and wrote his book, *Pax Britannica in South Africa*, in which he takes the skin off his country's war policy in fifty places at once. He can write, indeed. If his lucidity and logic is a legacy from his ancestor, no wonder Cromwell cried, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane."

English men and women keep all their emotions but one in the marrow of their bones. Their diffidence is outside, but otherwise their soul is nowhere near their skin. One digs and blasts at the barrier of their intense personal reserve until the moment of imminent despair,—when suddenly it crumbles of itself and the universal human is revealed.

Sir Francis is no exception. He put a monocle in his eye when I approached him. I never knew what monocles were for, or why people wore them, until I came to England. They are the best first-aid to the diffident that ever was invented, because they so completely disengage your attention from the personality of those who wear them. I have a great respect for the monocle now because it affords a shy man as complete a relief from scrutiny as though he stepped behind a screen.

Sir Francis gave me the history of the World Scout movement. He was the principal organizer of the original Scouts in 1903, with General Baden-Powell. But seeing the movement captured by the military cabal and fast degenerating into mere Lilliputian militarism,—the cradle class of an English army,—he branched off and organized the new body.

Not as an inimical organization, however, nor even as rivals in a secular sense, because, as he says, there must be brotherhood between Scouts of all orders, as long as they keep the Scout law. In fact, the relations between the Boy Scouts and the World Scouts are curiously close and cordial. Sir Francis Vane has simply put up the world-ideal of brotherhood and universal service



A SENSATIONAL SCOUT-RESCUE

A World Scout in his early teens, sniffing around the great docks for adventure, unaided pulled out of the Thames a man and woman who were drowning. He refused all reward



LEARNING TO BE AT HOME IN THE WATER

A boatful of World Scouts off for a day's water-training. Like the Boy Scout, the World Scout must be able to swim, handle a boat, and save life in the water; but unlike him, the World Scout prepares for Universal Peace, and not for War

alongside the ideal of insularity and militarism, and let the two speak for themselves.

It has been a wonderful success. In the few months of their existence, the muster-roll has gone up to fifty thousand, and growing daily by shoals. There are World Scouts of England, Australia, France, Germany, even of Russia. Mr. Slobodyanikov, Master of the First Classical Gymnasium at Kherson, was in London in July and addressed a Scout parade at Southwark. Italy has Scout corps in thirty-five cities and villages. The King of Italy reviewed them recently, and many of the most prominent Italians are engaged in the movement. The peace sentiment is strong in Italy, and the Scout idea takes hold at once.

The movement in France had a setback. Two years ago, members of the French Peace Society proposed that the English Scouts should "invade" France. Accordingly it was arranged that about six thousand of them should land in three "armies" at Dieppe, Havre and Cherbourg and march on Paris, uniting at Versailles. All the leading French educationalists welcomed the scheme, and thousands of boys from the United Gymnastic Societies were to meet them on the march. Then, as Sir Francis said, "some

silly fools who did not know what Scouts are—and I cannot be sure whether they were French or English—went to the French government and protested against 'six thousand English boy-spies' being landed in France."

Somehow that absurdity prevailed: and so in France, the most chivalrous and acutely intelligent country in Europe, and hence the most likely country for Scouts, it was only the other day, at the historic September camp near Boulogne, that the movement was inaugurated.

It was inaugurated, too, by conspicuous sacrifice and heroism. Robert Utley, a twelve-year-old Scout, was drowned one morning in spite of the noble efforts of his brother Scouts. This mournful incident attracted the sympathetic attention of all France as nothing else would have done. The little fellow's sad death was fruitful for the movement.

There are Scout corps in South Africa carrying as many as six nationalities in the same company,—Boers, English, "Doppers," Kaffirs, Zulus and Portuguese. In England, there are several Quaker companies.

The World Scouts publish a weekly paper, at present a modest six-page sheet, without advertising matter: but by the time this

article is published, it will have changed to magazine-form. It will represent a very neat bit of journalistic enterprise. There is at present no good child's paper in Italy, and France is hardly up to the mark. The Scouts propose to turn their periodical into a first-class general child's magazine, with the Scout idea still to the front, of course—and print it in three languages. There is good sense in that idea and ought to be good money.

I said that Sir Francis Vane could write, and I cannot rest satisfied without showing a few examples of how he writes in his weekly column of the Scout paper. There are few men in England who can see as clearly and describe what they see as plainly and effortlessly as Sir Francis Vane.

During Coronation Week, he was in camp with two companies of Scouts from Southwark. This is what he says:

"We lived a simple life and avoided a pageant, though we did not miss it, because we made our own pageant as we went and found our own adventures where we were. To my knowledge, a lame dog was succoured, a child was assisted, a baby mouse was saved, and a fallen birdling protected. Moreover, an excellent clergyman was instructed and an experienced General Officer was shown a new phase of life.

"Such a record was perhaps as valuable an education as seeing a show which, though picturesque, must inevitably have been grotesque and unreal because in it, everyone, from the King downward, was pretending to be something that he was not and wearing clothes which, while sometimes gaudy, were in no instance practical.

"No Soldier in this Imperial Show of Force would have dared to fight in the uniform he wore at the Coronation; no statesman would have dared to speak in his dress or he would have broken his buttons; and the Earl Marshal, whose work is really a sort of Medieval Referee in Battle, and the Bishop, who bears as an honor a crook (crosier) as a mark of being a shepherd of his people, could not have done much work of shepherding among God's poor in the costume he wore.

"No, the thing was unreal. The only reality is in doing what God wanted us to do in the costume most appropriate for our calling."

Here are his plain words about the future boy:

"The young of all classes have been treated as babies, or as potential criminals, to be seen and not heard, to ask no questions, to be bottled up and prejudiced in every direction.



A SOLDIER IN A WORLD-WIDE PEACE ARMY

In less than two years existence the World Scouts have enrolled over 50,000 boys in five European countries. This is a picture of the first Italian World Scout, Pompeo Uomodarmi; in spite of his name ("Man-of-Arms") he is enrolled in a Peace army, and there is enormous significance for the future in that fact

"The World Scout does not want to be a Village Pumpist and allowed only to admire the architecture of that ancient structure; he wants to see the World and to see the people of the World.

"The World Scout will no longer have his mind compressed by bandages, much as the Chinese have their feet; he will break many bounds, God helping him, and as a young revolutionary, will make a newer and better world."

And this is the way he outlines the object of the movement:

"We, who are World Scouts, are out for *service and unity*. I ask you to think what little unity there has been in the past. Every silly ass has talked of brotherhood, and done nothing for it. Churches, Freemasons, political parties, have preached fraternity until the very name of the thing has become sloppy. Why is this? Because behind it there was no reality. It was a brotherhood of dogma, of the dinner table, of the pocket—always of the pocket. We, who are World Scouts, whether we are British Scouts, Italian Scouts, French or German, commence our work by first accepting the brotherhood of all. We commence it by the brotherhood of the young and the old, by preaching that only by the close intercourse of the young with the old can the young become wise and the old become sympathetic, enthusiastic and young in spirit.

"The first barrier to be broken down is the barrier between youth and age."

When one has read and scribbled away the years one should have spent in getting rich,—or helping someone else get rich,—one has at least the compensation of an interest in style. One gets a facility in picking out resemblances. Sir Francis' writing mightily re-

minds me, both in style and utterance, of a book that one cannot afford to pass unread—the *Letters of Labor and Love* that Golden Rule Jones addressed to his workmen in Toledo a decade ago. There is the same clear, direct vision of things as they are, and the same fashion of describing them,—true, artless, sometimes naïve, always energetic without exaggeration. For instance:

“It is the duty of every man to attempt to have done with war, if for no other reason than this, that war kills not only some of the best men, the men the world requires in peace, and the world wants them alive, not dead; but no less that war destroys not only the men in the field, but it starves out of existence thousands of the tender young at home by the depletion of the nation’s capital squandered in its operations.

“And I hold it as criminal, as profane, to allow a girl or boy to be brought up in the belief that war is inevitable, a part of the Divine Ordinance; for he who believes it so will, consciously or unconsciously, make it so; and in so doing he can have no true belief in the mercy of God.”

I appeal to my friend the Mayor of Toledo to say whether that passage does not irresistibly remind him of his friend and predecessor.

The original Scout movement was a stroke of genius, nothing else. All honor to Sir Robert Baden-Powell for it. His scheme was one of the few that light up the centuries. It interpreted the instincts and aspirations of boyhood and suggested the direction they should take. Too much cannot be said for it; it cannot be overpraised. But the collective selfishness that we miscall patriotism laid hold of it and drove it awry. Selfishness in boy, man or nation is bound to go wrong. Now the thing is, to show the organizers of the original Scout movement that they have made a false step. The ideal of patriotism to be set before boys is the ideal of the World Scouts,—an ideal that has no spark of racial animosity. Let the boys understand that the country has so many real enemies that it is a pity to waste time and strength against imaginary ones.

Let the boys keep the natural world-outlook that they were born with. Let them go on believing that Italian and Russian boys are not enemies, but friends; not foreigners, but folks. Because it *is so*. The “patriotic” separatist view is simply not straight—even if our public schools do implicitly teach it by their “patriotic” exercises. It is based on an enormous misunderstanding of fact. There are no foreigners, and no natural enemies.

Let the boys cultivate a chivalry that knows its real dragons and fights them. Let them find the rich mine of adventure that lies in relieving the oppressed, defense of the suffering, protection of the weak. Let them seek adventure in saving life rather than destroying it.

There is no place to do all this like America, no boys as well equipped for this world movement as our boys. We are not familiar with militarism; it is not part of our daily life, as it unfortunately is in other countries. We are a peace-loving people, and having troubles of our own, we don’t borrow our neighbors’. America, with its half million Boy Scouts already enrolled, is the very place to effect a substantial federation of the World Scouts with the original movement. American boys are the ones to say that the Boy Scout ideal is not half large enough or half progressive enough to suit them.

Commerce is teaching men so much about their fellow-men, and setting up so many close international relations that war is getting hard to start. The one permanent spiritual force in Socialism, too, is its valuable by-product of international fellowship and brotherhood.

Other less powerful factors come in besides, and the sum-total of pacific interests nowadays makes a nation think carefully and count closely before she goes to war.

Now, turn loose half a million American boys to scout the world in search of real chivalrous adventure,—imbued with the idea that the only way to abolish murder is to stop killing people, that the only way to promote friendship is to be friendly—and war would never have a second chance.

Those same boys would grow up to see the world’s navies on the scrap-heap, and its standing armies back at the wood-pile and the furrow, doing something useful.

And for leadership—one thinks at once of Mr. Roosevelt, that splendid natural human force hitherto content to spend itself upon the mere outside of all our problems, the mere machinery of social physics. What an opportunity for this magnificent energy, this imperial instinct of leadership at last to spiritualize itself and become a permanent world-resource!

I venture to ask Mr. Roosevelt whether he might not see his own way to a permanent place in the world’s history by leading the sturdy march of American childhood through paths of real chivalry and real adventure towards the pure ideal of childhood’s natural romance.

THE MAN IN THE CAGE

Editorial Announcement of a Series of Articles Describing *the Life and Labor of the Men behind the Bars*

BY JULIAN LEAVITT

Author of "Something for Nothing"

Of the many who broke the law in the year 1910 some 462,000 were caught, tried and put away in our many prisons.

We must remember that three-fourths of these persons are not habitual criminals. They are just people. They are the same kind of men, women and boys who live next door to us and work in the next office. They are in prison because of accidental and temporary circumstances of pressure or temptation. If you were to see them and talk with them, as we have talked with a number and as Mr. Leavitt has talked with hundreds, you would find that they are pathetically like the rest of the world.

**Most Prisoners
Just Like the
Rest of
the World**

What happens to them in prison? That question affects all of us more intimately than we suspect; for although these people are legally dead, all but a very small fraction will sooner or later find their way back into the stream of the common life. Will they enrich that stream or will they pollute it? Will they come out better or worse than they went in? Will they be good citizens and decent neighbors or confirmed criminals?

We all know what the old lease system of the South was. To-day the system is virtually dead, only two or three states retaining that ancient shame; but in its place has arisen, particularly in the North, a system which is actually less profitable to the state and quite as ruinous to the prisoner. This is the contract system. The state builds great factories, equips them with heat, light and power, fills them with helpless laborers, mans them with armed guards, then turns the plant over to an outsider for fifty or sixty cents a day for every man employed. Sometime the labor is sold for far less. In the many states where this system prevails, the contractor is virtually the manager of the prison. Often, to all intents and purposes, he owns it. At best, he has no human or moral interest in the prisoners. To him they are merely revenue-bearing animals, to be driven to the limit for profits.

What the plain consequences of this system are, to the prisoner himself, to his wife and children, to the taxpayer, to the tens of thou-

sands of working men and women who are directly affected by the competition of his unpaid slave labor, to the millions of consumers who buy the goods which he manufactures, to each and every one of us, will be told by Mr. Leavitt in the forthcoming series of articles. So cruel is the story in many respects that we hesitate to give its details before the articles themselves shall present their own evidence. We can only say that the facts presented by the writer are the results of the most painstaking investigation.

He has visited most of the institutions that he describes—some openly and officially as a delegate to the International Prison Congress which, in September, 1910, made a tour of the principal American prisons at the invitation of the federal government, and others secretly and under unusual circumstances. He has interviewed wardens and ex-wardens, convicts and ex-convicts, guards, keepers, contractors, criminologists and penologists, American and foreign—in short, all possible bearers of information. Yet so great is the difficulty of getting at the facts that the writer does not even claim to present the full story. No secrets are so well guarded as the secrets of the prison house. It is a

**A Walled
City**

walled city, with all intercourse carefully controlled. The "silent system" prevails everywhere. Not a visitor may come or go without permission; and if admitted he may see only what the guide will show him. Not a letter may come or go without being opened and censored. Not a basket or parcel may be taken in or out without inspection. The only men who know the facts of prison life are the prisoners themselves and their keepers. But the prisoners dare not speak and the keepers will not. And so great has been the power of the contractors that they have actually wormed their way into the highest offices and councils of the great prison reform associations of the country, where they pose as penologists and stifle many a movement for publicity at its very inception!

Perhaps no one ever will get that story. But we shall publish the facts that we have and that we are sure of, and shall be satisfied if we make only a breach in the wall of secrecy which surrounds the prison house. We believe that the prison should be a public hospital for sick souls, and not a private slave pen.

The articles are written with restraint and with never an attempt at artistry or a straining after effects; but because of its naturalness and simplicity the story leaves an indelible impress upon the mind of the reader. It is filled with facts and figures, readably presented, and with sharp-drawn incidents and conversations. It is a stirring, human story; and it has life and color.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Brief Accounts with Photographic Portraits of

Walt Mason

George E. Kessler

George William Hill

Mrs. J. T. Bowen

Rollo H. McBride

WALT MASON

ONE day more than a score of years ago, when Walt Mason was still in his teens, he placed his worldly goods in a handkerchief and set out from the Kansas farm on which he was working, in search of a job as a reporter. From boyhood he had written verse and the sight of some of his efforts in country papers determined him to forsake the plow.

He applied first at the office of the Leavenworth *Times*, of which Col. Dan Anthony, one of the fighting editors of the old school, was the owner, and was promptly and firmly turned down by the colonel. Disheartened, he was about to leave when he heard Anthony instruct one of his men to write an editorial removing the hide of a local political enemy. The aspiring journalist saw his chance, and waiting till the colonel had gone out he set down in an article all the scathing adjectives he knew.

When the editor returned a short time later Mason handed him what he had written. Colonel Anthony read with surprise.

"Who wrote this?" he asked when he had finished, and when he found out he said: "Why, you couldn't have done better if you had known the man all your life!"

The next day our young reporter began work, and he has been at it pretty steadily ever since. Jobs came easily after the first one, but it was not till four years ago that he found himself. One Fall day he drove into Emporia from Atchison in an old phaeton. He improvised a desk for his battered old typewriter out of a broken down sewing machine, and soon Emporia was laughing at and discussing the funny articles that the fat man with the bushy black hair in William Allen White's office was writing.

After a while there appeared in a border of stars at the top of the first page a lineless rhyme of a hundred words or so, touching upon some subject of local interest or giving

a bit of kindly philosophy in quaint English. Soon the rhymes were being copied in papers all over the country, and then a syndicate bought them. Now more than two hundred papers with a combined circulation of over ten million print them daily, so that Mason without doubt has the largest reading public of any writer in the country.

More remarkable than his work itself is his capacity for work. Until recently he started his day at 7.30 o'clock by going over a pile of exchanges and writing from one to six columns of editorial. That part of the day's task finished he edited telegraph till 3, and then followed an hour or more in which his daily prose poem and other verse and articles were written. At night he began again and before he quit he had usually done the work of three average men. And not one line had he written but was interesting reading. Fortunately the honor of being the most widely read poet carries with it the more substantial reward of being the best paid, and recently Mason has reduced his day's work to that of two ordinary men. He promises his friends that he will further reduce the volume, and that in the added leisure he will write some real poetry.

BROCK PEMBERTON.

Following is one of "Uncle" Walt Mason's "lineless rhymes":

Charles the First, with stately walk, made the journey to the block. As he paced the street along, silence fell upon the throng; from that throng there burst a sigh, for a king was come to die! Charles upon the scaffold stood, in his veins no craven blood; calm, serene, he viewed the crowd, while the headsmen said, aloud: "Cheer up, Charlie! Smile and sing! Death's a most delightful thing! I will cure your hacking cough, when I chop your headpiece off! Headache, toothache—they're a bore! You will never have them more! Cheer up, Charlie, dance and yell! Here's the axe, and all is well! I, though but a humble dub, represent the Sunshine Club, and our motto is worth while: 'Do Not Worry—Sing and Smile!' Therefore let us both be gay, as we do our stunt to-day; I to swing the shining axe, you to take a few swift whacks. Lumpty-doodle, lumpty-ding, do not worry, smile and sing!"

 GEORGE E. KESSLER

IN the early '90s Kansas City reached the stage in its development that many families pass through when they begin to realize that having acquired some decent rugs and furniture it is time to keep the lawn mowed and to remodel the house. The frontier town had become a hustling business center. But it was still unkempt and ugly. Its realization of the fact under the powerful hammering of the *Kansas City Star* led to the establishing of a park commission with legislation making it possible to tax land in a benefit district for the acquisition of parks and boulevards. This commission, directed by a president of large vision, the late A. R. Meyer, outlined a comprehensive system of parks with boulevards connecting them. To work out the plan the commission picked George E. Kessler, a young landscape architect.

Kessler was an American of German birth, just turned thirty. When he was a youngster his family had moved to the United States and settled in Texas. The boy was always interested in flowers and in gardening, and his mother, with a woman's insight, decided that he must be trained for landscape work. So in spite of the fact that few Americans had ever heard of landscape architects then, except perhaps in New York and Boston, he was sent back to Germany to study in the grand ducal gardens of Weimar. From there he went to the royal gardens in Potsdam and the Polytechnic in Charlottenburg, and after the training was finished, to Kansas City.

The commission from the park board gave Kessler his first big chance. He grasped the wonderful possibilities of the situation. Here was an overgrown village spread over hills and valleys and bounded on two sides by high bluffs overlooking the winding Missouri and its tributary, the Kaw. The high points had given opportunities for good residence districts, and the town was spotted with them. Between them the valleys were covered with poorer houses that frequently degenerated into shanties.

Kessler's plan was to convert the two bluffs into parks and to encircle the town with boulevards winding through the valleys. The consequence has been that within fifteen years Kansas City has acquired a wonderful system of parks with forty miles of connecting boulevards and park drives, at an expense of ten million dollars.

"And one of the most gratifying things about it," says Mr. Kessler, "is that people

are still clamoring for more. Of course my first interest is in the artistic side of my work. But I realize that it must appeal to the public as a good investment if its full possibilities are attained. People have come to see that boulevards tend to tone up sections and to hold stable values for residence property.

"City beautification is in the air. We have calls from all over the country. Here is Dallas, Texas, the latest applicant. But movements of this sort are in progress everywhere. St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Denver, Memphis—these are under my personal observation at present. The landscape architect always tries to take full advantage of the natural features of the city. Cincinnati, for instance, presents about the same problem as Kansas City. At Memphis the Mississippi River is the dominant feature. So there we have laid out Riverside Park—450 acres along the bluff south of the city. And there is a wonderful timber growth back from the river that we have taken advantage of in making Overton Park. What a time I had to save the underbrush! But I won out finally. Indianapolis presents clear streams running through the city as the controlling feature of the landscape. So there we have run driveways along the streams. At Denver the mountains are made the background for Cheesman Park."

So he looks forward to the confident tomorrow when what is crude and raw in the appearance of American cities shall be banished. "When I came to Kansas City less than thirty years ago," he said, "there were hardly half a dozen landscape architects in the country. Now it is a recognized profession. Doesn't that show a revolution in people's interest in making cities attractive?"

H. J. H.

 GEORGE WILLIAM HILL

ONCE upon a time—the date is unimportant, but it was not far from the middle of the last century—a man and a boy went forth from an American farm-house at the break of dawn. The man carried an old-fashioned tin clock.

"Father, what are you going to do with our clock?" said the boy. And the man answered:

"I'm going to set it when the sun rises."

"But how do you know the right time when the sun rises?" queried the urchin.



WALT MASON

Who works on William Allen White's Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette*. He writes a daily "lineless rhyme," which is published in two hundred newspapers and reaches ten million readers



Photograph by D. P. Tammen

GEORGE E. KESSLER

A Kansas City landscape architect who has done well an important piece of work in his community. Other cities have also made use of his ideas

"I'll find it in my Old Farmers' Almanac," replied the father.

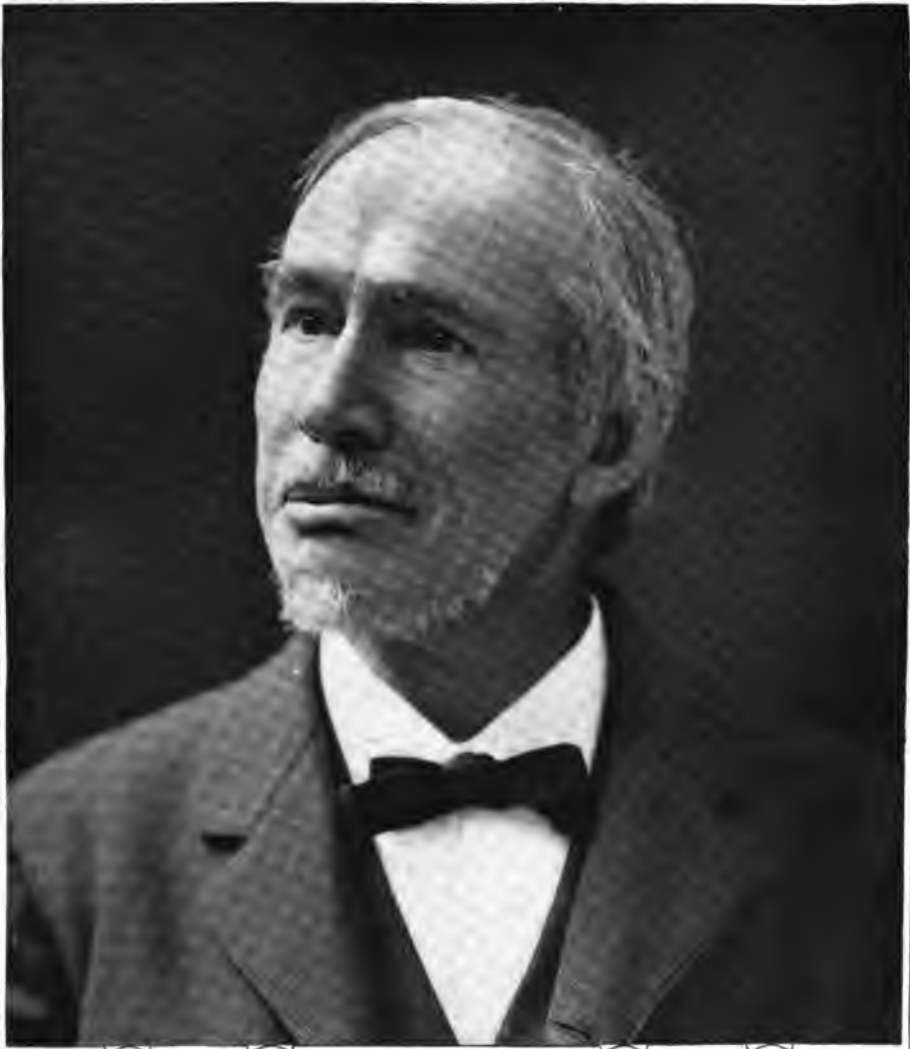
"But how does the almanac man find out when the sun rises?" persisted the son.

"I don't know," came at last—the usual final answer of parents.

Such is substantially Hill's own story,

given verbally some years ago to the writer, in explanation of the beginning of his interest in astronomy. And he added: "I made up my mind right then I'd find out how the almanac was made."

Many years later, so runs the tale, a middle-aged man who looked like an American



Photograph by De Young

GEORGE WILLIAM HILL

Famous in Europe—little known at home. An American authority on astronomy whose researches have won recognition in the great scientific bodies of the world

farmer, and who carried in his hand an old carpet bag of the model of the '60s, entered an inn near the most famous university of England; that one, let us say, which Thackeray has called the University of Camford. He left his bag in a small back room which was assigned to him, and went away about his business. He must have visited the university, for soon great university dons began to arrive at the inn, for the purpose of leaving cards upon the distinguished American astronomer, and to beg an opportunity of entertaining him with that splendid courtesy which (Thackeray again tells us)

characterizes the English college magnate, when he takes the trouble to be polite, and rustles and swells in his grand robes of state.

When Hill came back to take his comfort in his inn, he found his "traps" moved into one of the very best rooms, himself the guest of honor, and the landlord chopfallen through having mistaken the great man. It is said that Hill never noticed the change of rooms.

However this may have been, it is certain that he had by this time learned how the almanac man makes his calculations, or the great English university would not have summoned him to receive its honorary degree.

The writer cannot vouch for the truth of the above Camford legend from personal knowledge, but he does remember well a talk he had with Hill some years ago, shortly after Tisserand published his monumental work, *Mécanique Céleste*.

"What do you think of Tisserand's big volumes?" was asked of Hill. Instead of the expected learned reply came a characteristic:

"Don't quite like the way he's dished me up in 'em."

How many other Americans have had their work noticed, much less reproduced elaborately, in a great modern standard foreign treatise on one of the most abstruse applications of mathematical analysis? No wonder a distinguished German visiting professor told us not long ago that Hill alone among Americans had added something really novel to mathematical science.

It is most unfortunate that he should have remained all his life a subordinate in a government computing office in Washington instead of occupying and honoring a university professorship.

But our readers will wish to know about Hill's work: they will not be contented with a mere collection of anecdotes about the man himself, though such a collection could be made a large and interesting one. Nor is it possible to explain in a few words and in a manner intelligible to the general public just what Hill's principal contributions to science are. Of course his official work in the Nautical Almanac office was necessarily of a somewhat routine character: his great reputation rests upon a very long series of memoirs which he produced in his spare time and published in scientific journals. Many of these are in the domain of the so-called pure mathematics, but more often his taste led him to the study of planetary and lunar complexities of motion. Ever since the time

of Newton mathematicians have continued the endeavor to explain these motions as necessary consequences of the law of gravitation alone. As the power and accuracy of instrumental appliances has gradually improved, observational astronomers have constantly brought to light small new inequalities in these motions: it is believed that such small discrepancies as still remain unexplained by the law of gravitation would disappear if man's powers of mathematical analysis were perfect. Especially in the case of the moon, due to its proximity to our earth, has it been possible to extend observational inquiry into the most minute intricacies of motion; and it is in the lunar theory, perhaps, that Hill's most significant and most difficult work has been done. Certain it is that he has here brought about a real extension of human knowledge, one that will stand for all time, if we may trust the best contemporary critical judgment.

HAROLD JACOBY.

MRS. J. T. BOWEN

CHICAGO, in spite of its size and somewhat world-weary aspect, is yet so absurdly young that inhabitants of old Fort Dearborn are still living and children and grandchildren recall spirited recitals of Indian forays repulsed from its first stockade. One of these, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, heard many stirring adventures from her grandfather Edward H. Haddock, who in the early thirties drove a prairie schooner from Detroit containing \$200,000 in gold which the United States Government sent to Fort Dearborn. The young government employee, much impressed with the shipping facilities at the foot of Lake Michigan and fascinated with the Chicago river, which, young and unpolluted, alternately flowed in and out of the lake with childish inconsequence, returned to Fort Dearborn the following year, and this time the prairie schooner carried his bride and the household equipment of a pioneer. Their only child, Mrs. Bowen's mother, was born within the fort and lived her entire life in Chicago. When she was twenty-one years old she married Mr. John deKoven, who had come in 1856 to the promising young city, and Louise Haddock deKoven, the subject of this sketch, was their only child. The family lived for many years in a red brick house on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street, past which "bunches" of



MRS. J. T. BOWEN

A Chicago woman of wealth and ability whose contributions toward the betterment of her city are described in these pages by Jane Addams

cattle were continually driven on their way to the stockyards, while the little girl played in the gardens stretching to sandy Michigan Avenue on the lake one winter with "Tad" Lincoln when his mother lived at the Clifton House, only a block away. Louise deKoven attended school at Dearborn Seminary, first on the site of Marshall Field & Company but later in a more fashionable neighborhood.

Young Chicago was in fact striving in many ways to be "more fashionable" and Miss deKoven at the age of fifteen assumed her obligation in this direction by appearing in the first high dogcart which the city had ever seen. Both she and the liveried man behind her were at times vigorously stoned as a demonstration of democracy, and on one occasion the groom, exasperated by these missiles and holding democratic principles of his own, jumped down from the cart as it was crossing Rush Street Bridge, flinging his despised coat and high hat into the back of it as he hotly announced, "You can take this livery over town if you want to, but you can't take me." The undaunted young girl drove on without looking back, sustained by the reflection that the incident only made clearer the necessity for metropolitan standards in Chicago. She was not however so totally absorbed in this perilous undertaking but that she expended much youthful energy and humanitarian enthusiasm upon a hundred boys and young men who formed a well remembered Sunday-school class in St. James' church, and when their increasing numbers finally overcrowded the billiard room in her father's house, she established a club house for them and for their friends, defraying its expenses from the goodly allowance given her by her grandfather. This club house, like the dogcart, was the first of its kind in Chicago. For ten years, in spite of much social gayety, she sustained many similar undertakings, until her marriage in 1886 to Mr. Joseph T. Bowen, a promising young business man from Providence, who represented an Eastern firm in Chicago. Even during the years when her four children were young Mrs. Bowen was president of a children's hospital and was closely identified with her husband's activities on the board of St. Luke's and in the Church Club. Her interest in Hull-House began sixteen years ago, when she became a member of its then new woman's club and later erected for its expanding needs the first woman's club building in Illinois. Mrs. Bowen is an active trustee of Hull-House, which embodies many of her earlier interests broadened by years

of personal acquaintance with an industrial community. She has built a large club house for the Hull-House boys equipped with unusual facilities, for to the problem of the city boy as to the many other vexed social and industrial perplexities she constantly brings a vigorous mind combined with a remarkable executive ability.

For five years Mrs. Bowen served as chairman of the Juvenile Court Committee, which was organized in 1899 by Mrs. Flower, Miss Lathrop and other public spirited Chicago women, to increase the efficiency of the first juvenile court in America. When, however, in 1907, the county assumed the support of the probation officers and a detention home for children awaiting trial, the members of the committee were free to turn their attention toward remedying those demoralizing conditions which they had become convinced were responsible for the delinquency of many of the children brought into court. They therefore organized the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, of which Mrs. Bowen has been the continuous president. Under her able leadership, the association has become a valuable factor in the life of the city, not only repressing the agencies which work havoc to juvenile morals, but in the more difficult undertaking of interpreting and supplying the needs of neglected neighborhoods. Mrs. Bowen spends part of every morning in the large and busy office of the association, where the superintendent, the attorney, the field officers, the investigators in reporting to the president, realize that she brings to the consideration of each new situation both a penetrating judgment and a courage which is undaunted by the apathy of city officials or by the indifference of public opinion. Mrs. Bowen is active in the United Charities of Chicago, the Visiting Nurse Association, the Immigrants' Protective League and in a dozen other organizations which not only endeavor to practise the charity of to-day but would as speedily as possible usher in that to-morrow when charity shall be justice. In fact, the keen sense of justice which Mrs. Bowen possesses expresses itself in many ways, quite recently in bringing the management of a huge corporation in which she is a large stockholder, to a fairer treatment of its employees.

Whether Mrs. Bowen receives in her charming house with her two daughters or presents the cause of school nurses before a committee of the Chicago common council, whether she applauds her sons as they win championships in tennis and golf or



ROLLO H. McBRIDE

The head of the "Parting of the Ways Home" in Chicago where men just out of prison are put on their feet in a practical way. For seven years he went to the Harrison Street police station to pray with the prisoners

addresses a large audience upon the wrongs of neglected childhood and the prerogative of all youth to wholesome recreation, she carries with her a reassuring sense of competence and power. She combines with cultivation and sympathetic understanding the acumen and hardihood of the pioneer men and women who built early Chicago.

JANE ADDAMS.

ROLLO H. McBRIDE

BECAUSE the lights of the Life Boat Mission resemble so much the lights of the saloons that hem it in, a very interesting man in Chicago is doing an important work. At the end of a four weeks' debauch the man staggered into the mission seven years ago deceived by the lights. Something held him there after he discovered his mistake, and the spiritual refreshment administered was different from what he had sought.

When they had cleaned him up inside and out he said to them, "Heaven I don't know much about, but I've got a pretty good working knowledge of the other place. Give me a bucket of water or a garden hose or something and I'll show you a place where the fire is hot." They gave him a baby-organ and two dozen hymn books, and he marched up to the Harrison Street police station. Now the old Harrison Street station harbors more criminals in the course of a year than any other police station: William T. Stead when he visited Chicago pronounced it a sanitary horror, worse than any prison he had seen in Russia. Into its noisome cellar McBride pushed his way and set up his baby organ before the cells where eighteen drunken jeering men peered out and scoffed at him. His singing wasn't much to talk about and what he said in the sermon wouldn't have got him very far in an up-town church. He just stood up and shot out his story in short stinging sentences that almost made a noise of impact as they hit home. And at the end a miracle happened. McBride asked them to raise their hands, as many as would like to have him pray for them to his Father for another chance. And sixteen of the eighteen raised their hands, and knelt with him on that damp, cold floor.

Seven years he has gone to Harrison Street: more than eighteen thousand men and women have sneered at him as he began his sermon. But fifteen thousand and more have concluded by kneeling down to pray with him.

On week days McBride worked for his living until two years ago, when without warning he lost his job. He was offered a job out of town, but it seemed to him that the work which he had started ought not to perish. But no chance came and his money went fast. Finally he turned to Harrison Street for the last time to say good-bye to the Inspector and the turnkey and the cops. And there where he had never received a letter in his life he found a note from Judge McKenzie Cleland asking him to call at his chambers.

"McBride" said the Judge when Mac answered the summons, "I read a little note about your work last night in a church paper. For ten years I have known that there ought to be a place in this city to which men could come from the Bridewell (the city prison) where they could have another chance. I have interested men in the idea who will put up the money. All we have been waiting for is the man. You are the man."

So began the Parting of the Ways Home, Rollo H. McBride, Manager, Judge McKenzie Cleland, President, John L. Whitman, Superintendent of the Bridewell, Vice President. Whitman at the Bridewell picks out the men who deserve a chance; Cleland gets the money; and McBride receiving the poor discouraged fellows who think that no one cares whether they live or die convinces them that they are wrong.

Twelve thousand men are discharged from the Bridewell each year: when the Parting of the Ways Home started 40 per cent. of them had been there two or more times before. Now, after a little more than two years, the number of "repeaters" has fallen more than 22 per cent. This is due in part to better times, more work and other causes; but largely it has come about because the Parting of the Ways Home has taken 1,396 discouraged men, fed them, slept them in individual rooms between clean sheets, found them honest jobs, and given them the heart-cheering handshake of McBride.

And McBride—in two years he has not eaten four meals at home. From fourteen to sixteen hours a day he is at the Home: on Sunday he is telling his story in churches all over the country asking for money and clothes. So the Parting of the Ways Home has come to have a rather wide reputation as a practical and tremendously successful man-factory. But the chaps at the Bridewell do not call it the Parting of the Ways Home.

They speak of it as the McBridewell.

BRUCE BARTON.



THE TRAPPING OF SERGEANT McCARTY

A Story of the Psychology of Fear

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

IT'S on account of you breakin' up the gang of junk thieves," murmured the faithful Dugan.

It was two o'clock of the morning. The Sergeant was making his rounds. Officer Dugan had ventured to give his beloved Sergeant a warning to be on his guard. And McCarty—well, Sergeant McCarty, square-shouldered and stout-hearted, thickly compounded of bone and muscle, was just a little touched in his pride that the warning should have been thought necessary. Who had ever caught *him* napping, warning or no warning?

After the fire in San Francisco the ruins were overrun with junk thieves. A vast system of organized looting went on for months, went on until one night a man of McCarty's squad was shot and killed by one of three men in a wagon loaded with a tangle of copper wire. Then the dilatory Chief sent McCarty out to get the murderers. McCarty did his work so well that in two weeks a dozen men were in custody, three of them for complicity in the murder, and the rest as a part of the organized gang of thieves. Two of the nine were well-to-do junk dealers, and one was captain of a small river boat. Somebody was going to swing for that murder, and so there was a terrible stir in the shadow of the ruined walls where lurked the most bloodthirsty band of criminals that the sound of loot and plenty ever brought together in an American city.

Sergeant McCarty moved straight down Washington Street to Battery. All around

were shadowy holes filled with indescribable heaps of débris; and all around, too, were the temporary structures going up—heaps of lumber, piles of half-cleaned bricks—and in any shadow, in any hollow spot beneath a half-caved sidewalk, might lurk the death that threatened Sergeant McCarty. When he passed under the light his squared shoulders, his florid face, his broom-colored mustache, almost the twinkle of his blue eye as it roved suspiciously, could be seen—as fair a target as ever tempted murder out of the darkness.

At the exact corner of Battery and Sacramento, McCarty's stout heels ceased for a moment to crunch the broken bricks and mortar. He looked keenly up and down and scrutinized the shapes in every shadow. It was traditional that McCarty could see in the dark. He seemed to read the shadows as other men read their morning paper. Suddenly his keen, rasping voice woke the echoes.

"Who's that courtin' there in the shadow?" he demanded.

At the words a heavy spot in the shadow appeared to divide into a thing with sable skirts that fled away and into a blue-coated policeman that came forward and saluted.

"Good morning, Meyer," said Sergeant McCarty. "What for is a woman doin' down here in the bricks at two o'clock in the morning?"

"It's about you, Sergeant," explained Meyer with suppressed excitement.

"What's that?" said McCarty, lowering his voice.

"She come about you, Sergeant."

"About me?"

"Yes, the junk men say they're goin' to get you. She heard 'em bargain with Tony Bonardi about the body."

"Whose body?" queried the Sergeant impatiently.

"Yours," replied Meyer solemnly.

"My body?" The rising inflection betrayed the fact that McCarty was interested.

"Yes. She heard 'em payin' Tony Bonardi twenty dollars to take the body. It's to come to him in a sack, with a chunk of lead fastened to it. He's to take it out and spill it in the stream opposite Mile Rock. They give him twenty dollars. She seen the money pass."

Sergeant McCarty's head was lowered and bent forward as he peered with intense earnestness into the honest eyes of Patrolman Meyer.

"My body?" McCarty snorted. "They give Tony Bonardi twenty to spill it in the stream in a sack with a hunk of lead attached? My body? Huh! And me standin' here? Well, now, that's nice, ain't it?" A smile had overspread the features of McCarty, so broad that his mustaches tickled the ripples in his undulating cheeks. But Meyer did not smile, and presently the joviality faded from McCarty's own face.

Near at hand the gaunt, jagged shadows of the ragged walls flung their eerie patchwork all around. Nearer than a block there was no sound that betrayed the presence of a human being. The vision that floated before McCarty's eyes was of a gruesome thing in a sack, slipping overboard from Bonardi's launch where the hungry tide ran strongest. Hardly a splash, just a slight sucking sound and then, down, down into the heart of the tide. The thought-picture fascinated him.

"They're going to turn it over to Bonardi already done up in the sack," reiterated Meyer, by way of recalling the apparently wandering mind of the Sergeant.

"They are, are they?" snorted the Sergeant, suddenly coming back to himself. "They are? Well, now, what do I care what they do with my body after I'm dead? What I want to know is how they get me dead? Did the lady have any information on that subject?"

"That's what she didn't," answered Meyer. "She waked up too late. They was payin' the money to Bonardi and talkin' over the bargain they had made."

"Who is she?"

"Annie, the girl that you took away from that big Swede down on Pacific Street before the fire. Remember?"

"Yes. A little black-eyed woman with a white face. I thought I saw her in McGiffert's place the other day, rushin' the can."

"The same. Bad one, too, I guess; but say, she's got nerve. Never turned a flicker when she heard them guys cookin' this thing up in one of the private boxes in Mack's place; but turned in her time, and blew down here through the dark and laid for me."

"And don't she know any more?"

"She knows who it was talkin'. She didn't see 'em, but she's got a straight hunch. One was that Jew, Eckstein, just from the pen for counterfeitin'. Phony Phil they call him. The others was them two tough mutts, Mike the Mucker and Coachman Bill. Phony Phil's been hired by them Jew junk men to do you, and he tumbled onto these two fellers that both hate you for sendin' 'em over the Bay to do the trick; and they're to turn the body over to Bonardi to get away with."

McCarty was stroking his mustache thoughtfully.

"When did you say they were goin' to deliver my re— my re— re— this bag to Bonardi?"

Nobody had ever seen McCarty frightened, and he was not frightened now; but—well, the thing, this cold-blooded bargaining with a man to dispose of his body while he still possessed it and the blood was warm within his veins, was a trifle disconcerting, perhaps. Anyway, just as well admit it, the affair had got on McCarty's nerves a trifle. But he was, for all that, still the keen detective, looking into his own case as closely and as shrewdly as when he had been set to do something that did not touch his personal self at all.

"When was Bonardi to get the sack?" was his question. How much time had he to work in, in other words; for with McCarty time was the essence of his method, and, quick work or slow, his line of procedure would be altogether different.

"Wait a minute!"

Meyer fell back into the deeper shadow and uttered a low whistle. The sable thing came fitting back, so lightly that not a balanced brick was disturbed as she passed over the heaps. The desire to catechise the girl herself came naturally enough to McCarty, and he too melted into the heap of darkness that nestled under the tattered and swaying awning.

"When did you say?" he asked, half hearing her answer to Meyer's question.

"At four o'clock this morning."

"At four o'clock this morning? Two hours from now. Whew!"

What wonder if a cold chill chased itself through the spinal cord of the police sergeant and he looked sharply behind and to the right.

"Yes. At Fisherman's Wharf."

"Sergeant McCarty? Me? Two hours from now? Sewed up in a bag and delivered to Pete Bonardi to be dropped in the Bay, and Pete already jinglin' twenty in his pocket for the job? Well!"

The Sergeant paused as he was about to turn, and scanned the darkness round him. There was a coldness in his heart. Was he afraid? He put this question to himself. No, he was sure not. But the vision of the thing in the sack was upon him. They had paid the money over—twenty dollars to the Dago! McCarty was not frightened, but a sort of awe came over him. He wasn't quite in his fighting mood. He was usually in a rage when he took the trail, flushed with a high purpose to avenge, or hot with a determination to overmatch his wit and courage against the criminal's, and primed besides with a supreme air of confidence. It was a new experience to him to be found in the passive mood. To be hunted was different.

He looked at his watch. Two-ten now. One hour and fifty minutes and Bonardi would be waiting. McCarty knew Bonardi well—a dog-lipped Dago with earrings. One hour and fifty minutes and he would be waiting—receiving, perhaps. McCarty let his eye wander up and down the hillside, in and out among the shadows, over the route that he must go upon his rounds, speaking a policeman at Washington and Front, another at Front and Vallejo, then another at Sansome and Filbert, then at Dupont and Bay, and so on clear to North Beach, and then down along the front. And then back? No. Not if Bonardi earned his twenty dollars.

McCarty had almost forgotten that Meyer was still standing near.

"Better go to the box and order a squad, if you'll pardon the suggestion, sir," said Meyer, seeing that long silent pose of McCarty's and the final tracery of his eye over the untrodden rounds that he would go on.

"No, not that, Meyer," McCarty said hurriedly. "I've trailed them single-handed to their holes a score of times, and, now that it's turned around, I'll beat them, and still single-handed. My plan's made, Meyer. I'll bait them on, and take them into custody with murder in their hearts and the tools of it in their hands."

This was a stout speech, and it is to be feared that Sergeant McCarty lied when he made it to Meyer. He had no plan. The problem was different from those he was accustomed to solve. He had faced death a score, perhaps a hundred times, in the discharge of his duty, on the chase when his blood was hot with the lust of victory. But this thing was different. All alone, in the cool and chill of the most desolate hours, death, organized, plotted and planned even to the disposal of his body, lurked for him in such cold-blooded fashion that it threw him off his nervous balance. His pride, his great big, honest, Irish pride, would not allow him to acquaint Meyer with the fact that he was frightened, though with all his stout denials he began to be sure he was. He wished to be alone and think. He gave him an order.

"When you go to the box, order the light patrol boat with muffled engines to get to Fisherman's Wharf with about three extra men in her, and lay for Bonardi in a launch and take him after he receives something from the gangway."

"Yes, sir," murmured Meyer, obediently. "But, sir," he added, "sha'n't I order a special detail for you?"

"No," replied McCarty. "I can't take a bodyguard with me every night when I walk the round, and I won't take one to-night. If they *get* me—if Bonardi gets that thing in the sack—the police launch can take him for bein' accessory. Till I go into the sack I won't need any assistance, and afterward I won't care about it much."

But as Sergeant McCarty walked off down Sacramento, across Battery, he glanced furtively about him, suddenly becoming suspicious of every unlighted patch, anxious concerning every shape that loomed ahead, desiring constantly to see what he feared to see.

Feared? Yes, that was the word. Feared. McCarty brought himself up suddenly with a snort. He was actually half running over the brick heaps or along the rough plank sidewalks. Running? For what? From what?

He inspected a bit of blackness beside an overhanging wall and stepped aside into it, and paused there to examine the state of his mind, to take stock of himself as to assets and liabilities in the way of personal courage. Never before had such a procedure been necessary. But never before, either, had he been in such a position. Often he had taken the trail—at the order of his Chief; at the clang of the gong that sounded a riot call; or at the still small alarm that told of a desperate criminal to be traced and apprehended. Now,

he must begin at the other end and work this way. He must transplant his entire consciousness to Fisherman's Wharf at four A.M., when and where Tony Bonardi would be receiving a body in a sack—his body—and he must trace that body in a sack backward through the hands that brought it there to the place where it was placed in a sack—by whom? Mike the Mucker and his pal, Coachman Bill. Coachman Bill? That meant a cab; for working his job with a cab was Bill's long suit, hence his sobriquet, known on two continents.

McCarty continued his backward reasoning. How would they get the body into the cab? The killing would take place in some public or semi-public place, since a sergeant on duty would hardly be found in any other sort of locality. But—would the body, then, be sewn in the bag when it went into the cab? Would it? No. No time for that. And besides, the cab itself? The murder could take place under an awning, the sewing into a sack be got over hastily in some doorway—but the cab? Cabs do not enter into doorways, nor under awnings. And the long, heavy thing in the sack would have to be borne across the pavement, under the rays of the light, and while the thing in the sack might be wrapped up to look innocent enough—a roll of carpet, for instance—still, rolls of carpet or hales of rugs do not come out of doorways at three A.M. Neither do men haul them in cabs.

The patient, plodding mind of the detective ran back over the details established already, the sack to Tony at four A.M.—out of a cab—but no sacked body could go into a cab; therefore the body going into the cab must be unsacked. But there could be no carrying of the limp body of a sergeant of police in uniform into a cab in a semi-public place. McCarty's mind suddenly leaped to its conclusion.

"Oho!" he exclaimed aloud. "I go into the hack alive. They decoy me into it. I just step in natural. Once inside they kill me, and pull the sack over me head and tie it round and round with a cord, and attach a bunch of sash weights; and all the while they are drivin' straight into Bonardi's hands with it. Clever!"

In the excitement of the intellectual game of hare and hounds which he had just been playing with himself, McCarty's enthusiasm grew again.

But before he knew it, he was glancing furtively about again. The quality, however, of his fear was different. Now he knew what he feared. It was a cab.

All he had to do to escape was to refuse to step into the cab. That was simple enough.

Yet the thought fascinated him. He was not sure he should refuse to step into the cab.

He had turned down Front Street, and was out of the bricks now, near the freight team tracks. A wheel whirred clattering round a corner. He could have sworn that at the sound the vertebrae in that loosening spinal column of his rattled until his teeth shook in their sockets. At the same time a rime of perspiration broke out upon his forehead. But the wheel was not that of a cab. A milk wagon was whirling away over the stones.

He looked at his watch. Great Scott! Was it only half an hour since he left Meyer? He thought it must have been near to four o'clock. Why, of course; he knew better than that. He had not even picked up Patrolman Kersey yet. Kersey should be just hereabouts now. Yes, there he was.

"Good morning, Officer," the Sergeant bawled across the intervening space, his voice ringing as clear as ever.

"Good morning, Sergeant," responded Kersey, coming across.

"Is it late I am?" said McCarty, taking out his watch.

"Ten minutes, sir, or such a matter perhaps," responded Kersey respectfully.

"Yes, about that," admitted the Sergeant casually. "I thought I see somethin' queer yonder in the bricks, and I was watchin' it." Then he moved off hastily, as a sergeant must who is ten minutes late.

But the fear came back to McCarty's heart, came back and gripped it in a hand of ice when a figure emerged from the shadow of a box car and approached hesitatingly.

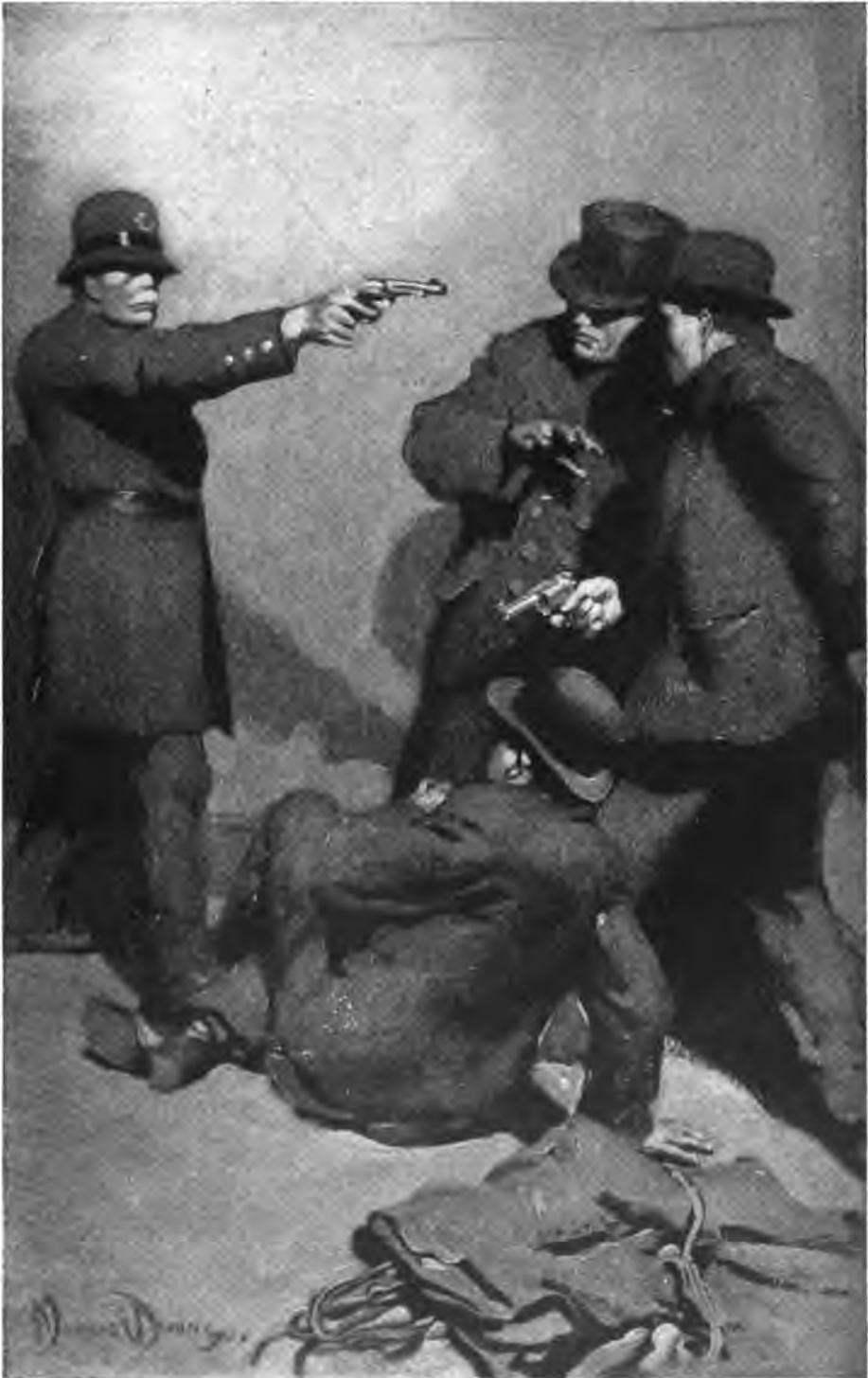
"Stop that circlin' round and come up to me, or I'll blow a hole in ye," roared the Sergeant's voice.

The slinking figure of Jimmie the Rat, the rodent eyes of him luminous with excitement, approached.

"For God's sake, McCarty," he gasped. "Mike the Mucker has killed his woman, Annie. But don't go alone. Take a squad. He's layin' for you. There's murder in him to-night. He mashed her head awful, and says he'll beat you into the cracks in the cobbles. Look out! Don't go there alone."

The Rat had whined out his excited story as became such a half-placed denizen of the nether world of sin and crime, with jerks and many lookings-back into the darkness, as of one afraid to tell and afraid not to; one weak of heart that yet had been a spectator of a dreadful tragedy and feared to be witness to another.

Something like a charge of dynamite ex-



"GET OVER THERE IN THAT CORNER, QUICK," ORDERED THE SERGEANT,
KICKING THE JEW ALONG AS HE WRITHED ON THE FLOOR

ploded in McCarty's brain. That weak little woman who had flitted yonder in the shadow to warn him thirty minutes ago had been beaten to death by her jealous paramour who distrusted her. She had risked her life to warn him. While he was shaking with an ague of fear back there in the darkness of Sacramento Street, she had been paying with her life the awful price of her loyalty to the rough police sergeant who had once been kind to her.

The fear fled from the heart of McCarty. His face flushed hot with shame at the recollection of it. Murder had been done, foul and terrible. He would be hot upon the trail of the murderer; would catch him or, if need be, kill him. Like lightning worked the reconstructive processes within, and before the Rat had melted into the gray fog Sergeant McCarty had pocketed his revolver, had gripped his night stick and was swinging forward with rapid strides toward the corner of Battery and Greenwich streets where McGiffert's place was.

And just then a cab appeared coming from well up that way. It drove straight down the center of the broad street that lay upon the water front. On the seat was a stout, thick-set figure with hair like an anarchist, Coachman Bill in disguise. He appeared to be on the lookout for something or some one. With a flourish he pulled up before Sergeant McCarty. The door opened and a man sprang out.

"My God, Sergeant, a woman's killed in Shorty's place! Come quick."

McCarty recognized the speaker instantly as Eckstein the Jew, called Phony Phil. He stood holding the door open, inviting McCarty to leap within.

Strange what processes a man's mind takes note of. Now, McCarty remembered long afterward, his first feeling was one of exultation that his speculations had been correct. It was to be a cab. Here was the cab.

Next thoughts were of what to do. Arrest Coachman Bill and Eckstein the Jew? For what? Warning him that a crime had been committed? They had not committed it, so far as he knew or could prove. For fear? Of what? Personal injury to himself. Let them all know he was a coward?

No. And besides—shrewd schemes were building in the mind of Sergeant McCarty, man-handler.

The cab door yawned. The Jew held the death trap wide open so McCarty could look into the black recesses of it. It was wide open.

He stepped inside, and with a vigorous hand swung the door to after him. Phony Phil tried to follow.

"I ride alone," said McCarty gruffly. "Get up with the driver."

The Sergeant's panic had fled. He was the same old fearless, masterful man-handler, with swift and cunning schemes forming quickly in his brain. His revolver was out and drawn again. Carefully he felt over the inside of the cab. There was no woolsack there. For a moment he was confused. But, anyway, where was Mike the Mucker? Would he suddenly spring upon the step, thrust in a hand and kill?

McCarty changed positions, taking the little narrow front seat. It was his old and oft-tried scheme. "I'll be where I ain't," he grunted to himself.

And then the cab slowed down and turned into an alley. He caught one fleeting glimpse of the street and recognized the place. A sort of cabmen's boarding-house, with a few stalls in the rear; a very cutthroat's paradise that back alley and the little paved stable might be.

The cab had stopped in the little court at the back. The door opened swiftly.

"She's up-stairs in the room back, where you see the light," croaked the Jew, solemnly.

McCarty's revolver was back in his pocket again.

So they would kill him up there, eh? The two murders together? It was a desperate chance indeed, but he must bait them on yet, for he had formed the no less brilliant purpose than to use his own body as the lure till the plot to murder should have been thoroughly disclosed, and then, by some sudden turn, some superior ingenuity, some of that remarkable man mastery which he knew he possessed, to get the mastery of the three and herd them into pot like cattle.

With a bound the Sergeant leaped from the cab.

"You come up after," he ordered sharply of the Jew.

McCarty took half a dozen solid steps up the back stairs that creaked and groaned under his vigorous strides. He was tramping heavily on purpose. "What a devil of a man McCarty is!" the stairs were shouting. Coachman Bill had descended from his seat upon the cab and was himself moving toward the foot of the stairs.

"You come too," bluffed McCarty again in stentorian tones. "I may need both of you. Do what I tell you and be quick about it." This last command was in a tone low, tense

and vibrant, and the men followed him. There was something different in the situation now, a new element, to say the least.

McCarty was creaking on the little landing at the top, his loud, boisterous voice ringing as he uttered terrible oaths about the rotten old rookeries that had escaped the fire when good buildings burned to ashes. The little passage-way seemed to catch and echo and bellow his tones until the building vibrated in its every timber. McCarthy was going into the presence of death, but he kicked the thin door open with a bang.

He felt brave as a lion. In all his life he had never done anything braver, and he knew it, than to walk up those stairs with the two ex-convicts, one of whom he had himself sent to prison for a term of years, trailing behind. With his very shoulder-blades he had cowed them. There remained but the murderer waiting for him inside that little room.

Across the room, crouched, posed, a revolver raised and all but aimed, waited Mike the Mucker. The scowl of deathly intent was on his black face, a scowl that should have frightened the stoutest, a menace that should have sent shivers to the heart of even the terrible McCarty.

The Sergeant gave him no more than a contemptuous glance, and walked straight to the thing upon a mattress in a corner under the window.

And the Mucker did not shoot. Why? Well, there was no immediate need. Behind McCarty he saw the faces of Coachman Bill and of Eckstein. They betrayed no sign. They did not convey to him the strange spell of fear they felt in their hearts. It was three against one. The Mucker had no objection to playing his victim. A cat may toy with a mouse.

The door closed.

"Who shut that door?" roared McCarty.

"I did," answered the cab driver, almost guiltily.

"Open it, you fool," McCarty ordered savagely.

The man reached and opened the door, thoughtlessly, inadvertently, perhaps, but in that act he surrendered his will to the dominance of McCarty's mind. Did McCarty know its significance? Neither Mike the Mucker, nor the Jew, nor Coachman Bill himself did. But that is the psychology of command. Perhaps McCarty himself did not know. He only said to himself: "So far so good."

Mike the Mucker still waited. McCarty

was doing the unexpected; but let him. There was time enough. The Mucker had the drop.

Then McCarty lifted the corner of the sheet. The sheet was stained. Dark tresses trailed out from underneath, across the edge of the thin narrow mattress, and lay upon the floor in a little tangle like skeins of yarn thrown down. McCarty looked, with a sharp intake of breath. Then white-hot anger gleamed upon his face and flashed from his eye as returned his indignant glance upon the Mucker. An involuntary look, this, perhaps, upon the part of McCarty; an unstudied one, prompted by the terrible revulsion of his own fine manliness and tender respect for womanhood that holds so high a place in the Irish breast, at the thing he had just seen. The Mucker's scowl deepened, but he could not brook that gaze. And his eye dropped for an instant.

McCarty seemed hardly to notice the Mucker after that. Instead, in the fraction of a second, he reached across and caught the window shade. It was up a little way. He raised it sharply up and down, up and down, twice, with quick, decisive movements—no one could have arrested them—and stepped back abruptly.

It was a mere trick of McCarty's, this pretending to give a signal to some one outside. By itself it would have been insufficient, but two other little incidents had contributed. Coachman Bill had involuntarily obeyed McCarty's order to open the door, and the Mucker's gaze had fallen before McCarty's accusing eye as he looked up from the face of the murdered woman.

The play with the curtain startled the three men, accustomed to suspicion as they were, into deadly alarm. The time had come for action, if there was to be any action.

The Mucker raised his pistol to fire. Coachman Bill hung on his arm for a second. He had felt the domination of the McCarty mind first and longest now, for some sixty seconds, perhaps. So he surrendered first.

"What's the use, Mike? He's got us," he said.

He delayed the Mucker's purpose for an instant. Long enough—for in McCarty's judgment, too, the time for action had come. One swift blow of his hand sent the Mucker's bullet through the ceiling, while an equally sudden and entirely unexpected kick managed to land at the same time in the pit of the Jew's stomach, causing him to double up on the floor. Before the Mucker could straighten

himself to fire again, he was looking into the barrel of McCarty's own revolver, the gleaming, pitiless, silvery thing that the Sergeant shot so hard and true.

"Get over there in that corner, quick," ordered the Sergeant, kicking the Jew along as he writhed on the floor. They cowered in the angle of the room.

With the tail of an eye McCarty descried two woolsacks rolled up on the floor.

"One of these was for me and one for her?" asked the Sergeant of the Mucker, with a meaning glance at the sacks and the body of the dead woman.

Mike looked sheepishly in the direction indicated by McCarty's eye. An expression of supreme disgust had come over his face. It was ashen with despair.

"Take his guns away from him!" McCarty ordered, nodding to Coachman Bill and indicating the Mucker.

Bill reached forward tremblingly and took the weapon Mike held in his hand, and passing a hand round behind, took another from his coat pocket.

"Now, throw 'em on the bed."

With a little *pouf* they fell among the blankets.

"Now take the Jew's and throw your own after 'em."

They went, two from the Jew and one from Bill.

"Your other one," ordered McCarty, sternly.

"I ain't got but one."

"You lie! Throw the other one on the bed or I'll shoot you in the place where you carry it."

Coachman Bill fished a derringer from his boot and threw it on the bed.

"Now," ordered McCarty. "Take this woolsack and pull it down over the Mucker's head."

Shufflingly, but none the less successfully, they draped the figure of the Mucker, short and stubby as it was, in the jute bag.

"Now," ordered the relentless Sergeant, "roll him on the floor and tie him up with them ropes you had for me."

There was something uncanny in it. The two men looked despairingly into the face of their captor.

"What you goin' to do with me, Sarge?" moaned the Mucker in a muffled voice.

"Goin' to give you to Pete Bonardi at four o'clock at Fisherman's Wharf."

The Mucker's body shook in an agony of fear, so that the long roll of jute upon the floor seemed to be having a convulsion. He began to plead for mercy in a hoarse, strident voice.

"Gag him!" ordered the Sergeant with an oath.

"Gag him?" gasped Bill.

"I said it," answered McCarty, shortly, and compelled the two thoroughly cowed men to force open the mouth of the man in the sack, wad a loose fold of the jute fabric into his mouth, and then take a turn of the rope across the open mouth and knot it securely behind the head.

"Take him down to the cab," was the next command.

The two men took up the body and carried it awkwardly out before McCarty, who followed them, revolver in hand.

"Dump it into the bottom of the cab," he ordered when they got down.

None too gently in their nervousness and excitement they let the body of their comrade collapse into the space between the seats.

"I—I'm afraid he can't breathe in the sack," suggested the Jew, horrified. It was the first word he had spoken.

"I don't care whether he ever breathes," said McCarty. "Get upon the seat, the two of you."

The men climbed up and Coachman Bill took up the reins. McCarty put his foot upon a step, another upon the door of the cab, and swung himself up on the top of it, where he crouched upon his knees, a wary eye upon the two men before him.

"Now drive to Fisherman's Wharf. Don't hurry. We can make it by four without hurryin'."

Just at the hour the cab wheels rumbled onto the wharf, the smell of salt and fish proclaiming it loudly. The horse stopped by McCarty's direction where a cleated gangway ran down almost to the surface of the waves. At the bottom a light glowed dimly from some craft upon the water.

"Take him out and down the gangplank," commanded the Sergeant. As the two with their burden edged downward, McCarty followed, watching every movement, his keen eyes seeming to bore a way before him like searchlights.

"It's four feet drop to the launch," muttered Bill.

"That maka no diff' to a deada policamans," said a bland voice from below.

"It'll hurt him, that drop," murmured Bill, "tough as he is."

"I hope it hurts him," said McCarty fervently.

"I spilla him deep, alla righta," assured Bonardi, cheerfully, starting his engine.

McCarty blew his whistle, and the big black



"TAKE HIM OUT AND DOWN THE GANGPLANK." COMMANDED THE SERGEANT

police launch loomed suddenly out of the dark and came alongside. All in a moment Tony's craft was overrun with leaping forms of men in uniform. His cheerfulness had departed.

"Whata for you arresta me?" he whined plaintively.

"For complicity in a plot to mur-r-der, ye dir-r-r-ty Dago," bellowed McCarty. "I got ye all, and that's what I come here for. The party wouldn't be complete widout you, ear-rings an' all."

The police launch backed up under the end of the gangway and, feeling the pressure of cold steel behind them, Phony Phil and Coachman Bill dropped into the arms of those waiting to receive them.

"Open the sack and let the man breathe," called McCarty. "It's more than I would be doin' now if they had me into it. Give me a man up here to take the cab in and telephone the Coroner. I'll go finish my round."

LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE CRUCIAL PERIOD OF MY PUBLIC LIFE

IT would be idle to say that the termination of my career as a Congressman in March, 1891, was not a bitter disappointment to me. It was. I had not made a great many speeches in the six years of my service, but when I did enter the debates, it was with careful preparation; and I think I may fairly say that I had attained to such a position as warranted me in looking forward to a career of some distinction had I been permitted to remain in the House. So the defeat came to me as a severe blow. But I had acquired a very valuable experience in my public service and formed delightful and valuable acquaintances. I had been in contact with the strong men of the country, and as a result, had, I think, grown in character and power.

I was but thirty-five years of age, and went back with firm resolutions and good cheer, to my law practice at Madison, Wisconsin. I was poor, and the expenses attendant upon readjustment to the new life were matters of consequence. These matters were discussed from time to time by Mrs. La Follette and myself. Our little daughter, Fola, very much impressed with frequently hearing these talks, came one day to her mother, and having in mind my recent failure of reelection, said, "Mama, will papa have to be elected before he can practice law and earn some money?"

I found that my public service, while it had been a serious interruption to my professional life, had extended my reputation materially and tended to draw to me a very substantial clientage. Any thought I had of

returning to the public service was vague and remote. That I should continue to be interested in public questions and in matters political was inevitable. I knew that issues of great importance affecting the lives and homes of all the people of the country were coming rapidly forward. I had followed the great debate in the Senate and House on the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, had taken part in the debate in the House on the Interstate Commerce Law, had seen the manifestations of corporate power in the halls of Congress. I recognized in a way, the evidences of the oncoming struggle. I had come to understand the power of Sawyer, Payne, and a few other prominent Republican politicians, closely associated with railroads and other corporate interests in national and State legislation. I was convinced that Payne had not been seriously disappointed with my defeat; that, in fact, wherever he could exert any influence against my political success, without leaving a trail as broad as a highway, he had for some time lost no opportunity of doing so.

Not so with Sawyer. I had disappointed him again and again in my course upon legislation. But he was a loyal party man and believed in supporting party candidates, regardless of personal feeling. Furthermore, as I have said before, I always believed that Sawyer did not violate his standard of political ethics in his course upon legislation. Like many politicians he regarded Congress as a useful agency for the promotion of business enterprises in which he and his friends were identified or interested. If a man did not



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ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

"I might have gone forward with my law practice quite contentedly had it not been for an event which soon took place and changed my whole life." The narrative of this event is in the accompanying pages

accept his point of view, he would argue the matter in a blunt, frank, simple way without any display of feeling. The only time I remember to have seen Senator Sawyer manifest the least show of temper was on the floor of the House in connection with the Ship Subsidy measure, which I have already reviewed. While I understood Senator Sawyer, I think rightly, and knew that our standards were not the same and that we would always differ on questions where there was a conflict of corporate and public interests, yet I did not entertain any personal ill will toward him, and I am sure that he then entertained no feeling of personal hostility to me.

I might, therefore, have gone forward with my law practice quite contentedly, had it not been for an event which soon took place, and changed my whole life. I shall deal with this event considerably at length because it was not only all-powerful in its effect upon me personally, but it will reveal to what lengths corrupt politicians are prepared to go. I had, of course, seen that sooner or later a conflict with the old leaders was inevitable; the people were already restive against the private interest view of government, but if it had not been for the incident to which I refer—which brought the whole system home to me personally in its ugliest and most revolting form—I should not so soon have been forced into the fight.

One of the political grafts of Wisconsin, ancient and time honored, was the farming out of the public funds to favored banks. Excepting the office of Governor, the State treasuryship was more sought after than any other place on the ticket. The reason for this lay in the fact that the State treasurer was able to deposit public moneys in such banks as he chose, upon terms satisfactory to the bankers and profitable to himself. Interest upon this money was regarded as a political perquisite.

One of the first acts of the Democratic State administration which came in on January 5, 1891, was to institute suit against all State treasurers of Wisconsin who had occupied that office during the preceding twenty years. The Wisconsin Treasury cases became noted as pioneer cases for the enforcement of the correct principle in the discharge of duty regarding the custody of trust funds. The beginning of these cases produced a profound sensation in the State and attracted much attention throughout the nation. Suits were instituted against former treasurers Henry B. Harshaw, Edward C. McFettridge,

Richard Guenther, Ferdinand Kuehn, Henry Betz and their bondsmen. Senator Sawyer's wishes had largely controlled in the selection of several of these treasurers, and he was one of the principal bondsmen. Certain of the treasurers had little or no property to satisfy judgments of large amounts. Hence, Sawyer, as the wealthiest of all the bondsmen, stood to lose a large sum of money in the event of the State's recovery. The suits finally resulted in judgments in favor of the State aggregating \$608,918.23. Of this amount Sawyer was liable for nearly \$300,000.00. The estate of Guido Pfister, a leading business man of Milwaukee, was also liable as bondsman for former Treasurer Kuehn to the extent of something more than one hundred thousand dollars. The liability of this estate marks the advent into Wisconsin State politics of Charles F. Pfister of Milwaukee, one of the principal heirs of the Guido Pfister estate, who will figure hereafter in this narrative.

The ex-treasurers and their bondsmen employed a strong array of excellent counsel, among others S. U. Pinney, afterwards Supreme Court Justice, and Joseph V. Quarles, afterwards United States Senator. The State retained as counsel to assist Attorney General O'Conner, Col. William F. Vilas, former member of Cleveland's cabinet, afterwards United States Senator, and R. M. Bashford, afterwards Supreme Court Justice.

Robert G. Siebecker, now one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, was at that time judge of the Circuit Court for Dane County. He had been appointed to that office by Governor Hoard in 1889 to fill a vacancy, and a telegram from Governor Hoard's secretary announcing Siebecker's selection was my first intimation that he had been considered. I was indeed surprised, because Siebecker was a Democrat and was appointed by Governor Hoard to succeed Judge Stuart, who was a Republican. I mention this point in this connection because in so far as the appointment was criticized at all, it was upon the ground that Siebecker was a Democrat. This fact, and the further fact that he was my brother-in-law and my partner in the firm of La Follette, Siebecker & Harper was also the subject of newspaper comment at the time, and his appointment was ascribed to my known friendly relations with Governor Hoard. I have taken pains to state these facts somewhat in detail because of their important connection with the incident which I am about to relate.

Shortly before these cases were to come on



for argument in the Circuit Court, I received a letter from Senator Sawyer, whose home was in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, of which the following is an exact copy:

Dictated. Oshkosh, Wisconsin, September 14, 1891.

Hon. Rober' M. La Follette, Madison, Wisconsin.

My dear La Follette:

I will be in Milwaukee, at the State fair, on Thursday. I have some matters of importance that I would like to consult you about, that escaped my mind yesterday. If convenient can you be in Milwaukee on that day and meet me at the Plankinton House at 11 o'clock A. M.? If not on that day, what day would suit your convenience this week?

Please answer by telegraph. All you need to say, if you can meet me that day is merely telegraph me "yes." If not simply mention day you can meet me.

Yours truly, Philetus Sawyer.

The letter was typewritten on a single sheet of paper, letter size. The top part of the sheet had been torn off, down nearly to the date line, leaving only the printed words "Dictated. Oshkosh." This fact did not impress me at the time I received the letter but led me to investigate the matter later and to discover that it was written on the office stationery of ex-Treasurer Harshaw, who afterwards came to me with a message from Sawyer. The reference to his having seen me the day before it was

written, related to our meeting on the thirteenth of September at Neenah, Wisconsin, on the occasion of the funeral of former Congressman Charles B. Clark. During the services and afterwards until Mr. Sawyer left to take his train, other people had been constantly with us, so that Sawyer had had no opportunity of any private conversation with me.

I conferred with my law partner, Sam Harper, after receiving the letter, and believing that the proposed interview concerned political matters, decided to meet Sawyer. I remember that the brief nature of the response which he requested to the letter impressed me as a precaution taken to forestall newspaper interviewers. And I filed a telegram in response, limited to the word "yes" as directed.

On the 17th of September I went to Milwaukee and met Sawyer at the Plankinton House. The State fair was in progress at that time and the hotel crowded. Sawyer said that he had been unable to secure a room and requested me to go with him to the hotel parlors on the second floor. The parlors were large, and he led me away to a portion of the room remote from the entrance—where we sat down. After some preliminary conversation in which he said, "I wanted to talk with you about Siebecker and the treasury matter, he finally came directly to the point and said,

"These cases are awfully important to us, and we cannot afford to lose them. They cost me a lot of anxiety. I don't want to have to pay——" naming a large sum of money,—whether one hundred thousand or more, I am not certain. "Now I came down here to see you alone. No one knows I am to meet you here. I don't want to hire you as an attorney in the cases, La Follette, and don't want you to go into court. But here is fifty dollars, I will give you five hundred more or a thousand,—or five hundred more and a thousand (I was never able to recall exactly the sums named) when Siebecker decides the cases right."

I said to him, "Senator Sawyer, you can't know what you are saying to me. If you struck me in the face you could not insult me as you insult me now."

He said, "Wait,—hold on."

I was then standing up. I said. "No, you don't want to employ me as an attorney. You want to hire me to talk to the judge about your case off the bench." He said, "I did not think you would take a retainer in the case. I did not think you would want to go into the case as an attorney. How much will you take as a retainer?"

I answered, "You haven't enough money to employ me as an attorney in your case after what you have said to me."

"Well, perhaps I don't understand court rules. Anyway, let me pay you for coming down here."

I said, "Not a dollar, sir," and immediately left the room.

Nothing else ever came into my life that exerted such a powerful influence upon me as that affair. It was the turning point, in a way, of my career. Sooner or later I probably would have done what I did in Wisconsin. But it would have been later. It would have been a matter of much slower evolution. But it shocked me into a complete realization of the extremes to which this power that Sawyer represented would go to secure the results it was after. But in another way, its effect upon me as an individual was most profound. I had always had a pride in my family,—in my good name. It had been the one thing that my mother had worked into my character. It was the thing that she emphasized when she talked with me about my father, whom I never saw. One who has never been subject to an experience like that cannot realize just what comes over him.

There has always been uncertainty in my mind about the money he offered me—the amounts. He named different amounts. He was going to give me a sum right then, and more, conditioned upon the case being decided "right." He had his pocketbook in one hand, and a roll of money in the other. For an instant I was dazed, and then the thing surged through me. I felt that I could not keep my hands off his throat,—I stood over him, said the things to him that I have related and then left him, blindly. I knew he followed me. I went rapidly down stairs, and out of the hotel. The State fair was on, and the hotel lobby crowded with people. I saw nobody. I got out in the street and walked and walked.

Six or eight years afterwards when I was a candidate for Governor, I stopped one day in the little town of Sheboygan Falls. Among those who called on me was former Congressman Brickner. He had been on the Democratic side when I was on the Republican side of the House. He came into the hotel to greet me and while he was sitting there he brought up the Sawyer affair. The State, of course, had been aflame after the interview had been published. Sawyer's power over the Republican press of the State was very great, and it was all turned against me. I was denounced as a liar and assassin

of characters, trying to destroy one of the great and good men of the State. Brickner said, "Mr. LaFollette, I knew which one of you two told the truth about what took place in the Plankinton Hotel that day. I saw your face when you came down the stairs, with Sawyer following trying to catch up with you. I knew that there had been serious trouble."

After the interview with Sawyer at the Plankinton Hotel that day, I disclosed what had transpired between him and me to a few close personal friends and told them I thought it my plain duty to report the matter to the Court. Several of them took strong ground against this course. They pointed out the great power of Senator Sawyer, his corporation and political connections; his control of newspapers; they argued that he would utterly destroy me. I granted all that, but urged that as a member of the bar, an officer of the Court, I could not be silent; that it was my duty to report to Judge Siebecker exactly what had occurred. Conferences of these friends were held from time to time, they urging their view and I contending that my course, though the harder one, must be followed.

It was finally agreed that the whole matter be submitted to Judge Romanzo Bunn, the federal judge for the Western District of Wisconsin, whose home was in Madison, and who enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. I remember the afternoon when I saw him by appointment at his chambers in the federal building in Madison. He

listened with patience and understanding, his benign face expressing the utmost pain and sympathy. He did not speak until I had finished. Then he said,

"Robert, have you told Judge Siebecker?"

"No," I answered. "And on the advice of a few friends I came to tell you about it and to ask your counsel."

He said, "Well, you must tell Judge Siebecker. You cannot permit him to sit in the case without telling him all about it. I

doubt very much whether he will feel that he can try the cases. That is for him to decide — but you must tell him."

I said to him, "Judge Bunn, I have insisted from the first that it was my duty to tell Judge Siebecker, but my friends have strongly urged against that course, because they realize that Sawyer will follow me relentlessly as long as he lives. I understand that well, for this thing has weighed on me every hour since it occurred."

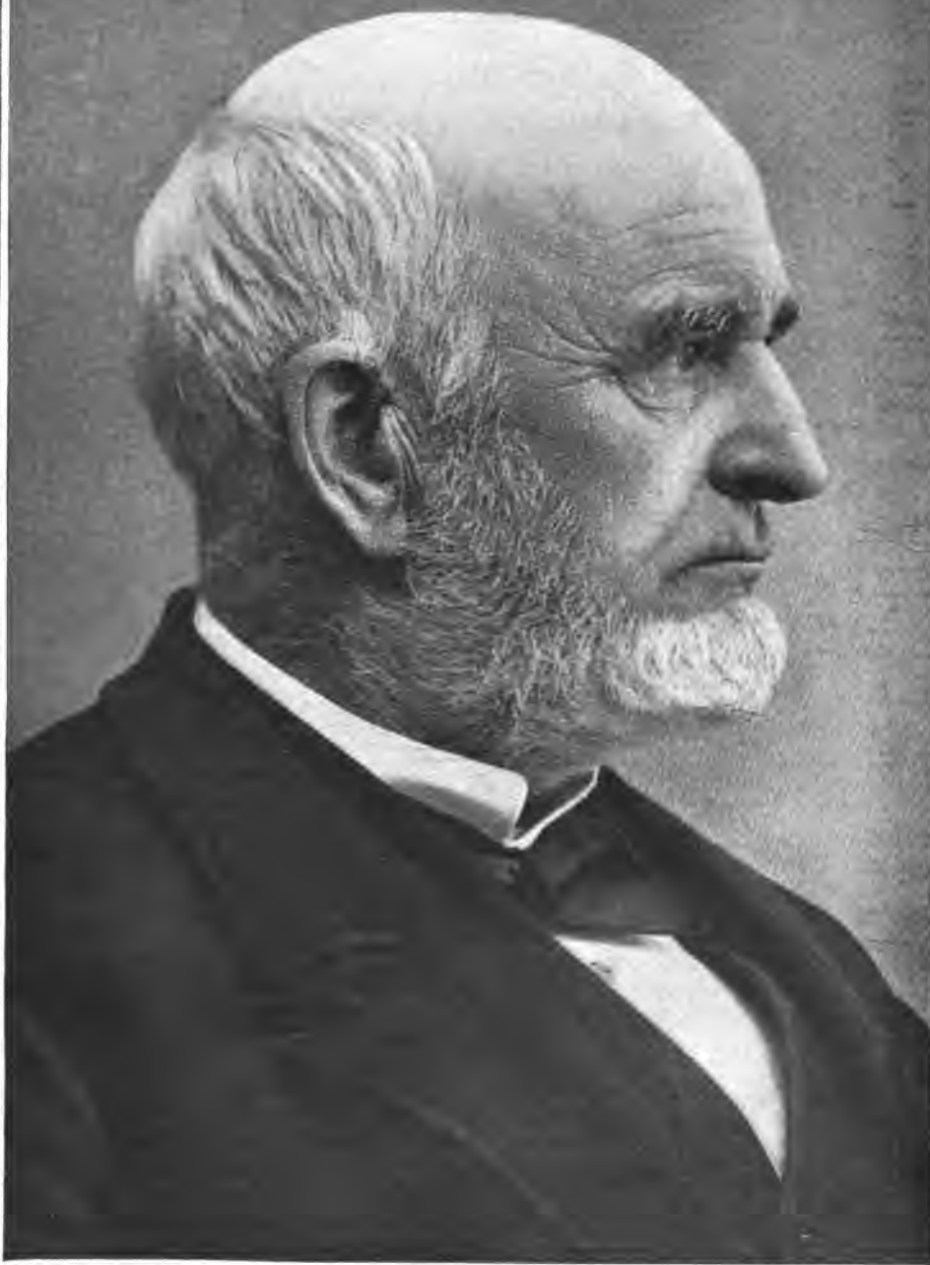
On the evening of the same day on which I saw Judge Bunn, in the privacy of Judge Siebecker's home I told him exactly what had

taken place. He was very much moved. He decided immediately, of course, that, with the knowledge of Sawyer's attempt to corrupt the Court, he could not sit as judge in the cases. He said that if he caused Sawyer to be cited for contempt, the facts would necessarily become public, with the result that it would prejudice the cases. So far as either of us knew, many of the defendants probably were ignorant of Sawyer's action. At any rate, it was important that they be given a



SAMUEL A. HARPER

For many years Senator La Follette's law partner. "No other man has ever been so completely a part of my own life"



Photograph by E. G.

PHILETUS SAWYER

fair and impartial trial. Before I left him he had determined that he would promptly call together the attorneys on both sides, tell them that he would not hear the cases for reasons which were controlling with him, but that he would call in any other circuit judge in the State upon whom they agreed. Siebecker was then a young man,—he had been on the bench two years and was making an excellent record as judge. These cases were certain to be important and if he rendered a judgment which should ultimately be sustained by the Supreme Court, it would make a record in which any trial court could take just pride, and might prove an important factor in his judicial career. Indeed, it transpired that Judge A. W. Newman, who was called in to try the cases after Siebecker's withdrawal, was elected to fill the first vacancy upon the Supreme Bench of Wisconsin.

I think it was on Friday that Judge Siebecker informed the attorneys on both sides that he could not try the treasury cases. They were amazed at his announcement, and the news quickly spread. The cases were of such great public interest, involving so many prominent men and such large sums of money, that the keenest speculation and indeed excitement followed Siebecker's withdrawal.

By the following day, newspaper correspondents, representing the principal papers of the State and leading dailies of Chicago, were rushed to Madison, keen on the scent for sensational news. Efforts were made to interview Judge Siebecker. And because of my relationship with the judge and my interest in political matters, every possible effort was made to extract something from me; but I did not regard it as incumbent upon me to make any public statement. Unable to ascertain any facts, a lot of newspaper stories were predicated upon guesses,—some wide of the mark and some shrewdly direct in their shot at the facts.

On Sunday morning, October 25, 1891, the Chicago *Times* printed a sensational story with the startling query as to whether there had been an attempt made to "influence" the Court in the Wisconsin Treasury cases, suggesting that if an effort had really been made to influence the Court, causing Siebecker's withdrawal, that the guilty party was known, and stood in the shadow of the penitentiary. Here are the headings from the Chicago *Times*:

BRIBERY THEIR GAME

PERSONS INTERESTED IN THE WISCONSIN STATE TREASURY SUITS ATTEMPT DESPERATE MEANS.

AN EFFORT MADE TO "INFLUENCE" JUDGE SIEBECKER, OF MADISON, WHO WAS TO TRY THE CASES.

THE INDIGNANT OFFICIAL NOTIFIES THE LAWYERS THAT HE WILL NOT SIT DURING THE TRIAL

HE REFUSES TO AT PRESENT MAKE PUBLIC THE DETAILS OF THE AFFAIR—STARTLING DISCLOSURES EXPECTED.

From what followed I was led to believe that Senator Sawyer had read and been very greatly alarmed by the matter published in the *Times*. His home was in Oshkosh, where also lived former State Treasurer Harshaw. Sunday evening I was surprised to receive a note from Harshaw brought to me by a bell boy from the Park Hotel, Madison. The note, which was written on the hotel stationery, indicating that Harshaw was then in Madison, requested an interview at my law office on the following morning at eight o'clock. I showed it to my law partner, Sam Harper. I suggested that Harshaw probably desired to see me regarding the Sawyer matter; that as no witnesses were present when Sawyer made his proposal to me at the Plankinton Hotel in Milwaukee, the time might come when the question of veracity would be raised between us; that Harshaw's proposed interview with me might result in some disclosure which would show conclusively that Sawyer had endeavored to corrupt the court and that I would consent to see Harshaw if he (Harper) would be present at the interview.

At eight o'clock the next morning Harshaw came to my office, accompanied by Joseph V. Quarles, afterwards United States Senator, one of the attorneys in the treasury cases. They were shown into my private room. After formal greetings, Mr. Quarles made inquiry about Judge Siebecker and said he wanted to see him. I told him where the Judge could be found and he thereupon withdrew. Harshaw remained. As Quarles left Sam accompanied him to the door of the outer office, leaving Harshaw in the private office with me.

The moment we were alone Harshaw leaned across the desk, and said quickly:

"Bob, will you meet Sawyer at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago to-night?"

I was incensed that he had succeeded in communicating to me privately a message from Sawyer, and rising to my feet I said in a tone of voice which immediately brought Sam back into the room.

"No, I will never meet Sawyer or have any

communication with him again as long as I live."

I was determined that Harper should know exactly what Harshaw had said to me during his absence, and so leaning across the desk, I repeated:

"You have just asked me if I will meet Sawyer to-night at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, and I answer you, no, so long as I live, I will never again meet Sawyer or have any communication with him."

Harshaw put up his hand in protest and said, "Don't, Bob, don't be angry with me. I have always respected you and always shall."

I then said to Harshaw that it was wrong for him to come to me with any such proposal; that he knew just what Sawyer had attempted at the Plankinton, and that he ought to have known that I would have nothing more to do with Sawyer. Harshaw said, "I do know what Sawyer did; but had I known beforehand what he intended to do when he met you at Milwaukee, it never would have occurred." This ended the interview, and Harshaw left the office.

From what occurred immediately thereafter it was plain that Sawyer was then in Milwaukee awaiting Harshaw's return, prepared to go on to Chicago provided I consented to meet him at the Grand Pacific; that upon Harshaw's arrival in Milwaukee and his report to Sawyer of the failure of his mission, he (Sawyer) then, apprehensive that the truth might come out, decided that he would forestall any possible statement which I might make. Up to that time no public charge had been made connecting Sawyer with Judge Siebecker's retirement from the treasury cases; but Sawyer knew, and that knowledge impelled him to commit the folly of protesting his innocence in advance of any public charge of guilt. On that same (Monday) evening he personally gave to the *Sentinel*, in Milwaukee, an interview in which he stated that he had "telegraphed" me to meet him at the Plankinton Hotel in Milwaukee; that he had offered me a retainer of five hundred dollars, but no money was paid; that I thought it would not be advisable to take a retainer, as Judge Siebecker was my brother-in-law; that it was the first he knew that Siebecker was my brother-in-law, and that had he known that fact he would not have proposed to retain me; that if I had put any improper interpretation upon his conversation with me, I had misunderstood or misconstrued what he said; and that at the time of the conversation I

certainly made no such intimation to him. The interview with Senator Sawyer was published Tuesday morning October 27th, 1891.

The publication of Sawyer's statement wholly misrepresenting the facts made it necessary that I should make public the truth regarding that interview, and in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* of Wednesday morning, October 28th, in a signed statement I set forth in detail just what actually did occur between Senator Sawyer and myself. I requested Judge Siebecker's sanction to speak, and received it. I did not point out the weakness and inconsistency of Sawyer's statement; I did not note the fact that he could not be ignorant of the relation existing between Siebecker and myself, which everybody knew, and which had been the subject of public discussion and comment when Siebecker was appointed circuit judge; I made no mention of the fact that I was constantly practising my profession in Siebecker's court, and that there could be no impropriety in my accepting a retainer had it been offered upon honorable terms. In that interview I stated only the naked facts required to make public record of the exact truth.

I believed I fully realized what this would cost me. Sawyer was THE POWER in Wisconsin politics. He was many times a millionaire. His wish was law—his rule unquestioned. His organization extended to every county, town and village. I knew that within twenty-four hours after giving my signed statement to the Milwaukee *Sentinel* his agents would be actively in communication with newspapers, with political committees, with the representatives of prominent business interests throughout the commonwealth.

Party feeling and party loyalty were still strong, and partook in some measure of the zeal and fervor of the days following the war. My veracity had never been questioned by any man. I was confident that my statement would be accepted as true. I did anticipate that men who loved the Republican party would resent as an attack upon it a statement which must impeach the honesty and integrity of its leader, and that while members of my party and all men generally would approve of my refusing a bribe, men devoted to the success of the Republican party would say that I might have suppressed the facts, though Sawyer had falsified them; that I might indeed, have withheld information from the court and, for the good of the party, have kept secret all knowledge of the fact that its leader had attempted to corrupt

even the courts. These are times of growing independence and keener civic conscience; it was vastly different twenty years ago.

Prepared as I was to meet criticism, no one could have anticipated the violence with which the storm broke upon me. In my own party there was no newspaper that dared to brook Sawyer's disapproval. Besides a little group of personal friends, there was no one to raise his voice in my defense. Prominent politicians denounced me. I was shunned and avoided everywhere by men who feared or sought the favor of Senator Sawyer and his organization. At every turn the way seemed barred to me. No one can ever know what I suffered. As I recall the fearful depression of those months, I wonder where I found strength to endure them. But I went about my work determined that no one should see in my face or daily habit any sign of what I was going through. But the thing gnawed all the while. I went from my office to my house, from my house to my office, and did my work as it came to me day by day. Fortunately I found clients who wanted the services of a man who could not be tempted by money. They came to me with their cases, and I found plenty to do. But I could not shake off or be indifferent to the relentless attacks upon my veracity which came in a steady onset from the Republican press of the state. Anonymous, threatening letters crowded my mail with warnings that if I dared to show my head in politics, I would do well to arrange in advance for a lot in the cemetery. I did not know it at the time, nor indeed until after Harper's death, but Mrs. La Follette has since told me that there was a long period following the Sawyer affair when Sam was so apprehensive for my personal safety that he scarcely permitted me to be out of his sight.

But I was resolved that I would not let it break me down. The winter of 1891-92 proved an ordeal. Sam Harper, General Bryant, Charles Van Hise, my classmate, then at the head of the Department of Geology of the University of Wisconsin, and a few friends stayed by me. These friends and the immediate family knew what I suffered during that time, but on the street, in my office and in the court room, I carried myself so that no one should know how keenly I felt it all. I slept very little and there was fear that my health would give way. But it did not.

Fourteen years afterwards, when I first came to the Senate of the United States, I was placed in a somewhat similar position.

I was again alone. When I entered the cloak room, men turned their backs upon me and conversation ceased. Members left their seats when I began to speak. My amendments to bills were treated with derision and turned down with a lofty wave of the hand. For nearly two years I went through an experience that had seldom failed to bring a fresh, independent member to terms. It was said that I would soon be "eating out of their hands." They did not know the iron that had been driven into me years before.

During that winter of 1891-92 I spent much time alone, in the private room at my law offices, and in the little study at my home in the long hours of the night. I went back over my political experiences. I thought over many things that had occurred during my service in the House. I began to understand their relation. I had seen the evils singly—here and there a manifest wrong, against which I had instinctively revolted. But I had been subjected to a terrible shock that opened my eyes, and I began to see really for the first time. I find now no bitterness and little resentment left in me against individuals. The men of that time filled their places in a system of things, in some measure the outgrowth of the wealth of our resources and the eagerness of the public for their development. Corporations and individuals allied with corporations were invited to come in and take what they would, if only the country might be developed; railroads and factories constructed, towns and cities builded up. Against this organized power it had been my misfortune—perhaps my fortune—to be thrown by circumstances. The experiences of my congressional life now came back to me with new meaning,—the Ship Subsidy Bill, the Oleomargarine Bill, the Nicaraguan Canal, the railroad rate bill, the Sioux Indian land grant and the Menomonic timber steal.

So out of this awful ordeal came understanding; and out of understanding came resolution. I determined that the power of this corrupt influence, which was undermining and destroying every semblance of representative government in Wisconsin, should be broken.

I felt that I had few friends; I knew I had no money,—could command the support of no newspaper. And yet I grew strong in the conviction that in the end Wisconsin would be made free.

And in the end it was so. That Sawyer incident had a tremendous effect on the young men of the state. Three years afterwards, in the campaign of 1894, they came into the state

convention, standing together and taking defeat like veterans. The ten years' fight was on.

I did not underrate the power of the opposition. I had been made to feel its full force. I knew that Sawyer and those with him were allied with the railroads, the big business interests, the press, the leading politicians of every community. I knew the struggle would be a long one; that I would have to encounter defeat again and again. But my resolution never faltered.

I well understood that I must take time to develop my plan; that the first encounter with the organization in Wisconsin must be one which should compel their respect, even though it resulted in temporary defeat for the reform movement. First of all I must make it manifest that I had not been destroyed as an individual. To do this it was necessary to go out and meet men wherever they were gathered together on political occasions.

The national Republican convention was called to meet in Minneapolis, June 7, 1892. There was no serious contest for the presidential nomination. Harrison's administration was generally popular throughout the country. The country was prosperous, and when the country is prosperous a presidential administration is popular.

I made no attempt to be elected as a delegate to the Convention. But I determined, nevertheless, to attend as a spectator. Sam Harper went with me. Of course the delegates elected to the convention by the Wisconsin machine were bitterly hostile to me. My trouble with Sawyer had been given wide publicity and was well known to all prominent politicians in that great gathering. I knew that generally they would not judge the matter upon its real merit, but strictly with reference to its effect upon the political situation in Wisconsin. To the extent that it injured Sawyer, the party leader in the State, it lessened the chances of Republican success; and the delegates to a national convention are looking above all things for immediate political victory. So, to that extent I anticipated disapproval even among those who had been my personal friends in public life at Washington. It taxed my resolution severely to meet these former political friends. I found all that I had anticipated in the way of coldness and hostility. One encounter which cut me to the quick will illustrate my meaning:

I had served for six years in Congress with David B. Henderson of Iowa, afterwards Speaker of the House of Representatives,

upon terms of personal intimacy. When the roll was called in the 49th Congress for the allotment of seats, mine chanced to fall almost within touch of Henderson who was already in the seat which he had chosen,—a sturdy figure he was, square face, fine head, covered with thick iron-gray hair,—he turned on me a keen, searching, yet withal a kindly look; our eyes met for a moment, and then putting out his hand, he said, "Well, my boy, I think you'll do." That was the beginning, and we were always good friends. We represented adjoining districts, the Mississippi River between. He had called me across the State line to speak for him in the campaign of 1890 when he feared that he was losing, and had often declared that I was a material help in saving him from defeat in that landslide year. When I met him at Minneapolis he came at me quickly with, "What are you fighting Sawyer for, and tearing things all to pieces in Wisconsin?" I told him that if he knew the truth he would not ask me such a question. And then the jostling crowd swept between us, and I saw him no more. A few old-time friends, Major McKinley among them, greeted me cordially with a warm hand and an understanding look in the eye, though in the main, I was made to feel that they regarded me a political outcast. But it was good training; it was seasoning me for the hard struggle ahead.

With Harrison's nomination, the Wisconsin machine selected its candidates for the State campaign. Former Senator Spooner was its candidate for Governor. The rank and file of the party had nothing to say,—Sawyer, Payne and a few others made the plans.

I was not yet ready to offer opposition, and decided to wait until two years later. But it was obvious that I must insist on keeping my place as a factor in the Republican campaign of that year.

The defeat of Governor William D. Hoard two years before had seriously divided the party. Hoard's friends felt that he had not been loyally supported by Payne in conducting the State campaign of 1890. In order to mollify Hoard's friends, and they were legion among the farmers of Wisconsin, and to bring about the desired party harmony, Payne withdrew as Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and H. C. Thom, a warm personal friend of W. D. Hoard, was elected in his place.

During my four Congressional campaigns, I had been called each time by the Chairman of the State Central Committee to speak outside of my district, and over the State.

The facts warrant me in saying, I think, that there was a general demand in campaigns for my work as a speaker. But in the campaign of 1892 I was not invited to speak. This, I understood, was by the orders of the machine.

I had well considered the wisdom of making my fight against the corrupt organization in Wisconsin politics in the Republican party rather than out in the field as an independent. I believed in the integrity of the rank and file of the party. I could see no valid reason why I should stand apart from the great body of men with whom I had been affiliated politically since coming to my majority so long as I was in substantial agreement with the ideas about which that party was organized. For these reasons, briefly stated, I had settled it in my own mind, that I would fight within the ranks. I did not propose that those nominally in control of the party organization should for any reason blacklist and put me outside of the party lines. If I chose at any time to leave the party, it would be because my convictions compelled me to do so. But I would not recognize the authority of any man or any set of men to decide my party status.

After waiting until it became quite apparent that I would not be invited, I wrote to the Chairman of the State Central Committee tendering my services as a speaker in the campaign. He came to see me at my law office in Madison, and suggested that in view of the feeling existing against me on the part of Senator Sawyer and his many friends, it would be inadvisable for me to take part in the campaign. We were personal friends, and discussed the matter frankly. He suggested that Senator Sawyer was an old man, and that if I ever wished to take any part in political matters in Wisconsin, the easier course for me would be to wait until he had passed away. He suggested that the feeling against me was very intense and that my appearance on the platform might be resented with violence. I answered that that would not deter me from entering the campaign; that I proposed to maintain my rela-

tions with the party and would not consent to be turned out to pasture to wait for my opponents to die off; that I was opposed to the corrupt machine methods of those in control and intended to stay on the firing line. I furthermore stated that if it was not desired that I should speak under the auspices of the State Central Committee, I would make my own announcements and speak under my own auspices; that I was deeply interested in Harrison's election and wanted to do all in my power for him, and that I was reasonably confident that I would have as good meetings in numbers and results as any managed by the State Central Committee. Chairman Thom thereupon decided that if I was going to speak anyway, he preferred that I should speak under the direction of the State Central Committee.

This I told him would be perfectly agreeable to me, but that I should designate the places where I was to speak. He desired to know what my attitude would be regarding the State ticket. I told him that I should discuss national issues.

I never held better meetings in any political campaign. I found every town placarded with great posters in flaming red, urging that I be called upon in my meetings to discuss the Sawyer affair. These posters contained a list of questions which it was urged should be put up to me for answer. I had little doubt that they emanated from Democratic sources, and it was their purpose to force that issue into my campaign.

Strange as it may seem, in no instance throughout that campaign was there a single unfriendly interruption from the audience, and never was I given a more respectful and attentive hearing. I was greatly encouraged and firmly convinced that whatever the attitude of the politicians, I still had many friends among the people.

In the next campaign, that of 1894, I began my fight on the Wisconsin machine which continued for ten years and resulted in the complete reorganization of the Republican party of the State. Of the details of that fight I shall tell in the following chapters.

Next month Senator La Follette will relate how, in 1894, he began his fight on the Wisconsin machine by urging the nomination of Nils P. Haugen for governor; how in 1896 and 1898 when he himself was a candidate, his delegates were bribed to desert him; how he originated the plan of direct nominations to do away with the old corrupt caucus and convention system, and how in 1900, in spite of all opposition, he was finally nominated and elected as governor. It is a most vivid and stirring story of "inside political history."

MR. FEENY'S SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

A Story of the Seed that Fell Upon Good Ground

BY VAUGHAN KESTER

Author of "The Prodigal Judge"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

ON the street some one had handed Mike Feeny an oblong of pasteboard. Mr. Feeny stoked with the Gulf & Mexican Transportation Line.

"Is it a ticket to a show?" he asked, removing his pipe.

"It is; go on in and enjoy yourself." And the donor laughed.

He was a pleasant-looking young fellow in evening dress, much like the young fellows Mr. Feeny sometimes saw on the awning-covered promenade deck.

"I'm beholden to you," said he, being a person of manners when sober.

And pocketing his blackened pipe he strode into the brilliant foyer of the Music Hall where the many lights fully disclosed him as a stoop-shouldered man of large muscular development, clothed in respectable shore-

going garments recently purchased at a bargain of a Jewish gentleman on the river front. A great shock of violently red hair formed an aureole about his long sad face, and the drooping ends of a blond mustache reached well back toward the freckled lobes of his ears. Mr. Feeny was strictly Irish, with the large potentialities of his race.

Now Mr. Feeny did not know that the International Congress of Economics had assembled there to give expert testimony, and charting a careful course in new shoes that pinched somewhat, he followed the trickle of well-dressed humanity into the building, where an usher showed him to an aisle seat in the last row of orchestra chairs. The orchestra was finishing a classic prelude. This first attracted Mr. Feeny's attention. It was displeasing to his musical tastes, and he remarked in a husky whisper to the gentleman on his left.

"Say, buddy, them fiddles is on the bum——"

"Hush!" said the gentleman, raising a warning finger.

"What for should I hush?" demanded Mr. Feeny. "Cheese it yourself!"

Feeling the incident closed, Mr. Feeny's glance shifted in the direction of the stage, where a number of men and women were seated in a wide half circle.

"Tis a white-faced minstrel show! But oh, heavens, ain't them girls the hard-featured huzzies?" thought Mr. Feeny.

A gentleman had risen and was making a few introductory remarks, the exact drift of which was lost on Mr. Feeny, but as he subsided, his place was taken by another gentleman who smilingly acknowledged the decorous ripple of applause his name had evoked.



He commenced to speak and Mr. Feeny gave him his undivided attention.

"He's a grand flow of words. I wonder he don't choke," was his mental comment.

Eventually he became aware that he was listening to an account of the decay of the cottage industries of France. Laboriously following the speaker he possessed himself of this concrete fact in segments and was moved to instant contempt of the speaker's conclusions. He had never noticed this decay in industry; his personal observations led him to believe that while jobs were sometimes hard to secure, there was always plenty of work after you got them.

He prepared to quit that spot with expedition, since he felt that any more economics would constitute a surfeit. But as he slid from his chair, the first gentleman advanced again to the center of the stage, and Mr. Feeny caught a name he knew, the magical name of MacCandlish.

"I'll see the next turn," he told himself, as amidst a perfect storm of applause a cheerful little man of a portly presence approached the footlights. "It's him all right, I seen him onct through the bull's-eye window of the smoking room afore the mate cussed me out forward,—and him worth his hundred millions!" Mr. Feeny breathed hard.

There was the hush of expectancy. The little man smiled kindly, tolerantly, while the lights seemed to cast a golden halo about him.

"It is my privilege to appear before this Congress to speak on the uses of wealth," he began in a soft purring voice. "And I only regret that I have not had the leisure in which to prepare a paper on so interesting a theme. However—a few thoughts occur to me—" Mr. MacCandlish paused for a brief space, and then once more that kindly voice flowed across the footlights. "It has always been my conviction that those who have lacked the opportunity to examine the operations of wealth are frequently led astray. In the first place, riches are invariably the direct result of great economic services undertaken for the good of mankind!"—and thus launched, Mr. MacCandlish began to deal not with the dead and dry of theories and panaceas, but with the living actualities of trade and production.

"Ain't it grand what the likes of him does for the likes of me!" thought Mr. Feeny in a pause, and then again that soft voice opened up fresh regions for him.

He saw that what Mr. MacCandlish called the law of supply and demand,—which he

seemed to hold in the very tenderest regard,—regulated things. He saw too that millionaires were only far-sighted individuals who had mastered the fact that what the world tossed aside to-day it would urgently need to-morrow, and garnered this waste, exacting a small margin of profit for the service.

"It's great!" Mr. Feeny told himself in a spent whisper. "I go somewhere as far as I can get, and raise things—no matter what—and then one of these here capitalists comes along and says: 'Feeny, me boy, how are your crops? I've one end of a thousand miles of railroad track at your front gate for to haul 'em away with.' No wonder they're well paid . . . 'tis right they should be,—I be- grudge 'em nothing."

"And after all"—it was Mr. MacCandlish speaking—"let us see what actual advantages the millionaire has, what does his money buy him in excess of what another may have? A little better shelter perhaps, more costly clothes, and his three meals a day!"

"'Tis true," thought Mr. Feeny. "They'd bust if they et oftener, the way they feed; and as for clothes, I've seen their lady friends with far less on than a workin' man's wife'd think decent."

Mr. Feeny had entered that building a rather heedless person who got drunk at every port of call, and who knew the inside of every calaboose in every flea-bitten center of civilization along the Caribbean, but he was to quit it a groping intellectualist with a germ lodged in his brain that was to fructify.

Mr. Feeny boarded the *Orinoco* of the Gulf & Mexican Transportation Line a chastened spirit. His last hours ashore, and the last of his



wages, had been spent in a second-hand book shop where he had acquired three books which under various titles dealt with the burning question of why the other fellow happens to have it all; a condition that is much older than political economy, just as language is older than grammar. Now the *Orinoco*, newly scraped and painted as to staterooms and gilded saloons where the eye and foot of Mr. Feeny never penetrated, had been chartered for a mid-winter cruise. Mr. Feeny heard this directly from one of his mates, Tom Murphy, who had it from an oiler, who had it from the second assistant engineer.

"It's a party of magnates," he explained. "We're to have close on to a billion dollars aboard,—live weight, you understand. MacCandlish, the big railroad man—you've heard of him in the papers, Feeny—is one of the bunch, and they've got a Protestant bishop along,—but I don't think much of the likes of him!" In theory, at least, Mr. Murphy was an ardent churchman.

"For what are they usin' this old hooker?" demanded Feeny.

"They're goin' down to have a look at mines in Mexico," said Murphy.

Mr. Feeny's first keen lust for wisdom survived the days of heavy toil that were his portion.

"But I've read hotter stuff," he told himself, one black night when he had been at sea ten days. He lay in his bunk and listened to the heavy seas break under the *Orinoco's* quarter. This was varied by mighty shivers when the racing screw fanned the air. And then suddenly it was as if tons and tons of water with the weight of lead, and driven by some vast power, had dropped on the *Orinoco*. Mr. Feeny sprang from his bunk. His first instinct was to rush for the deck, but thoughts of his mates in the stoke-hole sent him down the iron ladders that gave access to the vitals of the ship. As he gained the engine-room, the stokers burst out of their steel-walled pen, and after them came a rush of steam.

"All out?" roared Feeny.

"All out," some one bellowed in return, and they began swarming up the ladders, Feeny leaping from round to round in advance. At last spent and breathless they issued into the black night.

Then came a second shock. A mighty sea lifted the *Orinoco*, three thousand tons of steel and wood, and tossed her like a cork against something that did not yield to the terrific impact. Mr. Feeny picked himself up from among his fellows.

"She's aground,—and no thanks to her!" he bawled.

"The crew's gone with the boats!" said some one in his ear.

"Is that you, Tom Murphy? Let's see what's come of the millionaires!"

Mr. Feeny, chastely garmented in an under shirt, and with a wind-blown halo of red hair, invaded the smoking-room. His mates, naked to the waist and grimy from their toil, but showing patches of white skin here and there where the waves had touched them, slouched at his heels. They found that Capital was just getting on its feet. MacCandlish, his ruddy cheeks the color of Carrara marble, was crawling out from under a table where he had been thrown; the others of his party were variously scattered about the room.

"Yer left," said Feeny dispassionately. "Like us, yer left,—for the Captain's gone with his crew. I'd recommend you lifted the large armchair off the stomach of the fat gentleman on the floor in the corner, he's breathing hard and quite purple," and Mr. Feeny having thus delivered himself, withdrew with his mates.

"'Twas a shame for the captain to leave 'em. I hope he drowns . . .," said Feeny. "For duty's duty,—which reminds me that I'm the oldest man in the stoke-hole with more tons of coal to my credit than you'll equal even if you're given length of days, so I'll serve notice on ye, one and all,—I'm skipper!"

A wan light was lifting out of the east. It spread over the tossing seas and under the low, ragged clouds that the gale sent hurrying into the south.

"There's land!" cried Mr. Feeny. Peering through the saline reek of the storm, they saw first a narrow spit of land, and here and there a stunted palmetto. Then as the light spread, higher ground, dense with a tropic growth; while beyond was the sea again, a long restless line of blue that backed against the horizon.

Mr. MacCandlish and his friends issued from the saloon and worked their way along the bulwark to the group of stokers.

"Well?" said the millionaire, and he addressed himself to Feeny.

"I'm thinking, sir, we'd best leave the old hooker when the sea ca'ms down a bit. Yonder's one of the lifeboats hanging to its davits. Presently we'll h'ist it over the side and go ashore," said Feeny.

"Then you don't think we are in any imminent peril?" asked Mr. MacCandlish.

"That feelin' you got comes mainly from an empty stomach," said Mr. Feeny sooth-

ingly. "Here, Tom Murphy! you see if you can get these gentlemen their breakfast." He himself went below and accumulated a pair of trousers.

Then under his immediate direction breakfast was served in the saloon, while the stokers browsed about the forward deck. With hot coffee life took on a changed aspect; also Mr. Feeny's assured manner and the close proximity of the island combined to contribute their measure of hope to the minds and hearts of all. It was mid-morning, however, before Mr. Feeny declared it was not too great a hazard to attempt a landing, and to his "Easy, Murphy . . . easy, I say, Tom Murphy . . . Easy!" in a rising crescendo, the boat dropped into the water.

"Hurroar!" cried Mr. Feeny.

"Well done, my men!—very well done indeed!" said Mr. MacCandlish.

"Splendid, true lads,—all of them!" murmured the bishop.

"If you'll step lively, sir, we'll have you dry shod on terry-firmy in a jiffy!" said Feeny.

Within an hour after they had effected a landing it had been definitely ascertained that the island was not inhabited.

"That bein' the case," said Mr. Feeny. "I think I would best put the b'ys to work fetchin' off supplies. What do you think, sir?"

"Oh, by all means." It was Mr. MacCandlish who answered him. He and his friends were peacefully resting in the shade of a group of palms. "And will you have an eye to our personal belongings? Our trunks and hand-bags, I mean?"

"I'll have them fetched off immediate," said Mr. Feeny.

All that afternoon he and his mates tugged at boxes and bales, or sweated at the oars. At dusk they stopped for a bite to eat, and to rig up a shelter of awnings for the millionaires.

"I'm doubtful about the weather," Mr. Feeny explained as he came up from the boat, his shoulders piled high with mattresses. "And bein' as there's a full moon to-night, we'll best bring off what more of the stores we can."

And at midnight when Mr. MacCandlish strolled out under the tropic moon for a last look about before turning in, he heard the voice of Feeny and the voices of Feeny's mates as they raged at their work. If the stokers slept that night, none of the millionaires could have told the space of time Mr. Feeny allotted to them for repose; for in the

rosy dawn, when they ran down to the shore for a plunge in the surf, there midway between the wreck and the island was the lifeboat piled high with stores. And all that day the work went on without pause. Only Murphy, with frying pan and coffee pot, snatched a few moments from his toil to minister to the comfort of the party under the awnings.

That night the wind slewed round to the south and blew a gale; and when morning broke, the *Orinoco* had vanished finally from the sight of men.

"'Tis organization I'm teachin' the b'ys," explained Mr. Feeny.

"Ah! . . . organization," said Mr. MacCandlish.

"I've knowed about it since that night in New York when I heard you give 'em the talk in the theayter. It was great!"

"Were you there, Feeny?" asked MacCandlish. This was the most subtle flattery he had ever known.

"Was I there? Drunk or sober, it was Mike Feeny's best day ashore! I been a understandin', reasonin' man ever since I listened to you. Supply and demand,—the problem of civilization, the problem of distribution,—bearin' this in mind I've divided the work. Tom Murphy's something of a cook, so I've app'nted him to the grub division, with Sullivan and the Portuguese to help. Corrigan, and Pete, the Swede, will bring our supplies up as we need 'em from the point where the salvage is stored. And I've put O'Hara to oysterin' for the good of the community. The other lads will work as comes handiest."

"You are showing excellent judgment, my man," said MacCandlish warmly.

Just at dusk that night, Mr. Feeny in the presence of the stokers hoisted a queer-looking flag down by the camp where he and his mates lived. Then standing with bared head beneath the fluttering pennant, he said.

"I pronounce these here the United States of Ireland! . . . In conference with Mister Murphy, I've decided on a Declaration of Independence and a Constitution which you can ask about if you're at all curious. If you ain't—I'll say this much for it,—we're opposed to anarchy, communism, and socialism. We believe in the sacred rights of property—which is only another name for salvage. We believe too that the law of supply and demand is a great law, and well adapted for to take healthy root in this climate. We will now proceed to vote for Mike Feeny for president; Tom Murphy, police judge; Jack Cor-

rigan, alderman; and Pete, the Swede, cop. 'Tis right the foreigners we have should hold some of the jobs. And now the elections bein' happily over, we'll just leave the public at large to discover what's been done for to make life brighter and easier for it."

Knowing nothing of those vicissitudes through which the island was passing, the public slept soundly, and after a refreshing plunge in the sea was ready for breakfast. But no smiling Murphy appeared. No Sullivan and no Portuguese came to do its bidding. Presently Mr. Feeny hove in sight swinging along the sands.

"Hurroar!" he cried. "We're organized,—completely organized! The law of supply and demand has adjusted herself to her surroundings, and Mike Feeny's the student of political economy what's done it!"

"Eh? What's all this, Feeny? And what's become of that loafer Murphy?" demanded Mr. MacCandlish.

"You go down with me to the new hotel tent, The St. Murphy-Feeny we call it, to typify the spiritual as well as the spirituous needs of man. Cooks is scarce,—they perform a necessary and useful function. So do waiters,—pickin' up food in the kitchen and distributin' it under the pa'ms. I hope you have your wads handy, for Mister Murphy's now doin' a cash business. Says he: 'We're a prosperous people. Things is naturally high; they'll be higher yet, by the grace of Heaven!'"

"What is this crazy drivel?" said MacCandlish petulantly.

"Why hasn't breakfast been served us?" inquired the bishop, with marked asperity of manner. Feeny had fallen in his esteem.

"I am telling you what Mister Murphy says down at the Murphy-Feeny. Says he; 'Them great staples Scotch whisky and bottled beer is scarce, while such luxuries as bread and tinned stuff is reasonably abundant but firm in price, with every indication of a sharp advance. But,' says he, 'the per-capita wealth of this nation's phenomenal, and it's evenly distributed—or will be in the near future.'"

Mr. MacCandlish's brother-in-law laughed aloud at this. Since his marriage to the millionaire's sister, prices had not greatly troubled him; the cost of living could soar or sink, it was all one, and this cheerful optimism had packed the fat on his ample frame. But Mr. MacCandlish's business associates were built on more meager lines, and were of sterner stuff. They had, when expedient, ordered shut-downs and lock-outs with entire composure; and they had not scorned to profit

by short crops to boost the price of bread. But MacCandlish shook his head. Feeny continued:

"I've vaccinated this coal-heavin' bunch with this here political economy serum, and it's took with every mother's son of 'em. They were ignorant cusses five days back, but now they are practical men of affairs."

"If this is a joke——" began Mr. MacCandlish.

"Do I look like I'd joke?" demanded Mr. Feeny. "It's system I'm telling you about,—the elimination of haphazard methods of distribution, for one thing. Now there's Corrigan, a husky lad with a good back and a strong pair of arms, him and Pete, the Swede, has become common carriers for the good of all,—you'll find none commoner anywhere. The Portuguese's buildin' a fence about the bananas and cocoanuts preparatory to puttin' a price on 'em. He's a taste for farmin' and is aimin' to develop the natural resources of this island. By the same token, Corrigan's gone into the poultry business with them turtles, and O'Hara's adopted the oyster beds. He say's there's a future in oysters. He looks for a short crop, as he's got no gum boots and is timid about gettin' his feet wet,—but with prices fair, and constantly tendin' higher round the R in February."

They had reached what Mr. Feeny called the hotel tent. The *Orinoco's* awnings had been used with admirable effect, and across the front of the canvas edifice was displayed a sign with letters two feet high, "St. Murphy-Feeny. European Plan." The humor of the situation seemed lost on Mr. MacCandlish and his party; only the stout brother-in-law laughed, but a hostile glance from the eye of a friend caused him to repress his mirth.

"Mister Murphy's prepared to cater for you at them prices that has the indorsement of the Hotel Trust," said Mr. Feeny.

"I denounce this as an iniquitous outrage! It's downright piracy!" sputtered Mr. MacCandlish, very red in the face.

"Easy . . .," said Mr. Feeny, soothingly. "We made a fair split with the salvage, but feelin' that you'd prefer to have the whole of your personal belongin's we let 'em offset the ship's stores. Now do you be reasonable! Mr. Murphy says he'll have no rough house for his. Any man that's white and willin' to behave himself can feed here. For such as can't conform to these simple rules, Pete, the Swede, will do the bouncin'; 'twill be one, two, three, and out ye go to the inquest. I little thought, Mr. MacCandlish, sir, I'd have to p'int out to you of all



"I LITTLE THOUGHT THAT YOU'D BE THE FIRST TO IGNORE THE SACRED RIGHTS OF PROPERTY, MR. MACCANDLISH. SIR," HE SAID. . . . "—AND THE LIKES OF YOU . . . THE FRIEND OF PRESIDENTS AND KINGS . . . TO SWIPE A GARBAGE CAN!"

men the fairness of this arrangement," continued Mr. Feeny severely. "Ain't it highly necessary you should be fed and looked after? You can't well do that for yourself, havin' outgrown the habit; and you're too busy playing poker, when you ain't eatin' and sleepin', to rightly know what you do need——"

"Bridge!" snapped Mr. MacCandlish.

"It's cards, ain't it? Well, the b'ys and me have agreed to take the job of caring for you off your hands. Having saved the salvage from the sea, we are minded to turn an honest penny with it, but owin' to the scarcity of the necessities of life and bein' aware that none know better than yourselves that the value of a thing depends on how hard it is to get, the St. Murphy-Feeny will adopt a scale of prices that will compare favorably with what you're used to in New York, at them places that's run for the millionaire trade. I've heard in the papers of your eatin' meals costin' twenty dollars a plate, and that sometimes your lady friends dissolves pearls and di'monds in the apple vinegar for to take away that cheap taste; we can't give you di'monds and pearls, nor yet the 'lectric lights, but we can give you prices——" Mr. Feeny rested a long forefinger against the side of his nose. "Maybe we can go 'em one better—Mister Murphy, how is it with ham and eggs this day?"

"With two eggs?" asked Murphy.

"With two eggs," said Mr. Feeny.

"To be served one person?"

"To be served one person. I hope you'd have too much self-respect for to let a customer split his order!" said Mr. Feeny.

"I would,—I'd bust his crust," said Murphy. "Twenty dollars if the eggs is fried on one side, thirty dollars if they're fried on both sides. The extra labor makes this light difference in price. I would mention, too, that the privilege of shakin' the pepper castor onced on your vittles is five dollars. Rates for more extended service on application."

"Well, no one has to eat here unless he wants to," said Mr. Feeny.

"You never said a truer word, Mike Feeny. They can go hungry if they like."

Now finance is a big subject, but Mr. Feeny and his mates attacked it with the same energy they would have attacked a bunker of coal, consequently prices performed miracles in the way of change; but as Mr. Feeny had prophesied they constantly tended higher; also their prevalence was wide-spread; for that red-headed student of political economy

resolutely fixed a value to each service and to every necessity.

At first MacCandlish had been disposed to negotiate checks, with the disingenuous intention of later stopping payment on them, but Feeny held out firmly for cash.

"When that's all gone, we'll take over your paper," he said. "I'm thinkin' of starting a bank for to accommodate it; but as long as your money lasts we'll just keep on doin' a nice cash business."

And MacCandlish submitted, but with a very bad grace, to what he regarded as the iniquitous exactions of the stokers. Always before when prices had been high, he had directly benefited; indeed, high prices and good times had been synonymous terms with him.

It was an added strain that the castaways were his guests. Under the circumstances it required all that decision of character for which he was rightly famous to suggest that they stop eating. But he pointed out that if they did this, there must come inevitable collapse to Feeny's elaborate commercial system; it was merely a matter of principle, he explained; and early one morning he led his friends to the far end of the island, where they would be remote from temptation and the allurements of the St. Murphy-Feeny.

"We'll presently bring those scoundrels to their senses," he said. "We'll freeze 'em out and dictate our own terms."

"I think you've managed this all wrong!" said his brother-in-law gloomily.

"How so?" snapped the great man.

"I'd have started the boycott after breakfast. If we must starve for a principle, I for one should prefer not to do it on an empty stomach. I've always regarded breakfast as a most important meal—the keystone of the day, as it were. No, certainly I should not think of beginning to go hungry until after I had breakfasted,—it's an awful handicap!"

The bishop spoke dreamily of lunch. He made it clear that he rather sided with the brother-in-law. He admitted that he had frequently gone without lunch . . . ; it could be managed where one had anticipated such a contingency,—but breakfast and dinner—"the good man sighed deeply.

"You'll probably have an opportunity to try going without both," said MacCandlish tartly.

The bishop groaned outright at this, and fell to gathering wild flowers for his herbarium. He wandered farther and farther afield in his quest. After a time the brother-in-law observed that he had disappeared along the

sands. A gleam of quiet intelligence flashed from his eyes. He rose languidly from the fallen log on which he had been sitting and sauntered off.

"Where are you going?" demanded MacCandlish sharply.

"I am going to look for the bishop," said his brother-in-law with dignity, and he too vanished along the sands.

The sun soared higher and higher above the palms and burned splendidly in the blue western arch of the heavens. MacCandlish, watching its flight, reflected grimly but with satisfaction that he had shepherded his little flock safely past the luncheon hour. Presently one of the castaways expressed great anxiety concerning the bishop, and declared his purpose of going immediately in search of him. Two others of the party were quickened to sympathetic interest in this project and announced their willingness to share in it.

The sun sank toward the heaving restless blue of the ocean. In distant peaceful centers of life, happy millionaires were beginning to think of dinner. Realizing this, Mr. MacCandlish experienced a poignant moment, and felt his Spartan fortitude go from him. He turned to speak to one of his friends, and discovered that he was entirely alone. He glanced warily about him, and then stole off through the jungle in the direction of the St. Murphy-Feeny.

He was not wholly surprised when he found that his friends had preceded him thither. They were clustered sadly about Mr. Feeny, who was explaining that the St. Murphy-Feeny was temporarily closed to the public.

"They've gone on a strike, the b'ys have. Capital's in the kitchen and labor's out under the pa'ms, both full of principle and strong drink. It's a private matter between the two, only it's my belief you'll get no dinner this day. 'Compromise,' says I to Murphy. 'Compromise—nothin'!' says Murphy to me. 'I'll teach them dogs they can't run my business,—it's me private affair.' 'Think of your public,' says I. 'The public be damned!' says he. And there you are! It's the conflict of two opposin' ideas,—as they say in one of me books. Just like it is when the trolley's tied up and you have to walk five miles to get home." Mr. Feeny sighed. "I'm thinkin' Mister Murphy will have to h'ist his prices to make good this day's loss. 'Tis wonderful how easy political economy is to learn when you put your mind to it . . . but dinner's got a black eye."

"What's the row about, Feeny?" asked Mr. MacCandlish. Hunger tempered the visible manifestations of his indignation, but a hard steely glitter lurked in the corners of his eyes. It boded ill for Mr. Feeny when they left that island.

"You upset the delicate balance holdin' supply and demand steady on their jobs, when you quit eatin' this mornin', Mr. MacCandlish. It immejiately provoked hard feelin's between Mister Murphy of the Hotel Trust and Mr. Sullivan and the Portuguese of the labor combine. As I've just been explainin' to your friends,—I hate these strikes,—there's the loss in wages to labor, and the cripplin' effect on capital. The Portuguese and Mister O'Hara of the Oyster Trust are figuring up what it's cost them, and Mister Corrigan of the Poultry Trust is hoppin' mad. Eggs is a natural breakfast food, he says, and he's the heaviest loser. They tell me too that he so far forgot himself as to put his foot in the Swede's face, closin' one eye and giving his nose a strong list to starboard. Just why he done so I ain't rightly learned, but it must have been along of feelin' peevish about the outlook for the poultry business. You see, I can do nothing,—and anyhow I'm thinkin' of foundin' a library where you can go for to improve your minds. . . . 'The Feeny Foundation,—Established by Michael Feeny, 1910. A University of the People, endowed by Michael Feeny.' Can you think where the name could be introduced again without seemin' a mere repetition? Mister Murphy's decided to have a 'Ospital for his. 'What's a Captain of Industry without his little fad,' says he. 'Vittles may cost a trifle more, but I'll have my 'Ospital,' he says."

Mr. MacCandlish had forsaken the group that clustered about Feeny, and stolen to the back door of the St. Murphy-Feeny with burglarious intent; but he heard the voices of men within and the clink of glasses, and turned mournfully away. As he did so his glance fell on Mister Murphy's garbage can. In that instant hunger overcame him. He snatched up the can and fled with it. He had almost reached a sheltering growth of palms when Feeny caught sight of him and raised the alarm.

Mr. MacCandlish's Marathon was soon run, for as he bounded into the bush he heard Feeny close at his heels, and a second later the stoker's muscular hand seized him by the collar of his coat.

"No violence!" panted the bishop, as purple-faced and perspiring he gained a place at Feeny's side.



"THE FULL AMOUNT IS HERE, MR. FEENY," SAID THE LAWYER. "THAT INCIDENT OF THE GARBAGE CAN WAS AN IMPORTANT POINT IN THE ADJUSTMENT OF YOUR CLAIM"

Mr. Feeny surveyed the millionaire with a glance of scornful pity.

"I little thought that you'd be the first to ignore the sacred rights of property, Mr. MacCandlish, sir," he said. "'Tis no excuse that you're hungry. What's moral on a full stomach remains moral on a empty stomach. The eternal principles of right and wrong ain't made to fit the shape of a man's belly,—and the likes of you . . . the friend of presidents and kings . . . to swipe a garbage can!" concluded Feeny, but more in sorrow than in anger.

In the golden dawn a week later, a rapturous shout from Mr. MacCandlish called his friends from their tent. He was standing on the beach, frozen into a tense and rigid attitude.

"Look!" he gasped, pointing.

There anchored off the end of the island was a small and dingy looking steamer, but the sight of it gladdened the hearts of the cast-

aways. Pajama clad, they cavorted along the sands, whooping gleefully. Then, as they rounded a wooded point, they came on the stokers. Near at hand a ship's boat was beached, and two bare-legged sailors were hunting turtle eggs; while a third stranger was engaged in earnest conversation with Feeny. Mr. MacCandlish swore.

"My dear friend . . .," admonished the bishop, greatly shocked.

"It's an English tramp—the *Nairn*," said Feeny pleasantly, as he turned toward them. "We sighted her along afore day and histed signals. This gentleman's her skipper. He was bound for Para, but he's taken a fresh charter and'll land us in New York inside of two weeks, barring the risk of the high seas and the acts of Providence— No, no, Mr. MacCandlish," as the millionaire edged toward the *Nairn's* skipper, "a bargain's a bargain,— and the contract's signed. The ship's already under charter. But you'll find Mike Feeny always ready for to do business when

he sees a chance to turn an honest dollar. I'm as willin' to speculate in transportation as in vittles. The *Nairn* ain't a Cunarder,—far from it,—but she'll land you in New York at two thousand a head; which gives us a nice profit."

Two hours later the *Nairn* was steaming north, and Feeny was watching the island as it merged with the blue obscurity of sky and sea; while from the after deck Mr. MacCandlish cast menacing glances in his direction. It was evident that his feelings toward that self-taught political economist were unbenevolent in the extreme. Somewhere about him was concealed much cash, and those many, many checks, which he intended to recover when they reached New York and he could invoke the aid of the law.

Now Mr. Feeny cherished no illusions on this point; and one night, as the *Nairn* was steaming up the Jersey coast, he called his mates about him.

"I misdoubt me philanthropic friend, Mr. MacCandlish. He's showin' a peevish spirit, I'm thinkin'. After all, he's no real political economist, but just a cheap skate who's played a sure thing so long he's got no sportin' blood left. If we put them bits of paper in at the bank for to take our money out, we'll get pinched instead,—he told me as much."

"What might you have it in your mind to suggest, Mister Feeny?" asked Mr. Corrigan.

"Go to some tall buildin' on Broadway, and have a talk with one of them big lawyers."

Thus it came about that as Mr. Hargrew, whose specialty was corporation law, was glancing over his mail the next morning, a low-voiced clerk informed him that one Feeny earnestly desired speech with him.

"He's Irish, and has a couple of men with him. It looks like the executive council of some labor union," the clerk added.

"Show them in," said the lawyer.

"Mornin'," said Mr. Feeny.

"Good morning," said the lawyer.

"Feeny's me name, and I'm a retired Captain of Industry from the United States of Ireland. If you've read the mornin' papers you've seen how that other great Captain of Industry, Mr. MacCandlish, and a party of friends was picked up off an island in the Gulf of Mexico."

The lawyer nodded.

"Yes, I've read about that," he said.

"We was the *Orinoco's* coal heavers. It's us that saved the lives of them babes of millionaires. We stood by them when the sailors had quit the ship, we salvaged the wreck, and fed and tended 'em. We done all

the hard work, and organized a government, and made that island so homelike you couldn't have told it from New York. Everything was legal, and I ask you if the rise in the price of staples wasn't a natural rise, owin' to the law of supply and demand?"

The lawyer laughed and shook his head. "Wait!" said Mr. Feeny. "I'll say nothin' of the trouble it was to care for 'em, nor the spirit they showed,—how Mr. MacCandlish was caught escapin' into the pa'ms with a can from the back door of the St. Murphy-Feeny, where Mister Murphy of the Hotel Trust chucked his broken vittles—you might call it garbage and not misname it. When he was captured and fetched back penitent, I said to him: 'Mr. MacCandlish, I never thought you'd be one of the first to ignore the sacred rights of property,' and what he answered would be a case for libel if I had the mind to push it. Now I ask you, if stealin' isn't stealin', what is it?"

The lawyer appeared to consider.

"I got a roll of their checks as big round as a strong man's arm, and I'm lookin' for a way to get 'em cashed without gettin' pinched meself," said Mr. Feeny.

"And you wish me to arrange this if possible?" said the lawyer smiling. "I am not sure I can, but if you like you may leave those checks with me and I'll see what I can do; wait a moment until I run them over, and give you an acknowledgment." When he had done so, he looked up into Mr. Feeny's long, sad face and whistled softly. Then he looked again at the bundle of checks and again at Mr. Feeny, who seemed to understand.

"We was a prosperous people," he said.

"You were indeed. Is this all, Mr. Feeny?"

"There was some cash . . . , all they had, I remember to have heard them say," answered Mr. Feeny.

"You may come this afternoon about four."

And that afternoon when Mr. Feeny, punctual to the second, presented himself with Mr. Corrigan and Mr. Murphy, the first thing his sad eyes saw was a neat pile of bills on the corner of Mr. Hargrew's desk.

"The full amount is here, Mr. Feeny," said the lawyer. "That incident of the garbage can was an important point in the adjustment of your claim. Your's must have been a profoundly interesting social experiment."

"I dunno as I should call it that," said Mr. Feeny, modestly. "For it's my opinion there's nothin' easier than political economy. The mistake most people makes is in havin' the demands instead of the supply," and Mr. Feeny permitted himself to smile.

HUMAN NATURE IN HAWAII

How the Few Want the Many to Work for Them—
Perpetually, and at Low Wages

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "The Spiritual Unrest," "Following the Color Line," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

AS good a bit of economic philosophy as I heard while in the Hawaiian Islands came from the lips of a curious character who keeps a little stopping place in the island of Maui. When he took our bags at the wharf, my companion asked him how the town was prospering.

"Oh," said he, "we're all right so long as the Japs keep on working."

Stripped bare of all confusing non-essentials our curious hotel-keeper had set forth the fundamental condition in Hawaii. So long as the Japanese, the Chinese, the Portuguese, the Porto Ricans, the Filipinos, the Koreans and all the other babel of foreign peoples keep on working quietly, we're all right. The only noteworthy "Oriental peril" in Hawaii is the fear that the Orientals will not continue to work with docility on the land of the white man.

When the white man first began to get control of the land, he set the native Hawaiian to work for him; but the Hawaiian has never been a really good worker. Therefore, in an early day, the planters began to bring in Chinese and later, stimulated by a protective tariff on sugar and free-trade in labor, they drew in thousands of Japanese, Portuguese, Porto Ricans, Koreans and others.

To show how very small a part the American plays in the actual plantation labor of the islands, one need only refer to the figures of employment in 1909. Out of 41,678 plantation workers in that year, only 604 were Americans—and they were practically all in special or skilled positions. On the other hand, the number of Japanese employees

was 27,989—about two-thirds of the whole. The following list will give an idea of the working force of the plantations:

Oriental workers, including Japanese, Chinese and Koreans.....	32,542
European peasants, mostly Portuguese and Spanish.....	4,578
Hawaiian natives.....	1,153
Porto Ricans.....	1,953
Others, including Filipinos, South Sea Islanders, Negroes, etc.....	848
Americans.....	604
Total.....	41,678

As I have already shown, practically everything in Hawaii depends upon the sugar industry—all the wealth, the fine homes, the beautiful buildings, the smooth automobile roads, the extraordinary charitable and benevolent institutions. And the sugar industry depends largely upon the labor of these foreign peoples, mostly Japanese, upon the land. It will be seen, then, how true was the remark of our hotel-keeper in Maui:

"We're all right so long as the Japs keep on working."

The keynote, indeed, of our modern worldwide economic situation is the struggle for docile labor. Europe, America, Australia, South Africa and even parts of Asia are all seeking men who will work at low wages for long hours, live in the cheapest sort of way, and make no complaint. Our own country is drawing in millions of such men from Southern Europe; South Africa has been receiving many East Indians; and even little Hawaii has searched every part of the earth for workmen.

The first great supply to be tapped was

China. The Chinese were brought in in considerable numbers while Hawaii was still a kingdom. They came as contract laborers under a system which closely resembled slavery, and all things considered—from the point of view of the planter—they were and are the best of all laborers. That is, they are the most industrious, they will live the cheapest, they will work for the lowest wages, and remain the most docile under all conditions.

But when Hawaii was admitted into the American union, no more Chinese could be brought in. Therefore, the Hawaiian planters turned to the next great source of labor, the Japanese. An aristocracy does not care a whit where labor comes from or what it is, so long as backs and biceps are strong, and souls are sodden and unambitious. But a democracy in its rough way desires not merely workers, but associates and neighbors. And the democracy of the Pacific coast, where the Japanese were also crowding in, began to protest and expostulate. The Japanese were coming too fast, there was no time to get acquainted or

to arrive at mutual understandings: they could not associate with them. Consequently the Japanese stream was cut off, both on the mainland and in Hawaii.

The planters had already been bringing in, at large expense, shipments of Portuguese peasants and this was now continued, but the supply was still inadequate. So they tried bringing in ignorant Porto Ricans, ignorant Koreans, ignorant Russian peasants from Siberia, and, more recently, considerable numbers of underfed and diseased Filipinos.

So urgent is the need of labor that two separate immigration bureaus are maintained in the islands. One is privately supported by the Planters' Association, the other by the territorial government, and both expend very large sums of money yearly. As a matter of fact, both of the bureaus represent the planters' interest, one being the right hand of the Planters' Association, the other the left hand.

The purpose of both organizations, of course, is to get cheap laborers, but the terri-



Japanese cutting sugar cane and loading it on the cars of a plantation railroad in Hawaii

torial bureau represents what may be called the progressive element among the planters. It seeks to bring in white men and to offset Oriental immigration by that of peasant white labor from Europe. It hopes thus to "Americanize" the islands. It has the hearty support of men like Governor Frear and Dr. Victor S. Clark, who is the leading spirit on the territorial board and who is intensely in earnest upon this subject. The bureau of the Planters' Association, on the other hand, is bringing in Filipinos—in spite of the objections and warnings of the medical authorities.

Those who favor white immigration are having to meet all sorts of difficulties. In the first place the Asiatic element in the islands is now overwhelmingly predominant, and any white worker who meets Asiatic competition must live on a very low scale. Moreover most of the planters would much prefer the Oriental—who is docile and industrious and who cannot become a citizen and voter. More than all else, however, it is very difficult to keep the imported white workers. Many of the Portuguese immigrants brought to Hawaii at large expense remain only long enough to save a little money and then fly to California, where the air is freer.

I talked with the pastor of a little Portuguese Protestant church and he told me that about a third of his membership had left for the States during the preceding year. The intense feeling, even of these peasant workers of Europe, is illustrated by an incident which occurred on the landing of the *Oleric* last April which brought 1,500 Portuguese and Spanish immigrants. It is reported thus by the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*:

"In detaching the immigrants from the federal immigrant station and sending them to the wharf, overzealous guards prompted some of the Portuguese immigrants to resent what they considered was unnecessary jostling. A Portuguese man did not understand the words spoken by the guard, but he knew the meaning of the shove. He stopped and baring his arm said:

"See my arm? See the skin? It's white. I did not come here to be driven as a slave, in this free country of America."

"He spoke in Portuguese and was dramatic in his sudden assumption of dignity, for his ragged clothing and uncouth manner did not indicate him to be a man sensitive of his new rights in his new land of adoption."

Of a shipload of Russian peasants from Siberia, which arrived a year or so ago, a large proportion would not even go to the planta-

tions to work. Although Governor Frear said of them that they were in some respects the best immigrants ever brought to the islands, they simply would not work there, under the prevailing conditions. I saw some of the Russian families living in the utmost squalor and misery in Honolulu waiting for the men of the family who had gone to California to earn enough money to send for them. The only reason that many Japanese and Chinese remain in the islands, is because they cannot, under the new regulations, go to California. Both the Chinese and Japanese in the islands are to this extent enforced laborers: and is it ever really possible to make free laborers compete with laborers who are not free?

No, excellent as are the intentions of those who would thus import white men, how can they succeed? If the present feudalism, the purpose of which is to raise the maximum of sugar at the maximum of profits for a few rich men, is to continue, then a depressed, disfranchised, half-free labor is the necessary concomitant. But if the islands are to become more democratic, if they are to place the making of good men and good citizens as the prime object of a state, then they must change the present system of oligarchic control. There is no other way out.

At present, the great majority of the plantation interests—and their word is law—don't want men who are likely to become ambitious; they don't want citizens. They are even now agitating the idea of persuading the United States government to so modify its exclusion law, as to let in a "few more" Chinese workers under a sort of contract system. One of the chief troubles with the Japanese in the islands is that they rear large families, and the boys of these families, born on our soil, will soon be voters. And that introduces a perplexing if not alarming element in the situation! I asked one of the big planters on Maui whether he thought that the coming generation of Japanese would make intelligent citizens:

"Oh, yes," he said, "they'll make intelligent citizens all right enough, but not plantation laborers—and that's what we want."

The planters discover that not only are the young Japanese and Chinese coming along soon as voters, but that the Japanese are displaying extraordinary ability in getting into business, in acquiring property and otherwise in threatening the present equilibrium of control. Consequently decided efforts are being made in the islands to keep the Japanese out of certain trades and business and to pre-



AN AMERICANIZED CHINESE FAMILY

The father, Mr. William Yap Kwai Fong, is a bank clerk, and his children are all being educated for American citizenship

vent them from acquiring land. An important official of the territory put the situation quite boldly and naively to me:

"You see these young Japanese born in the islands under the law are as much citizens as we are. They are therefore entitled to take up homesteads. The problem with us is to interpret the law so that none of them can get in."

One of the underlying ideas of the planters in supporting the really sincere work of the government immigration bureau in attempting to bring in white peasants from Europe, is frankly to meet the now overwhelming Japanese element with many other diverse peoples, with diverse customs and prejudices. A strike of Japanese workmen on several plantations two years ago caused the Planters' Association to see a great light in this connection. A population having no common language, no common ambitions, and being fierce competitors in the labor market, is difficult to organize and it therefore becomes more unlikely that there can be any concerted movement that would tend to disturb conditions or shake the control of the small and closely associated and interrelated group of white men who dominate the islands. They approve the wisdom of Napoleon's motto, "Divide and you dominate."

Thus while there is a complete monopolistic organization of the employing interests of the islands the aim is to perpetuate and maintain the conditions of fiercest competition in the labor market. The more the planters' interests can keep the workers struggling and fighting among themselves for places to work, the larger the profits of the business.

There is nothing in which the Planters' Association acts with greater precision than in its labor policy. It prescribes a standard of payment for labor, and it prevents any bidding of one plantation for the laborers of another plantation. If there is any disturbance anywhere the entire force of the monied interests of the islands is prepared to pounce upon it and crush it. Two years or more ago the Japanese on the island of Oahu organized and struck. One of their chief demands was that they be paid as much daily in wages as Portuguese were paid for exactly the same work. Several of the ablest managers in the islands declared that this was merely justice and urged that the demand of the Japanese be acceded to, but the Planters' Association would not consent. The leaders of the strike were educated Japanese, not employed on the plantations, one of them, Mr. Soga, being the editor of a popular Japanese newspaper in Honolulu, and although

the strike was well conducted, with singular intelligence in the preparation of its demands and with almost no violence of any kind, the leaders were all arrested and thrown into jail. Not only this, but the planters, having the law wholly in their own hands, pursued a drastic, and high-handed course. Without search warrants or any legal right whatsoever, they broke into the offices of the strike leaders—even forcing open safes in search of incriminating evidence—which was not found. The Supreme Court of the island, even while confirming the imprisonment of the strike leaders, said of this violence by the planters' attorneys:

"There were papers taken from the office of the defendant, Negro, without process of law and forcibly."

The impression left by such a defiance of law by those in power upon the working people of the territory was undoubtedly very unfortunate. It has shaken their confidence in their safety under the American law.

Under such conditions, of course, the strike failed. Daniel J. Keefe, national commissioner of immigration, who recently made an investigation of conditions in Hawaii, says:

"I was informed that, during the strike, the planters were able to procure, without any great effort, a sufficient number of natives, whites and others, to handle their crops in a satisfactory manner, but were compelled to pay \$1.50 per day for all male help so employed. However, as soon as peace was restored, the strikers were reinstated in their former positions, as their wages were only about forty-seven per cent. of those paid the strike breakers. I was informed that the Hawaiians who had been employed during the strike offered to work steadily if the managers would pay them \$1.25 per day, which offer was refused. The men then made an offer of their services for \$1.00 per day. This, too, the planters declined to consider."

But in this strike the Japanese displayed to a remarkable degree their ability to organize and to contribute heavily toward a common cause. Over \$40,000 was raised and sent by the Japanese in the other islands to the strikers in Oahu.

The planters, indeed, have now reached the point where they are willing to employ all the devices of legislation, not only to get laborers, but to force them to remain in the islands. Of the methods pursued under the leadership of one of the foremost lawyers of the islands, Mr. W. A. Kinney, I had a vivid illustration just as I was leaving Honolulu.

Quite a number of Filipinos had purchased tickets and were about to depart for California. Just before sailing, officers came aboard and arrested several of these men and took them ashore with their bags and belongings. The same methods were pursued in the case of another ship which departed on the same day. Blacker looks of anger and disappointment I have rarely seen on men's faces than I saw on the faces of these men.

I made immediate inquiry and found that these men were not wanted for any crime or misdemeanor whatever, but were arrested *as witnesses* to appear against an immigration agent who was in Hawaii recruiting laborers for Alaska, just as agents of Hawaii have long been in other countries recruiting laborers. Of course, it was a mere barefaced device to prevent the Filipinos from getting away from Hawaii.

A few days later, it was discovered that a vessel—the *Senator*—had come to the islands especially to take away workmen—mostly Filipinos. A man named Frank Craig, an immigration agent, although he held a license from the territory, was arrested and locked up. Then the planters' interests went to the legislature, which was then in session, and demanded the passage of a new and stronger law to prevent the activities of immigration agents. In the meantime the *Senator* hovered in the offing like some pirate vessel. A large number of Filipinos were there and wanted to go. They were free men, and yet they were watched and detained by the authorities. Nevertheless, a hundred or more of them, escaping the vigilance of Mr. Kinney and his forces, embarked in small boats in the night and succeeded in reaching the *Senator* and in sailing for San Francisco.

Of course, the planters felt aggrieved; they had paid high prices for bringing in the Filipinos and they needed workmen—but this was a plain, bold attempt to constrain the rights of free men by the use of the machinery of the law.

In the meantime the legislature was being pressed to pass immediate laws to prevent the recurrence of any such incident as that of the *Senator*. The following law was finally enacted:

"Any person who, by promise of employment outside the Territory of Hawaii, shall induce, entice or persuade, or attempt to induce, entice or persuade, or aid or abet in inducing, enticing or persuading, any servant or laborer who shall have contracted, either orally or in writing, to serve his employer for a specific length of time, to leave the service

of said employer during such time, without the consent of said employer, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

First, tangle the ignorant workman up with a contract "oral or written" and then make it a criminal offense to offer him a better job outside of Hawaii than he has in Hawaii! Already a young Filipino named Alvarado has been sentenced to a year in prison for offering employment in California to working people in Hawaii.

Unwilling to pay more wages to keep their laborers, the planters are thus using their control of the machinery of the law to force the laborers to remain. How does this differ in principle from serfdom?

But it would not be fair to present only these methods of legal force, for the planters are also pursuing other and constructive methods for keeping workmen in the islands and preserving the system by which they thrive. They have made many improvements in their methods of housing and treating workmen in the camps. Formerly, in contract-labor times, physical violence was of common occurrence: the Chinese were kicked and cuffed about without much ceremony. But with growing scarcity of labor and a growing self-consciousness on the part of labor, all this has passed away. Labor must be *treated* well. Especially since the

Japanese strike of two years ago—which thoroughly frightened the planters—great progress has been made. White labor, especially, cannot be attracted without being given better camp conditions. Everywhere I went, therefore, I found the planters building new houses, putting in better water connections, developing sewer systems, extending the free

medical service and in many other ways making conditions more livable for the workmen. Often the manager permits the working people to use a bit of land around their houses, and it is surprising to see, as at Kohuku and Ewa, with what skill and beauty the Japanese have developed their little yards. Some of the miniature gardens with little rocky pools and goldfish, and many flowers around about, suggest a corner of old Japan. The only other people who have manifested any similar pride in their surroundings are the Portuguese, but their improvements run



Photograph by Yamamoto

SOGA

Editor of a popular paper in Honolulu and one of the leaders of the Japanese strike for "equal pay"—equal to what the Portuguese are paid for exactly the same work

to the practical rather than the artistic.

The planters have, indeed, been making conditions pleasanter for workmen; but in the main thing of all—wages (or a fair share in the product of the sugar industry), and in real independence, the mass of the people in Hawaii are probably not so well off as they were five years ago. More things are being done for them in a feudalistic way; but they are less able to do things for themselves and thus prepare for real citizenship.

Now, I am not making these statements as mere vain generalizations. I am basing them definitely upon the statistics of the

last (1911) report of the United States Bureau of Labor.

While it is a fact that, as the report says, "wages of common labor (males) on the plantations have risen on an average of 11.1 per cent. during the last five years," it is also a fact, as the report says, that "the cost of staple articles of food has increased 12.9 per cent." But this is not all. While wages of males have gone up slightly, though probably not enough to offset increased cost of living, the tendency in the islands has been to force more and more women and children into the fields and mills. This has been necessary owing to the low wages. Though the planters will show you lists of common laborers who receive as high as \$22 to \$25 a month Dr. Clark's report says squarely:

"The lowest time rate is \$18 (a month) . . . Though this is nearly 50 per cent. more than was paid in the days of contract labor, it is at present prices, little more than a subsistence wage for an Oriental with a family. . . .

"Tropical laborers, even the Orientals, having no winter rest season, do not work every day; and the average actual earnings of these employees probably do not much exceed, if they exceed at all, \$15 monthly."

Thus more and more the women and children are forced to work. In 1902 there were 16,768 women and children working in the fields out of a total of 42,242 employees; while in 1910 there were 24,093 women, boys and girls working out of a total number of 43,917 employees.

No one, indeed, can visit the islands without being impressed with the enormous amount of labor being done there by women. Often they come into the fields with small babies strapped to their backs. Sometimes they carry them while they work and sometimes they make a little tent of cloth and put the baby down on the ground, where I have seen them the center of swarming clouds of flies. Among the Japanese it is the women who work mostly in the fields, for the Japanese have a passion for education and send their young people to school until they are thoroughly prepared. Among the Portuguese, however, the women remain at home and the boys and girls are taken out of the schools very early and sent into the fields.

Notwithstanding the decrease in number of men workers and the increase of the labor of women and children, however, the planters have been able every year to crowd out a larger product of sugar per employee. This is one of the means by which they have grown rich so fast. Thus, in 1902, the aver-

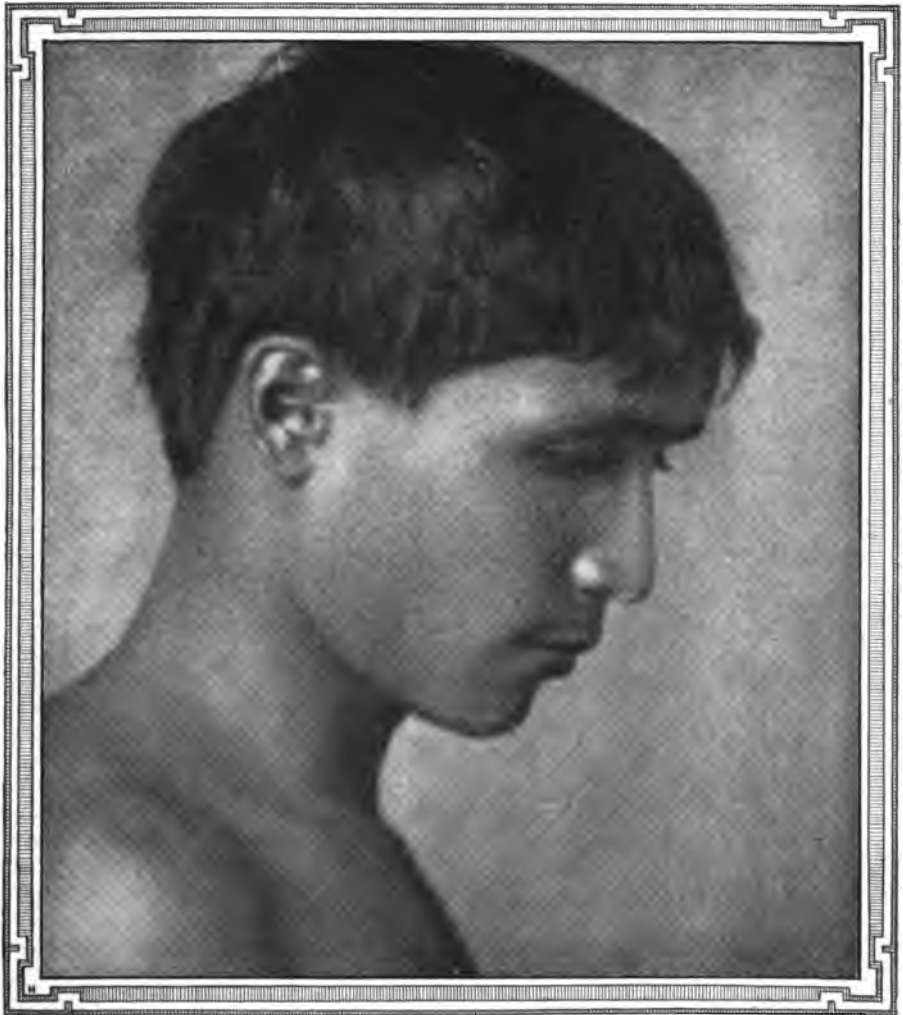
age production per employee was only 8.4 tons of sugar, while in 1905 it had risen to 9.5 tons and last year, 1910, it was 11.8 tons. In short, by virtue of better organization, better machinery, and changes in method, the planters got 3.4 tons more sugar out of the labor of each employee last year than they did eight years ago.

So much for the common labor on the plantations: the skilled labor has fared even worse.

Skilled labor has not only had to meet an increased living cost, but wages have actually gone steadily downward since 1902. The new report of the Bureau of Labor shows that the average pay of all skilled hands on the plantations dropped from \$1.78 per day in 1902 to \$1.61 a day in 1905 and then fell to \$1.53 a day in 1910. In other words, skilled workers are receiving on the average, twenty-five cents a day less than they did eight years ago—and that for men with large families (as most of these men have) and steadily higher cost of living, means a real hardship. Part of this decrease is caused, of course, by the irresistible crowding into the skilled positions of low-paid, half-free Japanese and the gradual crowding out of other sorts of workmen. For instance, in 1902, over 18 per cent. of all skilled labor on the plantations was Caucasian (not including Portuguese) and over 55 per cent. was Japanese. But in 1910 the proportion of Caucasian had dropped below 14 per cent. and the proportion of Japanese had gone above 62 per cent. And wages of skilled white men have fallen more in proportion than skilled Japanese, thus tending to drive out white men. For example, in 1902 the average income of skilled white men (not Portuguese) was \$4.22 a day, while in 1910 it was only \$3.85.

Thus while the planters are expending great sums of money in bringing in immigrants and using laws and the legislature to force them to remain after they come, they are not only keeping down the wages of all the workers, but they are making the opportunities for skilled workers steadily less attractive. Under such crowding down of wages, such steady substitution of cheap, half-free labor for high-grade citizen labor, how futile seem the efforts and expenditures of the territorial government to get in more white citizens!

The effort of the planters at all hazards to maintain the present feudalistic system not only leads to "dividing and dominating" the laborers, but it finds further and perfectly logical expression in the hostility to the



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JAPANESE-HAWAIIAN TYPE

proper education of the children of the foreigners. Education brings people together, gives them a common language and common motives and it makes them ambitious. As one planter expressed it to me: "It spoils good workmen: turns the young men away from the plantations; disturbs political conditions." Save for some few exceptional schools (of which I shall speak later) I found the public schools, especially in the back country districts, nearly everywhere overcrowded, the buildings often miserably dilapidated, and not a few of the teachers inefficient and underpaid. In several instances owing to lack of facilities in public schools, I found rooms rented from private Japanese schools. Although a compulsory education law nominally exists, hundreds of children in the is-

lands are getting no opportunity in the public schools.

These abuses are already being recognized by the progressive and far-sighted people of the islands—men who are learning the fundamental truth that ignorance is a cure for nothing. Last year a special school fund commission appointed by the Governor and consisting of Wallace R. Farrington, Edgar Wood and W. S. Bowen, made a thorough investigation of school conditions. Their report is milder, in my opinion, than the conditions really warrant, and yet it makes some very sweeping charges. It says:

"In the Territory there is a very powerful element both openly and covertly declaring that too much education is being given the children of lowly birth."

It also says concerning actual conditions—and a more sweeping indictment could scarcely be penned:

The number of available teachers has in all that time and earlier been far below the need. Salaries of teachers have been always inadequate and at times distressingly low.

Uncertificated teachers of deficient qualifications have been employed in large numbers.

Overcrowding of buildings has been perennial.

Per capita cost of education has been kept below that of other progressive communities—below *average* cost in the United States—notwithstanding the fact that in Hawaii the cost of educating a public school pupil is distributed among ten of population as against a ratio of a little less than one to five in the United States as a whole.

Stated in other words, though the men of Hawaii have had less than half the burden of public education that men elsewhere are bearing, yet they have not been willing to bear even this half burden either capably or with entire cheerfulness.

Inspection of our schools has been scant and intermittent.

It has even come to the point where mass meetings are being held to demand more schools. Several were held while I was in the islands: this is the report of one, taken from a Honolulu paper:

Wahiawa, Kauai, March 6.—A mass meeting of citizens from Hanapepe, Eleele, Wahiawa and the eastern portion of Makawele plantation was held at the Eleele Hall to adopt resolutions urging the authorities to provide for the long-expected and much-needed school section of the Garden Island.

The Hanapepe school aggregates something over 400 pupils. A good many of the children have been turned out or made to stay away for lack of seating space and of teachers. The present buildings and sheds have more than outlived their usefulness. They are dilapidated to the core.

Even the location is exceptionally poor, viewed from a sanitation point.

Notwithstanding the enormous profits of the sugar industry, the growing wealth, and an almost passionate interest in charities and benevolences on the part of many rich people, the crucial element in our civilization—public education—is being neglected. They will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for bringing in hordes of ignorant people and skimp and strain over the education of those they already have—and then wonder why labor will not remain in the islands!

In the last legislature a strong effort was made to get larger appropriations for the schools and some progress was actually made in bettering the pay of the teachers, but the Planters' Association stood like a rock against any increase of taxation which would radically relieve the situation. It is as the report says: they don't want "too much education given to children of lowly birth."

Partly because of the inadequacy of the

public schools but more largely perhaps because they are a people intensely loyal to their own language and customs, the Japanese have established their own schools everywhere in the islands. They take all that the public school gives them, and also send their children to the Japanese schools. Although the wages of those who work average only about fifty cents a day, they tax themselves steadily and at high rates for the maintenance of schools. Usually these schools in the country are situated near the public schools and the teachers are often educated men from Japan, sometimes Buddhist priests. In the same way, the Chinese maintain schools of their own and there are also a few Portuguese schools directed by Roman Catholic teachers, and even a Korean school or two. It is easier to get help from the rich interests in the islands for these private foreign schools than for the democratic public schools.

In these ways the languages and customs of the various peoples tend to be perpetuated—and there is a decided loss of the democratizing and socializing influence of a strong, able, well-conducted public school system. The same tendency toward segregation and division exists in much of the camp-life of the plantations, and in the discrimination in wages and treatment accorded the various peoples. Having thus provided the very conditions which tend to force most of the Japanese and Chinese to perpetuate their Oriental life and interests, the commonest charge brought against all these Oriental people is that they do not "Americanize," and that, therefore, they should neither have a part in the government which taxes them, nor an equality in payment with other races for their labor.

And yet, in spite of everything, the yeast of democracy is present there in the islands. Many clearly democratic forces are at work. Not a few strong, thoughtful white men are doing their best to bring about better conditions. At Honolulu I found the fine, well-conducted Palama Settlement, headed by James A. Rath. It is located in one of the worst sections of the city and with its force of nurses, teachers and investigators, it represents a genuine effort to understand the crowded and mixed people of this remarkable city, and to be neighborly with them. This work of Palama Settlement has the support of Dr. Doremus Scudder, of the Central Union Church, who is one of the liberalizing and progressive influences of the islands, and of a number of thoughtful men of wealth.



MIXING THE RACES

A group of pupils of the Mid-Pacific Institute in Hawaii, dressed in native costumes, showing the remarkable diversities and mixtures of the races

Lower Row—Filipino, Chinese, Full-blooded Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, Portuguese

Upper Row—Norwegian-Hawaiian, Full-blooded German, French-Portuguese

The sports of the islands are a real influence in bringing men and boys of all races to a better understanding of one another. When you see baseball clubs of Chinamen, Japanese, Caucasians, and Hawaiians all playing matched games together—or running races—or riding bicycles, as you see often in Honolulu,—it means a basis of common meeting. There are no more enthusiastic “fans” at baseball under the flag than these mixed island people.

Hawaii is also remarkable for the number and variety of its publications, both newspapers and magazines, which are undoubtedly very influential in the island life. *The Friend*, a weekly established by the early missionaries, is said to be the oldest American publication west of the Mississippi River. *The Mid-Pacific Magazine*, edited by Alexander Hume Ford, which is about the size of the standard magazines and handsomely illustrated, is remarkable in maintaining itself in so small a center of population. The English daily newspapers show unusual editorial ability and stand with and represent the planters’ interests in all essential matters. The Japanese, Chinese, and Portuguese newspapers, of which there are many in the islands, are said to be a very potent influence; several of them are ex-

tremely radical in tone. The Japanese papers especially publish much solid and, informative matter and keep well in touch with the world’s affairs.

But of all the influences making for light and liberty the public schools, inadequate as they are, and certain of the private schools, must still be regarded as the most important.

Two schools in the islands, representing the best types of both public and private institutions, impressed me especially.

The first, a public school—the Kaiulani School of Honolulu—is impressive because it seems to be answering quietly and as a matter of course, the high function of training children for citizenship. At the head of it is a remarkable woman—Mrs. Fraser—who has been a teacher in the islands for twenty-nine years. It seems to me that she is doing off there in that obscure corner of the earth a really great service to mankind. I suppose no school in the world is quite so cosmopolitan as this. Among the seven hundred grammar-grade pupils are included practically all the elements in the islands—white, Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Korean, Russian, and others. Here they all meet together, study together, play together, speak the same language, and learn



JAMES A. RATH

Head of the Palama Settlement of Honolulu

F. W. DAMON

Organizer and leading spirit of the Mid-Pacific Institute

the same lessons. I confess it gives one a thrill to hear the pupils in this school recite together the familiar flag-salute. It seems to take on new meanings:

“We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country: one country, one language, one flag.”

I heard them also repeat together the words of Lincoln’s Gettysburg speech, that reference to “a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.”

Of course, these are outward symbols which impress the visitor, and yet the work of the public schools in the islands, inadequate and inefficient as it is in many places, is still implanting and inspiring in thousands of mingled children a new vision, dim as yet, of what civilization really means.

The Mid-Pacific Institute, the private institution which seems to me to be so significant, is the fruition of the lifelong labors of a devoted man: Francis W. Damon. Mr. Damon is the son of an English missionary. His brother is the leading banker of the islands.

A man of powerful and dominating personality and with something of the fervor of a prophet, Mr. Damon has devoted his life to the education and Christianizing of the Chinese people of the islands. The purpose of the Mid-Pacific Institute is twofold. It uses the “Learn by doing” principle of the new education and it endeavors to bring pupils of all races together under common educational, religious, social and industrial influences. The fees have been made very low and the children, who are taken to board, are required to do the work of the institution—to plant the fields and to learn the trades. Here are to be found Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Spaniard, Portuguese and Filipino students. One of the mottoes of the school is from Confucius: “Within the four seas all men are brothers.”

Mr. Damon is attempting to express out there in the Mid-Pacific where West and East are meeting, the great idea that the essential teachings of the Christian religion are sufficient to bring all men together in brotherhood. He believes that “the golden

rule is the best diplomacy," and that there is no reason why democracy is not possible where white and yellow and black men live together.

It is also to be said that most of the public institutions of Hawaii, thus far, have been kept open and free to all the varied peoples. For example the foremost institution for higher education in the islands is Oahu College, established originally to educate the children of missionaries and other white residents. The question arose some years ago as to the admission of students of other races and it was finally decided to accept a certain small proportion of Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians and others. It therefore gets the pick of these Oriental and European students and some of them have made really notable records in scholarship and sports.

Economic pressure, on the other hand, is tending to bring about racial prejudice and racial animosities. The Japanese, for example, because they are so overwhelmingly numerous, are finding themselves more and more the subject of discrimination. They are so irresistibly industrious and progressive! Although most of them were mere agricultural peasants on their arrival, they are crowding into all sorts of activities. They are filling the skilled trades, they have taken the fishing industry almost wholly from the native Hawaiians, they are competing with the Chinese in vegetable raising, they are becoming merchants, bankers and professional men. In the island of Hawaii, in many localities, the life is predominantly Japanese. Their industry is prodigious; and both men and women work. One will see Japanese women helping their husbands in barber shops, paint shops and tin shops.

Nothing seems to balk or discourage them. They take and fill highly responsible positions on the plantations. I have seen a Japanese crew alone in the fields under a Japanese boss using the great steam plows; and they are being introduced even in the high-skilled places in the sugar-mills.

Everywhere they can get hold, also, they are acquiring property. These figures will show how rapidly the taxable property owned by Japanese increased in eight years.

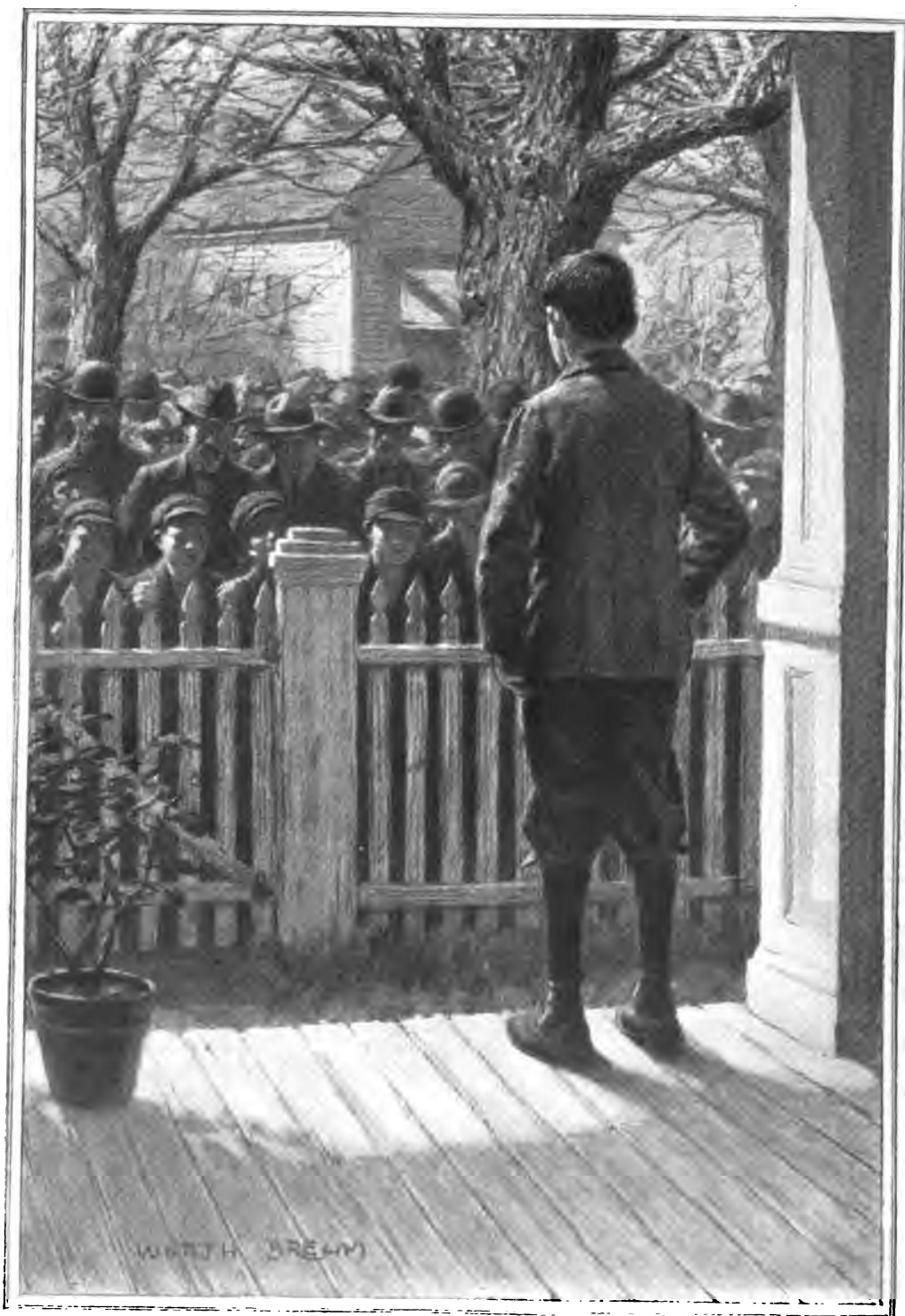
1901	Japanese property	\$128,163
1904	"	"	168,545
1909	"	"	1,748,179

Thus in eight years Japanese taxable property increased over 1264 per cent., notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese have yearly sent much money home to friends and

relatives in Japan. They are swift also to take on American ways, wear American clothes, eat American food, and even buy automobiles. They also send many of their boys (and even some girls) to the United States to be educated—though far more are sent to Japan. And their boys, born in Hawaii, are now coming rapidly to voting age and there is every evidence that they will, if they are permitted to do so, exercise the right of franchise with eagerness and independence.

As an evidence of the hostility toward the Japanese, an incident occurred recently in connection with the Y. M. C. A. of Honolulu. This organization has long admitted Chinese, Portuguese and even Koreans to membership, but last year when a highly educated Japanese applied for admission, a hot conflict arose. While the board of directors resolved after many meetings to draw no race lines, the fact remains that no Japanese member has been admitted and that the attempt now is being made to build up a separate Y. M. C. A. for Japanese.

It is a curious thing, whether in the South, in connection with the Negro, or in Hawaii, in connection with the Oriental people, that the note of pessimism is struck most strongly by the element which has a selfish interest in keeping the Negro or the Oriental "in his place," in making him work at low wages, and in preventing him from securing adequate education or opportunities to rise. The note of optimism on the other hand is struck by those who are in some way trying to serve or help: teachers and preachers, especially, who are meeting the other races on terms not of business, but of friendly contact. Thus I found Professor Scott, principal of the high school in Honolulu, intensely confident of the future of the mingled Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and other elements of the islands. For many years he has been among them, has seen many individuals develop, and he declares unhesitatingly that if the Orientals are given a fair show for education and a fair opportunity to get ahead in the islands, that they will make as good citizens of our nation as any people. This same faith I found among other men in the islands, who have long been intimately associated with the diverse peoples. It is a curious thing how contact on a friendly basis with even the lowest and most miserable of people gives men hope for mankind and faith in democracy, while the relationships which involve exploitation of these same people make men suspicious and pessimistic.



THE BIG CROWD OF MEN OUT THERE SAW ME STANDING THERE ALL ALONE
BY MYSELF. FOR A MINUTE THEY JUST LOOKED AT ME AS MUCH
AS TO ASK WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO

WHEN FARTHER RAN FOR MAYER

Another Story by Felix

BY LUCY PRATT

Author of "Felix Tells a Story," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

I HAVE something to tell about Farther now that I think most anybody would like to hear. It started at the dinner table one night. Farther came in and sat down about as usual and the first thing he did was to take up his glass of water and drink a little and the next thing he did was look at Mother as if he had something to say. Then he seemed to change his mind about it, as if praps it wasn't so very important either. Anyway when he did speak, it sounded as if it wasn't anything really worth mentioning, but he spose he might as well mention it for all that.

Well, he said, They're still at me on this mayer buisness. And then he took another drink and glansed round as much as to say whats the diffrence if they are.

Mother looked at him as if she didn't quite understand.

Mayer buisness? she said, What mayer buisness?

Why don't you know I told you as much as a month ago they were trying to get me to run for mayer, Farther said. Well, they won't let it alone, thats all.

Mother seemed to understand better.

Oh of course, she replide, Do you mean to say they are still talking about that? Why you wouldn't consider it would you Jo? Mayer! Why you wouldn't even consider it would you?

Farther seemed to join right in with her.

No, I don't care a rap about it, he said. And I wish they'd let me alone but they won't. I met Tom Lattimer in the registry of deeds this morning and he asked me if I'd had a letter from the city committee. I hadn't, Farther said, but I got it an hour later.

What did they want? Mother asked him.

They wanted me to be on hand for their meeting this evening. If I'm there I suppose

they think they'll get me right down to buisness.

Are you going? she asked.

Oh I don't know, he replide, I may strole in, in the course of the evening. I don't care a rap about being mayer, and I shan't turn my hand over to do anything about it, but if it comes right in my way I suppose I may drop into the meeting.

If you stayed away wouldn't that put an end to it?

I suppose it would, Farther said. Yes, they only want me there in case I'll consider it. Well, I may not go down after all. Something will probably turn up to pervent it anyway.

He began looking at the evening paper then, so Mother and I got talking about the littel lost kitten that came that afternoon. Mother said she didn't see how we could have another cat, and then just as we were getting up from the table Farther spoke again.

They want me to run as the Riform Candidate, he said.

Mother laughed then.

Riform Candidate! she repeated. I don't know as I blame you for not wanting to undertake that responsibility.

Theres plenty of need for riform, Farther replide, and Mother and I went out into the hall.

But Farther was still standing there in the dining-room with his paper when Mother went in a littel later and told him that Mrs. Tipton wanted to see him in the library. Farther looked up as much as to ask who was Mrs. Tipton, but he started for the library, and not only that, but he looked a littel discouridged just as soon as he got there. The trouble was he knew just exactly who Mrs. Tipton was. She was somebody who was always having things to worry about, and the



I NEVER HAD ANYTHING OF THE LEAST IMPORTANCE TO DO YET, HE SAID. THAT I WASN'T INTERRUPTED BY THAT GABBLER

thing that seemed to worry her the most of all was getting her husband's life insured.

That was what always seemed to make Farther real mad. He said if her husband wanted his life insured he should think he was the one to tend to it.

But Mrs. Tipton would always tell him that her husband wasn't the kind to plan ahead like that. She said he couldn't seem to take any interest in paying out money that he wouldn't get back till he was dead.

My Farther is in the Insurance Business and so of course he knows that men usually get their lives insured so as to have their wives get paid if they are dead. But Mr. Tipton couldn't ever seem to take any interest in that either. So Mrs. Tipton would keep coming to Farther because he is in the Insurance Business. She said she wanted to have Farther use his influence and persuade Mr. Tipton it was the only decent thing to do.

Well, when Farther went into the library there was Mrs. Tipton sitting there with her pocket hankerchief. I guess she was really crying a little too, and when Farther asked

her what was the trouble she said that Mr. Tipton's business affairs were in worse condition than she had ever known them yet, and not only that but he was sick and she was worried almost beyond endurance because she said he might die tomorrow and he hadn't got his life insured yet. She wanted Farther to use his influence and really make him see it was the only decent thing to do.

Well, Farther told her it was a little late under the conditions, and he doubted if they could find a company that would insure him if he was going to die to-morrow.

Mrs. Tipton stopped crying then and said of course she didn't mean that. He wasn't sick enough but what he would recover, but what she meant was his business affairs were in such poor shape, and supposing he should recover and then die. Then where would she be, she said, because he couldn't seem to get any of his bills paid up, not even little ones like the water rates or getting his trousers pressed, and yet he would not do the least thing about getting his life insured.

Farther kind of interrupted then and told her of course it would take a little money even to get his life insured.

She answered him right off though and said well he had a little, she was sure he had a little because he was talking about buying an automobile so he must have. The idea of owning an automobile she said, and not having your life insured! She said it sometimes seemed as if he wasn't quite right.

Farther glanced at his watch then and said well if he wasn't right that would put an end to it and he couldn't get his life insured anyway.

Oh he's right enough. Mrs. Tipton answered him, When it comes to anything he really wants to do. But I have almost come to the conclusion, she said, that he actually does not want to get his life insured.

And then she began all over again about it being the only decent thing to do. Farther glanced off at the clock then, and told her if he got an opportunity he would use his influence with Mr. Tipton, and then she started in again telling him she wished he would. It looked as if she was going to stay most all the evening, but I guess it wasn't much more than an hour either when she got up to go.

Farther looked kind of mad when he shut the front door after her.

I never had anything of the least importance to do yet, he said, that I wasn't interrupted by that gabbler.

She's a tiresome mortall, theres no doubt of that, Mother replide, and Farther crossed the hall to the coat closet that was on the other side.

Its raining isn't it? he said, and he went into the coat closet as if he thought praps his umberrella was in there.

Raining? Mother said. Why I don't think so, and she opened the front door as she spoke and looked out. Well, just as she opened the door there came a big strong gust of wind into the hall, and the coat closet door slammed shut again.

Of course Farther was in there looking for his umberrella, but the only thing that made it look a littel unlucky for a minute was the knob of the door, and that was on account of the man they call the lock Smith. You see he had been working on locks and doorknobs most all the afternoon, and the trouble was he didn't quite finish. Mother seemed to understand all about it though. Anyway, just as soon as the door shut with Farther in there, she spoke.

Why Jo! she said. You haven't gone to work and shut that door have you!

Farther didn't make any reply at first. He seemed to be kind of fumbling on the other side. Pretty soon he answered though.

Whats the matter with this door? he said. Open the door, Louise. Whats the matter with this door anyway?

Oh dear, Mother said, Oh dear, Jo, she said, going right up close and speaking quite loud, You ought not to have let it shut. The mans taken the knobs off. Now how in the world are you going to get out of there?

Knobs off? Farther repeeted, only of course his voice sounded kind of muffled from the other side, Knobs off did you say? Well, why in creation didn't you tell me so?

Mother didn't answer him. I guess she couldn't think of just the right thing to say. So Farther went on speaking.

Well get something to open it with, he said. Hurry up Louise, get a knife or something like that, he said. You can work the latch back easily enough. I could myself if I had anything to do it with. Go ahead Louise, I can't spend my time in this hole, he said.





BENNY AND TRACY AND THE OTHERS TREATED ME TO CANDY AND OFFERED ME MARBLES AND ALL KINDS OF THINGS WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL THIS MORNING

I took out my jackknife and Mother got right down on her knees.

Here Felix, she said, Here, let me see, and she began prying at the latch with my jackknife. Her forehead kind of wrinkled up and her under lip got drawn in real tight, so she didn't speak, but just gave all her attention to prying at the latch.

Well, whats the matter? Farther said pretty soon from the other side of the door. Can't you do it?

Mother answered him with littel stops between her words as if she really couldn't take the time for it.

I can't seem to get any purchiss on it, she said.

And then she went working at it again harder than ever.

Farther kept still for a minute or so longer, as if he would give her a littel more chance and then he spoke again.

Well, give me something through the key-hole to work with, he said. I can't waist my

time like this. Give me a knitting needle, anything that you can get through the key-hole, he said. I could open it in four seconds if I was out there.

Take one of my hatpins, Mother answered. Right there on the lower shelf. You know where my hats are, Jo.

Your hats? Farther replide. It's darker than thunder in here. I don't know where your hats are.

Well I'm sure I could find the hat shelf in less than four seconds if I was in there, Mother answered him. Don't be so helpless, Jo.

Helpless! Farther replide, I should think so! Helpless! he said again, and just then I guess he pricked his finger on a hatpin. Helpless! he kind of hollered, and then he began rattling away at the latch with the hatpin as if he was in the werst hurry he had ever been yet.

But it wouldn't come open any better than before.

Of course I can't do anything with a hat-

pin! he hollered. That's no kind of a tool, and I can't keep up this nonsense any longer either! I've got an engagement and I'm late now!

Well it sounded then as if he was trying to push the door open with his strength. But it is a very heavy one, and of course there wasn't any knob to get a purchiss on, and anyway he couldn't do it so he stopped trying and then he spoke again. I guess he thought there wasn't any use getting mad about it either.

Come Louise, he said. Now jus tuse a littel nack and common sense and you can get that door open in half a minute. Turn the point of the knife *back*, and get it under the edge of the latch.

Mother was down on her knees again with her forehead all wrinkled up and her under lip drawn in. I guess she had been working about three minutes at it when Farther spoke once more.

Are you making any headway? he asked.

Not any that I can see, she replide.

In about another minute Farther spoke again.

Well use something else, he said. For pitys sake try something else then!

I am, Mother answered, I'm using the sizzors.

He waited as much as a minute then to give her a chance with the sizzors, I suppose.

Are you making any headway? he asked then.

Not any that I can see, Mother answered.

There was quite a pawse.

Do you see any likelihood of my ever getting out of here? Farther asked after a while.

Not much, Mother answered, as if she was getting a littel bit discouridged, and from the sound of Farthers voice when he replide I guess he was discouridged too.

Well this a pretty pridicament! he said.

He didn't really seem to know what he was going to say next. But finely he decided.

I'm going to break the door open, he said. Get out of the way Louise, I'm going to break it open.

Wait! Mother hollered. Wait just a minute! And then all of a sudden the latch slipped back and the door came open.

Farther stood there in the closet for a minute, looking too surprised to really speak of it right off, and then he stepped out into the hall and glansed up at the clock. Mother was still down on her knees but he didn't seem to notice that or even stop to help her up.

By George, I'm late for that meeting, he said, and he snatched a hat out of the closet and started for the door. It happened to be

his high silk beaver. He had forgotten that it was raining or else he was so glad to really get started that he didn't care. Anyway he went out the door and down the street on the run. I couldn't help thinking of some of the things he said at dinner. It really looked as if he must have changed his mind since then, because he said he didn't care a rap about being mayer but he spose he might strole into the meeting if it happened to be right in his way. And yet when I looked out the window he was jumping onto a moving car in the rain, with his high silk hat on, and going downtown with only one foot on the running board.

He surely must have changed his mind.

The next morning we found out he had for sure.

Well, he said, I'm in for it.

What do you mean? Mother said. Have you decided you want to be mayer after all?

I've decided to make the run, he said. I guess I'm sure of the nomernation. But it will be a close fight for the election.

Well, of course that meant that Farther was going to try to get elected if he could. But that he had to get the nomernation first. It meant we had to wait a while for him to get the nomernation too. And we did. But it came out the way he thought it would, and Farther got it.

The campaign is on! he said the next morning after he got it, and if you had seen the papers you would have thought something was the matter for sure. They were all about Farther and the other man who was running for mayer too. The other man's name was Joseph Martin and Farthers was Joseph Blanchard. It was queer their first names were alike, but they weren't the slitest relation.

Well, the thing of it is, just as soon as you start out to get elected for mayer they begin having all kinds of meetings for you, and you have to make speeches and go hurrying round in an automobille so fast that you sometimes have to stop and pay, and then go hurrying on again faster than ever to make up. Farther had to do that way anyway, and it seemed sometimes as if they kept him going in the automobille most all night. And evry time he came in in the daytime he was in such a hurry to go out again that Mother would sometimes look almost out of pasience and say she would be glad when this seige was over.

She would read the papers at breakfast time and Farther would too, and most of them would say that Farther was making a phernomernally good run and it was going

to be very a close election, but with the chances probably favoring Mayer Martin.

Of course that would make Farther feel busier than before, and he would start off again in the worst hurry yet, for a lot more meetings. And they called it the Citizens Movement and Farther the Reform Candidate and all like that.

Well, one morning just as he was starting off, he looked at his watch and then he turned round and looked at Mother.

I shan't be here to lunch, he said, Big noon meeting in Washington Temple. The Governor's going to be there. Great meeting probably.

That was the way he talked now, as if he didn't have time for all the words, but he stood there with one hand on the door for a minute, and I spoke myself.

Can't I go to the meeting in Washington Temple? I asked him.

Farther looked at me very quick.

Why no, of course you can't, he said, and he opened the door and went right out.

Oh dear, Mother said, This excitement and suspense is enough to wear anybody out. Thank fortune there aren't many more days of it.

What she meant was there were really only four more days till Tuesday. Because it was Friday now, and Tuesday was the day they voted and had the election.

Well, I went to school the same as usual, but all the morning I couldn't seem to think of anything at all but the big meeting in Washington Temple with the Governor there, and everybody listening to what he said about Farther, and Farther making a speech himself—till it almost seemed as if I couldn't stand it not to be there.

I am not sure how it would of come out though if it hadn't been for going home from school with Benny Hodgman and Tracy Keene. They lived in quite a poor part of the city I guess. Anyway they always looked as if they were quite poor, but they would always seem to know about everything that was going on on the street, and free meetings and things like that.

Well, as we came along past Washington Temple there were people hurrying round and running in, and automobiles driving up and stopping, and people crowding round the door and what do you suppose, just as we were standing there, there came along an automobile that seemed to be in the worst hurry of any of them, and Farther and some other men got out of it and went right up the steps and into the hall.

The crowd round the door began to cheer then and Benny and Tracy seemed to understand all about it.

There goes your Farther Felix, Tracy said. He thinks he's going to get elected mayer don't he!

I guess I didn't answer right off. I was looking in there to see if I could tell where he had gone to.

I bet you he don't though, Tracy said, just as if he hoped he wouldn't.

I bet you a dollar he don't, Benny joined in, and of course that made me kind of mad with them.

I bet you he does, I answered. He's the Citizens Candidate I said.

Or! Citizens nuthin, Tracy replied. He don't stand any show at all. Come on in, he said. And he began going right up the steps.

Well, there didn't anybody tell him he couldn't, so Benny went right along after him and I went right along after Benny.

The seats were all filled up, balconies and all when we got in, but there were a lot of men standing there by the door and we just stopped and stood there too. There were a good many ladies in the balconies and a band was playing and it was great I tell you. I couldn't help thinking for a minute what Farther said when I asked him could I come, and I couldn't help thinking what would Mother say too, but just then I forgot most everything like that, because a door on one side of the platform opened, and a lot of men began coming onto the platform in a long line. And I just wish you could of seen the way all those people acted then. All of a sudden they jumped right out of their seats and began to yell and clap and cheer and yell till you never heard such a racket in your life.

There's the Governor! I heard some men say just behind me, and then everybody seemed to rise right up on their toes and wave their hats and let out such a noise that he had to bow and bow and keep on bowing while they seemed to keep on getting louder, till the last man came in and it was Farther on the very end of the line.

Well, all there is, I wish you could of heard it then. I never heard anything like it. They began to stamp and they hollered a thousand times worse than they ever did before, and the ladies began to wave their handkerchiefs from the balconies, and one of them got so excited she waived her arms and most tumbled over the edge, and everybody that saw her couldn't help laughing, and the man next me said Look at the suffragette, and then

they stamped and hollered worse than before, and Benny and Tracy hollered so it looked as if they had changed their minds since they came in, and I got so excited I couldn't hardly tell what I was doing, but I guess I hollered as loud as any of them.

It seemed like forever before it quieted down too, so that they could begin to speak, and then they intriduced the Governor. Of course the noise began all over again then, and almost evrything he said they would holler and clap at, and when he got through he had to begin to bow again and keep on bowing till he must have been real tired.

Then they had the next speaker, and then they had the next one. And it was queer but both of them spoke of one spesial thing about Farther. They said praps it was the only thing they could find fault with in him, and that was his Moddesty. I didn't know what they meant right off at first, but after awhile I decided it meant he was kind of bashfull. That was the way they talked, anyway, and as if he didn't really like to be running for mayer very much, but was doing it just for an accomerdation.

Perhaps that was one reason why they made the werst noise yet when Farther got up to speak. To incuridge him. It made him look real incuridged anyway, and he smiled and bowed praps even more than the Governor, and the Governor was clapping him too, and evrybody acted as if they were most crazy anyway, and then the next you knew Farther was speaking.

I can't remember all he said, but when he got a good start I remember he said that this was a true sitizens awakening, and there was good reason for it. He said that the proud name of our city had been dishonored and digraded until our munisiple affairs had become a targit for ridicule and dirision. And then he went right on to speak about the presant mayer. I can't tell you just what it was either, but it sounded as if he had been the werst mayer they had ever had yet, but if they would give him, their Riform Candidate, a chance and stand by him on Toosday next, he would do evrything he could and use evry power that in him lay to be the best one they had ever had yet.

They gave him a great hurraing and cheering then, partly to incuridge him again I suppose for being so moddest and bashfull, and he sat down and they gave three cheers for the next mayer, and then evrybody went hurrying out.

Well, when I got home I didn't really know whether I had better speak of where I had

been or not. First I thought I would and then I thought I wouldn't. I decided I would wait a while before I spoke of it anyway, and the next day was Saturday and the next day was Sunday and the next day was Monday, and I went to school again. It was the day before the election, and the boys got all talking about it when they saw me. Some of them said Farther wouldn't be elected and some of them said he would. Tracy said he'd bet five dollers he wouldn't, and I asked him what made him holler so loud for him last Friday noon then.

He said that wasn't anything to the way he would holler at one of Martins rallys. He said I ought to be at one of Martins if I wanted to really hear something. He said Farthers weren't anything compared to one of Martins.

Well, it seemed when I went home that day as if I wouldn't ever want to go to school again if Farther wasn't elected. Of course they would begin to vote the next morning. It seemed before the day was over as if the next morning wouldn't ever come either. But of course it did too, and it was quite bright and sunny, and we sat down to the breakfast table about as usual.

Farther didn't talk very much, but he answered very quick and pleasant when anybody spoke to him and Mother spoke quite a littel. She told him it wasn't any use werrying anyway, and he said he was sure he wasn't werrying in the very least, and pretty soon he got up to go. He said he was going to vote first and then he was going down-town to his headquarters.

I shall be *thankfull* when this day is over, Mother said when Farther had gone out and down the street. I felt something the same way myself. But they wouldn't begin to count the votes till four oclock.

Well, the werst of it was, all day long I couldn't seem to think of much but that one thing they said they had to find fault with in Farther. You see I would keep wondring and wondring if it would really keep him from being elected. I looked it up in the dictionary to make sure exactly what it meant and it said, Moddesty, A lowly temper. And then something about the tendency to under ate oneself. It looked as if it had something to do with eating, and as if praps they thought he didn't eat enough. But I didn't beleive that would keep him from being elected either, because he eats a plenty. I decided it was what I thought it was in the beginning. About the same as bashfull. And the thing that werried me, was he moddest and bashfull

enough so that he couldn't be elected mayer on account of it?

It got to be four oclock though. That wasn't all either, it got to be five. Then pretty soon the telephone began to ring. Mother answered it, but that was only just the beginning of it. I guess Farther had told them to do it. Anyway it would keep ringing and ringing and Mother would go and they would tell her it was so close they couldn't tell yet, and she looked as if she was getting nervus. Then it didn't ring again for a long time and she couldn't get anybody on it at tall and there seemed to be a great noise and commosion going on out on the street. She opened a window and just then the telephone began to ring and ring and ring. But by the time Mother got there, there was so much noise and commosion just outside that she couldn't even hear.

Wait, wait! she said, putting down the receiver, Listen! What's that they're saying out there! Listen! Listen! Your—your Farther's elected Felix. Your Farther's—elected!

She sat right down as if it made her feel kind of funny.

But they kept cheering out there and hollering, and that wasn't all either. *There was a band!* I don't know whether they really thought Farther was in the house or not, but the band kept on playing and they kept on cheering and calling for him and Mother was getting more nervus all the time.

What are we going to do? she said pretty soon. I can't go out and face that mob. Felix! And she turned round to me real quick, Can't you go? Can't you just step out there on the poarch and thank them and say your Farther isn't here? Can't you? Be a man Felix. Go out and tell them that.

That was what Mother said, and my throat got kind of tight and queer feeling, but I started for the door. Then I just opened it and went right out. I shut it behind me. And the big crowd of men out there saw me standing there all alone by myself. For a minute they just looked at me as much as to ask what I was going to do. And then the next I knew they all of them let out a great big cheer. I guess I turned a littel red. I felt as if I did. But I stood there anyway, and all of a sudden I felt so brave I didn't hardly know who I was. And I felt the wind blowing on my cheek and up through my hair, as if to incouridge me. And I looked at them and they looked back at me as if they were waiting, but so still you wouldn't hardly believe it.

My Farther isn't here, I said real loud and

clear, but my voice trembled just a littel bit too. I wasn't really scared though.

He hasn't come home yet, I said. But Mother wants to have me thank you for coming up like this, and Farther would thank you for such a nice supprise too, but you see he can't, and so I came out myself to—to thank you.

I stumbled a littel like that I think on the last words, and they were real still again for a minute as if praps they were waiting for me to say some more. Then you ought to have heard the cheer! I turned right round and went into the house as fast as I could, and Mother put her arms round me with some tears running down her cheeks.

My brave littel boy! she said, with her arms getting real tight. My brave littel boy! And they were cheering outside louder than ever.

Well, of course that was a part of it, and I thought you would like to hear it. And yet the principle thing was—Farther was elected for mayer, and nobuddy could change it.

That wasn't all either. Benny and Tracy and the others treated me to candy and offered me marbles and all kinds of things when I went to school this morning.

And there is just one more thing I would like to speak of too. And this is it. I don't really think Farther is so moddest and bashfull as they think. Because when he came home last night after it was all over, he looked round at us, all smiling as if he felt very nice and ready for anything.

Well, he said, I thought the inthusiasm at those meetings wasn't going for nothing! It's been a great campaign!

Mother went over there where he was standing but she didn't speak right off so I spoke myself. I knew I wouldn't have a better chance.

I went to that meeting in Washington Temple Farther, I said, I just stopped in there coming home from school.

Did you? Farther said, smiling more than ever and giving me a big old slap on the back, Did you? Twuz a great meeting, wasn't it son?

Yes, I said, kind of supprised at the way he answered, and then Farther looked at Mother.

Oh, theres nothing like it, he said, I'm going to run for Governor next.

Mother put her hand up on his shoulder.

I may be Prezident before I die. Who knows, he said. I may be Prezident?

That was the thing I wanted to speak about. Because I don't think Farther is really moddest and bashfull enough to do him any hurt at tall.

M A R R I A G E

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards."

—From a Private Letter.

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:—Marjorie Pope is the second eldest daughter of a retired English coach-builder who with his family of five children is living during the summer in a rented country vicarage at Buryhamstreet. Here she renews her acquaintanceship with Will Magnet, a humorous writer, who is in love with her. Urged by her parents and attracted by his well-to-do circumstances, Marjorie finally consents to an engagement although she does not in the least care for him. This is the situation when one day, while they are playing croquet, an aeroplane suddenly swoops down on them out of the sky and is wrecked on their lawn. It carries two passengers, Sir Rupert Solomons and Professor Trafford, a young scientist who with Sir Rupert was trying his first experience at flying. Sir Rupert is badly hurt and has to be removed to a neighboring physician's house. Trafford, while his friend is recovering, sees a great deal of Marjorie and it is inevitable that they should fall in love. They plan a clandestine meeting, which is interrupted by Marjorie's father, who, in a rage, orders Trafford off his premises and finally strikes him across the face with his walking stick.

Chapter the Fourth—Crisis



CRISIS prevailed in Buryhamstreet that night. On half a dozen sleepless pillows souls communed with the darkness, and two at least of those pillows were wet with tears.

Not one of those wakeful heads was perfectly clear about the origins and bearings of the trouble; not even Mr. Pope felt absolutely sure of himself. It had come as things come to people nowadays, because they will not think things out, much less talk things out, and are, therefore, in a hopeless tangle of values that tightens sooner or later to a knot. . . .

What an uncharted perplexity for example was the mind of that excellent woman Mrs. Pope!

Poor lady! she hadn't a stable thing in her head. It is remarkable that some queer streak in her composition sympathized with Marjorie's passion for Trafford. But she thought it such a pity! She fought that sympathy down as if it were a wicked thing. And she fought, too, against other ideas that rose out of the deeps and did not so much come

into her mind as cluster at the threshold, the idea that Marjorie was in effect grown up, a dozen queer criticisms of Magnet, and a dozen subtle doubts whether, after all, Marjorie was going to be happy with him as she assured herself the girl would be. (So far as any one knew Trafford might be an excellent match!) And behind these would-be invaders of her guarded mind prowled even worse ones, doubts, horrible disloyal doubts, about the wisdom and kindness of Mr. Pope.

Quite early in life Mrs. Pope had realized that it is necessary to be very careful with one's thoughts. They lead to trouble. She had clipped the wings of her own mind, therefore, so successfully that all her conclusions had become evasions, all her decisions compromises. Her profoundest working conviction was a belief that nothing in the world was of value but "tact," and that the art of living was to "tide things over." But here it seemed almost beyond her strength to achieve any sort of tiding over. . . .

(Why *couldn't* Mr. Pope lie quiet?)

Whatever she said or did had to be fitted to the exigencies of Mr. Pope.

Availing himself of the privileges of matri-

mony, her husband, so soon as Mr. Magnet had gone and they were upstairs together, had explained the situation with vivid simplicity, and had gone on at considerable length and with great vivacity to enlarge upon his daughter's behavior. He ascribed this moral disaster—he presented it as a moral disaster of absolutely calamitous dimensions—entirely to Mrs. Pope's faults and negligences. Warming with his theme he had employed a number of home expressions rarely heard by decent women except in these sacred intimacies, to express the deep indignation of a strong man moved to unbridled speech by the wickedness of those near and dear to him. Still warming, he raised his voice and at last shouted out his more forcible meanings, until she feared the servants and children might hear, waved a clenched fist at imaginary Traffords and scoundrels generally, and at last, giving way to his outraged virtue, smote and kicked blameless articles of furniture in a manner deeply impressive to the feminine intelligence.

All of which awakened a deep sense of guilt and unworthiness in Mrs. Pope's mind, and prevented her going to bed, but did not help her in the slightest degree to grasp the difficulties of the situation. . . .

She would have lain awake anyhow, but she was greatly helped in this by Mr. Pope's restlessness. He was now turning over from left to right or from right to left at intervals of from four to seven minutes, and such remarks as "damned scoundrel! Get out of this!" or "My daughter and degrade herself in this way!" or "Never let me see your face again!" "Plight your troth to one man, and fling yourself shamelessly—I repeat it, Marjorie, shamelessly—into the arms of another!" kept Mrs. Pope closely in touch with the general trend of his thoughts.

She tried to get together her plans and perceptions rather as though she swept together dead leaves on a gusty day. She knew that the management of the whole situation rested finally on her, and that whatever she did or did not do, or whatever arose to thwart her arrangements, its entire tale of responsibility would ultimately fall upon her shoulders. She wondered what was to be done with Marjorie, with Mr. Magnet? Need he know? Could that situation be saved? Everything at present was raw in her mind. Except for her husband's informal communications she

did not even know what had appeared, what Daffy had seen, what Magnet thought of Marjorie's failure to bid him good-night. In times of crisis, as every woman knows, it is always necessary to misrepresent everything to everybody, but how she was to dovetail her misrepresentations, get the best effect from them, extract a working system of rights and wrongs from them, she could not imagine. . . .

(Oh, she did so wish Mr. Pope would lie quiet.)

But he had no doubts of what became *him*. He had to maintain a splendid and irrational rage—at any cost—to anybody.



A FEW yards away, a wakeful Marjorie confronted a joyless universe. She had a baffling realization that her life was in a hopeless mess, that she really had behaved disgracefully, and that she couldn't for a moment understand how

it had happened. She had intended to make quite sure of Trafford—and then put things straight.

Only her father had spoiled everything.

She regarded her father that night with a want of natural affection terrible to record. Why had he come just when he had, just as he had? Why had he been so violent, so impossible?

Of course, she had had no business to be there. . . .

She examined her character with a new unprecedented detachment. Wasn't she, after all, rather a mean human being? It had never occurred to her before to ask such a question. Now she asked it with only too clear a sense of the answer. She tried to trace how these multiplying threads of meanness had first come into the fabric of a life she had supposed herself to be weaving in extremely bright, honorable, and adventurous colors. She ought, of course, never to have accepted Magnet. . . .

She faced the disagreeable word; was she a liar?

At any rate, she told lies.

And she'd behaved with extraordinary meanness to Daphne. She realized that now. She had known, as precisely as if she had been told, how Daphne felt about Trafford, and she'd never given her an inkling of her own relations. She hadn't for a moment thought

of Daphne. No wonder Daffy was somber and bitter. Whatever she knew, she knew enough. She had heard Trafford's name in urgent whispers on the landing. "I suppose you couldn't leave him alone," Daffy had said after a long, hostile silence. That was all.

Would she ever see him again? After this horror of rowdy intervention? She didn't deserve to; she didn't deserve anything. . . . Oh, the tangle of it all! The tangle of it all! And those bills at Oxbridge! She was just dragging Trafford down into her own miserable morass of a life.

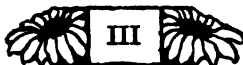
Her thoughts would take a new turn. "I love him," she whispered, soundlessly. "I would die for him. I would like to lie under his feet—and him not know it."

Her mind hung on that for a long time. "Not know it until afterwards," she corrected.

She liked to be exact, even in despair. . . .

And then in her memory he was struck again, and stood stiff and still. She wanted to kneel to him, imagined herself kneeling. . . .

And so on, quite inconclusively, round and round through the interminable night hours.



THE young man in the village was, if possible, more perplexed, round-eyed and generally inconclusive than anyone else in this series of nocturnal disturbances. He spent long intervals sitting on his window-sill regarding a world that was scented with night-stock, and seemed to be woven of moonshine and gossamer.

He had something of Marjorie's amazement at the position of affairs.

He had never properly realized that it was possible for anyone to regard Marjorie as a daughter, to order her about and resent the research for her society as criminal. It was a new light in his world. Some day he was to learn the meaning of fatherhood, but in these night watches he regarded it as a hideous survival of medieval darkness.

"Of course," he said, entirely ignoring the actual quality of their conversation, "she had to explain about the Magnet affair. Can't one—converse?"

He reflected through great intervals.

"I *will* see her! Why on earth shouldn't I see her?"

"I suppose they can't lock her up!"

For a time he contemplated a writ of Habeas Corpus. He saw reason to regret the gaps in his legal knowledge.

"Can anyone get a writ of Habeas Corpus for anyone—it doesn't matter whom"—more especially if you are a young man of six-and-twenty, anxious to exchange a few richly charged words with a girl of twenty who is engaged to some one else?

The night had no answer.

It was nearly dawn when he came to the entirely inadvisable conclusion—I use his own words—to go and have it out with the old ruffian. He would sit down and ask him what he meant by it all—and reason with him. If he started flourishing that stick again, it would have to be taken away.

And having composed a peroration upon the institution of the family of a character which he fondly supposed to be extraordinarily tolerant, reasonable and convincing, but which was indeed calculated to madden Mr. Pope to frenzy, Mr. Trafford went very peacefully to sleep.



CAME dawn, with a noise of birds and afterwards a little sleep, and then day, and heavy eyes opened again, and the sound of frying and the smell of coffee recalled our actors to the stage. Mrs. Pope was past her worst despair; always the morning brings courage and a clearer grasp of things, and she could face the world with plans shaped subconsciously during those last healing moments of slumber.

Breakfast was difficult, but not impossible. Mr. Pope loomed like a thundercloud, but Marjorie pleaded a headache very wisely, and was taken a sympathetic cup of tea. The pseudo-twins scented trouble, but Theodore was heedless and over-full of an entertaining noise made by a moor-hen as it dived in the ornamental water that morning. He seemed to think the *Times* opaque to such small sounds, and learned better only to be dismissed underfed and ignominiously from the table to meditate upon the imperfections of his soul in the schoolroom.

Directly she could disentangle herself from breakfast Mrs. Pope, with all her plans acute, went up to Marjorie's room. She shut the



door almost confidentially. "Marjorie," she said, "I want you to tell me all about this."

"I thought I heard father telling you," said Marjorie.

"He was too indignant," said Mrs. Pope, "to explain clearly. You see, Marjorie,"—she paused before her effort—"he knows things—about this Professor Trafford."

"What things?" asked Marjorie, turning sharply.

"I don't know, my dear—and I can't imagine."

She looked out of the window, aware of Marjorie's entirely distrustful scrutiny.

"I don't believe it," said Marjorie.

"Don't believe what, dear?"

"Whatever he says."

"I wish I didn't," said Mrs. Pope, and turned. "Oh, Madge," she cried, "you cannot imagine how all this distresses me! I cannot—I cannot conceive how you came to be in such a position! Surely honor—! Think of Mr. Magnet, how good and patient he has been! You don't know that man. You don't know all he is, and all that it means to a girl. He is good and honorable and—pure. He is kindness itself. It seemed to me that you were to be so happy—rich, honored."

She was overcome by a rush of emotion; she turned to the bed and sat down.

"There!" she said desolately. "It's all ruined, shattered, gone."

Marjorie tried not to feel that her mother was right.

"If father hadn't interfered," she said weakly.

"Oh, don't, my dear, speak so coldly of your father! You don't know what he has to put up with. You don't know his troubles and anxieties—all this wretched business." She paused, and her face became portentous. "Marjorie, do you know if these railways go on as they are going he may have to *eat into his capital* this year. Just think of that, and the worry he has! And this last shame and anxiety!"

Her voice broke again. Marjorie listened with an expression that was almost sullen.

"But what is it," she asked, "that father knows about Mr. Trafford?"

"I don't know, dear. I don't know. But it's something that matters—that makes it all different."

"Well, may I speak to Mr. Trafford before he leaves Buryhamstreet?"

"My dear! Never see him, dear—never think of him again! Your father would not dream— Some day, Marjorie, you will rejoice—you will want to thank your father on your bended knees that he saved you from the clutches of this man. . . ."

"I won't believe anything about Mr. Trafford," she said slowly, "until I know—"

She left the sentence incomplete.

She made her declaration abruptly. "I love Mr. Trafford," she said, with a catch in her voice, "and I don't love Mr. Magnet."

Mrs. Pope received this like one who is suddenly stabbed. She sat still as if overwhelmed, one hand pressed to her side and her eyes closed. Then she said, as if she gasped involuntarily:

"It's too dreadful! Marjorie," she said,

"I want to ask you to do something. After all, a mother has *some* claim. Will you wait just a little? Will you promise me to do nothing—nothing, I mean, to commit you—until your father has been able to make inquiries? Don't see him for a little while. Very soon you'll be one-and-twenty, and then perhaps things may be different. If he cares for

you, and you for him, a little separation won't matter. . . . Until your father has inquired. . . ."

"Mother," said Marjorie, "I can't—"

Mrs. Pope drew in the air sharply between her teeth, as if in agony.

"But, mother— Mother, I *must* let Mr. Trafford know that I'm not to see him. I *can't* suddenly cease. . . . If I could see him once—"

"Don't!" said Mrs. Pope in a hollow voice.

Marjorie began weeping. "He'd not understand," she said. "If I might just speak to him!"

"Not alone, Marjorie."

Marjorie stood still. "Well—before you."

Mrs. Pope conceded the point. "And then, Marjorie—" she said.

"I'd keep my word, mother," said Marjorie, and began to sob in a manner she felt to be absurdly childish, "until—until I am one-and-twenty. I'd promise that."

Mrs. Pope did a brief calculation. "Marjorie," she said, "it's only your happiness I think of."

"I know," said Marjorie, and added in a low voice, "and father."



"My dear, you don't understand your father. . . . I believe—I do firmly believe—if anything happened to any of you girls—anything bad—he would kill himself. . . . Of course, your father's ideas aren't always my ideas, Marjorie; but it's your duty—You know how hasty he is and—quick. Just as you know how good and generous and kind he is"—she caught Marjorie's eye, and added a little lamely—"at bottom." . . . She thought. "I think I could get him to let you say just one word with Mr. Trafford. It would be very difficult, but—"

She paused for a few seconds, and seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Marjorie," she said, "Mr. Magnet must never know anything of this."

"But, mother—!"

"Nothing!"

"I can't go on with my engagement!"

Mrs. Pope shook her head inscrutably.

"But how *can* I, mother?"

"You need not tell him *why*, Marjorie."

"But—"

"Just think how it would humiliate and distress him! You *can't*, Marjorie. You must find some excuse—oh, any excuse! But not the truth—not the truth, Marjorie. It would be too dreadful."

Marjorie thought. "Look here, mother, I may see Mr. Trafford again? I *may* really speak to him?"

"Haven't I promised?"

"Then, I'll do as you say," said Marjorie.



MRS. POPE found her husband seated at the desk in the ultra-Protestant study, meditating gloomily.

"I've been talking to her," she said.

"She's in a state of terrible distress."

"She ought to be," said Mr. Pope.

"Philip, you don't understand Marjorie."

"I don't."

"You think she was kissing that man."

"Well, she was."

"You can think *that* of her!"

Mr. Pope turned his chair to her. "But I *saw*!"

Mrs. Pope shook her head. "She wasn't; she was struggling to get away from him. She told me so herself. I've been into it with her. You don't understand, Philip. A man like that has a sort of fascination for a girl. He dazzles her. It's the way with girls. But you're quite mistaken. . . . Quite. It's a sort of hypnotism. She'll grow out of it. Of

course, she *loves* Mr. Magnet. She does, indeed. I've not a doubt of it. But—"

"You're *sure* she wasn't kissing him?"

"Positive."

"Then why didn't she say so?"

"A girl's so complex. You didn't give her a chance. She's fearfully ashamed of herself—fearfully; but it's just because she *is* ashamed that she won't admit it."

"I'll make her admit it."

"You ought to have had all boys," said Mrs. Pope. "Oh! she'll admit it some day—readily enough. But I believe a girl of her spirit would rather *die* than begin explaining. You can't expect it of her. Really you can't."

He grunted and shook his head slowly from side to side.

She sat down in the arm-chair beside the desk.

"I want to know just exactly what we are to do about the girl, Philip. I can't bear to think of her—up there."

"How?" he asked. "Up there?"

"Yes," she answered with that skilful inconsecutiveness of hers, and let a brief silence touch his imagination. "Do you think that man means to come here again?" she asked.

"Chuck him out if he does," said Mr. Pope, grimly.

She pressed her lips together firmly. She seemed to be weighing things painfully. "I wouldn't," she said at last.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Pope.

"I do not want you to make an open quarrel with Mr. Trafford."

"*Not* quarrel!"

"Not an open one," said Mrs. Pope. "Of course I know how nice it would be if you *could* use a horsewhip, dear. There's such a lot of things—if we could only just slash. But—it won't help. Get him to go away. She's consented never to see him again—practically. She's ready to tell him so herself. Part them against their will—oh! and the thing may go on for no end of time. But treat it as it ought to be treated— She'll be very tragic for a week or so, and then she'll forget him like a dream. He *is* a dream—a girl's dream. . . . If only we leave it alone, she'll leave it alone."



THINGS were getting straight, Mrs. Pope felt. She had now merely to add a few touches to the tranquilization of Daphne, and the misdirection of the twins' curiosity. These

touches accomplished, it seemed that everything was done. She dismissed the idea of putting things to Theodore after a brief reflection. She ran over the possibilities of the servants' eavesdropping, and found them negligible. Yes, everything was done—everything. And yet . . .

The queer string in her nature between religiosity and superstition began to vibrate. She hesitated. Then she slipped upstairs, fastened the door, fell on her knees beside the bed, and put the whole thing as acceptably as possible to Heaven in a silent, simple, but lucidly explanatory prayer. . . .

She came out of her chamber brighter and braver than she had been for eighteen long hours. She could now, she felt, await the developments that threatened, with the serenity of one who is prepared at every point. She went almost happily to the kitchen, only about forty-five minutes behind her usual time, to order the day's meals and see with her own eyes that economies prevailed.



THE unsuspecting Magnet, fatigued but happy—for three hours of solid humorous writing had added its quota to the intellectual heritage of England—made a simple light lunch, cooked in homely village-inn fashion, lit a well-merited cigar, and turned his steps toward the vicarage. He was preceded at some distance along the avenuesque drive by the back of Mr. Trafford, which he made no attempt to overtake.

Mr. Trafford was admitted and disappeared, and a minute afterwards Magnet reached the door.

Mrs. Pope appeared radiant—about the weather. A rather tiresome man had just called upon Mr. Pope about business matters, she said, and he might be detained five or ten minutes. Marjorie and Daffy were upstairs—resting. They had been disturbed by bats in the night.

"Isn't it charmingly rural?" said Mrs. Pope. "*Bats!*"

She talked about bats and the fear she had of their getting in her hair, and as she talked she led the way brightly but firmly as far as possible out of earshot of the windows of the ultra-Protestant study in which Mr. Pope was now (she did so hope temperately) interviewing Mr. Trafford.



DIRECTLY Mr. Trafford had reached the front door it had opened for him, and closed behind him at once. He had found himself with Mrs. Pope. "You wish to see my husband?" she had said, and had led him to the study forthwith. She had returned at once to intercept Mr. Magnet. . . .

Trafford found Mr. Pope seated sternly at the center of the writing desk, regarding him with a threatening brow.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Pope, breaking the silence, "you have come to offer some explanation—"

While awaiting this encounter Mr. Pope had not been insensitive to the tactical and scenic possibilities of the occasion. In fact, he had spent the latter half of the morning in intermittent preparations, arranging desk, books, hassocks in advantageous positions, in such a manner as was most calculated to damp, chill and subjugate an antagonist in the exposed area toward the window.

Mr. Trafford was greatly taken aback by Mr. Pope's juridical manner and by this form of address, and he was further put out by Mr. Pope saying, with a regal gesture to the best illuminated and most isolated chair: "Be seated, sir."

Mr. Trafford's peroration vanished from his mind; he was at a loss for words until spurred to speech by Mr. Pope's almost truculent: "Well?"

"I am in love, sir, with your daughter."

"I am not aware of it," said Mr. Pope, and lifted and dropped the paper-weight. "My daughter, sir, is engaged to marry Mr. Magnet. If you had approached me in a proper fashion before presuming to attempt—to attempt"—his voice thickened with indignation—"liberties with her, you would have been duly informed of her position—and everyone would have been saved"—he lifted the paper-weight—"everything that has happened." (Bump.)

Mr. Trafford had to adjust himself to the unexpected elements in this encounter. "Oh!" he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Pope, and there was a distinct interval.

"Is your daughter in love with Mr. Magnet?" asked Mr. Trafford in an almost colloquial tone.

Mr. Pope smiled gravely. "I presume so, sir."



"She never gave me that impression, anyhow," said the young man.

"It was neither her duty to give nor yours to receive that impression," said Mr. Pope.

Again Mr. Trafford was at a loss.

"Have you come here, sir, merely to bandy words?" asked Mr. Pope, drumming with ten fingers on the table.

Mr. Trafford thrust his hands into his pockets and assumed a fictitious pose of ease. He had never found anyone in his life before quite so provocative of colloquialism as Mr. Pope.

"Look here, sir, this is all very well," he began, "but why can't I fall in love with your daughter? I'm a Doctor of Science and all that sort of thing. I've a perfectly decent outlook. My father was rather a swell in his science. I'm an entirely decent and respectable person."

"I beg to differ," said Mr. Pope.

"Well — differ. But all the same——"

He paused and began again, and for a time they argued to no purpose. They generalized about the position of an engaged girl and the rights and privileges of a father. Then Mr. Pope, "to cut all this short," told him frankly he wasn't wanted, his daughter did not want him, nobody wanted him; he was an invader, he had to be got rid of—"if possible by peaceful means." Trafford disputed these propositions, and asked to see Marjorie. Mr. Pope had been leading up to this, and at once closed with that request.

"She is as anxious as anyone to end this intolerable siege," he said. He went to the door and called for Marjorie, who appeared with conspicuous promptitude. She was in a dress of green linen that made her seem very cool as well as very dignified to Trafford; she was tense with restrained excitement, and either—for these things shade into each other—entirely without a disposition to act her part, or acting with consummate ability. Trafford rose at the sight of her, and remained standing. "Mr. Trafford has to be told," said Mr. Pope, "that you don't want him in Buryhamstreet." He arrested Marjorie's forward movement toward Trafford by a gesture of the hand, seated himself, and resumed his drumming on the table. "Well?" he said.

"I don't think you ought to stay in

Buryhamstreet, Mr. Trafford," said Marjorie.

"You don't want me to?"

"It will only cause trouble—and scenes."

"You want me to go?"

"Away from here."

"You really mean that?"

Marjorie did not answer for a little time; she seemed to be weighing the exact force of all she was going to say.

"Mr. Trafford," she answered, "everything I've ever said to you—everything—I've meant—more than I've ever meant anything."

A little flush of color came into Trafford's cheeks. He regarded Marjorie with a brightening eye.

"Oh, well," he said, "I don't understand. But I'm entirely in your hands, of course."

Marjorie's pose and expression altered. For an instant she was a miracle of instinctive expression; she shone at him, she conveyed herself to him, she assured him. Her eyes met his, she stood warmly flushed and quite unconquered—visibly, magnificently

his. She poured into him just that riotous pride and admiration that gives a man altogether to a woman. . . . Then it seemed as if a light passed, and she was just an every-day Marjorie standing there.

"I'll do anything you want me to," said Trafford.

"Then I want you to go."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pope.

"Yes," said Trafford, with his eyes on her self-possession.

"I've promised not to write or send to you, or—think more than I can help of you, until I'm twenty-one—nearly two months from now."

"And then?"

"I don't know. How can I?"

"You hear, sir?" from Mr. Pope, in the pause of mutual scrutiny that followed.

"One question," said Mr. Trafford.

"You've surely asked enough, sir," said Mr. Pope.

"Are you still engaged to Magnet?"

"Sir!"

"Please, father," said Marjorie, with unusual daring and in her mother's voice. "Mr. Trafford, after what I've told you—you must leave that to me."



"She is engaged to Mr. Magnet," said Mr. Pope. "Tell him outright, Marjorie. Make it clear."

"I think I understand," said Trafford, with his eyes on Marjorie.

"I've not seen Mr. Magnet since last night," said Marjorie. "And so—naturally—I'm still engaged to him."

"Precisely!" said Mr. Pope, and turned with a face of harsh interrogation to his importunate caller. Mr. Trafford seemed disposed for further questions. "I don't think we need detain you, Madge," said Mr. Pope, over his shoulder.

The two young people stood facing one another for a moment, and I am afraid that they were both extremely happy and satisfied with each other. It was all right, they were quite sure—all right. Their lips were almost smiling. Then Marjorie made an entirely dignified exit. She closed the door very softly, and Mr. Pope turned to his visitor again with a bleak politeness. "I hope that satisfies you," he said.

"There is nothing more to be said at present, I admit," said Mr. Trafford.

"Nothing," said Mr. Pope.

Both gentlemen bowed. Mr. Pope rose ceremoniously, and Mr. Trafford walked doorward. He had a sense of latent absurdities in these tremendous attitudes. They passed through the hall—processionally.

"Good-by, sir," said Mr. Pope, holding the house door wide.

"Good-by, sir," said Mr. Trafford, and then added with a note of untimely intimacy in his voice, and an inexcusable levity upon his lips: "You know—there's nobody—no man in the world—I'd sooner have for a father-in-law than you."

Mr. Pope, caught unprepared on the spur of the moment, bowed in a cold and distant manner, and then almost immediately closed the door to save himself from violence. . . .



THAT afternoon Marjorie began her difficult task of getting disengaged from Mr. Magnet. It was difficult because she was pledged not to tell him of the one thing that made this line of action not only explicable, but necessary. Magnet, perplexed and disconcerted, and secretly sustained by her mother's glancing side-lights on the feminine character and the instability of "girlish whims," remained at Buryhamstreet until the family returned to Hartstone Square. The engagement was ended—formally—but in such a manner that Magnet was left a rather pathetic and invincibly assiduous besieger. At first he had thought very little of Daphne, but now he was beginning to experience the subtle pleasures of a confidential friendship. She understood, he felt; it was quite wonderful how she understood. He found Daffy much richer in response than Marjorie.

Mr. Pope, for all Marjorie's submission to his wishes, developed a Grand Dudgeon of exceptionally fine proportions when he heard of the breach of the engagement. He ceased to speak to his daughter or admit himself aware of her existence, and the Grand Dudgeon's blighting shadow threw a chill over the life of everyone in the house. He made it clear that the Grand Dudgeon would only be lifted by Marjorie's re-engagement to Magnet. Using Mrs. Pope as an intermediary, he also conveyed to Marjorie his decision to be no longer burdened with the charges of her education at Oxbridge, and he made it seem extremely doubtful whether he should remember her approaching twenty-first birthday.

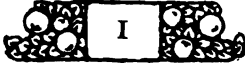
Marjorie received the news of her severance from Oxbridge, Mrs. Pope thought, with a certain hardness.

"I thought he would do that," said Marjorie. "He's always wanted to do that," and said no more.





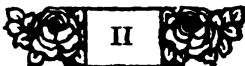
Chapter the Fifth—A Telephone Call



TRAFFORD went back to Solomonson for a day or so, and then to London, to resume the experimental work of the research he had in hand. But he was so much in love with Marjorie that for some days it was a very dazed mind that fumbled with the apparatus—arranged it and rearranged it, and fell into day-dreams that gave the utmost concern to Durgan the bottle-washer.

"He's not going straight at things," said Durgan the bottle-washer to his wife. "He usually goes so straight at things it's a pleasure to watch it. He told me he was going down into Kent to think everything out." Mr. Durgan paused impressively, and spoke with a sigh of perplexity. "He hasn't . . ."

But later Durgan was able to report that Trafford had pulled himself together. The work was moving.



TRAFFORD was one of those rare scientific men who ought to be engaged in scientific research.

He could never leave an accepted formula alone. His mind was like some insatiable corrosive, that ate into all the hidden inequalities and plastered weaknesses of accepted theories, and bit its way through every plausibility of appearance. He was extraordinarily fertile in exasperating alternative hypotheses. He was already, at six-and-twenty, hated, abused, obstructed, and respected. He was still outside the Royal Society, of course, and the editors of the scientific periodicals admired his papers greatly, and delayed publication. And since he had a small professorship worth three hundred a year, which gave him the command of a sufficient research laboratory and the services of Mr. Durgan, a private income of nearly three hundred more, a devoted mother to keep house for him, and an invincible faith in Truth, he had every prospect of winning in his particular struggle to inflict more Truth, new lucidities and fresh powers upon this fractious and unreasonable universe.

In the world of science now, even more than in the world of literature and political thought the thing that is alive struggles, half suffocated, amidst a copious production of things born dead. The endowment of research, the organization of scientific progress, the creation of salaried posts, and the assignment of honors, has attracted to this field just that type of man which is least gifted to penetrate and discover, and least able to admit its own defect or the quality of a superior. Such men are producing great, bulky masses of imitative research, futile inquiries, and monstrous entanglements of technicality about their subjects. Organization and genius are antipathetic. The vivid and creative mind, by virtue of its qualities, is a spasmodic and adventurous mind; it resents blinkers, and the mere implication that it can be driven in harness to the unexpected. It demands freedom. It resents regular attendance from ten to four, and punctualities in general, and all those paralyzing minor tests of conduct that are vitally important to the imagination of the authoritative dull. Consequently, it is being eliminated from its legitimate field, and it is only here and there among the younger men that such a figure as Trafford gives any promise of a renewal of that enthusiasm, that intellectual enterprise which were distinctive of the great age of scientific advance.

Trafford was the only son of his parents. His father had been a young surgeon, more attracted by knowledge than practice, who had been killed by a scratch of the scalpel in an investigation upon ulcerative processes, at the age of twenty-nine. Trafford at that time was three years old, so that he had not the least memory of his father; but his mother, by a thousand almost unpremeditated touches, had built up a figure for him and a tradition that was shaping his life. She was then a very beautiful and active-minded woman of thirty, and she did her best to reconstruct her life; but she could find nothing so living in the world as the clear courage, the essential simplicity, and tender memories of the man she had lost. And she was the more devoted to him that he had had little weaknesses of temper and bearing, and that an outrageous campaign had been waged

against him that did not cease with his death. He had, in some medical periodical, published drawings of a dead dog clamped to display a deformity, and these had been seized upon by a group of anti-vivisection fanatics as the representation of a vivisection. A libel action had been pending when he died; but there is no protection of the dead from libel. That monstrous lie met her on pamphlet cover, on hoardings, in sensational appeals; it seemed immortal, and she would have suffered the pains of a dozen suttees if she could have done so, to show the world how the power and tenderness of this alleged tormentor of helpless beasts had gripped one woman's heart. It counted enormously in her decision to remain a widow and concentrate her life upon her son.



She watched her son's growth with a care and passionate subtlety that even at six-and-twenty he was still far from suspecting. She dreaded his becoming a mother's pet, she sent him away to school and fretted through long terms alone, that he might be made into a man. She interested herself in literary work and social affairs lest she should press upon him unduly. She was too intelligent to dream of forming his mind; he browsed on every doctrine to find his own but she did desire most passionately, she prayed, she prayed in the darkness of sleepless nights, that the views, the breadths, the spacious emotions which had ennobled her husband in her eyes should rise again in him.

There were years of doubt and waiting. He was a good boy and a bad boy, now brilliant, now touching, now disappointing, now gloriously reassuring, and now heart-rending as only the children of our blood can be. He had errors and bad moments, lapses into sheer naughtiness, phases of indolence, attacks of contagious vulgarity. But more and more surely she saw him for his father's son; she traced the same great curiosities, the same keen, dauntless questioning; whatever incidents might disturb and perplex her, his intellectual growth went on strong and clear and increasing like some sacred flame that is carried in procession, halting perhaps and swaying a little but keeping on, over the heads of a tumultuous crowd.

He went from his school to the Royal College of Science, thence to successes at Cambridge, and thence to Berlin. He traveled a little in Asia Minor and Persia, had a journey to America, and then came back to her and London, sunburned, mustached, manly, and a

little strange. When he had been a boy she had thought his very soul pellucid; it had clouded opaquely against her scrutiny as he passed into adolescence. Then through the period of visits and departures, travel together, separations, he grew into something detached and admirable, a man curiously reminiscent of his father, unexpectedly different. She ceased to feel what he was feeling in his mind, had to watch him, infer, guess, speculate about him. She desired for him and dreaded for him with an undying tenderness, but she no longer had any assurance that she could interfere to help him. He had his father's trick of falling into thought. Her brown eyes would watch him across the flowers and delicate glass and silver of her dinner table when he dined at home with her. Sometimes he seemed to forget she existed, sometimes he

delighted in her, talked to amuse her, petted her; sometimes, and then it was she was happiest, he talked of plays and books with her, discussed general questions, spoke even of that broadly conceived scheme of work which engaged so much of his imagination. She knew that it was distinguished and powerful work. Old friends of her husband spoke of it to her, praised its inspired directness, its beautiful simplicity.

When he had accepted the minor professorship which gave him a footing in the world of responsible scientific men, she had taken a house in a quiet street in Chelsea which necessitated a daily walk to his laboratory. She arranged it with great care; she had kept most of her furniture, and his study had his father's bureau, and the self-same agate paper-weight that had pressed the unfinished paper he left when he died. She was a woman of persistent friendships, and there came to her old connections of those early times, trailing fresher and younger people in their wake, sons, daughters, nephews, disciples; her son brought home all sorts of interesting men, and it was remarkable to her that amidst the talk and discussion at her table, she discovered aspects of her son and often quite intimate aspects she would never have seen with him alone.

She would not let herself believe that this Indian summer of her life could last forever. He was no passionless devotee of research for all his silence and restraints. She had seen him kindle with anger at obstacles and absurdities, and quicken in the presence of beauty. Things happened to have run smoothly with him so far, that was all. "Of

course," she said, "he must fall in love. It cannot be long before he falls in love."

Once or twice that had seemed to happen, and then it had come to nothing. . . .

She knew that sooner or later this completion of his possibilities must come, that the present steadfastness of purpose was a phase in which forces gathered, that love must sweep into his life as a deep and passionate disturbance. She saw at times how young he was; she had, as I suppose most older people have about their juniors, the profoundest doubt whether he was wise enough yet to be trusted with a thing so good as himself. He had flashes of high-spirited indiscretion, and at times a wildfire of humor flared in his talk. So far that had done no worse for him than make an enemy or so in scientific circles. But she had no idea of the limits of his excitability. She would watch him and fear for him—she knew the wreckage love can make—and also she desired that he should lose nothing that life and his nature could give him.



IN the two months of separation that ensued before Marjorie was one-and-twenty. Trafford's mind went through some remarkable phases. At first the excitement of his passion for Marjorie obscured everything else, then with his return to London and his laboratory the immense inertia of habit and slowly developed purposes, the complex yet convergent system of ideas and problems to which so much of his life had been given, began to assert itself again. His love was vivid and intense, a light in his imagination, a fever in his blood; but it was a new thing; it had not crept into the flesh and bones of his being; it was away there in Surrey; the streets of London, his home, the white-walled chamber with its skylight and high windows and charts of constants, in which his apparatus was arranged, had no suggestion of her.

He had left Buryhamstreet with Marjorie riotously in possession of his mind. He could think of nothing but Marjorie in the train, and how she had shone at him in the study, and how her voice had sounded when she spoke, how she stood and moved, and the shape and sensation of her hands, and how it had felt to hold her for those brief moments in the wood and press lips and body to his, and how her face had gleamed in the laced shadows of the moonlight, soft and wonderful.

In fact, he thought of Marjorie.

He thought she was splendid, courageous,

wise by instinct. He had no doubt of her or that she was to be his—when the weeks of waiting had passed by. She was his, and he was Marjorie's; that had been settled from the beginning of the world. It didn't occur to him that anything had happened to alter his life or any of his arrangements in any way, except that they were altogether altered.

And always he thought of her as something of the summer. The rich decays of autumn came, the Chelsea roads were littered with variegated leaves that were presently wet and dirty and slippery, the twilight crept down into the day toward four o'clock and five, but in his memory of her the leaves were green, the evenings were long, the warm quiet of rural Surrey in high August filled the air. So that it was with a kind of amazement he found her in London and in November close at hand. He was called to the college telephone one day from a conversation with a proposed research student.

He had no thought of Marjorie when she answered, and for an instant he did not recognize her voice.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Trafford." . . .

"Who is it?" he reiterated with a note of irascibility. "*Who?*"

The little voice laughed. "Why! I'm Marjorie!" it said.

Then she was back in his life like a lantern suddenly become visible in a wood at midnight.

It was like meeting her as a china figure, neat and perfect and two inches high. It was her voice, very clear and very bright, and quite characteristic, as though he was hearing it through the wrong end of a telescope. It was her voice, clear as a bell; confident without a shadow.

"It's *me!* Marjorie! I'm twenty-one today!"

It was like a little arrow of exquisite light struck into the very heart of his life.

He laughed back. "Are you for meeting me then. Marjorie?"



THEY met in Kensington Gardens with an air of being clandestine and defiant. It was one of those days of amber sunlight, soft air, and tender beauty with which London relieves the tragic glooms of the year's decline. There was still a residue of warm-tinted leaves in puffs and clusters upon the tree branches, a boat or two ruffled the blue Serpentine, and the waterfowl gave color and animation to the selvage of the water. The sedges were still a greenish yellow.

The two met shyly. They were both a little unfamiliar to each other. Trafford was black-coated, silk-hatted, umbrellaed, a decorous young professor in the place of the cheerful aeronaut who had fallen so gaily out of the sky. Marjorie had a new tailor-made dress of russet-green, and a little cloth toque ruled and disciplined the hair he had known as a ruddy confusion. . . . They had dreamed, I think, of extended arms and a wild rush to embrace one another. Instead, they shook hands.

"And so," said Trafford, "we meet again!"

"I don't see why we shouldn't meet!" said Marjorie.

There was a slight pause.

"Let's have two of those jolly little green chairs," said Trafford. . . .

They walked across the grass toward the chairs he had indicated, and both were full of the momentous things they were finding it impossible to say.

"There ought to be squirrels here, as there are in New York," he said at last.

They sat down. There was a moment's silence, and then Trafford's spirit rose in rebellion and he plunged at this—this stranger beside him.

"Look here," he said, "do you still love me, Marjorie?"

She looked up into his face with eyes in which surprise and scrutiny passed into something altogether beautiful. "I love you—altogether," she said in a steady, low voice.

And suddenly she was no longer a stranger, but the girl who had flitted to his arms breathless, unhesitating, through the dusk. His blood quickened. He made an awkward gesture as though he arrested an impulse to touch her. "My sweetheart," he said. "My dear one!"

Marjorie's face flushed responses. "It's you," he said.

"Me," she answered.

"Do you remember?"

"Everything!"

"My dear!"

"I want to tell you things," said Marjorie. "What are we to do?" . . .

He tried afterward to retrace that conversation. He was chiefly ashamed of his scientific preoccupations during that London interval. He had thought of a thousand things;

Marjorie had thought of nothing else but love and him. Her happy assurance, her absolute confidence that his desires would march with hers, reproached and confuted every adverse thought in him as though it was a treachery to love. He had that sense which I suppose comes at times to every man, of entire unworthiness for the straight, unhesitating decision, the clear simplicity of a woman's passion. She had thought out everything that bore upon that; reasons for precipitance, reasons for delay; she had weighed the rewards of conformity against the glamour of romance. It became more and more clear to him as they talked, that she was determined to elope with him, to go to Italy, and there have an extraordinarily picturesque and beautiful time. Her definiteness shamed his poverty of anticipation. . . .

When at last they parted under the multiplying lamps of the November twilight, he turned his face eastward. He was afraid of his mother's eyes—he scarcely knew why. He walked along Kensington Gore, and the clustering, confused lights of street and house, white and golden and orange and pale lilac, the moving lamps and shining glitter of the traffic, the luminous interiors of omnibuses, the reflection of carriage and hoarding, the fading daylight overhead, the phantom trees to the left, the deepening shadows and blacknesses among the houses on his right, the bobbing heads of wayfarers, were just for him the stir and hue and texture of fairyland. All the world was fairyland. He went to his club and dined there, and divided the evening between geography, as it is condensed in Baedeker and Murray on North Italy, Italian Switzerland and the Italian Riviera, and a study of the marriage laws as they are expounded in "Whitaker's Almanac," the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and other convenient works of reference. He replaced the books as he used them, and went at last from the library into the smoking-room, but seeing a man who might talk to him there, he went out at once into the streets, and fetched a wide compass by Baker Street, Oxford Street, and Hyde Park, home.

He was a little astonished at himself and everything.

But it was going to be—splendid.



(To be continued)

T H E T H E A T R E

G E O R G E A R L I S S

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN Mrs. Fiske first mounted "Becky Sharp" Tyrone Power played the Marquis of Steyne and Maurice Barrymore played—and how he played!—Rawdon Crawley. When she revived the drama a few years later poor Barrymore was dead, and an actor comparatively new to our stage, though his talents were already well recognized, was the Lord Steyne. His name was George Arliss, and his first entrance upon the scene was one of those memorable examples of the actor's art which, once witnessed, is never forgotten.

Steyne makes his appearance in Act II, coming out on the broad stair-landing above the ball-room and looking down upon the animated scene for a few moments without speaking. No entrance is "worked up" for him, as the players would say. He comes quite unheralded, slipping quietly into the picture. In Mrs. Fiske's production the ball-room was done in a general color scheme of yellow. The eyes of the audience during the preceding portion of the act were fixed upon the figures moving animatedly about on the ball-room floor. "There was a sound of revelry by night," a gay atmosphere, nothing sinister nor tragic. But suddenly one or two persons in the audience felt impelled to glance up to the broad stair-landing above. There, silhouetted sharply against the lemon-yellow wall, stood, to their surprise, a new figure in the drama, a smallish figure immaculate in black silk hose and breeches and coat, with a curiously crafty, malicious and domineering face framed between its dark whiskers and over a high white stock. The keen eyes were glancing down upon the bare shoulders of the women. A smile played upon the sensuous lips. But the figure neither moved nor spoke.

Yet this silent figure had riveted the attention of those few persons in the audience.

One by one others in the audience felt curiously impelled to look up, and their attention, too, was riveted. Finally the entire audience, forgetful of the persons on the ball-room floor, was looking with something akin to surprised awe at the black-clad, smiling, sinister figure on the landing. When all eyes were fixed upon him, the figure moved. He stepped with the grace of a panther down the stairs, and it was as if a dark shadow of evil, of tragedy, settled on the gay scene. He walked over to Becky and spoke in a soft, wheedling voice; and it was as if *her* tragedy had met her face to face. The real drama had begun. Then came the cannon of Waterloo.

The actor who, unheralded and in silence, thus imposed a mood on an entire audience (aided, of course, by Mrs. Fiske's wonderful sense of effect in her stage management) was George Arliss. A better illustration could hardly be found of Mr. Arliss's power to bring a character to instant life, and weld it into the drama. His acting, widely appreciated and liberally rewarded, we are glad to say, is one of the finer things of the American stage, and a study of it rewards us with a better understanding of and a greater respect for the whole art of acting.

How, the writer recently asked Mr. Arliss, did he rivet the attention of the audience in "Becky Sharp" before he had spoken a word, even before many in the audience had even guessed what character had entered? His reply was significant. It is much the same reply, in effect, that Duse once made to a similar question. It connects the magic of great acting directly with the mystery of imagination, and ranks the great actor beyond a question as a creative artist.

"I can account for that effect," said Mr. Arliss, "only by the theory that even before I left my dressing room each night I felt the situation. I felt how like an ominous black



Mr. Arliss and Miss Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods"

Mr. Arliss in a little one-act play written by Mrs. Fiske, called "The Rose"



Mr. Arliss and Mrs. Fiske in a scene from "Leah Kleschna"



As the Devil in the drama of that name, sowing temptation

Mr Arliss in some of the famous

Photographs by Byron



Mr. Arliss and Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's drama "Rosmersholm"



As Septimus in a dramatization of W. J. Locke's novel



As the old man, in "Eyes of the Heart," a sketch written by Mrs. Fiske

roles in which he has appeared
Photographs by Byron



do with the effect. But I cannot avoid the conviction that when the actor himself is caught up into the imaginative life of the character and the scene, then, and then alone, can he, by some mysterious process, communicate a fire to the imaginations of his audience.

"There are times when one feels abominably one's self on the stage, tremendously healthy, when one's thoughts will stray to golf or a tramp in the country. And then one feels that heavy atmosphere of the play which envelops you behind the proscenium, or should envelop you if you have the actor's temperament, dispelled; and just as certain as death or taxes one feels, at the same moment, his audience slipping from him, and hears the restless cough. That is an excellent reason for having good actors and actresses in the company with you. They help to maintain the atmosphere of illusion not only for the audience but, quite as importantly, for the star or leading players. That is one reason why it is so satisfactory to play with Mrs. Fiske. She lives every moment the life of the play, and in her electric atmosphere your imagination, too, sustains you in the illusion."

Imagination, then, is the life blood of fine acting, as of any of the creative arts. But imagination without training, without technical command of the tools of

shadow of evil the real Lord Steyne must have descended on the scene—incarnate power, the power of wealth, of position, of craftiness and will, all bent on cruel ends. When I came out on the landing that idea possessed my whole imagination. Technically, I think many actors quite underestimate the power of the eye, and perhaps my use of my eyes as I stood on the landing had something to

the trade, is of slight avail. It is because Mr. Arliss combines imagination with a fine and resourceful technique and a broad intelligence, that his art is a model and a standard on our contemporary stage.

How he achieved his technique is a valuable lesson to the younger actors of the day—though, fortunately for us, Mr. Arliss himself is still in his prime. He was born in

England in 1868, and first acted in 1887. His first year on the stage was spent in an obscure London stock company "over the water" on the Surrey side (which might be Jersey City or Hoboken)—a company which mounted a new play every week. His second season was spent with a provincial road company wherein he played twenty leading parts. Those first two seasons, he says, were the most valuable of his career.

During the first year the novice, yet to enter his majority, played a new part every week, all of them small parts; and because they were small parts, and because the company was a cheap one without time for careful stage direction, he was left free to play his parts as he saw fit. One

week he was a policeman, one week a clerk, another time a rustic. He could make these characters young or old, as he wished. The young actor, full of ambition, made it his task to study each little part as carefully as he could. If he was to play a London clerk, for example, he watched actual clerks till he found one who seemed, in dress and manner, either to be a type of his class or to represent some-



Photograph by Stereoscopic Co. London

Mr. Arliss as the Duke of St. Olpherts in "The Mysterious Mrs. Ebbsmith," one of the first rôles he played in America.

thing that would be effective on the stage. Then Mr. Arliss would go home and design a hat or a collar or a wig or a suit of clothes, or all combined, that he might look, as well as talk and act, like this type from life he had been watching.

"Anything I saw on the streets which I thought effective dramatically I managed to get on to the stage before a fortnight," Mr.



Photograph by Savoy

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

The English actress in whose company Mr. Arliss first came to America, and with whom he made his first successes here



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

America's leading actress, in whose company Mr. Arliss played many parts and won his way to a foremost place on the American stage

Arliss says. "And what was the result? Sometimes I fear it was, immediately, to upset the balance of the performance, but for me personally it was the finest kind of training. Not only did I skill my eye to observation, but I acquired a whole stock of effects which have remained in the background of my memory, and to this day when I am called on to play this part or that, almost unconsciously these memories come to my aid, and I know what I can achieve and how I can achieve it. The young actor who begins on Broadway with a single part, plays it for two seasons, and then plays a second part for two seasons more, and so on till he is old, will never, save by a miracle, learn to be an actor. He will not learn the tools of his trade."

The next year saw Mr. Arliss, still with a cheap company, touring the provinces. He was now playing leading rôles, however, twenty of them, of all sorts, and experimenting with audiences incessantly. A decade of acting in London followed. Then, in 1901, Mr. Arliss came to America, supporting Mrs. Patrick Campbell. New York first saw him as Cayley Drumme in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and enjoyed the crisp, worldly humor, the polished urbanity, the lurking tenderness of that performance. It next enjoyed him as the Duke of St. Olpherts in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and felt a touch of his cynical power as well as his polish. Fortunately for us, he did not go back to England to act. David Belasco, who may be relied on to know acting when

he sees it, kept him here to play the cruel and crafty old Japanese, Zakkuri, in "The Darling of the Gods," a part wherein his powers for sinister suggestion and for sheer physical illusion of "make up" had full scope.

But, equally fortunately for us, Mr. Arliss did not remain with Mr. Belasco. We say

fortunately, because Mr. Belasco, with all his marvelous skill as a stage director, is seemingly wedded for all time to the merely theatrical drama, and there is seldom any underlying basis of intellectual or social purpose and truth-seeking in the plays he writes or stages. Mr. Arliss transferred his support to Mrs. Fiske, and with her, at last, he was in company worthy of his finest efforts, and likely to induce them. With her, he truly established himself as a leading actor of our stage, in the best sense of the word.

With Mrs. Fiske he played such diverse rôles as Lord Steyne in "Becky

Sharp," Judge Brack in "Hedda Gabler," Ulric Brendel in "Rosmersholm," Raoul Berton in "Leah Kleschna," and the old Frenchman in Mrs. Fiske's own one-act play, "Eyes of the Heart." Lord Steyne was a crafty, powerful, distinguished man of the world; Berton in "Leah Kleschna" was a degenerate young French blade. The two parts, wide as the poles, were as widely differentiated by the actor. One was by turns hypocritically suave, worldly, urbane, grim, powerful, not-to-be-denied; and in its physical aspect an astonishing replica of Thackeray's own drawing for the character. The other was juvenile,



Photograph by Moffett

GEORGE ARLISS

A portrait of the actor as he appears in private life

devil-may-care, and physically, thanks in part to the actor's wonderful use of his legs, arms, and nervous, expressive hands and fingers, almost a study in degeneracy. Still again, his Ibsen characters were no less sharply cut, and carried with them the chill atmosphere of the Old Man of the North.

It was after his seasons with Mrs. Fiske that Mr. Arliss first appeared as a star, not a star created because his "personality" pleased the public, but because he possessed the ripeness of technique, the power of suggestion, the insight and the understanding, to play stellar parts. His first venture was made in the early fall of 1907, in the title rôle of "The Devil," a rather cheap and unimaginative play by an Hungarian, in which the leading actor wore a frock coat over his supposed tail, boots over his cloven hoofs, and symbolized temptation at the ear of a man and a maid, who, truth to tell, needed no external propulsion to drive them into sin. Another manager put out another Devil at the same time, and the two productions at least served to show how much more subtle, suggestive, polished and imaginative was the art of Mr. Arliss than that of his rival.

From the evil omniscience of the Devil to the childlike simplicity and delicate goodness of Septimus, in a dramatization of Mr. Locke's story, was the wide step Mr. Arliss next chose to take. "Septimus," the drama fell far short of "Septimus," the novel, and failed. But we had, at least, the opportunity to see that Mr. Arliss's "personality" was not the cause of his success in sinister rôles, since here he no less successfully suggested whimsical childlikeness and goodness of heart. With what minute and careful touches he built up the quaint picture of Septimus the dreamer and eccentric! His delicate fingers, nervously sinister as Steyne or Berton, were here used to suggest the inventor, and the man of gentle ways. When someone departed from the room, he said "Good-bye" after they had gone, as if his wits were but just come back from wool gathering, and in a flash touched the character to life. And here, in his quiet, perfectly modulated voice, was not the oily craftiness of Steyne, purring over Becky, but gentle wistfulness or humor. His imaginative grasp of the character seemed actually to color his tones.

Finally we are now seeing Mr. Arliss in New York this winter (as Chicago saw him last) in a character different alike from Steyne or Septimus, from Devil or saint—as that

brilliant and contradictory historic figure of mid-Victorian England, the Jew, Disraeli (Beaconsfield), set in a drama by Louis N. Parker. It is a brilliant portrait that Mr. Arliss has painted, one of the true acting achievements of the winter, one of those achievements in character delineation which remind us that large and stirring and vivid acting did not perish with Richard Mansfield, after all.

Considerable nonsense has been printed in the Sunday papers about Mr. Arliss's methods of make up for this part. Considerable nonsense is always being printed in the Sunday papers about one thing or another. According to the papers, Mr. Arliss scurried all over Paris in quest of a wig which might exactly match one worn by "Dizzy" himself. "As a matter of fact," the actor says, "I did what any sensible person would do,—I looked at an authentic portrait of Disraeli, and then went to a wig maker with my instructions. I had his clothes copied in the same rather obvious and practical manner, after looking at the collection of Disraeli relics in the South Kensington Museum." From which we may infer that Mr. Arliss's art remains free of buncombe.

"I had always, from my youth, been interested in Disraeli, both as a man and a possible stage figure," he continued, "but when it was assured at last that I was to put him on the stage, I stopped reading about him altogether, and waited till the completed manuscript was in my hands before resuming study. I did this that I might see the character in relation to the actual drama, rather than in relation to history, and so have the squint on it my audiences were bound to have. Once the manuscript was before me, I began to study Dizzy's life and works for the character details that would fit with Mr. Parker's play. That seemed to me the only way in which I could be fair at once to history and to the drama. Doubtless my impersonation, no less than the play, lacks something of historical correctness, but Mr. Parker and I have both tried to interpret for the present the essential spirit of the man and his period, in a manner that shall still be interesting as acted drama."

Sensible words, these. How nearly Mr. Arliss is like the real Dizzy we fancy the majority of his audiences do not greatly care, nor always realize. Dizzy was something of a fop, we all know, and Mr. Arliss catches this suggestion. But he was a brilliant man besides, with a Shavian gift of epigram, and Mr. Arliss tosses off those epigrams as bril-

liantly and spontaneously as could be desired. Disraeli, too, was Prime Minister of England, in the face of opposition, and that meant crafty power and iron will behind the suave, dandified ways and the bantering, sharp-edged epigrams. Not the least effective feature of Mr. Arliss's impersonation is his constant suggestion of this power and will, a suggestion made without our being conscious of the method. Merely, he dominates the scene when he is present; he holds the attention just as the striking personality of Disraeli would in life; he brings the spectator under the spell of his eyes and voice. Finally, Disraeli was, with it all, a good bit of a bluff—and knew he was; and a good bit of a humorist, with a warm corner in his heart for his elderly wife; and a good bit of a dreamer, too, who saw an imperial England with an Oriental's eyes. It is easy to find the suggestion of all these contradictory traits clearly made in Mr. Arliss's portrait, and yet fused into unity, as in the man himself.

The imagination which lies behind such a piece of acting, planning it consistently,

guiding it, welding it into the drama without violence to history, is an imagination to respect. The technical skill to make the careful plan plain and potent for the audience, to color the voice, to suggest power, distinction, craftiness, humor, tenderness, in rapid succession, to speak epigrams naturally, not by rote, to inspire something of the dignity of a prime minister and the romance of the Jew, is a technical skill as remarkable as it is rare. Who of our younger actors has such skill? Who has had the training to develop such skill? For, while the actor's imagination is born with him, his technique must be acquired.

— Indeed, the actors, young or old, on our stage to-day who can compare with George Arliss, either in imagination or technical proficiency, are few and far between. He represents for us acting in its best estate, an art at once broad and subtle, vivid as life, and truly creative. To miss seeing him is to miss one of the finest pleasures of our contemporary theatre. We trust that none of the readers of this magazine will let the chance escape.

HONOR AMONG SCAMPS

By *NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY*

We are the smirched. Queen-Honor is the spotless.
 We slept through wars where Honor could not sleep.
 We were faint-hearted. Honor was full-valiant.
 We kept a silence Honor could not keep.

Yet this late day we make a song to praise her.
 We, codeless, will yet vindicate her code.
 She, who was mighty, walks with us the beggars.
 The merchants drive her out upon the road.

She makes a throne of sod beside our campfire.
 We give the maiden-queen our rags and tears.
 A battered, rascal guard have rallied round her,
 To keep her safe until the better years.

THAT HOME-TOWN FEELING

BY EDNA FERBER

Author of "Dawn O'Hara," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY R. M. CROSBY

WE all have our ambitions. Mine is to sit in a rocking chair on the sidewalk at the corner of Clark and Randolph streets, and watch the crowds go by. South Clark street is one of the most interesting and cosmopolitan thoroughfares in the world (New Yorkers please sniff). If you are from Paris, France, or Paris, Illinois, and should chance to be in that neighborhood, you will stop at Tony's news-stand to buy your home-town paper. Don't mistake the nature of this story. There is nothing of the shivering newsboy-waif about Tony. He has the voice of a fog-horn, the purple-striped shirt of a sport, the diamond scarf-pin of a race-track tout, and the *savoir faire* of the gutter-bred. You'd never pick him for a newsboy if it weren't for his chapped hands and the eternal cold-sore on the upper left corner of his mouth.

It is a fascinating thing, Tony's stand. A high wooden structure rising tier on tier, containing papers from every corner of the world. I'll defy you to name a paper that Tony doesn't handle, from Timbuctoo to Tarrytown, from South Bend to South Africa. A paper marked Kristiania, Norway, nestles next to a sheet from Kalamazoo, Michigan. You can get the *War Cry*, or *Le Figaro*. With one hand, Tony will give you the Berlin *Tageblatt*, and with the other the *Times* from Neenah, Wisconsin. Take your choice between the *Bulletin* from Sydney, Australia, or the *Bee* from Omaha.

But perhaps you know South Clark street. It is honeycombed with good copy—man-size stuff. South Clark street reminds one of a slatternly woman, brave in silks and velvets on the surface, but ragged, and rumpied and none too clean as to nether garments. It begins with a tenement so vile, so filthy, so repulsive, that the municipal authorities deny its very existence. It ends with a brand new hotel, all red brick, and

white tiling and Louis Quinze furniture, and sour-cream colored marble lobby, and Oriental rugs lavishly scattered under the feet of the unappreciative guest from Kansas City. It is a street of signs, is South Clark. They vary all the way from "Banca Italiana" done in fat, fly-specked letters of gold, to "Sang Yuen" scrawled in Chinese red and black. Spaghetti and chop suey and dairy lunches nestle side by side. Here an electric sign blazons forth the tempting announcement of lunch. Just across the way, delicately suggesting a means of availing one's self of the invitation is another which announces "Loans." South Clark street can transform a winter overcoat into hamburger and onions so quickly that the eye can't follow the hand.

Do you gather from this that you are being taken slumming? Not at all. For the passer-by on Clark street varies as to color, nationality, raiment, finger-nails, and hair-cut according to the locality in which you find him.

At the tenement end the feminine passer-by is apt to be shawled, swarthy, down-at-heel, and dragging a dark-eyed, fretting baby in her wake. At the hotel end you will find her blonde of hair, velvet of boot, plumed of head-gear, and prone to have at her heels a white, woolly, pink-eyed dog.

The masculine Clark streeter? I throw up my hands. Pray remember that South Clark street embraces the dime lodging house, pawnshop, hotel, theater, chop-suey and railway office districts, all within a few blocks. From the sidewalk in front of his groggery "Bath House John" can see the City Hall. The trim, khaki-garbed recruiting officer rubs elbows with the lodging-house bum. The masculine Clark streeter may be of the kind that begs a dime for a bed, or he may loll in manicured luxury at the marble-lined hotel. South Clark street is so splendidly indifferent.

Copy-hunting, I approached Tony with hope in my heart, a smile on my lips, and a nickel in my hand.

"Philadelphia—er—*Inquirer*?" I asked, those being the city and paper which fire my imagination least.

Tony whipped it out, dexterously.

I looked at his keen blue eye, his lean brown face, and his punishing jaw, and I knew that no airy persiflage would deceive him. Boldly I waded in.

"I write for the magazines," said I.

"Do they know it?" grinned Tony.

"Just beginning to be faintly aware. Your stand looks like a story to me. Tell me, does one ever come your way? For instance, don't they come here asking for their home-town paper—sobs in their voice—grasp the sheet with trembling hands—type swims in a misty haze before their eyes—turn aside to brush away a tear—all that kind of stuff, you know?"

Tony's grin threatened his cold-sore. You can't stand on the corner of Clark and Randolph all those years without getting wise to everything there is.

"I'm on," said he, "but I'm afraid I can't accommodate, girlie. I guess my ear ain't attuned to that sob stuff. What's that? Yessir. Nossir, fifteen cents. Well, I can't help that; fifteen's the reg'lar price of foreign papers. Thanks. There, did you see that? I bet that gink give up fifteen of his last two bits to get that paper. O, well, sometimes they look happy, and then again sometimes they—Yes'm. *Mississippi*? Five cents. Los Vegas *Optic* right here. Heh there! You're forgettin' your change!—an' then again sometimes they look all to the doleful. Say, stick around. Maybe somebody'll start something. You can't never tell."

And then this happened.

A man approached Tony's news-stand from the north, and a woman approached Tony's news-stand from the south. They brought my story with them.

The woman reeked of the city. I hope you know what I mean. She bore the stamp, and seal, and imprint of it. It had ground its heel down on her face. At the front of her coat she wore a huge bunch of violets, with a fleshly tuberosity rising from its center. Her furs were voluminous. Her hat was hidden beneath the cascades of a green willow plume. A green willow plume would make Edna May look sophisticated. She walked with that humping hip movement which city women acquire. She carried a jangling handful of useless gold trinkets. Her heels were

too high, and her hair too yellow, and her lips too red, and her nose too white, and her cheeks too pink. Everything about her was "too," from the black stitching on her white gloves to the buckle of brilliants in her hat. The city had her, body and soul, and had fashioned her in its metallic cast. You would have sworn that she had never seen flowers growing in a field.

Said she to Tony:

"Got a Kewaskum *Courier*?"

As she said it the man stopped at the stand and put his question. To present this thing properly I ought to be able to describe them both at the same time, like a juggler keeping two balls in the air at once. Kindly carry the lady in your mind's eye. The man was tall and raw-boned, with very white teeth, very blue eyes, and an open-faced collar that allowed full play to an objectionably apparent Adam's apple. His hair and mustache were sandy, his gait loping. His manner, clothes, and complexion breathed of Waco, Texas (or is it Arizona?).

Said he to Tony:

"Let me have the London *Times*."

Well, there you are. I turned an accusing eye on Tony.

"And you said no stories came your way," I murmured, reproachfully.

"Help yourself," said Tony.

The blonde lady grasped the Kewaskum *Courier*. Her green plume appeared to be unduly agitated as she searched its columns. The sheet rattled. There was no breeze. The hands, in the too-black stitched gloves, were trembling.

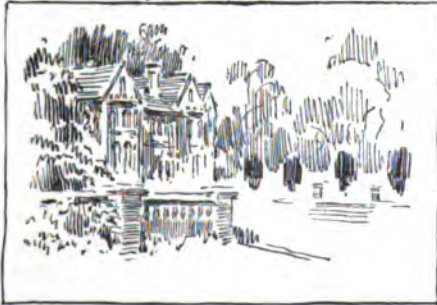
I turned from her to the man just in time to see the Adam's apple leaping about unpleasantly and convulsively. Whereupon I jumped to two conclusions.

Conclusion one: Any woman whose hands can tremble over the Kewaskum *Courier* is homesick.

Conclusion two: Any man, any part of whose anatomy can become convulsed over the London *Times* is homesick.

She looked up from her *Courier*. He glanced away from his *Times*. As the novelists have it, their eyes met. And there, in each pair of eyes there swam that misty haze about which I had so earnestly consulted Tony. The Green Plume took an involuntary step forward. The Adam's Apple did the same. They spoke simultaneously.

"They're going to pave Main street," said the Green Plume, "and Mrs. Wilcox, that was Jen Meyers, has got another baby girl, and the ladies of the First M. E. made seven



"BACK HOME MY SISTER CLIPS ROSES IN THE MORNING BEFORE BREAKFAST. IN A PINK RUFFLED DRESS AND GARDEN GLOVES. WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT. HERE, ON CLARK STREET, WITH A WHISKEY SIGN OVERHEAD, AND THE STOCKYARDS' SMELL UNDERNOSE!"

dollars and sixty-nine cents on their needle-work bazaar and missionary tea. I ain't been home in eleven years."

"Hallem is trying for Parliament in Westchester and the King is back at Windsor. My mother wears a lace cap down to breakfast, and the place is famous for its tapestries and yew trees and family ghost. I haven't been home in twelve years."

The great, soft light of fellow feeling and sympathy glowed in the eyes of each. The Green Plume took still another step forward, and laid her hand on his arm (as is the way of Green Plumes the world over).

"Why don't you go, kid?" she inquired, softly.

Adam's Apple gnawed at his mustache end. "I'm the black sheep. Why don't you?"

The blonde lady looked down at her glove tips. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth.

"What's the feminine for black sheep? I'm that. Anyway, I'd be afraid to go home for fear it would be too much of a shock for them when they saw my hair. They wasn't in on the intermediate stages when it was chestnut, auburn, Titian, gold, and orange colored. I want to spare their feelings. The last time they saw me it was just plain brown. Where I come from a woman who dyes her hair when it is beginning to turn gray is considered as good as lost. Funny, ain't it? And yet I remember the minister's wife used to wear false teeth—the kind that clicks. But hair is different."

"Dear lady," said the blue-eyed man, "it would make no difference to your own people. I know they would be happy to see you, hair and all. One's own people—"

"My folks? That's just it. If the Prodigal Son had been a daughter they'd probably have handed her one of her sister's Mother Hubbards, and put her to work washing dishes in the kitchen. You see, after Ma died my brother married, and I went to live with him and Lil. I was an ugly little mug, and it looked all to the Cindrella for me, with the coach, and four, and prince left out. Lil was the village beauty when my brother married her, and she kind of got into the habit of leaving the heavy rôle to me, and confining herself to thinking parts. One day I took twenty dollars and came to the city. Oh, I paid it back long ago, but I've never been home since. But say, do you know every time I get near a news-stand like this I grab the home-town paper. I'll bet I've kept track every time my sister-in-law's sewing circle has met for the last ten years, and the

spring the paper said they built a new porch I was just dying to write and ask 'em what they did with the Virginia creeper that used to cover the whole front and sides of the old porch."

"Look here," said the man, very abruptly. "if it's money you need, why—"

"Me! Do I look like a touch? Now you—"

"Finest stock farm and ranch in seven counties. I come to Chicago once a year to sell. I've got just thirteen thousand nestling next to my left floating rib this minute."

The eyes of the woman with the green plume narrowed down to two glittering slits. A new look came into her face—a look that matched her hat and heels and gloves and complexion and hair.

"Thirteen thousand! Thirteen thousand! Say, isn't it chilly on this corner, h'm? I know a kind of a restaurant just around the corner where—"

"It's no use," said the sandy-haired man, gently. "And I wouldn't have said that, if I were you. I was going back to-day on the 5:25, but I'm sick of it all. So are you, or you wouldn't have said what you just said. Listen. Let's go back home, you and I. The sight of a Navajo blanket nauseates me. The thought of those prairies makes my eyes ache. I know that if I have to eat one more meal cooked by that Chink of mine I'll hang him by his own pig-tail. Those rangy western ponies aren't horseflesh, fit for a man to ride. Why, back home our stables were— Look here. I want to see a silver tea-service, with a coat-of-arms on it. I want to dress for dinner, and take in a girl with a white gown and smooth white shoulders. Back home my sister clips roses in the morning before breakfast, in a pink ruffled dress and garden gloves. Would you believe that, here, on Clark street, with a whiskey sign overhead, and the stockyards smell undernose? Say! I'm going home."

"Home?" repeated the blonde lady. "Home?" The sagging lines about her flaccid chin took on a new look of firmness and resolve. The light of determination glowed in her eyes.

"I'll beat you to it," she said. "I'm going home, too. I'll be there to-morrow. I'm dead sick of this. Who cares whether I live or die? It's just one darned round of grease paint, and sky-blue tights, and new boarding houses, and humping over to the theater every night, going on, and humping back to the room again. I want to wash up some supper dishes with egg on 'em, and set some yeast for bread, and pop a dishpan full of corn,

and put a shawl over my head and run over to Millie Krause's to get her kimono sleeve-pattern. I'm sour on this dirt and noise. I want to spend the rest of my life in a place so that when I die they'll put a column in the paper, with a verse at the top, and all the neighbors'll come in and help bake up. Here—why, here I'd just be two lines on the want ad page, with fifty cents extra for 'Kewaskum paper please copy.'"

The man held out his hand. "Good-by," he said, "and please excuse me if I say God bless you. I've never really wanted to say it before, so it's quite extraordinary. My name's Guy Peel."

The white glove, with its too-conspicuous black stitching, disappeared within his palm.

"Mine's Mercedes Meron, late of the Morning Glory Burlesquers, but from now on Sadie Hayes, of Kewaskum, Wisconsin. Good-by and—well—God bless you, too. Say, I hope you don't think I'm in the habit of talking to strange gents like this."

"I am quite sure you are not," said Guy Peel, very gravely, and bowed slightly before he went south on Clark street, and she went north.

Dear Reader, will you take my hand while I assist you to make a one year's leap? Whoop-la! There you are.

A man and a woman approached Tony's news-stand. You are quite right. But her willow plume was purple this time. A purple willow plume would make Marie Doro look sophisticated. The man was sandy-haired, raw-boned, with a loping gait, very blue eyes, very white teeth, and an objectionably apparent Adam's apple. He came from the north, and she from the south.

In story books, and on the stage, when two people meet unexpectedly after a long separation they always stop short, bring one hand up to their breast, and say: "You!" Sometimes, especially in the case where the heroine chances on the villain, they say, simultaneously: "You! Here!" I have seen people reunited under surprising circumstances, but they never said, "You!" They said something quite unmelodramatic, and commonplace, such as: "Well, look who's here!" or, "My land! If it ain't Ed! How's Ed?"

So it was that the Purple Willow Plume and the Adam's Apple stopped, shook hands, and viewed one another while the Plume said, "I kind of thought I'd bump into you. Felt it in my bones." And the Adam's Apple said:

"Then you're not living in Kewaskum—er—Wisconsin?"

"Not any," responded she, briskly. "How do you happen to be straying away from the tapestries, and the yew trees, and the ghost, and the pink roses, and the garden gloves, and the silver tea-service with the coat-of-arms on it?"

A slow, grim smile overspread the features of the man. "You tell yours first," he said.

"Well," began she, "in the first place, my name's Mercedes Meron, of the Morning Glory Burlesquers, formerly Sadie Hayes of Kewaskum, Wisconsin. I went home next day, like I said I would. Say, Mr. Peel (you said Peel, didn't you? Guy Peel. Nice, neat name), to this day, when I eat lobster late at night, and have dreams, it's always about that visit home."

"How long did you stay?"

"I'm coming to that. Or maybe you can figure it out yourself when I tell you I've been back eleven months. I wired the folks I was coming, and then I came before they had a chance to answer. When the train reached Kewaskum I stepped off into the arms of a dowd in a home-made-made-over-year-before-last suit, and a hat that would have been funny if it hadn't been so pathetic. I grabbed her by the shoulders, and I held her off, and looked—looked at the wrinkles, and the sal-low complexion, and the coat with the sleeves in wrong, and the mashed hat (I told you Lil used to be the village peach, didn't I?), and I says:

"'For land's sakes Lil, does your husband beat you!'

"'Steve!' she shrieks, 'beat me! You must be crazy!'

"'Well, if he don't, he ought to. Those clothes are grounds for divorce,' I says.

"Mr. Guy Peel, it took me just four-weeks to get wise to the fact that the way to cure homesickness is to go home. I spent those four weeks trying to revolutionize my sister-in-law's house, dress, kids, husband, wall paper, and parlor carpet. I took all the dollies from under the ornaments and spoke my mind on the subject of the hand-painted lamp, and Lil hates me for it yet, and will to her dying day. I fitted three dresses for her, and made her get some corsets that she'll never wear. They have roast pork for dinner on Sundays, and they never go to the theater, and they like bread pudding, and they're happy. I wasn't. They treated me fine, and it was home, all right, but not my home. It was the same, but I was different. Eleven years away from anything makes it shrink, if you know what I mean. I guess maybe you do. I remember that I used to think that

the Grand View hotel was a regular little Oriental palace that was almost too luxurious to be respectable, and that the traveling men who stopped there were gods, and just to prance past the hotel after supper had the Atlantic City boardwalk looking like a back alley on a rainy night. Well, everything had sort of shriveled up just like that. The popcorn gave me indigestion, and I burned the skin off my nose, popping it. Kneading bread gave me the backache, and the blamed stuff wouldn't raise right. I got so I was crazy to hear the roar of an L train, and the sound of a crossing policeman's whistle. I got to thinking how Michigan avenue looks, downtown, with the lights shining down on the asphalt, and all those people eating in the swell hotels, and the autos, and the theater crowds and the windows, and—well, I'm back. Glad I went? You said it. Because it made me so darned glad to get back. I've found out one thing, and it's a great little lesson when you get it learned. Most of us are where we are because we belong there, and if we didn't, we wouldn't be. Say, that does sound mixed, don't it? But it's straight. Now you tell yours."

"I think you've said it all," began Guy Peel. "It's queer, isn't it, how twelve years of America will spoil one for afternoon tea, and yew trees, and tapestries, and lace caps, and roses. The mater was glad to see me, but she said I smelled woolly. They think a Navajo blanket is a thing the Indians wear on the war path, and they don't know whether Texas is a State, or a mineral water. It was slow—slow. About the time they were taking afternoon tea, I'd be reckoning how the boys would be rounding up the cattle for the night, and about the time we'd sit down to dinner something seemed to whisk the dinner table, and the flowers, and the men and women in evening clothes right out of sight, like magic, and I could see the boys stretched out in front of the bunk house after their supper of bacon, and beans, and biscuit, and coffee. They'd be smoking their pipes

that smelled to Heaven, and further, and Wing would be squealing one of his creepy old Chink songs out in the kitchen, and the sky would be—say, Miss Meron, did you ever see the night sky, out West? Purple, you know, and soft as soapsuds, and so near that you want to reach up and touch it with your hand. Toward the end my mother used to take me off in a corner and tell me that I hadn't spoken a word to the little girl that I had taken in to dinner, and that if I couldn't forget my uncouth western ways for an hour or two, at least, perhaps I'd better not try to mingle with civilized people. I discovered that home isn't always the place where you were born and bred. Home is the place where your everyday clothes are, and where somebody, or something needs you. They didn't need me over there in England. Lord no! I was sick for the sight of a Navajo blanket. My shack's glowing with them. And my books needed me, and the boys, and the critters, and Kate."

"Kate?" repeated Miss Meron, quickly.

"Kate's my horse. I'm going back on the 5:25 to-night. This is my regular trip, you know. I came around here to buy a paper, because it has become a habit. And then, too, I sort of felt—well, something told me that you—"

"You're a nice boy," said Miss Meron. "By the way, did I tell you that I married the manager of the show the week after I got back? We go to Bloomington to-night, and then we jump to St. Paul. I came around here just as usual, because—well—because—"

Tony's gift for remembering faces and facts amounts to genius. With two deft movements he whisked two papers from among the many in the rack, and held them out.

"Kewaskum *Courier*?" he suggested.

"Nix," said Mercedes Meron, "I'll take a *Chicago Scream*."

"London *Times*?" said Tony.

"No," replied Guy Peel. "Give me the *San Antonio Express*."

H Y M N B E F O R E B I R T H

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

SOON shall you come as the dawn from the dumb abysm of night,
Traveler birthward, hastener earthward out of the gloom!
Soon shall you rest on a soft white breast from the measureless mid-world flight,
Waken in fear at the miracle, light, in the pain-hushed room!

Lovingly fondled, fearfully guarded by hands that are tender,
Frail shall you seem as a dream that must fail in the swirl of the morrow;
Oh, but the vast, immemorial past of ineffable splendor,
Forfeited soon in the pangful surrender to Sense and to Sorrow!

Who shall unravel your tangle of travel, uncurtain your history?
Have you not run with the sun-gladdened feet of a thaw?
Lurked as a thrill in the will of the primal Sea-Mystery,
The drift of the cloud and the lift of the moon for a law?

Lost is the tale of the gulfs you have crossed and the veils you have lifted;
In many a tongue have been wrung from you outcries of pain;
You have leaped with the lightning from thunder-heads, hurricane-rifted—
And breathed in the whispering rain!

Latent in juices the April sun looses from capture,
Have you not blown in the lily and grown in the weed?
Burned with the flame of the vernal erotical rapture,
And yearned with the passion for seed?

Poured on the deeps from the steepes of the sky as a chalice,
Flung through the loom that is shuttled by tempests at play,
Myriad the forms you have taken for hovel or palace—
Broken and cast them away!

You who shall cling to a love that is fearful and pities,
Titans of flame were your comrades to blight and consume!
Have you not roared over song-hallowed, sword-stricken cities,
And fled in the smoke of their doom?

For, ancient and new, you are flame, you are dust, you are spirit and dew,
Swirled into flesh, and the winds of the World are your breath!
The song of the thrush in the hush of the dawn is not younger than you—
And yet you are older than Death!

ABE MARTIN'S VIEWS ON WIVES O' GREAT MEN

BY KIN HUBBARD

Author of "Abe Martin's Almanac," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. FOX

IT seems like th' greater a feller is th' man cards an' spades when it comes t' bein' harder it is fer his wife t' live with him. pop'lar around home. Look at Art Smiley. He's a great business man an' owns a big tile mill an' is a director of a bank an' th' auditor o' his county. Now his poor little thin wife comes along an' gits a divorce, th' custody o' th' children, th' old home place an' fifty dollars a week alimony. Art is a great success at ever'thing but bein' a husband. If he had used th' same tactics at home that he used while campaignin' fer auditor he'd be there this minute settin' by his grate covered with children an' tryin' t' smoke an' listen t' his wife read th' society page out loud. But he used his tile mill system.

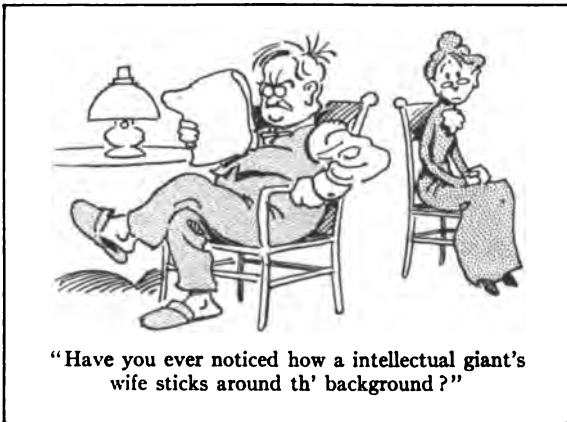
Have you ever noticed how a intellectual giant's wife sticks around th' background? Her husband found it very easy t' act like a human bein' while he wuz sparkin' her an' burnin' her father's coal in th' dimly lighted parlor. She never knew what a really great man he wuz till she married him, an' now she feels like a odd cuff button.



"Jist look at a dressmaker's husband"

Most any kind o' a feller kin git along with a wife if he half way tries. Jist look at a dressmaker's husband. Ther haint nothin' in th' world as triflin' an' lazy as a dressmaker's husband, an' yet he kin give most any

A great feller never gits it rubbed off fer even one evenin'. He never looks right in a theater er laughs when other folks do. He thinks he's pop'lar when folks er only afraid o' him. You kin tell by th' way a great feller pays his car fare er buys a newspaper that whoever married him is tremblin' an' wonderin' what he's goin' t' hop her about when he gits home. Th' only time most great men ever refer t' their wives is when they tell how they cook somethin', an' th' only time



"Have you ever noticed how a intellectual giant's wife sticks around th' background?"

ther ever seen with 'em is when they bring 'em down town t' sign some property away er appear with 'em at some high brow function where it's necessary fer th' looks o' things. Then all th' women'll say, "What on earth do you suppose he ever seen in that little dried up thing?" er, "I wonder how her father made his money?" A great feller's wife never gits any credit. Occasionally her name gits in th' paper in connection with some charitable affair, but that's only t' boost her husband.

Some new phase o' a woman's character pops out ever' day an' I don't care how great her husband thinks he is he ought t' remember that it'll soon be to-morrow an' he kin go down town agin.

A few little kind words mean a whole lot more to th' average woman than any great problem er business deal her husband may be absorbed in while he ought t' be entertainin' her. But he never finds it out till she's packed up an' gone back t' her folks an' th' newspapers print her side first. Ther's lots o' difference between a good husband an' a good provider.

If your wife is fond o' musical treats an' settlement work you ought t' be willin' t' make a few concessions. If she objects t' gittin' breakfast 'cause she looks so ugly in th' mornin' you should be able t' see where she's right.

O' course ther's some women that even a dressmaker's husband couldn' please, but how very easy it is t' git a travelin' position. Most any woman'll be kind t' you occasionally. Nobuddy ever ought t' git too great t' be gentle around home. Men kin even git along happily with trained seals by handin' 'em a

fish ever' time they balance a torch on ther nose.

A great man really ought t' be tickled t' death t' git out o' th' limelight an' away from th' friends that er usin' him,

an' spend a few hours with th' girl that really knows h'm an' remembers when he turned his cuffs, used perfume an' depended on his father fer a shave.

Very few great men would know ther wives if they seen 'em in congenial society.



CORRECTION: In the sketch of Richard Stevens in the November AMERICAN MAGAZINE, in speaking of the model tenements that he and Mrs. Alexander had built, the architect credited with designing these tenements was Grosvenor Atterbury. This was an error. Henry Atterbury Smith was the architect.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

A Letter from the Scene of the Most Momentous Trial of the Day

A WONDERFUL drama is being played here in Los Angeles at the McNamara trial. There are 64 press men here, and two Associated Press men, one of whom is in charge of "foreign papers."

The press of a thousand cities is printing the story, Europe is listening, the workingmen's papers of France and Italy, of Germany and of England, are reporting the results; never in the world's history have the eyes of the world been so riveted upon one little spot, watching the contest with almost bated breath.

Both prosecution and defense have admitted that Labor itself is on trial; that important laws affecting the working people and the history of the country will result from the decision in this case. The prosecution and defense have locked arms in trying to get a jury favorable to their side.

I have been keeping a tabulated record of the 150 men or so examined; men who have little ranches, groceries, crockery stores; and have carefully noted their attitude toward Labor. I am struck with two other facts in this long venire list: One is the power of the press, and the other is the diminishing influence of the church. Out of the scores of men examined, only two had church affiliations, and not one of them took any religious paper, though they all subscribed to newspapers or magazines.

It was wonderful to hear dear old Judge McNutt, an authority on Indiana law, plead for an unbiased jury. He told of the long struggle to secure the right of jury trial with the guarantee that the jurymen be unprejudiced and enter the jury box with the assumption of the accused's innocence.

During some of the impressive arguments, a hand-organ began playing down on the street, boys' whistles sounded through the halls, fruit vendors cried their wares, and there drifted up to us the confused sound of multitudinous life. No matter what the issue, the stream never stops, does it? Doesn't it make you dizzy sometimes?

J. B. McNamara sits in our midst, his face white with the prison pallor; thin blue shadows under his eyes. He looks so sort of gentle and inoffensive, so thin and inadequate to cope with life, that I cannot associate the idea of dynamite with him. Why don't prisoners and convicts look their part? Why do they often look just like our brothers, our fathers, the minister? M. F.

Letter from a Conservative Young Man

I CONFESS that I had a wrong idea of La Follette's character until I read the introductory chapters of his autobiography which you are now publishing. He has appeared to me through most of the newspapers as a sort of ranting, inaccurate, and dangerous fanatic. I have thought of him as an unlovable and curiously unattractive creature—a queer, over-serious, inhuman being bent on smashing things, especially property, and determined in the idea that the whole human race needs overhauling. The word "daft" expresses the impression I have got of him from my desultory reading of newspapers.

Well, I have, as I say, been reading these introductory chapters and I am astounded to find that I am coming into contact with a being wholly different from that anticipated. I have read these chapters critically. I began them in a critical mood. I expected to find something wild right away—something utterly opposed to my own ideas. On the contrary I have found a singularly attractive man, so far as I have gone—a very human being. What in the world is there wrong in a boy going out to seek the place of prosecutor and later, congressman, in the way he sought it? What enthusiasm! What determination! And how reasonable were his ideas. I have gone over them and cannot find a flaw in them. And the industry of the fellow! And his hope and continued good nature.

Here is one thing I like especially. He didn't ride into office on the machine, then turn "reformer" and "throw down" the good fellows in the machine who carried him in. Nobody can accuse him of that sort of disloyalty, which is a form of disloyalty that has been indulged in by a great many "reformers." No, he simply went out to farmers by the thousand and asked them personally to vote for him. When he got into office he worked hard and faithfully at the job, depending on his employers, the people, to keep him at the job, because he had served their interests well. I declare that I cannot see wherein that wanders from the teaching of any sound business institution. It is the kind of advice I have always had pounded into me by business men and everybody else. (I am a comparatively young man, earning a living by working for an American corporation.)

Please don't expect me to be wildly enthusiastic about La Follette yet. I am intensely interested in him, however. I see that I must revise my hasty opinion of him.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN came into our office one day early in December in an unusually melancholy and even humble frame of mind. "Hang it all," he said. "You know, I hate Christmas. It's give, give, give. You're held up everywhere. Nobody asks you for anything. There isn't any law to compel you to make gifts. You can't be indicted by the grand jury because you refuse to make them. Yet here am I, an intelligent man with no desire to give anything to anybody, and I am as tightly gripped by the custom as any fool you meet. I would rather take a chance on the criminal law than not make Christmas gifts. And what does it mean? Buying things I don't want to buy to give to people who don't want 'em.

Why
Mr. Worldly
Wiseman
Hates
Christmas

"There's my wife. The last Christmas I spent with her in Paris, I went down to the Rue de la Paix and got her a jewel that should have made her eyes stick out. Cost me a barrel of money. A barrel! What did she do? Thanked me and chucked it into a work-basket full of flannels that she was sewing for some hospital. There's my sister. She loves jewels, but she has so many they're an incumbrance to her, and they're so valuable that she doesn't wear them when she goes out, but leaves them in a safety deposit vault and puts on imitations. There's my nephew. He'll have my money when I die, if he behaves himself; but he's got almost as much money now in his own right as I will leave him. What can I get for him? When I was a boy if I got a gold watch or a scarf-pin at Christmas I was happy, but he has as many gold watches as Simpson the pawnbroker, and a different pin for every scarf he owns. He's only a sophomore in college, but he owns a 90-horse

Too Rich
to Have
any
Surprises

power machine, a string of polo ponies, a motor boat that can make thirty miles, and he's negotiating with the Wright brothers for an aeroplane. What's the use of trying to surprise *him*? He wouldn't be moved if I gave him a battleship. If he wanted one he would have bought it for himself. I suppose it's the same way with the presents he sends me. He can't give me anything I want. He's like a son to me. I wish he'd not send me anything, but come over and spend a week with me. But of course I can't expect that. He'd be bored to death. I didn't do it for my own father. What a mess it all is! I honestly think the only people who get anything out of Christmas are the lower orders. Still we are bound by the custom. What do you say to a walk up the street and a look at the shops?"

OUR Poet accepted this invitation, and the two went away together. There is a shop in New York where there is gathered at Christmas time—and indeed at all other times of the year—such a collection of precious stones, gems, jewels and other articles of personal adornment and luxury as may not be seen elsewhere in the world. In the far-off corners of the earth thousands of naked black men delve in the clay or dive into the ocean to replenish this store.

Treasures
from
the Ends of
the Earth

It would be useless to conjecture to what extent human suffering entered into the assembling of these treasures, how many dark or high-handed deeds, how many murders, how many wars, for many of the jewels displayed are undoubtedly very old and may have been at one time or another, or so our Poet thought, the object of savage Eastern wars, or the cause of long Italian feuds. The Poet, standing beside a long counter covered with jewels of great price, could not help marveling at the little change that had come

over the taste of the human race since the Maltese Barabas gloated on his

"Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts, Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds, Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds And seld-seen costly stones of so great price As one of them, indifferently rated, May serve in peril of calamity To ransom great Kings from captivity."

Barabas thought the purchase of jewels was the best way to "inclose infinite riches in a narrow room," but the Poet wondered to himself how long Barabas' theory would hold if the ladies of Europe and America ever got it into their heads that the wearing of jewels did not enhance their loveliness. But as the ladies never have got this fact (if it is a fact) into their heads, it is reasonable to suppose that they never will and the Poet dismissed his revery and joined Mr. Wiseman, who had been looking with the eye of an expert at the trays of jewels on one of the counters. Our

**Mr. Worldly
Wiseman
Selects
a Present**

great and good friend was well known in the shop, as he is everywhere things are bought and sold. The salesmen greeted him effusively. The detective, whose business it is to see that no earnest collector surreptitiously removes anything, bowed reverentially and presently the manager of the shop hurried over and escorted the great man to a private office.

"Have you anything good?" asked Mr. Wiseman.

The manager disappeared and returned with a tray laden with jewels.

"Here is something pretty fine," he said, holding up an emerald about the size of a hickory nut suspended from a slight chain.

"What do you think of that?" Mr. Wiseman asked, dangling it on his forefinger.

"How much do you say it costs?" the Poet asked.

"Sixty-eight thousand."

"It is very beautiful," murmured the Poet.

"Well," said Mr. Worldly Wiseman, "put it aside for me. I'll let you know to-morrow if I want it."

When they left the shop Mr. Worldly Wiseman broke out in further imprecations on Christmas. "I suppose I'll buy that for my sister, but what's the good? She has as fine a one already. She'll just throw it in with the others in the safety deposit vault. Still, I've got to give her something, and I don't want to give her anything cheap."

A little farther on the two came to a still more wonderful shop. The great toy shop of New York is one of the marvels of the world. Here was an exhibition which the Poet could really admire, for here was displayed the ingenuity of mankind turned toward the amusement of little children. At Christmas time it is the most fascinating place to be found anywhere. Such toys! Battleships built exactly to scale, with skeleton masts, torpedo tubes, mounted guns and everything else copied with the greatest nicety; aeroplanes which actually flew; an electric automobile which a small boy could drive if his father had \$1,000 to spare; a railway system thoroughly equipped with locomotives, freight and passenger coaches, switches, and stations. To show you how exact was the reproduction of the real thing we will merely say that one of the freight cars was apparently loaded with beer and bore on its outside in bold letters the name of the manufacturer of the beverage!

**A Toy Shop
—one of the
Marvels
of the World**

Mr. Worldly Wiseman was immensely pleased with this contrivance. "Isn't it splendid," said he. "Why, I believe I'll buy it for myself and take it into the street and capitalize it. Hullo, there's Buldock's boy. Well, young man, what do you see here that interests you?"

The youth he spoke to was a good looking little fellow. He had a keen and healthy face, but no man of fifty could have looked more completely bored by his surroundings.

"There isn't anything here I want," said the aged child. "They're all old."

"How about this railroad, eh?"

"Oh, I got one of those five years ago. They're no good."

**The
Satiated
Child
of Riches**

At this moment the nurse was seen to run the length of the shop and pounce on a little girl of four years who, it appears, was the sister of the disillusioned young man. The child had wandered off to the far end of the shop where the cheap toys are kept and was gazing with rapt admiration and wonder at a negro doll priced at about fifty cents. The nurse seized her by the arm and gave her the usual shake preliminary to a shrill lecture in French on the impropriety of her conduct. The little girl gazed mournfully back at the treasure forever lost, and was led out of the shop, followed by the dejected youth.

COMING out of the big shop, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and the Poet were struck by a catapult in the form of a rosy-faced, short, stout and bow-legged man who was proceeding northward with all the energy of a small tug going out for a tow. Mr. Worldly Wiseman became highly indignant. He half raised his walking stick and exclaimed: "Confound you, sir, can't you look where you're going?"

Enter
the Poet's
Old Friend
Johnny Wiggs

The energetic little man paid no heed to this reproof, but on catching sight of our Poet's face gave a whoop of joy and seizing the Poet by both hands proceeded to attempt to waltz with him, at the same time calling him by the names of dead or living poets as: "You old P. V. Maro, you old Q. H. Flaccus, you old Rudyard Kipling, what are you doing here in the marts of trade? Why aren't you at home whacking out Christmas pomes on your typewriter?"

By this unseemly greeting Mr. Worldly Wiseman guessed that the intruder was a friend of the Poet's, an old school friend. It is entirely possible that you have never heard of Johnny Wiggs. He is neither great enough, nor bad enough, to be celebrated by the fame which is blown through the trumpets of the metropolitan press. But he is a prominent man, nevertheless, as you would know if you read the South Middlevale (N. J.) *Weekly Recorder*, where you would discover him presiding over meetings for the extension of the electric lighting system up Locust Avenue, acting as chairman of the South Middlevale Bowling League, and performing the labors of secretary of the South Middlevale Progressive Republican Club. In New York he is widely known as a chief clerk of much influence, respected and admired by his employer, a leader in fraternal organizations, ex-president of the Ink Erasers' Benevolent and Protective Association, and High, Exalted and Most Irascible Potentate of the Knights of Majesty, a society of great worth and power. Although not a rich man he possesses abundant means. By a recent inventory his assets were as follows:

- One wife.
 - Seven children.
 - One good job.
 - One life insurance policy for \$5,000.
 - An inexhaustible confidence in the good will of all mankind, and
 - A stomach capable of digesting hard coal.
- How could a capitalist so blessed be un-

happy? We don't mean to say that Mr. Wiggs was invariably in the exalted mood of the present moment. A man who has been entrusted by the good Lord with the responsibility for seven children must know times of sadness, of apprehension, even of fear. More than once the Angel of Death had seemed to be on the very door-step of the little house in Middlevale. More than once Johnny Wiggs has gone to his work with a white face and deep lines under his eyes and the "old man," noting the trembling of his hands, has angrily demanded what was the matter with him and, on being told, has burst into a furious rage, and in a most despotic manner has ordered him to put on his hat and coat and get out of the office, and not come back until everything was all right. And when "everything" was "all right" and Mr. Wiggs

The Despotic
Friendliness
of the
Ideal
Employer

came trotting into the office again, and the old man shook him by the hand and told him "the missus" had telephoned out the night before and learned that the crisis was passed, the two gentlemen settled down to a relation of polite and self-respecting hostility which is the only true, practical, and profitable basis for the employer and employee.

But if Mr. Wiggs had these and lesser sorrows he tried to conceal them as much as possible. One of his most celebrated original sayings was: "Everybody has troubles of their own." And he kept his to himself, and did not offer to trade them for sympathy, either real or counterfeit.

If sympathy came it must come as a beggar to his sorrow as, humbly, the sympathy of Johnny Wiggs went to the sorrows of others.

As you may guess, Christmas was a great time for Mr. Wiggs. He spent a part of every night of the year just before going to sleep, thinking about next Christmas. The Poet remembered a Christmas Eve he had spent at Johnny Wiggs' house in South Middlevale. After supper the children were shooed to bed and the "parlor," which had been hermetically sealed for two days, was opened, disclosing the Christmas tree upon which it was Mr. Wiggs' duty to put the finishing touches of a great artist in Christmas tree dressing. Mrs. Wiggs had done the needful, but unimaginative work of stringing the pop-corn and festooning it on the branches of the tree, sticking here and there some

Mr. Wiggs
an Artist
in Christmas
Trees

colored glass balls like an assistant preparing a canvas for a painter.

It was a fine sight and one which the Poet will put into his Recollections when he writes there, to see the artist at work, Mrs. Wiggs fluttering about finding ornaments and making futile suggestions and Father Wiggs sitting in the corner, a large cigar in his aged hand, offering his sage advice. For, as so often happens, Johnny Wiggs came from a family long skilled in this art. He inherited his ability. Old Mr. Wiggs had been famous in his day and did some work highly regarded by connoisseurs even in his old age. In most cases in the preparation of this great work his criticisms were apparently of much influence with the younger artist.

"Wouldn't you move that candle over a little to the left?" says the old gentleman. "I don't know but what it would be a good idea," says the younger artist. And he makes the change and then steps back and surveys it like a painter who has just finished a bold stroke with his brush and wants to see the effect from a little distance. And so the evening passes. As the clock strikes twelve, Johnny Wiggs mixes a bowl of innocent punch, for which he has brought the materials in his overcoat pocket, there is much clashing of glasses and drinking of healths. At five o'clock the next morning the house is ringing with exclamations of surprise and outcries of joy and no one is noisier than Johnny Wiggs himself.

BUT why are we making this excursion into low life? This is supposed to be a proud chronicle of the sayings and doings of the lofty. Why intrude on it a history

of the petty pleasures and the commonplace virtues of a class whom no one who reads the New York papers would know existed if once in a while one of them were not run over by an automobile? We hurry back to Fifth Avenue. The Poet has introduced Johnny Wiggs to Mr. Worldly Wiseman who greets him affably. Undismayed by the grandeur of Mr. Wiseman, Johnny Wiggs rattles on about Christmas. Have they done their Christmas shopping? No! Great mistake. Tactical blunder. Everybody ought to shop early. Prices go up as Christmas approaches. Most of the good things are bought and you have to make your choice from what is left. He had been getting off early every afternoon for a week and he reckoned he had saved fifteen per cent. on his purchases through his energy and foresight. After rattling on at this rate for five minutes he shook hands with Mr. Worldly Wiseman, told him he was pleased to have met him, wished him a merry Christmas and galloped away.

Mr. Worldly Wiseman took the Poet into the Strangers' room at his club. There was evidence of the approaching holiday in the green wreaths, in the greater obsequiousness of the servants and in the subscription papers pinned against the walls.

"What did you say your little friend's name is?" Mr. Worldly Wiseman asked.

"Wiggs."

"Now what do you suppose that poor devil gets out of life?" said Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

A
Study
in
Contrasts

SONG

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

"Fled is that music, do I wake or sleep?"

Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriels,
Over the stars that murmur as they go
Lighting your lattice window far below;
And every star some of the glory spells
Whereof I know.

I have forgotten you long, long ago,
Like the sweet, silver singing of thin bells
Vanished, or music fading faint and low.
Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriels,
Who loved you so.

The FEBRUARY American MAGAZINE



"THE BUST OF LINCOLN"
A STORY BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

Locomobile

The "48" Six Cylinders
The "38" Little Six.
The "30" Four Cylinders.

Prices of Open Cars
\$3500 to \$4800

Prices of Closed Cars
\$4600 to \$6250



"48" Six Cylinder
Touring Car



"Little Six"
Torpedo

New York
Chicago
Boston
Philadelphia

The Locomobile Company
of America
Bridgeport, Conn.

Washington
Atlanta
San Francisco
Oakland



THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

for February, 1912

Vol. LXXIII

No. 4



“ There I was, standin’ stiff as a five-year-old hickory, an’ jest as the President came along I jerked the old gun from one hand to the other an’ put out a dirty paw to Lincoln!”

THE FEBRUARY
AMERICAN

“THE BUST OF LINCOLN”

A Story in which Strange Things Happen to an Old Miser and a Young Pair of Lovers

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THIS is the story of a Manhattan miracle. It concerns a Boy and a Maid, the Miser of Greeley Square, and a little plaster bust of Abraham Lincoln.

The story opens in April, which is the proper month in which to lay the foundation for a New York love story.

The Boy's name was John, and the Maid's name was Lulu, and they lived in boarding houses

on opposite sides of Thirty-fifth Street. John had a little room on the third floor of his boarding-house, Lulu had the same kind of a room on the third floor of hers. John had a little window opening out on the thoroughfare, so had Lulu. Between the two was the width of Thirty-fifth Street, but what is Thirty-fifth Street in the springtime?

John was a clerk in a shipping office on Broadway; Lulu was a stenographer in the office of Welsher & Hawksbill, legal lights who hid their somewhat watery refulgence in a dingy suite on Liberty Street. The day and the hour marking the beginning of the courtship are unknown, but on the twenty-second day of April Mr. Welsher brought a legal conveyance to Lulu and pointed with a stubby forefinger to a word on the first typed sheet.



“This man's name is not John,” he said sternly. “It is Jean, yet you have typed it John in three different places.”

Lulu blushed and seized the sheet with trembling hands. With the bewhiskered face of Welsher peering over her shoulder, she erased the first “John,” tapped the keys with her dainty fingers, and, lo and behold! the word John appeared again where it should not have appeared!

Welsher whistled softly as Lulu, with flaming cheeks, sprang from her chair and rushed into the outer office. The lawyer stared out of the window for a few moments, sniffed the aromatic breezes that dashed up the cañons, then retreated to his own office.

John rode home with Lulu on the afternoon of the day when she persisted in placing his surname in the place that was intended for another. They rode uptown in a trolley car through an atmosphere that seemed as if it had been dyed a golden tint in the magic vats of Samarkand. The sun was setting in a tangle of crimson cloud that looked like a raveled piece of Tyrian tapestry.

Thirty-fifth Street was transformed to Lulu and John when they alighted from the car. The weather-faded houses had been peppered with gold from the setting sun till

they shone like the *Ca d'Oro* on the Grand Canal. A Neapolitan with a wheezy organ played sweeter music than Pierre Vidal, Prince of Troubadours. All the clangor of the big city, from the screeching of the junkman's cart to the infernal *lat-tat* of a pneumatic riveter, was welded into a mighty symphony with which their own heart-beats were in cadence.

"And you will come out after dinner?" asked John as they neared their boarding-houses.

Lulu blushed and nodded her little head.

"And where will we go?" asked the Boy.

"Anywhere."

"Very good," said John. "'Anywhere' it is. I hope your landlady doesn't serve for dinner the dish you hate more than any other dish. Mine generally plays that trick on me when I am in a particularly good humor. Don't forget. Seven-thirty."

John sprang up the stairs to his little room on the third floor. The room contained a bed and a chair, a cheap bureau, an oleograph and a small plaster bust of Abraham Lincoln. Although the bust is mentioned last, it was more important than any of the other articles. The bed, chair, bureau, and oleograph belonged to the landlady, the bust of Lincoln belonged to John. Outside his wardrobe, it was the one article he possessed. It stood on a shelf near his bed, and when John marched into the room on that spring afternoon the calm, wise face of Lincoln was turned toward him.

"Well, Mr. President," said the Boy merrily, "the plot thickens. We are going out this evening. This evening, mind you! 'Where to?' you ask. She said 'Anywhere.' Anywhere I like, Mr. President. I can't tell you how happy I am."

The bust always smiled at John's confidences. The long-dead sculptor who had molded the head had stamped a strange, whimsical expression on the lean face, an expression that invited secrets. Grandfather Robert, who had presented the bust to John, had a habit of addressing all his remarks to it when the loneliness of old age came upon him, and the habit took a grip upon John when he came to New York.

Grandfather Robert, who had followed Grant from Galena to Appomattox, had presented the little bust to John when he was dying. John was his favorite grandchild, and the bust of Lincoln was all that Grandfather Robert had to leave. Half an hour before he died he picked up the treasured possession and placed it in his grandson's hands.

"Keep him," he whispered. "Talk to him when you have no one else to talk to. I've had a lot of comfort from him."

Of course there was a story about the bust. Grandfather Robert happened to be on guard duty when Lincoln visited Grant at Richmond, and when the President was passing grandfather, John's relative, in a burst of emotion, forgot himself so much that he changed his rifle from his right hand to his left, and thrust out his dirty right hand to Lincoln.

"Danged if I know what happened to me that day," Grandfather Robert would mumble in the dream-days of old age. "Something happened to my blamed right hand. I've been thinkin' about it for forty years, an' I ain't no wiser yet. It's lucky I warn't court-martialed for it! There I was, standin' stiff as a five-year-old hickory, an' jest as the President came along I jerked the old gun from one hand to the other an' put out a dirty paw to Lincoln! Warn't I the blamed idjut? There was the General lookin' at me like a Kansas farmer looking at a brigade of grasshoppers, an' my durned spine got as wobbly as a bit o' biled macaroni. Gee whiz, didn't I wilt!

"I beg pardon, Mr. President," I ups an' says. 'I beg pardon,' says I. 'I jest couldn't help it. It was this blamed arm of mine that done it.' That's what I said to him, jest like that.

"The General took his cigar out of his mouth an' was jest goin' to say somethin' hotter than red pepper when old Abe looked at him kind o' smiling, an' then, Gosh dang it all! the President put out his hand an' gripped mine till the jints cracked in my fingers. 'I'm pleased to meet you,' says the President, an' when he said that an' kept that grip on my fingers, why I clean forgot about the General's black looks, an' the army an' every other durned thing. I only saw those calm, good eyes of Abe Lincoln, eyes that were fuller o' goodness than an egg is of meat, an' I didn't see them as long as I wanted to. No, I didn't! Some blamed tears got right across my own peepers, an' when I sort of came to myself, Mr. Lincoln was walkin' away with the General, an' I was sniffin' like old Gabby Connors when she's tellin' about the four husbands she buried.

"I guess I was back from the war about five or six weeks when that little plaster bust came along. There warn't a word of writin' with it. Jest Abe himself, packed up with excelsy an' shavins, an' I don't know to this day who sent it. I don't think it was the

President. I guess he clean forgot me the moment he turned his back, although I don't know, he warn't one to forget things, was Abe Lincoln. Old Cy Wiggins reckons as how the President or Grant might have told some one about me breaking out of the ranks, an' how the feller they told might have sent along the bust. Cy might be right. Anyhow, there's the bust an' there's the story. Gosh dang me! didn't old Grant look black, an' didn't Abe make my finger j'int's crack when he squeezed my hand!"

And that is how it came about that the little plaster bust of Lincoln came to New York from Galena, Illinois. It was a sacred possession. Its intrinsic value was small, but its sentimental value could not be gauged. And to the bust John confided his joys and sorrows. So Lincoln was the first to hear of Lulu, and the Boy chattered about her as he made himself ready for the meeting.

"She's as sweet as clover," he said, turning toward the bust. "She is everything you could wish for. Golly, yes! And she is all alone like I am, Mr. President. I see her coming out of the front door now. Good-by!"

Lulu, in assenting to the boy's proposal, had remarked that they would go "anywhere," and it is possible to go "anywhere" in New York on a spring night. That is if you have Youth and Love to carry you. Byzantium or Babylon, Tyre or Carthage was never more wonderful than Manhattan.

It seemed so to John and Lulu on that evening. They rode uptown on an elevated train that sang the Song of the Zingaris that can only be heard by lovers whose hearts are pure.

At One Hundred and Fortieth Street they alighted, climbed the steps and stairs to the hill on which the City College stands like a dark baronial castle, and from this point they looked down on the big apartment-houses that pushed and shouldered one another, roof after roof, clear over to the East River.

"Let us explore," said John.

With the pure spirit of adventure in their hearts, the spirit that makes palaces out of paupers' huts and princes out of peanut vendors, they wandered past the illuminated entrances of large apartment-houses, till they came out

on Riverside Drive and stood to drink in the beauty of the place.

"It is lovely!" cried Lulu.

"It is fine!" said John.

From a white yacht moored near the Manhattan shore, the notes of a violin went up into the soft night like subtle threads that enmeshed the senses, and it seemed to the two watchers that the ghostly shapes of schooner and barge, battered scow and lowly punt, were moving to the delicious strains that came from the illuminated fairy ship.

"If it was always spring!" cried the Boy, walking with head erect, and open nostrils



"Well, Mr. President," said the Boy merrily, "the plot thickens"

drinking in the night air. "If it was always spring, what a glorious time we'd have!"

"Wouldn't we!" murmured the Maid. "Oh, look at the big glowworms climbing up the hill on the other side of the river!"

The "big glowworms" were the Fort Lee cars climbing up from the ferry, and they stood and watched them follow one another in slow procession. What a wonderful place it was. On the big viaduct they leaned over and waved to the cars that whizzed up and down far beneath them.

The water called the two adventurers. The river sang a song that lured them down to it. They took tickets on one of the old red ferryboats that swish across the river like important duchesses, leaving a trail of foam from bank to bank. To Spuyten Duyvil and beyond was a stretch of silver. Up stream the white yacht was still spraying the night with golden music, and still the ghostly shapes of tug and brick-barge danced a rigadon to the strains.

On the Jersey shore the two consumed ice-cream sodas—Romance doesn't shudder at the consumption of ice-cream sodas by her seekers,—and on another matronly ferryboat they recrossed the river to the city. As they stood on the upper deck as the old ferryboat butted its way across, Grant's Tomb stood up majestic and inspiring in the moonlight. It was then that John told Lulu of the little bust, and how Grandfather Robert said that Grant was going to say "somethin' hotter than red pepper."

They rode downtown on the elevated, the moon now high above the tallest buildings, and their souls were drenched with the magic of the night.

"How long is it since we left here?" asked John, as they neared their boarding-houses.

"I am doubtful if we ever lived in this street," said Lulu quietly. "Is there such a man as Welsher, a man with stubby fingers and a skrimpy beard. Good night. *Oh, good night!*"

John looked at the bust of Lincoln when he entered his little room. "I've had a grand evening, Mr. President," he said gravely. "I've had a wonderful evening, and she is more wonderful than the night. I bet you would think so if you saw her. I'm sure you would!"

John and Lulu had all the passionate purity of youth, and that wonder night became the first of many excursions. They detested the hot picture shows where the endless fluttering films brought on a species of mental torpor. They longed for the open places and

the cool nights—the nights that wrapped them round like fairy godmothers.

And every evening when John reached his little room on the third floor, he would tell his happiness to the smiling bust of Lincoln. He would relate the wonders of the trip, and tell of the hopes and ambitions that had flamed up during the outing.

"She is wonderful," he would say over and over again. "I don't know what I would do in this big town if it wasn't for her friendship, Mr. President. I couldn't mope about the streets or go into pool-rooms. But you wait till I hit this city a whack! You wait! Wait till they begin to speak of the Boy from Galena. Galena, Mr. Lincoln. Your fighting bulldog knew that spot, didn't he?"

The wonder nights continued through the days of early summer, through the sun-smitten months of July and August, when the city sweltered in a dead atmosphere. Autumn slipped over the Jersey shore and flung her yellow shawls over the tree-tops. Little flurries came down from the north and shook the park elms like invisible hands. Leaves fell on the sidewalks and huddled in clusters like frightened things.

John and Lulu shuddered as the hoarse notes of the invader's bugle came out of the north. Who ever stops to think of the boarding-house lovers in winter time? Where can they go on nights of snow and slush? The Boy and the Maid were engaged. They were dreaming of a little flat in Harlem where the bust of Lincoln would have the position of importance on the dresser of bird's-eye maple.

And then one day came winter. He sprang upon the city like a pawing, snorting terror of the air. Mad blasts went scurrying up and down the streets, clashed with one another at the corners, and clutched the throats of pedestrians with frigid fingers. And in that first onslaught of the Snow King's Cossacks, John fell a victim. He went home spirit-frozen, and when the landlady peeped into his room next morning he was suffering the tortures of the damned.

O you brick caves of New York City! O you poor, pinched-souled landladies! You know from long experience the amount of sentiment there is in shipping companies whose clerks fall sick. John's landlady knew. She had the prevision of her class. In the weary weeks that followed that first day's sickness she guessed how things would go. The shipping-office forgot him, the clerks forgot him, the office boys forgot him, only Lulu remembered—Lulu and the bust of

Abraham Lincoln. And it was to Lincoln that John, with throbbing head and smarting eyes, turned for comfort.

“It’s mighty hard, but I’m not kicking, Mr. President,” he would whisper. “I’m not kicking, but this is tough, mighty tough. You weren’t one to grumble about hard knocks, though, so I suppose you think I ought to battle through. Well, I will.”

It is awkward for a girl to do anything for a man in a different boarding-house, even if she is engaged to marry him. John’s landlady wore the cap of Mother Grundy and the suspicion-breeding eye of Sheridan’s Mrs. Candor. She would permit Lulu to be in the room with John only while she, poor acrid soul, was there to act as chaperone, and when John’s purse ran low those few minutes were given grudgingly.

“It will do him no good for you to sit chatterin’ to him,” she said sharply to Lulu on the first evening that John failed to hand over the week’s board money. “It only does him harm. What he wants is quiet an’ good food, an’ he’s gettin’ that!” And Lulu, with her knowledge of the abodes of the unattached, wept as the acrid one escorted her down the stairs where the red roses of the carpet had faded ’neath the tread of the army of top-floor Fronts and Backs.

“Thinkin’ o’ marriage,” said the landlady to her best Permanent, as the girl crossed the street, “an’ here he is sick an’ with precious few dimes behind him, I’m thinkin’.”

The winter tore along with rain and snow, and stifling radiators that groaned like souls in pain. The devils imprisoned in the radiator battered John’s brain with their clanging hammers. They whistled and shrieked at him, waking him from fitful slumber with mad pounding on their iron prison. He spoke to Lincoln of them in moments of semi-delirium, and Lincoln smiled the quiet, tired smile that had soothed Grandfather Robert.

Lulu paid the doctor. John didn’t know of this, but doctors must live. Out of the scant remains of the small salary she received from Welsher, the girl bought fruit for the sick boy, and the landlady sniffed disdainfully.

“He doesn’t want fruit,” she would growl. “He should eat up the good food I bring up to him, an’ he would get well quick.” But John, in the moments when he could forget the devils in the radiator, would eat the fruit and leave the uninviting messes of the landlady untouched. When a “Top Front” is ill there is a likelihood that he will get his meals half an hour after they are cooked, and

the veneer of grease that forms during the wait does not make the dishes inviting.

John got worse. He craved to get away from the odor of the boarding-house carpets that rose to torment him on damp days. Is there anything more horrible than the odor of boarding-house carpets on wet days? He wanted to escape the fiends in the radiator. Lulu wept. The doctor shook his head. The landlady spoke about something overdue, a record of which, in Thibetan-like characters; was preserved in a greasy notebook hanging over the kitchen sink.

“I can’t bring you sunshine!” she cried irritably, once when the boy had expressed a longing for the return of spring. “I can’t buy it for you either. You owe me enough already!”

We must not blame the landlady. Landladies have tough times in Manhattan, but the thrust was a hard one. The god of lonely places danced a jig on the bent rail of the bed, and the boy looked at Lincoln with moist eyes.

“I guess I’ll pull through, Mr. Lincoln,” he said, “but I’m glad that I have you here in the room.”

The landlady consulted with her best Permanent. Poor devil of a landlady! The Permanent, thinking to do John a favor, advised her to keep the boy in the house instead of sending him to a hospital, but the Permanent knew nothing of the cold food or the bitter words that hurt like bludgeon blows. If John had gone to a hospital—but then the miracle would not have happened.

The increasing indebtedness made the landlady more acidulous to Lulu. She made caustic remarks to the unhappy little girl, and when Lulu informed her that she didn’t wish her advice, the landlady retaliated savagely. She slammed the door in the girl’s face when she came across on the following evening, and even refused to open it again to take the basket of fruit that the little stenographer carried.

Lulu took the fruit back to the corner shop, ordered the greengrocer’s boy to take it to the boarding-house on the following morning, then went home and penned a letter to John. She avoided wetting it with her tears by holding her head away from the bureau as she wrote. She was all real girl, was Lulu.

John read and reread her letter as the radiator fiends whistled at him next morning. He looked at Lincoln and smiled bravely, then he painfully scribbled a note in reply. As he sealed the envelope he addressed the plaster bust.

"Mr. President, I have a position of great trust for you," he said. "I am writing Lulu that you will convey to her news of my daily condition. You don't understand how you will do it, but I have fixed it all right. I have told her in this letter that I will put you at the window, and that you will tell her how I am. I am going to turn your smiling face to the street when I am feeling better; turn you side on when I am not so good, and turn your back to the street when I am—when I am any old how. What do you think of that idea, eh? I hate to think of turning your back to Lulu, Mr. President, but when I am very bad I will want your face turned this way to comfort me. If you are gone from the window altogether I guess she will conclude that I have died peacefully, and that my very estimable landlady has thrown you out. Now, when I get that same landlady to post this letter, I will put you at your new duties, old friend."

John's plan was a great success. Lulu, looking out her window before rushing down to the office of Welsher, could tell John's condition from the position of the little bust of Lincoln in the window opposite. She smiled and clapped her hands in glee when the face of Abraham was turned in her direction, and in the days that followed the inauguration of the plan he was always turned toward her. But if Lincoln could have moved he would, in his desire to let her know the truth, have turned his back promptly, so that she would have begged the landlady on her knees to allow her to come to the sick boy's bedside. O you brick caves of New York City! What tragedies you could tell if you had tongues to speak! The country boys that lie on the mean beds while the landladies confer with the best Permanents as to whether it is better to lose the unpaid board by sending them to the hospital, or chance another week to see if they will recover and pay up. And John's indebtedness to the landlady was like a sandbag, that she used each time she came into the miserable room to hammer his aching brain.

"He wants sunshine and heat," said the doctor. "He'll die in this atmosphere. Can't you find any of his friends?"

"Friends?" sniffed the landlady. "All the friends he has is the little thing that pays your bills. He signals to her with that plaster statoo in the window. I went to move it away yesterday, an' he nearly took the roof off the place."

The doctor sighed and went away. The stuffiness of the room was unbearable that

morning, although the window-panes were snow-encrusted. John got up after the doctor had left the room and dragged himself to the window. The effort pained him, but he knew that the coating on the panes made it impossible for Lulu to see the bust. With weak, trembling hands he lifted the sash a trifle, pushed Lincoln forward, turned him squarely and bravely to the front, and then crawled back to bed.

"We're not squeaking, are we, Mr. President?" he said with a grim smile. "You never let anyone know when you got an uppercut, did you? And, by golly! I won't own up to Lulu that I am inclined to take the count. I've been too long with you, Mr. Lincoln, to show the white feather."

John went back to bed and dreamed of that first night in early spring when he had wandered with Lulu, along the moon-washed drive and listened to the strains from the white yacht. He dreamed that Lulu and President Lincoln and himself were riding on one of the "big glowworms"—Lulu's name for the Fort Lee cars—and behind them a million radiator devils screamed in hot pursuit.

The landlady's voice outside the door of his room awakened him from the nap. She was speaking to some one, and John's aching brain caught scraps of the conversation.

"He's sick, you know,"—her voice grated on his ears—"an' he insists on puttin' that thing there, no matter what I say to him. . . . Yes, sir, that's what I say. . . The danger of it, yes! . . . I'm sorry it happened from my house, but I'd like you to tell him yourself of the foolishness of it. . . . No, no, you won't disturb him. Come right in."

John's brain tried hard to solve the enigma constructed by her words. What had he insisted on doing? How had he annoyed anyone? He attempted to lift himself upon his elbow, but the effort was too great. He fell back upon the mattress, and at that moment the landlady stalked into the room, beckoning vigorously to a tall man in a shabby overcoat, who followed nervously in the rear.

"Here's a nice thing yer tricks 'as gone an' done for you!" cried the shrewish woman. "This gentleman was walkin' down the street, an' that old bust of yours tumbled out o' the winder an' nearly brained him!"

"No, no," protested the shabby one; "it fell on my shoulder, not on my head. I gathered up the pieces and—"

But John interrupted him with a scream of agony. It was a scream that was wrenched



The shabby man was experiencing sensations that were new and terrible

out of the inmost recesses of the boy's heart. In the thin, clawlike hands of the man were a dozen pieces of shattered plaster, and the sick youth thrust his face into the pillow and sobbed wildly. His companion had left him! The smiling, comforting face of Lincoln had left him! In his anxiety to give Lulu a free view of the bust he had forgotten the snapping curtain, and the treasure had been dashed to the sidewalk!

The landlady folded her arms and stared at the sobbing figure on the bed. "It would suit you better to apologize to the gentleman instead of cryin'," she said sternly. "That thing fallin' from a height like that might have brained him, so it might. I knew a little boy that was killed by a milk bottle fallin' from a top winder. P'raps the gentleman——"

The thin, shabby man lifted his hand and she stopped. "Don't bother him," he said quietly. "Let him cry. I don't need an apology—really I don't."

He sat down upon a chair and stared at the sobbing boy, and the landlady was not pleased by the look upon his face. She had wasted time to bring him up the stairs, and now he didn't seem to be half as indignant as she thought he would. She ruminated over the peculiarities of mankind, and thought over the approaching luncheon. If there was to be no explosion on the part of the shabby man she could not afford to waste time on the top floor.

The landlady stood up and moved toward the door. She waited for the shabby one to accompany her, but he showed a desire to stay. His stupidity annoyed her.

"Well, you can find yer own way out if yer want to wait till he finishes his cryin' fit," she said sharply. "As for me, I've got to prepare a lunch for seven people with only an idjut of a girl to help me."

She flounced away, and the shabby man drew his chair closer to the bed. John had managed to claw himself into a sitting position, and now, still sobbing, he was making an attempt to put the pieces of plaster together. He looked at his visitor and tried in a halting way to express the cause of his emotion.

"It was Lincoln, sir," he said quietly.

The shabby one peered at the piece of plaster which was the detached brow of the great man. A look of wonder crept over his shriveled face, and he wet his thin lips on hearing the boy's simple explanation.

"Lincoln?" he stammered. "President Lincoln?"

"Yes," replied John. "He's been— Oh, you wouldn't understand, but he's been a sort of companion to me for months. It's been— been——"

"Been what?" questioned the other. The little eyes that had a look of vague surprise within them were fastened on the boy.

"It's been lonely," said John.

"Lonely?" said the other. "Haven't you any friends?"

"Only one, and the landlady didn't like her to come here."

The shabby man moved closer and fingered the bits of plaster. "But this bust," he said. "The landlady told me when we were coming up the stairs that you persisted in putting it in the window."

"I—I," stammered the boy, "I used it as a—as a signal to her. You see, she lives just across the street. The friend, I mean."

A look of wonder and comprehension appeared in the small eyes of the visitor. The chatter of the landlady as she dragged him up the stairs was becoming plain. He had only reported the accident at the door, and had no wish to enter the house, but she had persisted in taking him to the boarder who was responsible for the happening.

"So you used the bust as a signal?" said the shabby one softly.

"Yes," murmured the boy. "I would turn him—Mr. Lincoln, I mean—face to the street when I was better, side on when I was only middling, and with his back to the street when I was feeling very bad."

"And—and what position—I mean how was he facing when he fell out?" asked the visitor.

"Facing the street," said John. "You see, I haven't been really bad since I put him there."

The shabby one's eyes grew large with surprise. He looked at the sunken cheeks and thin hands of the boy, glanced around the miserable room, and twisted his lips up as if he felt inclined to whistle in an effort to show his astonishment.

"And was it your bust?" he asked. "I mean, did you own it, or was it the property of the landlady?"

"It was mine!" cried the boy proudly. "It was grandfather's once, and—and grandfather gave it to me when he was dying. It was sent to him. He—Grandfather Robert, I mean—he shook the President's hand, and some one sent him the bust."

The tragedy represented by the fall of the treasured memento came to him with full force as he thought of the many times

Grandfather Robert had told of the happening at Richmond when the great President had gripped his hand “till the j’ints cracked.” He wept with his head upon his knees, and the shabby man waited patiently till the fit had passed.

“And your grandfather shook Lincoln’s hand,” he said. “Where was that?”

“At Richmond,” answered John; and then, in a desire to sing the praises of his hero, he told the story as Grandfather Robert had told it, and his visitor listened like a man in a dream.

“And he helped you to fight your sickness,” he said. “I mean, the bust and the memory of Lincoln helped you?”

“Helped me?” sobbed the boy. “Why, he was everything to me. Only for him—only for Lulu and him, I—I—”

The door of the room was thrust open at that moment, and the white, frightened face of a girl appeared at the opening. The shabby man pushed back his chair as she sprang forward with a half-choked cry and clasped the thin hands of the boy.

“Oh, John, dear John!” she cried. “I came home at lunch-time, and—and—oh, John, I couldn’t see the bust! I didn’t know what to think. Your front door was open, and I—I rushed right up. Oh, John, your poor, thin hands! Oh, what can I do? What can I do?” She burst into tears and flung herself on her knees at the side of the mean bed.

The shabby man stood up and turned his back. From the tail of the torn overcoat he brought a scrap of discolored linen and rubbed vigorously at his nose.

The girl controlled herself with an effort and endeavored to apologize for her intrusion. “I—I didn’t see the bust, John,” she gasped. “Why did you take it away? I thought that—that something—”

Her eyes fell upon the shattered pieces of the bust that lay upon the coverlet. “Oh, poor John,” she sobbed. “Oh, poor, poor John!”

The shabby man snuffled openly as the girl wept over the shattered remnants of Lincoln’s bust. The shabby man was experiencing sensations that were new and terrible. For fifty years he could not remember feeling a thrill of joy or sorrow over the happenings of another. Men had said that he was made of flint. Men that he had overthrown in the realms of finance had said that he was a devil in granite. But in the few brief moments when the tears of the lonely pair were flowing over the fragments

of Lincoln’s bust, God had flashed before his mental eyes a picture of his own soul. He covered before the picture. For one fear-fledged moment he saw his own soul, stripped and naked, a wizened, devilish thing, wrapped in a cyst of greed and avarice, of hate and selfishness! He saw himself a niggardly skinflint, an extortioner, a miser who would be remembered with curses, and with a cry of pain he staggered toward the bed.

“I—I forgot something,” he shouted hoarsely. “When the bust fell on the sidewalk—excuse me for forgetting, but I am an old man—when it fell on the stones this—this little scrap of paper fell out of it. I don’t know what it is. I haven’t opened it. See, it was curled up like this, like a pipe-light. I forgot it, sir, listening to your story. It’s yours, it’s yours. Take it, boy, take it!”

John took the scrap of paper with trembling fingers. As the shabby one said, it had been rolled so tight that it resembled a pipe-light. Slowly, very slowly, the boy unwound it, smoothed it out upon his pillow; then, in a silence that one could feel, he turned his white, pinched face up to the girl and the man. *The piece of paper was a thousand dollar bill!*

It was the sobbing girl that broke the silence. “Oh, my God!” she cried. “Oh, my dear, sweet God! John, John, it is yours! The President must have sent it to your grandfather in the bust. He must have! Oh, the dear, brave, good Mr. Lincoln! You will be able to go away in the sunshine and get well, John. You will get nice food and warmth. Oh, I wish that Mr. Lincoln was here for me to hug! John, say that you will get well! You must, John, you must! And when the spring comes again we’ll—we’ll— *Oh, God bless Mr. Lincoln!*”

The shabby man wept openly. Tears seemed to be a solvent for the cyst of greed and cunning that gripped his heart. He took the boy’s thin hand and fondled it.

After a pause John spoke. “If I could cash it I’d pay the landlady straight away,” he said slowly. “If I could pay her, Lulu, and get out of here I think I’d get well quick. She tells me what I owe her, and—and there are the noises in the radiator and the smell of the carpets and—cash it, Lulu, cash it, *please!*”

The shabby man wiped away his tears and clawed for his wallet. “If you would permit me I think I could cash it,” he spluttered. “I was just going to the bank when the little bust struck me, and I have here two thousand dollars in small bills.”

He pulled out the bursting pouch and sat down on the side of the bed. Lulu crowed and John laughed hysterically. They had never seen so much money. Tens and twenties, fives and singles, they covered the shabby spread, and color came into John's cheeks as he fingered them. They counted them three times, and then the shabby man picked up his hat and prepared to depart.

John gripped his clawlike hands and thanked him over and over again. "Oh, I'm thankful to you!" cried the boy. "It seems as if you were sent at the moment the bust fell. I'll never forget you, Mr.—Mr.——"

"My name is Nixon," stammered the shabby one, "but the papers—the humorous papers, call me the Miser of Greeley Square. Good-by! Good-by!"

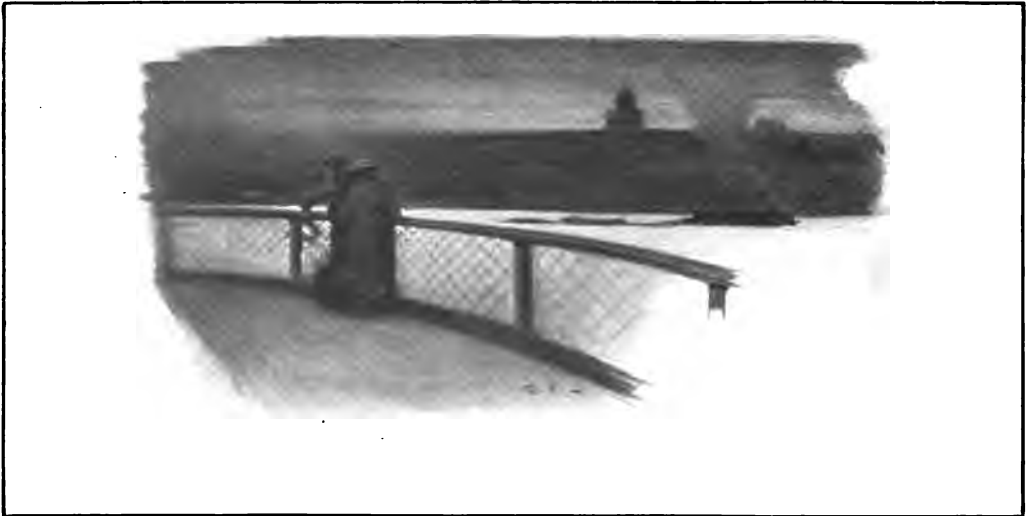
Like a drunken man he staggered down the stairs. The landlady met him in the hall, but he didn't see her. Through the open

door he went like a man in a trance, but in a dark doorway down the street he stopped and held his skinny hands high above his head.

"Oh, God! God! God!" he cried. "What a contemptible life I have lived! I thank you, God, for letting me do that in his name. In *his* name, God! Book it to *him*, not to me! I changed the bill so that they'll never know but what he sent it. Forgive me, God, forgive me!"

With clasped hands he staggered forward, his dry lips moving in prayer. Passers-by turned and stared at him. A policeman touched his helmet, but the salute went unanswered. The Miser of Greeley Square, the shabby owner of a million dollars, was looking at his own soul.

"Book it to him, God!" he repeated. "Book it to him. He shamed me. Yes, he did! Oh, Lincoln, Lincoln! Help me, God, help me to live, to make good, to make some one sorrow for me when I'm gone!"





MOST PRISONERS LOOK JUST LIKE OTHER PEOPLE

Group of "headliners" in a unique vaudeville performance given by the inmates of the California State Prison at San Quentin. The convict is not always the bat-eared, low-browed villain of our imagination

THE MAN IN THE CAGE

Why He Does Not Reform

BY JULIAN LEAVITT

Author of "Something for Nothing"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

A PRISON is a perfect laboratory for the making or unmaking of human beings. Imagine an industrial village spreading over five hundred acres of ground. It is inhabited by a thousand men, women and boys whom the law has deprived of all civic and most human rights. They are as a rule housed in two great dormitories, called cell houses. In addition, there are six or eight factory buildings, a dining hall, a chapel, and a garden or farm plot. Surrounding it all is a stone wall thirty feet high, patrolled day and night by armed guards. All means of communication with the outside world are carefully controlled. No visitor may come or go without close scrutiny. No letter may leave or enter the place without rigid censorship. Not a basket or parcel may pass in or out without inspection.

Over all is the warden, monarch almost absolute. There are only two things that he may not do. He may not take life outright, and he may not give liberty outright. Within these limits he may make or mar the life of every creature in the little world that he rules. He controls every moment of their day, waking or sleeping. He regulates the heat and the cold, the air and the sunlight. He sets the tasks and decrees the punishments. And from his decision there can be no appeal. Never was bug in a bottle or rabbit in a cage more at the mercy of the experimenter than the prisoner in the hands of the warden.

The convict appears, even to the most sympathetic of us, as something less than a man, a creature whose very name awakens a picture of cropped poll, zebra stripe, bat ear, low brow, heavy jowl. I might fill a volume with

facts and figures to prove that this picture is false in all its essentials and that these men are truly as human as most of us; that, for example, if you beat one of them he will bleed, and his blood will be red; that if you string one up by the wrists for thirty-six hours he will faint like a woman; or, if you confine one on bread and water in a scientifically darkened room for any length of time he will probably go mad (all these experiments are actually being demonstrated in many of our prisons today, as we shall see).

Or, on the other hand, I might tell a thousand and one stories to prove the prisoner's essential humanity under stress and strain; how, for example, his word given to a humane warden is rarely dishonored; how, only last year, the convicts of Colorado built, without watch or guard, the most wonderful scenic

road in the world, which winds its way from Cañon City to Colorado Springs, and not one convict broke his word—simply because Governor Shafroth and Warden Tynan are men among men. They say that in the convict camp of over one hundred only one man carries a gun; and he is a convict armed by the warden to keep off coyotes. But even volumes of such evidence could never argue

away a feeling so widespread as to amount almost to an instinct.

Let us admit, for the present, that a fourth of the prison population,—the repeaters and habituals,—are truly all that the popular imagination has conceived of them.

There still remains, however, a great majority; three-fourths, who are first of-

fenders—men who until yesterday were as free from the prison taint as any of us; whom we met as men to men in the daily course of our working lives, in shop, factory and store, in office, elevator, subway, church, club.

They come from all the classes of our population, these first offenders, but most of them are workingmen. They represent all ages, but nearly half are young men between twenty and thirty-four. They have committed all manner of offenses, but "more than half . . . had been convicted



Photograph by Howard Studio

THOMAS J. TYNAN

Warden of Colorado State Prison, whose convicts work "on honor."

of violations of law which do not necessarily imply a criminal bent in those perpetrating them," says the Special Report of the United States Census. You must remember that to this day there is no criminologist wise enough to formulate a definition of crime which will not hit twice as many men outside of prison as inside. You must know that every year our legislators



A convict camp in Colorado where honor prevails, and one of the beautiful scenic roads built by Warden Tynan's convicts without watch or guard

turn out some fifty thousand new laws, more or less, and that a goodly proportion of them are so-called criminal laws. But the workings of the criminal law are strange and mysterious. It is, as one student has said, "a gigantic machine with iron jaws which seem to open and shut at irregular intervals. There is no man who has not been at some time within the circle of those iron jaws . . . but some have the good fortune to escape before those jaws come together, while others are caught and become criminals by profession." Even among those who are caught many escape by paying fines, many by hiring shrewd lawyers, many by political influence. There remain for the prison only the unfortunates, no more and no less guilty than thousands of others, either in act or intent.

The first shock of arrest and imprisonment is, to the first offender, the great crisis of his life. He realizes, suddenly and vividly, that the state is not merely a political abstraction out of a long-forgotten school book, but a thing alive, armed with jaw and claw. The effect of this is overwhelming. There lives no human animal more penitent and plastic than the first offender on his first day in prison. On that day, of all days, the state can mold him easily to its civic needs. Turn him over to a man who believes in the bottom good in him; teach him a trade whereby he may learn to support himself honestly when released; give him a share in his earnings so that he may, even though in prison, support his innocent wife and helpless children—or, if he is alone, save a bit of capital against that blackest day in his whole life, the distant day of liberation; in other words, give him Work and Hope, the two things which all men need in order to live, and you will



have set him on the road to citizenship. Deprive him of work and hope and you will as surely have set him on the road to criminality.

This is so obvious a truth that one would expect it to be the very cornerstone of our penal system. But the melancholy fact is that *there are not ten prisons in the country to-day which teach the prisoner a useful trade, and scarcely one, so far as I know, which permits him to make any reasonably decent provision for his dependent family*; and in nearly half of the States of the Union he is sold to a private trader, called a prison contractor, for an average of not much more than fifty cents a day. At best, the contractor is a business man; at worst, a merciless slaver. He has absolutely no interest, human or other, in the prisoner; and the prisoner has no rights which he need respect.

This is the heart of the prison problem as it confronts us in America to-day.

Sold into Slavery

The first lesson that the convict learns in one of our contract prisons is that he is not a ward of the state but a private slave in a private prison. Here is a bit of significant testimony from a report of a commission which was empowered by the Legislature of New York to investigate its prisons in the old contract days, before the contractors were driven out forever by constitutional amendment. Remember that the testimony is submitted under oath. The witness is Rev. John Luckey, who had served as chaplain at Sing Sing for eighteen years, and risked the loss of his place by his plain speech:

Question. When new convicts are received into the prison . . . how is the distribution made?

Answer. Frequently, when three or four convicts come to the prison, several contractors will come in to look at them while they still remain in the warden's office. The Warden, putting one of them forward, and addressing himself to a contractor, will perhaps say:

"Well, Mr. So and So, how do you like this man? Will he suit you?"

The contractor so addressed will then examine his points . . . scrutinizing his limbs, joints, build and general appearance, and will reply:

"Well, I guess I don't want this fellow. He looks as if he were too lazy to work."

"Then what do you say to this one?" bringing forward and exhibiting a second man, pale, perhaps from long confinement in jail.

"Well, he looks rather weak, but I guess I might take him at half price. . . ."

He will probably be taken to the physician for an examination, who not infrequently gives an opinion to the effect that the man is not able to do more than half the ordinary work of an ordinary man, and he is accordingly let to the contractor. . . .

Question. Do scenes similar to the one that you have described a moment ago, but on a broader scale, ever occur on the expiration of one contract and before the men are regularly let on another?

Answer. Yes. . . I was myself an eye-witness of what I am about to relate. A certain contract had expired, whereby some fifty men were released from productive labor. These men were brought into the prison yard and made to stand in a row, with their backs against the wall. Several gentlemen then holding contracts were summoned and asked on what terms they were willing, temporarily, to take the labor of these convicts. Thus invited, they passed up and down the line, examining the men one by one, closely scrutinizing their person, and at the same time indulging in jocular and sometimes coarse remarks thereupon. The warden at length said:

"Well, gentlemen, what will you give me for the labor of the whole lot together?"

A contractor responded, "I will give you twenty cents a day." A second advanced slightly on that offer. The bidding went on, as at an ordinary auction sale, till no higher per diem could be obtained, when the men were let . . . to the highest bidder.

This occurred many years ago; yet to-day the process of selling convicts differs only superficially. The contractor no longer chafers over the convicts in person. He buys labor power in bulk, two hundred or three hundred or five hundred men at a time. Once the deal is closed, however, the prisoners belong to him every bit as much as in the old chattel slavery days. The contractor runs the prison. To all intents and purposes he *owns* it. So well is this recognized that it has become proverbial in prison circles. "*When the contractor steps in the warden steps out,*" runs one such proverb; and another expresses the same idea: "*The warden holds the reins, but the contractor cracks the whip.*" Sometimes the officials will even admit the fact to an outsider without realizing for a moment the full significance of the admission. I recall a visit to the New Haven County jail last summer. It is almost literally within a stone's throw of Yale University and is notorious. Since there had been considerable public criticism of it and the officials were beginning to show some sensitiveness I thought it best to introduce myself as a university student who was working up a thesis on the county jail problem. The clerk was evidently familiar with the breed, for he turned me over immediately to a turnkey with a loud injunction to "Show him everything!"—accompanied by a wink that I could feel through the back of my head.

The turnkey was rather silent as he piloted me through the great steel cell house with its three tiers of burrows rising one above the other. I noticed, but did not comment, upon the darkness of the cells, most of them so built



Front and rear views of the New Haven County jail, a stone's throw from Yale University, where Mr. Leavitt had an illuminating experience, which he describes in the accompanying pages.



that not a single ray of light could, by any possibility, enter.

Beyond the cell house he became communicative and even warmed to a gentle glow as he described the beauties of four new shower baths that had just been installed to supply the hygienic needs of the jail population of three hundred. The punishment cells, pitch-dark and almost hermetically sealed, also opened the wellsprings of his admiration. But on the whole he was a taciturn turnkey, as turnkeys go, and before I knew it I was again in the front office with a stout barred door between me and the chief object of my interest—the prison shop.

"How do you keep your prisoners employed?" I asked, through the bars, with some show of innocence. "I haven't seen any of them at work."

"Oh, we got a little shop downstairs where we keep a few of them at work making chairs."

"Can I see it?"

"No, I can't show you that. That's private."

"Private? What do you mean?"

"I got nothing to do with that; you'll have to see the head man about that. That's all."

I hunted up the jailer, only to get the same mysterious answer: "Oh, that's private; you can't see that."

"I don't quite understand," I asked. "Isn't this the county jail?"

"Yes, it's the county jail all right, all right; but the prisoners are hired out to a company, and we got nothing to do with them at all when they are not in the cells. See? It's private. You can't see the shop without a permit from the superintendent of the company." As I made a move for the door he added: "And he won't give you none."

"Who is the superintendent?" I insisted.

"It's Mr. Sheehan, over there across the



A SHIRT FACTORY *OUTSIDE* OF PRISON—ALL WOMEN

These girls are forced to meet the deadly competition of thousands of convicts in prison factories. See picture on page opposite

street. He'll never give you no permit; 'nd I'd advise you to go slow about asking him—he's a gruff sort of a fellow—a pretty rough proposition, in fact. . . ."

"He won't kill me if I ask him—will he, do you think?" I asked with some elaborate show of anxiety.

"No, he won't kill you, but . . ." and his face plainly indicated that this more or less desirable ending might at least be approximated if I were too persistent. But I took my life in my hands and approached Mr. Sheehan.

He was not—I must admit this at once—overcordial.

"We got no shop now, practically. Nothing to see," he muttered.

I told him that I was under special instructions to overlook nothing, no matter how trivial; and added: "Of course, if you simply *can't* give me a permit just now, for any reason, I'll come some other time or send some one else. But I wish you'd give me some reason that I can take back to my class."

He backed down. "Give me your card!" he snarled. On it he scribbled: "Mr. Hansen. Show this man the shop."

I have already described, in a former article, how ruthlessly Sheehan exercised the powers which the county of New Haven has given him over the prisoners in this jail. I need only add that advices received as late as November 25, 1911, indicate that conditions in the institution are substantially unchanged.

The contractor runs the prison. This is inevitable. Even if we assume the very best intentions on the part of everybody concerned—let the prison board be ever so honest; let the warden be ever so independent; let the contractor be ever so reasonable—yet does he run the prison. The reason is obvious. Consider: The state has invited him to bid for its slaves. He bids, presumably, as high a figure as business will permit. Once his bid is accepted and his factory installed, what else can the state do but coöperate to make his contract profitable? But what does this coöperation involve? If a prisoner refuses to work he must be punished. If he fails to finish his tasks he must be punished. If he is slovenly or wasteful of material he must be punished. And every time this happens the iron enters more deeply into the prisoner's



A SHIRT FACTORY *INSIDE* OF PRISON—ALL MEN

Nearly ten thousand convicts in our prisons are being taught women's trades, such as shirt and overall making. What chance does the ex-convict have to earn a living at this work?

soul. The ills of prison life, as we shall see, are many; but if all of them were cured except this one alone true reformation would still be impossible.

The Mockery of Labor

The first law of the cage, and the wisest, is that the prisoner must work. Compulsory idleness is a punishment so cruel that it belongs, as Montesquieu has said, among the pains of hell. The idle hand withers, the idle brain rots and all the idle faculties die slowly and shamefully.

But mere labor is not enough. To turn a crank or tread a treadmill is but little better than idleness. The prisoner must work to some purpose. He must learn a trade or he will inevitably return to crime. Even the judge, who rarely visits the prison to which he commits thousands of his fellow men, understands this much.

"I sentence you to years of hard labor," I have heard a judge say, "but you may make that labor your salvation rather than your punishment. In prison you shall be taught a useful trade, so that when, in due time, you

are released you may begin life anew as an honest and useful citizen."

And the warden, also, greets the new prisoner with a well-known formula.

"We offer you two courses here, John," he says. "You can obey the rules, work hard and learn the trade that we will teach you, so that when you leave us you may earn your living instead of stealing it; or you can break the rules, shirk your work and take your punishment. You tell me you have had no chance in the world. Here is your chance. It's up to you, John."

John, as a rule, decides quickly. If he is a true criminal—one of that small minority of professionals who live by open law-breaking—it is possible that he is heartily sick of his trade, for it is a dangerous and unprofitable one at best. If, on the other hand, he belongs to the large majority of casual offenders and this is his first offense, he is more than eager to rehabilitate himself. No man is a pariah because he wants to be one. John therefore enters into the spirit of this contract in the best of faith.

Then he discovers, all too quickly, that the state does not mean to keep faith with him.

He is stripped and clipped, mugged and measured, tabulated and numbered. The Bertillon trusty reports that John has two sound hands and ten whole fingers. He is immediately harnessed to a machine in the prison factory. Let us suppose that he has been assigned to the shirt or overall factory, for these are very common in our contract prisons. Bent over the high-powered machine, watching, with every nerve intent, the needles flying through the cloth at the rate of two thousand stitches a minute, surrounded by hundreds of other workers, all keyed up to high pitch, he begins to feel, perhaps for the first time in his life, that joy of labor which even machine production cannot entirely suppress.

But soon a note of mockery reaches him. His neighbor, perhaps, or the trusty who collects and distributes the work, whispers to him that this trade which he thinks he is learning is no trade at all. At first he does not understand, and the "silent system," makes communication difficult, if not impossible. But in time, by stolen look and whisper, he learns that the "trade" which he is learning is not a man's trade. It is a woman's trade. He does not learn the full reason of this perhaps—how, in the hundred years' war between convict and free labor, the burden of prison competition has steadily, yet inexorably, been shifted from the shoulders of those workers able to fight it politically, the well-organized men's unions, and has fallen upon the shoulders of the working girl—but he learns enough to know that the state has tricked him. *Be he ever so skilful and ever so willing, the convict who has spent several years of his life learning to make overalls or shirts can no more earn his living thereby when released than if he had carefully been "trained" to serve as nursemaid or governess!*

To-day there are, as far as I can estimate, some ten thousand prisoners learning "needle trades" in our various prisons. Every one of these men is forcing some working girl outside into idleness, or a lower standard of living, or the lowest step of all. And every one of these men hates his work and the state which has broken faith with him. I have been told repeatedly by wardens of institutions in which both the contract and state account systems were operated side by side that far more disorders and mutinies occurred in the contract shops, and particularly in the shirt and overall shops, than in the others. "It is an insult to what manhood remains to them," one warden told me, "and they resent it bitterly."

Let us glance at some of the other important prison industries. There is the hollowware industry. In the prison foundry the men may be taught to cast those great black iron pots and pans, griddles, skillets and skewers which formed the chief equipment in your grandmother's kitchen, but which to-day—what with the growing popularity of aluminum and agateware—are relegated more or less to the homes of the poor and to the more backward communities. This is a difficult and a dangerous trade to learn. In its day it was a well-paid trade. But the fierce competition of the prison goods has simply destroyed this industry so that to-day there is scarcely a single hollowware foundry in the United States outside the prison. I base this statement upon the authority of the U. S. Bureau of Labor (20th Ann. Rept., p. 126) and a letter from J. F. Valentine, president of the Ironmolders' Union of North America. In order to earn a living at this trade, as judge and warden and chaplain have promised him, *the ex-convict must return to prison!*

Or the prisoner may be taught broom and brush making, another important prison industry. This is not exclusively a woman's trade, nor is it a monopolized prison trade. It is worse. It is a blind worker's trade, one of the very few occupations open to the sightless unfortunates. When the discharged convict engages in this work he is taking the bread out of the mouths of wretches who are even worse off than he is.

The State of Minnesota trains its prisoners to make binding twine. But the convict who hopes to earn his living by this trade will have to leave the State. I am informed by Mr. W. F. Houk, State Commissioner of Labor, that there is only one other binding twine plant in the whole State, the International Flax Twine Company, and a letter from Mr. G. L. Rice of this company states frankly that the manufacture of binding twine is not skilled labor, that two-thirds of the work is done by women, and, finally, that his company employs no discharged convicts.

Boot and shoe making is another important prison trade. But this, also, is rapidly becoming feminized, the census statistics showing (Bulletin 72, p. 17) that in the period 1890 to 1905 there was an increase of only 16,000 wage earners in this industry, of which nearly 13,000 were women and children. In 1905 these two classes constituted 36.4 per cent. of the workers in the trade, so that the prospect for any man with the prison stain on his record is not overbright.

Other contract industries, such as cooperage, furniture making, chair caning, etc., suffer from equally serious disadvantages: they are either overcrowded or underpaid, or both. The ex-convict has no chance in these. He is foreordained to return to crime.

This chapter in the indictment of our prison system can be drawn up in a few words: The prison exists for only one purpose: *to protect society by the reformation of the criminal.* The prisoner has only one right: *the right to reformation*, which means, concretely, the right to acquire a trade and to be started, in

state's punishment. To these men, and to the many who must face the future friendless and penniless, the promise of some slight share in the profits which they are piling up visibly from day to day would serve to mitigate somewhat the blackness of their lives. This promise is given freely. It is even boasted of in the public press, at meetings of philanthropic bodies, at international congresses. Yet the prison "wage" is no more honest than the prison "trade." It is true that there is a practice, in some prisons, of paying for any overtime a man may put in after the



Another so-called prison trade which proves to be practically useless to the discharged prisoner is hollow-ware founding. Prison competition has practically killed all free foundries of this type, so that the expert workman who wants to follow this trade when released must return to prison!

good faith, on the road to citizenship. These two axioms are the alpha and omega of the science of penology. Any prison, therefore, which denies its inmates the right to reformation denies its own right to existence. How many of our 1,400 prisons can, by this test, justify their existence? I know scarcely ten.

Reform by Robbery

But even the most joyless labor may be made bearable by the offer of some human incentive.

There are men in prison who have dependent families; it has been estimated that fully one-third have wives and children, who, though guiltless, must bear the brunt of the

day's task is done. This practice was established as a speeding-up device, and the "wage" so earned rarely averages more than about ten cents a day for the whole population. Yet the leading contract wardens have, by constant advertising of the "profit-sharing" scheme, as they impudently call it, given the impression to the public that the contract system is really a blessing to the prisoner's family.

Here is an example, from the last report of the Maryland Penitentiary, at Baltimore, one of the greatest contract prisons of the country.

. . . The most gratifying incident of the year is the fact that in addition to the \$159,469.06 which the inmates earned for the state, they also earned for themselves by overwork \$41,928.42 . . . the largest

sum ever carried to the credit of the prisoners in the history of the institution.

It is pleasant for us to say that this splendid amount earned by the convicts themselves for 1910 is not an exception to the rule. . . .

What better evidence could be given of the fairness and humaneness of an administrator than to point to the above figures, which clearly show a master mind and a sympathetic heart in being able to satisfy the reasonable demands of the state upon one hand and justice to the unfortunate prisoners on the other!

The splendid amount so feelingly referred to, when divided among the 1,085 prisoners in the penitentiary, equals exactly \$3.14 a month. This apparently constitutes, in the eyes of the governing board, a full measure of Maryland justice to its unfortunates. To itsfortunates, on the other hand—Messrs. Oppenheim, Oberndorff & Co., the Bromwell Brush and Wire Goods Company and the Jones Hollowware Company, the three con-

tractors for whom the unfortunates are employed—the measure of justice is far more liberal. This particular institution is one of the best money-makers of the country and deserves, as it shall get, a chapter to itself.

Never a year passes without some note like the above finding its way into most of the leading papers of Maryland and not a few in other states. It is safe to say that this particularly mean form of deception has bolstered the contract system in Maryland as nothing else might have done. But the practice is quite general among our other state prisons. A few recent examples of this deception, culled from the latest reports of the institutions mentioned, are shown in the accompanying diagram. I shall present the official claim and the actual facts side by side for comparison:

“INCENTIVES” WHICH ARE NO INCENTIVES

Many prisons profess to teach their inmates thrift—but thrift brings them almost nothing. Here are a few typical cases:

INDIANA

The Pretense—“Whatever work each inmate does in excess of his requirement he receives pay for. . . . It is readily seen that this inspires in these men ideas of industry and of saving.”

—From address of Supt. Peyton of the Indiana State Reformatory before the International Prison Congress, September, 1910.

The Truth—The total overtime for the year was \$8,893.87. Divided among the total average population for the year (1,106) this would provide sixty-seven cents a month for each man. If divided among the industrial workers only (880) this would average eighty-four cents per man per month.

IOWA

The Pretense—“The prisoners may become thoroughly familiarized with earning and saving. While in prison they should be paid for their work; they should be . . . allowed upon their release the money so earned.”

—From 33d Biennial Report of Iowa State Penitentiary, page 2.

The Truth—For the biennial period ending June 30, 1908 (the latest report available), the total overtime earned was \$30,253.44. Divided among the total average population for this period (443) this would provide about \$2.84 a month for each man. Divided among the 300 employed in the contract shops, this would average \$4.20 per month per man—the highest average at present known to me.

MINNESOTA

The Pretense—“The system of earning is especially encouraging to deserving prisoners, who are stimulated to increased effort and diligence in the performance of their work. It is an incentive to honest

effort, because it provides for an earning interest in the work performed.”

—From 16th Biennial Report of Minnesota State Prison, 1910, p. 2.

The Truth—The total monthly earnings for the year average \$1,800. Divided into the total average population (692) this would furnish about \$2.60 per month for each man. Divided among the industrial workers only (625) this would average about \$2.88 per man. The “Handbook of the Minnesota State Prison” for September, 1910 (page 28), boasts that during the year the State of Minnesota made a profit of \$166.73 on each and every prisoner.

RHODE ISLAND

The Pretense—“I would be pleased to have the Board authorize me to say to the prisoners: ‘If you make on the shirts over \$2,000 per month, all you make will be divided proportionately among you.’”

—From a widely heralded “profit-sharing” scheme announced by Warden McCusker of the State Penitentiary.

The Truth—During the last three years the average earned at the above stipulated figure was \$54.20 per month. Divided among the 300 prisoners this would average eighteen cents per month!

WISCONSIN

The Pretense—“Under our system of paying inmates for their labor the amount of daily wages paid to them, in addition to overtime, makes a total of \$21,912.69 . . . over and above their board.”

—From the Report of Wisconsin State Reformatory, 1908, p. 444.

The Truth—Total average population for the year was about 300. The average overtime would equal about \$3.08 a month.

What One Man Paid

Let me tell, briefly, the story of one man that I know: it is typical of thousands and tens of thousands.

He came to me direct from prison—an Eastern prison. In appearance he resembled the average downtown clerk, being fairly educated and of gentle breeding. His face, however, was blue-white with the prison pallor and the chill of late November, against which his light clothes afforded scant protection. The first glow of liberty was in his eyes, but his face was troubled and bewildered by the many changes which had come over the old town since he had left it six years ago. On it New York had already imprinted its question: "What are you good for?" and the answer was written plain: "Nothing."

"No I am not pretending that I was sent up innocently," he told me, "I was guilty. I had got in with a fast crowd and was afraid to be called a tin sport, so I spent more than I had. I stole—from my employer and even from friends. It wasn't very much altogether—perhaps two or three hundred dollars. If I had been given a chance to pay it off by installments—suspended sentence, I think they call it—I would probably have paid it off within a year and kept straight the rest of my life."

"Some men, you know, learn from books, others from blows. It took a blow to teach me. But the first one was enough. I was in bad luck, though; the judge had a grouch that morning and gave me practically the limit. . . .

"In prison they told me they would make

PRISON TRADES WHICH ARE NO TRADES

These prisons profess to fit their inmates for freedom—by teaching them "trades" which they cannot follow when released.

Shirt making and hosiery knitting are women's trades exclusively.
Binder twine and shoe making are chiefly or largely women's trades.
Hollowware is a monopolized prison industry.
Broom and brush making competes with the blind workers.
Other "needle trades" are largely women's trades.

NAME OF STATE	NAME OF INSTITUTION	LOCATION	NAME OF "TRADE"
Connecticut . . .	State Prison	Wethersfield . . .	Shirt and Shoe Making
Delaware	State Prison	Wilmington . . .	Pants Making
Illinois	Southern Penitentiary	Chester	Hosiery Knitting
Illinois	House of Correction	Chicago	Brooms, Brushes
Indiana	State Reformatory	Jeffersonville . . .	Hollowware, Shirts
Indiana	State Prison	Michigan City . . .	Shirt Making
Kentucky	State Penitentiary	Frankfort	Shirt and Shoe Making
Kentucky	Branch Penitentiary	Eddyville	Hollowware, Shoes
Maryland	State Penitentiary	Baltimore	Shirts, Hollowware, Brushes
Michigan	State Prison	Jackson	Binder Twine
Michigan	Branch Penitentiary	Marquette	Overall Making
Minnesota	State Prison	Stillwater	Binder Twine, Shoes
Missouri	State Prison	Jefferson City . . .	Overalls, Shoes, Brushes
Nebraska	State Penitentiary	Lancaster	Brooms,
New Jersey	State Prison	Trenton	Shoes, Brooms, Shirts
North Dakota	State Penitentiary	Bismarck	Binder Twine
Rhode Island	State Prison	Providence	Shirt Making
South Carolina	State Prison	Columbia	Hosiery Knitting
South Dakota	State Penitentiary	Sioux Falls	Shirt Making
Tennessee	State Penitentiary	Nashville	Hollowware, Hosiery, Shoes
Vermont	State Prison	Windsor	Shoes
West Virginia	State Penitentiary	Moundsville	Skirts, Pants, Brooms, Brushes
Wisconsin	State Prison	Waupun	Hosiery Knitting
Wisconsin	State Reformatory	Green Bay	Shirt Making



Even this blind boy knows the harm of prison competition. Broom making is one of the very few trades at which the sightless worker may earn a living, yet this has become one of the leading industries in our contract prisons. It is a trade useless to the discharged convict and harmful to free labor everywhere

a man of me. So they sold me to—and—; I spent six years in the shirt factory, doing women's work. I was one of the best workmen in the place, but if my work wasn't perfect every day I was clubbed and starved. If my output fell short I was starved and clubbed.

"I stayed there three hundred and twelve weeks. I was worth at least ten dollars a week to the contractors. Altogether they

got over three thousand dollars' worth of my labor. And what did I get out of it?"

He pulled out two bills and a few coins.

"They gave me five dollars on discharge. Three-twenty they gave me to come to New York. Fifteen dollars they allowed me for my own clothes; otherwise they would have fitted me out with a prison suit and overcoat that you could recognize a block away.

"Altogether, my six years of work brought

me \$23.20, and now I'm supposed to be reformed—

"Oh, I'm not bitter over it; what's the use? I got what was coming to me, I suppose.

"But look here. The last book I read in the wormy prison library was something on civil government. It was pretty dry stuff. One chapter was named "The Theory of the State," or something like that. I began to read it; but it occurred to me how little you men who sit at your desks and write about the state can know about it. To you it's only a word. Do you know what it means to us behind the bars? *We* know what the state is. It was the state's attorney who prosecuted us and the state's judge who put us away in the state's prison. The warden who rules us is appointed by the governor, and the governor himself, the highest power in the state, sits on the board of control.

"Once every month, when the parole board meets in the warden's office, to hear appeals, we know that the state is again sitting in judgment upon us.

(In the next article in this series, Mr. Leavitt will describe some of the cruelties practised upon prisoners in order to force a maximum output.)

"But we, in our cells, also sit in judgment upon the state. We know all its pretensions and we know all its deeds; and in the darkness of our cells we come to a decision. We believe that the state which professes to imprison us for our good and for the good of society, and then sells us into slavery; which pretends to teach us a trade and then mocks us by forcing us to compete in the crowded market of woman's labor; which pretends to pay us for our enforced labor and then gives our sweated earnings to an overfed contractor; which professes to fit us for life and fits us only for death—we believe that the state which does these things is no better than we are.

"We have broken only the law; the state has broken faith. We are, most of us, only first offenders; the state is a habitual offender. We know that we are guilty and are eager to reform; the state does not know and does not care. Measured by any human standard the state is worse than we are!"

What could I answer?

L O S T

B Y H . L E W I S

Her hair is dark as blackest night,
A forest where I've lost my way;
And there can pierce no light of day,
Nor any star shall come again.

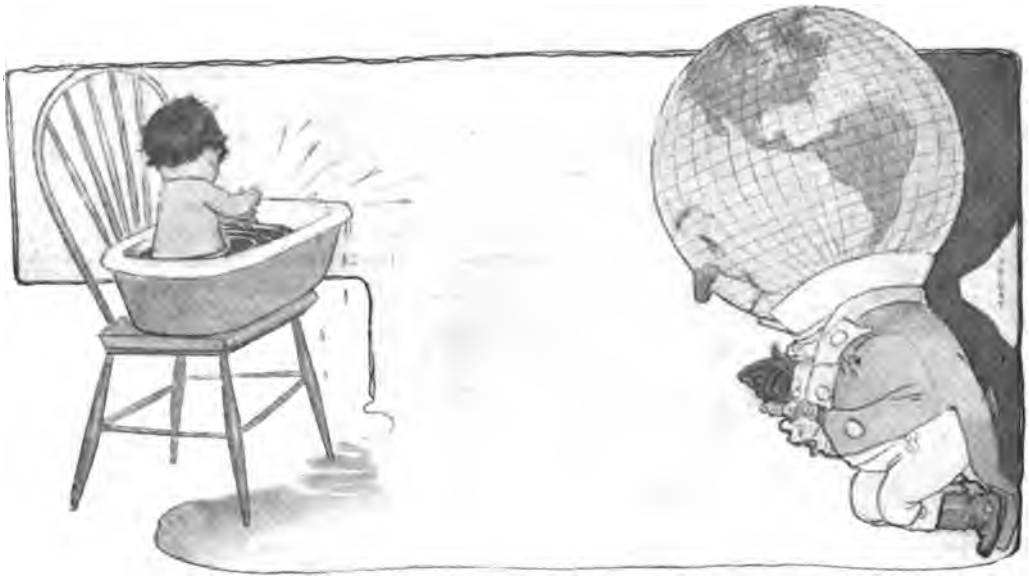
And I, who have so joyed to roam
The open 'neath the naked sky,
No longer see the clouds go by,
Nor sunlight on the bending grain;

For, in my eyes, more beautiful
Than flaming dawn or evening star,
The strands of those dark tresses are,
Where lost I ever must remain.

THE EXPOSITION

BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

She and I went to it, the Big Fair.
We were the whole Attendance.
It was all under one roof which was called The Sky.
Every day this was rehued by invisible brushes, gloriously,
And at night all lit by countless lights, star-shaped,
And arranged curiously in the form of Dippers and things.
It must have cost a fortune in some kind of rare coin
To do it that way.
By day the place was vast and very beautiful.
The far edge of it, all around, was called the Horizon.
Each morning, out of the East,
A huge golden disc came
And swung itself slowly up along the arch of the sky-roof
And settled to the Westward, leaving numerous glories behind.
There was a water-place there, a Lake, with an Inlet and an Outlet.
It was not little and brown like those you see in Madison Square Garden,
But big and blue and clean.
We splashed ourselves in it and laughed, like children.
The Lake had trout in it;
I saw them leap when the water was still
And the golden disc was falling.
I looked around for a Don't sign
But there was none,
So I took a hook and caught some
And She cooked them, for I had built a fire.
(You see one could do almost anything there that one liked.
There were no Rules.)
And there was a Spring, which kept filling itself and filling itself from somewhere,
And spilling itself over its brim into the Lake,
As if it were not a bit afraid there wouldn't be any more.
The Spring was clear and cold,
And we knelt by it and saw ourselves in it,
And sucked its water through our lips.
There were also real trees, beeches and birches,
And sometimes a real wind swayed them
And their leaves made a sound
Like the song of soft voices, blended.
Pines there were, too, and balsams,
But they were very still and dignified
And never bent much even when the wind was in them.
(We rented our cot from the balsams—
The one we slept on the nights we were there.
And, oh, such sleep!)
And hills! you should have seen them!
Each was different from the others,
An individual, but together they made a Range
With a wavy top-line against the sky-roof.
And we climbed the hills and lost our breath,
And on their crests stood long,
And looked out over wooded valleys
Threaded by satin streams.
It was better for our eyes than an oculist's shop.
Then, up there, we would sit down on the moss-cushions, She and I,
And hum some old tunes, some very old tunes,
And be quietly happy—
A sort of happiness that didn't seem to need anything
Outside of itself.
We didn't see the Manager at all,
But there must have been one around there somewhere
To arrange all this and look after it.
And we didn't pay anything to get in;
Our hearts invited us.



THE BABY'S BATH

The Infant Blackshaw as the Center of the Universe

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Buried Alive," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY



MR. BLACKSHAW had a baby. It would be an exaggeration to say that the baby interested the entire town, Bursley being an ancient, *blasé* sort of borough of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Babies, in fact, arrived in Bursley at the rate of more than a

Hanbridge, Knype, Longshaw, and Turnhill —when the medical officer read these memorable words at the monthly meeting of the Council, and the *Staffordshire Signal* reported them, and Mrs. Blackshaw perused them, a blush of pride spread over Mrs. Blackshaw's face, and she picked up the baby's left foot and gave it a little peck of a kiss. She could not help feeling that the real solid foundation of that formidable and magnificent output of babies was her baby. She could not help feeling that she had done something for the town—had caught the public eye.

thousand every year. Nevertheless, a few weeks after the advent of Mrs. Blackshaw's baby, when the medical officer of health reported to the Town Council that the births for the month amounted to ninety-five, and that the birth-rate of Bursley compared favorably with the birth-rates of the sister towns,

As for the baby, except that it was decidedly superior to the average infant in external appearance and pleasantness of disposition, it was, in all essential characteristics, a typical baby—that is to say, it was purely sensuous and it lived the life of the senses. It was utterly selfish. It never thought of anyone but itself. It honestly



No. She put her arm in the water up to the elbow

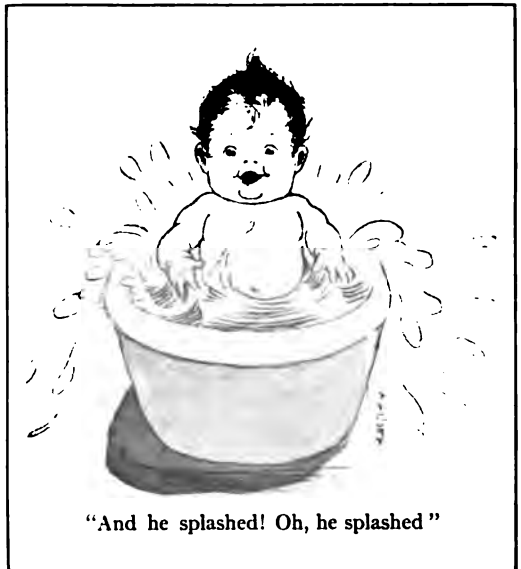
Now, the baby loved its bath. In any case its bath would have been an affair of immense and intricate pomp; but the fact that it loved its bath raised the interest and significance of the bath to the *n*th power. The bath took place at five o'clock in the evening, and it is not too much to say that the idea of the bath was immanent in the very atmosphere of the house. When you have an appointment with the dentist at five o'clock in the afternoon, the idea of the appointment is immanent in your mind from the first moment of your awakening. Conceive that an appointment with the dentist implies heavenly joy instead of infernal pain, and you will have a notion of the daily state of Mrs. Blackshaw and Emmie (the nurse) with regard to the baby's bath.

Even at ten in the morning Emmie would be keeping an eye on the kitchen fire, lest the cook might let it out. And shortly after noon Mrs. Blackshaw would be keeping an eye

imagined itself to be the center of the created universe. It was convinced that the rest of the universe had been brought into existence solely for the convenience and pleasure of it—the baby. When it wanted anything, it made no secret of the fact, and it was always utterly unscrupulous in trying to get what it wanted. If it could have obtained the moon, it would have upset all the astronomers of Europe and made *Whitaker's Almanack* unsalable without a pang. It had no god but its stomach. It never bothered its head about higher things. It was a bully and a coward, and it treated women as beings of a lower order than men. In a word, it was that ideal creature, sung of the poets, from which we gradually sink and fall away as we grow older.

At the age of six months it had quite a lot of hair, and a charming rosy expanse at the back of its neck, caused through lying on its back in contemplation of its own importance. It didn't know the date of the Battle of Hastings, but it knew with the certainty of absolute knowledge that it was the master of the house, and that the activity of the house revolved round it.

on the thermometer in the bedroom where the bath occurred. From four o'clock onward the clocks in the house were spied on and overlooked like suspected persons; but they were used to that, because the baby



"And he splashed! Oh, he splashed"



had his sterilized milk every two hours. I have at length allowed you to penetrate the secret of his sex.

And so at five o'clock precisely the august and exciting ceremony began in the best bedroom. A bright fire was burning (the month being December), and the carefully

shaded electric lights were also burning. A large bath towel was spread in a convenient place on the floor, and on the towel were two chairs facing each other, and a table. On one chair was the bath, and on the other was Mrs. Blackshaw with her sleeves rolled up, and on Mrs. Blackshaw was another towel,



and on that towel was Roger (the baby). On the table were zinc ointment, vaseline, scentless eau de cologne, castile soap, and a powder puff.

Emmie having pretty nearly filled the bath with a combination of hot and cold waters, dropped the floating thermometer into it, and then added more waters until the thermometer indicated the precise temperature proper for a baby's bath. But you are not to imagine that Mrs. Blackshaw trusted a mere thermometer. No. She put her arm in the water up to the elbow. She reckoned the sensitive skin near the elbow was worth forty thermometers.

Emmie was chiefly an audience. Mrs. Blackshaw had engaged her as nurse, but she could have taught a negro boy to do all that she allowed the nurse to do. During the bath Mrs. Blackshaw and Emmie hated and scorned each other, despite their joy. Emmie was twice Mrs. Blackshaw's age, besides being twice her weight, and she knew twice as much about babies as Mrs. Blackshaw did. However, Mrs. Blackshaw had the terrific advantage of being the mother of that particular infant, and she could always end an argument when she chose, and in her own favor. It was unjust, and Emmie felt it to be unjust; but this is not a world of justice.

Roger, though not at all precocious, was perfectly aware of the carefully concealed hostility between his mother and his nurse, and often, with his usual unscrupulousness, he used it for his own ends. He was sitting upon his mother's knees toying with the

edge of the bath, already tasting its delights in advance. Mrs. Blackshaw undressed the upper half of him, and then she laid him on the flat of his back and undressed the lower half of him, but keeping some wisp of a garment round his equatorial regions. And then she washed his face with a sponge and the castile soap, very gently, but not half gently enough for Emmie, nor half gently enough for Roger, for Roger looked upon this part of the business as insulting and superfluous. He breathed hard and kicked his feet nearly off.

"Yes, it's dreadful having our face washed, isn't it?" said Mrs. Blackshaw, with her sleeves up, and her hair by this time down. "We don't like it, do we? Yes, yes."

Emmie grunted, without a sound, and yet Mrs. Blackshaw heard her, and finished that face quickly and turned to the hands.

"Potato-gardens every day," she said. "Evzy day-day. Enough of that, Colonel!" (For, after all, she had plenty of spirit.) "Fat little creases! Fat little creases! There! He likes that! There! Feet! Feet! Feet and legs! Then our back! And then *whup*



we shall go into the bath! That's it. Kick! Kick your mother!"

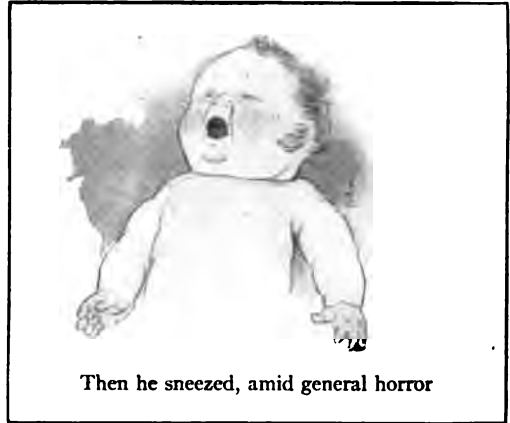
And she turned him over.

"Incredible bungler!" said the eyes of the nurse. "Can't she turn him over neater than that!"

"Harridan!" said the eyes of Mrs. Blackshaw. "I wouldn't let you bathe him for twenty thousand pounds!"

Roger continued to breathe hard, as if his mother were a horse and he were rubbing her down.

"Now! Zoop! Whup!" cried his mother, and having deprived him of his final rag, she picked him up and sat him in the bath, and he was divinely happy, and so were the women. He appeared a gross little animal in the bath, all the tings of his flesh shimmering under the electric light. His chest was superb, but the rolled and creased bigness of his inordinate stomach was simply appalling, not to mention his great thighs and calves. The truth was, he had grown so that if he had been only a little bit bigger, he would



Then he sneezed, amid general horror

have burst the bath. He resembled an old man who had been steadily eating too much for about forty years.

His two womenfolk now candidly and openly worshiped him, forgetting sectarian differences.

And he splashed. Oh! he splashed. You

see, he had learned how to splash, and he had certainly got an inkling that to splash was wicked and messy. So he splashed—in his mother's face, in Emmie's face, in the fire, pretty well splashed the fire out. Ten minutes before, the bedroom had been tidy, a thing of beauty. It was now naught but a wild welter of towels, socks, binders — peninsulas of clothes nearly surrounded by water.

Finally his mother seized him again, and, rearing his little legs up out of the water, immersed the whole of his inflated torso beneath the surface.

"Hallo!" she exclaimed. "Did the water run over his mouf? Did it?"

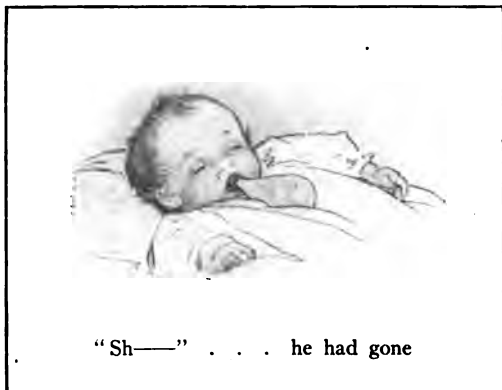
"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! How clumsy she is!" commented the eyes of Emmie.

"There! I sink that's about long enough for this kind of wevver," said the mother.

"I should think it was! There's almost a crust of ice on the water now!" the nurse refrained from saying.



But he found time to gaze around the room, too



"Sh——" . . . he had gone

And Roger, full of regrets, was wrenched out of the bath. He had ceased breathing hard while in the water, but he began again immediately he emerged.

"We don't like our face wiped, do we?" said his mother on his behalf. "We want to go back into that bath. We like it. It's more fun than anything that happens all day long!"

And all the while she wiped him, patted eau de cologne into him with the flat of her hand, and rubbed zinc ointment into him, and massaged him, and powdered him, and turned him over and over and over, till he was thoroughly well basted and cooked. And he kept on breathing hard.

Then he sneezed, amid general horror!

"I told you so!" the nurse didn't say, and she rushed to the bed where all the idol's beautiful, clean, aired things were lying safe from splashings, and handed a flannel shirt, about two inches in length, to Mrs. Blackshaw. And Mrs. Blackshaw rolled the left sleeve of it into a wad and stuck it over his arm.

"We don't like clothes, do we?" said his mother. "We want to tumble back into our tub. We are

not much for clothes anyway. We're a little Hottentot, aren't we?"

And then it might have been observed that he was no longer breathing hard, but giving vent to a sound between a laugh and a cry, while sucking his thumb and gazing round the room.

"That's our little affected cry that we start for our milk, isn't it?" his mother explained to him.

And he agreed that it was.

And before Emmie could fly across the room for the bottle, all ready and waiting, his mouth, in the shape of a perfect rectangle, had monopolized five-sixths of his face, and he was scarlet and bellowing with impatience.

He took the bottle like a tiger his prey, and seized his mother's hand that held the bottle, and he furiously pumped the milk into that insatiable gulf of a stomach. But he found time to gaze about the room too.

"Yes, that's it," said his mother. "Now look round and see what's happening, Curiosity! Well, if you *will* bob your head, I can't help it."

"Of course you can!" the nurse didn't say.

Then he put his finger into his mouth side by side with the bottle, and gagged himself, and choked, and gave a terrible—excuse the

word—hiccough. After which he seemed to lose interest in the milk, and the pumping operations slackened and then ceased.

"Goosey!" whispered his mother, "getting seepy. Is the sandman throwing sand in our eyes? Old Sandman at it? Sh——" . . . He had gone.

Emmie took him. The women spoke in whispers. And Mrs. Blackshaw, after a day spent in being a mother, reconstituted herself a wife, and began to beautify herself for her husband.



And began to beautify herself for her husband

INTERESTING PEOPLE

The great success of a popular artist who never stops working, chronicled by Julian Street. A Harvard professor who plans engineering works and city charters, and has more enthusiasm than his pupils. Helen Keller's story of a journalist who stuck to his guns in Cuba. A little working-girl who outwitted the Illinois Legislature. And a man who has become the Patron Saint of fruit shippers.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

LAST week, at a dinner party, a young girl clasped her hands, gazed with starry eyes and asked me *please* to tell her *all* about James Montgomery Flagg. So I began by telling how he looks: over six feet tall, built like the Apollo Belvidere, but younger, better looking and better dressed.

Had this young girl been a business man, (a difficult thing, by the way, for a young girl to be) I should have begun quite differently. In that case I should have told how Flagg had his first drawing published in "Life" at the age of fourteen; how at fifteen he was making twelve hundred dollars a year from his work (although he didn't need to), and how, now, at thirty-four he could boast with Mr. Hoggenheimer, "I don't have to say good-morning to anybody—I'm rich."

Again, had the young girl been an artist, I could have started out by telling her with what splendid industry and facility Flagg works. By ten minutes of nine every morning he has breakfasted and run through his mail with its requests for autographs or original drawings (!), and its pathetic pleas from bankers, begging for a portion of his business. Brushing the letters aside with a weary gesture, he pushes back, with some difficulty, the massive throne which serves him as a breakfast chair, and lights a cheap cigarette, the only inelegant thing about him.

At nine o'clock enters the chief lady-in-waiting—I mean the waitress, but one instinctively drops into regal or romantic forms in writing of this artist—who throws wide the portals of the studio. The furniture and decorations of this vast apartment account for the present bareness of a number of Italian palaces. As Mr. Flagg enters, the waiting model strikes a pose. If it be a man-

model he clasps a jointed wooden lady in his arms; if a woman model, she gives herself into the cold embraces of a dummy. By noon the picture is completed and delivered to an eager editor; by one o'clock the magazine has issued bonds to pay for it; by two a moving van arrives before the artist's door with the money, and by three a mysterious influence has been felt at work upon the stock market, and everything is up.

I do not know of anyone more keenly and ironically observant, or more gifted as to rapid technique and faithful portraiture than Mr. Flagg. At the annual banquet of the Dutch Treat Club, an organization of artists, editors and writers in New York, I have on several occasions seen these talents exhibited in a way that made me think of fireworks. Setting his easel before the speaker's table, Mr. Flagg makes rapid caricatures in charcoal, of each speaker who stands up to talk. In some instances these sketches are made in three or four minutes, yet the likeness is always comically sure. Mr. Flagg's well-known pen and ink portrait of W. J. Locke, the English novelist, remarkable both as a likeness and a dashing drawing, was done in less than five minutes, while Mr. Locke was sitting at table and conversing, quite unaware that he was being drawn.

But gifted as Mr. Flagg is in his craft, I agree with Mr. Charles Dana Gibson that it is in humor that he excels. "I don't know of anyone with a greater gift for humor," Mr. Gibson has said to me. "It is in every line he draws. Flagg is a big man, and he is getting bigger all the time."

His humor is like some inexhaustible, bubbling spring. He uses all he can of it in his drawings, but he can't draw it as fast as it pours out. There is a tremendous overflow—a deluge of comment, caustic and comic, an ironical appreciation of every funny little foible of humanity. Some of this comment comes in conversation, some in prose and some in verse, as witness, for example this

classic limerick from Mr. Flagg's book, "Tomfoolery":

"Said the Reverend Jabez McCotton:
'The waltz of the devil's begotten.'
Said Jones to Miss Bly:
'Never mind the old guy;
To the pure almost everything's rotten.'"

Switching his talent suddenly into another channel, Mr. Flagg will paint an oil portrait for you. His portrait of Mark Twain hanging in the Lotos Club is one of his best-known oils; another is the portrait of John Drew which adorns the lobby of the Empire Theatre.

But it is as an illustrator that any writer who has worked with him must like him best. The beauty, from the author's standpoint, of working with Mr. Flagg is that you need have no ideas yourself. He has enough for both. You merely let your mind remain a blank—which, as you must know, gentle reader, an author finds no difficulty in doing—and trust all to the ebullient Mr. Flagg. While he sits and draws the pictures for your article, he will tell you, over his shoulder, what to write about them. You merely have to jot down his remarks and sign your name when he gets through. He never knows the difference.

JULIAN STREET.

LEWIS JEROME JOHNSON

CIVIL engineer and civic engineer, builder of the Harvard Stadium, leader in the Single Tax movement, author of an ideal charter for the city of Cambridge, propagandist for everything he believes in: Prof. Lewis Jerome Johnson of Harvard University is a tornado of efficient enthusiasm sweeping out the cobwebs of petty doubts, and the whole litter and rubbish of habits, caste-feeling, prejudice and snobbishness.

His pupils seem middle-aged and settled by comparison. He makes most people feel as if they were about half alive. Come within radiating distance of him, and if you have time to think of yourself, you'll feel like a listless, anemic putterer. In a few minutes you'll hear him go at a vested stupidity and smash it with a bludgeon of genial indignation which makes you want to laugh for joy at the sport of it. On top of indignation comes enthusiasm over a piece of democratic good news from Vancouver or Denmark, explained and expounded in spite of dinner, other engagements, and the routine of things. "Oh," he sighed to me once, "I can't stand it. Life's getting too interesting for me."

He hails you from across the street as you go sauntering along worrying about yourself. "You know," he will say, "the Grand Junction scheme for the recall is better than the Los Angeles one. Look here," and he fishes out of his green students' bag, charts, statistics, newspaper reports, and proves it to you then and there in the sunshine with the cars clanging by.

But his energy doesn't sputter. It has the quality of completing effectively whatever it undertakes. In the city of Cambridge they need among other things a new charter, for the present one is obviously a treasure for the Historical Society which preserves so carefully the Washington Elm and the minds of some of the inhabitants. So with a few others, principally engineers like himself, he set to work to draw up for Cambridge the most democratically efficient charter it was possible to devise. He went for his inspiration and for his models to the experiments of democrats the world over—to New Zealand, and Switzerland, to Des Moines, to U'Ren's work in Oregon. He studied their failures and their successes, and he helped write a charter based on their experience.

"But," protested a Boston banker, "it's all very well in New Zealand and Switzerland, but that doesn't prove it'll work in Massachusetts."

"Well, it works in Oregon, doesn't it?"

"Ah yes," replied the practical man to the theorist, "but Oregon isn't Massachusetts."

"I tell you," said Johnson, "what kind of proof you want. You want me to prove that it has worked well in Massachusetts for a hundred years. Then you'll be convinced that it'll work well in Massachusetts. You're not from Missouri: you're from Massachusetts."

He told about this encounter at a dinner of more or less radical college students. "It's high time," he continued, "that the applied scientist took a hand in politics. We engineers are taught to make things for people to use and enjoy. We build bridges for men, not for dividends. When government is handled as an applied science, our politics will be as good as our bridges."

Men are bothered at first by all the precision and accuracy and efficiency of minds like his. They wonder, as I did, whether it means not only the end of waste and confusion but of beauty too, and the sense of wonder.

On the night of President Lowell's inauguration we marched to the Stadium by classes, carrying torches. There was a good deal of parading, and cheering, and speech-making. I met Professor Johnson the next day, and I asked him what he thought of our performance.



Photograph by Heintze

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Arnold Bennett of illustrators. Equally at home with charcoal, crayon, pen-and-ink and oils. An ambitious and clever artist. One of the great successes in his profession. Also an interesting and witty writer



Photograph by Allyn Hall

LEWIS JEROME JOHNSON

Professor of Engineering in Harvard College. Builder of the new stadium where great athletic contests, outdoor plays and Class Day exercises are held. Also author of a proposed city charter for Cambridge. An able and enthusiastic man, of remarkable versatility



JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN

A daily newspaper journalist of high ideals whom Helen Keller writes about in these pages. As representative of the *New York Evening Post* in Cuba, Mr. Chamberlin, alone among war correspondents, showed up the pettiness and uselessness of the war

"Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't see much of it. I was watching the Stadium." It was the first time I had heard him comment about the thing he had built. "I was looking at the sweep of it. It was fine by the October light." I was satisfied, assured that the precision and accuracy of the scientist is coming not only to end waste, but to create things of use, and to enjoy them in their highest use, which is beauty.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN

THIRTEEN years ago, when I was preparing for college, my teacher and I were guests at the Red Farm, which overlooks a beautiful lake in Wrentham, Massachusetts. What a solace it was to turn from the harassments of

learning to the frolicsome company of that household! What a joy it was to desert the wanderings of the "Anabasis," and go with three lovely children on real excursions by the shore of the lake and into the dusky woods! But that summer we were all lonely; for the master of the house was far away in Cuba.

Mr. Chamberlin was war correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*. He was following the fortunes of an army less celebrated than the army of the Ten Thousand. My teacher used to read me what he wrote for the newspapers and in his letters about our inglorious war with Spain. We found that Xenophon was a less sincere war correspondent than "Uncle Ed." For Xenophon was an old-fashioned chronicler of the heroisms of war, and Mr. Chamberlin was a lover of men. I must say that Uncle Ed's accounts of battles and sieges were very disappointing. The

letters of some of the other correspondents abounded in thrilling adventures and picturesque situations. Mr. Chamberlin told us of men underfed and dying of fever, of polluted streams and wells, of mismanaged commissariats. When we asked him to make his reports more heroic and patriotic, he replied that he could not describe what he did not see, or narrate what did not happen. When word came by telegraph that our men had driven the Spaniards from their strongest positions, we imagined a fierce army of Weylers, black-bearded desperadoes overcome by the superior valor of American soldiers. A few days later Mr. Chamberlin's letter described a handful of Spanish boys, mild-mannered, soft-voiced, willing to shoot and be shot, but with no very clear idea of what the war was about.

The "Listener in the Town" and the "Listener in the Country" brought to the battlefield an intellectual honesty, a sense of justice, a tender humanity which were wasted upon readers who preferred exciting fiction to disillusion and truthfulness. That Mr. Chamberlin knows what true heroism is, his excellent life of John Brown bears eloquent witness. Yet I think that he is a better biographer of bird, tree and flower.

How glad we were to get him back from Cuba, and to walk with him again in the fields and woods, whose inhabitants were his life-long friends! For forty years he has been a busy journalist, working in Chicago, Newport, Boston, and in New York, where he is now editorial writer and critic for the *Evening Mail*. His vacation hours he has spent in the heart of nature, and he has told me more than any other of my friends about shy creatures that love shady places and hide in the hollow of tree and wall. He knows all the plants that grow, and all the birds that fly between Newbury, Vermont, and Wrentham, Massachusetts. The collection of his sketches from the well-known column of the *Boston Transcript*, called "The Listener," contains as fine flashes of descriptive writing as any I have read. "My Whippoorwill," for instance, is the expression of a man with rare gifts of style and still rarer gifts of perception. His portraits of dogs have the quality so remarkable in Maeterlinck's essay and in "Rab and His Friends"—truth to the personality of the dog without the false imputation of human characteristics to our four-footed comrades.

Mr. Chamberlin's newspaper work has made it necessary for him to live in many parts of the country. Wherever he has set up

his household gods, he has surrounded them with a little garden, and although he knew his tenancy was to be brief, he always planted trees for later comers to enjoy. At Wrentham he gathered about him a host of friends—men and women already distinguished in their profession, as well as young men and women hoping to become famous and much in need of his unflinching help. Many young writers owe their start to Mr. Chamberlin. But of course I have no right to express their gratitude. All I can say is that I am still learning from that book of nature, from that special page in it which he first interpreted for me. He is so inseparably associated with this corner of Massachusetts that I regard him as a habitant here and only a visitor in New York.

I understand that newspapers are not hospitable to radical and progressive ideas. Mr. Chamberlin's thought, as he expresses it to his friends, is far in advance of his written work. His conscience is alive to the wrongs and perils of our social institutions. Long before I knew what it all meant, he talked with us about Socialism and William Morris's "News from Nowhere." The work of a journalist is for the greater part anonymous, so that Mr. Chamberlin's name may be unknown to many readers of these words. The affections and services of friends are also anonymous. The influences which most ennobles and sweetens life may be hidden from fame; but they live immortal in other lives.

HELEN KELLER.

AGNES NESTOR

AMONG the throng drawn to the capitol of Illinois during the session of 1911 one figure, that of a gray-eyed, sweet-faced little working girl became familiar to every legislator, doorkeeper and page. To the casual visitor's question as to who the girl in the gallery was the answer would have been:

"That's little Miss Nestor, Agnes Nestor, a glove maker by trade. She's one of the girls that the Unions have sent down here to lobby for bill 440. "The Girls' Bill" we call it. Two years ago she engineered a bill through the Legislature limiting the hours of women factory workers to ten a day. Now she wants us to give the same protection to girls in mercantile establishments, to telegraph and telephone operators and so forth. Pass? Of course it won't pass. The employers will put up a great fight. It may get



AGNES NESTOR

An earnest, energetic little glove-maker, who, single-handed, has engineered bills favorable to working girls through the Illinois Legislature. Practically alone against the powers that have opposed her, she has outwitted them all by her political sense.



G. HAROLD POWELL

Who is teaching the world how to save millions in packing and shipping fruit. "Fruit is a living organism, with an allotted span of existence," he says. "Harsh handling shortens its life, and renders it valueless for food"

through the Senate but it will be killed in the House."

But Agnes Nestor herself was sure that the bill would go through. It was that faith that kept her thirteen long weeks at the capitol, never missing one legislative day. Sometimes she might be seen in the corridors button-holing the members. Their attitude toward her bill she noted in a little book that lay ready to her hand in the large shopping bag she always carried.

Throughout the session her advice was sought by the friends of the bill both in House and Senate. Upon one occasion the representative introducing the bill in the House actually asked the members to waive their rules and allow Agnes Nestor to come down on the floor that he might confer with her.

The conference concerned the wisdom of accepting an amendment to the bill. Agnes Nestor absolutely refused her consent to that

bill being touched. She said that she knew it could be passed just as it was drafted. Both her friends and enemies said that it did not have a ghost of a chance.

"No amendment," she said. She did not take this stand from mere stubbornness. She took it because in her knowledge of the amendments they proposed she knew that one would invalidate the bill in the supreme court, and that others were not practical.

But in spite of all her opposition an amendment was adopted. It was so worded that many of the bill's friends voted for its adoption in good faith. Yet it was so vicious in its intention that as soon as it was understood the same men would vote it down. It is an old political trick—to change a bill so that its original friends will defeat it.

The employers thought that the fight was over. They all left for home. The girls had been put to rout.

"Well, girls, are you alive?" Some one called to the group as they drooped in the gallery.

"You bet we're alive, and fighting too," Agnes said. She was Irish enough not to know she was beaten. She was parliamentary enough to see that one chance remained to win. The chance was this:

She must not fall into that trap and have the amended bill defeated. That would then be the end of it. She must rally her forces and *pass the battered bill*. There was then the chance of the Senate refusing to concur in the amendment and of the House voting to rescind from the amendment. In plain language: that the Senate might say "We won't pass your bill in this battered form" and of the House saying, "Very well, we will restore it to its original form."

They said afterwards that the girl's tactics were masterly. But two days of the session remained. In the rush and fury of those last hours she made busy men listen to her plan. "Vote for the bill the way it stands?" they said. "You don't mean it!"

To the surprise of the opposition therefore the battered bill passed. Of course the enemy voted for it. Of course the men in favor of the bill as it had originally stood voted for it. It passed almost unanimously. And then, as the girls had hoped, the Senate wouldn't concur, the bill came back to the house and the motion to rescind went through. The girls' bill in its original form needed but the Governor's signature to become law. A moment after, the hands of the big clock touched twelve.

Then down from the gallery came a tired little general. So many people wanted to shake her hand that she could scarcely get down the stairs. The day before she had been heart-sick and weary. That night in the flush of her triumph her fatigue dropped from her like a garment, as fatigue always does when one has conquered. Nothing remained to be done but to go back to Chicago and tell the girls the good news.

In her modesty she did not tell them what many legislators were saying: That no cleverer, more skillful lobbyist, man or woman, comes down to the capitol of Illinois than Agnes Nestor. OCTAVIA ROBERTS.

G. HAROLD POWELL

AS children we were taught to be kind to the dumb animals; and now comes a man, G. Harold Powell by name, and tells those who have dealings with fruit that they must be careful of

the apple, courteous to the peach, and considerate of the orange. He points out that a fruit is a living organism with an allotted span of existence; and that harsh handling opens the way to disease, shortens its life and renders it valueless as food.

Mr. Powell is one of those enviable beings whose work follows the line of their inclinations, which always has a tendency to make them efficient, honest and happy. He comes from wholesome Quaker ancestry and sound pomological stock. George T. Powell, his father, is president of the Agricultural Experts Association, and Lecturer on Agriculture at Columbia, where he gives a special course to those city folk who own country places.

It was on his father's model farm at Ghent, New York, that young Powell was brought up to use his little hatchet for pruning only, and to call each prize apple pleasantly by its Latin name. His reward came at Cornell, where he was given charge of the horticultural grounds and investigations during the summer months of his student years. As soon as he had taken his master's degree, which was in 1896, he was needed as horticulturist at the Delaware Experimenting Station, and after five years of notable work was called to serve a government which could no longer do without him in its Bureau of Plant Industry.

Mr. Powell's first government detail was an investigation of the keeping qualities of fruit in cold storage and he has worked largely along that line ever since.

Two general conclusions have been reached by Mr. Powell and his band of plant specialists with regard to the keeping qualities of fruit in storage and in transportation: first, that rough mechanical handling increases greatly the liability of all fruit to disease; and, second, that cooling as quickly as possible after picking prolongs the life of fruit by retarding the ripening process, which in warm weather goes on more rapidly off than on the tree. Simple!!! In one state, California, the losses from decay on oranges alone sometimes ran as high as \$1,500,000 in a single year, and by precooling this loss has been practically eliminated. Another general result of the investigation is that fruit may be enhanced in flavor by longer hanging on the tree, and still be shipped over much greater geographical areas than formerly.

Having been born and brought up pomologically Mr. Powell is not overawed by his science nor does he make a mystery of it to awe others. He has punctured many popular

fallacious theories—among them, that apples and some other fruits keep better and are less liable to disease when picked green; and that fruit removed from storage decays more quickly than fruit that has been unstored but is equally ripe and held in the same temperature as the first after storage. In these matters the whole world was from Missouri, and has required to be shown by a series of the most elaborately careful experiments. Then also, in peach-growing localities, in apple-growing regions, in the land where the orange blooms, Mr. Powell heard much talk among growers with a smattering of pomology about the influence of stock, soil, water, fogs, gravity and psychic influence on the keeping qualities of fruit. They were shown conclusively that the difference lay in the efficiency of the labor, the equipment and sanitary conditions of the packing houses, and so on. Truly, it is the *little* foxes that spoil the vines. The nail in the barrel or box, nearby piles of decayed fruit to scatter disease, gravel or twigs in the bottom of a picking box, the use of pointed instead of blunt clippers, the puncturing stem of a neighboring fruit, the sharp finger nails of a picker, bruises from dropping, dirty, spore-infested water or a broken wire in a wash tank, a protruding screw in a brush, a bolt extending into a runway, excessive speed of machinery: all these little things have power to wound and are the material causes that give opening to decay in storage or transit and may transform a fine, beautiful fruit into a diseased, moldy wreck.

Precooling is one of the little contributions of science to trade presented through Mr. Powell and his associates. Air is cooled over coils of pipe containing gaseous ammonia and forced by fans through cold-air ducts into precooling rooms in a packing house, or in the case of the railroad plants, into fruit-filled cars upon the track. By this process it is possible in as little time as four hours to reduce fruit from a temperature of 100° to 45°.

It hardly seems fair even to endeavor to

summarize in a paragraph or two the careful, patient, scientific work of years. Mr. Powell's learned and lucid expositions of pomological matters cover a wide range of investigation from the top-working of orchard trees to the lemon industry in Italy, and are obtainable free from the Department of Agriculture. His work has been of incalculable value: the one feature alone of fixing the responsibility of decay of fruit in transit has brought about better relations between transportation companies and shippers, revolutionized methods of handling, and, as said above, saved millions of dollars annually.

Two years ago Mr. Powell went as government representative to the First International Congress of Refrigerating Industries, at Paris; and last year, in the absence of Chief Gallo-way in Asia, was acting chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry with its force of fifteen hundred people.

So profoundly were the orange and lemon growers of California impressed with Mr. Powell's investigations in their field that they offered him a large salary to go to Los Angeles as secretary and manager of the Citrus Protective League, which represents 90 per cent. of the California growers and concerns itself with public policy questions such as tariff, transportation and methods of handling, leaving distribution and marketing to the local coöperative exchanges. The Department of Agriculture insisted upon Mr. Powell's retaining connection with the Bureau of Plant Industry as collaborator and consulting pomologist.

Mr. Powell commenced his new work in January, 1910, and took his wife, who was a classmate at Cornell, and their three young pomologists, to the land of the orange. He confesses that his change of base was partially influenced by the fact that while he was studying the blue mold spores which attack the orange, he himself became inoculated with a germ which frequently attacks human beings—the California bacillus.

FRANCES A. GROFF.

MAKING A MAN OF HERSELF

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Uneasy Woman," etc.

FRESH attacks on life, like chemical experiments, turn up unexpected by-products. The Uneasy Woman, driven by the thirst for greater freedom and believing man's way of life will assuage it, lays siege to his kingdom. Some of the unexpected loot she has carried away still embarrasses her. Not a little, however, is of such undeniable advantage that she may fairly contend that its capture alone justifies her campaign.

Go to-day into many a woman's club house, into many a drawing-room or studio at, let us say, the afternoon tea hour, and what will you see? One or probably more women in mannish suits and boots calmly smoking cigarettes while they talk, and talk well, about things in which women are not supposed to be interested, but which it is apparent they understand.

Look the exhibit over. It is made, you at once recognize, by women of character, position, and sense. They have simply found certain masculine ways to their liking and adopted them. The probability is that if anybody should object to their habits many of them would be as bewildered as are the great majority of Americans by the demonstration that "nice" women can smoke and think nothing of it!

The cigarette, the boot, and much of the talk are only by-products of the woman's invasion of the man's world. She did not set out to win these spoils. They came to her in the campaign!

The objects of her attack were things she considered more fundamental. She was dissatisfied with the way her brain was being trained, her time employed, her influence directed. "Give us the man's way," was her demand, "then we shall understand real things, can fill our days with important tasks, will count as human beings."

There was no uncertainty in her notion of how this was to be accomplished. A woman rarely feels uncertainty about methods. She

instinctively sees a way and follows it with assurance. Half her irritation against man has always been that he is a spendthrift with time and talk. Madame Roland, sitting at her sewing table listening to the excited debate of the Revolutionists in her salon, mourned that though the ideas were many, the resulting measures were few. It is the woman's eternal complaint against discussion—nothing comes of it. In a country like our own, where reflection usually follows action, the woman's natural mental attitude is exaggerated. It is one reason why we have so few houses where there is anything like conversation, why with us the salon as an institution is out of question. The woman wants immediately to incorporate her ideas. She is not interested in turning them over, letting her mind play with them. She has no patience with other points of view than her own. They are *wrong*—therefore why consider them? She detests uncertainties—questions which cannot be settled. Only by man and the rare woman is it accepted that talk is a good enough end in itself.

The strength of woman's attack on man's life, apart from the essential soundness of the impulse which drove her to make it, lay then in its directness and practicality. She began by asking to be educated in the same way that man educated himself. Preferably she would enter his classroom, or if that was denied her she would follow the "just-as-good" curriculum of the college founded for her. In the last sixty or seventy years tens of thousands of women have been students in American universities, colleges, and technical schools, taking there the same training as men. In the last twenty years the annual crescendo of numbers has been amazing; over ten thousand at the beginning of the period, over fifty-two thousand at the end. Over eight thousand degrees were given to women in 1910, nearly half as many as were given to men. Fully four-fifths of these women students and graduates have worked side by

side with men in schools which served both equally.

Here then is a great mass of experience from which it would seem that we ought to be able to say precisely how the intellects of the two sexes act and react under the stimulus of serious study, to decide definitely whether their attack on problems is the same, whether they come out the same. Nevertheless, he would be a rash observer who would pretend to lay down hard-and-fast generalizations. Assert whatever you will as to the mind of woman at work and some unimpeachable authority will rise up with experience that contradicts you. But the same may be said of the mind of man. The mind—*per se*—is a variable and disconcerting organ.

But admitting all this—certain generalizations, on the whole correct, may be made from our experience with coeducation.

One of the first of these is that at the start the woman takes her work more seriously than her masculine competitor. Fifty years ago there was special reason for this. The few who in those early days sought a man's education had something of the spirit of pioneers. They had set themselves a lofty task; to prove themselves the equal of man—to win privileges which they believed were maliciously denied their sex. The spirit with which they attacked their studies was illumined by the loftiness of their aim. The girl who enters college now-a-days has rarely the opportunity to be either pioneer or martyr. She is doing what has come to be regarded as a matter of course. Nevertheless, to-day as then, she is more consciously on her mettle than the man.

Her attention, interest, respectfulness, docility will be ahead of his. It will at once be apparent that she carries the larger stock of *untaught* knowledge. In the classroom she will usually outstep him in mathematics. It is an ideal subject for her, satisfying her talent for order, for making things "come out right." Her memory will serve her better. She can depend upon it to carry more exceptions to rules, more fantastic irregular verbs, more dates, more lists of kings and queens, battles and generals, and on the whole she will treat this sort of impedimenta with more respect. She will know less of abstract ideas, of philosophies and speculations. They will interest her less. The chances are that she will be less skillful with microscope and scalpel, though this is not certain. She will have less enthusiasm for technical problems, or machinery and engineering; more for social problems, particularly when it is a

question of meeting them with preventives or remedies. In the first two or three years after entering college, she will almost invariably appear superior to the men of her age, more grown up, more interested, surer of herself, readier. Later you will find her on the whole less inclined to experiment with her gifts, to feel her wings, to make unexpected dashes into life. It begins to look as if he were the experimenter, she the conservative. And by the time she is a senior, look out! The chances are she will have less interest from now on with man's business and more with her own! In any case she will rarely develop as rapidly in his field from this point as he is doing.

He becomes assertive, confident, dominating; the male taking a male's place. He discovers that his intellectual processes are more scientific than hers, therefore he concludes they are superior. He finds he can out-argue her, draw logical conclusions as she cannot. He can do anything with her but convince her, for she jumps the process, lands on her conclusion, and there she sits. Things are so because they are so. And the chances are she is right in spite of the irregular way she got there. Something superior to reason enters into her operations—an intuition of truth akin to inspiration. In early ages women unusually endowed with this quality of perception were honored as seers. To-day they are recognized as counselors of prophetic wisdom. "If I had taken my wife's advice!" How often one hears it!

One most important fact has come out of our great coeducational experiment: The college cannot entirely rub femininity out and masculinity into a woman's brain. The woman's mind is still the woman's mind, although she is usually the last to recognize it. It is another proof of the eternal fact that nature looks after her own good works!

But it takes more than a college course to make an efficient, flexible, and trustworthy organ from a mind, masculine or feminine. It must be applied to productive labor in competition with other trained minds, before you can decide what it is worth. Set the man-trained woman's mind at what is called man's business, let it be what you will—keeping a shop, practising medicine or law, editing, running a factory—let her do it in what she considers to be a man's way, and with fidelity to her original theory that his way is more desirable than hers; that is, let her succeed in the task of making a man of herself—what about her?—what kind of a man does she become?

Here again there is ample experience to go

on. For seventy years we have had them with us—the stern disciples of the militant program. Greater fidelity to a task than they show it would be impossible to find—a fidelity so unwavering that it is often painful. Their care for detail, for order, for exactness is endless. Dignity, respect for their undertaking, devotion to professional etiquette they may be counted on to show in the highest degree. These are admirable qualities. They have led hundreds of women into independence and good service. Almost never, however, have they led one to the top. In free fields such as merchandising, editing, and manufacturing we have yet to produce a woman of the first caliber; that is, daring, experimenting, free from prejudice, with a vision of the future great enough to lead her to embody something of the future in her task.

In every profession we have scores of successful women—almost never a *great* woman, and yet the world is full of great women! That is, of women who understand, are familiar with the big sacrifices, appreciative of the fine things, far-seeing, prophetic. Why does this greatness so rarely find expression in their professional undertakings?

The answer is no doubt complex, but one factor is the general notion of the woman that if she succeeds she must suppress her natural emotions and meet the world with a surface as non-resilient as she conceives that of man to be in his dealings with the world. She is strengthened in this notion by hard necessity. No woman could live and respond as freely as her nature prompts to the calls on her sympathy which come in the contact with all conditions of life involved in practising a trade or a profession. She must save herself. To do it she incases herself in an unnatural armor. For the normal, healthy woman this means the suppression of what is strongest in her nature, that power which differentiates her chiefly from man, her power of emotion, her "affectability" as the scientists call it. She must overcome her own nature, put it in bonds, cripple it, if she is to do her work. Here is a fundamental reason for the failure of woman to reach the first rank. She has sacrificed the most wonderful part of her endowment, that which when trained gives her vision, sharpens her intuitions, reveals the need and the true course. This superior affectability crushed, leaves her atrophied. *Unless a woman feels, she cannot see.*

The common characterization of this atrophied woman is that she is "cold." It is the exact word. She is cold, also she is self-centered and intensely personal. Let a

woman make success in a trade or profession her exclusive and sufficient ambition, and the result, though it may be brilliant, is repellant.

She gives to her task an altogether disproportionate place in her scheme of things. Life is not made by work, important as is work in life. Human nature has varied needs. It calls imperatively for a task, something to do with brain and hands—a productive something which fits the common good, without which the world would not be as orderly and as happy. Say what we will, it matters very little what the task is—if it contributes in some fashion to this superior orderliness and happiness. But it means more. It means leisure, pleasure, excitements; it means feeding of the taste, the curiosity, the emotions, the reflective powers; and it means love, love of the mate, the child, the friend, and neighbor. It means reverence for the scheme of things and one's place in it; worship of the author of it, religion.

But the woman sternly set to do a man's business, believing it better than the woman's, too often views life as made up of business. She throws her whole nature to the task. Her work is her child. She gives it the same exclusive passionate attention. She is as fiercely jealous of interference in it as she would be if it were a child. She resents suggestions and change. It is hers, a personal thing to which she clings as if it were a living being. That attitude is the chief reason why working with women in the development of great undertakings is as difficult as coöperating with them in the rearing of a family. It is also a reason why they rarely rise to the first rank. They cannot get away from their undertakings sufficiently to see the big truths and movements which are always impersonal.

Brilliant and satisfying as her triumph may be to her personally, she frequently finds that it is resented by nature and by society. She finds that nature lays pitfalls for her, cracks the ice of her heart and sets it aflame, often for absurd and unworthy causes. She finds that the great mass of unconscious women commiserate or scorn her as one who has missed the fullness of life. She finds that society regards her as one who shirked the task of life, and who, therefore, should not be honored as the woman who has stood up to the common burden. When she senses this—which is not always—she treats it as prejudice. As a matter of fact, the antagonism of Nature and Society to the militant woman is less prejudice than self-defense. It is a protest against the wastefulness and sacrifice of her career. It is a right saving impulse to

prevent perversion of the qualities and powers of women which are most needed in the world, those qualities and powers which differentiate her from man, which make for the variety, the fullness, the charm, and interest of life.

Moreover, Nature and Society must not permit her triumph to appear desirable to the young. They must be made to understand what her winnings have cost in lovely and desirable things. They must know that the unrest which drove her to the attempt is not necessarily satisfied by her triumph, that it is merely stifled and may break out at any time in vagaries and follies. They must be made to realize the essential barrenness of her triumph, its lack of the savor and tang of life, the multitude of makeshifts she must practise to recompense her for the lack of the great adventure of natural living.

And they see it, many of them before they are out of college, and their militancy falls off like the cloak it generally is. The girl abandons her quest. In the early days she was likely to be treated as an apostate if, instead of following the "life work" she had picked out, she slipped back into matrimony. I can remember the dismay among certain militant friends when Alice Freeman married. "Our first college president," they groaned. "A woman who so vindicated the sex." It was like the grieving of Miss Anthony that Mrs. Stanton wasted so much time having babies!

The militant theory, as originally conceived, instead of increasing in favor has declined. There is little likelihood now that any great number of women will ever regard it as a desirable working formula for more than a short period of their lives. But I am not saying that this theory is no longer influential. It is probable that in a modified form it was never more influential than it is to-day. For, while the Uneasy Woman has practically demonstrated that "making a man of herself" does not solve her problem, she has by no means given up the notion that the Business of Being a Woman is narrowing and unsatisfying. Nor has she ceased to consider man's life more desirable than woman's.

The present effort of the serious-minded to meet the case takes two general directions, natural enough outgrowths of the original militancy. The first of these is a frank advocacy of celibacy. "*Celibacy is the aristocracy of the future,*" is the preaching of one European feminist. It is a modification of the scheme by which the medieval woman sought to escape unrest. Four hundred years ago

a woman sought celibacy as an escape from sin; righteousness was her aim. To-day she adopts it to escape inferiority and servitude; superiority and freedom her aim.

The ranks of the woman celibates are not full. Many a candidate falls out by the way, confronted by something she had not reckoned with—the eternal command that she be a woman. She compromises—grudgingly. She will be a woman on condition that she is guaranteed economic freedom, opportunity for self-expressive work, political recognition. What this amounts to is that she does not see in the woman's life a satisfying and permanent end. There are various points at which she claims it fails. It is antagonistic to personal ambition. It makes a dependent of her. It leaves her in middle life without an occupation. It keeps her out of the great movements of her day—gives her no part in the solution of the ethical and economical problems which affect her and her children. She declares that she wants fuller participation in life, and by life she seems to mean the elaborate machinery by which human wants are supplied and human beings kept in something like order; the movements of the marketplace, of politics, and of government.

Now if there were not something in her contention, the Uneasy Woman would not be with us as she is to-day, more vociferous, more insistent than ever in the world's history. What is there in her case?

If the cultivation of individual tastes and talents to a useful, productive point is out of question in the woman's business, if it is not a part of it, something is weak in the scheme. Something is weak if the woman is or feels that she is not paying her way. Both are not only individual rights; they are individual duties.

Moreover, she is certainly right to be dissatisfied, if after spending twenty-five years, more or less, she is to be left in middle life, her forces spent, without interests and obligations which will occupy brain and heart to the full, without important tasks which are the logical outcome of her experience and which she must carry on in order to complete that experience.

But what is the truth about it? Is the Business of Being a Woman something incompatible with free and joyous development of one's talents? Has it no essential relation to the world's movements? Is it anything organized, a profession of dignity and of opportunity for service and for happiness?

("The Business of Being a Woman," will appear in the March number)

I, PHOEBE, TAKE THEE, TOLAND

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

EARLY as it was that blue-and-gold October morning, the house quivered and hummed and rocked with suppressed excitement. A medley of sounds filtered through it and Mr. Martin lay for a while listening to them. Finally he arose. He bathed, shaved and dressed with a leisureliness that had an effect of premeditated delay. When he left the room, the domestic excitement had grown rather than diminished. But it did not seem to affect Mr. Martin. Halfway down the long hall, he even paused for a moment.

The door of Phoebe's room was open. Its whole length and breadth—the polished, rugless floor, the expanse of rose-garlanded wallpaper—lay revealed in the brilliant sunlight. Dismantled, her little bed presented only a stark white framework to her father's eye. Her dressing-case—it was her whim to have it so low that she must sit to it—was bare of its silver accessories. The table glared, the writing-desk gaped, the bookcase yawned empty. In one corner stood a trunk, a box of books, a box of bric-à-brac, a pile of pictures, everything carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Near was a tiny wooden chair, rope seated.

Mr. Martin went slowly down the front stairs. The dining room was deserted. Not alone deserted, it looked empty; for much of the furniture had been moved out. An orange lay on a plate at Mr. Martin's place, the skin cut petal-wise and turned away from the fruit in the fashion that only Phoebe's fingers had the patience to follow. The door bell rang presently and the excitement in the house flashed to a flame. As he ate, he, Mr. Martin, listened to it all. Came to him the sound of heavy, alien, masculine accents, questioning; came Mrs. Martin's voice, suggesting, Phoebe's entreating, Er-

nest's commanding. But Mr. Martin made no move. He did not even look out the window as the expressman bore Phoebe's furniture away.

"Why, how long have you been up, Edward?" Mrs. Martin said, appearing suddenly in the doorway. "I didn't hear you stir. And how tired you look! I shouldn't think you'd closed your eyes. Isn't this a beautiful day? So warm—and it looked so much like rain last night. Happy the bride the sun— Just think, Edward, the expressman never came for the furniture in Phoebe's room until this moment, although they promised they'd be here last night! Why is it that people have so little honor about such things? When are you coming out, Edward?"

"About four, I guess," Mr. Martin said.

"I don't believe there's any need of your going into the office," Mrs. Martin observed with disapproval. "I guess they could get along one day without you. What would they do if you broke your leg? We'll have dinner at noon—a steak—that's so easy to cook. And, to-night, we'll have a picked-up supper—for we'll all have to eat again at ten. Yes, Mary," she interrupted herself to address the sullen-looking girl who had appeared in the doorway, "that's right! Clear everything right away!" She paused until Mary had left the room. Then, "Edward," her voice lowered to panic-stricken sibilance, "Mary's in one of her tempers to-day. I'm just handling her with gloves. I'm so afraid that she'll go and leave me in the lurch that I don't know what to do. There, there's the door bell again!" Mrs. Martin vanished.

"It was Bradley," she exclaimed, returning after a colloquy at the door. "He's delivered the chrysanthemums. He promised Phoebe solemnly that he wouldn't get them

here before three this afternoon—and here they are at half-past seven. Isn't it strange how little honor people have about such things? But the man said they were all fixed in damp paper so they couldn't possibly wilt. Phoebe's attending to them herself, although I begged her to let me. If she'd only lie down or just sit down and read! She said she couldn't read if her life depended on it. What time did you say you'd get out?"

"About four," Mr. Martin answered.

"There, there's the telephone!" Mrs. Martin vanished. "I'll answer it, Phoebe," she called. "Hello! Hello! Oh, good morning, Molly! Yes. I *think* so." But I'll have to ask Phoebe. Phoebe! *Phoebe!* It's Molly Tate. She says she's just stepped into Bradleys' to see the bridesmaids' baskets, and she's quite sure they're using the kind you didn't like."

Mrs. Martin reëntered the room. From the hall came Phoebe's voice. "Hello, Molly! *No!* Well, of all incredible stupidity! Certainly—the *gold* ones—they're shaped like darling, old-fashioned poke-bonnets. Oh, you're a dear, Molly. Thank you." Mr. Martin heard the click as Phoebe hung up. Then the bell rang again. "Hello! Hello! Oh, *Tug!* Good morning. Many happy returns of the day! No. No. Certainly not! I don't know why, but mother says you can't come over here to-day. It would be a fierce breach of etiquette. . . . What nonsense—*everybody* would see you. . . . Tug Warburton, if you come over here, I sha'n't marry you." Again Mr. Martin heard the determined snap with which Phoebe hung up.

"Aren't you going to eat any more breakfast than that, Edward?" Mrs. Martin went on. "You'll be faint by ten. But I'll have a good dinner this noon. Steak—that's always so easy to. . . . What time did you say you'd get out? Oh yes, I remember—four. I'll lay all your things on your bed and have the water drawn for your bath. There, there's the telephone again!" Mrs. Martin vanished.

"It's Madame Lily, Phoebe," she called in another instant. "She wants to know if she can come an hour later. You'd better come down and talk with her yourself."

"All right," Phoebe's voice floated down from the heights. Followed the swift patter of her downstairs progress. Then, "Good morning, Madame Lily. Yes, later will do just as well. In fact, I prefer it. No, I prefer to do my own hair. But I want my hands manicured and massaged. And of course

you're to do mother's hair. Mother, you'd better have a facial massage, hadn't you?"

"Well, I don't know," came Mrs. Martin's most uncertain accents.

"You've simply got to, mother. It'll set you up so, besides making you look so swell. All right, Lily, darling. Half-past four—and mother'll have facial besides."

"I'm glad we've got that matter settled," Mrs. Martin explained, reappearing in the dining room. "Madame Lily had another wedding in Rosedale, and there was some difficulty about the hours. At first it looked as if we wouldn't get her at all. But Phoebe's heart was set on having Lily—she's so much nicer than anybody else. Besides . . ."

"Good morning, father-in-law elect," Phoebe greeted her father buoyantly from the door.

"Good morning, bride," Mr. Martin responded in kind.

Phoebe's manner had its best touch of cheer and she stopped to imprint on the top of her father's head a kiss that was deliberately airy. Then she wound her blue kimono about her, curled up in the big chair and sat kicking one slipper off and on. "I've been up since five o'clock," she explained, "and already I feel as if it were to-morrow. I lay awake half the night worrying. I'm convinced that Tug will forget the ring and the license and the check for Mr. Cameron. I'm absolutely certain that Ada Warburton will be late—she's never been known to be on time for anything. I'm perfectly dead sure that the carriage won't call for us at all. And I know just as well as I know my name that I shall forget to take my carriage shoes off. Now just imagine traipsing up the aisle in those red felt things! I woke up at five this morning in a cold perspiration with the conviction that my gloves wouldn't fit. And *up I got* at that hour and tried them on. Of course it was all off about sleeping after that."

"There, that reminds me," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, "I must slit up the ring finger of your glove. I'll do that now while I think of it. Now where are my scissors? There, there's Cousin Lora coming down the street," Mrs. Martin continued. "Thank goodness! Now when do you suppose those boys 'll get here? Just think, Edward, Horrie Tate and Sig Lathrop and Red Donovan have been up ever since six o'clock cutting maple boughs. Ernie was to join them and then come back here. I warned him to get started just as soon as he could. One load goes to the church. Molly and Florence and Sylvia and the twins and Evelyn Warburton

are there already, decorating. Good morning, Lora, you're bright and early, aren't you?"

Cousin Lora, a little, thin, wiry, dark woman, with the snapping efficiency of a whipcord in every movement, greeted them all energetically.

Under cover of the family preoccupation Mr. Martin quietly subtracted himself from the group.

"Oh, Lora," Mrs. Martin said in a relieved tone, "I'm so glad Edward's taking it so easy. At first I thought he'd be all broken up. Well, I don't suppose men feel these things the way women do. Now, before you lay your finger to anything, I want you to come upstairs and see the wedding dress. Oh, Phoebe's had such a time selecting the material—she said it had got to be soft and floating. White satin she can't abide. Chiffon was too stiff—*crêpe de chine* even was too heavy. Then she found some pearl-white liberty silk that was so sheer—it took a terribly large pattern, and yet you can draw the whole thing through a ring. And her veil—I tell her it's almost too fine. She's going to have it fixed on her head just like a picture she saw in Florence. Oh, she's such a strange child—wouldn't have an orange blossom that was more than half-budded, and insisted on white orchids for her bouquet. But I must say the effect's wonderful."

Mr. Martin walked to the station, but not with his usual brisk gait. In the train he possessed himself of a paper, but he only glanced at the headlines. In Boston he walked to his office. And now perceptibly he moved as if there were weights on his feet. At his desk he sat silent a moment before he opened his mail. And after he had read it, he immediately brushed it into a careless heap and fell into reverie. He sat, his eyes fixed on the office window—staring.

That little room of Phoebe's had undergone many transformations in its brief history. At first came the birds' nests, the dried grasses, the autumn leaves, the pressed seaweeds, strings of rose-hips, the maline bags full of milkweed seed, the various "curiosities" which in her little girlhood she had collected with so much care. These were succeeded by handicraft of a more delicate and feminine order, the embroidered litter which was the result of her studies of the woman's magazines, the passe-partout pictures, which measured with unflinching accuracy the change in her ideas of beauty. Later came a brief attack of "hand-painting." While in its

throes, she painted a white china desk set with forget-me-nots and a yellow china desk set with violets. Later, of course, she rejected this for silver. There followed on this, impedimenta of a more tender nature—the sentimental souvenirs of vacations, the frivolous filigree of Germans. Last of all, the little room blossomed with the exotic loot of her trip abroad. Mr. Martin had watched it with amusement and with interest. Much of the detail had sunk out of his memory, but the girl-development which it indicated stuck fast. He could have written the history of Phoebe's decorative instinct; for she had never made one of these sweeping changes without telling him all about it first.

"Why, Edward," Mrs. Martin said, an hour later, "I thought you weren't coming back until four. And how tired you look! We'll have lunch in a few minutes. Why don't you go straight upstairs and lie down?"

"Oh, I'm all right," Mr. Martin answered in his most offhand manner. He looked vaguely about him. The hall had an unfamiliar air. Much of the furniture had been removed, and down the center sprawled an enormous heap of maple boughs. "There didn't seem to be much work in the office," he went on absently, "and so I thought I might as well come out. Where's Phoebe?"

"At the telephone. The child hasn't left the phone for five minutes the last hour. It's perfectly astonishing what people will do on a day when you're so busy—calling her up just to talk with her. Phoebe says it seems as if she would fly out of her skin."

"Tell her to hang up," said Mr. Martin. "Oh, Edward, she couldn't do *that*. And then so many people have been lovely. Yellow flowers have been coming all the morning. Mrs. Sawyer brought over a great bunch of those tiny yellow asters that she always raises, and old Mr. Wilde has just left a wheelbarrow full of yellow dahlias."

She was interrupted by the crescendo peal of Phoebe's blithe laughter, her impetuous rush in their direction. "Oh, mother, it's Tug. He's *still* asking if he can't call this afternoon. He says he's decided that, as long as it's a yellow wedding, the ushers better wear sunflowers. Then he says at the reception, they can do a song-and-dance. Why, Father Martin—you darling angel!—when did you come back?"

Mr. Martin made a pretense of eluding her, but in the end he submitted to his daughter's bear hug.

"Father, there's the peachiest little old Chippendale mirror just come from Sylvia. Come right upstairs this moment and see it."

"Oh, no, he can't go upstairs yet," Mrs. Martin protested. "Come into the library, Edward. I want you to see what Lora's done."

The library looked doubly alien to Mr. Martin. Here, again, much of the furniture had been removed. Maple boughs made golden Gothic arches over all the windows and doors. Cousin Lora was perched on one stepladder at the right of the folding doors and Ernest was perched on another at the left.

"Hullo, father," said Ernest, hammering violently. "There, that's the third time I've upset those damn—excuse me, Cousin Lora—tacks. Isn't Cousin Lora a bird, father? Talk about your hanging-gardens of Babylon! Say, Cousin Lora, that's great. See, I'm leaving all this string here to tie the chrysanthemums in. Now I'll beat it down town in the machine and get some more twine and tacks and do those errands for mother; and say, Phoebe, what was that you wanted at the caterer's?"

"Tell him I've decided to have the bouillon cold—now it's turned out to be such a lovely, warm day. And tell him that I'd like to know what's the matter down there. I've been trying to get him on the phone all day. Now, father!"

Obedient as ever to that voice, Mr. Martin climbed three flights of stairs to the playroom. He wandered from table to table, staring fixedly at anything that met his eye. Phoebe watched him an instant. "Of course, father, I'm not going to have anything so vulgar as a display of wedding gifts," she started off at almost a normal pace. "I just put them up here so that one or two of the girls could sneak off and see them. Look at that table just covered with cut glass. There are eight salad bowls. Oh, and father, there's Sylvia's gift—it's the ninth looking-glass. Well, I've got a line on my friends' opinion of me. I guess they all think I'm the vainest thing that ever happened. And bully for them! I've doped out a series of mirrors in my room by which I can see my front face, my profile and the hang of my skirt all at one and the same time."

For a moment Phoebe almost ran down. But she pulled herself together and loosed another installment of chatter. Only, always, her misty eyes, stealing to her father's face and then leaping away, seemed to try to say the things that her lips repudiated.

"What am I going to do with all those clocks? I hate to think of exchanging wedding gifts—it seems so unappreciative and

calculating; but ten is really too many. And, father, wasn't it lovely of Mrs. Raikes to send me that lovely copy of Botticelli's 'Spring.' I guess she remembered I told her once she was the spit of it. And, father darling, I feel as if I'd never really thanked you for the silver. It's just perfectly beautiful. If I'd ever thought . . . There's the lunch bell. Come right down, father. For I'm so hungry it seems as if I'd faint, and I'm afraid mother will. . . There's the telephone. Mother, please answer it, and if it's Tug, tell him he *cannot* come over. Mother, you must lie down after dinner or you'll certainly go to pieces."

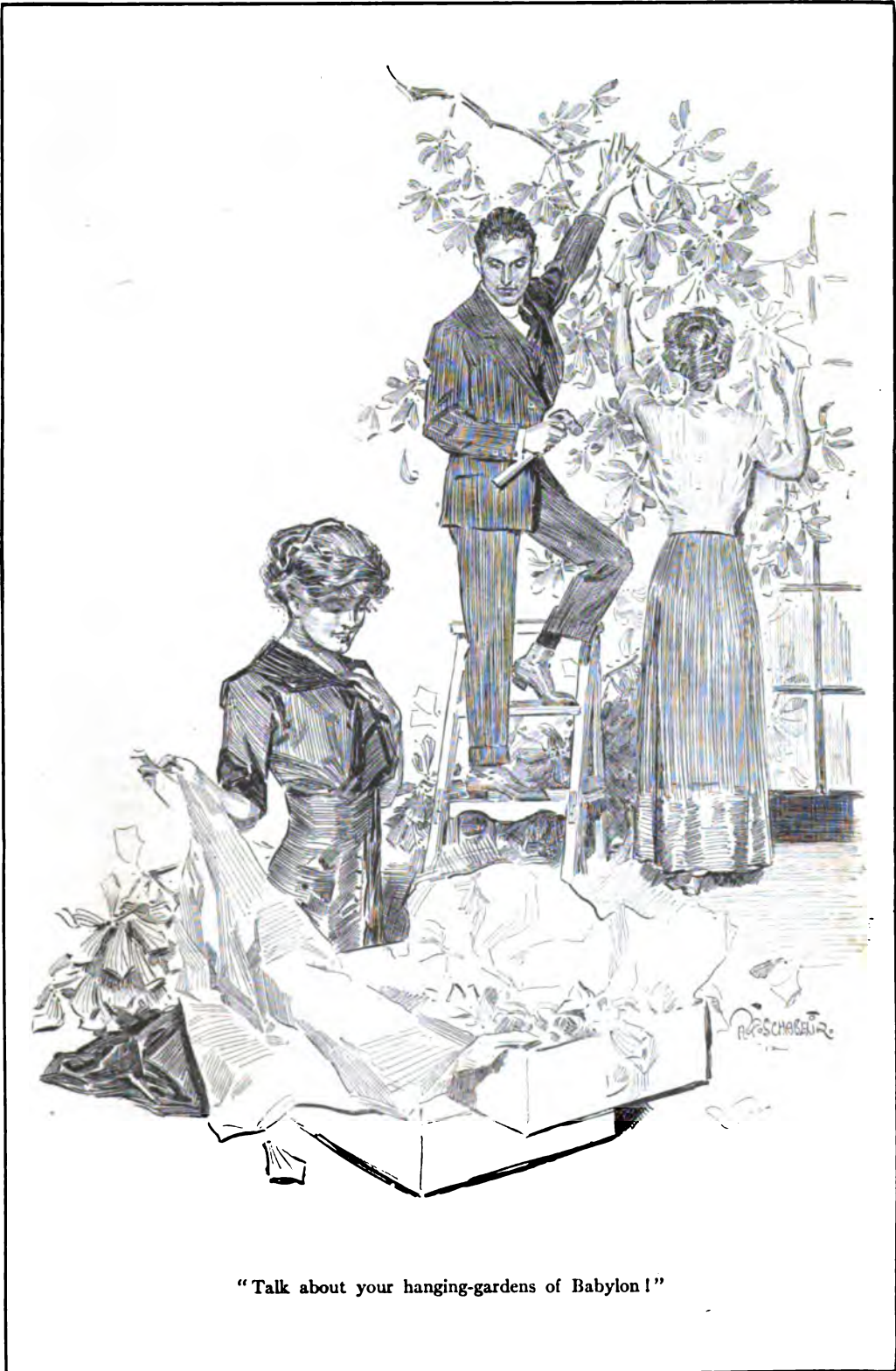
But Mrs. Martin did not lie down. They all dawdled unaccountably at the table, held by Mr. Martin's extraordinary flow of spirits. Mr. Martin, it seems, had snatched a bite in Boston. He talked while the others ate, talked while the others laughed, talked until . . .

"Well, what are we thinking of?" Mrs. Martin asked in a panicky tone. "Has it occurred to any of you that there's a wedding in this family at eight o'clock to-night? Oh, I'm so glad," she said, accompanying Cousin Lora to the library, "that Edward's so happy. I'd expected he'd be awfully blue to-day. Well, Lora, there's no use in talking, a father doesn't feel these things the way a mother does."

In the afternoon, the work grew a little more silent, a little more concentrated. Mrs. Martin shuttled from room to room, performing a hundred disconnected tasks. Cousin Lora and Ernest returned to their work with the maple boughs. Parlor, library, and hall were finished. Now they were working on the dining room. Phoebe had brought the great florist boxes up from the cellar. She was filling vases and jardinières with chrysanthemums. The great, shock-headed blossoms emerged, as prophesied, miraculously dewy and fresh, the satiny petals firm and close. Mr. Martin, constituting himself doorman and telephone boy, brought to Phoebe a succession of express packages, called her to this and that peremptory message on the telephone.

Into all this absorption suddenly interrupted Flora. "Miss Phoebe, dey's a tramp in the kitching won't go way, nohow Ah talks to him. Kase he says he wanster see the bride."

"A tramp!" ejaculated Phoebe. "To see me! *For goodness' sake!* I never heard of such a thing. Well, of course I can't see him. Yes, I will too. I won't refuse *any*



“Talk about your hanging-gardens of Babylon!”

request on my wedding day. Gracious! doesn't it sound mysterious and romantic?"

Her father listened to her footsteps for a perturbed instant before it occurred to him to follow. From the hall he heard her civil, "Good afternoon, is there anything I can do . . . Oh, Tug Warburton, you ridiculous—" Then the peals of her rippling mirth.

Tug wore a disguise so complicated that it should have caused his immediate arrest in any well-governed city. His statement that his makeup had taken an hour gained instant credence. Of the details one black eye and a painful bruise on one cheek were perhaps the most noticeable.

"Go home at once," Phoebe said severely after she had stopped laughing. "It's *something dreadful*, your being here. I don't know *why* it is, but it is! Mother'll probably call the wedding off, and I sha'n't blame her. I never felt so embarrassed in my life. I don't know *why*, but I do. There, there's Madame Lily. I've got to go now. Father, will you kindly order my future husband to leave this house?"

"Sit down, dad-in-law," said Tug comfortably, after Phoebe had left, "and have a smoke." He reached into a sagging pocket for pipes, matches, and tobacco. "Isn't this the limit? I give you my word of honor, if I come out of it alive, I shall never get married again as long as I live. I don't suppose though, you're any more comfortable than I."

"I suppose there never was a man yet who didn't just naturally hate a wedding," said Mr. Martin. "No, I can't say that I'm exactly comfortable."

"Gee, it must be fierce for you," Tug admitted. "Just think of giving up a girl like Phoebe. I reckon I don't know exactly what that means."

Mr. Martin smiled. "I guess you don't, Tug," he agreed genially. He stopped as if he were not going to speak again, and there was an interval of silence, disturbed only by twin puffs. Then Mr. Martin broke it. His words seemed to come with an effort. "I guess you don't, Tug," he repeated, "I guess you don't. And you won't know until you come to give your own daughter away. It isn't exactly that you . . . It's more that you . . . This is what I mean. I guess every man has done some things in the course of his life that he doesn't like to look back on."

He stopped. Tug gave a quick, confirming, understanding nod.

"I suppose I haven't done any more than the next fellow," Mr. Martin went on

lightly, "and I've always said to myself that I was ready to stand the gaff. I meant, of course, that I was ready to stand it myself. But—" Mr. Martin broke off, smiling again. "What I'm saying now is that if the Fates—or whatever you call those fellows who control human destiny—hit me through Phoebe" . . . Mr. Martin paused . . . "Well, I guess I'm ready to renege. Now, you Tug, you remember that?"

Mr. Martin's tone was still jocular, but by this time his smile had grown a little fixed. But Tug's answering, "Sure, dad-in-law, I'll remember that," smoothed it out again. Tug's tone had quite the right ring of practicality, the frank everyday acceptance of an obvious, everyday situation.

When Tug left, the tension of the house tightened. From upstairs Mrs. Martin, helplessly coiled in hot towels by Madame Lily's skilful hands, was calling down smoothed advice, admonition, suggestion. Cousin Lora was bowing the yellow ribbons that tied bunches of asters and dahlias among the flaming maple leaves. Phoebe was still fussing with the chrysanthemums, turning a flower-head here, cutting a leaf there, moving vases yonder. Flora and Mary were cleaning the litter from the hall and dining room. Ernest was going over the library floor with a carpet-sweeper. A little later, Phoebe slipped upstairs, then Lora, then Ernest. Every faucet in the house seemed to be running. Dusk came, the lights flared, and suddenly Flora was breaking Mr. Martin's lonely vigil with the bell. It was dinner, and the three women—all in kimonos and Mrs. Martin with an unaccustomed elegance of coiffure—were filing down the stairs.

After their short supper, the tension changed to fever-heat excitement. The bell rang. Madame Lily appeared. The women disappeared upstairs. Ernest and his father bathed and dressed. Ernest embarked on his last errand in the auto. Mr. Martin wandered downstairs into the library—into the stark yellow-and-cherry glare of the maple boughs. He wandered absently about for a moment. Then he went to the window and stood gazing outside. His look fixed on something there.

Mr. Martin had given Phoebe all the furniture in that little room. On her birthday, Phoebe always went into Boston to lunch with him at the Touraine. Afterward they would pick out the birthday gift together. One year it was the fragile little oak desk. The next, it was the little oak dressing-table; Phoebe had chosen

that particular one because the mirror was shaped like a heart. Next it was the bookcase in which the green-and-gold Alcott books still held the most honored place. Ten or twelve years they had been doing this: from the time when Phoebe was a long-legged, big-eyed frisking colt of a thing until suddenly she curved and colored into a blooming creature whose vivacity arrested every passing glance. It seemed only a year or two . . . and now . . .

From upstairs came staccato cries, came rustlings, silken, satiny, lacey. Mr. Martin went out into the hall. Into the glare of the chandelier appeared first, Cousin Lora in her soft gray and creamy lace, tugging on a glove; appeared second, Mrs. Martin in shimmering lilac that sparkled with silver, carefully lifting her skirt; appeared next—Phoebe.

Literally appeared—for Phoebe seemed to soar, tenuous, diaphanous, mystic, like some strange spirit of this strange day. Phoebe's face was a white blur. Phoebe's hair was a golden mist. Phoebe's gown floated a web. Phoebe's veil fluttered a gossamer. Phoebe's hands dripped cascades of snowy butterfly-shaped flowers. And, topping it all, there flared away from her face a structure that was aureole and halo both—of star-dust, wave spume and dew.

Tailing the procession came Madame Lily carrying the rest of Phoebe's gown, an armful of white fire.

"I'm frightened, father, dear," Phoebe said in a faint, far-away voice. "I'm afraid I'm going to break down. I've read the ceremony over and over again, and yet I can't remember anything about it now."

Mr. Martin patted the little damp, trembling hand. "You're all right, Phoebe," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "It will come back to you the moment you hear the first words."

"I'm afraid Tug will forget the license or the ring or the check," said Phoebe.

"I've just called Chet Damon up. He says he's just seen to them himself," said Mr. Martin.

"I'm afraid something will happen to the girls," said Phoebe.

"I've just called them up. They say that they're all right and crazy for the show to begin," said Mr. Martin.

"I'm afraid the carriage will be late," said Phoebe.

"I've just called O'Leary up. They'll be here at exactly twenty minutes to eight," said Mr. Martin.

"I'm afraid I won't remember to take my carriage shoes off," said Phoebe.

"I'll remind you," said Mr. Martin.

"It's twenty-five minutes of," said Phoebe. "Oh, father, there's the telephone. Do you think anything has happened?"

"It's only Tug," answered Mr. Martin in an instant. "He says, 'Tell Phoebe I'm waiting at the church.' There, there's the carriage now."

At the church, Cousin Lora disappeared on Ernest's arm. Mrs. Martin, whispering some last frenzied injunctions, was borne away by Jake Pebworth. One instant, they were a little deserted, terror-stricken group; the next the bridesmaids, like great white-and-yellow angels, were fluttering about them. Another chattering wait and the ushers were forming into pairs, the bridesmaids were falling into line, Sylvia Gordon had placed herself just in front, Phoebe had grasped her father's arm and . . .

"Take off your carriage shoes, Phoebe," Mr. Martin said.

A crash of music came from the organ. The black and white lines of ushers started. The white and yellow lines of bridesmaids started. Sylvia started. Phoebe started. Mr. Martin was carried on by the wave. Into the long alley of golden maple boughs flaring in arches overhead, they went straight on past the yellow flowers, the yellow ribbons marking pews that surged with solemn faces, straight on past Bertha's streaming face, straight on to where the altar blazed white and yellow and gold, to where Mr. Cameron stood calm, clean-cut, benign, one finger in a book, to where Tug and Chet Damon, faces as pale as their white violet *boutonnieres*, awaited them, straight on through the music, straight on through the silence, straight on through deep-voiced question and fluttering response, straight on to:

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

The first thing that ever went into the little room was that little rope-seated chair. Mr. Martin had bought it for Phoebe himself when she was only four. He had seen it in passing at a Maywood auction, had secured it immediately. Phoebe's first Lar, it was for a long time the most dearly prized. It became an embarrassment in fact, for thereafter she would use no other. He could see even now the dimpled, frizzly-haired girl-thing, mouth set in parallel lines of persistence, dragging it from room to room, or with many slips and bumps,



Appeared next — Phoebe

tugging it up- and downstairs. He could hear her screams of rage if the strenuous Ernest dared to occupy it, even for an instant. Often when he came home at night, Phoebe would be sitting in it before the fire, examining a picture book. "Phoebe, very good girl," she would greet him at these times, an immense degree of self-approval in her manner—her mother usually disagreed with this dictum—"Phoebe, read the pitty book, all-aloney." Why that was nearly twenty years ago. It only seemed . . .

It was much gayer after that. Mrs. Martin, constantly wiping away what promised to be a never-ending stream of tears, joined them. Somehow they got home, carriage load after carriage load. Soon they were all in the library together, Bertha on one side of him and Phoebe on the other—the same Phoebe, although she was now Phoebe Warburton. Mr. and Mrs. Warburton were there and Tug—the same Tug, although he was now Phoebe's husband. Somehow, while the women were all talking and laughing at their highest speed, they were all weeping too. Phoebe's hand fumbled its way to her father's, nestled there, stayed.

Presently all Maywood was in the house. It filed past their group saying the same things over and over again. "Well, Mrs. Warburton, you looked perfectly beautiful. Am I the first one to call you Mrs. Warburton? Your gown is simply wonderful, and as for that arrangement of the veil, it's positively the swellest thing I ever saw. Where did you get the idea?" "Didn't the church look lovely? I couldn't hear Tug at all, but, Phoebe, you were as clear as a bell. How original to have nothing but autumn leaves and yellow flowers! I never saw such big chrisssies!" "How lovely the bridesmaids look, Mrs. Warburton! Doesn't it seem strange to call you Mrs. Warburton? Isn't the maid of honor a beauty? What did you say her name was? Gordon? Sylvia Gordon. Those golden baskets filled with yellow orchids were". . . "Oh the earrings were your gift to them, Mrs. Warburton. Just think you're Phoebe Warburton now! Uncut amber, did you say? And I love their little gold caps!" "How charming the house looks! Who did the decorations, Phoebe? Your gown is positively eatable! Just think, Mr. Martin, she isn't Phoebe Martin any longer!" "I never saw your mother looking so stunning!" "What did Tug give the ushers?" "Isn't Mrs. Warburton simply gorgeous in that green-and-gold? It's just the color of an emerald!" "Show us your

ring, Phoebe! Isn't it pretty! Well, you've lost your little daughter, Mr. Martin!" "Well, Mrs. Phoebe Warburton, I thought your father looked as stunning as anybody, to-night. Am I the first to call you Mrs. Warburton?"

There were leagues and æons of this. Then, somehow, they were all seated at little tables. Mr. Martin did not eat anything. He said that he had had a very hearty supper.

A long eternity of this, and then somehow everybody had stopped eating, was waiting with a curious air of expectancy. Ernest was circulating through the crowd, dispensing things from a basket. All the bridesmaids had disappeared. And—where was Phoebe?

Mr. Martin went quietly upstairs. Phoebe's room was dumb. But from the spare-room came a babble of girl voices that sounded every note of feminine enthusiasm. Quiet as Mr. Martin had been, he was not quiet enough. The door of the spare-room flashed open, banged shut—and Phoebe was in her father's arms. Phoebe had taken off her wedding gown. Her hair hung in a feathery amber torrent to her waist. Out of the short sleeves of her combing-jacket came her little slim, virginal arms, from its open collar came her little slender virginal neck.

Phoebe's hands flew about her father's neck. Her head went down on his shoulder. Phoebe's words came between great gasping breaths and great strangling sobs.

"Father, darling—I don't see—how I'm going—to leave you—it seems dreadful now it's so—near—how could I ever get married—when—you've been so good to me—and I love you—so—I hope I've been a—good daughter—to you—I can think of so many—things—that I ought not—to have done—and now—I can never make it up—never—I don't want—to leave you—I'm afraid—what shall I do—oh, father—" Phoebe's clasp tightened about her father's neck.

But Mr. Martin gently unwound her arms. "Well! well! well! *well!*" he was saying in a steady tone of jocularly. "I should think you were really going away. Instead of moving a little way down the street. Everything's all right, Phoebe. You've been a perfectly good daughter, the best I ever had. Now you run back and get into your clothes and put a little powder on your nose and . . . it will worry your mother."

"Oh, father!" Phoebe sobbed, "Oh, father!" and again "Oh, father!" But she stopped and stifled her sobs. Then she pulled her-



"Father, darling—I don't see—how I'm going—to leave you—"

self away, ran back, kissed him again, disappeared into the spare-room.

Mr. Martin went downstairs. Somebody put something into his hand. He looked at it stupidly. It was a tissue-paper package of confetti. After a while, the bridesmaids came filing down. Another pause and Mrs. Martin went up, to return, weeping. Another long wait and Phoebe herself came flying downstairs, slender and trim in a brown velvet suit, a great yellow chrysanthemum bobbing at her waist. She still carried the loosened bunch of her wedding flowers, and suddenly they flew from her hands over the banister. They were met by a shower of confetti. The Warburton limousine, which had arrived a few minutes before and had been immediately loaded with old shoes and wreathed with yellow bunting, moved down the street. A strange motor took its place in the midst of shrieks of disappointment.

Phoebe stopped to kiss her mother, stopped to kiss Ernest. But ever her tear-wet gaze went to her father's face. Phoebe flew down the walk through successive clouds of confetti, and leaped into the tonneau, where Tug suddenly appeared like an apparition. But even in her flight, Phoebe's head turned over her shoulder and her look went to her father's face. Tug's hand pulled up the window in the motor door. The engine snorted. The wheels crunched. Phoebe's white face came close to the window pane. Her eyes went to

her father's face in a last pale, quivering smile. Mr. Martin smiled too.

Maywood people said that Phoebe Martin's wedding was the prettiest they had ever seen—and the gayest. "And after the bridal pair had gone," they added, "you ought to have seen the way Mr. Martin took hold and just made things hum." Certainly Mr. Martin worked. He started the dancing with Sylvia Gordon. He danced every dance with a different girl.

"Well, I never was so tired in my born days," said Mrs. Martin, as they started upstairs long after midnight. "But it certainly has repaid all our work; for it was a beautiful wedding. Phoebe said that everything had been perfect. She whispered in my ear, father, that they were going south . . . she said she'd write every spare minute. Well, I suppose I'll be rested in a day or two, but it doesn't seem as if I ever could." She stopped for breath at the head of the stairs. "I never saw anything like your energy, Edward, dancing with all those girls. Why, what are you doing now, father? What *are* you doing?"

For Mr. Martin had stopped in front of Phoebe's bare, gleaming, dead, little room, had shut the door, had locked it. As he spoke, he put the key in his pocket.

"I guess I don't want to see that door standing open for one while," said Mr. Martin.

THE SLAVE

Adapted from the French of Hérédia

BY JOHN S. REED

THUS, naked, frightful, gaunt with loathsome food,
 A Slave,—my body still retains the scars,—
 I was born free, where, rising toward the stars,
 Old honeyed Hybla lifts his mountain hood.
 Alas, I left the happy isle! O friend,
 If ever, following the swans' Spring flight,
 Your galley's course toward Syracuse shall tend,
 Seek her who was my love and my delight.
 Is it ordained that I shall ever see
 Her somber violet eyes, her heavenly smile,
 Caught from the sky when all the gods were young?
 Be merciful. Go! seek Cleariste for me,
 And tell her to await me yet a while,—
 Know her you will, for she is always sad.

LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

SIX YEARS' STRUGGLE WITH THE WISCONSIN BOSSES

I HAD firmly determined to begin my fight on the old political machine in Wisconsin in the campaign of 1894. While I had no money and no newspaper support, and while all the leading politicians of the State were bitterly hostile to me, the success of my meetings in the previous campaign of 1892 convinced me that I could get a hearing.

But it was essential to the success of any such undertaking that some strong man who would appeal to the younger and more independent members of the Republican party should be found to stand as the anti-machine candidate for Governor.

Such a man, I felt, was Congressman Nils P. Haugen.

I had known Haugen for many years. He had been a member of the Legislature, and Railroad Commissioner under a weak statute which he administered with marked ability and independence, and having been elected to the 40th Congress, he had served with distinction for nine years. During five years of that time, I had been closely associated with him in the House of Representatives. We were agreed in practically all our views upon public questions. I knew him to be fearless, independent, and able. A native of Norway, he was educated in this country, graduating from the Michigan University Law School in 1874. He was a fine representative of the best Scandinavian type,—tall, strong, virile, with something of the Viking quality in his character.

I considered the matter carefully. Many of the counties of the western half of the State were well settled by sturdy Scandinavian pioneers—an independent, liberty-loving people. I knew they felt a certain national pride in Congressman Haugen's prominence and success, and I counted on their giving him very strong support. On my part I still had many friends in my old Congressional district, and among university men all over the State, who could, I knew, be enlisted in any fight upon the machine. Between us, I believed we could carry a good many counties. It seemed to me, therefore, that Haugen was the ideal candidate for the first encounter with the bosses. But would he consider being a candidate?

The chances were all against winning. His hold upon his district was very strong, and there was every reason to believe that he could continue in Congress for many years to come. I knew he enjoyed his work in the House, and he had rendered good service to the State and country. Ought he to be asked to take the chance?

But there was the good State of Wisconsin ruled by a handful of men who had destroyed every vestige of democracy in the commonwealth. They settled in private conference practically all nominations for important offices, controlled conventions, dictated legislation, and had even sought to lay corrupt hands on the courts of justice.

Had I believed that I as a candidate could



MRS. LA FOLLETTE IN THE EARLY '90'S

She was a sane, far-sighted counselor of the little group of Progressives, throughout all of the Wisconsin campaigns

have led as strong an attack upon this entrenched organization, I should not have asked Haugen or any other man to make that first fight. But I believed then, as I believe now, that however forlorn the hope of immediate achievement, the great final issue at stake demanded that the best and strongest man should meet this call to service as a patriotic duty.

In November, 1893, I requested Haugen to stop at Madison en route to Washington, and I then pressed him to become a candidate for

Governor. He raised the objections which I had anticipated.

"You know," he said, in his direct, incisive way, "the forces we will have to meet. They have money; we have none. They have a powerful organization extending into every county in the State. Our support will be scattered and isolated. They will have the railroads, the great business interests, and the newspapers back of them. How can we hope to win?"

I proposed to Mr. Haugen that he consent

to my writing letters to old university friends over the State, calling upon them to join in supporting him as a candidate for Governor.

This was agreed to, and I wrote something like 1,200 letters, mainly to young men who were neither allied with the Sawyer-Payne machine nor hitherto active in politics. The replies gave me great encouragement, and I asked Mr. Haugen to meet me in Chicago, where we spent a day going through the correspondence. Haugen was much gratified; he had no idea that my letters would meet with any such response.

I recall vividly our final conference. It was at my home in Madison. There were present Mrs. La Follette, whose counsel was always valued by our little group, General Bryant, Sam Harper, and Herbert W. Chynoweth, a leading attorney, then a member of the Board of University Regents. After consenting to stand as a candidate, Haugen said: "It is my judgment that we shall lose this fight, and I shall be retired from public life. But there is a chance to win, and in any event, we will make a beginning."

No sooner was Haugen's candidacy announced than the fight was on. I had no misconception of the task which we had undertaken. I knew full well that we were entering upon a long political warfare. We opened headquarters in my law office, and for many weeks the lights never went out. Candidates for Governor were brought forward in other sections of the State,—W. H. Upham in central Wisconsin, Edward Scofield in the northeast, and "Hod" Taylor, as he was known, from Dane County, in the southern part of the State. These candidates were in perfect accord, and all had the favor of the bosses of Wisconsin. Sooner or later, the strength which each could command in the convention would be merged to secure victory for the machine. Sawyer declared that I should never have a seat in a Republican convention in Wisconsin, nor hold political office, as long as he lived. He was friendly to every other candidate, and announced that he had nothing against Haugen, but would oppose him as "La Follette's candidate."

The fight centered on Dane County, which was the heart of my old district. Sawyer's money was everywhere. The opposition controlled the county organization, and Roger C. Spooner, brother of Senator Spooner, was Chairman of the County Committee. In order to make it as difficult as possible for us, the machine brought forward no fewer than three candidates on the State ticket

from Dane County alone, only one of whom (under the usages of conventions in distributing the offices geographically) could hope to be nominated. It was "anything to beat Haugen and kill off La Follette." Considered as a county fight, it was the hottest I ever saw.

The bipartisan character of machine politics became a prominent feature of the contest. Democratic machine newspapers and politicians joined with Republican machine newspapers and politicians to suppress this first organized revolt. The whole State watched the contest in Dane County. If the machine were successful there, if I were defeated in my own county as a delegate to the State Convention, it meant the breaking down of Haugen's campaign. I sat at my desk almost day and night dictating letters to the Republican farmers, among whom I had a very wide personal acquaintance.

The first caucuses, held in the city of Madison and in two other small cities in the county, registered a complete victory for the machine. We were defeated in every ward. It was a gloomy night in our headquarters. Many were disheartened, and felt that it was a forerunner of overwhelming defeat. But it only strengthened my resolution to win, and after a brief talk every man went out from the headquarters with zeal to carry the country towns of the county, which might still give us a majority. The struggle from that time on grew fiercer to the end, which came quickly. We fairly swept the country towns, carried the county convention by four to one, and I was elected to head the delegation to the State Convention. To give emphasis to the result, the convention adopted strong resolutions declaring for Haugen for Governor. The remaining four counties of my former Congressional district were likewise carried in succession, and it was a great satisfaction to lead the old district into the convention to back Haugen's candidacy.

We did not fare so well in Haugen's district. The machine brought forward a leading Scandinavian politician as a candidate for Governor, and thus embarrassed the canvass in Haugen's home county, which he lost—together with certain other counties of his district.

The contest for the nomination in the State Convention lasted two days. The machine united on W. H. Upham, who was finally nominated. Our forces had passed through such a struggle for election that they were fused together as one man. It was a rigid line-up against the bosses and while we lost

the nomination for Governor, their forces so scattered on the remaining nominations that we held the balance of power, and named practically every other man on the ticket. While Haugen was defeated for Governor, it tried the old machine almost to the breaking point, and we came out of that campaign tremendously enthused and stimulated for the work ahead. Sawyer, Payne, and the other big ones had been pressed into strenuous and continuous activity throughout the convention to hold their forces in line.

Haugen accepted his defeat with fine spirit. Expressing no regrets, he went back to his home in the little town of River Falls, Pierce County, and resumed his law practice. It was not without a keen pang that I saw him retired from public life, but defeated though we were, the spirit of the campaign of 1894 and the evidence of a growing conviction that held our forces unwaveringly throughout the convention struggle, gave me strong assurance for the future. We had gone down to our defeat in the first battle, but I never doubted we should rise again to fight, and win final victory over the old machine. And when we did win, one of my earliest acts as Governor was to bring Haugen's great abilities to the service of the State as a member of the Tax Commission. He has served continu-

ously in that position since, is now its chairman, and has become a leading authority on taxation in the United States.

I did not at that period put forward a broadly constructive policy. My correspondence of that time shows that appeal was made for support primarily with a view to overthrowing corrupt machine control. It was clear to me that the single issue against boss-rule would be more immediately effective in securing support in the first contest than a program for legislation which would necessarily require much more time for educational work.

As I considered the future, it was clear that it would be necessary to devote six weeks to two months out of each biennial period, and possibly each year, in speaking and pamphleteering the State.

I, therefore, withdrew from the firm of La Follette, Harper, Roe & Zimmerman and opened an office by myself. I found it necessary, owing to the steady growth of my law business, to employ two attorneys most of the time to aid me in briefing and preparing cases for trial. But the new arrangement gave me perfect freedom and independence. While I applied myself industriously to my profession, I set aside a brief period in the autumn of each year, which I devoted to speeches and addresses throughout the State.



Photograph by Nielson

NILS P. HAUGEN

The Progressives' first candidate for Governor in their 1894 fight against the bosses. Haugen faced certain defeat and enforced retirement from public life. But he made a great fight

The campaign of 1894 resulted in a sweeping victory for the Republicans. Upham was elected Governor and the old Sawyer-Payne-Spooner machine came back to power with restored confidence. Almost the first thing they did was to tamper with the work of the former Democratic administration in connection with the treasury cases. When the Legislature assembled there had already been returned to the State, as a result of the prosecutions of former State treasurers, no less than \$427,902.55, and there had been put into judgment the further sum of \$181,015.68, making a total of \$608,918.23. Other cases were still pending. The bosses at once began developing a plan to relieve the ex-treasurers from the "hardship" of paying their full indebtedness to the State, and, as a feeler, put through legislation releasing one of the treasurers from the payment of a portion of the judgment secured against him, and providing for the discontinuance of all the cases against two of the other ex-treasurers.

Members of the Legislature were fearful of public sentiment and reluctant to pass the measures, but a powerful lobby was organized under the immediate charge of Charles F. Pfister of Milwaukee, who had recently appeared as a power in Wisconsin politics. Pfister had inherited several millions from his father, Guido Pfister, who had been a bondsman for one of the State treasurers, against whom a judgment amounting to \$106,683.90 had been obtained. Pfister had been associated with Henry C. Payne and Frank G. Bigelow, president of the First National Bank of Milwaukee, in street railway and other municipal enterprises, and had been rapidly promoted to a position of authority in the Wisconsin machine.

The audacity of this attempt to relieve the ex-treasurers by legislation passed under the whip and spur of a powerful lobby, is more apparent when it is understood that throughout the campaign of 1894 the Democrats warned voters that if a Republican Governor and Legislature were elected the ex-treasurers would be "let off."

And they *were* let off: obligations aggregating more than a quarter of a million dollars were cancelled, and the bills were signed by Governor Upham.

At the approach of the next campaign, that of 1896, Sawyer, Spooner, Payne, and Pfister saw plainly that they would have to meet the resentment of the people upon this issue. It would not do to offer Upham again as a candidate. It is true that he had done their bidding: he had served the bosses, but by

that very service he had weakened himself as a candidate. Although he was personally entitled to every consideration at their hands, he had gained no independent strength with the people, and it was easy to cast him aside.

Strange as it may seem to the reader unacquainted with machine methods, the question of Upham's renomination in 1896 was disposed of in the Planters' Hotel, at St. Louis, at the time of the National Republican Convention. The bosses did not regard the selection of a candidate for Governor as a matter in which the voters of Wisconsin were entitled to have any voice. During a recess in the sessions of the convention, Governor Upham was summoned before an executive session of the Wisconsin bosses, informed that he would not be given the indorsement of a renomination, and his successor, Edward Scofield, was chosen. Of course, they expected afterwards to go through the formality of calling caucuses and conventions and declare the nomination according to party usage. But it never occurred to these political rulers of the commonwealth that there was anything grotesque in their disposing of the government of the State as a side issue to a national convention.

I came back from the National Convention in 1896, to which I had been elected as an anti-machine delegate, and conferred with friends to determine on the strongest and soundest man to stand against Sawyer and his political machine. But with the sacrifice of Haugen fresh in mind, no man was willing to go out in the open as the candidate against that great power.

I was determined that the fight should go on, and therefore announced myself as an anti-machine candidate. An address to the independent Republican voters of the State was issued in my behalf by a number of my supporters, headed by ex-Governor W. D. Hoard.

It was an exciting campaign. My candidacy was at first greeted with jeers, but as it progressed, Sawyer, Spooner, Payne, and Pfister soon realized that their organization was in danger of defeat. Against a practically united press, a veteran army of trained politicians, and the lavish expenditure of money, I came down to the convention at Milwaukee on the 5th day of August, 1896, with delegates enough pledged and instructed to nominate me on the first formal ballot.

There were six candidates for Governor, of whom Scofield was the leading machine candidate. All had headquarters at the Hotel Pfister. Shortly after ten o'clock that night,

Captain John T. Rice, the leader of a delegation from one of the Assembly districts in Racine County, informed me that he had been taken aside into a private room and offered seven hundred dollars in money to transfer the seven delegates from his Assembly district to Scofield's support. Between that time and twelve o'clock many other delegates reported like personal experiences.

One after another these delegates, in the presence of Sam Harper, General Bryant, and other friends, made detailed statements of what had transpired with them the night before. These men had rejected all offers made to them. How many of my delegates had yielded to the temptation I did not know.

Shortly after midnight Charles F. Pfister came to my headquarters and asked to see me alone.

"La Follette," he said, "we've got you

skinned. We've got enough of your delegates away from you to defeat you in the convention to-morrow. Now, we don't want any trouble or any scandal. We don't want to hurt the party. And if you will behave yourself, we will take care of you when the time comes."

I told Mr. Pfister that I was able to take care of myself and that I would whip their machine to a standstill in the convention the

next day. I was not sure but that they had me beaten, but I didn't propose to run up any white flag. I didn't have one.

When the balloting came on the next day, I was beaten, just as Pfister said. My delegates understood what had defeated them. The work of the bosses had been coarse and rank. When it was over my steadfast supporters came back in a body to the head-

quarters. Wrought up to a high pitch they indignantly demanded that I stand as an independent candidate, as a rebuke to the methods employed to defeat the will of the people. I shall never forget the excited throng, their flushed faces, their bitter disappointment. One of them, a young fellow,—it was his first convention,—broke down and sobbed like a child. I stood up and spoke to them: they needed to know that the defeat would not turn me back



Photograph by Steu

CHARLES F. PFISTER

Who had charge of the powerful machine lobby that induced the Legislature to "let up" on the unpaid obligations of ex-State treasurers.

Pfister and Payne were the chief members of the ring in Milwaukee

but drive me on with higher resolve.

The outraged spirit of the group quickly changed. The mood to destroy, to get quick redress, gave way, and they faced to the front with courage to fight on. I said to them that the men who win final victories are those who are stimulated to better fighting by defeat: that the people had not betrayed us, but that they themselves had been betrayed by those whom they had sent to serve them in that

convention; that the wrong was not there, it was here; that it would be weak and cowardly to abandon the rank and file who believed as we believed; that if anyone was forced to leave the Republican party it should be the corrupt leaders; that the bosses were not the party; that the fault lay with the system that permitted corrupt agents to betray their principals; that the evil work of the night before had forced me to do some hard thinking, and that I was going home to find some better way; that we would never compromise, never abandon the fight until we had made government truly representative of the people.

That little army went back to their homes and told the true story of that convention.

At that time, I had never heard of the direct primary. Indeed, there was no direct primary statute in any State, excepting a weak optional law in Kentucky. In order to become familiar with every phase of the caucus and convention system, I briefed all the laws relative to caucuses and conventions. I had resolved to attack and, if possible, overthrow the whole system in Wisconsin.

A little later, I accepted an invitation from President Harper of the Chicago University to make an address before the faculty and students of that institution on the 22d of February, 1897. I took as my theme, "The Menace of the Political Machine." After portraying the evils of caucuses and conventions, and showing how readily they lend themselves to manipulation, defeating the will of the majority, I outlined a complete system of direct nominations for all county, legislative, and State offices, by both parties upon the same day, under the Australian ballot. So far as I am aware, this was the first presentation of a complete direct nominating system. In that speech, I said in conclusion:

"Beginning the work in the State, put aside the caucus and convention. They have been and will continue to be prostituted to the service of corrupt organization. They answer no purpose further than to give respectable form to political robbery. Abolish the caucus and the convention. Go back to the first principles of Democracy; go back to the people. Substitute for both the caucus and the convention a primary election—held under the sanctions of law which prevail at the general elections—where the citizen may cast his vote directly to nominate the candidate of the party with which he affiliates and have it canvassed and returned just as he

cast it. . . . Then every citizen will share equally in the nomination of the candidates of his party and attend primary elections as a privilege as well as a duty. It will no longer be necessary to create an artificial interest in the general election to induce voters to attend. Intelligent, well-considered judgment will be substituted for unthinking enthusiasm, the lamp of reason for the torchlight. The voter will not require to be persuaded that he has an interest in the election. He will know that he has. The nominations of the party will not be the result of 'compromise' or impulse, or evil design—the 'barrel' and the machine, but the candidates of the majority, honestly and fairly nominated."

Immediately after making this address, with the assistance of Sam Harper I prepared a bill incorporating my plan for direct nominations which was introduced in the Legislature of 1897 by William T. Lewis, a member from Racine. It was not expected that it would receive favorable consideration, but it was a beginning. I knew that it would take a long educational campaign to prepare the way for its adoption. I considered, therefore, the best and cheapest means of introducing it into every home in Wisconsin. I had a limited State list which I had used in the campaigns of 1894 and 1896, but pamphleteering through the mails entails considerable expense. I therefore wrote to the owners of country weeklies of both parties, well distributed over the State, and told them of my address at the Chicago University, that the Chicago papers had considered it of sufficient importance to give it two or three columns of space, and that I believed it would be found interesting to their readers. I offered to furnish the address and the draft of the bill in the form of a supplement without charge, to be folded in, and distributed in the next regular issue of their papers. Something over three hundred newspapers agreed to receive it—I do not now recall a single refusal of my offer—and I thus secured the distribution of something like 400,000 copies of my address, press comments on the same, and a copy of the bill. Having some spare space I filled it out with an address by Charles Noble Gregory, now dean of the Law Department of the George Washington University, on the English Corrupt Practices Act. One of those old supplements lies before me as I write. I think, in all my campaigning, I never got an equal amount of publicity at less cost. There came a time later when the machine was powerful enough to prevent my publishing a line in



most of these papers, and forced me to use pamphlets and letters almost entirely. But of this I shall speak later.

The bosses would have been pleased had I bolted the convention of 1896. The desperate means to which they were driven to control that convention convinced Sawyer and his associates of the growing strength of the opposition to the machine, and gave them serious apprehension for the future. It was said that in a conference when it was over, Sawyer, drawing a long breath, mopped his perspiring face and said:

"I never want to go through so hard a fight ag'in."

Years afterwards, Stephenson, now Senator, who was then with the machine and afterwards from 1900 to 1908 a supporter of our movement, told me that in a conference

with Sawyer and the others after my defeat, he (Stephenson) said to them:

"I can't help feelin' a good deal of sympathy for Bob La Follette. We've got the newspapers, the organization, the railroads, and free passes, and all the money, and he is fightin' us all alone. If he'd a had money enough to buy a few more postage stamps, he'd 'a beat us sure."

Yes, I think Sawyer, Spooner, Pfister, and Payne would have been glad to see me leave the party and start an independent movement. Many of my close advisers, too, believed that we should break from the Republican organization and try to build up a new reform party in the State. Many Progressives urge this same course to-day. But I do not believe that it lies in the power of any one man or group of men successfully to

proclaim the creation of a new political party, and give it life, and being, and achievement, and perpetuity. New parties are brought forth from time to time, and groups of men have come forward as their heralds, and have been called to leadership and command. But the leaders did not create the party. It was the ripe issue of events. It came out of the womb of time, and no man could hinder or hasten the event. No one can foretell the coming of the hour. It may be near at hand. It may be otherwise. But if it should come quickly, we may be sure strong leadership will be there, and some will say that the leaders made the party. But all great movements in society and government, the world over, are the result of growth. Progress may seem to halt; we may even seem to lose ground, but it is my deep conviction that it is our duty to do, day by day, with all our might, as best we can for the good of our country, the task which lies nearest at hand. The party does not consist of a few leaders or of a controlling political machine. It consists of the hundreds of thousands of plain citizens drawn together by a common belief in certain principles. And it seemed to me then that it ought to be in the power of that great body, the overwhelming majority of the party, to smash the machine, to defeat corrupt leaders and to drive the officials of every rank who betray the majority, out of public life. Considered as a State problem, I never have questioned the wisdom of our course in remaining within the Republican party.

And so, in the campaign of 1896, I know that I strengthened our movement when I followed my convictions as well as my judgment, and threw myself as strongly as I could into the campaign for the election of McKinley as President.

McKinley carried the State by 103,000; Scofield by nearly 95,000.

In the summer of 1897, I concluded to try the experiment of campaigning for reform in an off year. It had occurred to me that one might obtain a better hearing from people of all parties when they were not in the heat and fever of a political campaign.

On the fourth of July, 1897, I delivered an address at Mineral Point and took as my theme the "Dangers Threatening Representative Government." I delivered substantially the same address at Fern Dell, on August 23d, at the Waukesha fair, and on September 24th at the State Fair in Milwaukee. These speeches were the subject of much controversy throughout the State. The fact that they were strongly assailed by the

corporation press served only to excite interest in them; and I received many more invitations to speak than it was possible for me to accept.

One might regard a county fair as a very unsuitable place to secure an attentive hearing upon a subject seriously treated, but in all my years of campaigning, I think I never made any speeches productive of better results. I found people everywhere open-minded and eager. Almost without exception those in attendance would turn from the amusements, and give me their closest and best attention. I found at every such fair representatives of almost every township of the county, business men and well-to-do farmers, who took away with them for discussion and consideration the matter which I submitted in the address.

The opposition criticised the fair committees severely for setting apart a day for the appearance of a "demagogue and disturber" upon their grounds, but so long as the supporters and patrons of the association over the county were satisfied, the protests of the machine availed nothing. I was made, however, to feel their displeasure and resentment on various occasions. On the fair grounds at Oshkosh, which was the home of Senator Sawyer, a determined effort was made to stop my address. I was speaking from a farm wagon which had been drawn onto the race track between the pavilion and the judge's stand. I had scarcely gotten under way with my address when the bell in the judge's stand gave the usual signal for starting the horse races. Dozens of uniformed boys distributed through the audience began shouting, "Score cards for sale; score cards for sale." This was followed by the appearance of half a dozen or more horses coming on to the track a quarter of a mile away, and headed directly down upon the audience, forcing those standing upon the track to stampede to places of safety. I saw that I must act quickly or lose the day, and throwing off my coat I directed that the wagon in which I was standing be drawn crosswise of the track. Then, turning to the judge's stand, I announced that I was there on the invitation of the association to deliver an address, and that I should not budge from my place until I had finished and, if again interrupted, my address would occupy the balance of the afternoon to the exclusion of any other performance on that race track. I think not fewer than five thousand people stood up and cheered their approval, and I was not again interrupted.

In the fall of 1897 a few of the friends

prominently associated with me in carrying forward our campaign, bought a country weekly then published at Madison, called *Old Dane*. Being busy men, it was necessary for us to select an editor for this paper, and the choice was an easy one.

From the very beginning of our contest we had not only the support of practically all university men throughout the State, but of substantially all of the students of the university old enough to be interested. The spirit of democracy pervaded university life, and a strong body of these fine, clean, brainy fellows—really able men—have been conspicuous in all the Progressive fights of Wisconsin from that day to this. They are the Progressive leaders in their communities throughout the commonwealth, and are filling the first positions in our State—Assemblymen, Senators, the Governor's office. They are to be found upon the commissions, in journalism, in the professions—not even excepting the pulpit,—all earnestly striving for civic righteousness. One of the ablest and most active of these students was a boyish-looking, tow-headed Norwegian—now Congressman John M. Nelson. He came from a farm in the town of Burke, a few miles out of Madison. He had taken rank as a student and a debater in the University society work, and was one of the many students who early came to my office to volunteer his services in the Haugen campaign, and likewise in the campaign of 1896. He accepted the position of editor of *Old Dane*, the name of which we changed to *The State*. As we now had a

medium through which to maintain from week to week a campaign of education, the time seemed at hand to propose a constructive program. A new heading for the paper was designed, which set forth the following platform:

Protection for the products of the factory and the farm.

Sound money, a dollar's worth of dollar.

Reciprocity in trade.

Adequate revenues for State and nation.

Equal and just taxation of all the property of each individual and every corporation transacting business within the State.

Abolish caucuses and conventions. Nominate candidates by Australian ballot at a primary election.

Enact and enforce laws to punish bribery in every form by the lobby in the Legislature and wherever it assails the integrity of the public service.

Prohibit the acceptance by public officials of railroad passes, sleeping-car passes, express, telegraph, and telephone franks.

Enact and enforce laws making character and competency the requisite for service in our penal and charitable institutions.

Enact and enforce laws that will prohibit corrupt practices in campaigns and elections.

An economical administration of public affairs, reducing expenditures to a business basis.

From the beginning the circulation of the paper rapidly extended, and soon we had readers in every part of the State. It began to exert a strong influence upon public sentiment.



JOHN M. NELSON

One of the student Insurgents in the University of Wisconsin who offered help to La Follette in the Haugen campaign. Afterward, first editor of *The State*, and now Congressman from Wisconsin

The bosses were alarmed. Here was a publication carrying the truth week by week into every community. Its policy could not be affected in any way—neither money, advertising, nor offices would divert it from its course. Something must be done. So they sought to have the Post-office Department at Washington deny the paper the second-class mail privilege. I knew that the affair had been instigated by Keyes and the bosses, and I wrote the Department, inviting the most searching inspection, but stating what I knew to be the purpose back of the attack. Inspectors from Washington took possession of our books, and made a thorough investigation. I do not know what they reported, but no order came from the Post-office Department denying us the second-class privilege.

In the meantime we were actively at work not only with our political propoganda and our efforts to overturn the machine, but we were also advancing constructive measures of various sorts as rapidly as we could get them to the attention of the people.

One of these reforms was our effort to secure the passage of a law preventing railroad companies from giving free passes to political leaders and public officials. I will relate the details of the fight to secure an anti-pass law quite fully here because it shows vividly the conditions we had to meet.

The pass abuse had grown to extraordinary proportions in Wisconsin, and the power to give passes, franks on telegraph and telephone lines, free passage on Pullman cars, and free transportation by express companies had become a great asset of the machine politicians. These insidious privileges went far toward corrupting the politics of the State.

I had early to meet the problem of passes in my own case. In 1884, as soon as I was elected to Congress, several railroads sent me passes over their lines. Although there was then little or no agitation of the subject, I talked the whole matter over with Sam Harper and Judge Siebecker, my law partners, and we agreed that I must keep myself absolutely free from any obligations; I never used railroad passes while I was a member of Congress, nor at any other time while I held a public office.

In 1890 I first met A. R. Hall, to whom, more than any other man, belongs the credit for the enactment of the strong statute finally passed, after nine years' struggle, prohibiting State officials from accepting, using, or procuring passes or franks. Hall was one of the pioneers of the Wisconsin movement. I never knew a better man. Plain, modest, without

guile, patient, lovable, tender-hearted, his whole life was so simple, so unselfish, so humble that he was sometimes underrated. He feared nothing except to do wrong. He made his way indifferent to abuse and misrepresentation. He did not serve the hour. He was not afraid to break new ground. Fundamental principles appealed to his understanding. He was a man of strong convictions, courageous in defeat, fair in victory.

Hall came to me in the spring of 1891, when I returned from Congress to resume my law practice. The Legislature was then in session. We conferred on pending measures, and from that time on we worked together. He was one of our leading supporters in the Haugen campaign, and headed the delegation from his county.

His bill for the abolition of passes and franks was beaten in the session of 1891, and again in 1893. At the Haugen convention, Hall offered a resolution to commit the party against the pass evil, but the machine has a system which takes care of all "crank" resolutions. As soon as a convention is organized, a motion is adopted providing that all resolutions shall be referred to the Committee on Resolutions, thereafter to be appointed, without being read or debated. Hall's resolution went to the committee, but was never heard from after.

But this did not stop Hall. He was ready with his anti-pass bill when the Legislature of 1895 convened. To aid in creating public sentiment against the use of railway passes by members of the Legislature and other officials, he and I prepared resolutions which were printed and placed in the hands of reliable men in practically every township of the State. These resolutions were offered on town-meeting day, April, 1895, and generally adopted throughout the State.

During the legislative session of 1895 Hall made a speech for his bill with the usual result. A few members,—notably James O. Davidson, afterwards governor, and William O'Niel, afterwards a senator, supported him. In the meantime, I was aiding as best I could on the platform to organize public sentiment in support of the anti-pass amendment. And public opinion soon began to respond. Members of the Legislature found themselves confronted with criticism of their positions on this legislation. But the free pass and the telegraph and telephone frank were valuable assets for the machine, and it was a hard fight.

In the convention of 1896, Hall was again ready with his anti-pass resolution. It was chloroformed as usual by the Committee on

The State.

BENJAMIN HARRISON ASSEMBLYMAN A. R. HALL ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

The Dangers and
Obligations of Wealth

Proves His Charges
Against Scofield.

The Dangers Threatening
Representative Government

THE PIONEER PROGRESSIVE PAPER

In 1897, some of La Follette's friends bought a country weekly named *Old Dane*, changed the title to *The State*, and began a vigorous campaign of political education for constructive legislation

Resolutions, but afterwards on the floor of the Convention, when vigilance was somewhat relaxed, Hall seized the opportunity and again offered his anti-pass resolution, and promptly moved its adoption. It was a dangerous situation for the machine. It is one thing to smother a resolution in committee; it is quite another thing to vote it down in open convention. The vote was taken, and to the consternation of the bosses, it was passed with cheers.

But it was a barren victory so far as actual results were concerned. The Legislature of 1897 ignored the action of the convention and again defeated Hall's anti-pass bill. More than this,—the bosses and their henchmen denounced it. This all helped. It provoked discussion and controversy everywhere, and that is all that is required to advance any proposition that is sound and right. The public was now thoroughly aroused, and the defeat of the anti-pass bill in the Legislature of 1897 called down upon those responsible for it the sharpest criticism. Then a discovery was made which did more to enable us to

destroy the pass bribery system than anything which had theretofore occurred.

H. M. Tusler, the Madison agent of the United States Express Company, who was a strong sympathizer with our reform movement, as are so many employees of corporations, let it be known that Governor Scofield had shipped from his home in Oconto, in the northern part of the State, to Madison, the capital, in the southern part of the State, free on express frank No. 2169, the following:

January 7, 1897; 2 boxes; 2 barrels.

January 8, 1897; 3 barrels, 1 box.

January 9, 1897; 2 boxes; 200 pounds.

January 11, 1897; 2 barrels, 2 boxes, 1,000 pounds.

January 13, 1897; 1 cow (crated).

January 14, 1897; 1 box, 50 pounds; 1 box, 26 pounds.

February 2, 1897; 1 package.

February 26, 1897; 1 package.

March 26, 1897; 1 sewing machine.

March 26, 1897; 1 buggy-pole.

August 26, 1897; 1 barrel potatoes (small).

These facts were published in *The State*.

It was no answer to say that this was not in violation of law. It raised a storm of mingled ridicule and resentment. Scofield's cow became famous, her picture appeared in the newspapers, and she came to be known in every home in the State.

Finally, in the session of 1899, Hall's bill was forced through the Legislature, and it at once cut off one of the strong props of the boss system in Wisconsin. In the death of Mr. Hall in 1905, the State lost a true patriot.

I come now to the campaign of 1898. We had been beaten twice already — in 1894 and 1896 — and there were those who thought it unwise to fight the re-nomination of Scofield in 1898.

Scofield had been subservient to the bosses in all things throughout his administration, but the precedent of a second term, usually accorded an executive, gave him a certain advantage. Many of my friends were apprehensive that if I were defeated again it would destroy all possibility of my leadership thereafter, and they urged that a negative campaign be made in the form of a protest against Scofield's re-nomination, but that we put forward no candidate of our own. I contended that defeat could not destroy any man whose candidacy was based upon important principles; that vital issues were never destroyed

by defeat, and that any failure upon our part to oppose the machine would disintegrate our forces, and greatly delay the overthrow of the bosses. I offered my support to any recognized Progressive who would lead the fight as a candidate for Governor, but insisted with all the force I could command that the fight must be continued unceasingly. There being

no other candidate willing to undertake the campaign, I announced my candidacy.

During this campaign of 1898, I felt deeply the loss of my oldest and best friend and supporter. March 12, 1898, I delivered an address on the Direct Primary at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Upon my return, I was shocked to find my law partner, Samuel A. Harper, desperately ill with pneumonia. I never left him, day or night, till the end came.



ASSEMBLYMAN A. R. HALL

One of the pioneers of the Wisconsin movement, and one of La Follette's right-hand men in the great struggle with the bosses. To him, more than anyone, belongs the credit of bringing about the law prohibiting State officers from using passes and franks

No man has ever been so completely a part of my own life.

The three weeks' campaign for the choice of candidates in 1898 was one of the fiercest ever conducted in the State. Gilbert E. Roe, my former law partner, now a member of the New York bar, rendered excellent service in that campaign. He was a member of the Committee on Resolutions in that convention and led the fight in committee, securing the adoption of many of the strongest planks of

our progressive platform. When the convention met I should have been nominated on the first ballot, except for the use of money with delegates exactly as in the convention of 1896. Senator Stephenson, then a Scofield supporter and a power in the old organization, stated many times to my friends that the total amount of money required to handle delegates the night before the balloting began was \$8,300. I was again defeated.

But we had not fought wholly in vain: we had so stirred the State upon progressive issues that our opponents did not dare risk the rejection of the platform which we presented, and except in one or two particulars, it was adopted substantially as we drafted it.

It demanded immediate enactment of such laws as would compel all corporations engaged in business to contribute their just and equal share toward the burden of taxation.

It prohibited the giving and receiving of passes and franks, and demanded that it be made a penal offense, both as to the giver and receiver.

It admitted the defects in the caucus and convention system, and favored direct primary legislation to secure to every citizen the freest expression of his choice in the selection of candidates.

It admitted the existence of the lobby to control legislation in the interests of corporations, and promised laws to abolish the same.

In the following Legislature of 1899, none of the pledges of the platform of 1898, aside from the anti-pass law, were redeemed. An effort was made to pass a bill for the more equitable taxation of the railroads, but it was resisted by a strong railroad lobby and finally defeated by substituting a bill for the creation of a commission to investigate the subject. Every forward step they resisted.

A pretense of compliance with the platform promise of direct primaries was made by passing a law which really strengthened and entrenched the caucus and convention system. The bosses thus sought to fortify their position for the future.

We had now lost out in three campaigns—1894, 1896, 1898. But we had tested the machine to the limit of its strength, and we were prepared to go forward with the fight more vigorously than ever before. We had an irresistible platform of principles to appeal

to the democratic spirit of a people, and I never doubted that, when once the people understood, they would drive the bosses from control and reclaim their government.

I had then, and have had ever since, absolute confidence in the people. The question was often asked, "How do you expect to make Wisconsin a pioneer progressive State, with its foreign-born, foreign-bred, slow-moving population?" True, a majority of the people of Wisconsin are of foreign birth and foreign parentage. But it is a rare and exceptional people. The spirit of liberty stirring throughout Europe in the late forties and early fifties gave us the best of Germany, Scandinavia, Poland, Ireland. It gave us Carl Schurz and his followers; gave us political refugees, who were patriots and hardy peasants, seeking free government as well as homes. An organization known as the German Idealists even flooded Germany with literature urging the founding of a free German State in Wisconsin. In every city and hamlet in the commonwealth are still living the last of these pioneers. And as a heritage to their children they are leaving the story of the oppression which forced them to abandon their native lands and intensified their devotion to self-government. Combined with the Puritan Yankee of New England, these sturdy emigrants have produced a courageous, progressive race of men in whom the spirit of democracy dominates.

Our problem was further simplified owing to the predominance of the agricultural population and the absence of great congested centers, which are always the stronghold of machine control through a corrupt combination of big business with municipal graft. During the long winter months the farmer finds time for reading and thinking, but the men in the industries must give their energies more exclusively to their employment and have less leisure for study and reflection, excepting where through organization they are securing shorter hours and better opportunities. To the character of the people of Wisconsin I attribute the progress which we were able to make against machine control.

We entered upon the campaign of 1900, therefore, in which we were destined to be finally victorious, with great enthusiasm. But of that campaign and of my election as Governor I shall tell in the next chapter.

Next month Senator La Follette will relate the dramatic story of his first election as Governor, tell how certain of the old bosses came over to him, how the Legislature was stolen from the Progressives through the operations of a corrupt lobby, and of the desperate struggle for constructive legislation which followed.



I WAS HOING IN THE MELON PATCH, AND SUDDENLY I STRAIGHTENED MYSELF UP AND THREW DOWN MY HOE, AND I SEEMED TO SWELL UP AS BIG AS THE UNIVERSE



"SO NOT LONG AFTER THAT I SADDLED MY HORSE AND RODE UP THE MOUNTAIN TO MARIA'S CABIN; FIRST TIME I'D CLAPPED EYES ON IT SINCE THE DAY I LEFT"

MR. McCURDY — SUPERMAN

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

"WELL this is livin', seein' you again," Mr. McCurdy's voice boomed through the hushed atmosphere of the Turkish room at the Waldorf, and he almost crushed my palm with his hearty handshake. He had called me up on the telephone that morning and adjured me to take luncheon with him in such tones of heartfelt loneliness that I had immediately responded.

"Come on right out to the table"—he led the way into the palm room. "I told one of these boys to save us a good, quiet table, not too near the music, where we could have a real old-fashioned talk. There, sit down. Now what'll you have? Oh sho'!" in answer to my modest suggestions, "nothin' of the sort. I asked you to have a meal of vittles with me, not a cup o' tea off the stove. Hold on a minute, while I study this men-oo.

"Now," he said when he had given the order, "we can take our time and talk things over." Mr. McCurdy was a tall, bronze,

smiling giant of a man of about fifty-five years, with mild blue, rather introspective eyes and a grizzled beard. "Yes," in reply to my inquiry, "I been in the East some time, but I didn't have a minute to see you nor anyone else while I was placin' my properties. You see, you got to be on your job every second, and wise to the differing methods of the New York and Boston capitalist. The New York variety befoes your understanding with 'pitfall and with gin,' chorus-lady pitfall and sloe but sure gin; while the Boston kind takes you to see—what you call it?—Elektra, and 'Ghosts,' and collections of etchings; and talks music and the higher life and all things like that. But," with a bright smile, "I couldn't go back West without seein' you, you know. Maria would never forgive me if I did."

"Maria!" I opened my eyes and dropped my fork with a faint clatter on my plate.

"Yes, didn't you know about me and Maria? Well—we got plenty of time, and



"I LIKE TO FELL DEAD. 'ROSALIE McCURDY!' I STAMMERED OUT I—I'VE HEARD OF HER, BUT SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL"

maybe I better begin right at the beginning. You remember my ranch where I lived all alone, don't you?"

I did. A delightful ranch with wide orchards clustering about a white cottage, and large kitchen gardens and melon patches to the rear. A well-cared-for place and scrupulously orderly, but lacking that indefinable look of feminine occupation. I also remembered Mrs. McCurdy's pleasant cabin ten miles away in the mountains, for Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy had chosen, for reasons of which I was ignorant, to live apart, and although I had remained the friend of both, until Mr. McCurdy uttered that startling word "Maria," I had never heard either one speak of the other.

"Well, it was this way," Mr. McCurdy went on, at the same time attacking his dinner with zest—it could not be called a luncheon: "One day, last fall, I was workin' out in my potato hills—kind o' rest and recreation from the wear and tear of developin' properties up to the sellin' point and then landin' them on these darned Easterners, you know. Well, I raised up to see a young fellow I know, Judson, superintendent of the Mont d'Or, stridin' toward me over the field, leavin' an awful pretty girl behind him in the orchard.

"He'd come down to lay in his winter supply of potatoes, and we talked about that for a minute, and then he said: 'Would you like to meet Miss Rosalie Mc-

Curdy? Same name as yours, and she was wondering, while we were drivin' down the mountain, if you were any relation. She's never heard of you before.'

"I like to fell dead. 'Rosalie McCurdy!' I stammered out. I—I've heard of her, but she was a little girl. Gosh! Do you know, I'd never realized that eighteen years had passed just like that." Mr. McCurdy blew a puff of air from his lips and waved it away with one hand.

"Well, the long and short of it was that I invited Judson to come back to the potato shed, and we made ourselves comfortable on some sacks, and I told him the whole story, windin' up by, maybe, speakin' a little bitterly of Maria's keepin' my daughter away from me all those years. But Judson, like all young people, was a harsh judger, and when I'd finished, he stood up as stiff as you please, and said, as cold as ice: 'I'll not pretend to have any sympathy for a man who acknowledges that he deserted his wife and young baby at a time when they would be most dependent on him.'

"Here boy," Mr. McCurdy interrupted himself to speak to the waiter, "you chase in a large cup of coffee with cream. Yes, right now with my dinner. No caffy nors at the tail end for me. I know," turning again to me and speaking with the utmost candor, "that any way I put my story, it don't sound pretty, but what in thunder has sound got to do with it? It was facts I was facin' when I left Maria—facts. It was like this. We both of us got the gold fever, back East, soon after we were married. So, with what money I'd made on an invention or so, mouse traps, egg beaters, and so on, we went West, and I took a lease in a worthless mine. At that period of my life I was a dreamer, an inventor, had a head full of ideas," he rapidly fluttered his fingers in the air, as if to signify their variety and extent. "But I," his tones profoundly solemn now, "in spite of these high hopes and my aspirations and my gifts and talents—I never was one to praise myself, as you know, but I certainly did have gifts beyond the ordinary. Well, what was happening? I was rapidly becoming nothing at all. I don't believe," he spoke slowly, weighing his words and apparently giving the matter all consideration, "that any mere observer can form an idea of the range and extent of Mrs. McCurdy's activities.

"That woman," he leaned across the table and tapped my arm impressively, "was like a pillar of radium with phonograph attachments. She could manage anything—any-

thing; but when all her energies were bent on managing one poor man, why naturally it was too much fierce white light for any weak human being to bear. It shriveled me up. Believe it or not," Mr. McCurdy's eyes took on a far-away, reminiscent look and he nodded gloomily, "but I wasn't just Mrs. McCurdy's husband, I was her door mat, her kitchen mop. I was getting so that I ran and asked her if I could walk up the road a piece. Pretty soon, she'd have been feeding me with a spoon. So, one day I just walked out, leavin' her most all the ready money I had; knowin' all the time that she was smart as lightning at her trade—dress-making. Well——" he shifted his position slightly, "after that, I drifted around quite a little, made and saved some money, and then back there to settle down on the ranch and look after my properties.

"Well sir, do you know what? Livin' there on Beehive, and studying over things—life and Nature and what not—I got to be quite a philosopher. I found myself——this with tremendous impressiveness——" I remember the day when it came over me—just like a revelation. I was hoeing in the melon patch, and suddenly I straightened myself up and threw down my hoe, and I seemed to swell up as big as the universe. Why, I almost shouted: 'I ain't afraid of Maria. I ain't afraid of Maria any more, not any more than I am of those darned industrious ants yonder, which she's like.'" Mr. McCurdy again seemed to swell with pride as he recalled that delirious moment of freedom.

"But to get back to my story. In spite of Judson's stand-off attitude, I got it out of him before he left, that he and Rosy were stuck on each other, but that her mother, as usual, had other plans. So, without saying anything to him, I decided, with my sublime superman confidence, that it was about time for me to take a hand in the game.

"So not long after that I saddled my horse and rode up the mountain to Maria's cabin; first time I'd clapped eyes on it since the day I left. I felt kind o' funny when I walked up that path, you bet. Well, Rosy came to the door and let me in; said her mother was at a missionary meeting but would be home soon. That suited me down to the ground. I thought I'd get things all arranged before Maria showed up. So, I broke it to Rosy with a good deal of pathos, if I do say it myself, that I was her long-lost father." He shook his head gloomily here, his eyes fixed on the musicians. "But it didn't go. Rosy's a beautiful girl, beautiful, but she's got no tempera-

ment. All the time I was talking to her, and anybody'll admit that I got a persuasive way with me, she looked as if she didn't believe a word I was saying, and when I finished, she sat there with her eyes down and never opened her mouth. Embarrassing, wasn't it?

"See here, comrade," he interrupted himself, "you ain't settin' your teeth in your food the way I'd like to have you. Boy, you fix up the lady's salad with extra trimmings, your tastiest, hear? Or that tip you're bankin' on don't fall your way."

"I was feeling kind o' foolish and not knowing what next to say when there was the sound of a key rattling in the lock and the next minute Maria walked in. Talk about psychological moments! Whew! I must say she'd changed mighty little. Maria always kept herself well, you know."

"Well, such a no-account meeting," she began, and then she saw me. "Why Rosalie," she cries, "I didn't know you were expecting company."

"Then, would you believe it?—Rosalie, a beautiful girl, beautiful, but no savor fair, says right off, like this: 'Mother, this is Mr. McCurdy, he says he's my father.'

"For a moment that seemed to deprive Maria of her power of speech, so I took my chance."

"Yes, Maria, it's me," I said. "After all

these years.' I spoke kind of touchingly, you know, as if overwhelmed with thoughts too deep for tears. 'Yes, I've come back.'

"What for?" says Maria, like that. Make anyone jump. Sort of detonating, like a bullet fired off close to your ear."

"I think," I says, kind of deepening the effect of pathos, by a sort of hesitating wistfulness of tone, 'I think to see you and my little girl.'

"Maria first took off her gum shoes and then hung up her hat and jacket in a business-like way, then she said: 'Well, you'll find your little girl quite grown up,' coolly. 'It's a good many years, Henderson, since you shut the door behind you, leaving me and Rosalie to shift for ourselves, maybe starve.'

"This got on my nerves, and I jerked my chair back. 'All the time you think I've been away'—maybe I spoke with some asperity—'I been right

here watchin' over you and Rosy to see you came to no harm.' Poetic license, you know," he explained to me.

"You have," says Maria, as sarcastic as you please. 'And just where have you been doing all this watching? Up on that white peak of old Excelsior yonder?' pointing to a bold mountain a mile or two away.

"I gave her a surprise then," chuckled Mr. McCurdy. "I said, sort of off hand, 'No. For a good fifteen years I've been down on



SO. ONE DAY I JUST WALKED OUT. LEAVIN' HER MOST ALL THE READY MONEY I HAD

my ranch—Beehive Ranch—and tending my properties in the near-by mountains.’

“Well, I tell you, Maria looked her surprise. ‘Is this the truth?’ she says. ‘Are you really the owner of Beehive Ranch?’ You always got to show Maria, you know. She’s from Missouri.

“‘The sole owner,’ I says, and I guess I spoke with some pride. ‘Why not?’

“Maria, she cocked her head on one side and sat looking at me in a queer kind of a way for a minute, and then she said in a softer tone: ‘If you’ve been living so close by, why haven’t you been near us all these years?’

“Like all miserable human beings, I was prompt enough in my own defense. ‘You didn’t need me,’ I answered. ‘You were doing a fine business, and Rosalie was growing up well and strong.’

“‘And what gave you the idea, Henderson, that we needed you now?’ Maria spoke more softly still.

“I tell you, the beads of dew stood out on my brow then. This fly realized all too late that he was caught in the tanglefoot paper. It would take a mental Marathon sprinter to get ahead of Maria, and I think—yes,” Mr. McCurdy squinted his eyes thoughtfully at a palm in the corner, “that it would be Maria who would give him a run for his money.

“But here, Maria made the fatal mistake of forgetting that I was the worm that had turned. She still thought of me as the patient old caterpillar that she had walked over for so many years, not realizing that I had spun a cocoon of freedom and evolved into a bright butterfly of a superman. So now, it seemed about time for me to take control of the situation.

“‘Maria,’ I said firmly—and friend of my better days, I leave it to you, if you ever knew any man that could be firmer than me, not praising myself at all, you know, but just stating facts—you had your own way for a good many years, and you certainly took it; but you ain’t the only one that’s had their own way. I’ve been having it right along down to Beehive Ranch, and,’ here I spoke very slowly and impressively, ‘I found—myself—down—there, and I’m not to be bulldozed, or cowed, or crushed by anyone that walks the earth. I’ve not only been a worker, Maria, I’ve been a thinker and a great reader besides and so I’ve gradually become what they call a superman. You don’t know what that is, of course—few do. But I’m it. Now, I’ve found out that as usual, Maria, you’ve been laying a path for some one else to walk on. That you’re determined that

Rosy’s got to marry the man of your choice, instead of the man of hers; so I’ve come right back here to the house I was jawed out of eighteen years ago, to tell Rosy that she is to follow the dictates of her own heart, and that Beehive Ranch is ever open to her.’

“Now if you talk to nine women out of ten just that way, they’ll knuckle down; but I’d have bet my last dime on Maria. I never yet saw any terms of speech that had any effect on her. She wouldn’t hesitate to give a piece of her mind to St. George and then turn round and sass the dragon. I never yet saw man, woman, thing or situation that she was afraid of. So you may imagine how the earth seemed to rock when I heard her say, as gentle as a cooing dove:

“‘I can see now, Henderson, that you ain’t been treated just right. I’ve always felt that there was only one side to our story, and that was mine.’ Oh how she sighed! ‘But you’ve made it plain to me now that you’ve got a side as well. No,’ she shook her head slowly back and forth, ‘you haven’t been treated right; but no one,’ and she drew herself up like a queen, ‘no one has ever accused Maria McCurdy of not doing the best she could to set right her mistakes. So Henderson,’ and here she extended her hand with a sort of royal gesture, ‘I’m willing to make it up and let bygones be bygones,—start life anew.’

“And what do you think I did?” Mr. McCurdy asked. “Would you believe it? I just grabbed my hat and coat and loped from the house. Poor old superman!” he shook his head in reminiscent pity, “running along that mountain road, his wings a-trailing in the dust.

“Well,” rousing himself from this mournful contemplation, “I rode down to Beehive as fast as I could, telling myself that it was all over, and I was glad that I had seen my last of a petticoat forever.

“Yes,” to the waiter, “you can bring the caffy, parfys now; and see that they’re froze solid. Every once and a while they run in an ice on you that’s just a milk puddle, and I can’t stand ’em. You hear, garcong?”

“Naturally,” resuming his tale, “I expected that getting down to the routine of life again, I’d soon forget all about the episode. But not so,” here he leaned forward and tapped the table with his fork, “I’d had a shock—a shock. I’d come forward face to face with a past that I thought was dead and buried, and it all came over me as live as ever. Gee!

“About two weeks passed, and—gosh! but they passed slow. Knowing what a determined woman Maria was and how she never



"YES, MARIA, IT'S ME," I SAID. "AFTER ALL THESE YEARS," I SPOKE KIND OF TOUCHINGLY, YOU KNOW, AS IF OVERWHELMED WITH THOUGHTS TOO DEEP FOR TEARS. "YES, I'VE COME BACK"

let anything balk her will, I got so that I never looked from the window that I didn't expect to see her come driving down the road to take possession of Beehive. The very thought put me in a fury of obstinacy. I set the strongest of locks on the doors and windows. The first thing in the morning I was watching the road and the last thing at night."

He smoked his cigarette in reminiscent silence for a few minutes. "You can imagine that the situation got on my nerves something awful. I wasn't myself at all, and when it was finally borne in on me that she wasn't coming, why, the disappointment was pretty keen.

"Yes," even he could not fail to notice my surprise, "yes, that's what I said—disappointment; the disappointment was pretty keen. For in some way I got back into the mood of inventing. Several handy ideas occurred to me and I was anxious to get to work on them. But there came the difficulty. I was always used to talking them over with her. It sort of cleared out my own views, and certainly was ready with helpful suggestions. Human nature's a funny thing, a mighty funny thing!" Again he fell into pensive reverie, but not for long. Silence was alien to both Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy.

"Girl," he said, addressing me, "in all the years I lived at Beehive I never felt a lonely minute, but from the time I saw Maria again the loneliness was something awful; gnawing all the time, like that what-you-may-call-it, the Spartan boy carried in his bosom, a rat

or something. Well, the long and short of it was that I saddled my horse and rode up to Maria's cabin again, planning all the way what I'd say; but things never turn out that way. Maria must have seen me coming, for before I reached the door, she threw it open. "You, Henderson?" she says. "It's a good thing. I got something to tell you." She looked a little upset for her.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Rosalie's eloped with young Judson. I just found the note on the bread box. She left her love for you. I don't know where that girl gets her obstinacy."

"I followed her into the sitting room, warm and bright and cheerful, and looking as if women lived in it. Say, do you know, that's the most beautiful look in the world to a lonely man!

"Good enough!" I said. 'He's all right and Rosy's a beautiful girl; maybe lacking a little in diablery and spiritualness and all that—but beautiful. But Maria,' I stepped right up to her then, 'Maria, I'm so lonely I can't stand it, and—I got a bunch of inventions in my head, and—if you can forgive my running away eighteen years ago, why we might be company for each other again. Can you take me back?'

"Now I will say that Maria has the prettiest smile and the brightest eyes I ever saw in any woman—present company excepted, of course," he added hastily and gallantly, "and she looked at me with both. 'I certainly can,' she says, 'that's been my intention ever since I clapped eyes on you a fortnight ago.'"

ACROSS THE WAY

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THAT sweetest little greedy maid
Whose cottage is next door—
If any of her roses fade,
June sends as many more.

The lucky roses over there!
They live a summer day,
Then go to heaven in the hair
Of her across the way.



FOUND SOMETHING GOING ON

BY ED HOWE

Author of "When the Circus Came to Town," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. TODAHL

SO little that is really exciting or worth while has happened in my life that I am greatly interested in Jim and Dan Ayers, who run a restaurant in the town where I live. Something really happened to them once upon a time, and when I go to their restaurant I enjoy hearing them tell about it.

When they were boys, they lived on a farm in Virginia; I have heard them say their post office was Sudley Springs. One Sunday morning, their father started them to Sunday school, and after they had loitered along the way a mile or two Jim Ayers remarked a commotion over beyond what they called the Big Woods.

"What's that?" Jim asked, stopping.

It was getting late by this time, and Dan replied:

"I don't know, but we'd better hurry up and get to Sunday school, or we'll get a whipping."

Then they hurried on, but the commotion over beyond the Big Woods broke out again, faintly, but it was very unusual, and Jim stopped and listened. He had never heard

anything like it before, although he was a big boy twelve years old and, after listening a while, he said:

"I'm going over there."

"Better not," Dan said. "You know father whips hard."

But the strange commotion continued, so Jim said he was going, whipping or no whipping. Dan followed, but kept saying they would catch it when they returned home.

They walked and walked and walked; all the time the commotion over beyond the Big Woods became more pronounced, but they couldn't tell what it was. They forded streams, and were chased by strange dogs, but kept on from ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. They had nothing to eat, and they didn't know that they could ever find their way back, because they were in a country strange to them. But they kept on, and a little after three o'clock, as a reward for their perseverance, they walked into the battle of Bull Run. I never before heard of boys going anywhere and finding anything as great as they expected.

THE MEN IN THE DARK

BY THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

IT is not really dark in the accepted sense of the word, for a great yellow electric-light lamp sputtering overhead casts a wide circle of gold, but it is 1:15 of a cold January morning, and this light is all the immediate light there is. The offices of the great newspaper center, the sidewalk in front of one of which constitutes the stage of this scene, are dark and silent. The great presses in every newspaper building hereabouts are getting ready to whirl mightily, and if only the passers-by would cease their shuffling you could hear the voice of preparation. A little later, when they are actually in motion, you can hear them—a sound of rushing, dim and muffled, but audible—the cataract of news which the world waits for—its daily mental stimulus, not unlike the bread that is left for the body.

But who are these peculiar individuals who seem to be gathering here at this time in the morning? You did not notice anyone a little while ago, but now there are three or four over there discussing the nature of hard times, and here in the shadow of this great arch of a door are three or four more. And now you look and they are coming from all directions, slipping in and out of the shadow toward this light, where there is a fat, old Irishwoman tending a newsstand, or waiting to tend it, for as yet there is nothing on it. They seem to be men of one type at first, small and underweight and gaunt, but you realize a little later that they are of different nationalities, and that they are not so much alike in height and weight as you first thought. They are all cold, though, that is certain, and a little impatient. They are constantly shifting and turning and looking at the City Hall clock, where its yellow face displays the hour, and looking down the street, and sometimes murmuring, but not much. There is really very little said.

"What is all the trouble?" you ask some

available bystander who ought to be fairly *en rapport* with the situation, seeing that he is standing there.

"Nothin'," he retorts. "They're waitin' for the morning papers. They're lookin' to see which can git to the job first."

"Oh!" you exclaim, a great light breaking. "So they're here to get a good start. They wait all night. That's pretty tough, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. They are mostly Swedes and Germans." (This last as though eliminating the need of human consideration.) "They're waiters and cooks and order men and dishwashers. There's some other kinds, too, but they're mostly waiters."

"Would you say that old man over there was a waiter—that fellow with a white beard?"

"Aw, naw! He ain't no waiter. I don't know what he is. Panhandler, maybe. They wouldn't have the likes of him. It's these other fellers that are waiters, these young ones."

You look, and they are young in a way—a shabby lot of early manhood with thin lips and narrow chests and sallow faces, and each carrying a roll of something wrapped up in a newspaper and tucked under his arm—an apron perhaps.

You begin speculating for yourself and, with the aid of your friend to supply occasional points, you piece the whole thing together. This is really a very great, hard, cold city. And these men are creatures at the bottom of the ladder, temporarily anyhow. And these columns of ads in the successful morning papers attract them as a chance. And they come here thus early in the cold to get a good start in order to get the job. First come, first served. It does seem a little rough, doesn't it?

And while you are waiting, speculating, another creature edges near you. He isn't



THE MEN IN THE DARK

quite so prosperous looking as the last one you talked to; he seems thinner—more emaciated.

“Take a look at that, boss,” he says, opening his palm and shoving something bright toward you. It looks like gold.

“No,” you answer nervously. You have been held up before. “No, I don’t want to look at it.”

“Take a look at it,” he says again.

“No,” you retort irritably, but you do in a half-hearted, objecting way, and you see now it is a gold ring with an initial carved in the seal plate.

He closes his thin hand and puts it back in his pocket. He is inclined to go away. Then another idea strikes him.

“Are you looking for a job?” he asks.

“No.”

“Ain’t you a cook?”

“No.”

“Gee! I thought you was some swell chef—they come here now and then.”

It’s a doubtful compliment, but it’s better than nothing. You soften a little.

“I’m a waiter,” he confides now that he has your momentary interest. “I am when I’m in good health. I’m run down now some.

The best I can get is dishwashing. But I am a waiter, and I’ve been an order clerk. There’s nothin’ very much to any of this bunch, though. They all work for the cheap joints. Saturday nights they gits drunk most. If they’re not there on the dot Sunday, they’re gone. The boss gits a new one. Then they come here Sunday night or Monday.”

You’re inclined to agree that this description fits in pretty well with your observation of a number, but what of these others who look like family men, who look worried and harried.

“Sure, there’s lots others,” says your ad-



viser. “There’s three columns every day callin’ for painters. There’s a column most every day of printers. People paints houses all the year ’round. There’s general help wanted. There’s carpenters. It gets some. Cooks and waiters and dishwashers is the big pull, though.”

You have been wondering if this is really so, but it sounds plausible. These men are obviously, in a great many cases, cooks and waiters. Their search calls for an early start, for the restaurants and hotels mostly keep open all night. It may be.

You have been wondering all the time why the papers don’t come. It seems a shame that these men should have to stand here so long. There’s a great crowd now—between two and three hundred. A policeman is tramping up and down keeping an open passageway. He is not in any friendly mood. “Stand back!” he demands angrily. “I’m tellin’ ye for the last time.”

A great passageway opens.

Now, of a sudden, a boy comes running with a great bundle of the most successful morning paper—a most staggering load. Actually the crowd looks as though it would seize him and tear his bundle away from him, but instead it only closes in quickly behind. When he reaches the Irishwoman’s stand, there is a great struggling, grabbing circle formed. “The —” is the cry. “Gimme a —,”



and for the space of a half dozen minutes a thriving, exciting business is done in morning papers. These men run with their papers

talking you recognize some gentlemanly newspaper man, well salaried, taking his belated way homeward. What a contrast! What a far cry!



"And say," says your dishwasher friend, "I thought I'd git a job to-night. I thought somebody'd buy this ring. It'll bring \$1.75 in the pawnshop in the mornin'. I ain't got carfare, or I wouldn't mention it. I usually soaks it early in the week and gits it out Saturday. I'll soak it to-morrow and git another chance to-morrow night."

What a story! What a predicament!

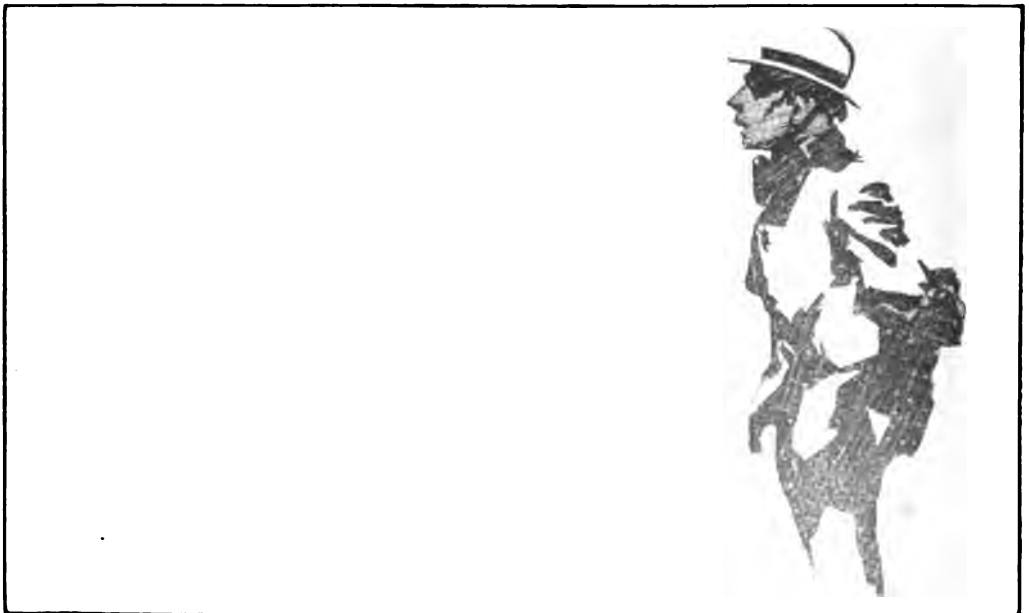
You go down in your pocket and produce a quarter. You buy him a paper. "On your way," you say cheerily. But the misery! The depths! To think that any of us should come to this.

As he goes you watch the others going, and then the silence settles down and the night. There is no sense of traffic here now. No great need of light. The old Irishwoman sinks to a dismal task of waiting. Now and then some passing pedestrian will buy. But these others—they have gone in the direction of the four winds of heaven—they are applying at the shabby doors of restaurants, they are sitting on stoops, holding their own at shop doors. They have the right to ask first, the right to be first, because they are first—noble privilege.

like dogs run with a bone. They hurry, each to some neighboring light and gaze up and down a group of columns. Sometimes they mark something, and then you see them hurry on again. They have picked their prey.

It is a pitiful spectacle from one point of view—a decidedly grim one from another. Your dishwasher (or ex-waiter) confides that most of these positions only pay five dollars a week and board. And he admits the board is vile. Ten dollars is high. While you are

And you and I—well, we turn in to our dreams and rest. The great world wags on. Our allotted portion is not this. We are not the men in the dark.



AT THE TOMB

The First in a New Series of Short Stories

BY CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD HEATH

LINCOLN'S monument stood somberly in a fresh fall of snow which covered the ground unspotted and filled the trees. It was a blanket of purity on the silent cemetery. The careful custodian of the place had swept the steps up the monument and had cleared a path from the gateway and from his lodge, but otherwise the expanse of white lay unbroken except for trees, shrubbery and tombstones.

This white so gave intensity to the silence that the heroic groups of the monument gained in solemnity. The great figure of the calm Lincoln, whom sculptors love, stood looking down on carnage suspended and held in bronze beneath him. A cap of snow had covered the bare head of a cannoneer falling with his swab clutched in his hand into the arms of a man at the breech of the piece. Snow had covered the face of another lying at the wheels.

Snow had touched gently the features of an infantryman sinking on weakening knees and had piled itself in the bend of a cavalryman's upraised saber arm. It had covered the drum of a boy whose last effort was bringing down the sticks as he fell. It had drifted to the knees of the group of infantry waiting with expectant bayonets for the cavalry charge which threatened but did not come. It had filled the mouth of howitzer and covered the top of field-piece.

The monument thus half shrouded seemed a part of eternity in the heart of the cemetery. Its strong men of bronze, surmounted by the calm figure whose calmness was a part of and superior to their struggles, promised endurance for the people who furnished them and him whose resting place was deep under the great groups.

In the white landscape their bronze agony attained the peace of the heroic.

Into this great peace there walked slowly a solemn little man, one of the small men of the earth into whose contentment no suspicion of his smallness entered. Short and squat, round and bulging of abdomen was he, in a long black coat and a silk hat. His whiskers were stubby and defiant.

In this snow-covered grandeur these smallnesses were lost. There came a man and he carried a wreath of roses. He ascended the steps and stood at the doors of the mausoleum, directly under the cannoneers with snow on their upturned faces. He removed his hat. He laid the wreath at the doors. He stood *silent* with bared head, growing to heroic proportions every minute until he fitted well with the figures of bronze.

His attitude was sincere; his emotion honest. It was Lincoln's birthday and he laid a wreath at the tomb. Elsewhere there might be dining and oratory and much to honor Lincoln so designed to honor them who honored him, but Adam Pulitzer by yearly habit laid a wreath at the door of the tomb and stood in solitary and silent respect before it.

He turned and faced the white expanse which lay before him. The aspect of his surroundings was sobering and impressive, and although he replaced his hat on his head he stood observant.

The air was genial and mild. The sky was gray and dull, but it promised a burst of sunshine to lighten up the snow crystals.

This was a genuinely holy moment for Mr. Pulitzer, and nothing sordid in his past or wretched in his expectations rebuked him. He enjoyed the exaltation of a pious period. Adam's respect for the great man and the great years which stood illustrated in bronze was genuine. He came annually to the monument in obedience to the behest of what was sincere in his emotions.

Biennially the task was easy inasmuch as the Legislature was in session and he was a member of the House of Representatives. In other years he made a pilgrimage of one hundred and eighty miles that he might lay the wreath on the tomb.

He was conscious of his patriotism. Habitually he stood up when the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and he removed his hat when he saw the flag at the head of a regiment. He was sincere but not unconscious of his virtue. He found enjoyment in it. At the present moment, in contemplation of the white cemetery, he was sensitive to emotions which

ennoble, but not so lost in his glow of patriotism as not to observe a carriage coming toward the monument by the winding road.

It drew up at the approach. Mr. Pulitzer stepped aside to the balustrade and watched curiously to see who came in state to the tomb. A fat person alighted heavily. He also carried a wreath. With a word to the driver he came soberly up the walk.

Mr. Pulitzer recognized Dr. Clinton A. Porget. Nothing in the doctor's heavy and solemn aspect indicated that he had seen Adam. He ascended the long flight of steps portentously. He removed his silk hat. He wore a white tie and was immaculately ecclesiastical in all his parts. He looked neither to the right nor the left but went in grave solemnity to the bronze doors. He laid his wreath beside that of Adam's and stood in silent contemplation.

Mr. Pulitzer watched him with growing ire. It was not only that he resented an intrusion in his own field of delicate sentiment. He particularly resented Dr. Porget's intrusion, and he waited for the inevitable recognition.

Dr. Porget turned away from his devotions. He looked over the chill, still landscape. His eyes roved mischievously. They turned in Mr. Pulitzer's direction. There was no boisterousness in the recognition. It increased Adam's ire that the doctor should know how to play his part so well. The customary Porget ebullition was held in check. He approached Adam with solemnity. His voice might have been at a funeral.

"A wonderful day, Adam, a wonderful day," he said. "It seems almost as if nature knew."

"Knew what?" Mr. Pulitzer asked sharply. "That it is his birthday," said Dr. Porget gently.

Mr. Pulitzer grunted. It was not his intention to do so. He tried to employ a sound indicative of scorn, and it was a fault of expression that it came as a grunt.

"This great white shroud"—Dr. Porget waved a fat hand in designation of surrounding territory—"this still solemnity; this great silence—it is as he would have wished it."

"Who would?" asked Mr. Pulitzer.

Dr. Porget's glance was reproachful but also shrewd.

"Our martyred Lincoln," he said softly.

"Who told you I was here?" Mr. Pulitzer was deaf to the voice of sentiment.

"Adam, I didn't know you were here. I am delighted to find you. It is a credit to your character."

"I guess it was Sickle. He knows. Who's

killing time while you come out here? Adams, I guess. He can talk longer than anybody else. Still shy a vote, ain't you? Shy a vote, and nice, old Doc Porget comes out here to get me. Why don't you vote for your durned old liquor bill? Don't dare, do you?"

"I have no intention of voting for it." The doctor's voice was calm and assured. "No one who knows me would expect me to vote for it. Your insinuations are unjust. I came here to lay a wreath at Lincoln's tomb on his birthday. I find you."

Mr. Pulitzer took a paper of fine cut chewing tobacco from his pocket, pinched out a proper quantity, tucked it away in his mouth and chewed on it, saying nothing. Dr. Porget looked at his friend with sadness and at the scene with solemnity.

Two miles away the House of Representatives sat in worn but stubborn exhaustion. A night-long struggle had left sallow faces and bloodshot eyes, eyes irritated by tobacco smoke and contending with feeble lids—a night-long struggle without respite to force into enactment a liquor bill. In legislative fiction it remained February 11 even after the drab light of the twelfth came into the hall and revealed the snow-storm outside, even after the light brightened, became that of full day and after the storm subsided. The holiday came. The House sat exhausted but dogged.

At the tomb Mr. Pulitzer and Dr. Porget eyed each other shrewdly but impressively.

Presently Mr. Pulitzer was moved to spit, and did. The spotless white carpet received a rich brown wound and seemed to shriek. There was some genuineness in the disgust with which the doctor moved away that he might not look upon the desecration. The doctor was a man of careful habits and he did not chew. Mr. Pulitzer observed his shrinking and, pleased thereby, spat again, inflicting a second wound.

"You don't like it, do you?" he said.

"Like what?" asked the doctor.

"My spitting," said blunt Mr. Pulitzer. "Well, I don't like your following me out here. You look just as dirty out here to me, you, with your wreath, as that does in the snow. I thought I'd show you something you looked like."

Dr. Porget never allowed himself to become angry. If this had not been his constant policy he would have been angry with Adam. He merely permitted his amiable features to betray how sorely his feelings as a man and a



"I followed you out here, because you ran away to tie up a roll call"

patriot were hurt. Then he changed his tone to one of business-like sharpness.

"I followed you here," he said, "because you ran away to tie up a roll call."

"I didn't. I come here every year."

"How much would have made you come a couple hours later when you were not needed in the House?"

"Eight hundred."

"How much did they offer you?"

"Six hundred."

"You want two hundred more then."

"I did. It's nine hundred now. You stay here five minutes more and it will be a thousand. There's your cab. Go on back and pass your bill you don't dare vote for yourself. Go and do it if you can do it without me."

Mr. Pulitzer spat twice, right and left, inflicting other wounds, but Dr. Porget's emotions were not so sensitive now. He did not reply immediately and when he did it was softly.

"You are about ready to go back, Adam. Take the cab with me."

"Do I get the nine hundred?"

"You said eight hundred."

"No, I said nine hundred, and if I have to say it again it will be a thousand."

"We can talk it over on the way back."

"Do I get it?"

Dr. Porget laughed good-naturedly as if in surrender to the inevitable.

"You are a tough nut, Adam. You see right through things. I'd hate to try to beat you down. You don't want it in cash right here, do you?"

Dr. Porget looked about him sentimentally.

Mr. Pulitzer spat again.

"It's a quiet place," he said, "and looks safe. That's more than I think you are. I've been double crossed enough on this liquor bill."

Dr. Porget's survey of his surroundings became less sentimental and more practical. He saw that the driver of the cab, a hundred feet away, was filling a stubby pipe and was entirely occupied in that activity. There was no other person in sight. The doctor looked closely.

"Have you seen the view from the other side?" he inquired of Mr. Pulitzer. Adam did not reply, but followed the worthy doctor around the monument, which then screened them from the driver's eyes.

The Hon. Porget took a roll of bills from his pocket. Mr. Pulitzer watched him carefully. The doctor removed one bill from the interesting packet and then proffered the

others. Mr. Pulitzer counted the bills. There were nine one-hundred dollar notes.

"You had a thousand ready," he said. "Give me the other hundred."

"Nine was your own bargain."

"I didn't know I was cheating myself. You had ten of these ready. I saw you."

He put the nine bills in his pocket.

"You can fork over or take your cab back alone," he said.

Dr. Porget frowned, but he gave up the other bank-note.

"I suppose you have another two hundred held out on me in the other pocket," said the now aroused and relentless Mr. Pulitzer.

Dr. Porget felt an unpleasant tremor in his innermost consciousness, as if two one hundred dollar bills, the reserve fund actually reposing in his other pocket, were crying out against him: "Stop thief!"

"You'll say I took twelve hundred," the relentless Pulitzer continued, "and you'll clean up two hundred on this little cab ride of yours."

Dr. Porget rallied.

"Adam," he said, "you've got your thousand. Now do as you like. They need your vote on this bill. If they don't get it they'll know why. I'll not argue with you any longer. It will be the costliest hold-out you ever attempted. Do what you want to. I'm going back."

The good doctor was shaken but he had a reserve courage when it was needed and he went toward the steps and down them. Mr. Pulitzer was at his side before he reached the cab.

A half hour afterward the Hon. Jonathan Adams, sentimentally and appealingly arguing—against the bill—saw Dr. Porget and Mr. Pulitzer enter the hall of the House. He thereupon brought his denunciation of the Demon Rum to an impassioned but abrupt close. He voted against the bill and sat down. The roll call then proceeded.

As Mr. Pulitzer voted "aye," the custodian of the tomb in the white cemetery ascended the steps to the monument. He saw the wreaths. He noted the dark patches where Mr. Pulitzer had spat.

With an indignant foot he kicked a covering of snow over the brown spots. He picked up the wreaths and carried them to his lodge.

The sun came out and smiled on the agonized faces of the strong men of bronze, lighting the faces of the fallen cannoneers, of the sinking infantrymen, of the little drummer boy, of the cavalrymen and of the great placid Lincoln.

M A R R I A G E

“And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards.”

—From a Private Letter.

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of “*The New Machiavelli*,” “*Tono-Bungay*,” etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:—Marjorie Pope is living with her family during the summer at Buryhamstreet. There she renews her acquaintance with Will Magnet, a humorous writer, who is in love with her. Driven by circumstances, she consents to an engagement. This is the situation when one day an aeroplane drops on the Popes' front lawn. Professor Trafford, a brilliant young scientist who is making a flight, falls in love with Marjorie. Their clandestine meeting is interrupted by Mr. Pope, who strikes Trafford with his walking-stick. Mrs. Pope tries vainly to “smooth things out.” Trafford comes to declare himself, and is met by Mr. Pope, who summons Marjorie to dismiss Trafford. Though she satisfies her outraged father, she manages to convey her love to Trafford, and to indicate that she will come to him when she is twenty-one years old, in two months' time. Several days later she breaks her engagement with Magnet. Trafford, in the meantime, returns to the fine thrill of his scientific work in London. Until one day in the autumn, Marjorie rings him up on the telephone, and he meets her in Kensington Gardens and they talk of eloping.

V

HE found his mother still up. “Time you were in bed, mother,” he said reprovingly, and kissed her eyebrows and stood above her. “Where have you been?” she asked.

He told her, and they lapsed into silence. She asked another question and he answered her, and the indifferent conversation ended again. The silence lengthened. Then he plunged: “I wonder, mother, if it would put you out very much if I brought home a wife to you?”

So it had come to this—and she had not seen it coming. She looked into the glow-

ing recess of the fire before her and controlled her voice by an effort. “I'd be glad for you to do it, dear—if you loved her,” she said very quietly. He stared down at her for a moment; then he knelt down beside her and took her hand and kissed it. “*My dear*,” she whispered softly, stroking his head, and her tears came streaming. For a time they said no more.

Presently he put coal on the fire, and then sitting on the hearth rug at her feet and looking away from her into the flames—in an attitude that took her back to his boyhood—he began to tell her brokenly and awkwardly of Marjorie.

“Perhaps I shall



understand, my dear. Perhaps I shall understand better than you think."

"She's such a beautiful thing—with something about her—. You know those steel blades you can bend back to the hilt—and they're steel! And she's tender. It's as if some one had taken tears, mother, and made a spirit out of them—"

She caressed and stroked his hand. "My dear," she said, "I know."

"And a sort of dancing daring in her eyes."

"Yes," she said. "But tell me where she comes from, and how you met her—and all the circumstantial things that a sensible old woman can understand."

He kissed her hand and sat down beside her, with his shoulder against the arm of her chair, his fingers interlaced about his knee. She could not keep her touch from his hair, and she tried to force back the thought in her mind that all these talks must end, that very soon indeed they would end. And she was glad, full of pride and joy too that her son was a lover after her heart, a clean and simple lover as his father had been before him. She told herself she did not care very greatly even if this Marjorie should prove unworthy. So long as her son was not unworthy.

He pieced his story together. He gave her a picture of the Popes, Marjorie in her family like a jewel in an ugly setting, so it seemed to him, and the queer dull rage of her father and all that they meant to do. She tried to grasp his perplexities and advise, but chiefly she was filled with the thought that he was in love. If he wanted a girl he should have her, and if he had to take her by force, well, wasn't it his right? She set small store upon the Popes that night—or any circumstances. And since she herself had married on the slightest security, she was concerned very little that this great venture was to be attempted on an income of a few hundred a year. He sketched out valiant plans, he was for taking Marjorie away in the teeth of all opposition and bringing her back to London. It would have to be done decently, of course, but it would have, he thought, to be done. Mrs. Trafford found the prospect perfect; never before had he sounded and looked so like his father.

On one point she was very clear with him.

"You'll live with us, mother?" he said abruptly.

"Not with you. As near as you like. But one house, one woman. . . . I'll have a little flat of my own—for you both to come to me."

"Oh, nonsense, mother! You'll have to be with us. Living alone, indeed!"

"My dear, I'd *prefer* a flat of my own. You don't understand—everything. It will be better for all of us like that."

There came a little pause between them, and then her hand was on his head again. "Oh, my dear," she said, "I want you to be happy. And life can be difficult. I won't give a chance—for things to go wrong. You're hers, dear, and you've got to be hers—be each other's altogether. I've watched so many people. And that's the best, the very best you can have. There's just the lovers—the real enduring lovers; and the uncompleted people who've failed to find it."

VI

Trafford's second meeting with Marjorie, which, by the by, happened on the afternoon of the following day, brought them near to conclusive decisions. The stiffness of their first encounter in London had altogether vanished. She was at her prettiest and highest spirits—and she didn't care for anything else in the world. A gauzy silk scarf which she had bought and not paid for that day floated atmospherically about her straight, trim body; her hair had caught the infection of insurrection and was waving rebelliously about her ears. As he drew near her, his grave discretion passed from him as clouds pass from a hillside. She smiled radiantly. He held out both his hands for both of hers, and never did a maiden come so near and yet not get a public and shameless kissing.

One could as soon describe music as tell their conversation. It was a matter of tones and feelings. But the idea of flight together, of the bright awakening in the unfamiliar sunshine with none to come between them, had gripped them both. A certain sober gravity of discussion only masked that deeper inebriety. It would be easy for them to get away; he had no lectures until February; he could, he said, make arrangements, leave his research. She dreaded disputation. She was for simple disappearance,—for notes on pincushions and defiantly apologetic letters from Boulogne, but his mother's atmosphere had been a gentler one than her home's, with a more powerful disposition to dignity. He still couldn't understand that the cantankerous egotism of Pope was indeed the essential man; it seemed to him a crust of bad manners that reason ought to pierce.

The difference in their atmospheres came out in their talk—in his desire for a handsome and dignified wedding—though the very heaven protested—and her resolve to cut clear of every one, to achieve a sort of jail delivery of her life, make a new beginning altogether, with the minimum of friction and the maximum of surprise. Unused to fighting, he was magnificently prepared to fight; she, with her intimate knowledge of chronic domestic conflict, was for the evasion of all the bickerings, scoldings, and misrepresentation his challenge would occasion.

"I don't like this underhand preparation," she said.

"Nor I," she echoed. "But what can one do?"

"Well, oughtn't I to go to your father and give him a chance? Why shouldn't I? It's the dignified way."

"It won't be dignified for father," said Marjorie, "anyhow."

"But what right has he to object?"

"He isn't going to discuss his rights with you. He *will* object."

"But *why*?"

"Oh! because he's started that way. He hit you. I haven't forgotten it. Well, if he goes back on that now— He'd rather die than go back on it. You see, he's ashamed in his heart. It would be like confessing himself wrong not to keep it up that you're the sort of man one hits. He just hates you because he hit you. I haven't been his daughter for twenty-one years for nothing."

"I'm thinking of us," said Trafford. "I don't see we oughtn't to go to him just because he's likely to be—unreasonable."

"My dear, do as you please. He'll forbid and shout, and hit tables until things break. Suppose he locks me up!"

"Oh, *habeas corpus*, and my strong right arm! He's much more likely to turn you out of doors."

"Not if he thinks the other will annoy you more. I'll have to bear a storm."

"Not for long."

"He'll bully mother till she cries over me. But do as you please. Perhaps I'm a coward. I'd far rather I could slip away."

Trafford thought for a moment. "I'd far rather you could," he answered, in a voice that spoke of inflexible determination.

They turned to the things they meant to do. "*Italy!*" she whispered. "*Italy!*" Her face was alight with her burning expectation of beauty, of love, of the new heaven and the new earth that lay before them. The intensity of that desire blazing through her seemed to shame his dull discretions. He

had to cling to his resolution, lest it should vanish in that contagious intoxication.

"You understand I shall come to your father," he said, as they drew near the gate where it seemed discreet for them to part.

"It will make it harder to get away," she said, with no apparent despondency. "It won't stop us. Oh! do as you please."

She seemed to dismiss the question, and stood hand in hand with him in a state of glowing gravity. Then a thought came into her head—a point of great practical moment.

"Oh!" she said, "of course, you won't tell father you've seen me."

She met his eye. "Really you mustn't," she said. "You see—he'll make a row with mother for not having watched me better. I don't know what he isn't likely to do. It isn't myself— This is a confidential communication—all this. No one in this world knows I am meeting you. If you *must* go to him, go to him."

"For myself?"

She nodded, with her open eyes on his—eyes that looked now very blue and very grave, and her lips a little apart.

"All right," he said.

"You don't think that I'm shirking—?" she asked, a little too eagerly.

"You know your father best," he answered. "I'll tell you all he says and all the terror of him here to-morrow afternoon."

VII

In the stillness of the night Trafford found himself thinking over Marjorie; it was a new form of mental exercise which was destined to play a large part in his existence for many subsequent years. There had come a shadow on his confidence in her. She was a glorious person; she had a kind of fire behind her and in her—shining through her, like the lights in a fire-opal, *but*— He



wished she had not made him promise to conceal their meeting and their close cooperation from her father. And from that, in some manner too subtle to trace, he found his mind wandering to another problem, which was destined to reappear with a slowly dwindling importance very often in this procedure of thinking over Marjorie in the small hours. It was the riddle—it never came to him in the daytime, but only in those intercalary and detachedly critical periods of thought—why exactly had she engaged herself to Magnet?

VIII

Trafford's little attempt to regularize his position was as creditable to him as it was inevitably futile.

He sought out 29 Hartstone Square in the morning on his way to his laboratory, and he found it one of a great row of stucco houses, each with a portico and a dining-room window on the ground floor, and each with a railed area from which troglodytic servants peeped. The houses formed a square, as if the British square so famous at Waterloo for its dogged resistance to all the forces of the universe had immortalized itself

in buildings, and they stared upon a severely railed garden of hardy shrubs and gravel to which the tenants had the inestimable privilege of access. They did not use it much, but at any rate they had keys and a nice sense of rights assured, and at least it kept other people out.

Trafford was raising his hand to the solid brass knocker when abruptly it was snatched from his fingers, the door was flung open and a small boy with a number of dirty books in a strap flew out and hit him with projectile violence.

"Blow!" said the young gentleman recoiling, and Trafford recovering said: "Hullo, Theodore!"

"Lord!" said Theodore breathless, "it's you! *What* a lark! Your name is never mentioned—nohow. *What did* you do?... Wish I could stop and see it! I'm ten minutes late. *Ave atque vale*. So long!"

He vanished with incredible velocity. A pseudo-twin appeared, said "Hello!" and vanished, and then he had an instant's vision of Mr. Pope, newspaper in hand, appearing from the dining-room. His expression of surprise changed to malevolence, and he darted back into the room from which he had emerged.

Finally a housemaid came out of the bowels of the earth and ushered him up two flights of stairs into what was manifestly Mr. Pope's study.

It was a narrow, rather dark room lit by two curtained windows, and with a gas fire before which Mr. Pope's walking boots were warming for the day. The apartment revealed to Trafford's cursory inspection

many of the stigmata of an Englishman of active intelligence and literary tastes. There in the book-case were the collected works of Scott, a good large illustrated Shakespeare in numerous volumes, and a complete set of bound *Punches* from the beginning. About the room hung steel engravings apparently of defunct judges or, at any rate, of exceedingly grim individuals, and over the mantel were trophies of athletic prowess, a bat wit-



nessing that Mr. Pope had once captained the second eleven at Harrowby.

Mr. Pope entered with a stern expression and a sentence prepared. "Well, sir," he said with a note of ironical affability, "to what may I ascribe this—intrusion?"

Mr. Trafford was about to reply when Mr. Pope interrupted. "Will you be seated?" he said, and turned his desk chair about for himself, and, occupying it, crossed his legs and pressed the finger-tips of his two hands together. "Well, sir?" he said.

Trafford remained standing astraddle over the boots before the gas fire.

"Look here, sir," he said; "I am in love with your daughter. She's one and twenty, and I want to see her—and in fact—" He found it hard to express himself. He could think only of a phrase that sounded ridiculous. "I want—in fact—to pay my addresses to her."

"Well, sir, I don't want you to do so. That is too mild. I object strongly—very strongly. My daughter has been engaged to a very distinguished and able man, and I hope very shortly to hear that that engagement—Practically it is still going on. I don't want you to intrude upon my daughter further."

"But look here, sir. There's a certain justice—I mean a certain reasonableness—"

Mr. Pope held out an arresting hand. "I don't wish it. Let that be enough."

"Of course it isn't enough. I'm in love with her—and she with me. I'm an entirely reputable and decent person—"

"May I be allowed to judge what is or is not suitable companionship for my daughter?—and what may or may not be the present state of her affections?"

"Well, that's rather the point we are discussing. After all, Marjorie isn't a baby. I want to do all this—this affair, openly and properly if I can, but, you know, I mean to marry Marjorie—anyhow."

"There are two people to consult in that matter."

"I'll take the risk of that."

"Permit me to differ."

A feeling of helplessness came over Trafford. The curious irritation Mr. Pope always aroused in him began to get the better of him. His face flushed hotly. "Oh really! really! this is—this is nonsense!" he cried. "I never heard anything so childish and pointless as your objection—"

"Be careful, sir!" cried Mr. Pope, "be careful!"

"I'm going to marry Marjorie."

"If she marries you, sir, she shall never darken my door again!"

"If you had a thing against me!"

"Haven't I!"

"What have you?"

There was a quite perceptible pause before Pope fired his shot.

"Does any decent man want the name

Trafford associated with his daughter. Trafford! Look at the hoardings, sir!"

A sudden blaze of anger lit Trafford. "My God!" he cried and clenched his fists and seemed for a moment ready to fall upon the man before him. Then he controlled himself by a violent effort. "You believe in that libel on my dead father?" he said, with white lips.

"Has it ever been answered?"

"A hundred times. And anyhow!—Confound it! I don't believe—you believe it. You've raked it up—as an excuse! You want an excuse for your infernal domestic tyranny! That's the truth of it. You can't bear a creature in your household to have a will or preference of her own. I tell you, sir, you are intolerable—intolerable!"

He was shouting, and Pope was standing now and shouting too. "Leave my house, sir. Get out of my house, sir. You come here to insult me, sir!"

A sudden horror of himself and Pope seized the young man. He stiffened and became silent. Never in his life before had he been in a bawling quarrel. He was amazed and ashamed.

"Leave my house!" cried Pope with an imperious gesture towards the door.

Trafford made an absurd effort to save the situation. "I am sorry, sir, I lost my temper. I had no business to abuse you—"

"You've said enough."

"I apologize for that. I've done what I could to manage things decently."

"Will you go, sir?" threatened Mr. Pope.

"I am sorry I came," said Trafford.

Mr. Pope took his stand with folded arms and an expression of weary patience.

"I did what I could," said Trafford at the door.

The staircase and passage were deserted. The whole house seemed to have caught from Mr. Pope that same quality of seeing him out. . . .



"Confound it!" said Trafford in the street. "How on earth did all this happen?" . . .

He turned eastward, and then realized that work would be impossible that day. He changed his direction for Kensington Gardens, and in the flower-bordered walk near the Albert Memorial he sat down on a chair, and lugged at his mustache and wondered. He was extraordinarily perplexed, as well as ashamed and enraged by this uproar. How had it begun? Of course, he had been stupidly abusive, but the insult to his father had been unendurable. Did a man of Pope's sort quite honestly believe that stuff? If he didn't, he deserved kicking. If he did, of course he was entitled to have it cleared up. But then he wouldn't listen!

It was already vague; it was a confused memory of headlong words and answers; what wasn't vague, what rang in his ears still, was the hoarse discord of two shouting voices.

Could Marjorie have heard?

IX

So Marjorie carried her point. She wasn't to be married tamely after the common fashion which trails home and all one's beginnings into the new life. She was to be eloped with, romantically and splendidly, into a glorious new world.

They made all their arrangements elaborately and carefully. Trafford got a license to marry her; she was to have a new outfit from top to toe to go away with on that eventful day. It accumulated in the shop, and they marked the clothes *M.T.* Trafford entered into the conspiracy with a keen interest, a certain amusement, and a queer little feeling of distaste. He hated to hide any act of his from any human being. The very soul of scientific work, you see, is publication.

One eventful afternoon he went to the college, and Marjorie slipped

around by his arrangement to have tea with Mrs. Trafford. . . .

He returned about seven in a state of nervous apprehension; came up stairs two steps at a time, and stopped breathlessly on the landing. He gulped as he came in, and his eyes were painfully eager. "She's been?" he asked.

But Marjorie had won Mrs. Trafford.

"She's been," she answered. "Yes, she's all right, my dear."

"Oh, mother!" he said.

"She's a beautiful creature, dear—and such a child! Oh! such a child!"

"I think all young people are children. I want to take you both in my arms and save you. . . . I'm talking nonsense, dear."

He kissed her, and she clung to him as if he were something too precious to release.

X

The elopement was a little complicated by a surprise maneuver of Mrs. Pope's. She was more alive to the quality of the situation, poor lady! than her daughter suspected; she was watching, dreading, perhaps even furtively sympathizing and trying to arrange—Oh! trying dreadfully to arrange. She had an instinctive understanding of the deep blue quiet in Marjorie's eyes, and the girl's unusual tenderness with Daffy and the children. She peeped under the blind as Marjorie went out, noted the care in her dress, watched her face as she

returned, never plumbed her with a question for fear of the answer. She did not dare to breathe a hint of her suspicions to her husband, but she felt things were adrift in swift, still water, and all her soul cried out for delay. So presently there came a letter from Cousin Susan Pendexter at Plymouth. The weather was beautiful, Marjorie must come at once, pack up and come and snatch the last best glow of the dying autumn away there in the west.



She submitted and went, and Mrs. Pope and Syd saw her off.

I do not like to tell how a week later Marjorie explained herself and her dressing-bag and a few small articles back to London from Plymouth. Suffice it that she lied desperately and elaborately. Her mother had never achieved such miracles of mis-statement, and she added a vigor that was all her own. It is easier to sympathize with her than exonerate her. She was in a state of intense impatience, and,—what is strange,—extraordinarily afraid that something would separate her from her lover if she did not secure him.

He didn't hear the lies she told; he only knew she was magnificently coming back to him. He met her at Paddington, a white-faced, tired, splendidly resolute girl, and they went to the waiting registrar's forthwith.

She bore herself with the intentness and dignity of one who is taking the cardinal step in life. They kissed as though it were a symbol, and were keenly business-like about cabs and luggage and trains. At last they were alone in the train together. They stared at each other.

"We've done it, Mrs. Trafford!" said Trafford.

She snapped like an over-taut string, crumpled, clung to him, and without a word was weeping passionately in his arms.

It surprised him that she could weep as she did, and still more to see her as she walked by his side along the Folkestone pier, altogether recovered, erect, a little flushed and excited like a child. She seemed to miss nothing. "Oh, smell the sea!" she said, "Look at the lights! Listen to the swish of the water below." She watched the luggage spinning on the wire rope of the giant crane, and he watched her face and thought how beautiful she was. He wondered why

her eyes could sometimes be so blue and sometimes as dark as night.

"I've never crossed the sea before," she said. "Old England," she whispered. "It's like

leaving a nest. A little row of lights and that's all the world I've ever known, shrunken to that already."

Presently they went forward and peered into the night.

"Look!" she said. "*Italy!* There's sunshine and all sorts of beautiful things ahead. Warm sunshine, wonderful old ruins, green lizards..." She paused and whispered almost noiselessly: "*love—*"

They pressed against each other.

"And yet isn't it strange? All you can see is darkness, and clouds—and big waves that hiss as they come near...."

XI

Italy gave all her best to welcome them. It was a late year, a golden autumn, with skies of such blue as Marjorie had never seen before. They stayed at first in a pretty little Italian hotel with a garden on the lake, and later they walked over Salvatore to Morcote and by boat to Ponte Tresa, and thence they had the most wonderful and beautiful tramp in the world to Luino, over the hills by Castelrotto. To the left of them all day was a broad valley with low-lying villages swimming in luminous mist, to the right were purple mountains. They passed through paved streets with houses the color of flesh and ivory, with balconies hung with corn and gourds, with tall church campaniles rising high, and great archways giving upon the blue lowlands; they tramped along avenues of sweet chestnut and between stretches of exuberant vineyard, in which men and women were gathering grapes—purple grapes, a hatful for a soldo, that



rasped the tongue. Everything was strange and wonderful to Marjorie's eyes; now it would be a wayside shrine and now a yoke of soft-going, dew-lapped oxen, now a chapel hung about with *ex votos*, and now some unfamiliar cultivation—or a gypsy-eyed child—or a scorpion that scuttled in the dust. The very names of the villages were like jewels to her—Varasca, Croglio, Ronca, Sesia, Monteggio. They walked, or sat by the wayside and talked, or rested at the friendly table of some kindly albergo. A woman as beautiful as Ceres, with a white neck all open, made them an omelette, and then fetched her baby from the cradle to nurse it while she talked to them as they made their meal. And afterwards she filled their pockets with roasted chestnuts, and sent them with melodious good wishes upon their way. And always high over all against the translucent blue hung the white shape of Monte Rosa, that warmed in color as the evening came.

Marjorie's head was swimming with happiness and beauty; with every fresh delight she recurred again to the crowning marvel of this clean-limbed man beside her who smiled and carried all the luggage in a huge rucksack that did not seem to exist for him, and watched her and caressed her—and was hers, *hers!*

At Baveno there were letters. They sat at a little table outside a café and read them, suddenly mindful of England again. Incipient forgiveness showed through Mrs. Pope's reproaches, and there was also a simply tender love-letter (there is no other word for it) from old Mrs. Trafford to her son.

From Baveno they set off up Monte Mottarone—whence one may see the Alps from Visto to Ortler Spitz—trusting to find the inn still open, and if it was closed to get down to Orta somehow before night. Or at the worst sleep upon the mountainside. Monte Mottarone!—just for a moment taste the sweet Italian name upon your lips. Those were the days before the funicular from Stresa, when one trudged up a mole path through the chestnuts and walnuts.

As they descended the long windings through the woods, they met an old poet and his wife, coming down from sunset and sunrise. There was a word or two about the inn, and they went upon their way. The old man turned ever and again to look at them.

"Adorable young people," he said. "Adorable, happy young people...."

"Did you notice, dear, how she held that dainty little chin of hers....?"

"Pride is such a good thing, my dear, clear, straight pride like theirs—and they were both so proud!..."

"Isn't it good, dear, that once you and I may have looked like that to some passer-by. I wish I could bless them—sweet, swift young things! I wish, dear, it was possible for old men to bless young people without seeming to set up for saints...."

BOOK THE SECOND—MARJORIE MARRIED

CHAPTER THE FIRST—SETTLING DOWN

I

It was in a boat among the reeds upon the lake of Orta that Trafford first became familiarized with the idea that Marjorie was capable of debt.

"Oh, I ought to have told you," she began, apropos of nothing.

Her explanation was airy; she had let the thing slip out of her mind for a time. But there were various debts to Oxbridge tradespeople. How much? Well, rather a lot. Of course, the tradespeople were rather enticing when first one went up—How much, anyhow?

"Oh, about fifty pounds," said Marjorie, after her manner. "Not *more*. I've not kept all the bills; and some haven't come in. You know how slow they are."

"These things *will* happen," said Trafford, though, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort had happened in his case. "However, you'll be able to pay as soon as you get home, and get them all off your mind."

"I think fifty pounds will clear me," said Marjorie, clinging to her long-established total, "if you'll let me have that."

"Oh, we don't do things like that," said Trafford. "I'm arranging that my current account will be a sort of joint account, and your signature will be as good as mine—for the purpose of drawing, at least. You'll have your own check-book—"

"Of course," said Marjorie. "But isn't this—rather unusual? Father always used to allowance mother."

"It's the only decent way, according to my ideas," said Trafford. "A man shouldn't marry when he can't trust."

"Of course not," said Marjorie. Something between fear and compunction wrung her. "Do you think you'd better?" she asked earnestly.

"Better?"

"Do this."

"Why not?"

"It's—it's so generous."

He didn't answer. He took up an oar and began to push out from among the trees with something of the shy awkwardness of a boy who becomes apprehensive of thanks. He stole a glance at her presently and caught her expression—there was something very solemn and intent in her eyes—and he thought what a grave, fine thing his Marjorie could be.

But, indeed, her state of mind was quite exceptionally confused. She was disconcerted—and horribly afraid of herself.

"Do you mean that I can spend what I like?" asked Marjorie.

"Just as I may," he said.

"I wonder," said Marjorie again, "if I'd better."

She was tingling with delight at this freedom, and she knew she was not fit for its responsibility. She just came short of a passionate refusal of his proposal.

"You've got to," said Trafford, and ended the matter.

So Marjorie was silent—making good resolutions.

II

Perhaps some day it may be possible to tell in English again, in the language of Shakespeare and Herrick, of the passion, the tenderness, the beauty, and the delightful familiarizations of a happy honeymoon; suffice it now, in this delicate period, to record only how our two young lovers found one day that neither had a name for the other. He said she could be nothing better than Marjorie to him; and she, after a number of unsuccessful experiments, settled down to the old school-boy nickname made out of his initials, R. A. G.

"Dick," she said, "is too bird-like and boy-like. Andrew I can't abide. Godwin gives one no chances for current use. Rag you must be. Mag and Rag—poor innocents! Old rag!"

"Mag," he said, "has its drawbacks. The street-boy in London says, 'Shut your mag.' No, I think I shall stick to Marjorie. . . ."

All honeymoons must end at last, the sweetest end soonest, so back they came to London, still very bright and happy. And then Marjorie, whose eyes had changed

from flashing stones to dark shining pools of blue, but whose soul had still perhaps to find its depths, set herself to the business of decorating and furnishing the little house Mrs. Trafford had found for them within ten minutes of her own. Meanwhile they lived in lodgings.

There can be no denying that Marjorie began her furnishing with severely virtuous intentions. She was very particular to ask Trafford several times what he thought she might spend upon the enterprise. He had already a bedroom and a study equipped, and he threw out three hundred pounds as his conception of an acceptable figure.

"Very well," said Marjorie, with a note of great precision, "now I shall know." At times the astonishment of two or three school-friends, who joined her in her shopping, stirred her to momentary surprise at the way she was managing to keep things within that limit.

It was an immense excitement shopping to make a home. There was in her composition a strain of constructive artistry with such concrete things, a strain that had hitherto vanished. She was making a beautiful, secure little home for Trafford, for herself, for possibilities—remote perhaps, but already touching her imagination with the anticipation of warm, new, wonderful delights. There should be simplicity indeed in this home, but no bareness, no harshness,

never an ugliness nor a discord. She had always loved color in the skies, in the landscape, in the texture of stuffs and garments; now out of the chaotic skein of countless shops she could choose and pick and mingle her threads in a glow of feminine self-expression.

On three hundred pounds, that is to say—as a maximum.

The house she had to deal with was, like Mrs. Trafford's, old and rather small; it was to the invasion of the street by the back premises of Messrs. Siddons & Thrale, the great Chelsea outfitters, that the lowness of the rent was due which brought it within the means of Trafford. The room downstairs was shapely, and by ripping off the papered canvas of the previous occupier, some very dilapidated but admirably proportioned panelling was brought to light. The dining-



room and the study door on the ground floor, by a happy accident, were of mahogany, with really very beautiful brass furnishings; and the dining-room window upon the minute but by no means offensive paved garden behind, was curved and had a little shallow balcony of Sussex iron, half covered by a devitalized but leafy grape-vine. Moreover, the previous occupier had equipped the place with electric lights and a bath-room of almost American splendor on the landing, glass-shelved, white-tiled, and white painted, so that it was a delight to go into.

Marjorie's mind leaped very rapidly to the possibilities of this little establishment. The panelling must be done and done well anyhow, that would be no more than a wise economy, seeing it might at any time help them to re-let; it would be painted white, of course, and thus set the key for a clean brightness of color throughout. The furniture would stand out against the softly shining white, and its lines and proportions must be therefore the primary qualities to consider as she bought it. A good effect

at first is half the victory of a well-done house, and Marjorie accomplished another of her real economies here by carpeting hall and staircase with a fine-toned, rich-feeling and rather high-priced blue carpet, held down by very thick brass stair-rods. She hung up four well-chosen steel engravings, put a single Chippendale chair in the hall, and a dark old Dutch clock that had turned out to be only five pounds when she expected the shopman to say eleven or twelve, on the half-landing. That was all.

Her dining-room was difficult for some time. She had equipped that with a dark-oak Welsh dresser made very bright with a dessert service that was, in view of the fact that it was also richly decorative, remarkably cheap, and with some very pretty silver-topped glass bottles and flasks. This dresser and a number of simple but shapely fac-similes of old chairs stood out against a nearly prim-

rose paper, very faintly patterned, and a dark blue carpet with a margin of dead black-stained wood. Over the mantel was a German color-print of waves full of sunlight breaking under cliffs, and between this and the windows were dark bookshelves and a few bright-colored books. On the wall, black-framed, were four very good Japanese prints, rich in greenish-blues and blueish-grays that answered the floor, and the window

curtains took up some of the colors of the German print. But something was needed toward the window, she felt, to balance the warmly shining plates upon the dresser.

The deep rose-red of the cherries that adorned them was too isolated, usurped too dominating a value. And while this was weighing upon her mind she saw in a window in Regent Street a number of Bokhara hangings very nobly displayed. They were splendid pieces of needlework, particularly glorious in their crimson and reds, and suddenly it came to her that it was just one of these, that had great ruby flowers upon it with



dead-blue interlacings, that was needed to weld her gay-colored scheme together. She hesitated, went halfway to Piccadilly Circus, turned back and asked the prices. The prices were towering prices—ten, fifteen, eighteen guineas; and when at last the shopman produced one with all the charm of color she sought at eight, it seemed like ten guineas snatched back as they dropped from her hands. And, still hesitating, she had three that pleased her most sent home, "on approval," before she decided finally to purchase one of them. But the trial was conclusive. And then, struck with a sudden idea, she carried off a long narrow one she had had no idea of buying before into the little study behind. Suppose, she thought, instead of hanging two curtains as anybody else would do in that window, she ran this glory of rich color across from one side on a great rod of brass.

She was giving the study the very best of her attention. After she had elapsed, in some other part of the house, from the standard of rigid economy she had set up, she as it were restored the balance by adding something to the graceful, dignified arrangement of the den he was to use. And the brass rod of the Bokhara hanging that was to do instead of curtains released her mind somehow to the purchase of certain old candlesticks she had hitherto resisted. They were to stand, bored to carry candle electric lights, on either corner of the low bookcase that faced the window. They were heavy, very shapely candlesticks, and they cost thirty-five shillings. They looked remarkably well when they were put up except that a sort of hollowness appeared between them, and clamored for a delightful old brass-footed workbox she had seen in a shop in Baker Street. It was a little difficult to reconcile this particular article with her dominating idea of an austere restrained expenditure, until she hit upon the idea of regarding it not as furniture but as a present from herself to Trafford that happened to fall in very agreeably with the process of house furnishing. She decided she would some day economize its cost out of her dress allowance.

By the fire-place were a banner-shaped needlework fire-screen, a white sheepskin hearthrug, a little patch and powder table adapted to carry books, and a green-shaded lamp, grouped in a common inaudible demand for a reader in his slippers. Trafford, when at last the apartment was ready for his inspection, surveyed these arrangements with a kind of dazzled admiration.

"By Jove!" he said. "How little people know of the homes of the Poor!"

Marjorie was so delighted with his approval that she determined to show Mrs. Trafford next day how prettily at least her son was going to live. The good lady came and admired everything, and particularly the Bokhara hangings. Mrs. Trafford glanced

at the candlesticks and the low bookcase, and returned to the glowing piece of needlework that formed the symmetrical window curtain in the study. She took it in her hand, and whispered, "beautiful!"

"But aren't these rather good?" asked Mrs. Trafford.

Marjorie answered, after a little pause.

"They're not too good for *him*," she said.

III

And now these young people had to resume life in London in earnest. The orchestral accompaniment of the world at large began to mingle with their hitherto unsustained duet.

During their honeymoon they had been gloriously unconscious of comment. Now Marjorie began to show herself keenly sensitive to the advent of a score of personalities, and very anxious to show just how completely successful in every sense her romantic disobedience had been. She felt it her first duty to make this marriage obviously, indisputably, a

success; a success not only by her own standards but by the standards of anyone soever who chose to sit in judgment on her.

There was Trafford. She wanted them to understand clearly just all that Trafford was—and that involved, she speedily found in practice, making them believe a very great deal that as yet Trafford wasn't. She found it practically impossible not to anticipate his election to the Royal Society and the probability of a more important professorship. She felt that anyhow he was an F. R. S. in the sight of God. . . .

It was almost equally difficult not to indicate a larger income than facts justified.

It was entirely in Marjorie's vein in those early days that she should want to win on every score and by every standard of reckoning. The people she wanted to impress varied very widely. She wanted to impress the Carmel girls, and the Carmel girls, she knew, with their racial trick of acute appraisal, were only to be won



by the very highest quality all around. They had, she knew, two standards of quality, cost and distinction. As far as possible, she would give them distinction. But whenever she hesitated over something on the verge of cheapness the thought of those impending judgments tipped the balance. The Carmel girls were just two influential representatives of a host. She wanted to impress quite a number of other school and college friends. There were various shy, plastic-spirited, emotional creatures, of course, for the most part with no confidence in their own appearance, who would be impressed quite adequately enough by Trafford's good looks and witty manner and easy temper. There were girls who were the daughters of prominent men, who must be made to understand that Trafford was prominent; girls who were well connected, who must be made to realize the subtle excellence of Trafford's blood. As she thought of Constance Graham, for example, or Otiline Winchelsea, she felt the strongest disposition to thicken by no means well authenticated strands that linked Trafford with the Traffords of Trafford-over-Lea. She went about the house dreaming a little apprehensively of these coming calls, and the pitiless light of criticism they would bring to bear, not indeed upon her happiness—that was assured—but upon her success.

The social side of the position would have to be strained to the utmost, Marjorie felt, with Aunt Plessington. Aunt Plessington had to the fullest extent that contempt for merely artistic or scientific people which sits so gracefully upon the administrative English. You see people of that sort do not get on in the sense that a young lawyer or barrister gets on. The energies God manifestly gave them for shoving they dissipate in the creation of weak, beautiful things and unremunerative theories, or in the establishment of views sometimes diametrically opposed to the ideas of influential people.

And they are "queer"—socially. They just moon about doing this so-called "work" of theirs, and even when the judgment of eccentric people forces a kind of reputation upon them—Heaven knows why!—they make no public or social use of it. It seemed to Aunt Plessington that the artist and the scientific man were dealt with very neatly and justly in the Parable of the Buried Talent. Moreover, their private lives were often scandalous: they married for love instead of interest, often quite disadvantageously, and their relationship had all the instability

that is natural upon such foundation. And, after all, what good were they? She had never met an artist or a prominent imaginative writer or scientific man that she had not been able to subdue in a minute or so by flat contradiction, or if necessary by slightly raising her voice. . . .

Marjorie wandered about the house trying to imagine herself Aunt Plessington. Immediately she felt the gravest doubts whether the whole thing wasn't too graceful and pretty. A rich and rather massive ugliness, of course, would have been the thing to fetch Aunt Plessington.

The subjugation of Aunt Plessington was difficult, but not altogether hopeless, Marjorie felt. She was discovering, for example, that Trafford had really very considerable range for acquaintance among quite distinguished people; big figures like Evesham and MacHaldo, for example, were intelligently interested in the trend of his work. She could produce those people—as one shows one's loot. She could simply say, "Oh, Love and all that nonsense! Certainly not! *This* is what I did it for." With skill and care and good luck, and a word here and there in edgeways, she believed she might be able to represent the whole adventure as the well-calculated opening of a campaign on soundly Plessingtonian lines. Her marriage to Trafford, she tried to persuade herself, might be presented as something almost as brilliant and startling as her aunt's swoop upon her undistinguished uncle.

IV

And while such turbid solitudes as these were flowing in again from the London world to which she had returned, and fouling the bright, romantic clearness of Marjorie's life, Trafford, in his ampler, less detailed way was also troubled about their coming reentry into society. He, too, had his old associations.

For example, he was by no means confident of the favorable judgments of his mother upon Marjorie's circle of school and college friends, who, he gathered from Marjorie's talk, were destined to play a large part in this new phase of his life.

Then that large circle of distinguished acquaintances which Marjorie saw so easily and amply utilized for the subjugation of Aunt Plessington didn't present itself quite in that service to Trafford's private thoughts. He hadn't that certitude of command over them, nor that confidence in their unhesitating approval of all he said and did. Just

as Marjorie wished him to shine in the heaven over all her people, so, in regard to his associates, he was extraordinarily anxious that they should realize, and realize from the outset, without qualification or hesitation, just how beautiful, brave, and delightful she was. And you know he had already begun to be aware of an evasive feeling in his mind that at times she did not altogether do herself justice—he scarcely knew as yet how or why. . . .

She was young. . . .

One or two individuals stood out in his imagination, representatives and symbols of the rest. Particularly there was that old giant, Sir Roderick Dover, who had been until recently the professor of physics in the great Oxford laboratories. Dover and Trafford had one of those warm friendships which spring up at times between a rich-minded man whose greatness is assured and a young man of brilliant promise. It was all the more affectionate because Dover had been a friend of Trafford's father. These two and a group of other carelessly-minded, able, distinguished, and uninfluential men at the Winton Club affected the end of the smoking-room near the conservatory in the hours after lunch, and shared the joys of good talk and easy jesting about the big fireplace there.

Under Dover's broad influence they talked more ideas and less gossip than is usual with English club-men. Trafford only began to realize on his return to London how large a share this intermittent perennial conversation had contributed to the atmosphere of his existence. Amid the romantic circumstances of his flight with Marjorie he had forgotten the part these men played in his life and thought.

He was afraid of what might be Sir Roderick's unspoken judgment of Marjorie and the house she had made—though what was there to be afraid of? He was still more afraid—and this was even more remarkable—of the clear little judgments—hard as loose, small diamonds in a bed—that he thought Marjorie might pronounce on Sir Roderick. He had never disguised from himself that Sir Roderick was fat—nobody who came within a hundred yards of him could be under any illusion about that—and that he drank a good deal, ate with a cosmic spaciousness, loved a cigar, and talked and laughed with a freedom that sometimes drove delicate-minded new members into the corners remotest from the historical fireplace.

Still, he was on the verge of bringing Sir

Roderick home when a talk at the club one day postponed that introduction of the two extremes of Trafford's existence for quite a considerable time.

Those were the days of the first enthusiasm of the militant suffrage movement, and the occasional smashing of a Downing Street window or an assault upon a minister kept the question of woman's distinctive intelligence and character persistently before the public. Godley Buzard, the feminist novelist, had been the guest of some member to lunch, and the occasion was too provocative for anyone about Dover's fireplace to avoid the topic. Buzard's presence, perhaps, drove Dover into an extreme position on the other side; he forgot Trafford's new-wedded condition, and handled this great argument, with the freedom of an ancient Greek and the explicitness of a modern scientific man.

He opened almost apropos of nothing. "Women," he said, "are inferior—and you can't get away from it."

"You can deny it," said Buzard.

"In the face of the facts," said Sir Roderick. "To begin with, they're several inches shorter, several pounds lighter; they've less physical strength in foot-pounds."

"More endurance," said Buzard.

"Less sensitiveness merely. All those are demonstrable things—amenable to figures and apparatus. Then they stand nervous tension worse, the breaking-point comes sooner. They have weaker inhibitions, and inhibition is the test of a creature's position in the mental scale."

He maintained that in the face of Buzard's animated protest. Buzard glanced at their moral qualities. "More moral!" cried Dover, "more self-restraint! Not a bit of it! Their desires and passions are weaker even than their controls; that's all. Weaken restraints and they show their quality. A drunken woman is far worse than a drunken man. And as for their biological significance—?"

"They are the species," said Buzard, "and we are the accidents."

"They are the stolon and we are the individualized branches. They are the stem and we are the fruits. Surely it's better to exist than just transmit existence. And that's a woman's business, though we've fooled and petted most of 'em into forgetting it." . . .

He proceeded to what he called an attack on the intellectual quality of women. Buzard broke in with some sentences of reply. He alleged the lack of feminine opportunity, inferior education.

"You don't or won't understand me," said Dover. "It isn't a matter of education or opportunity, or simply that they're of inferior capacity; it lies deeper than that. They don't *want* to do these things. They're different."

"Precisely," ejaculated Buzard, as if he claimed a score.

"They don't care for these things. They don't care for art or philosophy, or literature or anything except the things that touch them directly. That's their peculiar difference. Hunger they understand, and comfort, and personal vanity and desire, furs and chocolate and husbands, and the extreme importance conferred upon them by having babies at rare, infrequent intervals. But philosophy or beauty for its own sake, or dreams! Lord, no! The Mohammedans know they haven't souls, and they say it. We know, and keep it up that they have. Haven't all we scientific men had 'em in our laboratories working; don't we know the papers they turn out? Every sane man of five-and-forty knows something of the disillusionment of the feminine dream, but we who've had the beautiful creatures under us, weighing rather badly, handling rather weakly, invariably missing every fine detail and all the implications of our researches, never flashing, never leaping, never being even thoroughly bad—we're specialists in the subject.

"At the present time there are far more educated young women than educated young men available for research work—and who wants them? Oh, the young professors who've still got ideals, perhaps. And in they come, and if they're dull, they just voluminously do nothing, and if they're bright, they either marry your demonstrator or get him into a mess. And the work—? It's nothing to them. No woman ever painted for the love of painting, or sang for the sounds she made, or philosophized for the sake of wisdom as men do—"

Buzard intervened with instances. Dover would have none of them. He displayed astonishing and distinctive knowledge. "Madame Curie," clamored Buzard, "Madame Curie."

"There was Curie," said Dover. "No woman alone has done such things. I don't say women aren't clever," he insisted. "They're too clever. Give them a man's track or a man's intention marked and defined, they'll ape him to the life—"

Buzard renewed his protests, talking at the same time as Dover, and was understood

to say that women had to care for something greater than art or philosophy. They were custodians of life, the future of the race—

"And that's my crowning disappointment," cried Dover. "If there was one thing in which you might think women would show a sense of some divine purpose in life, it is in the matter of children—and they show about as much care in that matter, oh!—as rabbits. Yes, rabbits! I stick to it. Look at the things a nice girl will marry; look at the men's children she'll consent to bring into the world. All about us we see girls and women marrying ugly men, dull and stupid men, ill-tempered, dyspeptic wrecks, sickly young fools, human rats—*rats!*"

"No, no!" cried Trafford to Dover.

Buzard's voice clamored that all would be different when women could vote.

Trafford in mild protest was suddenly stricken into silence by a memory. It was as if the past had thrown a stone at the back of his head and hit it smartly. He nipped his sentence in the bud. He left the case for women to Buzard. . . .

It was queer, it was really very queer, to think that once upon a time, not so very long ago, Marjorie had been prepared to marry Magnet. Of course she had hated it, but still— . . .

There is much to be discovered about life, even by a brilliant and rising young professor of physics. . . .

Presently Dover, fingering a little glass of yellow chartreuse, took a more personal turn.

"Don't we know," he said, and made the limpid amber vanish in his pause. "Don't we know we've got to manage and control 'em—just as we've got to keep 'em and stand the racket of their misbehavior? Don't our instincts tell us? Doesn't something tell us all that if we let woman loose with our honor and trust, some other man will get hold of her? You seem always to want to force decisions on women, make them answerable for things that you ought to decide and answer for. . . . If one could, if one could! If! . . . But they're not helps—that's a dream—they're distractions, gratifications, anxieties, dangers, undertakings. . . ."

Buzard got in his one effective blow at this point. "That's why you've never married, Sir Roderick?" he threw out.

The big man was checked for a moment. Trafford wondered what memory lit that instant's pause. "I've had my science," said Dover.

(To be continued)

T H E T H E A T R E

Some Plays Worth While

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

AN OLD, experienced and wise reviewer once said to the present writer, who, in the heat of youth, was waxing indignant over some incompetent player or bungled play, "Don't waste your energy on trifles. Don't become either heated or depressed at mediocrity. Two or three times a season a play will come along which will be worth while. That is all, in this world, you have any right to expect. Wait for it, and save your energies to praise it."

To the writer, at the time, these words seemed cynical, hopeless. What was to become of us all if we could not boil over with indignation at incompetence, or scowl moodily at mediocrity? But much theatre-going has taught him their wisdom—theoretically, at least. Practice still lags behind, perhaps because youth still lingers. But in this article, at least, the writer would speak only of those plays of the current season which can be spoken of with praise, which are worth while—a gratifyingly large number, even at the time of writing, which is considerably before the time of publication. He would speak of these plays, and of certain dramas produced last season and still current, to make their merits a little better known, to guide—such is his hope—a few more people into the theatre to witness them.

Out of the chaos of theatrical production on Broadway it is not always easy for even the practiced theatre-goer to make a wise choice. When those plays leave Broadway and journey over the land, it is still harder for the theatre-goer, remote from the evidence, to be sure that he will receive the value of his money when he pays to see them. We would set down here for guidance a little list of plays that will give you your money's worth,

of plays that bear the genuine stamp of dramatic art, either in writing or production, or both.

It is not flattering to our patriotic pride to note that a large percentage of them are of foreign origin. The native dramatists have not, so far this season, given a very good account of themselves, though they have been as prolific as usual. Playwrights, like apple trees, seem to have their off years. Perhaps the late winter and spring will bring forth better things. In its opening months, however, the season was more notable in New York for foreign than domestic dramas.

A leader among the former, alike from the popular and the critical view, was the inimitable folk-play from Scotland, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," written by Graham Moffat, a Scotchman, all about Scotch people, and entirely acted by Scotch players. The little piece was presumably successful in Scotland, where the satire hit close to home; it was certainly successful in London, where the satire was of a neighbor; it has been successful in New York, where the satire is more impersonally considered. So it must surely be a very human play. Human indeed it is, and humorous, and quaint. It inspires not the loud vacant laugh, but the deep chuckle of merriment which comes when all senses are satisfied.

The Bunty of the title is a wee, "helpful" Scotch lassie who knows what ought to be done by everybody in the village—and sees that they do it. "You should 'a' been a mon," she is told. "Aye," Bunty replies, "there's no tellin' what I could no' 'a' done if I'd been a mon!" Her blithe confidence is not unfounded; neither is it unpleasant. Bunty is a darling, a very practical darling; and we rejoice when her own heart's affairs are ad-

justed with the rest. Many a Scotch trait of canniness, of piety that does not survive Monday's sunrise or the prospect of a bargain, of pig-headedness, of bigotry, of large heartedness, of practical human wisdom, is satirized or tenderly pictured, by a group of characters straight out of Lintiehaugh, men and women Barrie and Stevenson knew, and Bobbie Burns loved and sang about and scandalized. It is a simple little play, is "Bunty Pulls the Strings," but it is packed with fun and wisdom and truth. To miss it is to miss one of the rarest dramatic treats of the season.

Of George Arliss's fine performance in Louis N. Parker's drama, "Disraeli," we spoke last month, and need only mention it here in passing as a second sterling offering of the year, well repaying attendance, especially for those to whom the art of acting is still held in high respect, the art of impersonation rather than the parade of personality.

Whether next we should speak of "The Return of Peter Grimm," produced (and in large part written) by David Belasco, and acted by David Warfield, or of "Rebellion," written by that incorrigible insurgent, Joseph Medill Patterson, we are in some doubt. The former has proved much the more popular, but the latter, we believe, is the more important. It is more important because it does not depend for its effectiveness upon the wizardry of stage management nor the charm of an individual player, but upon the sincerity of its message and the honest directness of its story. The one play is a theatrical *tour de force*; the other is, if we may coin a phrase, a piece of American polemic realism, and has a direct social relation to American life. So we shall consider it first.

Mr. Patterson's play was a failure in New York. It was unappreciated alike by press and public. Then it moved to Chicago, and, aided by the enthusiastic support of the Drama League there, its fortunes were completely reversed. The serious drama, like most other idealistic things, has a better chance in the middle West these days than on Broadway.

The story of "Rebellion" is doubtless familiar to many readers of this magazine. It narrates the history of a fine, strong-minded Catholic working girl married to a city political heeler who becomes progressively more worthless through liquor. She leaves him once, but her priest and her mother persuade her that it is her duty to take him back. She does so, and a poor little tainted child results. That child dies in the third act, just as the father reels into the tenement, dead drunk.

That is the last straw for the mother. In spite of the teachings of her church, she resolves to divorce her husband, and to marry a fine young fellow who honorably loves her, and whom she has learned to love in return.

"I have learned," she tells her priest, "that the sin of sins is for a woman to live with a man in hate."

The story is poignant, pathetic and, save in act 3, very well told. Its weakness dramatically lies in the fact that the heroine appears never to have been a Roman Catholic from conviction, but only from environment. When she breaks the bonds of her faith, the struggle is less terrible in her soul than it might well have been. The greatest merit of the story is its absolute sincerity, its fairness and its dignity of treatment. The priest who speaks for the Church is drawn with reverence, and into his mouth are put, not arguments of straw, but wise and beautiful words. Both sides are heard. The play does not assume to settle the divorce question. Only—well, here is a fine woman married to a man who has turned out to be an ignoble brute, and shall she consider it right to live with him in what her personal instincts tell her is sin, or to divorce him and live with a man she loves and respects in what her church tells her is sin? She rebels in favor of the divinity of her personal instincts; and in this concrete case the most of us probably agree with her.

At any rate, the play presents honestly, sincerely, and with dignity a vital human problem. It is well acted, though Miss Gertrude Elliot, the star, is a little too beautiful and a little too self-poised for a working girl. It should be seen by everyone who pretends to care about the growth of a true native drama in America.

Mr. Patterson, the author, pointed out in a recent letter to the *Dramatic Mirror* that he had witnessed five plays (including his own) during the autumn, in which the heroine was a working girl, and in four of the five this working girl married a millionaire. Mr. Patterson seemed to labor under the impression that, in life, hardly four out of five working girls marry millionaires, hardly four out of fifty thousand, perhaps. He seemed to feel that the "real" telephone switchboard in Belasco's production of "The Woman" did not contribute so vitally to realism as would a matrimonial fate for the operator a little more in accord with the actual facts of existence. Alas, like most true realists, Mr. Patterson is a dreamer. He would have the drama true to life all along the line, and by means of the drama he would help us in



Photograph by H. A. H.

MISS MOLLY PEARSON

In the title part of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the delightful Scotch comedy
now in New York

grappling with our real problems. Therefore he seems not to be wanted on Broadway, where the essential falsity of "The Woman" is hailed by a hypnotized press and an unreasoning public as a revelation from on high.

Quite different, however, from his production of "The Woman" is Mr. Belasco's production of "The Return of Peter Grimm." The former assumes to be realism, and is nothing at all but the old pack of theatrical tricks. The latter assumes to be a drama of the supernatural, and is instinct with human feeling and truth, the more so as David Warfield plays the leading rôle.

"The Return of Peter Grimm" would be worth seeing if only for its curiosity. Peter Grimm is a sweet but pig-headed old Dutch tulip-grower up the Hudson. He dies at the end of the first act, imposing, by his dying wish, a marriage on his ward with a man she does not love, and whom she instinctively distrusts. In the second act she is about to carry out Peter's wishes, however. But Peter in the spirit land learns facts he did not know on earth, and he returns to his old house to prevent the wedding. Mr. Warfield, as Peter, enters looking just as he did in life. There are no green lights or other "supernatural" effects. But nobody sees him, nobody hears

him speak. He cannot "get across," as he puts it. How he finally communicates with the quick through the medium of a sensitive and pathetic boy, how he adjusts his ward's love affairs, how he finally carries off the little boy's spirit on his shoulder to a happier existence, is the matter of the play. It is so handled as to permit a scientific explanation, for those whose faith, even in the playhouse for a brief three hours, is not strong enough to let them believe in spirits. By the combined stage skill of Mr. Belasco and the acting of Mr. Warfield it is made tinglingly exciting and uncanny, it carries illusion; and yet it is neither morbid nor unpleasant. It is sweet, at times pathetic, and, at the end, touchingly hopeful. Without these two men, the one to stage, the other to act the play, we fear it would be but a sorry affair. That is why we called it a theatrical *tour de force*. But, as it stands, it is a stage work no lover of the theatre should miss. It is beautifully mounted, triumphantly stage managed, and splendidly acted. It can be both enjoyed and studied.

From the stark realism of "Rebellion" and the fantasy of "The Return of Peter Grimm," it is pleasant to turn to a play of quite different character, "Green Stockings," by A. E. W. Mason, an Englishman. This play has been





Photograph by Byron

Mr. Warfield in a scene from "The Return of Peter Grimm"—the latest Belasco success

put upon the stage, and its leading character is acted, by Miss Margaret Anglin, one of our foremost players. It is a light and trifling comedy, and its charm depends largely upon the grace with which it is done, the brightness and archness of the banter, the merry spirit and good breeding of the whole. Such another piece was "Nobody's Widow," which is still being played by Miss Blanche Bates and Bruce McRae, though to our thinking Miss Bates comes as far short of Miss Anglin in the finish of her comedy as in the depth of her emotional expression. Both plays, however, belong to a delightful and too small class of entertainments, and well repay attendance.

"Green Stockings" gets its name from an old custom in certain parts of England, compelling the elder unmarried daughter to wear green stockings at her younger sister's wedding. The character Miss Anglin plays has worn green stockings twice already and is threatened with a third affliction.

She rebels, and invents a fiancé for herself. When she has kept up the deception as long as she can, she kills him off, sending his death notice to the *Times*. Unfortunately, however, she has chosen the name of a real person, and this real person, of course, turns up. The scene between the two (the man being played by that capital actor, Reeves Smith) is deliciously droll, the équivoque sparkling, the acting delicate and suggestive. Indeed, Miss Anglin in comedy is as effective as in her more familiar lachrymose rôles, and as a stage manager she has succeeded in reviving something of the atmosphere of good breeding, of polite comedy, of perfect ensemble and polish, which we associate with the memory of Lester Wallack. "Green Stockings" is another entertainment well worth while.

Of course, one of the real treats of the earlier half of the season, first in Boston and later through New England and in New York, was the répresentative and acting

of the Irish players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

These players, by the time this article is in print, will be in Chicago. Whether other cities will see them depends largely, we fancy, on their ability to resist the prevalent malady of the Celt, nostalgia. We have no fear that the Scots in "Bunty" will rush back to Scotland so long as American patronage holds out. The Scots are a canny race! But your Irish are a different breed, romantic lovers of a patch of green sod. At any rate, if you live near Chicago, go to see these Irish actors while the chance is yours.

Their répertoire includes plays by William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, and other dramatists of the recent Celtic revival of letters, and one play, "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet," by the more anglicized Irishman, G. B. Shaw. Excepting the Shaw drama, all these plays deal with Ireland and the Irish, and have the same authentic ring, the same folk-stamp, as "Bunty Pulls the Strings." They are as unlike "Bunty," however, in method and manner as the sophisticated Scotchman is unlike the childlike Irish peasant. Some of them are little tragedies; some, like Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News," are sheer farces of Irish irresponsibility. Very few of them are without the tang of Irish imagination in phrases or incident, and the works of at least one of the dramatists, the late J. M. Synge, are perhaps as genuinely and unaffectedly poetic as anything in the whole range of modern drama, though they are couched, technically, in prose.

Synge almost created a vocabulary of his own, so far as this drama is concerned, by selecting, from the speech of the Irish peasants most remote from cities, their raciest and most beautiful metaphors, and combining them into phrases that haunt the memory without seeming forced or "fine writing," without losing their authentic stamp of the soil. He was a skilled dramatist as well, knowing the development of character and incident. "The Shadow of the Glen" (already made known here by Mrs. Fiske) is a tragi-comedy of loneliness, dominated by the background of rain-soaked, desolate moors and a long road winding into the fog. "Riders to the Sea" is a wild shiver of peasant grief at the human toll exacted by the ocean of its fisher folk. But "The Playboy of the Western World," a three-act comedy, fantastical as any Irishman ever dreamed, is perhaps Synge's masterpiece.

tion of this play, first in Dublin, where it was mobbed, last fall in Boston, where certain Irish-American societies tried to hiss it down, but were suppressed by the police, and finally in New York, where a small riot resulted and vegetables were thrown at the players by excited Irish-Americans—all because it makes fun of Irishmen. As if Synge, by creating one of the maddest, merriest, most imaginatively flavored comedies of the last hundred years in English, were not doing Ireland honor! It would seem that the Irishman, like the Jew, finds it hard to see a joke upon himself.

The Abbey Theatre company, as everyone knows, is not made up of what we should call professional actors, but of men and women from various walks of life who, from natural aptitude and enthusiasm for the Celtic revival, have banded together to present the new Irish drama. They act on a sharing basis. They have simple scenery, as befits their little plays of peasant life. They act as if no audience were present, quite artlessly, and if they sometimes seem a little stiff, that but enhances the impression of genuineness. It is a treat to see them, and to see their plays, because both are unaffected, utterly truthful, and touched with the magic spell of the Celtic temperament.

Another current production in which many people have found pleasure and profit in New York this winter is that of "The Passers-by," a comedy by Haddon Chambers, in which Richard Bennett and Ernest Lawford are the leading players. It is an English drama, a great London success, and like a good many London successes (and a good many American), it is to some tastes a bit cloyingly sentimental. We often think of the Saxon as the least sentimental of races. Perhaps this is so in matters of politics and profits. But in the drama "the happy ending" is a peculiarly Saxon institution, and it is to the "sentimental" Germans or to the temperamental Russians that we turn for the logic of consequences and the sterner realism of life. The most interesting character in the comedy is Samuel Burns, a London street tramp, a strange, feeble-minded, almost eerie creature, and he is played with a genuine touch of imagination by that capital character-actor, Ernest Lawford.

George Broadhurst's drama, "Bought and Paid For," at the Playhouse in New York, is made notable by one character, taken bodily out of life and played to the life by a young actor named Frank Croxon.



Photograph by Saxony

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Who plays the leading part in Joseph Medill Patterson's drama, "Rebellion"



Photograph by Sarony

MISS ROSALIE TOLLER

An English actress who is giving an excellent performance here in "Passers-by"



Photograph by Sarony

MISS JULIA SANDERSON

Who sings and dances in "The Siren" and justifies the title



Photograph by Champlain & Farrar

The denunciation scene in "Birthright," performed by the Irish players—the remarkable players from Dublin

this season to equal in value either "The Merry Widow" or "The Chocolate Soldier." "The Siren" with its pretty music, even if not very full-bodied, has Donald Brian's and Julia Sanderson's delightful dancing to recommend it. "The Pink Lady" and "The Quaker Girl" are mild and harmless examples of what passes for musical comedy nowadays, and they entertain many good souls. But beside such a true operetta as "Pinafore," they seem pale enough.

Of course, the best of last season's offerings are now on tour through the country. Augustus Thomas's drama, "As a Man Thinks," played by John Mason; "Pomander Walk," Louis N. Parker's sweet and tender play of life in a quiet backwater of Georgian London; "The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's fairy story for children and allegory for adults; "The Concert," a shrewd, ironic comedy of the artistic temperament, ably acted by Leo Dietrichstein and ably mounted by David Belasco; and, finally, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a drama of spiritual optimism strikingly and beautifully acted by Forbes-Robertson, one of the finest players

now speaking the English tongue—are visible, and deserve the fullest patronage of the public. Sothorn and Marlowe, too, are acting, as usual, in their Shakespearian repertoire. But they scarce need laudation now, so firmly are they established in public regard.

Here, then, is a list of theatrical attractions now before the American public which can meet every worthy taste, and from which selection may be made with full confidence that the return in artistic pleasure will be equal to the outlay. It is not an inconsiderable list, and, if space permitted, it might be made even longer. The plays that compose it are worth while. If you, having the opportunity to see them, miss them, and then complain that the theatre offers you nothing but trash, it is your fault, not the fault of the theatre. A great deal of the abuse which is heaped upon the American theatre to-day comes from the people who refrain from patronizing the very plays which would answer their tirades. The way to better matters is enthusiastically to patronize the good plays, instead of dolefully advertising the bad

CHICKENS

Neither of the Poultry Yard nor the Menu Card

BY EDNA FERBER

Author of "Roast Beef, Medium," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

FOR the benefit of the bewildered reader who may turn back to the magazine's cover to ascertain whether he has not, by some mistake, picked up the *Farm and Poultry Journal*, it should be said that there are two distinct species of chickens. There is the chicken which you find in the barnyard, in the incubator, or on a hat. And there is the type indigenous to State Street, Chicago. Each is known by its feathers. The barnyard variety may puzzle the amateur fancier, but there is no mistaking the State Street chicken. It is known by its soiled, high, white canvas boots; by its tight, short black skirt; by its slug pearl earrings; by its bewildering coiffure. By every line of its slim young body, by every curve of its cheek and throat you know it is adorably, pitifully young. By its carmined lip, its near-smart hat, its babbling of "him," and by the knowledge which looks boldly out of its eyes you know it is tragically old.

Seated in the Pullman car, with a friendly newspaper protecting her bright hair from the doubtful gray-white of the chair cover, Emma McChesney, traveling saleswoman for T. A. Buck's Featherloom Petticoats, was watching the telegraph poles chase each other back to Duluth, Minnesota, and thinking fondly of Mary Cutting, who is the mother-confessor and comforter of the State Street chicken.

Now, Duluth, Minnesota, is trying to be a city. In watching its struggles a hunger for a taste of the real city had come upon Emma McChesney. She had been out with her late Fall line from May until September. Every middle-western town of five thousand inhabitants or over had received its share of Emma McChesney's attention and petticoats. It had been a mystifyingly good season in a bad business year. Even old T. A. himself was almost satisfied. Commissions

piled up with gratifying regularity for Emma McChesney. Then, quite suddenly, the lonely evenings, the lack of woman companionship, and the longing for a sight of her seventeen-year-old son had got on Emma McChesney's nerves. She was two days ahead of her schedule, whereupon she wired her son, thus:

"Dear Kid:

Meet me Chicago, usual place Friday large time my treat. Mother."

Then she had packed her bag, wired Mary Cutting that she would see her Thursday, and had taken the first train out for Chicago.

You might have found the car close, stuffy, and uninteresting. Ten years on the road had taught Emma McChesney to extract a maximum of enjoyment out of a minimum of material. Emma McChesney's favorite occupation was selling T. A. Buck's Featherloom Petticoats, and her favorite pastime was studying men and women. The two things went well together.

When the train stopped for a minute or two you could hear a faint rattle and click from the direction of the smoking compartment where three jewelry salesmen from Providence, Rhode Island, were indulging in their beloved, but dangerous diversion of dice throwing. Just across the aisle was a woman, with her daughter, Chicago-bound to buy a trousseau. They were typical, wealthy small-town women smartly garbed in a fashion not more than twenty minutes late. In the quieter moments of the trip Emma McChesney could hear the mother's high-pitched, East End Ladies' Reading Club voice saying:

"I'd have the velvet suit made fussy, with a real fancy waist to match, for afternoons. You can go anywhere in a handsome velvet three-piece suit."

The girl had smiled, dreamily, and gazed out of the car window. "I wonder," she said, "if there'll be a letter from George. He said he would sit right down and write."

In the safe seclusion of her high-backed chair Emma McChesney smiled approvingly, Seventeen years ago, when her son had been born, and ten years ago, when she had got her divorce, Emma McChesney had thanked her God that her boy had not been a girl. Sometimes, now, she was not so sure about it. It must be fascinating work—selecting velvet suits, made "fussy," for a daughter's trousseau.

Just how fully those five months of small-town existence had got on her nerves Emma McChesney did not realize until the train snorted into the shed and she sniffed the mingled smell of smoke and stockyards and found it sweet in her nostrils. An unholy joy seized her. She entered the Biggest Store and made for the millinery department, yielding to an uncontrollable desire to buy a hat. It was a pert, trim, smart little hat. It made her thirty-six years seem less possible than ever, and her seventeen-year-old son an absurdity.

It was four-thirty when she took the elevator up to Mary Cutting's office on the tenth floor. She knew she would find Mary Cutting there—Mary Cutting, friend, counsellor, adviser to every young girl in the great store and to all Chicago's silly, helpless "chickens."

A dragon sat before Mary Cutting's door and wrote names on slips. But at sight of Emma McChesney she laid down her pencil. "Well," smiled the dragon, "you're a sight for sore eyes. There's nobody in there with her. Just walk in and surprise her."

At a rosewood desk in a tiny cosy office sat a pink-cheeked, white-haired woman. You associated her in your mind with black velvet and real lace. She did not look up as Emma McChesney entered. Emma McChesney waited for one small moment. Then:

"Cut out the bank president stuff, Mary Cutting, and make a fuss over me," she commanded.

The pink-cheeked, white-haired woman looked up. You saw that her eyes were wonderfully young. She made three marks on a piece of paper, pushed a call-button at her desk, rose, and hugged Emma McChesney thoroughly and satisfactorily, then held her off a moment and demanded to know where she had bought her hat.

"Got it ten minutes ago, in the millinery department downstairs. Had to. If I'd have come into New York after five months'

exile like this I'd probably have bought a brocade and fur-edged evening wrap, to relieve this feeling of wild joy. For five months I've spent my evenings in my hotel room, or watching the Maude Byrnes Stock company playing Lena Rivers, with the ingénue coming out between the acts in a calico apron and a pink sunbonnet and doing a thing they bill as vaudeville. I'm dying to see a real show—a smart one that hasn't run two hundred nights on Broadway—one with pretty girls, and pink tights, and a lot of moonrises, and sunsets and things, and a prima donna in a dress so stunning that all the women in the audience are busy copying it so they can describe it to their home-dressmaker next day."

"Poor, poor child," said Mary Cutting, "I don't seem to recall any such show."

"Well, it will look that way to me, anyway," said Emma McChesney. "I've wired Jock to meet me to-morrow, and I'm going to give the child a really sizzling little vacation. But to-night you and I will have an old-girl frolic. We'll have dinner together somewhere down-town, and then we'll go to the theatre, and after that I'm coming out to that blessed flat of yours and sleep between real sheets. We'll have some sandwiches and beer and other things out of the ice-box, and then we'll have a bathroom bee. We'll let down our back hair, and slap cold cream around, and tell our hearts' secrets and use up all the hot water. Lordy! It will be a luxury to have a bath in a tub that doesn't make you feel as though you wanted to scrub it out with lye and carbolic. Come on, Mary Cutting."

Mary Cutting's pink cheeks dimpled like a girl's.

"You'll never grow up, Emma McChesney—at least, I hope you never will. Sit there in the corner and be a good child, and I'll be ready for you in ten minutes."

Peace settled down on the tiny office. Emma McChesney, there in her corner, surveyed the little room with entire approval. It breathed of things restful, wholesome, comforting. There was a bowl of sweet peas on the desk; there was an Indian sweet grass basket filled with autumn leaves in the corner; there was an air of orderliness and good taste; and there was the pink-cheeked, white-haired woman at the desk.

"There!" said Mary Cutting, at last. She removed her glasses, snapped them up on a little spring-chain near her shoulder, sat back, and smiled upon Emma McChesney.

Emma McChesney smiled back at her.

Theirs was not a talking friendship. It was a thing of depth and understanding, like the friendship between two men.

They sat looking into each other's eyes, and down beyond, where the soul holds forth. And because what each saw there was beautiful and slightly they were seized with a shyness such as two men feel when they love each other, and so they awkwardly endeavored to cover up their shyness with words.

"You could stand a facial and a decent scalp massage, Emma," observed Mary Cutting in a tone pregnant with love and devotion. "Your hair looks a little dry. Those small-town manicures don't know how to give a real treatment."

"I'll have it to-morrow morning, before the Kid gets in at eleven. As the Lily Russell of the traveling profession I can't afford to let my beauty wane. That complexion of yours makes me mad, Mary. It goes through a course of hard water and Chicago dirt and comes up looking like a rose leaf with the morning dew on it. Where'll we have supper?"

"I know a new place," replied Mary Cutting. "German, but not greasy."

She was sorting, marking, and pigeon-holing various papers and envelopes. When

her desk was quite tidy she shut and locked it, and came over to Emma McChesney.

"Something nice happened to me to-day," she said, softly. "Something that made me realize how worth while life is. You know we have five thousand women working here—almost double that during the holidays. A lot of them are under twenty and, Emma, a working girl, under twenty, in a city like this—Well, a brand new girl was looking for me to-day. She didn't know the way to my office, and she didn't know my name. So she stopped one



Demanded to know where she had bought her hat

of the older clerks, blushed a little, and said, 'Can you tell me the way to the office of the Comfort Lady?' That's worth working for, isn't it, Emma McChesney?"

"It's worth living for," answered Emma McChesney, gravely. "It—it's worth dying for. To think that those girls come to you with their little sacred things, their troubles, and misfortunes, and unhappinesses and—"

"And their disgraces—sometimes," Mary Cutting finished for her. "Oh, Emma McChesney, sometimes I wonder why there isn't a national school for the education of mothers. I marvel at their ignorance more and more every day. Remember, Emma, when we were kids our mothers used to send us flying to the grocery on baking day? All the way from our house to Hine's grocery I'd have to keep on saying, over and over: 'Sugar, butter, molasses; sugar, butter, molasses; sugar, butter, molasses.' If I stopped for a minute I'd forget the whole thing. It isn't so different now. Sometimes at night, going home in the car after a day so bad that the whole world seems rotten, I make myself say, over and over, as I used to repeat my 'Sugar, butter, and molasses.' 'It's a glorious, good old world; it's a glorious, good old world; it's a glorious, good old world.' And I daren't stop for a minute for fear of forgetting my lesson."

For the third time in that short half-hour a silence fell between the two—a silence of perfect sympathy and understanding.

Five little strokes, tripping over each other in their haste, came from the tiny clock on Mary Cutting's desk. It roused them both.

"Come on, old girl," said Mary Cutting. "I've a chore or two still to do before my day is finished. Come along, if you like. There's a new girl at the perfumes who wears too many braids, and puffs, and curls, and in the basement misses' ready-to-wear there's another who likes to break store rules about short-sleeved, lace-yoked lingerie waists. And one of the floor managers tells me that a young chap of that callow, semi-objectionable, high-school fraternity, flat-heeled shoe type has been persistently hanging around the desk of the pretty little bundle inspector at the veilings. We're trying to clear the store of that type. They call girls of that description chickens. I wonder why some one hasn't found a name for the masculine chicken."

"I'll give 'em one," said Emma McChesney as they swung down a broad, bright aisle of the store. "Call 'em weasels. That covers their style, occupation, and character."

They swung around the corner to the veilings, and there they saw the very pretty, very blond, very young "chicken" deep in conversation with her weasel. The weasel's trousers were very tight and English, and his hat was properly woolly and Alpine and dented very much on one side and his heels were fashionably flat, and his hair was slickly pompadour.

Mary Cutting and Emma McChesney approached them very quietly just in time to hear the weasel say:

"Well, s' long then, Shrimp. See you at eight."

And he swung around and faced them.

That sick horror of uncertainty which had clutched at Emma McChesney when first she saw the weasel's back held her with awful certainty now. But ten years on the road had taught her self-control, among other things. So she looked steadily and calmly into her son's scarlet face. Jock's father had been a liar.

She put her hand on the boy's arm. "You're a day ahead of schedule, Jock," she said evenly.

"So are you," retorted Jock, sullenly, his hands jammed into his pockets.

"All the better for both of us, Kid. I was just going over to the hotel to clean up, Jock. Come along, boy."

The boy's jaw set. His eyes sought any haven but that of Emma McChesney's eyes. "I can't," he said, his voice very low. "I've an engagement to take dinner with a bunch of the fellows. We're going down to the Inn. Sorry."

A certain cold rigidity settled over Emma McChesney's face. She eyed her son in silence until his miserable eyes, perforce, looked up into hers.

"I'm afraid you'll have to break your engagement," she said.

She turned to face Mary Cutting's regretful, understanding gaze. Her eyebrows lifted slightly. Her head inclined ever so little in the direction of the half-scared, half-defiant "chicken."

"You attend to your chicken, Mary," she said. "I'll see to my weasel."

So Emma McChesney and her son Jock, looking remarkably like brother and sister, walked down the broad store aisles and out into the street. There was little conversation between them. When the pillared entrance of the hotel came into sight Jock broke the silence, sullenly:

"Why do you stop at that old barracks? It's a rotten place for a woman. No one stops there but clothing salesmen and boobs who still think it's Chicago's leading hotel. No place for a lady."

"Any place in the world is the place for a lady, Jock," said Emma McChesney quietly.

Automatically she started toward the clerk's desk. Then she remembered, and stopped. "I'll wait here," she said. "Get



"Well, s'long then, Shrimp. See you at eight"

the key for five-eighteen, will you please? And tell the clerk that I'll want the room adjoining beginning to-night, instead of to-morrow, as I first intended. Tell him you're Mrs. McChesney's son."

He turned away. Emma McChesney brought her handkerchief up to her mouth and held it there a moment, and the skin showed white over the knuckles of her hand. In that moment every one of her thirty-six years were on the table, face up.

"We'll wash up," said Emma McChesney, when he returned, "and then we'll have dinner here."

"I don't want to eat here," objected Jock McChesney. "Besides, there's no reason why I can't keep my evening's engagements."

"And after dinner," went on his mother, as though she had not heard, "we'll get acquainted, Kid."

It was a cheerless, rather tragic meal, though Emma McChesney saw it through from soup to finger-bowls. When it was over she led the way down the old-fashioned red-carpeted corridors to her room. It was the sort of room to get on its occupant's nerves at any time, with its red plush arm-chairs, its black walnut bed, and its walnut center table inlaid with an apoplectic slab of purplish marble.

Emma McChesney took off her hat before the dim old mirror, and stood there, fluffing out her hair here, patting it there. Jock had thrown his hat and coat on the bed. He stood now, leaning against the footboard, his legs crossed, his chin on his breast, his whole attitude breathing sullen defiance.

"Jock," said his mother, still patting her hair, "perhaps you don't know it, but you're pouting just as you used to when you wore pinafores. I always hated pouting children. I'd rather hear them howl. I used to spank you for it. I have prided myself on being a modern mother, but I want to mention, in passing, that I'm still in a position to enforce that ordinance against pouting." She turned around, abruptly. "Jock, tell me, how did you happen to come here a day ahead of me, and how do you happen to be so chummy with that pretty, weak-faced little thing at the veiling counter, and how, in the name of all that's unbelievable, have you managed to become a grown-up in the last few months?"

Jock regarded the mercifully faded roses in the carpet. His lower lip came forward again.

"Oh, a fellow can't always be tied to his mother's apron strings. I like to have a little fling myself. I know a lot of fellows here.

They are frat brothers. And anyway, I needed some new clothes."

For one long moment Emma McChesney stared, in silence. Then: "Of course," she began, slowly, "I knew you were seventeen years old. I've even bragged about it. I've done more than that—I've gloried in it. But somehow, whenever I thought of you in my heart—and that was a great deal of the time—it was as though you still were a little tyke in knee-pants, with your cap on the back of your head, and a chunk of apple bulging your cheek. Jock, I've been earning close to six thousand a year since I put in that side line of garters. Just how much spending money have I been providing you with?"

Jock twirled a coat button uncomfortably. "Well, quite a lot. But a fellow's got to have money to keep up appearances. A lot of the fellows in my crowd have more than I. There are clothes, and tobacco, and then flowers, and cabs for the skirts—girls, I mean, and—"

"Kid," impressively, "I want you to sit down over there in that plush chair—the red one, with the lumps in the back. I want you to be uncomfortable. From where I am sitting I can see that in you there is the making of a first-class cad. That's no pleasant thing for a mother to realize. Now don't interrupt me. I'm going to be chairman, speaker, program, and ways-and-means committee of this meeting. Jock, I got my divorce from your father ten years ago. Now, I'm not going to say anything about him. Just this one thing. You're not going to follow in his footsteps, Kid. Not if I have to take you to pieces like a nickel watch and put you all together again. You're Emma McChesney's son, and ten years from now I intend to be able to brag about it, or I'll want to know the reason why—and it'll have to be a blamed good reason."

"I'd like to know what I've done!" blurted the boy. "Just because I happened to come here a few hours before you expected me, and just because you saw me talking to a girl! Why—"

"It isn't what you've done. It's what those things stand for. I've been at fault. But I'm willing to admit it. Your mother is a working woman, Jock. You don't like that idea, do you? But you don't mind spending the money that the working woman provides you with, do you? I'm earning a man's salary. But Jock, you oughtn't to be willing to live on it."

"What do you want me to do?" demanded



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"How, in the name of all that's unbelievable, have you managed to become a grown-up in the last few months?"

Jock. "I'm not out of high school yet. Other fellows whose fathers aren't earning as much—"

"Fathers," interrupted Emma McChesney. "There you are. Jock, I don't have to make the distinction for you. You're sufficiently my son to know it, in your heart. I had planned to give you a college education, if you showed yourself deserving. I don't believe in sending a boy in your position to college unless he shows some special leaning toward a profession."

"Mother, you know how wild I am about machines, and motors, and engineering, and all that goes with it. Why I'd work—"

"You'll have to, Jock. That's the only thing that will make a man of you. I've started you wrong, but it isn't too late yet. It's all very well for boys with rich fathers to run to clothes, and city jaunts, and 'chickens,' and cabs and flowers. Your mother is working tooth and nail to earn her six thousand, and when you realize just what it means for a woman to battle against men in a man's game, you'll stop being a spender, and become an earner—because you'll want to. I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Kid. I'm going to take you on the road with me for two weeks. You'll learn so many things that at the end of that time the sides of your head will be bulging."

"I'd like it!" exclaimed the boy, sitting up. "It will be regular fun."

"No, it won't," said Emma McChesney; "not after the first three or four days. But it will be worth more to you than a foreign tour and a private tutor."

She came over to him and put her hand on his shoulder. "Your room's just next to mine," she said. "You and I are going to sleep on this. To-morrow we'll have a real day of it, as I promised. If you want to

spend it with the fellows, say so. I'm not going to spoil this little lark that I promised you."

"I think," said the boy, looking up into his mother's face, "I think that I'll spend it with you."

The door slammed after him.

Emma McChesney remained standing there, in the center of the room. She raised her arms and passed a hand over her forehead and across her hair until it rested on the glossy knot at the back of her head. It was the weary little gesture of a weary, heart-sick woman.

There came a ring at the 'phone.

Emma McChesney crossed the room and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Mary Cutting," she said, without waiting for the voice at the other end. "What? Oh, I just knew. No, it's all right. I've had some high-class little theatricals of my own, right here, with me in the rôles of leading lady, ingénue, villainess, star, and heavy mother. I've got Mrs. Fiske looking like a First Reader Room kid that's forgotten her Friday piece. What's that?"

There was no sound in the room but the hollow cackle of the voice at the other end of the wire, many miles away.

Then: "Oh, that's all right, Mary Cutting. I owe you a great big debt of gratitude, bless your pink cheeks and white hair! And, Mary," she lowered her voice and glanced in the direction of the room next door, "I don't know how a hard, dry sob would go through the 'phone, so I won't try to get it over. But, Mary, it's been sugar, butter, and molasses for me for the last ten minutes, and I'm dead scared to stop for fear I'll forget it. I guess it's sugar, butter, and molasses for me for the rest of the night, Mary Cutting; just as hard and fast as I can say it, sugar, butter, molasses."

(In the March number Miss Ferber will have another Emma McChesney story)

ABE MARTIN

ON ANCIENT AND MODERN JOURNALISM

BY KIN HUBBARD

Author of "Abe Martin's Almanack"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. FOX

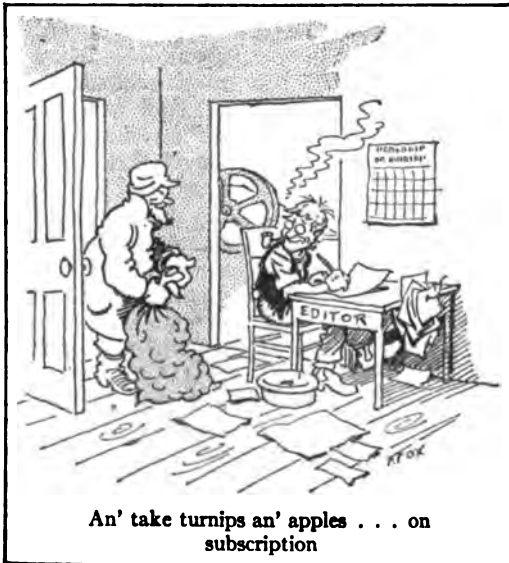
"I'M a gittin' tired o' buyin' newspapers that haint got nothin' in 'em but beauty hints, editorials on th' unrest in India, eczema ads an' sportin' gossip," said Ex-*editur* Cale Fluhart, as he threw his mornin' paper away an' lit a certain famous brand that comes three in a pasteboard case.

"Back in th' early seventies before editurs thought anything about money an' patent medicine contracts we used t' print fearless newspapers an' depended on gittin' our cash by strikin' off hoss bills. Once in a long time we took a burdock bitters er a ague ad, but it wuz uncommon an' they wuz hid on th' last page.

"If you wanted t' see a reg'lar *editur* in them days all you had t' do wuz t' go int' a Republican county an' look up th' *editur* o' 'Th' Democrat,' er go int' a Democratic



When some feller had been tipplin' a little, he'd pay cash



An' take turnips an' apples . . . on subscription

county an' hunt up th' *editur* o' 'Th' Republican.' Ever'buddy knew who wrote ever' thing in th' ole time weekly newspaper, an' ther wuzn' no hidin' behind 'Th' Forum' er 'Th' Voice o' th' People.' *Editurs* wuz perfectly satisfied t' write hot stuff an' take turnips an' apples an' wood on subscription. I've seen th' time when I had so much four-foot wood piled around my office that it looked like ole Ft. Wayne in 1812. Once in a long time when some feller had been tipplin' a little he'd pay cash. We got lots o' railroad passes too, an' I've taken my whole family t' Niagary Falls an' back on seventy-fiv cents er a dollar. In th' ole days ever' time ther wuz a weddin' th' *editur* got some cake, an' if water melons wuz jist beginnin' t' come in all he had t' do wuz t' print a item like this, 'Carter Brothers, our hustlin' young grocers, have jist received a fine lot o' Georgy water melons,' an' th' next day they'd send one up t' th' office. Reg'lar *editurs* used t' allus git th' first peaches an'



... whole family t' Niagary Falls . . . on
seventy-fiv cents er a dollar

biggest eggs an' pumpkins an' things. Folks brought 'em in t' git a puff, an' they wuz cheap at that.

"We never used t' criticize a troupe when it come t' th' hall fer it would be a thousan' miles away before th' paper got out, an' anyhow all th' shows wuz good an' never cost over a half a dollar then. Ever' Saturday night when Buck Taylor would git hit with a beer bottle at th' Dolly Varden we didn' print it 'cause he had a good mother an' some sisters. Ther haint nothin' in th' newspapers t'day that kin touch th' ole time country correspondents when it comes t' fun. We used t' git items from Apple Grove, McGraw's Chapel, Marmon's Valley, Lazy Holler an' Fiptown an' they'd run like this: 'Th' farmers er makin' sugar water,' 'Newt Henry is liable t' have a son-in-law before threshin' time rolls 'round. Git ther, Eli!' 'Steve Dunston has swopped fer a Columbus buggy, Whoa, Emma!' 'Aunty Means haint so well,' 'Quite a lot are expected t' th' lantern show at th' grange if it transpires, which is now all th' talk,' 'Rain, rain, rain,' er if it happened t' be dry it wuz, 'Dust, dust, dust.' That seemed t' be jist th' stuff folks wanted, an' it wuz cheap too.

"Ther haint nothin' easier'n printin' a country paper t'day full o' those who've been cured, boiler plate stories an' items like these, 'Mrs. Edith Mopps an' daughter Edythe Tuesdayed at Morgantown', 'Vote early,' 'Congressman Bud wuz circulatin' 'mongst his friends here t'day,' 'May th' best man win', 'A new film at th' Crystal t'night,' 'New kraut at th' Star,' 'At th' beautiful home o' Mr. an' Mrs. Tilford Moots, near th' tile works, amid many potted plants an' admirin' friends th' beautiful an' accomplished daughter,' etc., etc., 'New sausage at th' Star' an' 'Nobuddy in jail.' Jist think o' it! When th' modern country editor wants t' git off t' go fishin' he jist clips a long column editorial without readin' it an' pastes this at th' top an' prints it, 'Our esteemed contemporary, Th' Charleston *News an' Courier*, very fittin'ly says, an' so on. It not only sort o' puts him in a class with th' Charleston paper but it saves him a trip t' th' depot t' meet No. 18 er a interview with th' town gossip.

"Then agin th' present day country editor is allus figurin' on gittin' a pustoffice, an' that hurts his fearlessness.

"Th' big soggy Sunday papers that take all day Monday t' rake up er th' worst things, specially th' part that tells how t' build a \$35,000 modern residence fer \$1,500 an' th' 'Woman's Section.' It seems like girls don't ask ther mothers anything any more, but depend entirely on some frouzy headed writer that rooms out on th' edges an' eats at th' Busy Bee an' don't know no more 'bout reducin' th' bust er bleachin' th' hair than a rabbit. 'Is ther any squeezein' process known that'll enliven pale ear lobes fer an entire evenin'?' 'Must I keep both feet on th' floor while cuttin' a round steak?' 'My father has lost ever' thing in a western mine. Can you suggest some light, remunerative an' dignified employment fer a young girl with auburn hair that will not interfere with her Swedish chest exercises?' Where will it all end? What we really need in this country is a recall fer Sunday editors."



... a interview with th' town gossip

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

An American Who Believes in the Superiority of the Yellow Race

O FOR riches—uncounted millions! I would use, say, a couple of thousand dollars of 'em in a trip to China. I should be there—should be living there. Now, particularly. The most wonderful transformation in the world is going on there. I want to more than see it; I want to be a part of it. China is my real home, the Chinese are my native people; in this grim land, I've always been an alien. I've been here so long, too, that I've forgotten the few Chinese words of my boyhood. I presume I shall always live here. But if I were able, I'd up stakes to-morrow, and off for the crowded, dirty, barren Celestial Kingdom.

China will not take up with the West as Japan has done. The problem for China is a deeper one. She needs immense changes; three centuries of Manchu rule have well-nigh crippled her. It begins to look as if the Manchu dynasty were to be saved—in name, at least. I suppose it's necessary, for the present. The great thing is to choke off these devilish Christian nations. Yuan is a wonderful man; the future will show how sincere he is. Is he the Sage, too, I wonder, that China needs more than the Administrator? Is he a *superior* man, according to Confucius? Will he be the Prophet of China, as well as her savior—the Chinese Charlemagne? Such a man, with powers, in a reign of thirty or forty years, could accomplish the transformation of a quarter of the population of the world!

The task calls for *wisdom*—above all things. It is not a question of remodeling a people to a known standard, as with the Japanese; it is a question of drawing out the latent strength of a people marvelously sound and able, but, as you might say, cowed, bound, crushed. It is a question of what to take up and what not to take up; not a question of how best to take up everything. The stamping out of the opium evil in a space of five years,—an economic as well as a moral problem, and a thing practically accomplished,—is proof enough, and to spare, of the power of the Chinese people.

They await the Man. Lacking him, the process will take more time. The result, I think and have always thought, is inevitable: the supremacy of the yellow man over the white. Such a statement sounds incredible; but stranger shifts of power have taken place in history. Imagine yourself

for a moment the editor of a Roman magazine, and myself a struggling author in the palmy days of Rome. These Goths, these Teutonic tribes—I write you from a northern province—they must be reckoned with. And you, perhaps, lean back sumptuously in your editorium, and smile as your eye follows the line of skyscrapers along the Tiber. Well, it won't happen in the old way, surely; the time of fighting, razing, burning has gone by. But if the *yellow race is superior to the white race*, it will happen—perhaps in a way so new that it has never yet been seen.

Some time this winter, I plan to come to Rome—I beg your pardon, to New York.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

What Taft is Up Against—An Illuminating Letter from a Westerner to a "Corporation Lawyer"

I SUPPOSE you are one of the "stand-pat" Republicans and think Taft and his policies are just right. I used to think the Republican party was the only thing worth while. But the farmers all over the West, and many business men, are very much dissatisfied with existing conditions. We do not admire Taft, nor are we satisfied with his measly slow policies. He is too much like General G. B. McClellan during our war. He wanted to make peace and keep slavery. So it is with the Republican party and the Trusts.

When I went to Denver last week, one of the old war horses in the Republican party for years in the South end of our county came and took a seat with me and we got to talking politics.

"I have no use for Taft," he said. "We have got to have a change. I have three farms I rent out. There is not a piece of machinery or a thing I buy that is not in a Trust. I have to sell my sugar beets to the Sugar Trust; my wheat to the Milling Trust, and they pay me \$1.25 for wheat and charge \$1.35 for bran. My cream goes to the Butter Trust, and they rob me. If I ship my stock to market, the railroads charge me four prices because they are in a trust, and we are paying interest on over half water, and then I sell to the Packer Trust. I guess we have got to have a new deal somewhere along the line, and there is no show in the old Republican party."

"Both parties," I said, "in our State are tied up to the interests, and it looks to me it is a good deal as it was when our war came on in 1861. Our relief must come from a new party taken out of

the best men of both parties, as when the Republican party was formed." I suppose you are a corporation lawyer and think everything about right. But the West is very much dissatisfied, and if ever a new party is formed by the right kind of men you will be surprised the way the West will jump into it. La Follette would catch lots of us.

I see Jim Hill says there is money enough, only we lack confidence. Who caused this lack of confidence? Those who control the money, back in New York! Two years ago a close friend of mine said: "We are going to have close times." He is legal adviser to a big bank in Denver. He said the word had gone out from New York to draw in loans and discourage any new enterprises all over the West. In a few months I asked our banker if he had such instructions. He said, "Not just that way, but to draw in our loans and increase our reserves." This has been going on for nearly two years and has set everyone to retrenching. Sheep men and cattle men sold close. Feeders are going slow, and the result is hard times all over. It is easy to see why this is done. If they think it will stop Trust legislation, don't you think it for a minute. In the country there has never been a time when they demanded Trust regulation as much as they do now, and if they ever let up on it you will hear from them in no uncertain tones.

I would be glad to see a new party come out from the old, with a good solid platform that they could live up to and give us the relief we need.

I was in hopes when Our Teddy came back he would gather the Progressives into a new party, and I know lots of Democrats here who were ready to join and vote for such a party. I don't know where you stand, but suppose you think Taft and his crowd the best ever. So I thought I would tell you how we feel out West, and unless there is a change somewhere some day you will hear something drop, and it will drop hard, too. If you were to come out here and talk with our leaders they would say, "Oh, some are a little dissatisfied, but they are coming around." But our State went Democratic, largely on account of Guggenheim and his Trust methods. They have got to give us something besides a Smelter Trust now or they lose out again.

I am no politician, never had any bees in my bonnet, but I have always tried to be a good loyal citizen and do my duty as I saw it. I used to think the Republican party was the best ever, and so while I claim to be a good Republican yet, they must put up good men and keep their party pledges, or I am *ag'in' them*. This spirit is growing all over the West, and the time has gone by when any kind of man can get office because he is

a party man. Well, I know whatever you are and do, you think it is right. It depends on our viewpoint, and I am with the common people first, last and all the time.

(The "corporation lawyer" who sent in this letter is quite as likely to be "ag'in' them" as the letter-writer!—Editor.)

Are Trusts Economical?

IS Big Business deluded—or is it deluding—when it contends the larger the combination the less the cost of production? One thing is certain, there are successful manufacturers who hold the opposite position. We quote below a letter from one of them.

It is an error to accept as a fact that large combinations can produce any article of utility at a less cost than the original elements of the combination could produce it. There is a fixed limit, varying with the number of processes employed, beyond which the cheapening of a product cannot go.

I formerly employed men enough in my manufacturing plant to match the different processes the product required. I personally gave each man an example of how to do the work he was employed for. I scarcely ever was away during the busy season but each day was in personal contact with the force and working with them. We were brother mechanics. There came a day when it was best for me to sell the business, and I did so to a huge corporation in a distant city, with an unwatered capital of three millions and a working force of two thousand men. Under their method the shop cost per unit of *manufacture immediately* rose from \$7.42 to "over \$10.00." This carried a loss of about one-third of the profit margin, for I had established the selling price and conditions were such that the corporation could not raise it.

The reason for this increase is not hard to find. That most potent is the loss of *esprit de corps*—the spirit of the working force. A man bred in Gouverneur, educated here as a mechanic, now working in Watertown for a huge monopoly, said to a social worker within the last fortnight, "All they care for us is how much work they can get out of us." I believe this is a universal feeling wherever large bodies of workmen are employed in one business. It leads to a restricted output, for the spirit of the corps is lacking. It leads to a less perfect workmanship, for the spirit of the corps is gone. It leads to strife and strikes, for the spirit of the corps is dead.

J. S. CORBIN, Gouverneur, N. Y.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO NOW?

I WONDER sometimes—said the Responsible Editor—if we Americans are conscious of the depth of our confidence in the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln. I believe it to be true that we would rather have his opinion on a public matter that puzzles us than that of any other American.

Popular Reverence for Lincoln's Opinion

People never cease asking what Lincoln thought about this or what Lincoln would have done about that. Here, for instance, is a letter from a reader, explaining in great detail how Lincoln would have solved the trust problem. This is one of a kind I regularly receive. To be sure the scheme is the writer's own. Obviously, though perhaps unconsciously, he aims to dignify it by his contention that if Lincoln were alive it is what he would have done. Yet I am quite willing to forgive this rather naïve exploitation.

I am not quite so tolerant toward the habit of bolstering up one's cause by half-quoting or misquoting Lincoln's words. There has been too much of this. There are certain misquotations that appear as regularly as the seasons. Last spring, on a bulletin board at one of our great universities, I found what pretended to be Mr. Lincoln's opinion on Woman Suffrage. It was a quotation which has been proven incorrect at least a dozen times within my memory, and here it was, solemnly and conspicuously placarding the walls of a seat of learning!

It was not what Mr. Lincoln said on a subject or the conjectured course of action he might have followed that can help us much. But it would be priceless to us to get a clear understanding of the temper and the mental attitude in which he faced a problem. I should like to see applied to the trust question to-day the same big, impersonal seriousness

that he gave to the question of the extension of slavery in the years between 1854-60. We are beginning to get our teeth into this trust problem, in very much the same way the country went at the slavery question at that time. And there is the same cry for us to let go. I can no more believe that Lincoln would counsel us to let go now than he did then. It is much more likely he would tell us, as he used to tell the young lawyer who sought his advice on a case, "Go at it like a dog at a root."

He had a staying mind. He knew that you cannot quickly uproot a growth which for years has been allowed to spread, taking on more and more intricate forms and burrowing deeper and deeper into unexpected places. He realized that such a growth cannot be destroyed or corrected by mere lopping off of roots and branches. He knew that you must find its core and destroy that,—a work which calls for time and patience. In speaking of slavery, Lincoln often used an expressive adjective; it was a "durable" question, he said—something which was not to be settled in a day but must be stayed by and followed from phase to phase. If it was right that a problem be fought through, no defeat, no mistake, no state of bitter hysteria brought on by failure to see clearly where things were going, made him hesitate. Do you remember what he told his sorrowing friends after his defeat by Douglas in 1858:

"The fight must go on. The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats.

"I think we have fairly entered upon a durable struggle as to whether this nation is to ultimately become all slave or all free, and though I fall early in the contest, it is nothing if I shall have contributed, in the least degree, to the final rightful result."

To my way of thinking, then, Lincoln would have considered it wise to go ahead, as best we may under the present laws, with our attempt to get an approximate solution of the trust problem. No human wisdom, not even Lincoln's, has ever been able to get to the heart of a great public question with instant and unerring penetration.

**We need
Lincoln's
Temper of
Mind**

There must be trials, experiments, blunders, and failures.

We have before us now a grave question involving the welfare of millions, the useful constancy of trade and transportation, and above all the freedom of opportunity for coming generations. It becomes us to bring to it something of Lincoln's temper, to have something of his splendid faith. We should know that poor blundering man does get on, in spite of injustice and painful mistake, if with good heart he keeps working and struggling.

Lincoln had a way of meeting the crises of his long struggle which would be very useful now, if more of us were willing to forget our personal irritations and discouragements and employ it. It was *casting up accounts to show what had been done*. It gave solidity to his position, a place to stand on, a guaranty of future progress, which as we look back on it we can easily imagine must have been both a great comfort to him and an effective discomfort to his critics. More than once during the war, at times of terrible disaster and discouragement, he presented to despairing friends the gains in the case, in terms of such high and serene faith that he silenced their complaints and rallied them to new efforts.

Might it not be to our advantage to cast up accounts at this juncture? Have we no balance to our credit after this twenty-five or more years' fight to free ourselves from exploitations, to strike off privilege, and restrain the natural greed of man? If our trade does not as yet go always "unvexed to the sea," certainly it runs more freely than it has for fifty years, and the methods for cleaning the channels of the few snags and pirates that remain are clear to us all. We all know that such has been the gain in the control of transportation that it will never be possible in this country to build another Standard Oil Trust—that the club by which that organization bludgeoned the life out of its rivals is broken. The Standard Oil Company was founded on secret rebates;

**The Control
of Trusts:
How Far We
Have Got**

they were always contrary to the common law, never granted or taken except under cover. We finally have made the penalty for rebating so severe that there is neither fun nor profit in the practice: that is, the railroad can no longer be used by one to the disadvantage of the many, as the Standard Oil Company once used it. That is something.

But you tell me that this same Standard Oil Company no longer needs the railroads as it once did, that it owns the system of transportation, its wonderful spider web of pipes through which it sends its raw product. True—but this spider web of pipes, like that of rails, *is no longer a private system*. It is subject to the same laws and restrictions as railroads, and you and I can send our oil through it on parallel terms and under the same legal protection that we can send our wheat by rail. Nobody is doing it yet? True, but somebody will do it soon. The back of that particular monopoly is broken. It can never again be what it was, nor can it be duplicated. That is something.

I know that many wise people are laughing at the dissolution which the Supreme Court has ordered. Men in Wall Street recall to our mind that in 1892 the State of Ohio ordered the Standard Oil Company of Ohio to disconnect itself from the Standard Oil combination. The trust was dissolved. Holders of Standard Oil stock were supposed to receive fractional shares in each company exactly as to-day. The denominator was slightly different; that is, the parent company was divided into fewer parts—972,500 instead of 983,383. But your one share brought you the same bewilderment of fractional parts as it does to-day. In 1892 you received, let us say, $\frac{1}{972,500}$ of Atlantic Refining Company stock; to-day you receive $\frac{1}{983,383}$. Then you received, let us say, $\frac{1}{597,100}$ of the National Transit Company—to-day it is $\frac{1}{608,333}$. Although this division was arranged it was never made; it was only *pretended to be made*.

In 1894, when the Attorney-General of New York in a suit brought on this very point, that the dissolution was bogus, Mr. Joseph Choate, Mr. Choate's who was one of the counsel of 100 Shares the company in 1892, said: in the

"I happen to own 100 Standard Oil shares in the Standard Oil Trust and I have never gone forward and claimed my aliquot share. Why not? Because I would get ten in one company, and ten in another company, and two and three-fifths in another company.

"There is no power that this company can exercise to compel me and other indifferent certificate holders, if you please, to come forward and convert our trust certificates."

But you do not think that evasion and defiance is possible to-day? Not at all. The shares are being divided and *if Mr. Choate still owns those shares he will be obliged to convert them*—that is, a way has been found to force the Standard Oil Company to go through the actual process of converting stock.

But what of it? You say there will be no competition! A clever cartoonist pictures Mr. J. D. Rockefeller seated before a picture-puzzle of thirty-four pieces. The divisions are heavily lined. There are thirty-four pieces, but *they make a picture!* Mr. Rockefeller smiling and winking, says, "Perfectly simple."

But is it so simple for Mr. Rockefeller as the cartoonist thinks? For nearly thirty years these thirty-four pieces have been held to a common business end by the ever-present, ever-powerful hand of 26 Broadway. The Supreme Court orders that hand to loosen its grip. It is too much to believe that 26 Broadway will not try some device to save its power, although apparently obeying the court, but it is a difficult and dangerous task it has before it this time. Can it be done? It will be the more difficult because of the training which the thirty-four companies have received.

Mr. Rockefeller is called the father of combination, but those who know his organization know that no man ever applied the principle of competition more indefatigably than he did *within* the combination. Mr. Rockefeller knew that competition was one of nature's methods; that it was no more to be destroyed than the method of combination. He used it within and without—in the one place to get the most from his assistants and employees, in the other place to put his competitors out of the way.

Every man in the Standard Oil Company has always been in competition with every other. His advancement has depended upon his results and an account of almost unbelievable detail was kept of the results of the humblest. Moreover, every company was in competition with every other. The artificial boundaries of the Standard Oil districts were fixed exactly as the boundaries of counties and states, and agents were ordered to remain within their districts or suffer penalties, but in spite of orders and punishments one of the

problems of the great organization has always been to keep its subsidiary companies from invading one another's territory. What will happen now, do you think? Will these thirty-four companies trained to competing with one and another, within limits, be able, of their own accord, to stay within the boundaries assigned them? Will they not go more, rather than less, their own course?

And the same is true in the case of the Tobacco Trust. The fetters on legitimate trade which the two great concerns forged by violence and fraud are broken. They will never be welded again. I do not mean that there will be no great combinations. There will be, but they will grow more nearly according to law. The oil business will no longer be claimed openly by the Standard Oil Company, the tobacco business by the Tobacco Trust. The men who would refine and sell oil, who would make and sell tobacco will no longer be openly treated as poachers. And this is something gained.

What we all forget, critics and friends of the procedure which has brought upon us the present crises in the trust question, is that all we are doing is trying out a law devised to meet a situation which we all agree is intolerable. Outrageous practices have been tolerated and grown stronger by toleration. They must be uprooted. The trust decisions under the Sherman Anti-trust law are only great experiments. Nothing else is possible at this juncture. There is no sword to cut our knot. It must be untied by bungling, aching, patient fingers.

And because the work is slow and indecisive, there is tension and irritation. The people at large doubt the efficacy of what has been so far done. The men whom the law finds guilty feel that they are being unjustly dealt with; that they have accomplished great things for this country and its people, and are not receiving fair or considerate treatment. There is also an extended sentiment among other business men that the efforts of Mr. Taft and Mr. Wickersham to enforce the Sherman law are hurting the general prosperity of the country.

But we may as well face the issue and keep on facing it. If the Government were to stop now, the law would again fall into contempt; and the exasperation of the people grow more acute. If we proceed with wisdom and restraint, with forbearance and endurance, the sooner will we reach the stage in which there

**"One Knot
to be Untied
by Bungling
Patient
Fingers"**

**Mr.
Rockefeller's
Skillful Use of
Competition**

will be a dim glimmering of a just solution. It is manifest that a change is impending. If unjustly or selfishly hindered or unduly and unwarrantably hastened, the results will alike be unfortunate for this land.

Would that we had both the patience and the humility that Lincoln showed in experimenting with the Emancipation Proclamation! He knew it was an experiment, like all new policies and statutes. All that he would say for it was that he *hoped* it would bring greater gains than losses. "We are like whalers," he said one day, "who have been long on a chase; we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

There was no insistence that his way was the only or the best way. On the contrary he was ready to resign, he declared, if somebody could do the job better. There was no excited defense of his own policies or actions. On the contrary, as he wrote Greeley in August, 1862, he was ready to "correct errors when shown to be errors," "to adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views." He even reached the height where, alas, few men go, of making a compact with himself in case he was not reelected (as it seemed in August of 1864 that he could not be), to *give his full cooperation to the man who should defeat him.*

Altogether, the greatest thing for us just

now would be some such big conception of the importance of our struggle as that which sustained Lincoln from 1854 to his death. He saw from the beginning that the fight against the extension of slavery was a part of the world's long struggle for civil liberty and personal freedom. So profound was his faith that freedom could not be checked that he could fight with exhaustless patience.

The irritation, the bitterness, the hysteria which fill the air now, are largely due to the lack of a big conception of what is at issue. This is not merely a fight for or against the form of business organization which shall be allowed in this land. It is not a mere effort to clip the wings of the principle of combination. These are but episodes in a great movement to insure the freedom of men to exercise their natural instinct both to compete and combine under no other limitations than those which justice, decency, and equality before the law give. "Human liberty," as our fathers defined and guaranteed it, is at stake in this struggle. There is no attack on business or on any just and proper freedom in business. The present phase is a war against that intent so destructive to business, so out of harmony with our institutions and aspirations, the intent of monopoly. Such an intent is anti-democratic, an oppressive and unnatural growth. Monopoly cannot exist—never has existed—without the help of privilege. Intent to monopolize in this land is an intent to violate the very foundations of the nation, and this we must fight.

THE LITTLE ROAD

BY

CAROLINE COLLINS

The little road winds up the hill,
And up the hill climbed he.
Ah, cruel, cruel little road,
To lure my love from me.

Once, at the top, I saw him stop,
I heard his laugh ring free.
The little road lay smiling there,
He had forgotten me.

I watched him sink beneath the brink,
Forever gone from me,
For they are wed, the guilty pair,
The little road and he.

THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

for March, 1912

Vol. LXXIII

No. 5



"If you will kindly stoop down——" said I, in an exaggeratedly polite tone, and placed the little gold bead of my 405 Winchester where I thought it would do the most good



MY FIRST LION

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "The Forest," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN BASED ON
THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

ONE day in the country north of Mt. Kenia in equatorial Africa we all set out to make our discoveries,—F., B., and I; with our gun-bearers, Memba Sasa, Mavrouki and Simba; and ten porters to bring in the trophies, which we wanted very much, and the meat, which the men wanted still more. We rode our horses, and the syces followed. This made quite a field force—nineteen men all told. Nineteen white men would be exceedingly unlikely to get within a liberal half mile of anything; but the native has sneaky ways.

At first we followed between the river and the low hills, but when the latter drew back to leave open a broad flat, we followed their line. At this point they rose to a clifflike headland a hundred and fifty feet high, flat on top. We decided to investigate that mesa, both for the possibilities of game and for the chance of a view abroad.

The footing was exceedingly noisy and treacherous, for it was composed of flat, tinkling little stones. Dried-up, skimpy bushes just higher than our heads made a thin but regular cover. There seemed not to be a spear of anything edible, yet we caught the flash of red as a herd of impalla melted away at our rather noisy approach. Near the foot of the hill we dismounted, with orders to all the men but the gun-bearers to sit down and make themselves comfortable. Should we need them we could easily either signal or send word. Then we set ourselves toilsomely to clamber up that volcanic hill.

It was not particularly easy going, especially as we were trying to walk quietly. You see, we were about to surmount a skyline. Surmounting a skyline is always most exciting anywhere, for what lies beyond is revealed at once as a whole and contains the very essence of the unknown; but most decidedly is this true in Africa. That mesa looked flat, and almost anything might be grazing or browsing there. So we proceeded gingerly, with due regard to the rolling of the loose rocks or the tinkling of the little pebbles.

But long before we had reached that alluring skyline we were halted by the gentle snapping of Mavrouki's fingers. That, strangely enough, is a sound to which wild animals seem to pay no attention, and is therefore most useful as a signal. We looked back. The three gun-bearers were staring to the right of our course. About a hundred yards away, on the steep side hill, and partly concealed by the brush, stood two rhinoceros.

They were side by side, apparently dozing. We squatted on our heels for a consultation.

The obvious thing, as the wind was from them, was to sneak quietly by, saying nuffin' to nobody. But although we wanted no more rhino, we very much wanted rhino pictures. A discussion developed no really good reason why we should not kodak these especial rhinos—except that there were two of them. So we began to worm our way quietly through the bushes in their direction.

F. and B. deployed on the flanks, their

double-barreled rifles ready for instant action. I occupied the middle with that dangerous weapon the 3A kodak. Memba Sasa followed at my elbow, holding my big gun.

Now the trouble with modern photography is that it is altogether too lavish in its depiction of distances. If you do not believe it, take a picture of a horse at as short a range as twenty-five yards. That equine will, in the development, have receded to a respectable middle distance. Therefore it had been agreed that the advance of the battle line was to cease only when those rhinoceros loomed up reasonably large in the finder. I kept looking into the finder, you may be sure. Nearer and nearer we crept. The great beasts were evidently basking in the sun. The little pig eyes alone gave any sign of life. Otherwise they exhibited the complete immobility of something done in granite. Probably no other beast impresses one with quite this quality. I suppose it is because even the little motions peculiar to other animals are with the rhinoceros entirely lacking. He is not in the least of a nervous disposition, so he does not stamp his feet nor change his position. It is useless for him to wag his tail; for, in the first place, the tail is absurdly inadequate; and, in the second place, flies are not among his troubles. Flies wouldn't bother you either if you had a skin two inches thick. So there they stood, inert and solid as two huge brown rocks, save for the deep wicked twinkle of their little eyes.

Yes, we were close enough to "see the whites of their eyes," if they had had any; and also to be within the range of their limited vision. Of course we were now stalking, and taking advantage of all the cover.

Those rhinoceros looked to me like two dreadnoughts. The African two-horned rhinoceros is a bigger animal, anyway, than our circus friend, who generally comes from India. One of these brutes I measured went 5 ft. 9 in. at the shoulder, and was 13 ft. 6 in. from bow to stern. Compare these dimensions with your own height and with the length of a motor car. It is one thing to take on such beasts in the hurry of surprise, the excitement of a charge, or to stalk up to within a respectable range of them with a gun at ready. But this deliberate sneaking up with the hope of being able to sneak away again was a little too slow and cold-blooded. It made me nervous. I liked it: but I knew at the time I was going to like it a whole lot better when it was triumphantly over.

We were now within twenty yards (they were standing starboard side on), and I pre-

pared to get my picture. To do so I would either have to step quietly out into sight, trusting to the shadow and the slowness of my movements to escape observation; or hold the camera above the bush, directing it by guesswork. It was a little difficult to decide. I knew what I *ought* to do—

Without the slightest premonitory warning those two brutes snorted and whirled in their tracks to stand facing in our direction. After the dead stillness they made a tremendous row, what with the jerky suddenness of their movements, their loud snorts, and the avalanche of echoing stones and boulders they started down the hill.

This was the magnificent opportunity. At this point I should boldly have stepped out from behind my bush, leveled my trusty 3 A, and coolly snapped the beasts, "charging at fifteen yards." Then, if B.'s and F.'s shots went absolutely true; or if the brutes didn't happen to smash the camera as well as me; I or my executors, as the case might be, would have had a fine picture.

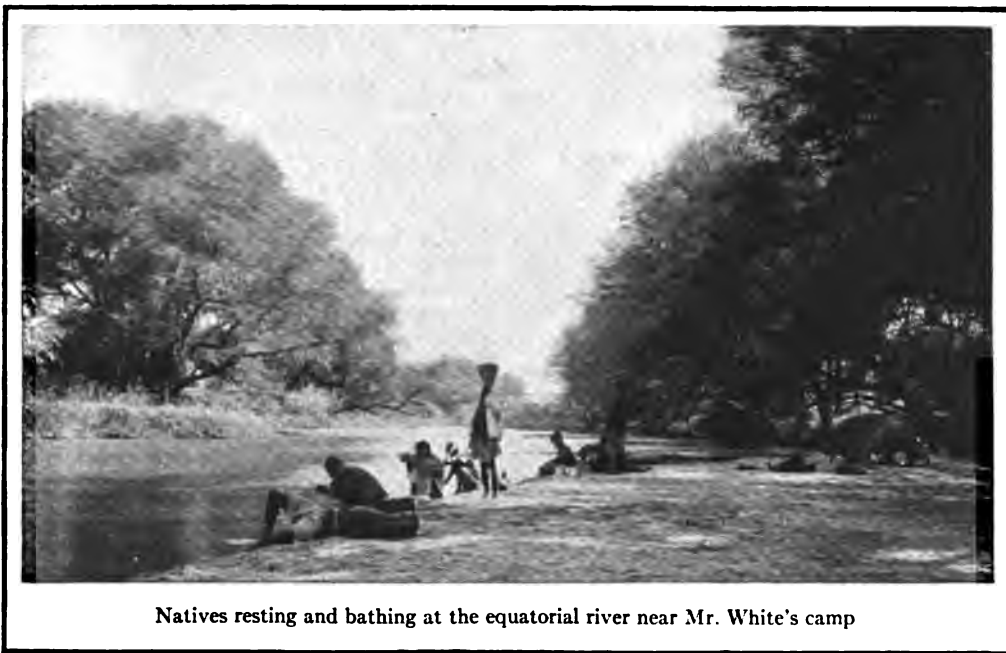
But I didn't. I dropped that expensive 3A Special on some hard rocks, and grabbed my rifle from Memba Sasa. If you want really to know why, go confront a motor car at fifteen or twenty paces, multiply him by two, and endow him with an eagerly malicious disposition.

They advanced several yards, halted, faced us for perhaps five or six seconds, uttered another snort, whirled with the agility of polo ponies and departed at a swinging trot and with surprising agility along the steep side hill.

I recovered the camera, undamaged, and we continued our climb.

The top of the mesa was disappointing as far as game was concerned. It was covered all over with red stones, round, and as large as a man's head. Thorn bushes found some sort of sustenance in the interstices.

But we had gained to a magnificent view. Before us lay the narrow flat, then the winding jungle of our river, then long rolling desert country, gray with thorn scrub, sweeping upward to the base of castellated buttes and one tremendous riven cliff mountain, dropping over the horizon to a very distant blue range. Behind us eight or ten miles away was the low ridge through which our journey had come. The mesa on which we stood broke back at right angles to admit another stream flowing into our own. Beyond this stream were rolling hills, and scrub country, the hint of blue peaks and illimitable distances falling away to the unknown Tara Desert and the sea.



Natives resting and bathing at the equatorial river near Mr. White's camp

There seemed to be nothing much to be gained here, so we made up our minds to cut across the mesa, and from the other edge of it to overlook the valley of the tributary river. This we would descend until we came to our horses.

Accordingly we stumbled across a mile or so of those round and rolling stones. Then we found ourselves overlooking a wide flat or pocket where the stream valley widened. It extended even as far as the upward fling of the barrier ranges. Thick scrub covered it, but erratically, so that here and there were little openings or thin places. We sat down, manned our trusty prism glasses, and gave ourselves to the pleasing occupation of looking the country over inch by inch.

This is great fun. It is a game a good deal like puzzle pictures. Reexamination generally develops new and unexpected beasts. We repeated to each other aloud the results of our scrutiny, always without removing the glasses from our eyes.

"Oryx, one," said F., "oryx, two."

"Giraffe," reported B., "and a herd of impalla."

I saw another giraffe, and another oryx, then two rhinoceros.

The three gun-bearers squatted on their heels behind us, their fierce eyes staring straight ahead, seeing with the naked eye what we were finding with six-power glasses.

We turned to descend the hill. In the very center of the deep shade of a clump of trees, I saw the gleam of a waterbuck's horn. While I was telling of this, the beast stepped from his concealment, trotted a short distance upstream and turned to climb a little ridge parallel to that which we were descending. About halfway up he stopped, staring in our direction, his head erect, the slight ruff under his neck standing forward. He was a good four hundred yards away. B., who wanted him, decided the shot too chancy. He and F. slipped backward until they had gained the cover of the little ridge, then hastened down the bed of the ravine. Their purpose was to follow the course already taken by the waterbuck until they should have sneaked within better range. In the meantime I and the gun-bearers sat down in full view of the buck. This was to keep his attention distracted.

We sat there a long time. The buck never moved; but continued to stare at what evidently puzzled him. Time passes very slowly in such circumstances, and it seemed incredible that the beast should continue much longer to hold his fixed attitude. Nevertheless B. and F. were working hard. We caught glimpses of them occasionally slipping from bush to bush. Finally B. knelt and leveled his rifle. At once I turned my glasses on the buck. Before the sound of the rifle had reached me, I saw him start convulsively, then make off at the tearing run that indicates

a heart hit. A moment later the crack of the rifle and the dull *plunk* of the hitting bullet struck my ear.

We tracked him fifty yards to where he lay dead. He was a fine trophy; and we at once set the boys to preparing it and taking the meat. In the meantime we sauntered down to look at the stream. It was a small rapid affair, but in heavy papyrus, with sparse trees, and occasional thickets, and dry hard banks. The papyrus should make a good lurking place for almost anything; but the few points of access to the water failed to show many interesting tracks. Nevertheless we decided to explore a short distance.

For an hour we walked among high thorn bushes, over baking hot earth. We saw two or three dik-dik and one of the giraffes. By that time it had become very hot, and the sun was bearing down on us as with the weight of a heavy hand. The air had the scorching, blasting quality of an opened furnace door. Our mouths were getting dry and sticky in that peculiar stage of thirst on which no lukewarm canteen water in necessarily limited quantity has any effect. So we turned back, picked up the men with the waterbuck, and plodded on down the little stream—or rather on the red-hot dry valley bottom outside the stream's course—to where the syces were waiting with our horses. We mounted with great thankfulness. It was now eleven o'clock; and we considered our day as finished.

The best way for a distance seemed to follow the course of the tributary stream to its point of junction with our river. We rode along, rather relaxed in the suffocating heat. F. was nearest the stream. At one point it freed itself of trees and brush and ran clear, save for low papyrus, ten feet down below a steep eroded bank. F. looked over and uttered a startled exclamation. I spurred my horse forward to see.

Below us, about fifteen yards away, was the carcass of a waterbuck half hidden in the foot-high grass. A lion and two lionesses stood upon it, staring up at us with yellow eyes. That picture is a very vivid one in my memory, for those were the first wild lions I had ever seen. My most lively impression was of their unexpected size. They seemed to bulk fully a third larger than my expectation.

The magnificent beasts stood only long enough to see clearly what had disturbed them; then turned, and in two bounds had gained the shelter of the thicket.

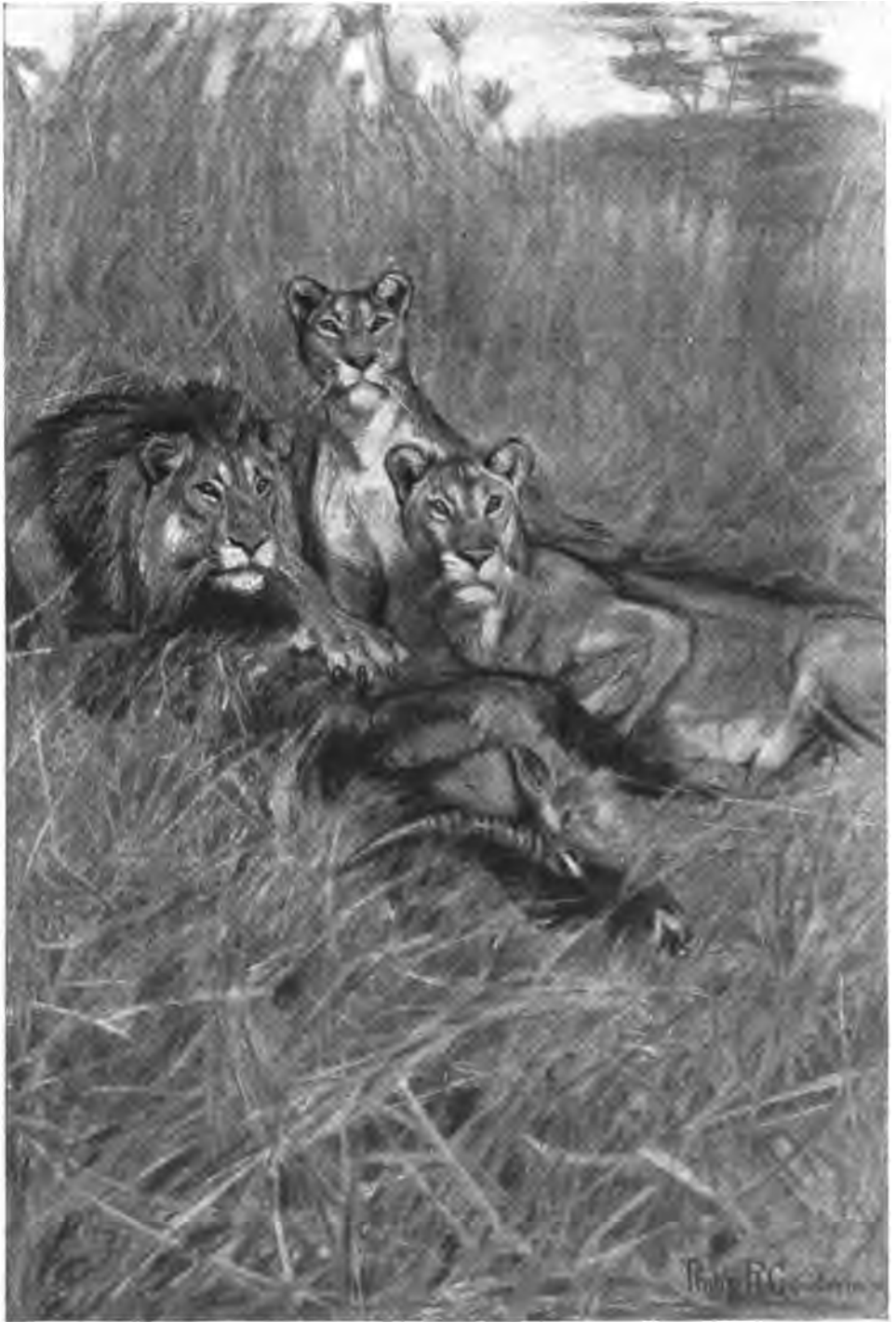
Now the habit in Africa is to let your gun-bearers carry all your guns. You yourself

stride along hand free. It is an English idea, and is pretty generally adopted out there by everyone, of whatever nationality. They will explain it to you by saying that in such a climate a man should do only necessary physical work; and that a good gun-bearer will get a weapon into your hand so quickly and in so convenient a position that you will lose no time. I acknowledge the gun-bearers are sometimes very skilful at this; but I do deny that there is no loss of time. The instant of distracted attention while receiving a weapon, the necessity of recollecting the nervous correlation after the transfer, very often mark just the difference between a sure instinctive snap shot and a lost opportunity. It stands to reason that the man with the rifle in his hand reacts instinctively, in one motion, to get his weapon into play. If the gun-bearer has the gun, *he* must first react to pass it up; the master must receive it properly; and *then*, and not until then, may go on from where the other man began. As for physical labor in the tropics: if a grown man cannot without discomfort or evil effects carry an eight-pound rifle, he is too feeble to go out at all. In a long Western experience I have learned never to be separated from my weapon; and I believe the continuance of this habit in Africa saved me a good number of chances.

At any rate, we all flung ourselves off our horses. I, having my rifle in my hand, managed to throw a shot after the biggest lion as he vanished. It was a snap at nothing, and missed. Then in an opening on the edge a hundred yards away appeared one of the lionesses. She was trotting slowly, and on her I had time to draw a hasty aim. At the shot she bounded in the air, fell, rolled over, and was up and into the thicket before I had much more than time to pump up another shell from the magazine. Memba Sasa in his eagerness got in the way—the first and last time he ever made a mistake in the field.

By this time the others had got hold of their weapons. We fronted the blank face of the thicket.

The wounded animal would stand a little waiting. We made a wide circle to the other side of the stream. There we quickly picked up the trail of the two uninjured beasts. They had headed directly over the hill, where we speedily lost all trace of them on the flint-like surface of the ground. We saw a big pack of baboons in the only likely direction for a lion to go. Being thus thrown back on a choice of a hundred other unlikely directions we gave up that slim chance and returned to the thicket.



“About fifteen yards away a lion and two lionesses stood upon the carcass of a waterbuck, staring up at us with yellow eyes”

This proved to be a very dense piece of cover. Above the height of the waist the interlocking branches would absolutely prevent any progress, but by stooping low we could see dimly among the simpler main stems to a distance of perhaps fifteen or twenty feet. This combination at once afforded the wounded lioness plenty of cover in which to hide, plenty of room in which to charge home, and placed us under the disadvantage of a crouched or crawling attitude with limited vision. We talked the matter over very thoroughly. There was only one way to get that lioness out, and that was to go after her. The job of going after her needed some planning. The lion is cunning and exceeding fierce. A flank attack, once we were in the thicket, was as much to be expected as a frontal charge.

We advanced to the thicket's edge with many precautions. To our relief we found she had left us a definite trail. B. and I, kneeling, took up positions on either side, our rifles ready. F. and Simba crawled by inches eight or ten feet inside the thicket. Then, having executed this maneuver safely, B. moved up to protect our rear while I, with Memba Sasa, slid down to join F.

From this point we moved forward alternately. I would crouch, all alert, my rifle ready, while F. slipped by me and a few feet ahead. Then he would get organized for battle while I passed him. Memba Sasa and Simba, game as badgers, their fierce eyes

gleaming with excitement, their faces shining crept along at the rear. B. knelt outside the thicket, straining his eyes for the slightest movement either side of the line of our advance. Often these wily animals will sneak back in a half circle to attack their pursuers from behind. Two or three of the bolder porters crouched alongside of B., peering eagerly, the rest had quite properly retired to the safe distance where the horses stood.

We progressed very, very slowly. Every splash of light or mottled shadow, every clump of bush stems, every fallen log had to be examined, and then examined again. And how we did strain our eyes in a vain attempt to penetrate the half lights, the duskinesses of the closed-in thicket not over fifteen feet away! And then the movement forward of two feet would bring into our field of vision an entirely new set of tiny vistas and possible lurking places.

Speaking for myself, I was keyed up to a tremendous tension. I stared until my eyes ached; every muscle and nerve was taut. Everything depended on seeing the beast promptly, and firing quickly. With the manifest advantage of being able to see us, she would spring to battle fully prepared. A yellow flash and a quick shot seemed about to size up that situation. Every few moments I remember, I surreptitiously held out my hand to see if the constantly growing excitement and the long-continued strain had affected its steadiness.



The dead lioness, in the thicket, through which Mr. White crawled on hands and knees. The dimness of the photograph is due to the darkness beneath this extraordinary tangle of vegetation



Stewart Edward White, Memba Sasa, his native servant, and the first lion Mr. White killed

The combination of heat and nervous strain was very exhausting. The sweat poured from me; and as F. passed me I saw the great drops standing out on his face. My tongue got dry; my breath came laboriously. Finally I began to wonder whether physically I should be able to hold out. We had been crawling, it seemed, for hours. I dared not look back, but we must have come a good quarter mile. Finally F. stopped.

"I'm all in for water," he gasped in a whisper.

Somehow the confession made me feel a lot better. I had thought that I was the only one. Cautiously we settled back on our heels. Memba Sasa and Simba wiped the sweat from their faces. It seems that they too had found the work severe. That cheered me up still more.

Simba grinned at us, and, worming his way backward with the sinuosity of a snake, he disappeared in the direction from which we had come. F. cursed after him in a whisper both for departing and for taking the risk. But in a moment he had returned carrying two canteens of blessed water. We took a drink most gratefully.

I glanced at my watch. It was just under two hours since I had fired my shot. I looked back. My supposed quarter mile had shrunk to not over fifty feet!

After resting a few moments longer, we again took up our systematic advance.

We made perhaps another fifty feet. We were ascending a very gentle slope. F. was for the moment ahead. Right before us the lion growled; a deep rumbling like the end of a great thunder roll, fathoms and fathoms

deep, with the inner subterranean vibrations of a heavy train of cars passing a man inside a sealed building. At the same moment over F.'s shoulder I saw a huge yellow head rise up, the round eyes flashing anger, the small black-tipped ears laid back, the great fangs snarling. The beast was not over twelve feet distant. F. immediately fired. His shot, hitting an intervening twig, went wild. With the utmost coolness he immediately pulled the other trigger of his double barrel. The cartridge snapped.

"If you will kindly stoop down—" said I, in what I now remember to be rather an exaggeratedly polite tone. As F.'s head disappeared, I placed the little gold bead of my 405 Winchester where I thought it would do the most good, and pulled trigger. She rolled over dead.

The whole affair had begun and finished with unbelievable swiftness. From the growl to the fatal shot I don't suppose four seconds elapsed, for our various actions had followed one another with the speed of the instinctive. The lioness had growled at our approach; had raised her head to charge; and had received her death-blow before she had released her muscles in the spring. There had been no time to get frightened.

We sat back for a second. A brown hand reached over my shoulder.

"*Mizouri—mizouri sana!*" cried Memba Sasa joyously. I shook the hand.

"Good business!" said F. "Congratulate you on your first lion."

We then remembered B. and shouted to him that all was over. He and the other men wriggled in to where we were lying. He made this distance in about fifteen seconds. It had taken us nearly an hour!

We had the lioness dragged out into the open. She was not an especially large beast—as compared to most of the others I killed later—but at that time she looked to me about as big as they made them. As a matter of fact she was quite big enough, for she stood three feet two inches at the shoulder—measure that against the wall—and was seven feet and six inches in length. My first bullet had hit her leg, and the last had reached her heart.

Everyone shook me by the hand. The gun-bearers squatted about the carcass, skillfully removing the skin to an undertone of curious crooning that every few moments broke out into one or two bars of a chant. As the body was uncovered, the men crouched about to cut off little pieces of fat. These they rubbed on their foreheads and over their chests, to make them brave, they said, and cunning, like the lion.

We remounted and took up our interrupted journey to camp. It was a little after two, and the heat was at its worst. We rode rather sleepily, for the reaction from the high tension of excitement had set in. Behind us marched the three gun-bearers, all abreast, very military and proud. Then came the porters in single file, the one carrying the folded lion skin leading the way; those bearing the waterbuck trophy and meat bringing up the rear. They kept up an undertone of humming in a minor key; occasionally breaking into a short musical phrase in full voice.

We rode an hour. The camp looked very cool and inviting under its wide high trees, with the river slipping by around the islands of papyrus. A number of black heads bobbed about in the shallows. The small fires sent up little wisps of smoke. Around them our boys sprawled, playing simple games, mending, talking, roasting meat. Their tiny white tents gleamed pleasantly among the cool shadows.

I had thought of riding nonchalantly up to our tents, of dismounting with a careless word of greeting—

"Oh, yes," I would say, "we did have a good enough day. Pretty hot. Roy got a fine waterbuck. Yes, I got a lion." (Tableau on part of Billy.)

But Memba Sasa used up all the nonchalance there was. As we entered camp he remarked casually to the nearest man.

"*Bwana na piga simba*—the master has killed a lion."

The man leaped to his feet

"*Simba! simba! simba!*" he yelled, "*Na piga simba!*"

Every one in camp also leaped to his feet, taking up the cry. From the water it was echoed back as the bathers scrambled ashore. The camp broke into pandemonium. We were surrounded by a dense struggling mass of men. They reached up scores of black hands to grasp my own; they seized from me everything portable and bore it in triumph before me—my water bottle, my rifle, my camera, my whip, my field glasses, even my hat, everything that was detachable. Those on the outside danced and lifted up their voices in song, improvised for the most part, and in honor of the day's work. In a vast swirling, laughing, shouting, triumphant mob we swept through the camp to where Billy—by now not very much surprised—was waiting to get the official news. By the measure of this extravagant joy could we gauge what the killing of a lion means to these people, who have always lived under the dread of his rule.



SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS

Another Comedy of Life at a State Capital

BY CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

Author of "At the Tomb"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD HEATH

DR. CLINTON A. PORGET—A was for Abraham—came up the hotel steps and dispelled gloom in the large lobby. But a moment before, it had been forlorn. Four days a week it was the assembly ground of statesmen. On the fifth its splendors departed and on the sixth and seventh it was a cave of melancholy.

The moment before Dr.—and State Representative—Porget entered, radiant, Mr. Timothy Lemon had leaned against the marble top of the clerk's desk, displeased with himself and an errand which had brought him down prematurely after the week-end recess. The clerk, philosophically indifferent to voids or crowds, whistled a pensive air mournfully as he worked over his books. He said he liked the air. Tim had asked him and would have suggested a change, but he was willing to let it go without protest if the clerk were pleased.

Three colored boys lolled on the bench, dozing and dreaming, but not of tips that day. Dr. Porget entered. He was large—210 pounds would have been guessed—220 would have been accurate. By custom he wore a

long black coat and a silk hat. At home, where his position in church carried responsibility, he was restricted to white ties. Abroad he permitted his natural vivacity to govern. At the present moment it was red, agreeable to his complexion which was florid and his temperament which was sanguine.

Dr. Porget entered in overcoat and galoshes, with an umbrella under one arm, a large grip in one hand and a small grip in the other.

Instantly the three dozing bell-boys, aroused by some intuition, charged at him, sliding over the tile floor. One took the large grip, one the small grip and one the umbrella. Dr. Porget stood the shock without a quiver.

"Tim, my boy, I'm glad to see you," cried the dispeller of gloom as he and his grinning retinue approached the desk, "glad to see you, by George. Albert, I greet you."

He shook hands with Mr. Lemon. He shook hands with the clerk. He wrote his name on the register—a fat name in ink, emphasized on the down strokes. It stood out on a page as Dr. Porget did in a crowd.

"Albert," he said, "if you have anybody in 225 you may march them out at once. I had to wait until after supper last time."

"Nobody there, doctor."

"There isn't anybody in the house," said Tim.

"I know that. If there were they would be in my room. Albert, you ain't very crowded here, that's a fact. Are the traveling men all dead?"

"No, they arrange their trips so they'll be here when the legislature's in session and so they can sleep on cots in the hall. They like it."

Dr. Porget laughed easily and loudly. To do so was a compliment he seldom failed to pay his tact. Thus did he dispel gloom and increase in girth and popularity. He turned to his waiting file of boys and with short jabs of a forefinger made his meaning clear:

"You carry those grips up to 225. You get a pitcher of ice water and carry up the umbrella. You get two whisky toddies and carry them up. Scoot, all of you. Tim, join me. I have something to show you."

In the room, after the boys had departed chinking small coins, Dr. Porget removed overcoat, coat and galoshes, lighted a cigar, took a moderate but enjoyable pull at his toddy, placed the small grip on the bed, opened it, removed therefrom a bundle of papers and sat down at his ease.

"Tim," he said, "I want to show you my chickens." He held the papers up in both hands. "Just out of the incubator, but guaranteed to be laying eggs inside of three months."

Mr. Lemon comfortably possessed himself of a large chair, put his feet on a table and took a sip of his toddy.

"Any particular breed?" he asked.

"To a person of intelligence I am warranted in replying 'Shanghai.'"

Dr. Porget laughed, throwing back his head and enjoying his emotions until he gasped, coughing and chuckling.

"The best job of hatching ever done," he said, reaching for his handkerchief to wipe the jovial tear from his moist eyes. "Bless me if it isn't. Tim, I'm proud of it. We have here,"—he unfolded one of the papers,— "a little bill for an act to require fire escapes on all factories and workshops of three stories and over—so many escapes to so much floor space, accurately and scientifically figured out. There's a fine bill. Tim, I'm proud of that bill. As a humanitarian, as a citizen, I'm proud of it."

"It's a good bill," said Tim.

"We have here a little bill regulating inter-urban street car lines, a most commendable bill. Here's a mere trifle requiring kerosene to be colored red. Many people mistake gasoline for kerosene. It's a serious mistake—and those oil fellows are very hard to hold up in this State."

"Something can be done with the fire test," Tim suggested, "and I've heard that they are going to lay a pipe-line over west somewhere."

"I'll make a note of the pipe-line. It may be worth working up. But, generally speaking, my boy, it's a shame the way they treat us. Look at the tank towns they have just over the line in a half dozen places. It shows a want of confidence, nothing less than that, a want of confidence."

Dr. Porget laughed his comfortable laugh and took another swig at his toddy.

"We have here," he continued, "a little bill requiring express companies to pay ten per cent. of their gross receipts into the State treasury."

"We've never asked for more than five before," Tim reminded him.

"We have been too easy on the octopus," said Dr. Porget amiably. "The octopus must be put down. It must be taught its place. I particularly promised my constituents to be rough with the trusts. We see their five and raise them five. Zacchaeus, make haste and come down. Spoiling the Egyptians, Tim, spoiling the Egyptians. We have here a little bill—Tim, observe this little bill—it brings 'the Fire Underwriters' Association under the provisions of the anti-trust act. A masterpiece, Tim, a masterpiece. The prize Shanghai of the roost. Let them make haste and take up a wail."

He waved the bill in triumph, held it off at arm's length for admiring contemplation and laid it aside gently, murmuring: "Spoiling the Egyptians, spoiling the Egyptians. Cause thy mighty ones to come down. Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron in haste."

He picked another document from the bundle.

"We have here—Tim, do you get the aroma of this little bill? It's like fine old Burgundy. There's a bill, sir, there's a bill. Tim, this little bill legalizes dealings in futures on the board of trade. Does it call attention to the fact that they are not legal now? By indirection it does. It does, Tim. It is one of the unfortunate things about this little bill that it does. Oh, the rich Egyptians. Sihon came out against us. Og, the king of Bashan, came out. The Amorites came out."



"Do you get the aroma of this little bill?"

Dr. Porget smiled with the rich abandon of an autumnal sunset and looking amiably at Mr. Lemon, softly raised his voice in song:

"For we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

He coughed, took another sip of his toddy and lighted his cigar which had died on his hands.

"We are having a very profitable revival down our way, a stirring of the souls of men—very refreshing, Tim; a stimulus to the spiritual man. We need reviving. Here's a little thing you may give to our young friend, Ike, with my best wishes. It prohibits a place of public amusement, ball park, summer garden, etc., from being within 800 yards of a hospital. Give it to Ike. It's worth, maybe twenty season tickets. Ike goes to ball games. I don't. I understand that your National League ball park is unfortunately situated with regard to your county hospital. It's only a trifle. Give it to Ike."

Tim put the document in his pocket and Dr. Porget picked up a number of bills.

"Here are various little things," he said. "One requiring cold-storage products to be stamped with the date of storing, one requiring telephone companies to give interchangeable service, a reciprocal demurrage bill, one reducing the rate of interest to be charged by pawnbrokers and here is one requiring the payment of the full face of the policy in case of total loss by fire. Do you know, Tim, I am surprised to learn that insurance companies regard this as a bad bill."

"They say it is in the interest of fraud."

"So I've heard. It's a surprising thing. Why do they insure a policyholder for so much then? Why do they take his premiums?"

Dr. Porget endeavored to smile and to frown at one and the same time, but failed. He compromised by chuckling.

"I'm sure the people will think it's a good bill," he continued. "I know it's a good bill—good for at least \$15,000. And so they go, Tim, so they go. There are forty-eight of them, forty-eight all told and all good. This looked like a bad winter for us, a hard winter for us and an open winter for the Egyptians. We were going to pieces. We had nothing to work with. We were lean and hungry Lazaruses and the Diveses would have thrown only their empty nutshells at us. The situation was unworthy of us. Our endeavors as individuals would have been without profit and the stubborn neck of pride and wealth would not bend. But tell the boys that the

Lord remains in Israel. Tell them to follow their file leaders and keep stout hearts in their bosoms. The pay wagon comes around this year as usual. Santa Claus will visit good and obedient children."

Dr. Porget turned his bundle of bills over carefully and selected fifteen which he laid aside. The others he put back in the grip which he locked and placed in a closet. The fifteen he handed to Tim.

"Distribute these among your boys and have them feed them in during the week," he said. "We will take care of the committee work, negotiations and collections. Pay day after the session. Take these to your room and then meet me in the lobby. Away with dull care. We'll dine and go to the theatre."

As Tim closed the door Dr. Porget was singing to himself:

"We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

The doctor was no more famed for amiability than for devotion to the cause of good citizenship. He had hitched his chariot to the star-eyed goddess of reform and when he trotted a heat in the open there was, as Mr. Ike Malloy said, "some dust." Local option? The most famous speech in the history of the State Assembly on the horrors of the Demon Rum had been made by Dr. Porget who, before he made it, wrestled all night long with the enemy of man and was conqueror of all he could contain.

A moral axiom always saluted the good doctor and gave him the grip of the order. Labor regarded him as a friend. A good cause always could get a lunch at his kitchen door. He never turned one away.

Did gentlemen seeking civic improvement by legislation come to town, asking for authority to issue new park bonds, to establish juvenile courts or homes for delinquents and dependents, to build canals, to obtain direct primaries, to regulate express rates, to amend human nature and control the Old Nick—did they so come they sought out worthy Dr. Porget and he failed none of them.

His "chickens," released from their incubator, came chirping and peeping in their downy innocence into the House and the good doctor sat and smiled as he saw them come. The Speaker, advised as to their appearance, had his committee assignments laid out for them and shrewdly switched them from the clerk to their destinations. Dr. Porget observed them with paternal admiration and said softly to himself:

"Zacchaeus, make haste and come down."

In various parts of the State, but particu-

larly in the metropolis in which large finance and large industry had their homes, there ensued a scurrying about indicative of corporate disquiet and thereafter the capital was filled with persons of legal and corporate importance. They ran into each other at every turning of a corner. They were given hearings before committees. They visited the Speaker. They called on the Governor. They talked long and earnestly with statesmen in private. They visited Dr. Porget.

It was pleasant to visit Dr. Porget. He never knew exactly what the boys were doing, but they were good boys and he knew that it was not their intention to do anything except promote a just cause. As for himself, as the State well knew, he always persuaded himself of the merits of a bill before he voted on it. This took study, but Dr. Porget's mission in life was to study and be of service.

He had not studied this particular bill. He would do so early. He was impressed by their arguments. Thus Dr. Porget. But at O'Malley's, when the cares of statesmanship were lifted from his shoulders by Gambrinus or by a Bacchus of hard liquor, he sang with great feeling and fine expression:

"We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

The session progressed and drew to a close. Bills were killed in committee, on second reading, on third reading, or were passed over to the Senate, there to be killed in committee, on second reading or on third reading. Dr. Porget mentioned the fact to Tim that of his forty-eight little chickens not one had survived.

"It is hardly credible, Tim," he said, "but they are all dead. Every little chick has turned up its little toes, choked to death, Tim, choked to death by the idle rich, by the rich Egyptians. They fed the poor little chicks so much golden grain that the little fellows turned up their toes and died. They are gathered to their fathers. A whole winter's work destroyed, Tim, a winter's work gone to naught."

Dr. Porget wore a purple tie and his fat, cherubic countenance was happy although his voice was lugubrious. He applied a lavender handkerchief to dry eyes and went his way, a smiling mourner.

It was a matter of shrewd observation that even in a town in which gossip traveled in seven-league boots, Ike Malloy ran an even race with it. His nose for news was intuitive. He but followed that useful organ and it led him directly to the scene of the latest disaster. For stealth he was a weasel; for cunning a

weir wolf. He went unerringly and found the richest facts—a jackal in this respect. He could be found digging in the newly-turned earth, did one but freshly bury a secret. He had it up and was sniffing at it.

Self-interest prompted his investigation of the corruption fund—the jackpot. He knew Dr. Porget, the unctuous man of piety. The doctor's good nature delighted but it did not deceive Mr. Malloy.

Ike investigated. After days of effort he listed Dr. Porget's chickens with the price paid for the choking of each. Admittedly he might be in error but his sources of information were good and his total could be trusted as approximately accurate. This total he distributed, according to his ideas of justice, among the votes which had been relied on for success of the campaign against the Egyptians.

He allowed sums far above the average to the House leader. If he got \$3,000, for instance, he knew that Dr. Porget, as chairman of the steering committee, should have \$10,000. There was that difference in their importance and Ike did not object to the appraisal. But he did not consent to be "held out on" beyond a fair and just differential. When he had come to his conclusions he sought out the doctor for an interview on prospects. The doctor wore a lilac-colored tie. Ike noted the fact as one of interest but no importance.

"My boy," said Dr. Porget with his most kindly smile, "we don't know exactly what the yield will be. The crop is not gathered. We do not know how many bushels there will be or what market price it can command. The Egyptians are a tight-fisted lot, Ike, and they stand contumaciously against the chosen people."

"Well, what do you think it's going to be?" Ike asked persistently.

Dr. Porget wiped a smile off his fat face with a fat hand. He seemed to submerge himself in thought and from certain motions of the index finger of his right hand and all the fingers of his left hand it was apparent that he counted. A scowl of perplexity clouded his frank face but, finally, all worry, effort and doubt were resolved into a good-natured smile which no fat hand threatened.

"Count on eight hundred, Ike," he said. "Tell the boys that if things go right there will be eight hundred apiece for them."

"You mean thousand," Ike suggested.

"A good joke, Ike, a good joke," said Dr. Porget laughing.

"It's good, but it isn't any joke. Have

you got the nerve to talk about eight hundred?"

"Ike, my boy, what do you think this is? The mint? We are stretching a point to make it eight hundred. We may not be able to raise that. We made a breach in the walls of Jericho, but they did not fall. We have had to rob chicken coops to get what we've got."

"Let me understand you," said Ike. "You say that we get eight hundred apiece out of this game?"

"Ike, I couldn't promise my own church more."

"Eight hundred?"

"Eight hundred."

"Good night."

Ike's departure was abrupt. Dr. Porget watched him go. The smile appeared again. The doctor made a motion with his fat hand as if about to wipe it off his fat countenance, but reconsidered and allowed the pleasant aspect to stand. As he turned away he was humming: "We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Ike explained later that night to Mr. Lemon and Mr. Rutabager that he did not intend "to stand for it."

"That fat fraud can't get away with it," he said, "not with us."

"Are you going to sue him or have him indicted for larceny as bailee, Ike?" asked Tim.

"You listen," said Ike, too earnest for recognition of the humorous aspect of their dolorous situation. "We adjourn in two weeks. That's May 23. Pay day for the fellows up our way is May 30. I've found that out. Porget's paymaster himself for the Republicans. I don't know who handles it on the other side. He'll be at the Grand Central. You get \$800 each, and how many are there of us? Thirty in the county and twenty-five in the outside northern districts that Porget will pay off at the Central. Figure it up. He has to carry \$44,000 in currency. How's he going to do it? He's going to carry it in a grip. He may have two, but I guess he'll have one. That \$44,000 will be with his extra shirt, his two collars, his half dozen neckties, his toothbrush and his nightie. Did you fellows ever see the doc. sign up on a register? It's one of the best things he does. He makes his old Clinton A. Porget look like a flower garden in a dirty back yard. It's habit and he takes both hands. I'm going to get that grip."

Sol was prompted to prick this balloon of hope with the pin of pessimism.

"I see you getting it."

"Sol, you're a fathead."

"Did you ever see the bell hops take things away from a man in the Central? He just gets inside the door. That's all."

"Sol, you're a fathead. Think a minute. That grip's got \$44,000 in it. No bell hop's going to get it. Clear your head of that idea. The doc's going to hang onto it until he gets to the desk. Then he's going to set it down and start putting his John Hancock on the book. Isn't that right, Tim?"

"But you can't grab it."

"I don't intend to grab it. That's where Marvel Wilkes comes in. He's the fellow I got a pardon for, the dip. He's going to do the job. That's the way the doc. and his grip are going to be separated. And do you hear him squealing that he's been robbed of \$44,000? No you don't. If folks knew that Doc. Porget carried \$44,000 up to town a week after the session adjourned they wouldn't wait for explanations. They'd just put the doc. in the pen. Now how about it?"

"I don't say it's impossible," Tim conceded. "Of course the chances are that the Central will be filled up with the fellows and that they'll grab Porget the minute he sets foot in the door."

"He's coming a day ahead of the time he told them to report."

"And they're apt to come a day ahead of the time he told them to."

"That chance has to be taken. I don't see that it's bound to make us fall down even if they do."

"Maybe not, but it adds a difficulty. Then the doc. may not bring it in a grip."

"How else can he carry \$44,000 in currency?"

"There are other ways."

"Well, of course, it's not a cinch but it's better than a two-to-one chance and we'll try it. That's all. It's the only way to get a square deal."

"I don't like this stealing business," said Sol, in sudden protestation. "I've been honest. I never stole anything in my life. I'll be hanged if I like turning thief. It's dishonest. Hanged if it isn't. I don't like it. It ain't honest."

Ike looked at Sol sympathetically and patted him on the back.

"Of course it's awfully wicked to take good old Dr. Porget's money that he's worked so hard for and saved up in this way. Maybe you'd better not come in on this, Sol."

Sol's alarmed aspect was that of a man

who saw suddenly that he might be carrying a scruple too far.

"Of course it ain't honest money," he admitted, conquering the uprising of his conscience, "but it does seem a whole lot like stealing just the same."

Soon after the session had adjourned, Mr. Malloy, returning to his native city, registered himself as a guest at the Grand Central hotel. There in the few days preceding Dr. Porget's expected arrival he had as a frequent visitor a man of hesitating manner and modest demeanor. Mr. Lemon and Mr. Rutabager, calling on him the day before that set for the reception of the good doctor, were presented to the person of apparent melancholy.

"Meet Mr. Wilkes," said Ike, "Mr. Marvel Wilkes. These gentlemen are with us."

Mr. Wilkes bowed, shook hands and coughed. He was a slender man with a pallid face and gray hair.

"I would suggest to the gentlemen that they do not recognize me if we meet down stairs," he said. "It is merely a precaution. There is no need of identifying you with this operation. Mr. Malloy does not know the men who will work with me."

Ike turned to Tim confidently.

"Marvel's got the thing all worked out."

"Then why do you want to stay here in the hotel?" Sol asked. "You're not going to have him bring that grip up here if he gets it, are you? That's a fool scheme. Right here in the hotel? You're crazy. You don't go along with that sort of an idea do you, Mr. Wilkes?"

"I think it is best. You have mentioned one of its advantages. It does not seem cautious. Mr. Malloy thinks there will be no alarm raised, but we never assume that. We are safe, however, in assuming that they will look inside the hotel last of all. The natural thing would be to get away from it. We try to do what is not expected."

He coughed again, gently and with restraint.

"You don't seem to get rid of that cough, Marvel," said Ike.

"No, it's stubborn. When we get through with this I am going to California—up in the mountains. Mrs. Wilkes is worried about my health. I do not tell her, but I think I have consumption."

"Why don't you have yourself examined?" Sol asked.

"I have. The physician thinks so, too. You gentlemen are members of the legislature. You should not tolerate the conditions in our penitentiaries. It is very difficult for

a man to preserve his health in them if he stays any length of time. I believe the physicians say that ten per cent. of the men staying thrée years and more contract consumption. Most of the cells are without proper ventilation and sanitation."

Mr. Wilkes coughed again.

"It has cost me a great deal," he continued, "and I feel that the State is neglectful. It is not right to the men who go there. The State needs this reform."

"If we get this money I'll vote for an appropriation for new cell houses," said Sol.

"Count on the three of us if you are interested, Mr. Wilkes," said Tim.

Marvel bowed and took his leave.

"There's a reformer of some kind under every man's skin," said Tim.

Dr. Porget's schedule of travel would bring him to the Grand Central hotel at about 3:30 o'clock the following afternoon if he came as expected. Tim and Sol took an adjoining room to that of Ike and the three went to the theatre, sat in the bar-room until late in the morning and were encouraged to find no other statesmen, neither the persons nor the traces thereof.

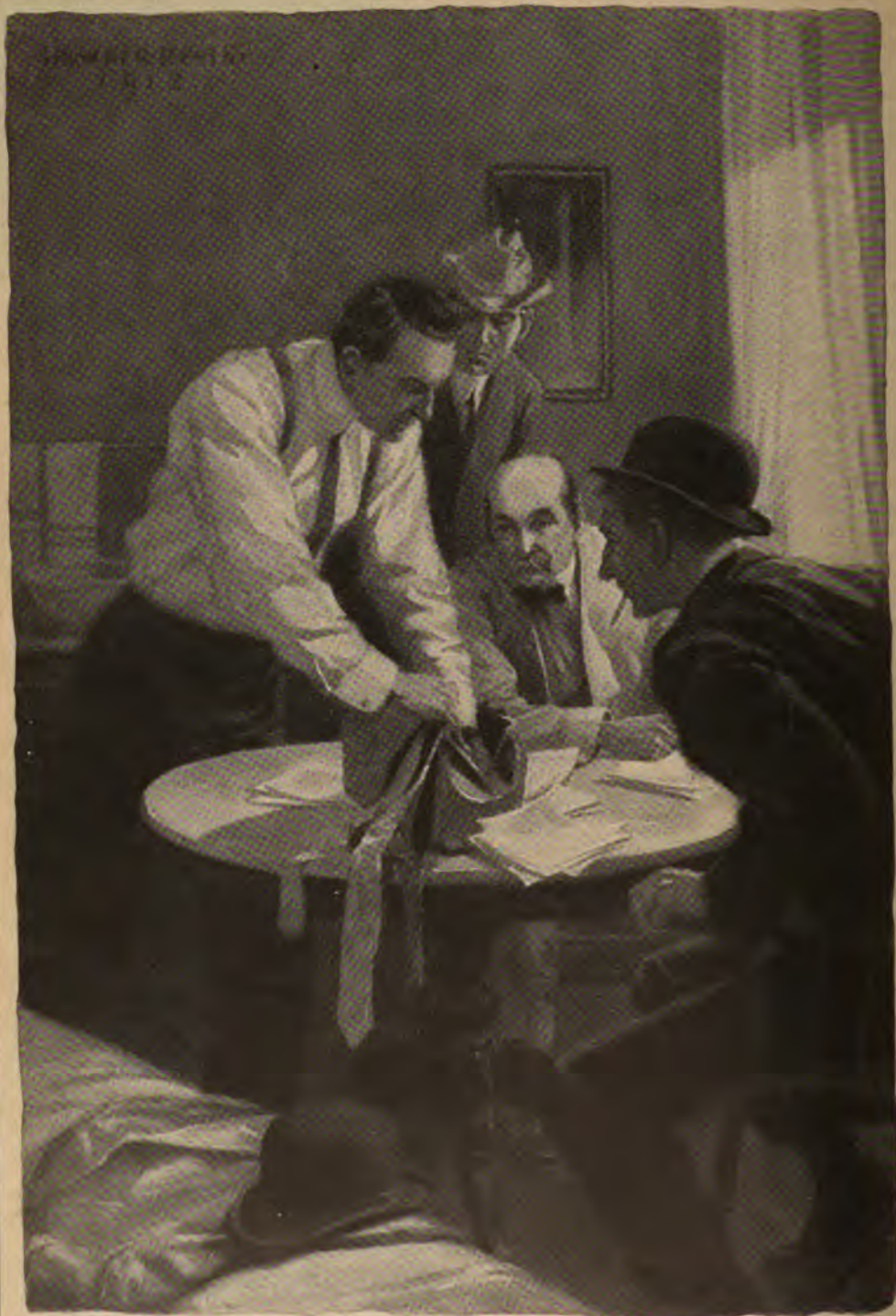
They had breakfast in their rooms at noon. Ike made a hurried round of the bar and lobby and found no one he knew. Shortly after 3 o'clock he went down to the lobby again, Tim and Sol remaining in his room. He took a chair partly hidden behind a pillar and so in the shadows that recognition was not probable even if an acquaintance looked in his direction.

Marvel Wilkes stood within twenty feet of him with the tired aspect of a man waiting tediously for train time. Many men sat in chairs or stood talking in groups. Ike tried to pick out the confederates but could not rest a satisfied suspicion on even one.

Marvel walked about the lobby, sat down for a few minutes, arose, went to the cigar counter, bought a cigar and, lighting it, selected a vacant chair within ten feet of Ike. If Dr. Porget's train had been on time he was nearing the hotel. A man carrying a suit case entered briskly. Two ladies with bell boys carrying their satchels crossed the rotunda. Ike watched the revolving doors at the main entrance.

Dr. Porget entered, radiantly as usual. He carried two grips. Bell boys charged him. He laughed and surrendered one grip.

Ike arose and stepped further behind the pillar. Marvel's glance was deflected slightly toward him. He nodded. Marvel arose and threw his cigar away. Two men who



His eager fingers fished inside and it gave up a bundle of papers then a handful of ties

had been talking at one side of the rotunda moved slowly toward the clerk's desk. Another, reading a paper in one of the chairs, got to his feet and, holding the paper in one hand and taking out his watch with the other, also went toward the desk, looking at the clock as if to correct his watch.

Dr. Porget, carrying his one grip and beam- ing benefactions, passed by. Ike observed that he wore a purple tie. He did not know why this particular should take his attention, but it was habit with him to observe and note the daily manifestations of the doctor's vivacity in ties. Dr. Porget passed along. The emergency which had been feared was presented. There had not been a legislator in sight, but now the swinging doors letting into the bar-room were pushed open and five members of the House of Representatives came into the lobby. They saw the doctor. He saw them. He stopped. The grip he carried explained the cordiality of their greeting. The doctor's amiability explained his own.

Mr. Wilkes was at Dr. Porget's heels, but seemed not to observe him or his friends. Ike hesitated a moment, considering whether to disregard Marvel's instructions and join the men with Porget or to obey them and disappear. His decision was to obey. He stepped to the elevator unobserved and departed from the scene on which he so keenly desired to remain.

When he rejoined Lemon and Rutabager he had less heart for the undertaking than at any other time. They saw his dejection and inquired for causes.

"Five fellows popped out on the doc. before he got to the desk," Ike explained, "Smith, Rankin, Sikes, Michaels and O'Sullivan. They had grabbed him when I left."

"Wilkes on the job?" asked Tim.

"Right on his heels."

"Then we can't do any more than fall down."

They were silent. Lemon sat comfortably in a chair. Rutabager looked out of the window at the street. Malloy stood alert at the door with his hand on the knob. Minutes dragged along. Presently there was a sound of soft but brisk footsteps in the corridor. Ike's hand tightened on the knob. There was a low knock at the door. Ike opened it. Marvel Wilkes stepped in. Ike closed the door and locked it. Wilkes had the grip.

They looked at each other a moment in silence.

"He didn't set it down," said Marvel. "He held onto it and signed the register.

Those fellows were around him. We had to trip him as he went to the elevator. I fell with him. I left him my grip."

"You didn't have one," Ike exclaimed.

"One of my men did," said Marvel almost reproachfully. "We had several of various kinds stacked near the desk. It was obvious we might have to try this plan. We fell. We apologized. Here's his grip. He's got mine."

Ike took it, laid it on the table and opened it. Lemon and Rutabager pressed against him. His eager fingers fished inside and it gave up a bundle of papers which were laid aside, then a handful of ties which were thrown on a chair, and then a roll of bills—a large, bulging handful. The cover was one of ten dollars. Ike slipped off the rubber bands which held the roll and found a five-hundred-dollar bill underneath the ten and another five-hundred underneath that.

"Ike," said Sol excitedly, "we're not going to take the whole \$44,000!"

"No, we're not thieves. We're going to pay Wilkes and his fellows, take our right share and get the grip with the rest of it back to the doc."

He pushed a space clear on the table and began sorting the bills. A wearisome succession of tens and twenties came to light. The two five hundred-dollar bills were lonesome. There was not even one of a hundred—nothing but the two five-hundred and a pile of tens and twenties.

They counted it up—just \$8,500.

In their grief and astonishment they sat looking at the piles.

"He's fooled us," cried Sol in anguish.

"This is only his change," Tim explained hurriedly and sadly. "He's got the big bills on him in a belt. He had to pay \$800 each and he had to have change. The fellows want it as small as possible. This is his change."

"Oh, hell!" Mr. Malloy and Mr. Rutabager spoke briefly, but earnestly. They sat looking at the collapse of their hopes.

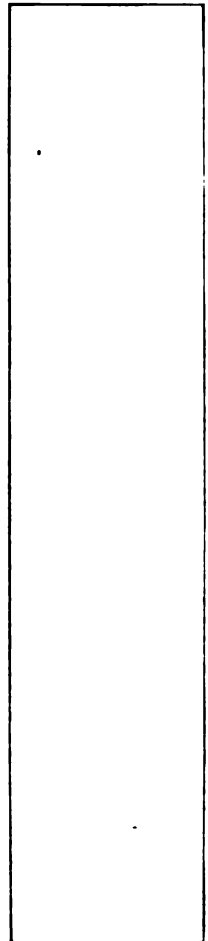
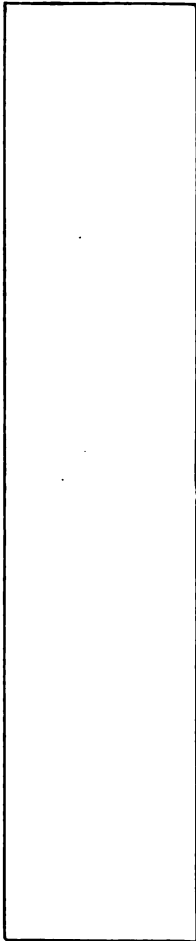
"Well," said Ike, "here's \$8,500. Marvel how will \$1,000 fix you?"

"I couldn't take any more."

"How about \$500 apiece for your fellows?"

"More than enough."

"Here you are then, with thanks. Tim, here's \$2,000 for you and same for you, Sol. Same for me. Not so bad after all. We ought to have doubled it but it's better than \$800 and we'll call on the doc. to-morrow and collect what he's got that belongs to us."



“How much did you say you lost, Doc?”

“Ike,” said Dr. Porget when he had taken Mr. Malloy into the bathroom off his bedroom, thus removing him from the sight and hearing of the sophisticated but innocent-looking cluster of paid and unpaid statesmen sitting with drink and cigars in the other room, “you may have heard of it. I was robbed yesterday.”

“I heard something of it.”

“Fellow bumped into me and tripped me. We stumbled and fell. Two fellows right behind us walking fast and not looking where they were going fell on top of us. Dickens of a mess. Everybody apologized, but when I

got on my feet I didn't have my grip. I had the other fellow's grip and my grip had the coin in it. I had half of it in a belt or there wouldn't be any pay day. But, Ike, we can't make it \$800. They got \$20,000 off me. We've had to scale it down to \$500 and we're losing money at that, but we can't offer you less than \$500. It wasn't you fellows' fault. Some of the big guys will have to stand an awful cut to make up for it.”

“How much did you say you lost, Doc?” Ike asked.

“Twenty thousand,” said Dr. Porget with the frank aspect of a truthful man.

The next story in this series will appear in the April number

THE MAN IN THE CAGE

BY JULIAN LEAVITT

Author of "Something for Nothing"

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY M. L. BRACKER AND
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Does the Punishment Fit the Crime?

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the opening article of this series Mr. Leavitt explained why the Man in the Cage does not reform. He cannot reform. The years that he spends in the cage, shut off from his fellow men, gaining no new experiences, learning no trade—these are lost years. He watches the hands of the great prison clock; and these bring him no solace. They only register his failure.

But life does not stand still, even in prison. The man who grows no better must, steadily, grow worse. In the present article the writer describes one phase of this process of degeneration. His account of the organized brutality which rules many of our prisons to-day is not pleasant reading. At times it is revolting, even unbelievable. Yet we must print it and you should read it. For the conditions which it describes have no place in this twelfth year of the twentieth century. They have survived only because such accounts have not been published often enough.

It all resolves itself into this: In a democracy like ours WE are the state. And we cannot afford to permit ourselves to be as cruel toward the criminal, in cold blood, as the criminal is toward his victim, when in passion. For brutality only begets brutality.

WHEN I first began my investigations into prison life and labor I believed, as most of the readers of this magazine probably believe, that the grosser cruelties of the cage were a thing of the past. I was familiar with the prison history of the last century, when the lease and contract systems held sway everywhere. In those days scarcely a year passed without its sickening scandal. Men, women, children, were systematically beaten, starved, and tortured in the mad drive for prison profits. There was no evil too wicked to be inflicted upon these creatures who had fallen under the heel of society. It was monstrous. Such things, I felt, could not possibly exist to-day. And in this belief I was confirmed by all the students of penology to whom I talked.

Genial wardens assured me that the reign of brutalitarianism was over. Kindly penologists assured me that the reign of humani-

tarianism was already ushered in. Some even believed that the pendulum had swung too far in that direction.

"We are coddling our criminals too much," a judge told me; "no good can come of it!"

And external evidence seemed to lend color to this protest. Clean cells, books, games, bands, even prison newspapers and moving picture shows, all seemed to indicate that a revolution in prison methods was in full swing.

And yet the moment I began to probe below these pleasant surface phenomena I discovered that prisons were still prisons. In nearly half the States of the Union to-day the basic industrial conditions in the prison world are virtually the same as they were fifty and a hundred years ago. Everywhere, from Maine to Texas, we still sell prisoners to outside interests for the profit they may take out of the prison. That is, men without rights are put completely into the power of men without feelings.

Let me tell briefly what the good people of Kansas and Michigan discovered, almost inadvertently, only a year or two ago. I must state plainly, at the outset, that these two instances are selected for description, not because they are exceptional in any degree, but because they are typical and recent. *There are a dozen or more records of legislative investigations within the past decade which have revealed worse conditions than are described below.*

Michigan Prison in 1911

The first case is that of the Branch Penitentiary of Michigan, located at Marquette. It is often known as the Upper Peninsula Prison. It is a small prison, as prisons go, yet it was the storm center of the legislative session of 1911 and filled thousands of newspaper columns with its story of manifold horror.

Its population numbers about 300, of whom some 240 are employed by two contractors, one a box-making concern with 74 men (its contract expired July 31, 1911, and was not renewed), and the other the firm of G. G. Shauer & Bro., overall manufacturers, of Chicago. As usual, the contracts are sold for a song, the State giving factory buildings rent free and tax free, heat, light, power, superintendence and even drayage free and the labor of the men for 45 cents a day.

The warden, as usual, is a powerful politician. He is also a friend of the Governor, and owner of a controlling interest in an influential newspaper.

For many years past rumors had been circulating among the people of Michigan concerning Warden Russell's institution; yet he was powerful enough to ward off any public investigation until 1909, when the State Legislature appointed a special committee to probe and report. This committee made a hurried visit to the prison, but found the convicts unwilling to testify for fear of punishment—a fear amply justified, as later events proved; for one of the few inmates who had been rash enough to talk, a boy by the name of Johnson, was found by the committee, in the course of a return visit, laid up in the hospital as a result of the vindictive punishments which had been inflicted upon him by the prison officers. Under these circumstances the members of the committee, feeling that the truth was not to be had, returned to Lansing and presented a fragmentary report which, everyone felt, could not possibly end the matter.

Two years later a new committee was appointed, with the fullest legislative authority. This time the committee stayed a week, took two thousand pages of testimony, and returned to the capital with a report which stirred the State of Michigan to its depths. The debate on these findings, says the *Lansing Journal*, "furnished one of the most sensational sessions ever held by the Michigan House of Representatives. The galleries were crowded as well as the side lines when the House convened at 7:30 o'clock, and the sympathies of the spectators throughout the long argument, which lasted until nearly one o'clock, were with the convicts; and gradually the House was wrought to a pitch of intense feeling which threatened even more exciting scenes."

Unfortunately it was impossible to keep politics out of this affair, and the committee records, as well as the legislative debates and the press discussions, were largely tinged with partisan feeling. The committee of five did, however, agree on all the essential facts, splitting only on the recommendation affecting the warden—a minority of two recommending his dismissal and a majority of three favoring his retention, but not without a curtailment of his disciplinary powers. The House adopted the adverse report, and called upon the Governor to dismiss Warden Russell, but he ignored the resolution and the administration of the prison is, therefore, unchanged to this day.

In reporting the findings of the committee I shall aim to present only the evidence which is indorsed unanimously; otherwise the source will be expressly indicated; and I shall use, as far as possible, the language of the official report as published in the House journal.

The Scientific Paddle

In its externals, the Marquette prison, like most of our modern institutions, was found to be clean, and even inviting. The corridors were spotless, the cells light and even airy, the food good and plentiful. But in the prison factory, where the men spend more than half of their waking hours, and where visitors rarely penetrate, ruled a system of exploitation that was perfect and complete. The foreman of the overall factory which employed the greater number of the inmates was William Russell, brother of the warden. He, it seems, was the real power in the prison and he was dominated by the single ambition that dominates all foremen—maximum output.

It was found, says the majority report,

that more than three-quarters of the punishment reports originated in the overall shop, were signed by William Russell, and the offense charged in the majority of cases, "Not doing task," and in many more cases the offense was something that grew out of this same cause, "Not doing task." These tasks, adds the minority report, were beyond all reason.

The punishments were varied and frequent, but the most common was by the paddle, a scientific instrument carefully designed, it seems, to inflict a maximum of suffering without infringing upon the humane law of the State, which is very explicit upon this point. It reads:

"The warden or deputy warden may punish the convict for misconduct in such manner and under such regulations as shall be adopted by the board: *Provided*, that punishment by showering with

cold water or whipping with the lash on the bare body shall in no case be allowed."

Now the paddle is not a lash. It is merely a piece of heavy sole leather shaped like a tennis racket and fastened, with copper rivets, to a wooden handle. It weighs about two pounds. The auxiliary apparatus consists of a ladder, barrel, chains, handcuffs and ropes. The ladder is about nine feet long and has a set of brackets in which the barrel is held firmly, lengthwise. The barrel is small, perhaps the size of a "half" beer barrel. The prisoner, stripped, is laid upon the barrel, his feet roped to rungs at one end of the ladder and his hands bound with steel cuffs which

are chained to the other end of the ladder. Two men then unite their strength to stretch these ropes and chains taut, in order to prevent the prisoner's body from moving or giving at any point, thereby weakening the force of the blows. In short, the man's body is by this means so placed, anatomically, that

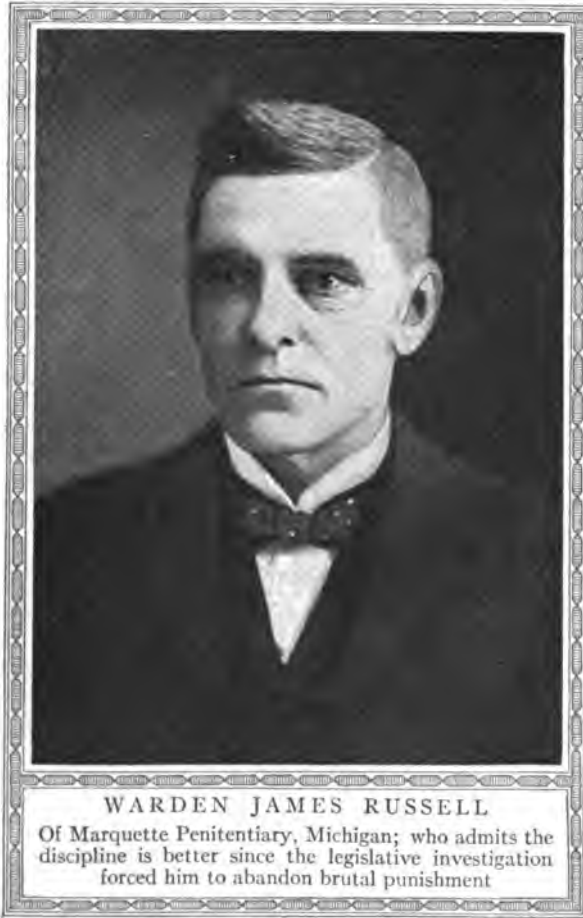
every blow of the executioner will yield its maximum result in human suffering.

The formal preparations completed, the experiment in reformation is ready to begin. The prisoner's head is covered by a sheet, so that he may not see his tormentors. Another sheet is placed upon his back, so that the provision of the humane law against punishment on the bare body shall not be infringed. The warden is called in to superintend; and the blows are laid on. Some men can stand as many as sixty or seventy blows, it was reported; others

collapse at the fifth or sixth; most of them faint at the tenth or twelfth blow and mercifully remain unconscious.

Here is a partial record of the service which the paddle has rendered at Marquette. I quote the minority report, which was adopted by the House by a vote of fifty-three to twenty-nine on April 13, 1911, at one o'clock in the morning; this report is printed in the journal of the House, pages 1549 to 1560:

HAMPTON . . . "a convict sent up from Jackson. He had twice been in the asylum for the insane at Ionia. He was flogged three different times in the manner heretofore described. He was given 45 blows on May 18, 1905; 65 on May 15, and five on May 16.



WARDEN JAMES RUSSELL
Of Marquette Penitentiary, Michigan; who admits the discipline is better since the legislative investigation forced him to abandon brutal punishment

Shortly after that he was returned to the asylum at Ionia. He was at one time knocked down by a prison officer with a cane; at another time when he was taken out of a cell it took three men to subdue him. After having given up and begging for mercy, an officer hit him over the head with a pair of handcuffs, cutting open his scalp so that the doctor had to sew up the wound."

WALSH, "who committed suicide in order to escape being flogged, was given forty blows on May 10 and thirty blows on May 11. [This occurred at about the same time that Hampton was being flogged, and the sound-proof door of the punishment cell was purposely left open, so that in the intervals between his own beatings, Walsh might hear Hampton's cries for mercy.] The terrible outcries [continues the report] were more than Walsh could stand, and when Mr. Russell sent an officer after Walsh . . . he was found standing with his back to the wall . . . with a knife in his hand and looking like a wild man. . . . He told the officer that if he thought he was going to be flogged again he would cut his own heart out. The officer then returned . . . for help and, after returning to the cell with four or five men, one officer got a stool and rushed in on Walsh, pinning him to the wall, while another officer caught him by the legs and pulled them out from under him. When they drew him from the cell they found that he had pierced his heart. . . . He died a short time afterward."

PEFFERED . . . "also an insane man, now at the Ionia asylum, had at three different times attempted suicide . . . to escape flogging. At one time when he refused to be taken from his cell the officers attempted to subdue him by forcing ammonia into his cell. He attempted to commit suicide by cutting his wrist. He was finally overpowered and brought out . . . the blood gushing from the wound. His wrist was bandaged and handcuffs placed on him. . . . He was at once placed on the barrel and given twenty-five blows. This man was totally devoid of reason."

SMITH, "given 70 blows on Saturday and on Sunday . . . taken into the basement of the overall shop and there flogged into insensibility. After he came to he was compelled to pick up the ladder and carry it back to the 'bull pen,' a distance of some ten rods—doing what the convicts term 'carrying his own cross.'"

TEMPLE, "given fifty blows on October 17, and fifty blows on October 18."

SPINDAL, "given seventy blows on October 26, and fifteen blows on October 27."

OGEAL, "chained to the gate in the 'bull pen' for three days; taken out and given thirty blows with the paddle; then put into the strait-jacket . . . thrown into his cell to lie on the iron floor all night. Next day taken out and given twenty-nine blows, again placed in a strait-jacket and thrown into his cell to remain there until another day, when he was taken out and a ball and chain riveted to his leg. This he had to wear for four months, without it ever being removed for a moment."

WILLIAMS, "a mere boy who, the doctor admits, should be in the insane asylum at Ionia, has been flogged for not doing his task. One day he used, by mistake, black thread instead of white on three dozen of overall suspenders. For this he was taken to the 'bull pen' and given twenty-nine blows."

BRERO, "another boy, so severely whipped that he had to be taken to the insane asylum seven days after he had been punished."

This revolting list might easily be extended to fill several pages of this magazine. The volume of two thousand pages of testimony is

simply a volume of medieval horrors. Nor are these tortures accidental or occasional. They are the very basis of prison policy, as we shall see, wherever the dominant force is the contractor and his demand for maximum profits.

One would like to believe, for example, that the paddle is merely an accident of prison life; that it was an instrument which was seized upon in a moment of passion, and is clung to because it was found convenient. Unfortunately, the evidence is all against such a belief; rather does it point to the paddle as a very cold-blooded invention of a mind eager to inflict torture, but afraid to infringe upon the law. It has too many refinements to be an accident. One of these is peculiarly diabolical in its intent. The piece of sole leather is perforated by many small holes, perhaps an inch or two apart. These serve a double purpose: they suck up the air which would otherwise cushion the force of the blow somewhat, and they suck up the victim's flesh as the leather comes in contact with it. Then, says the report, when the paddle is pulled off very slowly and carefully, each perforation, as it releases the flesh which has adhered to it, sends its own message of pain to the man on the rack, thus intensifying the agony a hundredfold!

No, the paddle is really a social function of the prison; and a delicate touch is added to the ceremony by covering the victim's body with a sheet soaked in salt water. An ordinary sheet would have sufficed to evade the law; but the sting of the salt water, as it penetrates the lacerated flesh, adds an exquisite touch of pain. Yet, curious to see, one of the chief functionaries at the ceremony, the prison physician himself, did not understand the symbolism of the brine. Here is a bit of his testimony:

"What do they wet the paddle in?" he was asked.

"Salt solution."

"Why in salt solution?"

"I do not know. . . . From a medical standpoint it might be that there would be less pain with a salt solution than with plain water."

"Isn't it true that paddling is done to inflict pain? Then why should they wish to ameliorate it by using salt water?"

"I don't know. It has been the custom, and I have never changed it. I cannot say why it should not be used. I cannot say why it should be discontinued. Only in figuring from a medical standpoint, I cannot see that salt water is detrimental or harmful in the least."



THE PUNISHMENT OF THE PADDLE

An exquisite torture invented to evade the law and give the maximum of pain. The man's body is skillfully stretched and tied that it cannot "give" at any point. The sheet that is wrapped around him, and the paddle are soaked in hot brine

Other Punishments

The strait-jacket, once a favorite in most prisons, but now rarely used, was also found at Marquette. It is an instrument well beloved by the more brutal keepers, I am told, for this atrocious reason: The internal organs of the body, as every student of anatomy knows, are packed as skillfully as only Nature, with its millions of years of experience, can pack them. *But if the body be encased in a strait-jacket and the straps jerked to the last notch, the delicate internal organs may be permanently displaced without leaving any external evidence.*

A milder form of punishment—or perhaps, I should say, a less spectacular form of it—is the "cuffing up" of men by their wrists with handcuffs and chains to a staple in the wall or to the upper bars of a cell gate in the "bull pen," a special punishment room. This was frequently used in Marquette.

"It must be remembered," says the minority report, already quoted, "that the hands of every convict are drawn up to the same height. Such a position allows some men a chance to rest their arms somewhat on the cross bars, but it compels others to raise their hands above their heads and subjects them

to most extreme torture. Men have been chained continuously in this position for a period of fifteen days, only getting relief at night when allowed to lie on their cots. The handcuffs are never removed. . . . One can probably form some idea of what it must mean to wait on oneself in such a condition. . . ."

Parentetically, I may remark that this is perhaps the commonest form of punishment in our prisons to-day, especially in contract prisons. I have never visited one of these without finding the bull pen occupied. The filth and degradation of it is indescribable. I can only suggest it by quoting the words which the inmates of one such institution bestowed upon a former warden of blessed memory, in contrast to the harshness of his successor. "Now, *there* was a humane man!" they told me. "When *he* cuffed a man up he would let one hand free so that we could at least care for ourselves!"

But to return to Marquette. Its bull pen was never without victims. One elderly man named Myers, of excellent conduct, a leader of the band, an eminent citizen in general, was strung up six days for failure to perform task. George H. Hamilton, strung up for seventeen hours consecutively, lost the use

of his left hand permanently. Earl A. Thompson, a bookkeeper before he went wrong, was unskilled as a machine operator. He could only finish thirty-six dozens of the forty which his task called for. He was strung up two days.

They were punished for all manner of trivial offenses. One man was punished for using black thread instead of white, another for attempting to send a letter out of the prison against the rules, another for breaking needles (a frequent and unavoidable accident in overall manufacturing, as the hard cloth offers an irregular resistance to the delicate, swiftly-flying needles of the machine). But by far the greatest number of punishments—estimated by the investigating committee at three-fourths—was for failure to perform the tasks assigned. What these tasks were I have not been able to ascertain; it seems that there was no regular schedule, the foreman (who, you will remember, was the warden's own brother) speeding the men individually to their limit and punishing them for not exceeding it. The legislative committee of 1909 reported that "Conditions in the shops indicated that the men were worked to the physical limit, far beyond that expected in a free shop. . . . It seemed as though every man was exerting every atom of energy in his make-up to perform the tasks assigned him." This is emphasized even more strongly in the report of the committee of 1911, both the majority and the minority reports concurring, as a result, in the demand that all contracts at the institution be cancelled immediately. But it was soon discovered that one of the peculiar features of the contract was that although the contractor could cancel the bargain upon six months' notice to the State, the State was tied for the full period of five years. The contract, therefore, is still in force at the present time and will remain in force until 1913.

The Warden's Defense

It would be unfair to close this chapter of the story without giving the warden's side of the case. His defense, briefly, resolved itself into this: (1) Since the death penalty is not inflicted in Michigan, its prisons house many degenerates who elsewhere would have been put out of the way altogether; (2) the men singled out for punishment were, as a rule, among the most bestial of these; creatures who had committed nameless crimes while in freedom and who were vicious and unruly in captivity; therefore (3) they deserved all they

got; and (4) anyway, he could not run the prison without corporal punishment.

The last item in the defense was demolished, curiously enough, by the warden's own friends in the investigating committee who, although they fought stoutly and successfully for his retention, nevertheless recommended that the power to inflict corporal punishment be removed from his hands and vested in the board of control; and, moreover, that in no case should the paddle be used without the presence of the prison physician, the chaplain, and one member of the board of control. This last recommendation was an obviously impossible one, as the members of the board would have to make a special trip for every such function. The committee knew this well; the recommendation as a whole may, therefore, be regarded simply as a measure to "save face." And since the use of the paddle has been abandoned the necessity for its use seems to have disappeared also. "Not a single convict has had to be reported," admitted the warden lately, "and discipline has been of the very best." It seems, then, that when need drives even a warden must; if corporal punishment is flatly forbidden a prison may be run without it, after all.

With the warden's own admission on record all the other items of the defense break down completely; and yet it may be well to say a word upon them. It is true that Warden Russell's prison houses an unusually large percentage of murderers and life men. But the "lifer," as every prison man knows, is generally the best-behaved man in the community. He may have committed his one great crime in a moment of passion and may be, at bottom, far less dangerous than the man who commits many small crimes deliberately. At any rate, once he is put away he adapts himself to his environment as sensibly as most men do in freedom. He knows that there is small hope of pardon so he "gets in right" with the prison authorities and makes every effort to "stay in right." He becomes conservative, acquires a stake in the prison world in the form of a superior cell, perhaps, or some other trifling perquisite, and enlists permanently on the side of law and order. If, then, Warden Russell found his prisoners unruly, the reason lay elsewhere than with his life men.

Kansas and Kate Barnard

I have set down the facts relating to Marquette prison plainly and without that com-

ment which its obvious lesson makes superfluous. I shall merely emphasize the fact that *this prison is no worse than a hundred others that might be named. It is not an exception. It is a type.* I have described it at some length only because it happens to have furnished the latest of our perennial prison scandals. Within the last five or ten years *there have been a dozen similar revelations in other States*—in Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Georgia, Texas, Kansas. All of these were as bad as Michigan. Kansas was even worse. The story of its clean-up at the hands of Kate Barnard, of Oklahoma, is interesting.

When the young territory of Oklahoma was first confronted with the crime problem it had no prisons and no money to invest in these luxuries. It solved this problem, however, by boarding out its convicts to its neighbor, Kansas, which owned a castle of a prison at Lansing that housed comfortably nearly a thousand inmates and had room for more. Oklahoma paid forty cents a day for the food and board of its convicts and permitted Kansas to make what-
ever additional profit it might by working

the men in its own coal mine or in the contract shops. At the time, this arrangement seemed reasonably fair to both States. But it was not long before both of these communities were to learn how dangerous it is to play the game of convict exploitation.

Oklahoma became a State in 1907. By that time, some of its people had begun to suspect that all was not well with the Oklahoma prisoners in the Kansas Penitentiary. Discharged convicts drifted back to their homes with terrible stories of maltreatment. But the people as a whole were too busy to listen; and even had they stopped to heed there were no means of confirming the convicts' stories.

But one day in the summer of 1909 there appeared on the streets of Lansing a little, dark-haired woman who was destined to make a stir in the two States before she had finished her work. She found her way to the prison, paid her admission fee, and joined the visitors' line in the old castle. The well-trained guide conducted the party through the usual show-places which every prison care-
fully stages for the curious visitor—the



“CUFFED UP” IN THE
“BULL PEN”

A punishment by which the prisoner's wrists are handcuffed together and tied above his head to the bar of the cell. Men are kept thus sometimes for fifteen days continuously

spotless kitchen, the library, the short corridor upon which face the comfortable cells of the favored inmates, and perhaps the Bertillon room. When the trip was over, the little woman retraced her steps to the warden's office. To the trusty at the door she presented her card. It read:

KATE BARNARD
Commissioner of Charities
and Corrections
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Never did so small a woman and so simple a card create such consternation. The warden met her with scant civility.

"What is it you want?" he asked her.

"I should like to go through this prison," she answered, "in order to see how the Oklahoma prisoners are being treated."

"Well, I shall have to consult the board of control about that."

The board happened to be in session at that moment. The members were furious.

"Who commissioned you to come here and spy upon us?" one of them cried out.

"A million and a half citizens of Oklahoma," she answered, with all the dignity that a small person can sometimes muster. "You may either show me through or show me out, as you please."

The men blustered but she stood her ground, knowing that she had the advantage and that they knew that she knew it. Finally they gave way and permitted her to proceed with her investigations, putting only such obstacles in her way as seemed to suggest themselves at the moment.

The story of her adventures and of all that followed forms an interesting chapter in the prison history of the United States. It is told in full in the First and Second Annual Reports of the State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of the State of Oklahoma.

She crept and crawled, she says, through the inky depths of the State coal mine where many of the Oklahoma men were employed. There were passages so narrow that if the earth were to sag ever so little a large man could never get out alive—and often the supports were bent under the weight of the earth above. The rumor of her visit went through the silent prison like wildfire. Every Oklahoma man felt that the hour of his salvation had come; yet no one dared to approach her openly to give her the information that all knew she was seeking. But occasionally, in the protecting darkness,

some boy would brush past her and whisper: "Look for the water-hole, girl!"—or: "For God's sake, don't go away without seeing the crib and the dungeon!"

She stayed only a short while, but the sight and sound of what she saw that summer day drove the two States to appoint a joint committee to investigate. The first session was amicable enough, but friction soon developed, as might have been expected, and the joint investigation was brought to an abrupt close when Miss Barnard challenged the committees to investigate the financial management of the prison as well as its physical defects, which were all too obvious. The Kansas Committee, so far as I am informed, never reported in full; but a brief abstract in the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Health seems to confirm all the charges that Miss Barnard made, so that I feel justified in quoting freely from her own full report, which also contains a stenographic report of the hearings held by the joint committee.

The task in the coal mine, it seems, was eighteen cars a week—which, according to report, is reasonable enough for a skilled miner but impossible for a beginner. The learners were, therefore, put with the older men. Thus they were confronted by two alternatives: either to put themselves completely at the service of these older men, or to try the task, as best they could, alone; and since the second alternative meant failure and inevitable punishment, most learners were willing to serve the older men. The fate of a boy who was thus made the slave of a slave in a dark hole in a mine need not be dwelt upon. Miss Barnard's report contains some of the most sickening testimony ever printed in the English language.

The punishments at Lansing were even more murderously cruel and deliberate than those at Marquette. One instrument was the "crib" or "alkazan," a heavy coffin in which the victim was placed, face down, his hands and feet tied securely and drawn up behind his back until they met, the lid screwed down and the man allowed to lie for hours tied in this knot! Or he was placed in an upright position, tied immovably, his mouth plugged open by a wedge between the teeth, his face and mouth smeared with molasses, and the windows opened to admit the flies and insects. Another punishment was the familiar "water cure," whereby the victim is given all the torments of drowning by having a powerful stream of water forced into his mouth, ears and nostrils. And the more con-

ventional punishments—flogging, the dungeon, etc.—were in constant use. Here are a few cases from Miss Barnard's record:

BERT LEWIS, cribbed two days in 1907 for letting fire die down in kiln.

ELLIS DILLON, failing to get out his three tons of coal daily, was cribbed four days one week, four days the next week and six days the third week. Released Thursday, died Monday.

JOSEPH BRUNER, cribbed eight days in 1908.

MARTIN BATES, water cure, crib, alkazan, 1907-8.

CLARENCE H. GREEN, 21 days dungeon, 1907 or 1908.

ED. CARPENTER, water cure and seven days' dungeon, 1907.

Miss Barnard presented dozens of cases similar to these and was ready to present fifty others. And the testimony of all tended to show pretty convincingly that the Kansas Penitentiary was an elaborate apparatus of torture; that the guards murdered the inmates and the inmates murdered each other; that the food was uneatable, the water undrinkable and the life unlivable—in short, that the State of Kansas was spending something like a half million dollars a year in the manufacture of monsters.

The prison administration made no defense worthy of the name. "They burned the cribs before the investigation," writes Miss Barnard. "I am informed that they had intended to keep them and undertake to demonstrate how harmless they were, but, finding many blood stains on the woodwork, . . . they ordered the convicts to scrape and boil them off, but the cribs had been used so much that they were pretty thoroughly satu-

rated . . . so that the stains could not be removed. . . ."

There could be no defense. But the administration was powerful enough to fight without one, at least for a time. The warden, as usual, was a powerful politician. At the time of the investigation he was State Senator; and on the stand he testified that he had been member of the school board, mayor of his town, and—tersely—"all that sort of thing." He was a personal friend of Governor Hoch. The firm which held the principal contract in his institution, the Union Overall Company, also had powerful affiliations. Its vice-president was the Honorable D. R. Anthony, Jr., now representing the First District in Congress.

Having no decent defense, the powers resorted to an indecent one. "Tales were circulated," says Miss Barnard, "that my mo-



KATE BARNARD
Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of Oklahoma,
who braved a political ring in two states, and changed
conditions in a great Penitentiary

tive for making the charges against the Kansas Prison was 'that my husband had been a convict!' When it was pointed out that I am a single woman the tale was changed to make *me* an ex-convict. When our committee resented these preposterous stories they told that the *Assistant Commissioner* had been a prisoner in Lansing Prison. . . . The five witnesses brought from Oklahoma were designated as 'Kate Barnard's Band of Murderers.' A Kansas City reporter chided me with bringing such men as witnesses. I retorted by asking him who but convicts or ex-convicts could testify truly as to what took place within prison walls. He con-



All Contract Prisons Should be Investigated

What has happened in the midst of two kindly communities like Kansas and Michigan can happen, and does happen, elsewhere. I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that these two cases that I have described at some length are not exceptional. It happened that, for a brief moment, their windows were opened wide and we were allowed to see what goes on in the name of the State. Other prisons, no less guilty, have their windows firmly shut and curtained. No outside investigator can possibly get the legal evidence necessary to convict. Guards will not talk; their bread and butter depends upon silence. Prisoners cannot talk: for so long as they remain in the cage they cannot reach the outside world with their stories, for not a letter may leave or enter the prison without inspection, and when discharged they cannot talk for their liberty frequently depends upon their silence. They are either on parole or on probation; or they are dependent upon the charity of a prisoners' aid society which is itself dependent upon the good will of the prison administration. The warden need not talk for he is all-powerful. He is the one public official who is not accountable to the public in any effective degree. He publishes annual reports; but no one can check them or contradict them, for he holds the keys to the prison.

fessed that no others could, but ended by saying that he would not believe such men under oath. This was an admission that he would allow horrors to exist in a prison because of lack of proper witnesses. The sentiment was a serious handicap, but you will observe by reading the evidence that not one bit of the ex-convicts' testimony was disproved."

The evidence was strong enough to cause drastic action to be taken by both States. The Oklahoma prisoners were removed in the dead of winter and set to building a prison for themselves in their own State. Kansas, left to grope with its problem, threw out the entire prison staff, cancelled the contracts which had been the source of the punishments, and cleaned and humanized the institution in many ways. Mr. Codding, the new warden, is a big man and impressed me, in the course of a brief talk, as a strong man. With the aid of Governor Stubbs, who has thrown himself heart and soul into the problem, he has already accomplished great results.

The scandal which Miss Barnard raised has ended well for two States. *But its lessons may well serve for the twenty-odd other States where convicts are still exploited for profit.*

To get legal evidence under such circumstances is, I must repeat, well-nigh impossible; yet I have enough information to justify a dogmatic declaration that wherever the contract system exists in any of its forms—either lease, piece-price or ordinary contract—there exist the same conditions that have been exposed in Michigan and Kansas. I might even say that, in judging contract prisons, it is proper to reverse the usual laws of evidence and to hold them guilty unless they can prove their innocence; and that the better the reputation of such a prison is, the worse is its actual administration likely to be.

I have in mind, for example, one Eastern prison where the contract system has operated undisturbed for many years. The warden of the institution is a leading penologist. He is a prominent member of the American Prison Association. He has the solid support of press, pulpit and public in his State. Yet I venture to predict, on the basis of certain evidence now in my possession, that if the Governor of that State should appoint, tomorrow, a committee consisting, let us say,

of the deans of the political science faculties of Harvard and Yale, one or two perfectly upright prison officials of the stamp of Superintendent Leonard of the Ohio Reformatory, and two or three well-known men of the State; and if the Governor or the Legislature should give this committee the power to examine witnesses under oath, to audit the prison records, and to make a thorough physical probe of the prison—I venture to predict that this committee would, in the course of a week's investigation, uncover a nest of horror which would make the community gasp.

Why They Endure It Without Revolt

The reader who has followed the story to this point has probably asked himself more than once: "If this is a true picture of prison life, why do the men endure it all? They are strong, desperate men; why don't they revolt? Why don't

they burn the prison down? Why don't they kill their keepers—or themselves?"

The answer is simpler than one would imagine. In the first place, the average convict, like the average human being, does not expect to share the general fate. He knows that others are punished and even tortured. Scarcely a day passes without a whisper of it reaching him, in the voiceless language which convicts employ. But he invents a dozen reasons to explain to his own satisfaction why they deserved what they got and why he won't get it. And when his turn comes he is astounded.

In the second place, *most convicts are not desperate men. On the contrary, the average convict is the most docile, spiritless creature in the wide world. We must remember that of the great army of lawbreakers it is only the failures who land in prison; and this consciousness of failure crushes the convict's spirit even more than does the iron routine of the prison.*

The tradition of the "bad man" which rules the popular attitude toward the convict is both false and foolish. It is fostered, largely, by two agencies, neither of which is altogether disinterested. One of these is the police; the other is the daily press. The police make their bread and butter by the pose of social defense. It is true that many police and prison officials are sincere in their simple conviction that society, were it not for brass buttons, would instantly revert to barbarism; the majority, however, understand their place fairly well and are not



GOVERNOR STUBBS OF KANSAS
Who has thrown himself heart and soul into the problem of prison reform, and is backing Warden Coddling

above trading upon the fears of the timid citizen deliberately, with an eye to increased appropriations. The newspapers, on the other hand, foster the "bad man" tradition indirectly, and perhaps innocently. It is only the more sensational crimes that have sufficient news value to justify "scareheads" or prominent mention otherwise. But the average reader does not realize this. He is fed, daily, on the exceptional in crime, and ends by accepting it as the rule. Therefore he finally grows to associate all criminals with sensational deeds of daring or cruelty, forgetting that for every

crime which is striking enough to be "played up" on the front page of his paper there are a thousand drab, stupid, foolish, cowardly crimes which are too inane to get an inch of space in the most obscure corner of the sheet. Yet it is the perpetrators of these who are, as a rule, the inmates of our prisons.

When a superior criminal does, by a fluke, land in prison one of two things happen immediately. Either he is broken by the routine and becomes as spiritless as the rest or he worms himself into the ring which rules the prison and himself becomes a force for law and order. In either event he knows that to attempt escape or mutiny is foolish; for success in either is, as a rule, followed by recapture or defeat.

It is the common realization of this, rather than the discipline of the prison, which makes concerted mutiny impossible.

The Escape of "Big Bill" Green from Sing Sing

A striking illustration of this occurred last year in Sing Sing, where a giant of a prisoner, named "Big Bill" Green, made his escape under most sensational circumstances. He was confined, with some two hundred others, in a dormitory improvised from a chapel room. One stormy night in September he succeeded in beating the two guards senseless and he made for the door. But this had been locked from the outside, the two guards having been locked in with the inmates in view of precisely this contingency. Nothing daunted, Green perched himself on the ledge of a narrow window high up in the chapel wall, and there, in the full sight of his fellow convicts, he filed away at the bars for twenty minutes. The rest sat up in their cots, fascinated; but not one made a move to help or hinder his escape!

When he had finished his work and the bars, jerked out of their sockets, pointed the way to liberty, he stood over the cowering men and bellowed:

"Come along, everybody!"

And not a man stirred. He jeered. He hooted. The men simply cowered in their

cots, with blankets pulled over their heads. Finally two or three worked up their courage to the sticking point and followed him to liberty. The rest remained as they were, in their cots, with blankets pulled over their heads, for more than an hour. They were afraid to revive the guards. They were afraid to give the alarm. They were afraid to remain where they were; and they were afraid to escape.

The agonizing tension was broken at last by the screams of a negro convict who found himself, he could not remember how, in front of the warden's office. His yells brought the guards out with a rush and set the great steam siren screeching the alarm over the whole countryside. The warden rushed across the prison yard, his mind filled with dread visions of a regiment of fortified convicts defying him to the death. When he reached the chapel he found his prisoners in their beds, shivering like frightened children. Of the one hundred and ninety-five men in the room only two or three had the courage to follow when freedom, in the shape of Big Bill Green, called long and loud to them!

Concerted mutiny is doomed to failure; but individual revolts are equally futile. Nevertheless there arise, occasionally, men of heroic frame who resist to the end. These are probably recorded in the physician's report as victims of heart disease or fever. Some men will even mutilate themselves in order to escape the deadly task. This is mentioned casually in many a prison report. In Missouri, for example, where the contractors have full control, the report of the State Bureau of Labor for 1909 remarks that "Some deliberately maimed themselves by placing fingers under cutters or against fast-moving circular saws, to escape the daily task." But these poor creatures miscalculated sadly. They were simply turned over to a shoe-findings contractor for twenty cents a day less than the standard price. In some States the cripples and defectives are sold for half price. Nowhere do they escape the task; for the institution which is run by the contract system cannot afford to trade fingers for freedom.

The next article in this series will appear in the April number.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

James Montgomery Flagg's story of two brother writers, and the achievements that have made them famous.—A scientific idealist who invented a test for milk and cast aside a fortune by refusing to patent it.—A blind superintendent of schools who has great visions.—A remarkable Irishwoman coach-manager-playwright, "The Mother of the Abbey Theatre."—A social worker whose desire to help people find their jobs found him his.

WALLACE AND WILL IRWIN

WILL OR WALLACE is thirty-six and the other one is thirty-eight. The cleverest lads that have come across the Hudson in—well, the cleverest any time. They came from California several years ago, which fact will hereafter be incorporated in our Thanksgiving Proclamations.

They naturally colleged and wrote and edited out there, but the lotus-leaf salad, which is the principal article of diet along that coast, began to pall on these stout blond literary geniuses, so here they are.

When I say blond I hasten to qualify. Not the pink and white godforbid blond, but the Pongee—they are pongee color, hair and all. Will's pongee hair crackles and curls on the edge of his "Inspiration Point," but manages to behave more or less on the rest of the reservation, while Wallace's pongee nap rolls over and lies down respectably. Society hair.

Their foreheads have the true Pacific Slope, but are very high. Ten-inch upholstery.

Wallace has those Peking eyes—Bill's are a fast blue. The brothers have powerful and pointed chins. Like eggs. When they talk through their good-looking white teeth Dave Belasco himself could not produce a more realistic effect of the wireless in operation. These young men (both boys members of this club) snap out ideas sixty to the minute—and the C. Q. D signal is not in their code book. Will was star reporter on the New York *Sun*, and at that time Wallace was writing a poem a day for the *Globe*—he kept that up for a year. But that was nothing. They wanted him to write the whole paper in verse, but he found it would cut into his lunch hour.

Will has stated that a severe illness at a critical time saved him from Harvard.

Will was managing editor of *McClure's Magazine* at one time and so became M. R. D., Doctor of Muck Raking. He chased the Demon Rum to its adulterated lairs all over the country for *Collier's*.

Wallace created Hashimura Togo, whose screamingly funny letters of a Japanese School Boy were for quite a while believed to be written by a *bona fide* Jap, so truly Japanese were they in character.

Wallace's satires on politics have been a feature of many newspapers. He gave the nickname that stuck to the pale owner of the New York *Journal*—William Also Randolph Hearst.

When *Collier's* wanted the inside history and a critique of all the prominent newspapers in the U. S., a flabbergasting job, Will up and did it—and did it a beautiful seal brown, too. Hearst threatened to arrest Will and Robert Collier on the day *Collier's* printed the article about Hearst. Will stayed a day longer in the city than he had intended so as not to miss the arrest and had a photographer hired to get a picture of Collier and himself manacled together and being led into the Tombs. Will was rather cut up about it when the arrest didn't come off.

The Irwin brothers' middle name is Enthusiasm. They have large drawing accounts at the Day and Night Bank of Ideas and their check-books are always in use.

When one considers that their names are so often linked together it seems curious that they have never met! They have so much in common, including physical resemblance, two parents, enviable reputations, the free use of Central Park, voluptuous figures, and many other perquisites.



Photograph by Heisinger

WALLACE AND WILL IRWIN

Brothers who went from San Francisco to New York about eight years ago—one to become a star reporter and important journalist, and the other a famous writer of genuinely humorous prose and verse

If there had not been an earthquake in San Francisco for Bill to write the story of he probably could have produced one—perhaps by getting under the asphalt and pushing it up. Now Wallace is different—he could and did describe the Spanish War just as it never happened without leaving his boudoir. And *Collier's* printed it. The worst of it was, they liked it.

It's all quite simple, this brother act. They have cornered the market in poetry and prose.

It is fortunate that they were not triplets or Walter Irwin would be doing all the illustrating of the magazines—and the Wickersham would get 'em!

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

DR. S. M. BABCOCK

DR. S. M. BABCOCK dodges the interviewer and shuns the limelight. This world-famed scientist, inventor and public benefactor, has been the victim of pseudo-publicity. Urged by his colleagues, who believed he was about to make the most momentous discovery since Newton unravelled the mysterious law of gravitation, Dr. Babcock once gave an account of a mere hypothesis evolved by him of the ultimate nature of matter. That was years ago—before the time of the “new knowledge”; the discoveries relating to radium and other radioactive elements. This hypothesis he put forth in a scientific address, but the newspapers telegraphed the message to the world, minus hypothesis, announcing boldly that Dr. Babcock had discovered the basic secret of creation. This absurd statement, followed by the sharp criticisms of contemporary scientists, nearly broke the heart of retiring and modest Dr. Babcock. Since then he has avoided publicity.

Even in college days (at Tufts and later at Cornell) Dr. Babcock inclined toward a study of milk—lactology, scientists would say—as a subject worthy of his life's efforts. Strange ambition, you think. Yet when he began his studies no means had yet been revealed to determine the richness of milk nor the losses that occurred in manufacturing butter and cheese. Enter the scientific mind of the Chemist Babcock. Sulphuric acid will dissolve all solids in milk, except the fat from which butter is made, he concluded after years of study; a mechanical device producing rapid centrifugal force will then separate the fats from the other elements. With

these principles as the basis he invented in 1890 the famous milk test which bears his name—a discovery which marks him eminent in every land where modern dairying is known.

Comes now the key to his character—humanitarianism. Greed and sordidness cannot sully him. He claimed that his services belonged to the State. So he refused to take out a patent; gave it free to the farmers of the world. Meantime De Laval of Denmark patented the cream separator, a no more important invention, and has become a multimillionaire. What a colossal fortune Dr. Babcock put aside! Before this invention, milk—poor milk, watered milk, and rich milk—was sold by measure at a uniform price. And there was the proverbial well and pump of adulteration. Now milk is purchased on merit, the richer the product the higher the price. To-day it is very easy for a farmer's child ten years old to compute what the variation of one point in the test will make in the size of the monthly milk check. The “highbrow” milker is becoming supreme. Also the Babcock test has made the improvement of dairy machinery possible, eliminating previous wastes and losses, when ratios are based on the dairy industry of Wisconsin alone, of approximately \$900,000 annually. This, then, is science applied to only one phase of farming, by the brains of Dr. Babcock.

Slowly the greatness of the discovery dawned on civilization. Gratitude always lags lazily behind progress. In 1899 the Wisconsin Legislature signally honored him, conferring a medal in recognition of “the great value to the people of this State and to the whole world in the inventions of Professor Stephen Moulton Babcock of the University of Wisconsin, and his unselfish dedication of these inventions to the public service.” A year later the French government awarded him the grand prize of the national exhibition. South Australia sent him a rare painting and from the dairymen of far-off New Zealand came a volume of “Island Scenes,” the cover thoughtfully inscribed: “The Babcock test is now in universal use in this country, and your name has consequently become a household word among New Zealand dairymen.”

One commercial firm in the East offered him a fabulous salary to join its staff.

“I am working on a couple of unfinished experiments and cannot accept the position,” was Dr. Babcock's laconic answer.

With the discovery of the milk test Dr. Babcock had only begun his studies. Fol-



DR. S. M. BABCOCK

An extraordinary scientist connected with the University of Wisconsin who believes that the results of his investigations belong to all the people. After inventing the Babcock Milk Test he declined to patent it and to reap a great fortune from it. His name is a household word among dairymen all over the world



Photograph by Alice Boughton

LADY GREGORY

The talented playwright of Irish plays, coach of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and director of the Irish Players in their great American tour. She it was who wrote first in the Irish dialect, and she was the person who realized practically, with business success, the dream of Yeats for an Irish National Theatre

lows the Wisconsin curd test a few years later, a scientific and easy method devised by Dean H. L. Russell and Dr. Babcock for detecting a foul, filthy, and tainted milk, which even man's delicate sense of smell would pronounce sweet. Then came another discovery in conjunction with Dr. Russell. Cheeses ripened by the cold-curing process become richer, more palatable, and attended with less spoilage than when perfected by the old method.

These discoveries in milk and dairying alone would suffice for most men, but not so Dr. Babcock. For the past four years he, a chemist, has been working on a problem of a biological character, a most interesting and original piece of investigation in the realm of plant physiology. It has been well known for many years that animals and plants produce water when carrying on their life processes, but no one has regarded this water as other than a waste product which is excreted from the system. Dr. Babcock has just discovered that this is not wholly its function, but that it subserves a most important and useful purpose in both animal and plant nutrition. The germination of seeds is awakened by the respiration of the more active germ cells, and dissolved food substances are carried to points of greatest cell activity, to satisfy the operation of physical laws. The succulence of fruits, and the ascent of sap in trees are satisfactorily explained in the light of this new theory. He has grown such animal forms as clothes moths, which live on wool and hair, and bee moths, which subsist on wax; had them lay eggs, hatch the eggs, and develop the larvæ, in a perfectly dry atmosphere. Yet upon analysis, the water content of the larvæ was found to be as high as under normal conditions, and the only possible source of water was from that produced as a result of the respiration of tissues.

But few scientists are less trammled by tradition. He approaches a problem without ever looking up the literature, to find what some one else has said or done about it. His mind is, therefore, not obscured by preconceived notions, which so often are false.

FRED L. HOLMES.

LADY GREGORY

"**M**R. YEATS had the vision; I had only the practicality." Thus speaks Lady Augusta Gregory—of Coole Park, County Galway, Ireland—now touring this country

with the Irish Players. "Only the practicality"—but—

Twelve years ago, there was, in Ireland, no theatre where Irish plays were produced, no actors except those imported from London for short engagements, no home opportunities for training actors, almost no national drama. Now there are all of these; and a company of local players so well established in its home theatre at Dublin, that it can afford to take a long foreign tour, playing exclusively the dramatic product of this recent dramatic movement.

This movement, interesting and important in that it has given to a highly individual and picturesque people a mode of expression it never before had, Lady Gregory undoubtedly represents. Author, manager, coach, with one keen eye on business issues while the other keeps a close artistic lookout, personal adviser and friend to the individual players, purveyor of enthusiasm—both behind the scenes and to a skeptical public—she is at once a moving spirit and a very material presence.

Her success seems the more marvelous when it is considered that she attained nearly the half-century mark without coming into any touch with the theatre, its technicalities and its intricacies. Her success, under such circumstances, impresses one more nearly than her courage in daring at all to undertake such various and manifold problems as were entailed, and in persisting in the face of prejudice and hostile demonstration. At the thought of the long and hazardous trip to America, even some of the young players felt anticipatory twinges of homesickness. But Lady Gregory, come to the years when the peace and comforts of a pleasant home are apt to prove more alluring than uncertain and toilsome ventures far abroad, not only encouraged the faint-hearted ones, but did not for a moment hesitate over whether or not she should go herself.

Lady Gregory had had wide social experience before she undertook any public work on her own account. Her husband, Sir William Gregory, was a favorite in many circles—artistic, literary, social, political. After his death, she maintained little salons which enjoyed no small fame of their own.

It was when it came time for her son to go away to school, at Harrow, that she went back to Coole Park to live. But she could not accustom herself to empty time; soon she was interesting herself in the old Gaelic literature. She threw herself into study of the old epics, translated them into English,



MEYER BLOOMFIELD

Whose desire to help poor young people to choose the work they are fitted for, resulted in his own romantic rise to the head of a great movement. He came out of the East Side in New York with eight dollars in his pocket, worked his way through Harvard, and found in Boston the great place he now fills



J. E. SWEARINGEN

Who, though totally blind since youth, fills the office of State Superintendent of Education for South Carolina. It is for the most part due to him that the practical side of South Carolina's agricultural revival—the children's corn-clubs and tomato-clubs—has such great vitality

and published many of them, notably "Fighting Men" and "Poets and Dreamers."

She was the first to write in the Irish dialect, Gaelic descended into English.

"It was in 1898," she says, "that Mr. W. Butler Yeats and I started the National Theatre Society. Mr. Yeats had long seen the need of such an enterprise. Ireland had no drama, no actors.

"At first we had to be content with seeing Irish plays, written by Irish writers, performed by alien actors.

"For three years we tried this experiment; then, in 1901, we started with the Irish Players—our own actors and actresses, who would always be with us, who would love the work they were doing. The players were recruited from various circles in Dublin, all very young and with the enthusiasm of youth. It was well; for a long time the Abbey Theatre was not a paying institution, and they received no salaries, acting as a side issue and supporting themselves by other means. But they kept their zest, even when playing to an audience of but ten persons; and later, when a bit of prosperity came, we organized the regular company, paying salaries and requiring the whole time of the members.

"Some of the first recruits dropped out, when it came to a choice of the stage as a regular occupation. Of the original players only two are now with us in America, Miss Sara Allgood and Mr. Arthur Sinclair. But the interest was awakened, and others came to be trained."

Seven of Lady Gregory's plays are included in the repertory of the Irish Players. She is an indefatigable worker, writing and rewriting her plays; and her spare time in coming over, on the ship, she utilized in writing another play!

It is an unusual atmosphere that permeates the theatre where the Irish folk play—a something that subtly warms the heart and is redolent of good-fellowship. And not the least of it is due to the presence of the bright-eyed, lace-capped, energetic yet ever-reposeful, little woman who sits in her aisle-seat or holds informal court by the door.

DANA GATLIN.

MEYER BLOOMFIELD

WITH eight dollars in his pocket Meyer Bloomfield arrived in Boston twelve years ago. He came from the East Side, New York, where he had helped in the University Settlement, managed for three

years the largest playground, attended the College of the City of New York, and written for the New York *World* some of the first sketches of settlement life in the region where he was raised. He came to Boston to study in Harvard. The first year he supplanted his original eight dollars by doing carpentry work, the second and last year after gaining celebrity by a talk to the Twentieth Century Club, by lecturing on social work. At twelve o'clock one June day he received his degree, and at one o'clock he presided over a meeting of immigrant young men and women and organized the Civic Service House, one of the first institutions with specialized aims for Americanizing the immigrant.

When but fifteen years of age this energetic young man had done a still more portentous act. He was assistant editor of the *Electrical Age* when Carl Shurz offered a prize that he won with an essay on the vocational guidance of youth. In such cycles does the life of man run that the end of two decades found the full-grown man, married now, the co-founder and director of the first organization in existence for the vocational guidance of youth. It has been the exemplar of many another bureau, and the federal government has commended the practicability and educational value of the work by selecting its director to go to the island possessions, to study conditions there, and to lend a hand.

The Vocation Bureau is designed to assist young persons over the dangerous transition from school to self-support. The great majority of them base the choice of a profession or a trade upon considerations, not of innate capability and fitness, but upon such unsubstantial considerations as the dignity of the physician, the gilt sign of the dentist, the mystery surrounding the apothecary, or upon the romance that attends the fireman, the ambulance driver, or the actor. Misfits result usually in wasted lives, and there are thousands of misfits. The Bureau does not attempt to help individually the hundred thousand of children in Boston, but attains its object by instructing teachers, in conferences, lecture courses, and literature, about the opportunities in each trade and profession. Then the teacher, who presumably discovers a great deal about the capabilities and inclinations of each pupil, stimulates each one by personal interest, information, and, frequently, trips to the homes of industries.

Mr. Bloomfield has made his influence felt in many ways. As director of the Civic

Service House he established the first roof-garden night school in America, and helped to procure a summer camp for immigrant boys and girls and the establishment of an evening high school for Boston's "Little Italy."

"Slumming used to be a fad, now it is a sin," he told a group of fashionable Back Bay esthetes one day. "If you give without getting you do not grow, but if you get without giving you graft." He is a well-built man of medium height, with quiet, aggressive eyes and a contentious face, and he delights in proffering such epigrammatic thoughts to apathetic lookers-on. He has a good slogan for anyone who has the common welfare at heart: "You can't cure political or social evils by the absent treatment, you must do it by the laying on of hands."

DONALD WILHELM.

J. E. SWEARINGEN

THE old expression, "there are none so blind as those who will not see," might with propriety be revived in the light of modern achievements of blind workers; as an instance, J. E. Swearingen, the blind State Superintendent of Education for South Carolina, is seeing wonderfully well for thousands of wide-awake boys and girls. Although Mr. Swearingen has lived in darkness since his eleventh year, when an accident while hunting destroyed his eyesight, his vision of the needs of his great army of young people has quite as likely been improved instead of injured. Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, early in the thirties the founder of the first school for the blind in this country, was wont to say that "blindness is an inconvenience, but not an affliction." Sometimes a human handicap is the spur that makes a career. When I asked Mr. Swearingen if he felt his growth had been because of his blindness, rather than in spite of it, he was inclined to believe his "inconvenience" had been a fillip to his ambition. He has conquered so far as to pass through the prescribed course in the University of South Carolina, leading his class, to become a teacher in the State institution for the blind, and finally to be accepted, through the civic suffrage of his people, as the best equipped educator in the State to direct the training of its future citizenship.

Mr. Swearingen's administration has al-

ready become a potent factor in the construction of an industrial educational system that promises to insure to South Carolina the permanent possession of its children—for he has seen that the prosperity of a Southern State depends upon agriculture primarily. His solution of the problem of industrial education deserves wide publicity. While in New Hampshire, for example, 800,000 acres of soil once under the plough has been allowed to grow up into underbrush, the cultivated acreage of South Carolina is growing each year. The corn crop of this State in 1910 was worth \$33,000,000, against \$17,000,000 in 1908. The agricultural products of the State were worth \$200,000,000 last year, against less than one-half that sum for manufacturing and the allied industries. A truly practical education will tie the rising generation to the native plantation, instead of serving the world outside the State by the sort of schooling that compels the exportation of young blood.

The school administration of Mr. Swearingen and his co-workers aims to keep the boys and girls at home. The sort of Pedagogy he wishes to give to his State may be best expressed in his own words,—“the three R’s are no less indispensable for industrial efficiency than for cultural efficiency; but the idea that corn and cotton roots supply less education than do Latin and Greek roots is not borne out by modern science.” With this watchword the school children of South Carolina have been learning (as the law compels) the principles of elementary Agriculture. They have planted over 5,000 acres of corn this year, and their fathers looking on, as they have delved in their books and in the soil at the same time, have themselves been taught that the God-given gift of the earth has never been worked to its best capacity. Corn clubs, tomato clubs, the federal farm demonstration service, the laboratory for instruction of the State Agricultural College going on rails throughout the State are supplementing Mr. Swearingen’s efforts. A beautiful factor of the crusade is the uplift given to the conventionally desolate home of the rural districts. Mr. Swearingen is devoting his effort and the funds of the State to making the Southern home better—and is succeeding. He sees with ideas and policies that help his people; we who travel about the State also see the material fruit of his work.

STANLEY JOHNSON.

HIS MOTHER'S SON

He Combines Business and Etiquette

BY EDNA FERBER

Author of "Roast Beef, Medium," "Chickens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"FULL?" repeated Emma McChesney (and if it weren't for the compositor there'd be an exclamation point after that question mark).

"Sorry, Mrs. McChesney," said the clerk, and he actually looked it, "but there's absolutely nothing stirring. We're full up. The Benevolent Brotherhood of Bisons is holding its regular annual state convention here. We're putting up cots in the hall."

Emma McChesney's keen blue eyes glanced up from their inspection of the little bunch of mail which had just been handed her. "Well, pick out a hall with a southern exposure and set up a cot or so for me," she said, agreeably, "because I've come to stay. After selling Featherloom petticoats on the road for ten years I don't see myself trailing up and down this town looking for a place to lay my head. I've learned this one large, immovable truth, and that is, that a hotel clerk is a hotel clerk. It makes no difference whether he is stuck back of a marble pillar and hidden by a gold vase full of thirty-six-inch American Beauty roses at the Knickerbocker, or setting the late fall fashions for men in Galesburg, Illinois."

By one small degree was the perfect poise of the peerless personage behind the register jarred. But by only one. He was a hotel night clerk.

"It won't do you any good to get sore, Mrs. McChesney," he began, suavely. "Now a man would—"

"But I'm not a man," interrupted Emma McChesney. "I'm only doing a man's work and earning a man's salary and demanding to be treated with as much consideration as you'd show a man."

The personage busied himself mightily with a pen, and a blotter, and sundry papers, as is the manner of personages when annoyed. "I'd like to accommodate you; I'd like to do it."

"Cheer up," said Emma McChesney, "you're going to. I don't mind a little discomfort. Though I want to mention in passing that if there are any lady Bisons present you needn't bank on doubling me up with them. I've had one experience of that kind. It was in Albia, Iowa. I'd sleep in the kitchen range before I'd go through another."

Up went the erstwhile falling poise. "You're badly mistaken, madam. I'm a member of this order myself, and a finer lot of fellows it has never been my pleasure to know."

"Yes, I know," drawled Emma McChesney. "Do you know, the thing that gets me is the inconsistency of it. Along come a lot of boobs who never use a hotel the year around except to loaf in the lobby, and wear out the leather chairs, and use up the matches and toothpicks and get the baseball returns, and immediately you turn away a traveling man who uses a three-dollar-a-day room, with a sample room downstairs for his stuff, who tips every porter and bell-boy in the place, asks for no favors, and who, if you give him a half-way decent cup of coffee for breakfast, will fall in love with the place and boom it all over the country. Half of your Benevolent Bisons are here on the European plan, with a view to patronizing the free-lunch counters or being asked to take dinner at the home of some local Bison whose wife has been cooking up on pies, and chicken salad and veal roast for the last week."

Emma McChesney leaned over the desk a little, and lowered her voice to the tone of confidence. "Now, I'm not in the habit of making a nuisance of myself like this. I don't get so chatty as a rule, and I know that I could jump over to Monmouth and get first-class accommodations there. But just this once I've a good reason for wanting to make you and myself a little miserable. Y'see, my son is traveling with me this trip."

"Son!" echoed the clerk, staring.

"Thanks. That's what they all do. After a while I'll begin to believe that there must be something hauntingly beautiful and girlish about me or everyone wouldn't petrify when I announce that I've a six-foot son attached to my apron-strings. He looks twenty-one, but he's seventeen. He thinks the world's rotten because he can't grow one of those fuzzy little mustaches that the men are cultivating to match their hats. He's down at the depot now, straightening out our baggage. Now I want to say this before he gets here. He's been out with me just four days. Those four days have been a revelation, an eye-opener, and a series of rude jolts. He used to think that his mother's job consisted of traveling in Pullmans, eating delicate viands turned out by the hotel chefs, and strewing Featherloom petticoats along the path. I gave him plenty of money, and he got into the habit of looking lightly upon anything more trifling than a five-dollar bill. He's changing his mind by great leaps. I'm prepared to spend the night in the coal cellar if you'll just fix him up—not too comfortably. It'll be a great lesson for him. There he is now. Just coming in. Fuzzy coat and hat and English stick. Hist! As they say on the stage."

The boy crossed the crowded lobby. There was a little worried, annoyed frown between his eyes. He laid a protecting hand on his mother's arm. Emma McChesney was conscious of a little thrill of pride as she realized that he did not have to look up to meet her gaze.

"Look here, mother, they tell me there's some sort of a convention here, and the town's packed. That's what all those banners and things were for. I hope they've got something decent for us here. I came up with a man who said he didn't think there was a hole left to sleep in."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Emma McChesney, and turned to the clerk. "This is my son, Jock McChesney—Mr. Sims. Is this true?"

"Glad to know you, sir," said Mr. Sims. "Why, yes, I'm afraid we are pretty well filled up, but seeing it's you maybe we can do something for you."

He ruminated, tapping his teeth with a penholder, and eyeing the pair before him with a maddening blankness of gaze. Finally:

"I'll do my best, but you can't expect much. I guess I can squeeze another cot into eighty-seven for the young man. There's—let's see now—who's in eighty-seven? Well, there's two Bisons in the double bed,

and one in the single, and Fat Ed Meyers in the cot and—"

Emma McChesney stiffened into acute attention. "Meyers?" she interrupted. "Do you mean Ed Meyers of the Strauss Sans-silk Skirt Company?"

"That's so. You two are in the same line, aren't you? He's a great little piano player, Ed is. Ever hear him play?"

"When did he get in?"

"Oh, he just came in fifteen minutes ago on the Ashland division. He's in at supper."

"Oh," said Emma McChesney. The two letters breathed relief.

But relief had no place in the voice, or on the countenance of Jock McChesney. He bristled with belligerence. "This cattle-car style of sleeping don't make a hit. I haven't had a decent night's rest for three nights. I never could sleep on a sleeper. Can't you fix us up better than that?"

"Best I can do."

"But where's mother going? I see you advertise 'three large and commodious steam-heated sample rooms in connection.' I suppose mother's due to sleep on one of the tables there."

"Jock," Emma McChesney reproved him, "Mr. Sims is doing us a great favor. There isn't another hotel in town that would—"

"You're right, there isn't," agreed Mr. Sims. "I guess the young man is new to this traveling game. As I said, I'd like to accommodate you, but— Let's see now. Tell you what I'll do. If I can get the housekeeper to go over and sleep in the maids' quarters just for to-night, you can use her room. There you are! Of course, it's over the kitchen, and there may be some little noise early in the morning—"

Emma McChesney raised a protesting hand. "Don't mention it. Just lead me thither. I'm so tired I could sleep in an excursion special that was switching at Pittsburgh. Jock, me child, we're in luck. That's twice in the same place. The first time was when we were inspired to eat our supper on the diner instead of waiting until we reached here to take the leftovers from the Bisons' grazing. I hope that housekeeper hasn't a picture of her departed husband dangling, life-size, on the wall at the foot of the bed. But they always have. Good-night, son. Don't let the Bisons bite you. I'll be up at seven."

But it was just 6:30 A. M. when Emma McChesney turned the little bend in the stairway that led to the office. The scrub-woman was still in possession. The cigar-

counter girl had not yet made her appearance. There was about the place a general air of the night before. All but the night clerk. He was as spruce and trim, and alert and smooth-shaven as only a night clerk can be after a night's vigil.

"Morning!" Emma McChesney called to him. She wore blue serge, and a smart fall hat. The late autumn morning was not crisp and sunnier than she.

"Good morning, Mrs. McChesney," returned Mr. Sims, sonorously. "Have a good night's sleep? I hope the kitchen noises didn't wake you."

Emma McChesney paused with her hand on the door. "Kitchen? Oh, no. I could sleep through a vaudeville china-juggling act. But — what an extraordinarily unpleasant-looking man that housekeeper's husband must have been."

That November morning boasted all those qualities which November-morning writers are so prone to bestow upon the month. But the words wine, and sparkle, and sting, and



"Thanks. That's what they all do"

glow, and snap do not seem to cover it. Emma McChesney stood on the bottom step, looking up and down Main Street and breathing in great draughts of that unadjectivable air. Her complexion stood the test of the merciless, astringent morning and came up triumphantly and healthily firm and pink and smooth. The town was still asleep. She started to walk briskly down the bare and ugly Main Street of the little town. In her big, generous heart, and her keen, alert mind, there were many sensations and myriad thoughts, but varied and diverse as they were

they all led back to the boy up there in the stuffy, over-crowded hotel room—the boy who was learning his lesson.

Half an hour later she reëntered the hotel, her cheeks glowing. Jock was not yet down. So she ordered and ate her wise and cautious breakfast of fruit and cereal and toast and coffee, skimming over her morning paper as she ate. At 7.30 she was back in the lobby, newspaper in hand. The Bisons were already astir. She seated herself in a deep chair in a quiet corner, her eyes glancing up over the top of her paper toward the stairway. At eight o'clock Jock McChesney came down.

There was nothing of jauntiness about him. His eyelids were red. His face had the doughy look of one whose sleep has been brief and feverish. As he came toward his mother you noticed a stain on his coat, and a sunburst of wrinkles across one leg of his modish brown trousers.

"Good morning, son!" said Emma McChesney. "Was it as bad as that?"

Jock McChesney's long fingers curled into a fist. "Say," he began, his tone venomous, "do you know what those—those—those—"

"Say it!" commanded Emma McChesney. "I'm only your mother. If you keep that in your system your breakfast will curdle in your stomach."

Jock McChesney said it. I know no phrase better fitted to describe his tone than that old favorite of the esoteric novelists. It was vibrant with passion. It breathed bitterness. It sizzled with savagery. It—Oh, alliteration is useless.

"Well," said Emma McChesney, encouragingly, "go on."

"Well!" gulped Jock McChesney, and glared; "those two double-bedded, bloomin', blasted Bisons came in at twelve, and the single one about fifteen minutes later. They didn't surprise me. There was a herd of about ninety-three of 'em all in the hall, all saying good night to each other, and planning where they'd meet in the morning, and the time, and place and probable weather conditions. For that matter, there were droves of 'em pounding up and down the halls all night. I never saw such restless cattle. If you'll tell me what makes more noise in the middle of the night than the metal disk of a hotel key banging and clanging up against a door, I'd like to know what it is. My three Bisons were all dolled up with fool ribbons and badges and striped paper canes. When they switched on the light I gave a crack imitation of a tired working man trying to get a little sleep. I breathed regularly and heavily, with

an occasional moaning snore. But if those two hippopotamus Bisons had been alone on their native plains they couldn't have cared less. They bellowed, and pawed the earth, and threw their shoes around, and yawned, and stretched and discussed their plans for the next day, and reviewed all their doings of that day. Then one of them said something about turning in, and I was so happy I forgot to snore. Just then another key clanged at the door, in walked a fat man in a brown suit and a brown derby, and stuff was off."

"That," said Emma McChesney, "would be Ed Meyers, of the Strauss Sans-silk Skirt Company."

"None other than our hero." Jock's tone had an added acidity. "It took those four about two minutes to get acquainted. In three minutes they had told their real names, and it turned out that Meyers belonged to an organization that was a second cousin of the Bisons. In five minutes they had got together a deck and a pile of chips and were shirt-sleeving it around a game of pinocle. I would doze off to the slap of cards, and the click of chips, and wake up when the bell boy came in with another round, which he did every six minutes. When I got up this morning I found that Fat Ed Meyers had been sitting on the chair over which I trustingly had draped my trousers. This sunburst of wrinkles is where he mostly sat. This spot on my coat is where a Bison drank his beer."

Emma McChesney folded her paper and rose, smiling. "It is sort of trying, I suppose, if you're not used to it."

"Used to it!" shouted the outraged Jock. "Used to it! Do you mean to tell me there's nothing unusual about—"

"Not a thing. Oh, of course you don't strike a bunch of Bisons every day. But it happens a good many times. The world is full of Ancient Orders and they're everlastingly getting together and drawing up resolutions and electing officers. Don't you think you'd better go in to breakfast before the Bisons begin to forage. I've had mine."

The gloom which had overspread Jock McChesney's face lifted a little. The hungry boy in him was uppermost. "That's so. I'm going to have some wheat cakes, and steak, and eggs and coffee and fruit, and toast, and rolls."

"Why slight the fish?" inquired his mother. Then, as he turned toward the dining-room, "I've two letters to get out. Then I'm going down the street to see a customer. I'll be up at the Sulzberg-Stein department store at nine sharp. There's no use trying to see old Sulz-

"Say it—I'm only your
mother"



berg before ten, but I'll be there, anyway, and so will Ed Meyers, or I'm no skirt salesman. I want you to meet me there. It will do you good to watch how the overripe orders just drop, ker-plunk, into my lap."

Maybe you know Sulzberg & Stein's big store? No? That's because you've always

lived in the city. Old Sulzberg sends his buyers to the New York market twice a year, and they need two floor managers on the main floor now. The money those people spend for red and green decorations at Christmas time, and apple blossoms and pink crêpe paper shades in the spring, must be some-

thing awful. Young Stein goes to Chicago to have his clothes made, and old Sulzberg likes to keep the traveling men waiting in the little ante-room outside his private office.

Jock McChesney finished his huge breakfast, strolled over to Sulzberg & Stein's, and inquired his way to the office only to find that his mother was not yet there. There were three men in the little waiting room. One of them was Fat Ed Meyers. His huge bulk overflowed the spindled-legged chair on which he sat. His brown derby was in his hands. His eyes were on the closed door at the other side of the room. So were the eyes of the other two travelers. Jock took a vacant seat next to Fat Ed Meyers so that he might, in his mind's eye, pick out a particularly choice spot upon which his hard young fist might land—if only he had the chance. Breaking up a man's sleep

like that, the great big overgrown mutt!

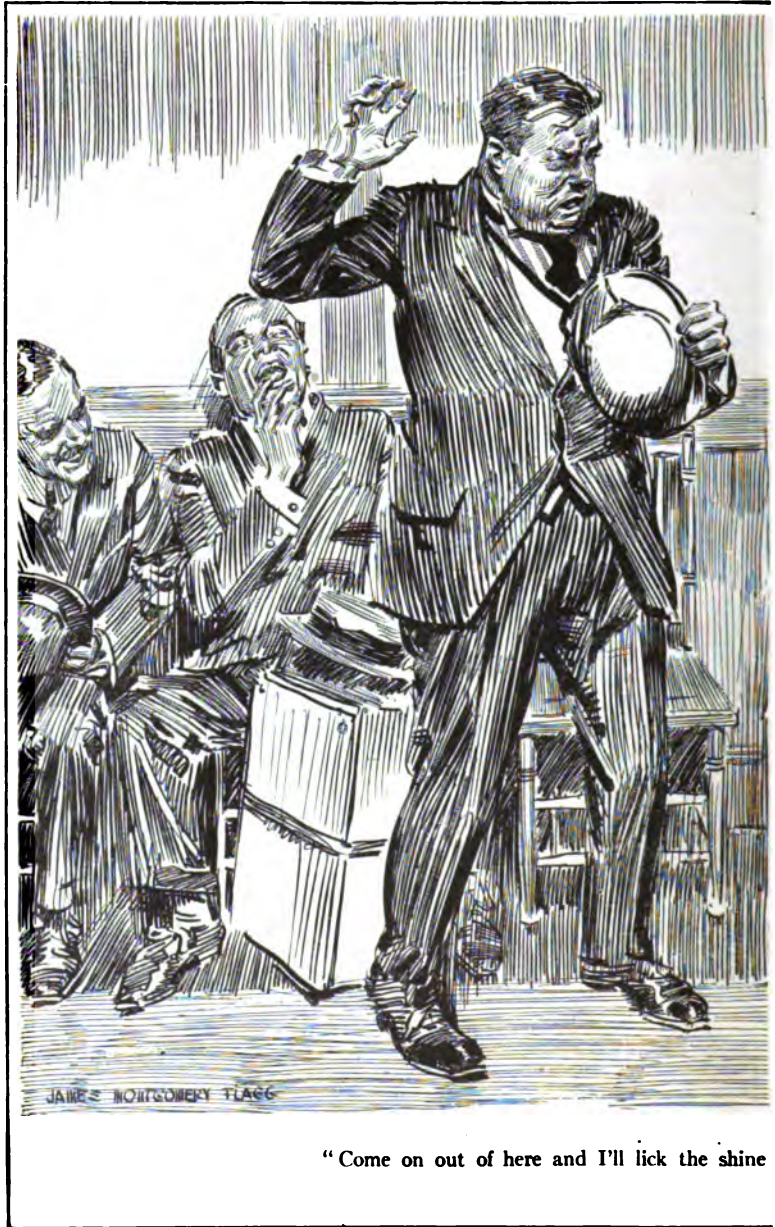
"What's your line?" said Ed Meyers, suddenly turning toward Jock.

Prompted by some imp—"Skirts," answered Jock. "Ladies' petticoats." ("As if men ever wore 'em!" he giggled inwardly.)

Ed Meyers shifted around in his chair so that he might better stare at this new foe in the field. His little red mouth was open ludicrously.

"Who're you out for?" he demanded next.

There was a look of Emma McChesney on



"Come on out of here and I'll lick the shine

Jock's face. "Why—er—the Union Under-skirt and Hosiery Company of Chicago. New concern."

"Must be," ruminated Ed Meyers. "I never heard of 'em, and I know 'em all. You're starting in young, ain't you, kid? Well, it'll never hurt you. You'll learn something new every day. Now me, I—"

In breezed Emma McChesney. Her quick glance rested immediately upon Meyers and the boy. And in that moment some instinct prompted Jock McChesney to shake his head,



off your shoes, you blue-eyed babe, you!"

ever so slightly, and assume a blankness of expression. And Emma McChesney, with that shrewdness which had made her one of the best salesmen on the road, saw, and miraculously understood.

"How do, Mrs. McChesney," grinned Fat Ed Meyers. "You see I beat you to it."

"So I see," smiled Emma, cheerfully. "I was delayed. Just sold a nice little bit to Watkins down the street." She seated herself across the way, and kept her eyes on that closed door.

"Say, kid," Meyers began, in the husky whisper of the fat man, "I'm going to put you wise to something, seeing you're new to this game. See that lady over there?" He nodded discreetly in Emma McChesney's direction.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said Jock, appreciatively.

"Know who she is?"

"Well—I—she does look familiar but—"

"Oh, come now, quit your bluffing. If you'd ever met that dame you'd remember it. Her name's McChesney—Emma McChesney, and she sells T. A. Buck's Featherloom petticoats. I'll give her her dues; she's the best little salesman on the road. I'll bet that girl could sell a ruffled, accordion-plaited underskirt to a fat woman who was trying to reduce. She's got the darndest way with her. And at that she's straight, too."

If Ed Meyers had not been gazing so intently into his

hat, trying at the same time to look cherubically benign he might have seen a quick and painful scarlet sweep the face of the boy, coupled with a certain tense look of the muscles around the jaw.

"Well, now, look here," he went on, still in a whisper. "We're both skirt men, you and me. Everything's fair in this game. Maybe you don't know it, but when there's a bunch of the boys waiting around to see the head of the store like this, and there happens to be a lady traveler in the crowd, why, it's considered

kind of a professional courtesy to let the lady have the first look-in. See? It ain't so often that three people in the same line get together like this. She knows it, and she's sitting on the edge of her chair, waiting to bolt when that door opens, even if she does act like she was hanging on the words of that lady clerk there. The minute it does open a crack she'll jump up and give me a fleeting, grateful smile, and sail in and cop a fat order away from the old man and his skirt buyer. I'm wise. Say, he may be an oyster, but he knows a pretty woman when he sees one. By the time she's through with him he'll have enough petticoats on hand to last him from now until China goes suffrage. Get me?"

"I get you," answered Jock.

"I say, this is business, and good manners be hanged. When a woman breaks into a man's game like this, let her take her chances like a man. Ain't that straight?"

"You've said something," agreed Jock.

"Now, look here, kid. When that door opens I get up. See? And shoot straight for the old man's office. See? Like a duck. See? Say, I may be fat, kid, but I'm what they call light on my feet, and when I see an order getting away from me I can be so fleet that I have Diana looking like old Weston doing a stretch of muddy country road in a coast to coast hike. See? Now you help me out on this and I'll see that you don't suffer for it. I'll stick in a good word for you, believe me. You take the word of an old stager like me and you won't go far—"

The door opened. Simultaneously three figures sprang into action. Jock had the seat nearest the door. With marvelous clumsiness he managed to place himself in Ed Meyers' path, then reddened, began an apology, stepped on both of Ed's feet, jabbed his elbow into his stomach, and dropped his hat. A second later the door of old Sulzberg's private office closed upon Emma McChesney's smart, erect, confident figure.

Now, Ed Meyers' hands were peculiar hands for a fat man. They were tapering, slender, delicate, blue-veined, temperamental hands. At this moment, despite his purpling face, and his staring eyes, they were the most noticeable thing about him. His fingers clawed the empty air, quivering, vibrant, as though poised to clutch at Jock's throat.

Then words came. They spluttered from his lips. They popped like corn kernels in the heat of his wrath; they tripped over each other; they exploded.

"You darned kid, you!" he began, with fascinating fluency. "You thousand-legged,

double-jointed, ox-hoofed truck horse. Come on out of here and I'll lick the shine off your shoes, you blue-eyed babe, you! What did you get up for, huh? What did you think this was going to be—a flag drill?"

With a whoop of pure joy Jock McChesney turned and fled.

They dined together at one o'clock, Emma McChesney and her son Jock. Suddenly Jock stopped eating. His eyes were on the door. "There's that fathead now," he said, excitedly. "The nerve of him! He's coming over here."

Ed Meyers was waddling toward them with the quick light step of the fat man. His pink, full-jowled face was glowing. His eyes were bright as a boy's. He stopped at their table and paused for one dramatic moment.

"So, me beauty, you two were in cahoots, huh? That's the second low-down deal you've handed me. I haven't forgotten that trick you turned with Nussbaum at DeKalb. Never mind, little girl. I'll get back at you yet."

He nodded a contemptuous head in Jock's direction. "Carrying a packer?"

Emma McChesney wiped her fingers daintily on her napkin, crushed it on the table, and leaned back in her chair. "Men," she observed, wonderingly, "are the cussedest creatures. This chap occupied the same room with you last night and you don't even know his name. Funny! If two strange women had found themselves occupying the same room for a night they wouldn't have got to the kimono and back hair stage before they would know not only each other's name, but they'd have tried on each other's hats, swapped corset cover patterns, found mutual friends living in Dayton, Ohio, taught each other a new Irish crochet stitch, showed their family photographs, told how their married sister's little girl nearly died with swollen glands and divided off the mirror into two sections to paste their newly washed handkerchiefs on. Don't tell me men have a genius for friendship."

"Well, who is he?" insisted Ed Meyers. "He told me everything but his name this morning. I wish I had throttled him with a bunch of Bisons' badges last night."

"His name," smiled Emma McChesney, "is Jock McChesney. He's my one and only son, and he's put through his first little business deal this morning just to show his mother that he can be a help to his folks if he wants to. Now, Ed Meyers, if you're going to have apoplexy don't you go and have it around this table. My boy is only on the second piece of pie, and I won't have his appetite spoiled."

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Tariff in Our Times," "The American Woman," etc.

RESPECT for the Creator of this world is basic among all civilized people. The longer one lives the more thoroughly one realizes the soundness of this respect. The earth and its works *are* good. Most human conceptions are barred by strange inconsistencies. The man who praises the works of the Creator as all wise not infrequently treats His arrangement for carrying on the race as if it were unfit to be spoken of in polite society. Nowhere does the modern God-fearing man come nearer to sacrilege than in his attitude toward the divine plan for renewing life.

A strange mixture of sincerity and hypocrisy, self-flagellation and lust, aspiration and superstition, has gone into the making of this attitude. With the development of it we have nothing to do here. What does concern us is the effect of this profanity on the Business of Being a Woman.

On the Most Important Subject— Uninformed

The central fact of the woman's life—Nature's reason for her—is the child, his bearing and rearing. There is no escape from the divine order that her life must be built around this constraint, duty, or privilege, as she may please to consider it. But from the beginning to the end of life she is never permitted to treat it naturally and frankly. As a child accepting all that opens to her as a matter of course, she is steered away from it as if it were something evil. Her first essays at evasion and spying often come to her in connection with facts which are sacred and beautiful and which she is perfectly willing to accept as such if they were treated intelligently and reverently. If she could be kept from all knowledge of the procession of new life except as Nature reveals it to her there would be reason in her treatment. But this is impossible. From babyhood she breathes the atmosphere of unnat-

ural prejudices and misconceptions which envelop the fact.

Throughout her girlhood the atmosphere grows thicker. She finally faces the most perilous and beautiful of experiences with little more than the ideas which have come to her from the confidences of evil-minded servants, inquisitive and imaginative playmates, or the gossip she overhears in her mother's society. Every other matter of her life, serious and commonplace, has received careful attention, but here she has been obliged to feel her way and, worst of abominations, to feel it with an inner fear that she ought not to know or seek to know.

If there were no other reason for the modern woman's revolt against marriage, the usual attitude toward its central facts would be sufficient. The idea that celibacy for woman is "the aristocracy of the future" is soundly based if the Business of Being a Woman rests on a mystery so questionable that it cannot be frankly and truthfully explained by a girl's mother at the moment her interest and curiosity seek satisfaction. That she gets on as well as she does, results, of course, from the essential soundness of the girl's nature, the armor of modesty, right instinct, and reverence, with which she is endowed.

Unconscious of the Supreme Importance of Her Mate

The direst result of ignorance or of distorted ideas of this tremendous matter of carrying on human life is that it leaves the girl unconscious of the supreme importance of her mate. So heedlessly and ignorantly is our mating done to-day that the huge machinery of church and state and the tremendous power of public opinion combined have been insufficient to preserve to the institution of marriage anything like the stability it once had, or that it is desirable that it should have, if its full possibilities are to be realized. The immorality and in-

humanity of compelling the obviously mismatched to live together, grow on society. Divorce and separation are more and more tolerated. Yet little is done to prevent the hasty and ill-considered mating which is at the source of the trouble.

Rarely has a girl a sound and informed sense to guide her in accepting her companion. The corollary of this bad proposition is that she has no sufficient idea of the seriousness of her undertaking. She starts out as if on a life-long joyous holiday, primarily devised for her personal happiness. And what is happiness in her mind? Certainly it is not a good to be conquered—a state of mind wrested from life by tackling and mastering its varied experiences, the *end*, not the beginning of a great journey. Too often it is that of the modern Uneasy Woman—the attainment of something *outside* of herself. She visualizes it, as possessions, as ease, a “good time,” opportunities for self-culture, the exclusive devotion of the mate to her. Rarely does she understand that happiness in her undertaking depends upon the wisdom and sense with which she conquers a succession of hard places—calling for readjustment of her ideas and sacrifice of her desires. All this she must discover for herself. She is like a voyager who starts out on a great sea with no other chart than a sailor’s yarns, no other compass than curiosity.

A Young Bride’s Axioms

The budget of axioms she brings to her guidance she has picked up helter-skelter. They are the crumbs gathered from the table of the Uneasy Woman, or worse, of the pharisaical and satisfied woman, from good and bad books, from newspaper exploitations of divorce and scandal, from sly gossip with girls whose budget of marital wisdom is as higgledy-piggledy as her own.

And a pathetically trivial budget it is:

“He must *tell* her everything.” “He must always pick up what she drops.” “He must dress for dinner.” “He must remember her birthday.” That is, she begins her adventure with a set of hard-and-fast rules—and nothing in this life causes more mischief than the effort to force upon another one’s own rules!

That marriage gives the finest opportunity that life affords for practising not rules but principles, she has never been taught. Flexibility, adaptation, fair-mindedness, the habit of supplementing the weakness of the one by the strength of the other, all the fine things upon which the beauty, durability, and growth

of human relations depend—these are what decide the future of her marriage. These she misses while she insists on her rules; and ruin is often the end. Study the causes back of divorces and separations, the brutal criminal causes aside, and one finds that usually they begin in trivial things,—an irritating habit or an offensive opinion persisted in on the one side and not endured philosophically on the other; a petty selfishness indulged on the one side and not accepted humorously on the other—that is, the marriage is made or unmade by small, not great things.

Home a Real Economic Partnership

It is a lack of any serious consideration of the nature of the undertaking she is going into which permits her at the start to accept a false notion of her economic position. She consents that she is being “supported”; she consents to accept what is given her; she even consents to ask for money. Men and society at large take her at her own valuation. Loose thinking by those who seek to influence public opinion has aggravated the trouble. They start with the idea that she is a parasite—does not pay her way. “Men hunt, fish, keep the cattle or raise corn,” says a popular writer, “for women to eat the game, the fish, the meat and the corn.” The inference is that the men alone render useful service. But neither man nor woman eats of these things until the woman has prepared them. The theory that the man who raises corn does a more important piece of work than the woman who makes it into bread is absurd.

The practice of handing over the pay envelope at the end of the week to the woman, so common among laboring people, is a recognition of her equal economic function. It is a recognition that the venture of the two is common and that its success depends as much on the care and intelligence with which she spends the money as it does on the energy and steadiness with which he earns it. Whenever one or the other fails trouble begins. The failure to understand this business side of the marriage relation almost inevitably produces humiliation and irritation. So serious has the strain become because of this false start that various devices have been suggested to repair it—Mr. Wells’ “Paid Motherhood” is one; weekly wages as for a servant is another. Both notions encourage the primary mistake that the woman has not

an equal economic place with the man in the marriage.

Is Household Economy Narrowing?

Marriage is a business as well as a sentimental partnership. But a business partnership brings grave practical responsibilities, and this, under our present system, the girl is rarely trained to face. She becomes a partner in an undertaking where her function is spending. The probability is she does not know a credit from a debit, has to learn to make out a check correctly, and has no conscience about the fundamental matter of living within the allowance which can be set aside for the family expenses. When this is true of her she at once puts herself into the rank of an incompetent—she becomes an economic dependent. She has laid the foundation for becoming an Uneasy Woman.

It is common enough to hear women arguing that this close grappling with household economy is narrowing, not worthy of them. Why keeping track of the cost of eggs and butter and calculating how much your income will allow you to buy is any more narrowing than keeping track of the cost and quality of cotton or wool or iron and calculating how much a mill requires, it is hard to see. It is the same kind of a problem. Moreover, it has the added interest of being always an independent *personal* problem. Most men work under the deadening effect of impersonal routine. They do that which others have planned and for results in which they have no share.

Woman's Duty as a Consumer

But the woman argues that her task has no relation to the state. Her failure to see that relation costs this country heavily. Her concern is with retail prices. If she does her work intelligently she knows the why of every fluctuation of price in standards. She also knows whether she is receiving the proper quality and quantity; and yet so poorly have women discharged these obligations that dealers for years have been able to manipulate prices practically to please themselves, and as for quality and quantity we have the scandal of American woolen goods, of food adulteration, of false weights and measures. No one of these things could have come about in this country if woman had taken her business as a consumer with anything like the seriousness with which man takes his as a producer.

Her ignorance in handling the products of industry has helped the monopolistically inclined trust enormously. I can remember the day when the Beef Trust invaded a certain Middle Western town. The war on the old-time butchers of the village was open. "Buy of us," was the order, "or we'll fill the storage house so full that the legs of the steers will hang out of the windows and we'll give away the meat." The women of the town had a prosperous club which might have resisted the tyranny which the members all deplored, but the club was busy that winter with a study of the Greek drama! They deplored the tyranny, but they bought the cut-rate meat—the old butchers fought to a finish and the housekeepers are now paying higher prices for poorer meat and railing at the impotency of man in breaking up the Beef Trust!

If two years ago when the question of a higher duty on hosiery was before Congress any woman or club of women had come forward with carefully tabulated experiments, showing exactly the changes which have gone on of late years in the shape, color, and wearing quality of the 15-, 25-, and 50-cent stockings, the stockings of the poor, she would have rendered a genuine economic service. The women held mass-meetings and prepared petitions, instead, using on the one side the information the shopkeepers furnished, on the other that which the stocking manufacturers furnished. Agitation based upon anything but personal knowledge is not a public service. It may be easily a grave public danger. The facts needed for fixing the hosiery duty the women should have furnished, for they buy the stockings.

Up to the Woman

If the Uneasy American Woman were really fulfilling her economic functions to-day she would never allow a short pound of butter, a yard of adulterated woolen goods, to come into her home. She would never buy a ready-made garment which did not bear the label of the Consumer's League. She would recognize that she is a guardian of quality, honesty, and humanity in industry.

A persistent misconception of the nature and the possibilities of this practical side of the Business of Being a Woman runs through all present-day discussions of the changes in household economy. The woman no longer has a chance to pay her way, we are told, because it is really cheaper to buy bread than to bake it, to buy jam than to put it

up. Of course, this is a part of the vicious notion that a woman only makes an economic return by the manual labor she does. The Uneasy Woman takes up the point and complains that she has nothing to do. But this release from certain kinds of labor once necessary merely puts upon her the obligation to apply the ingenuity and imagination necessary to make her business meet the changes of an ever-changing world. Because the conditions under which a household must be run now are not what they were fifty years ago is no proof that the woman no longer has here an important field of labor. There is more to the practical side of her business than preparing food for the family! It means, for one thing, the directing of its wants. The success of a household lies largely in its power of selection. To-day selection has given way to accumulation. The family becomes too often an incorporated company for getting things—with frightful results. The woman holds the only strong strategic position from which to war on this tendency as well as on the habits of wastefulness, which are making our national life increasingly hard and ugly. She is so positioned that she can cultivate and enforce simplicity and thrift, the two habits which make most for elegance and for satisfaction in the material things of life.

Whenever a woman does master this economic side of her business in a manner worthy of its importance she establishes the most effective school for teaching thrift, quality, management, selection—all the factors in the economic problem. Such scientific household management is the rarest kind of a training school.

Home as an Educational Center

Every home is perforce a good or bad educational center. It does its work in spite of every effort to shrink or supplement it. No teacher can entirely undo what it does, be that good or bad. The natural joyous opening of a child's mind depends on its first intimate relations. These are, as a rule, with the mother. It is the mother who "takes an interest," who oftenest decides whether the new mind shall open frankly and fearlessly. How she does her work depends less upon her ability to answer questions than her effort not to discourage them; less upon her ability to lead authoritatively into great fields than her efforts to push the child ahead into those which attract him. To be responsive to his interests is the woman's greatest contribution to the child's development.

I remember a call once made on me by two little girls when our time was spent in an excited discussion of the parts of speech. They were living facts to them, as real as if their discovery had been printed that morning for the first time in the newspaper. I was interested to find who it was that had been able to keep their minds so naturally alive. I found that it came from the family habit of treating with respect whatever each child turned up. Nothing was slurred over as if it had no relation to life—not even the parts of speech! They were not asked or forced to load themselves up with baggage in which they soon discovered their parents had no interest. Everything was treated as if it had a permanent place in the scheme to which they were being introduced. It is only in some such relation that the natural bent of most children can flower, that they can come early to themselves. Where this warming, nourishing intimacy is wanting, where the child is turned over to schools to be put through the mass drill which numbers make imperative—it is impossible for the most intelligent teacher to do a great deal to help the child to his own. What the Uneasy Woman forgets is that no two children born were ever alike, and no two children who grow to manhood and womanhood will ever live the same life. The effort to make one child like another, to make him what his parents want, not what he is born to be, is one of the most cruel and wasteful in society. It is the woman's business to prevent this.

Not Too Small, but Too Great a Job

The Uneasy Woman tells you that this close attention to the child is too confining, too narrowing. "I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task," says Chesterton; "I will never pity her for its smallness." A woman never lived who did all she might have done to open the mind of her child for its great adventure. It is an exhaustless task. The woman who sees it knows she has need of all the education the college can give, all the experience and culture she can gather. She knows that the fuller her individual life, the broader her interests, the better for the child. She should be a person in his eyes. The real service of the "higher education," the freedom to take a part in whatever interests or stimulates her—lies in the fact that it fits her intellectually to be a companion worthy of a child. She should know that unless she does this thing

for him he goes forth with his mind still in swaddling clothes, with the chances that it will not be released until relentless life tears off the bands.

The progress of society depends upon getting out of men and women an increasing amount of the powers with which they are born and which bad surroundings at the start blunt or stupefy. This is what all systems of educations try to do, but the result of all systems of education depends upon the material that comes to the educator. Opening the mind of the child, that is the delicate task the state asks of the mother, and the quality of the future state depends upon the way she discharges this part of her business.

Making Democrats

I think it is historically correct to say that the reason of the sudden and revolutionary change in the education of American women, which began with the nineteenth century and continued through it, was the realization that if we were to make real democrats, we must begin with the child, and if we began with the child we must begin with the mother!

Everybody saw that unless the child learned by example and precept the great principle of liberty, equality, and fraternity, he was going to remain what by nature we all are, imperious, demanding, and self-seeking. The whole scheme must fail if his education failed. It is not too much to say that the success of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution depended, in the minds of certain early Democrats, upon the woman. The doctrines of these great instruments would be worked out according to the way she played her part. Her serious responsibility came in the fact that her work was one that nobody could take off her hands. This responsibility required a preparation entirely different from that which had been hers. She must be given education and liberty. The woman saw this, and the story of her efforts to secure both, that she might meet the requirements, is one of the noblest in history. There was no doubt then as to the value of the tasks, no question as to their being worthy national obligations. It was a question of fitting herself for them.

Her Freedom Defeating Her

But what has happened? In the process of preparing herself to discharge more adequately her task as a woman in a republic, her respect for the task has been weakened.

In this process, which we call emancipation, she has in a sense lost sight of the purpose of emancipation. Interested in acquiring new tools, she has come to believe the tools more important than the thing for which she was to use them. She has found out that with education and freedom, pursuits of all sorts are open to her, and by following these pursuits she can preserve her personal liberty, avoid the grave responsibility, the almost inevitable sorrows and anxieties which belong to family life. She can choose her friends and change them. She can travel, and gratify her tastes, satisfy her personal ambitions. The snare has been too great, the beauty and joy of free individual life have dulled the sober sense of national obligation. The result is that she is frequently failing to discharge satisfactorily some of the most imperative demands the nation makes upon her.

Take as an illustration the moral training of the child. The most essential obligation in a Woman's Business is establishing her household on a sound moral basis. If a child is anchored to basic principles it is because his home is built on them. If he understands integrity as a man, it is usually because a woman has done her work well. If she has not done it well it is probable that he will be a disturbance and a menace when he is turned over to society. To send defective steel to a gunmaker is no more fatal to making safe guns than turning out boys who are shifty and tricky is to making an effective, honest community.

Appalled by the seriousness of the task, or lured from it by the joys of liberty and education, the woman has too generally shifted it to other shoulders—shoulders which are waiting to help her work out the problem, but which can never be a substitute. She has turned over the child to the teacher, secular and religious, and fancied that he might be made a man of integrity by an elaborate system of teaching in a mass. Has this shifting of responsibility no relation to the general lowering of our commercial and political morality?

Emancipation and Political Corruption

For years we have been bombarded with evidence of an appalling indifference to the moral quality of our commercial and political transactions. It is not too much to say that the revelations of corruption in our American cities, the use of town councils, State legislatures and even of the Federal Government in the interests of private business, have dis-

credited the democratic system throughout the world. It has given more material for those of other lands who despise democracy to sneer at us than anything that has yet happened in this land. And *this has come about under the régime of the emancipated woman*. Is she in no way responsible for it? If she had kept the early ideals of the woman's part in democracy as clearly before her eyes as she has kept some of her personal wants and needs, could there have been so disastrous a condition? Would she be the Uneasy Woman she is if she had kept faith with the ideals that forced her emancipation?—if she had not substituted for them dreams of personal ambition, happiness, and freedom!

The failure to fulfill your function in the scheme under which you live always produces unrest. Content of mind is usually in proportion to the service one renders in an undertaking he believes worth while. If our Uneasy Woman could grasp the full meaning of her place in this democracy, a place so essential that democracy must be overthrown unless she rises to it—a part which man is not equipped to play and which he ought not to be asked to play, would she not cease to apologize for herself—cease to look with envy on man's occupations? Would she not rise to her part and we not have at last the "new woman" of whom we have talked so long?

("The Homeless Daughter" is the title of Miss Tarbell's next article in this series. It will appear in the April number.)

Suffrage Needed?

Learning business careers, political and industrial activities—none of these things is more than incidental in the national task of woman. Her great task is to prepare the citizen. The tools for this are in her hands. It calls for education, and the nation has provided it. It calls for freedom of movement and expression, and she has them. It calls for ability to organize, to discuss problems, to work for whatever changes are essential. She is developing this ability. It may be that it calls for the vote; I do not myself see this, but it is certain that she will have the vote as soon as not a majority—but an approximate half—not of men—but of women feel the need of it.

What she has partially at least lost sight of is that education, freedom, organization, agitation, the suffrage are but tools to an end; what she now needs is to formulate that end so nobly and clearly that the most ignorant women may understand it. The failure to do this is leading her deeper and deeper into fruitless unrest. It is breeding, too, a crop of problems which stagger the thoughtful by their difficulty and their elusiveness, and among these problems none is more serious or more delicate than that of the Homeless Daughter. It is she whom we will consider in the next paper in this series.

THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

BY SARA TEASDALE

THE lightning spun your garment for the night
 Of silver filaments with fire shot thro',
 A broidery of lamps that lit for you
 The steadfast splendor of enduring light.
 The moon drifts dimly in the heaven's height,
 With wonder watching how the earth she knew,
 That lay so long wrapped deep in dark and dew.
 Should bear upon her breast a star so white.
 The festivals of Babylon were dark,
 With flaring flambeaux that the wind blew down;
 The Saturnalia were a wild boy's lark,
 With rain-quenched torches dripping thro' the town;
 But you have found a god and filched from him
 A fire that neither wind nor rain can dim.



THE STRONGER FORCE

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELES

Author of "With Assistance"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

. . . you see such,
Fit neither for loving nor hating; weakly, good-natured and kind,
Or weakly, good-natured and vicious.—*The Trader.*

SOMEWHERE in the howling wilderness of driven sand and snow which cut like sand the freight jarred slowly to rest. When it was quite motionless, Howard Winan painfully released his hold of the frosty rods to which he clung and half crawled, half fell, from beneath the shelter of the last box car down the track embankment.

It was four or five feet to the bottom of the embankment. A welter of dislodged snow gathered around him as he went, cushioning and covering him, and for a moment he lay still in it, its icy softness a solace to the torment of his journey. The train was renewing its movement as he struggled to his feet. He shook his head at it as though it had been a voice inviting him.

"Not on the rods!" he said aloud. "I'd sooner freeze here."

Mechanically, none the less, he turned his face toward the engine and fell into step beside the line of swaying cars. Their speed increased momentarily until presently the caboose tail lights flashed past him and slid away into the white obscurity of snow.

Immediately, as they vanished, he was aware that he repented of his choice in being left behind. He even quickened his steps for an instant with a blind impulse toward overtaking. Next instant, rage at his own vacillation had struck him motionless. He stood still, forcing himself to face the storm and straining his eyes against the weight of snow it carried. Where he was he had no idea. The wind whipped and plucked at him as he stood; the snow-scourged miles along the track were as bare of shelter as of lights.

"The same old thing!" he reproached himself. "Always sorry, no matter which way I go. Always going the wrong way whenever there's a chance to choose. A good thing if I do end up here. It's fair enough—" and suddenly on the words, his arms thrust up against the leaden sky in a very passion of protest. "It's *not*-fair! I haven't had enough chance. By gracious, if I get one more, good or bad, I'll stick to it! I'll stay by the next thing—"

"Where's y'r town?" questioned a voice close beside him.

The protestant spun round confused. He

stared right and left, and made out presently in the general darkness a darker shape. Three steps took him to it, and he stood beside a man huddled close in a disreputable blanket overcoat—a squat, square-shouldered man, who tilted back his head to look the newcomer in the face and repeated his question in a tone of indignant protest.

"Well, where's y'r town? Where'd yu come from?"

"I—don't know," Winan stammered. "I don't know where I am. I was on the freight——"

"What'd yu get off for? Yu didn't jest get off?"

"I did," Winan affirmed. "I was afraid of becoming numb."

Even through the dark he was aware that his companion was glowering at him with incredulous interrogation. "Jumping catfish! 'Fraid of gettin' numb? I was under that train, an' I seen yu an' took a chance an' jumped. I thought there'd be a town—I got a mind t' crack y'r block for yu. What we goin' t' do out here?"

"Die," said Winan somberly.

The answer must have rung true, for his inquisitor started. Then, abruptly, he put his ill-nature from him like a garment. "Up against it, kid? I bet yu never rode the rods till this time."

"I never did," Winan acknowledged.

"One thing yu've learned. When yu get aboard, yu *stay*. There's places where if yu dropped off that way— Say, yu got any matches?"

"They're wet."

"Mine the same. Not a dry spot on me! We got t' hunt a culvert then. Wood won't do us no good. Don't get up there on the track, like a fool, where the wind hits yu."

"I was looking around," Winan muttered. His late self-condemnation held him humble; he followed mutely as his chance companion stumbled through the snow in the shelter of the embanked track.

The culvert was not far to seek. Between them they scraped the snow from its lee end, making an entrance just large enough for passage.

"We got to crowd," the experienced tramp admitted grudgingly. He put out powerful hands to Winan's shoulders and dragged at him to aid his entrance. "Spoon round so's y'r back's to me. We got to keep each other warm. Another thing—go to sleep an' the snow'll drift up an' smother us. Can yu see the hole, way yu lay?"

"An edge of it."

"Keep watchin', then. When it drifts up, crawl down an' open 'er up. An' we'll keep talkin' to stay awake. What name yu go by?"

"Winan," began the man questioned—and cut the syllables short with an instant sense of indiscretion.

The stranger behind him grunted. "Sure! My name's been Smith, too. Why, yu fool, what'd I want t' give yu away for? I ain't afraid to tell any man my name's Nourse. An' any man gives me away, it'll be just once he does it. I ain't askin' what yu done."

"Done!" Winan echoed. He forced himself up on one elbow in a glow of scorn and self-denunciation. "I've done nothing. That's why I'm here. I've had six positions in six months. I started west with money and gambled it and thought I'd come on on the rods and couldn't stick even to that. I'm not afraid to tell you my name,—it's Winan. But you called me my right name when you called me fool."

There was an instant of silence at the end of his confession; his voice echoed grotesquely between the walls of the culvert. Then:

"Lay down," spoke the tramp behind him in a tone of intense irritation. "Lay still, can't yu? Yu let drafts in." He was silent for a little. "If yu can't hold no job, why don't yu try the other thing? Yu can't do much without a pardner, an' I ain't got no pardner right now. Why don't yu go in along with me?"

"Along with you?" Winan doubted. Then he laughed. "I said I'd take a chance from the devil if he offered it. I will go in with you. I'll stick by you, too, till we're out of this scrape. I'll stay by the next thing I try——"

"Oh, yu'll stay by me," said the unseen. His hand fumbled forth to find the other's arm, slid from wrist to forearm, and closed upon it with the swift certainty of a vise. Surprise and pain drew from Winan a sudden cry, and the fingers relaxed.

"I could 'a' broke it if I'd wanted to. You won't quit me. I never had but one pardner quit me, an' him——"

He rambled into the story of the treachery, slow spoken, heavy with profanity. Winan, listening, drowsed at last, and at a movement behind him awakened sharply with a sense of having slept for hours. Nourse had pulled himself free and was edging toward the mouth of the culvert. Winan heard the impact of his body against the snow, then a rush of icy air chilled through the thick, tomb-smelling blackness.

"Wind's down," the tramp announced from without. "It's gettin' colder. Say, what yu call that?"

"A star," Winan answered. He dragged himself, chattering and shivering, from the humid heat of their shelter. "No, it's too low for a star. It's a light of some kind."

"It's a long way off," the tramp ruminated. "Well—we can't stick around here."

He shook himself violently for a moment, then fell into a dogged tramp through the snow.

"If yu're comin', come on," he commanded over his shoulder.

"But the track," Winan protested. "If we get away from the track, we're lost. And if the light goes out——"

"Stay then. I don't need yu."

"No, I'm coming," the younger man decided. He floundered through a drift to his companion's side. "Only, if the light does go out—or suppose they won't let us in when we get there? I wouldn't. Suppose——"

"They got to," said Nourse briefly. "They got to let us in, all right. An' once we get in——"

"Well, what's next? What then?" Winan asked.

Through the uncertain light he could see that his companion turned upon him a scrutinizing look, slackening his pace and losing for the moment his direction toward their beacon. There was something so compelling in the stare, something so intent in every line of the squat figure, that unreasoningly he grew afraid.

"Not that anybody can tell what's next," he hurried on to fill the silence. "We've got to wait and see what we find. For my part, I'm good for anything. I'm desperate. I've tried every honest thing——"

"Yu talk too much," said the tramp quietly.

There was no offense in his tone. It was the statement of a fact so obvious that anger at it would have been unprofitable. Winan accepted the rebuff with a shrug.

"Talk? Of course I do. It's the one thing I can do. You did talking enough in the culvert yourself."

"Nothin' doin' then," Nourse elucidated.

He quickened his pace and of necessity speech languished. Their way was a series of plunges, drifts alternating with wind-bared, rocky hillsides. The one tacitly accepted rule of their progress—that the light must be kept continually in view—forbade their seeking the easy path, and it was by accident that they felt beneath their feet at last the beaten ground of a traveled road. They followed it

in silence for a little, scarcely believing in their good fortune. Then with a puffing sigh the tramp relaxed his pace.

"Now let 'em put their light out. Kid, I believe yu're bringin' me luck." He stretched out a hand and touched his companion's sleeve. "I ain't never been unlucky for long. The minute I seen yu, I says, 'There's my luck.' I bet we make a big haul somehow, you an' me."

"It's the first time I've brought luck," Winan said. "Good luck, that is. I'm charged with the other kind. But what could I bring? What luck's possible in a land as bare as this?"

"How'd I know? Maybe they'll grubstake us into the next town. Maybe they'll let us lay round and eat off 'em till the storm's over. But what we need's money. Yu can't do nothin'——"

"Money!" Winan echoed with conviction. He gave suddenly the high-keyed, broken laugh of a man nervously overwrought. "I'm a fool to tell yu, but I'd tell anything to-night. I'd sell my soul for a couple of hundred right now—within this next week. That money I gambled—I'll never be called to account for it——"

"Souls ain't sellin' high," Nourse remarked with unexpected philosophy. His raucous voice took on a more genial note. "Don't yu get grouched, kid. Yu're bringin' me luck, an' I bet somethin' turns up. Say, how far's that light now?"

"As far as ever. I believe it is a star after all; a star in a gap in the hills. Then where'd your luck be? Oh I say, I beg your pardon. I don't mean to be a Job's friend. I've got so used to looking on the dark side of things——"

"It ain't no star," said the tramp, untroubled.

He had no need to defend his thesis. A long dip in the road took them out of sight of their guide, and when they came again in view it was appreciably nearer. The road, which wound along side hills, rose toward it steadily though not abruptly, but in spite of easier progress the feet of both men dragged with weariness before at last the final slope was conquered.

"No dogs," Nourse noted briefly as they topped the rise. He leaned for a moment against the frost-crustured wires of the fence, then took up his stumbling way toward the house. The road approached it from the side so that the light was hidden. They followed stupidly and, turning a corner, emerged all at once upon the keen, crystal glory of illumined snow.

The light came from an uncurtained window. It fell, a wide swath of it, across their path, lighting the night as a stage is lighted. In the very center of the stage, facing the window, a table before him, a lamp at his elbow, sat a man busy over an account book. His head was bent above his work so that his beard swept on the page; his right hand guided a pencil; in his left he held a sheaf of bills from which he sorted now and then a few to lay in an open cigar box before him.

The sight was one so unexpected—was yet one so hideously in accord with their necessities—that before it both watchers stood chained, discomforts swallowed in an unbelieving wonder. It might have been five minutes or half a minute that they stood, before the man within raised his eyes and saw them. For an instant his brows drew together in a swift frown of astonishment. Then his pencil hand pointed toward the door, and he spoke, leaning nearer to the glass. His words were lost, for at his movement Nourse had bounded to the barely outlined doorway.

"Get in before he locks it," he explained muffledly.

There was no fastening on the door. It yielded to their touch, and they stood upon the threshold, snow-covered, dazzled, at the entrance of the lighted room.

Their host had moved a little in his chair to face them. He held the cigar box in his hand, and, as they entered, he placed it in a safe which stood beside the table and pushed shut its metal front.

"Well, boys, get lost?" he questioned. Without rising, he turned his chair from the table, and they saw that his right foot and leg were in splints. "Sorry I can't get up to let you in. I've a bad leg. Come far?"

The question was addressed to both, but Winan felt on him the burden of an answer. His voice was high and shaken as he made it.

"A long way. That is—we wandered—"

He followed Nourse to the stove without trying to complete the sentence. To his guilty avidity every tone of his voice, every step across the uncarpeted floor, shrieked aloud of criminal purpose. It was with a sense of desperate effort to avert suspicion that he spoke again.

"How'd you hurt your leg? Are you all alone?" He knew the second question to be wrong as soon as it was uttered.

But the man they had surprised seemed unconscious of his slip. As his chance guests drew their chairs to the stove he sat watching them, outlined against the light, deep-

chested, massive limbed, reposeful, like a patriarch not yet grown gray. There was something patriarchal, too, in the grave benignity of his reply.

"My horse fell on me coming home from service. I ranch here, but I'm in charge of a parish, too. When you're warm, you'll find something to eat in the back room. Been herding, or are you looking for work?"

"We're going across country," Winan stammered. He looked at Nourse to see if he was committing them too far, but Nourse had no ears for conversation. He had removed his shoes and ragged socks and spread them on the stove hearth, and was busy chafing his feet. It occurred to Winan that his own feet were wet and frostily cold, but the tramp habit was new to him and a sense of outraged delicacy withheld his hands. It seemed to him, too, monstrous to attend to personal comfort in that tense air of coming crime. Though no word had been said between them, he knew, and knew that Nourse knew, that somehow they must possess themselves of that seen and hidden money, guarded only by an injured man in a seemingly empty house.

Whether the house was really empty became at once a matter of huge importance. There were two doors in the room, besides the one by which they had entered. One had been indicated as the kitchen door. At the other he stared with a curiosity almost strong enough to stir its wooden panels. Their host had turned back to his accounts. Winan, his eyes upon him, stooped softly to loosen his shoes. With exaggerated caution he slid them off; with exaggerated caution still, rose and took a step in the direction of the door—and Nourse stood before him.

"Guess we'll grub," said the tramp casually. He crossed the floor, his bare feet padding noisily, and thrust open the door upon a disordered bedroom. Holding it open, he spoke again. "Thought yu said they was a kitchen here?"

"The other door," the owner of the house directed. "You'll find matches on the shelf."

As casually as the tramp himself he laid down his pencil and turned to reach a drawer in the table—and instantly Nourse was beside him with one powerful, clumsy bound.

"Quit it!" he demanded. "Set still!"

From somewhere in his clothing he had produced a bulky pistol. He held it in his right hand while his left pried open the table drawer and extracted from it a small and shining weapon.

"Yu be blowed," he addressed his fellow wanderer. "Go sneakin' around like a



"All yu got to do's watch him," he said over his shoulder, and gave himself wholly to his task

burglar ad." He drew back a step and gestured toward the safe. "Open 'er up, Mister," he commanded.

The action had been so swift, so undramatic, that Winan had scarcely realized till the words were spoken the significance of the tableau. He came forward now—unsteadily,

his throat gone suddenly dry. The figure in the chair had not stirred since the checking of its first movement; now he saw it slowly shake its head, and instantly the voice of the tramp boomed forth.

"Open it, I say to yu! Don't yu try no monkey tricks with me! Will yu open it?"

He half turned and thrust the rusty revolver into his companion's hands, himself pocketing the rancher's weapon. "Keep 'im covered," he ordered briefly. "Now yu take a look at me! Yu think I'm goin' t' fool with yu? I give yu one minute to open that safe."

He had swung round in front of the chair as he spoke. Half crouched to bring his eyes on a level with his victim's, his bullet head and hugely muscular arms and shoulders foreshortened by the light, he was a figure so animal, so grotesquely ferocious, that Winan watched him in a daze of repulsion.

Less than a minute had elapsed when he reached out his hand and ripped a page from the open account book on the table, twisted it and thrust one end into the chimney of the lamp. Halfway between his own face and his victim's he nursed the lighted spill.

"Goin' to open that safe?"

"No," said its owner. He sat quite motionless, his hands resting on his knees, as slowly—always slowly—the flaming wisp approached his beard—approached so close that the light outer hairs stirred in the breeze of it.

"Open it!" said Winan in a shriek of horror.

He might have been miles away for all the force of his interruption. Eye to eye, the shaken flame between them, the two rested for as long as a man might draw three breaths. Then with an oath Nourse drew back his hand and let fall the charring paper.

"No good tryin' that on with *you*," he said.

It was not compliment; it was a bare acknowledgment of fact. He relaxed his crouch and drew himself up on a corner of the table.

"Now I'll give it to yu straight. Open up that safe— How much yu got in it?"

"Three hundred," said the owner.

The tramp was plainly disconcerted by the truth speaking. "Well—well, yu open up, an' we'll take what we need an' go on an' hurt nothin'. An' yu don't, an' I'll get it open anyhow, an' burn the house an' yu in it when I'm done. Yu goin' to do it?"

"No."

It seemed for the second as though the mere gust of his fury would fling the questioner forward to instant violence. It did not; it flung him only from his perch upon the table to the floor beside the safe. He tried the door to make sure that it was locked, lifted down the lamp then to examine the means of its locking.

"Look at the luck we got, kid," he exulted. "It's a combination. All yu got to do's keep

tryin'. But that don't do him no good. We'll fix him——"

He scrambled up and crossed to Winan's side. There were four posts set down the middle of the room supporting the ceiling. To one of these he drew the younger man.

"There! Yu lean up there an' watch him. Keep y'r eye on him an' y'r gun on him, an' I'll tend to the safe." In spite of his own directions he drew his companion's gaze by a sudden ecstatic movement. "Gee, the luck we got! Open up that door an' knock his lamp over an' there won't be a thing on us. He might 'a' done it himself. Now quick's I get somethin' in me t' start on——"

He padded into the kitchen, and Winan heard him striking matches and rattling among crockery. A hideous weight of responsibility settled on him with the knowledge that he was alone in the room. He leaned forward from his place and spoke—guiltily, softly.

"For God's sake, open it! He'll do what he says. He's sure to do it."

"You'll do it anyhow," said the victim. "You daren't leave me." For the first time he turned his eyes full on Winan's face. "And after, he'll do you, son. That's why he kept the good pistol. No, I'll let you work for the combination. I'd only be hurrying things up."

"We—I won't have it," said Winan desperately. "I'll protect you. I'll do my best. Oh,——"

"What's he sayin'?" asked Nourse from the doorway.

Winan turned on him a face flushed with the agony of his effort. "I was urging him to help us with the safe. I was giving him my word that if he did we'd leave him unharmed, we'd not touch him."

"I don't need none of his help," Nourse boasted. He cast a glance at his accomplice, casual yet measuring. "An' I ain't goin' to be all night about it, neither. We'll be ridin' in Pullmans to-morrow, kid, you goin' home an' me——" He seated himself on the floor before the safe. "All yu got to do's watch him," he said over his shoulder, and gave himself wholly to his task.

If he had calculated the effect of his trust, he had calculated wisely. Winan drew back with set lips. This last chance he would not shirk. This final act he would see through to its end.

He set himself resolutely to picture the beneficent results of the crime. He was safe away from the log ranch house and the interminable hills; he was seated warm in a



“Shoot, I tell you! It’s all I’m good for. I promised him I’d stick by him. And I promised myself——”

Pullman smoker, a cigar between his fingers—and all at once he cringed to the soul of him. His eyes, shifting as he thought, had met the eyes of his prisoner.

The stranger’s gaze was fixed upon him, intent, speculative. It could not be said that he smiled as their glances crossed, but his eyes lightened with a look almost of fellowship. “And next he’ll do *you*, son.” The words sounded in Winan’s ears as though they had been spoken anew. He tried to drag his gaze away, to reconstruct the vision of his prosperity, and at once he was afraid. Between that future and this present lay the parting with Nourse, the final division of the money.

“Can’t you open it?” he asked aloud to break the current of his own thoughts.

It was the rancher who answered. “Give him time. You’ll have time to get it open and finish me too, before morning. And he’ll have time——”

“Yu keep y’r tongue off o’ my business,” said Nourse suddenly, with a string of oaths to follow. “I’ve a mind to finish yu now.”

It was frightful to Winan that the outburst did not draw from him the rancher’s steady eyes; that they remained upon him, lighted still with that curious compassion, even while he answered.

“You won’t, for you daren’t work in the room here after you’ve done it. You think you can get away from murder by putting distance between you and me. But I’ve no wish to talk about your business; I’ve little enough time for my own. Since it happens I’m a religious man——” There was a pause after the words; then the voice again, deep-pitched and resonant, “‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want——’”

The surprise of it drove Winan’s free hand clenched and trembling against his throat. He knew the words by heart, had repeated them a score of times, seated, childishly restless, on the hard church bench. To hear them now filled him with an intolerable dread and wonder. It seemed to him that he should shriek, blaspheme, should shoot almost, to stop the roll of the familiar sentences. And yet he had no power in him to stop them. The voice, swelling and deepening as it went, moved steadily on, phrase knitting into phrase to make the perfect whole.

“——He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness——”

And suddenly, as he watched and listened, Winan saw that the knuckles of the speaker’s left hand, where it rested on the table, were pressing white against the skin.

His subconscious mind must have grasped instantly the tremendous significance of the fact; his conscious mind was a full minute in fitting meaning to it. The hand rested on the table's edge. By means of it the prisoner was pulling himself forward. Slowly, slowly, by fractions of space so small that they defied detection, he was inching his way upon the seated Nourse. And all the while his eyes studied Winan's quivering face and his heavy voice intoned the mighty message of the psalm.

By an effort so great that it seemed his very soul turning in his body, Winan brought himself a step forward and steadied the pistol in his numb hand. Forgotten precepts, moralities that were half superstitions, fought within him at the movement. He could not shoot; he knew that he could not. And to cry out was to insure Nourse's shooting.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil——" The ringing cadence of the words disturbed even the tramp's concentration. He twitched his shoulders impatiently.

"Shut up!" he barked out. "Yu rattle me."

There was no break in the triumphant swell of sound. Nourse leaned nearer to the safe to glimpse the figures of his last combination.

"Yu rattle me, I tell yu. Shut up——" and all at once the prisoner's right hand shot forward and his launched body after it.

The lamp was between him and his object. It crashed over and out in its fall, and through the dark came groveling sounds as of men dragging their lengths upon the bare boards of the floor. There were no words accompanying the sound—only sobbing breaths and the jar and impact of heavy bodies. To Winan, shuddering against his support, there was not a syllable to say whether robbed or robber triumphed in the conflict. In the chaos of his thoughts he could not even have told which triumph he desired. Horror confronted him on either side, and most of all a horror of himself.

"If I'd done anything! If I'd done anything!" he found himself crying and realized that he had spoken only when a second voice cut across his own.

"There's a lamp in the kitchen. Get it."

The noncombatant obeyed mechanically. He had no power to disobey, but the matches broke under his touch until it was by luck at last he kindled a flame. He raised the lighted lamp in both hands, the pistol hanging pendant from his right, and shufflingly, feet feeling before him, bore it back into the outer room.

"Set it on the shelf there," the voice commanded. "Careful, man! You'll drop it. Lay the gun beside it. I've got you covered."

"Shoot then!" said Winan.

The light removed from beneath his eyes, he could see the room. Nourse lay face downward upon the floor. His head was twisted to one side, and his face, blotched and purple and contorted, was half revealed by the lamp light. The stranger sat beside him, supported on his elbow. His free hand held the smaller pistol and pointed it toward the doorway.

And the hand was steady. That one fact, more than all the tumult of the night, struck home to Winan's brain. The hand was steady and his own hands—— He looked down at their shaken impotence, and suddenly he fell upon his knees and shielded his face in his arms.

"Shoot, I tell you! It's all I'm good for. I promised him I'd stick by him. And I promised myself——"

By a supreme effort he brought his arms down to his sides and his eyes up to meet the leveled death.

"Put me out of it. It's the kindest thing. Maybe God can make me different; I can't make myself. It doesn't matter what I say I'll do. The minute I meet a stronger force——"

But the rancher had laid his weapon beside him on the floor. He spoke commandingly.

"You'll have to get him up and see how much he's hurt. And you'll have to get me back to my chair. The boy that looks out for me will be here in the morning. You're safe now. You won't go wrong any more." His voice deepened suddenly to the cadence of the psalm. He held out his hand as if to a small child. "Try it, son. Try one more time. Don't you see you've met the stronger force? Don't you see He's brought you straight to me?"

A NEW SCIENCE AND ITS FINDINGS

Some Disconcerting Discoveries of Karl Pearson

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

“AND don't fail to see Karl Pearson,—his Eugenics Laboratory is doing great work.”

This was the last word of advice given me in Washington by Dr. Smith of the Department of Agriculture, before I started for Europe.

So I saw Professor Pearson, after much difficulty and in an inopportune time. For a man who does not wish to be seen, however, any time is inopportune; and Professor Pearson did not wish to be seen. *Les Anglais sont justes mais pas bons*,—the witty French traveler scored a bull's-eye in universal truth; and, in particular, your thoroughbred English man of science despises the ignorant meddling of newspapermen. But Professor Pearson received me and, being *juste*, answered all my questions and took me over the Galton Laboratory of National Eugenics.

It was not much of a “take,” the more's the pity. Two or three second-story rooms in the University of London in Gower Street—small, poorly lighted, and cluttered like a junk-shop. The necessary paraphernalia of the science—records, charts, books, crania, biometrical apparatus—overflowed in heaps. One wonders how a nation can be so ungrateful to its proved benefactors as to permit Professor Pearson to go on working under such discouraging and retarding conditions.

For, having had a reporter's glimpse at about all the latest European developments in science, from aeronautics, wireless, and preventive medicine to psychical research, the latest thing in hydraulic jacks and the most improved automatic street-sweeper, I assert my belief that the most important and

urgently necessary line of scientific work on earth to-day is being pursued in those wretchedly inadequate quarters in Gower Street. I believe that the greatest public service performed to-day by any man of science anywhere is being performed by Professor Karl Pearson.

I propose to show cause for this opinion presently, as soon as I have said a word about the science itself.

Eugenics is not taken seriously by most of us because it is so little understood,—so actively misapprehended, I should say. Before I saw it at work, I confess that I had passed it by without examination, as a fad; probably many others have done likewise. We are, perhaps, not to be blamed. The multitude of things pressing for one's attention is very great, and the selective process must let some good go with the bad. But the report of a novelty ought to carry at least some *prima facie* evidence of its seriousness and value; and the sensational reports of Eugenics that I had read, with their talk about “the right of the child to be well-born,” conveyed to me the impression of some kind of fanciful scheme for breeding human beings by prescription. Hence I looked no further. I hope my fellow-readers were more fortunate; but I am quite sure that most of them were not.

Eugenics is a branch of biology, organized as a science by the late Sir Francis Galton, who gave his name and the bulk of his private fortune to the Laboratory in Gower Street—the only institution of its kind as yet existing on a national scale. Eugenics is primarily an analysis of the agencies under social control that can favor-

ably or unfavorably affect the physical or mental condition of posterity. It gathers and coördinates statistics of all the influences that society brings to bear upon our descendants through us. Special work of this kind has, of course, been done in several directions. Lombroso and the "Italian school" made very close statistical researches into the prison population, and similar investigations have been made on various classes of defectives. But Eugenics deals with the normal as well as the abnormal type. It handles the biometrical statistics of families, schools, colleges, fraternal organizations, as well as those of the asylums, hospitals and penitentiaries, in order to determine and measure the socially controlled agencies that are in force.

The posterity-affecting agencies under social control are very numerous, and the scope of the science is therefore very great. Not only does it include the familiar environmental agencies like food, drink, housing, sanitation, occupations, but also the far more subtle factors of heredity that are brought out by a study of censuses, school-reports, Board of Health returns, and the like; tracing out inherited habits, aptitudes, abilities and physical characteristics, as they manifest themselves alike in the normal and abnormal subjects of investigation.

Now, to justify my high opinion of this science—and to point a needed moral—I am going to put before you a surprising story.

Of all the agencies under social control, the one most completely and obviously under the control of society is the law. Society can make, amend, suspend, or abolish its laws at pleasure. We determine our environmental conditions largely by law. In fact, familiarity with the absolute law-making power of society makes some of us unconsciously assume that statutory law is above everything—that even the laws of Nature have to vacate when the Legislature passes a statute. A brilliant writer with a turn for epigram once mentioned to me four classes among us who seemed peculiarly liable to this delusion—the impossibilist Socialists, evangelical preachers, Prohibitionists and policemen. However witty this saying will appear, or however unscrupulous, will depend, probably, upon our own relation to the philosophy of the four classes, or any one of them. I quote it merely to show a patent extreme of our faith in the unlimited potential control of all things by statutory law, and in the absolute control by society of the law-making power.

Very well, then, here is an interesting and profitable study of the basis of our faith, and

at the same time a most illuminating example of the value of the science of Eugenics. I urge it upon the attention of every reader, and, above all, upon the publicists, legislators, and social workers of the United States; because timely attention to it will save us the repetition of certain vital, and I fear irreparable, blunders that England has made; blunders that England made, moreover, by what anyone would say was the most enlightened, most humane, and most beneficent policy in her history of legislation.

Two things have been worrying England acutely for several years. First, her birth rate is low and steadily declining. She is raising the specter of race suicide. Some statisticians say that in fifteen years, at the present rate of decline, her native population will be stationary, and she must depend on immigration to keep going.

Second, her population has not the same good physical and mental quality it used to have. The South African war made some disagreeable and shocking revelations of the impairment of the fighting stock. Percentages of lunacy, degeneration, etc., seem to show an increased deterioration in the quality as well as quantity of dependable English nerve, brain, and muscle.

We will consider separately the birth rate of three representative sections of England, as follows:

I. The birth rate of Bradford, Manchester, Bolton, and Leeds. These are typical industrial towns, manufacturing centers like Lowell and Fall River. Bradford manufactures woollens, and formerly employed great numbers of women and children in the factories. The other cities are largely in textile manufacturing, and employed great quantities of female labor and child labor.

The birth-rate line of all these towns exhibits the same characteristic. It begins to fall about 1877 and declines continuously and sharply to the present time. In 1852 the wives of Bradford bore a child once in four years; now they bear a child once in ten years. The number of births per family has fallen off about one-half. Allowing a 30 per cent. child-mortality, the native population of Bradford is practically stationary at the present time.

The most unreflecting glance at the birth-rate line of Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, and Bolton, would suggest the query, *Something must have happened in England about 1877 to affect the birth rate of factory towns,—what was it?*

II. The birth rate of Cornwall, an agri-

cultural, mining, and fishing district,—largely mining. Here we see a very sharp drop in the birth rate in 1867, another about 1887, and then a rapid decline.

Again the query, *What happened about 1867 and 1887 to affect the birth rate of the mining district of Cornwall?*

III. The birth rate of York, which is chiefly a county town and trading center, with no great manufacturing interests. Here the drop begins in 1887 and the decline continues.

Once more, *Why in 1887—what happened then?*

Now let us look for an answer to these questions. We can take it as an axiom that nothing ever “happens”—happens by blind chance, that is. Something must have taken place in those years to affect the birth rate—in 1867 and 1887 for the mining districts, 1877

for the industrial towns, and 1887 again for the county towns and trading centers like York, which keep shop for a large outlying section.

Furthermore, whatever took place at these times must be something that has remained *in force*, because the birth rate has never “come back.” There is no mere wave of fluctuation. The depressing influence, whatever it was, was something continuous and cumulative. Now, what was it?

Only one social phenomenon in England

stands out to meet the conditions imposed by our question,—*the laws against child-labor.*

This is what happened, the only thing that did happen in England at those periods, which could conceivably affect the birth rate.

Let us look closer: From 1864 to 1867 we see a series of Acts of Parliament applying, among other things, to the iron, steel, and

copper industries, culminating in the Workshop Regulation Act of 1867, forbidding the employment of children under eight, and from eight to thirteen, except as “half-timers.” Readers may go back to Mrs. Burnett’s earlier stories for the economic circumstances of this Act. This group of Acts was passed between 1864 and 1867; and in 1867, *down went the birth rate in the mining districts of Cornwall.*

In 1877 we have the Compulsory Education

Act, and in 1878 an Act, too complex to be described here, raising the age of child-employment and in various ways throwing especially discouraging responsibility on the employer of child-labor. *Down went the birth rate in the factory towns*, like Bradford, Bolton, and Leeds.

In 1887 we have the Mines Act, which applied to child-labor on minerals, fire-clay, pottery-clay, etc., as well as iron and coal. The Act applied to labor in the above-ground preparation of these minerals for use, as well



KARL PEARSON
Equally distinguished as mathematician, lecturer, writer,
and organizer of statistical research

as to the actual mining. Sensitive and obediently, the birth rate of the mining region of Cornwall dropped again, and so did that of the trading towns and county centers like York.

After these, we find the Education Act of 1899 forbidding the employment of children under twelve in any way to interfere with full attendance at school. We find a Factory Act in 1891, again raising the age of child-employment, and restricting the employment of women after child-birth. *And the whole birth rate of England responded with a brisk decline.*

Let us consider this matter without sentiment. Let us survey the women and children involved in this situation as calmly as though they were pawns on a chessboard, in the effort to get a purely economic and social estimate of the effect of these Acts of Parliament.

Here is the net result. In England, at the present time, a child-bearing woman is economically non-productive. So is a child under twelve years of age. A child under sixteen has his economic productivity stringently restricted.

But so it ought to be, you say. Of course, —all these things are right, quite right. Yet at the same time it must be clear that the people whose children used to be an *economic asset*—used to contribute to the support of the family by the time they were six or eight years old—are not going to have any children if they can help it now that the economic value of their children is taken away.

I can imagine the pain and shock that a reader will experience at hearing children spoken of as an economic asset, as *goods*, brought into the world on account of their economic value to the family, kept out of it when that value is decreased or destroyed. I sympathize with the sense of outrage that the reader feels; I feel it myself, feel it keenly. But what are we to do—hide our heads in the sand? The thing simply *is so*. You may not like it, I do not; but the fact is that to a very large part of the working population of the world a child is *goods*. With these, therefore, the production of children is roughly subject to the law of supply and demand. When Parliament or Congress or a State Legislature diminishes the earning power of children—takes away their economic value, in part or in whole, by a child-labor law,—the supply of children diminishes at once. It is not only true of England but true of the United States; not only true of Bradford and Bolton, but true of Brockton and Braddock—true the world over. *Every child-labor law that puts an economic penalty on parentage—*

and every English law, and, as far as I am aware, every one of our child-labor laws as well, is so constructed—*reduces the birth rate*. And in England, the cumulative effect of the whole series of such laws has gone so far as to threaten the self-perpetuating power of England's population.

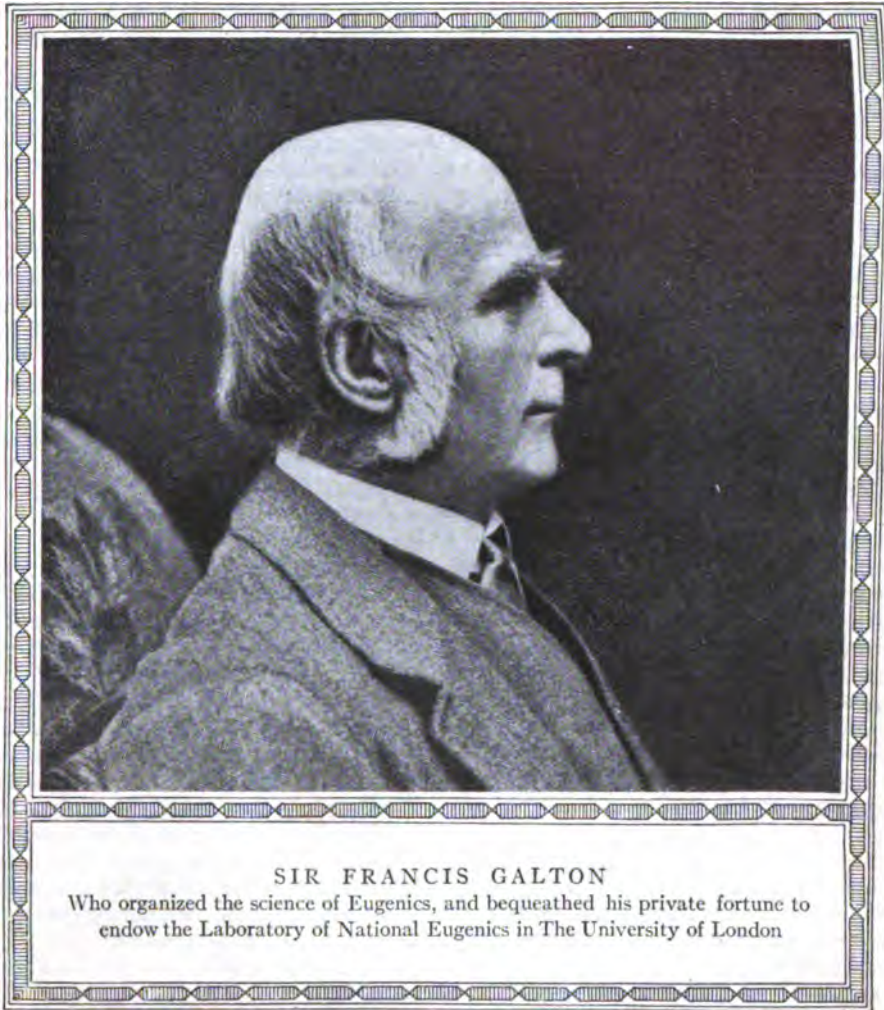
But now some one with a philosophical turn will say, Very well, it is a first-rate thing to have this salutary check put upon the indiscriminate reproduction of poor children. Poor people ought not to have any more children than they can afford to keep; and if the average Bradford family has been cut down from seven children to four or three, so much the better for Bradford and for England. If we can restrain our poor working people from raising large families, from being still further impoverished by the cost of large batches of dependent children, so much the better for us.

Just so. Matthew Arnold said this forty years ago, and I, for one, accepted it from him without question. It was his solution of the problem of the reeking misery of the East End of London. He said that it was necessary to teach the poor that for a man to have more children than he could afford to keep, not too precariously, was as culpable an extravagance as having a larger house, more horses and carriages, or more or better furniture and pictures than he could afford to pay for.

Well, the Education and Factory Acts have certainly taught this lesson. If Mr. Arnold were alive, he could see his counsel at work, and nearly everyone agreeing with him. No doubt, too, that from a strictly family standpoint, he was largely right; but from the social point of view, from the standpoint of the state, he was far wrong.

For this new statistical science of Eugenics immediately puts before us the effect of a strange natural law of primogeniture. It shows that the physical and mental condition of early members of a family—first-born and second-born—is sharply differentiated from that of later members. Where, for example, tuberculosis, insanity, criminality, albinism are found in a family, they are found to predominate tremendously in the first- and second-born over those born later.

The distribution of these disorders among the children of a family would be expected to be tolerably uniform. But, in fact, observation shows nearly twice as many cases of tuberculosis in the first-born of tuberculous families as the mathematical probability would lead us to expect. The actual observed frequency being represented by 112, the expected frequency is about 66. In the



SIR FRANCIS GALTON

Who organized the science of Eugenics, and bequeathed his private fortune to endow the Laboratory of National Eugenics in The University of London

second born, the figures stand: expected frequency, 64; actual observed frequency, 80. When we get to the third-born child, however, the relation is reversed. The expectation is 58, and the actual frequency only 40;—and all the way down the order of birth, from this point, the expected frequency is continually in excess of the observed frequency. In criminality and albinism, expected frequency is in excess of observed frequency after the second-born; but in the first-born, actual observed criminality stands at 120 as against an expectation of 56.

These records are startling. They show the great liability of the first- and second-born to the weight of a heavy social handicap, and the corresponding chance for the later-born to be exempted into normality. But the results of this law, taken in connection with an artificially reduced birth rate, are remark-

able. Clearly, if you cut off the later members of the family,—if you have two children instead of seven to a family—you are cutting into the exempt class, reducing the relative proportion of sound stock in the community, and greatly increasing the relative proportion of the tuberculous, insane, criminal, and albinotic.

The Galton Laboratory has published statistics showing that this is precisely what has taken place. Observed lunacy in Scotland has risen from 2.2 per 1,000 in 1871 to 3.5 in 1897; infant imbecility has risen from .4 in 1873 to .7 in 1895; and the proportion of pauper lunatics to total paupers from .9 in 1872 to 2.0 in 1895.

Nor is this quite all. The Laboratory also considers the relative fertility of normal and pathological stock. It has published a table showing that in a given number of families

of each kind, those of diseased stock contain about 20 per cent. more children than those of normal stock. Any gardener would thank his stars if he could make his vegetables keep up with the weeds; and in human reproduction, too, apparently the diseased, insane, and degenerate stocks contribute more to the population, relatively, than the normal.

This, then, in brief, is the history of England's difficulty with her birth rate, the reason of the deterioration of her stock. Obviously, too, it shows a state of things that will go straight from bad to worse unless the unmodified economic evil of her child-labor laws is somehow corrected.

Because *they penalize parentage, just as ours do*. I am not writing this article primarily to tell you England's troubles. I want to show how it will pay us to take heed to these statistical discoveries about the economic bearing of the Factory Acts. Child-labor is a question that is beginning to press upon us. We are framing laws to regulate it or abolish it. Well and good; so we ought. But let us not repeat the mistake of the English laws, as we are doing. Let us shape our treatment of the matter in such a way as to *avoid putting an economic penalty on parentage*. For otherwise we may be sure that in the long run we will confront consequences as serious as those which menace England now.

The printed page lies open, unresisting to any kind of criticism, just or unjust, that one may choose to put upon it. But I humbly hope no one will say, "Aha, he wants to drive the children back into the mines and mills, the child-bearing woman to the looms." I do not. I would not put a single scientific shot in the locker of the pitiful wretches who lobby against child-labor laws at Washington and elsewhere. Nor would I supply a pennyworth of moral support to their masters, those infinitely more pitiful and pitiable persons, the mill-owners and manufacturers who find it in their hearts to exploit child-labor for the sake of a dollar or two. But I wish to point out how clearly the foregoing exhibit of Eugenics shows the evil that arises when one class of men undertakes—even in the fullness of sincerity and pity—to legislate for another class, about whom they know really very little.

Lord Shaftesbury was a good and great man, a humane man, and one who worked tirelessly for the good of the oppressed working class. But, foremost and typical of those who stood behind the Factory Acts, he belonged, like my readers and myself, to the lawmaking class. And he was blind to the

economic consequences of the Factory Acts because, *to the lawmaking class children are not goods*.

No, our children, if we have any, are a luxury. We expect to keep them and pay for them. It does not occur to us, any more than it occurred to Shaftesbury or Sir James Graham, to think of children—*anybody's* children—in any other way. We do not bring our children into the world because their labor is a marketable asset; so we do not enter into the consciousness of a large class of persons who will have children if having them can be made to pay, and if not, then not.

But the class exists and exists in large numbers. Their instinct of parentage is as powerful and respectable as anyone's, but it is perforce regulated by the paramount control of poverty—the bitter poverty that forces them to market every available resource they have. Ours is not so regulated. We may be poor, but at least we can keep the infancy of our children in view as a luxury—to be paid for sometimes, it may be, scantily and hardly, but somehow to be paid for and enjoyed.

There are many men and women, however, who can not do this, though they would like to do it quite as well as we. It is by no means of free choice that the poor mother sends her child into the pit-mouth of Cornwall or Pennsylvania, or into the factories of Leeds or Lowell. She sends it there under the tireless, compelling urgency of poverty, a poverty of which our lawmaking class knows nothing, a poverty against which no sentiment or sensibility can endure.

It is for this class that we presume to legislate when we contemplate laws against child-labor. We see the children at work in the factory, we see the mother near her time of childbirth tending a loom—our humanity is outraged, our pity touched, we shudder, agitate, legislate, and drive them out.

What then? Nothing; we are through. We think we have settled the question of child-labor when we have stopped child-labor. But we have not touched the economic side of the matter at all; perhaps it has not occurred to us to think that the matter has an economic side,—one, at all events, that takes issue in such grave and far-reaching consequences as to affect the national life and character of a whole people. But what we have done, in the social and economic view, is to penalize parentage by destroying the economic value of the child. We have contributed no economic assistance to the upkeep of those families, in lieu of the productive power that we have paralyzed. We have handicapped

the parent in his competition with the childless; and the law of supply and demand attends to the rest. The family of seven or eight is supplanted by that of two or three, the strange law of primogeniture governing inherited disabilities comes in, and our population is physically, mentally, and morally impaired.

Eugenics poses the problem of child-labor thus,—to abolish the evil and inhumanity inherent in child-labor without at the same time bringing a greater evil on the state by penalizing parentage in general and good parentage, *fit* parentage, in particular.

But how can this be done? Well, that is for the lawmakers to say. Eugenics does not seek to invade the province of the Legislature. Eugenics makes suggestions and offers criticisms,—a most severe criticism, for instance, of the new plan of old-age pensions, because clearly the time when the poor parent most needs help is at the other end of his life, when his children are young and dependent. Eugenics suggests the endowment of parentage, especially fit parentage, as an offset against destroying the child's economic value. This might be effected in several ways: by differential wages, perhaps by a scheme of national insurance with provisions—a kind of bounty—for motherhood and for each child as it comes along. Best of all, probably, it might be effected by the State's power of applying differential taxation.

But Eugenics is generally content merely to put before the legislators what they have never had put before them,—information about the biological side of their immense human problem. Eugenics makes it possible for them to eliminate error, to avoid collision with the immutable laws of Nature, and then lets them express their knowledge as best they can. Eugenics tries to get the ear of the social reformer and the publicist and warn them that their philanthropic efforts may only penalize parentage, lower the birth rate, promote the reproduction of inferior beings, promote race degeneracy and, finally, race suicide.

Let me make a plea for the organization of Eugenics in this country. I have given only one little specimen of what it is able to do for our guidance and welfare, and does it not look useful? Let us divert, if necessary, a little

of the endowment that now goes so prodigally into the multiplication of electricians, lawyers, dentists, engineers, and doctors, and endow an investigation into the workings of cause and effect upon our supply of *men*.

England is showing herself inconceivably dull about this matter. Sir W. Ramsay told me that the University was appealing publicly for \$75,000 for an appropriate laboratory building, but that it might be slow work to raise it. Professor Pearson, too, was gently pessimistic about the chance of getting that amount, which seemed to me—accustomed to our liberal private endowments of scientific research—extremely small.

But if England does not know a good thing when she sees it, all the better for us to show that we do. Every school, college, jail, factory, and asylum in the United States is just so much material for a Eugenics laboratory. The amount of money necessary to organize the science is very moderate. Then all that remains is to send over a couple of our best statisticians to be trained by Professor Pearson, and let them go to work.

When we inflate ourselves with patriotic pride, it is a precious comfortable thing to be certain that we "have the goods." England's present experience, her searchings of heart, her sense of the pressure brought to bear on many of her social theories and institutions—all this is instructive. England has always had her fair share of national pride, but "Rule Britannia" seems to be slipping down into a minor key just now, in spite of all Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George can do. The science of Eugenics is on hand with a cogent reason,—too late.

England's mournful lesson is that you can not have national greatness bottomed on unsound men and women. Maybe our men and women are sound to the core. Maybe they are capable of producing sound descendants to the fortieth generation. Maybe the social agencies operating under our control are beyond improvement,—I do not intend to go beyond the limits of this article in discussing them. But with England's experience before us, there is nothing like certainty, nothing like precaution. Therefore, having seen a sample of what this science can do, let us import it and put it at work counting us up—while it is not too late.



The road to Adam's Farm . . . drenched with the powerful peace of the land, the enchanted atmosphere of silence and old age

A D A M ' S F A R M

A Story of the Road

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of "Dr. Rast," "The Nine-Tenths," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

IT was toward the close of a July afternoon that I turned in at the Old Road and found myself in a magic Nowhere.

The dust was white under my feet, and the low sun over the shoulder of the broad western hills threw long shadows from ancient elms and willows that fringed the flowery roadside. The land was deep-bosomed with meadows, orchards, and woods, and had an air of remoteness and antiquity. Sharp in the slanting light, the whole world stood against the sun, and I strode wearily through the inland pastoral country, and wondered where I would eat and sleep. . . . I was tired and empty.

The road ascended a slope and passed curving through a cool grove of pines, and then came out on what might have been Adam's Farm. I paused, drenched with the powerful peace of the land, the enchanted atmosphere of silence and old age. An apple orchard slept to the left, and to the right, in the midst of a run-wild garden and under a gigantic elm, stood a porchless ancient farmhouse, rusty and paint-peeled, its one-story and attic overrun with vines. Farther on and farther back stood a capacious weather-gray barn, with wide-open doors. And these two buildings were but the foreground of billowy slopes of meadow and pasture that rolled back to a black forest.

Standing there, leaning on my stout hickory stick, I drank it all in, in the radiance of the low light, and the warm, brooding, meadow-sweetened air. It was as if a hand soothed me. . . .

A woman was winding the well, and the water gushed. I knew she was Eve with a large family, robust, with untroubled face, and calm blue eyes. Back in the barn

entrance I saw a stalwart, bearded man pass back and forth, and out of the attached cow-shed a girl of perhaps seventeen emerged, a pail of bubbling milk in either hand. Hearing a soft singing behind me I turned and saw a little girl of about nine coming through the orchard, in shadow and shine, her lips and face stained with berries, and a basket of them over her arm.

I felt like singing myself. I stepped up to the woman.

"Good evening."

She turned, surprised, as if strangers never came that way. Or, perhaps, it was my appearance, my gray flannel shirt open at the neck, my torn and loose trousers, my close soft brown beard and heavy head of hair, my swarthy sun-burnt face, my arms bare to the elbows, and the little bundle slung over my shoulder. Besides I was covered with white dust head to foot, a tired tramp, a civilized savage.

"Good evening," she murmured, and waited. Her voice was clear and strong.

"I'm looking for a place to sleep, supper, and a day's work. I've been tramping since daybreak."

"From where?" she asked doubtfully.

"Catawampie."

My voice perhaps reassured her. She looked at me closely.

"They're just taking in the hay now . . . maybe they need an extra hand. I'll ask my husband."

The little girl of nine came running up to inspect me then. I saw she was barefoot and brown and overflowing with life.

Her mother laughed a little.

"I think you ate more than you fetched, Millie," she said.

Millie blushed, and to cover her embarrassment impulsively held out the basket to me, and we smiled at each other as I scooped a handful of blueberries.

"Thanks," I said.

"Are you the new hired man?"

"Ask you, mother."

Her mother broke in hastily:

"I suppose you want to wash up a bit."

"I do," I laughed.

She led the way to an open shed back of the kitchen, graciously filled a bowl with cold well-water, and indicated soap and towel on a rack.

"By the time you're done, Mr. Greer will be ready. Take your time."

First I drained a tin dipper of that delicious water, and then I doused head and face and dipped my arms deep. I heard the tinkle and splash of water all intertwined with the noise of crickets and innumerable insects in the grass, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, and the twitter of birds. Surely this was Adam's Farm, somewhere on the border of Paradise.

A man's step sounded in the kitchen, followed by low voices conferring—I was being considered. Then the stalwart, bearded man appeared before me.

"You want a job?" he asked.

"A day's work." I was drying my hands and face.

"You've done farm-work?"

"I have." I stretched out my arm for him and laughed. "There's flesh and blood for you, if you want it."

His honest brown eyes lit up.

"Oh," he chuckled, "I thought you were just a tramp."

"No, I work my way."

He seemed to hesitate, as if he wanted to accept me on my face value, and yet strove to be cautious.

"You see," he murmured, "our house is all full. It's a small house for a family of seven."

"Never mind," I said, "I'll sleep in the barn."

"Well," he muttered, "the fact is I need some help. There's some grass in the orchard I'll have to cut by hand. What'll I call you by?"

"Thad—Thaddeus Stevens."

"All right, Thad, come in and have some supper."

We had supper in the kitchen, eight of us at table, and Mary, the seventeen-year-old, and Alice, who was fifteen, waited upon us in the warm shadows. We had fresh vegetables and buttermilk and home-made pies, and all of us were hungry. As the graceful

sun-burnt girls rose and glided to and fro and sat again and ate, and as Mrs. Greer helped me all too liberally, and Daddy Greer and I conversed in good free voices about the prospect for rain and the apple crop, I seemed to enter into the family life, became one of them. It was all simple, unstudied, and joyous. The supper had been earned by a hard day's work, and we were all of us alone in the still and sheltered earth. Cities and mills, villages and crowded highways, all seemed equally remote. I had left the planet and come to a new world.

After supper we men folk—there was Dan, the eldest son, nineteen, and Fred, eleven—went out and sat on the kitchen stoop, and on kitchen chairs, and Dan and Daddy and I lit our pipes and smoked, while the women folk washed the dishes, singing together. The last of the twilight held a rosy flush over the orchard, but the rest of the earth was fading out under fading skies. A few belated birds twittered sweetly in the elm, a bat wove in the gray dusk, and the western flush was pricked by a single star. Honey-suckles bloomed in the doorway; I can still smell that faint perfume, mixed with the pungent tobacco smoke that rose gray and blue in the darkening air.

"Thad," said Daddy Greer, "I suppose farm-work's your specialty."

"No," I murmured. "I'm afraid if you knew what sort I am, you'd have no use for me."

"Maybe—and maybe not. What sort are you?"

"Well," I said, "I don't tell many; they wouldn't believe me. But I think you've taken my measure. I've been teacher, newspaperman, carpenter, printer—all in the city. Then the last few years I've been wandering, adventuring about the States."

The boys got closer, fascinated, and Daddy Greer began to study me again.

"What do you do that for?" asked Daddy.

"To see the world."

"Never married?"

"No."

"No folks living?"

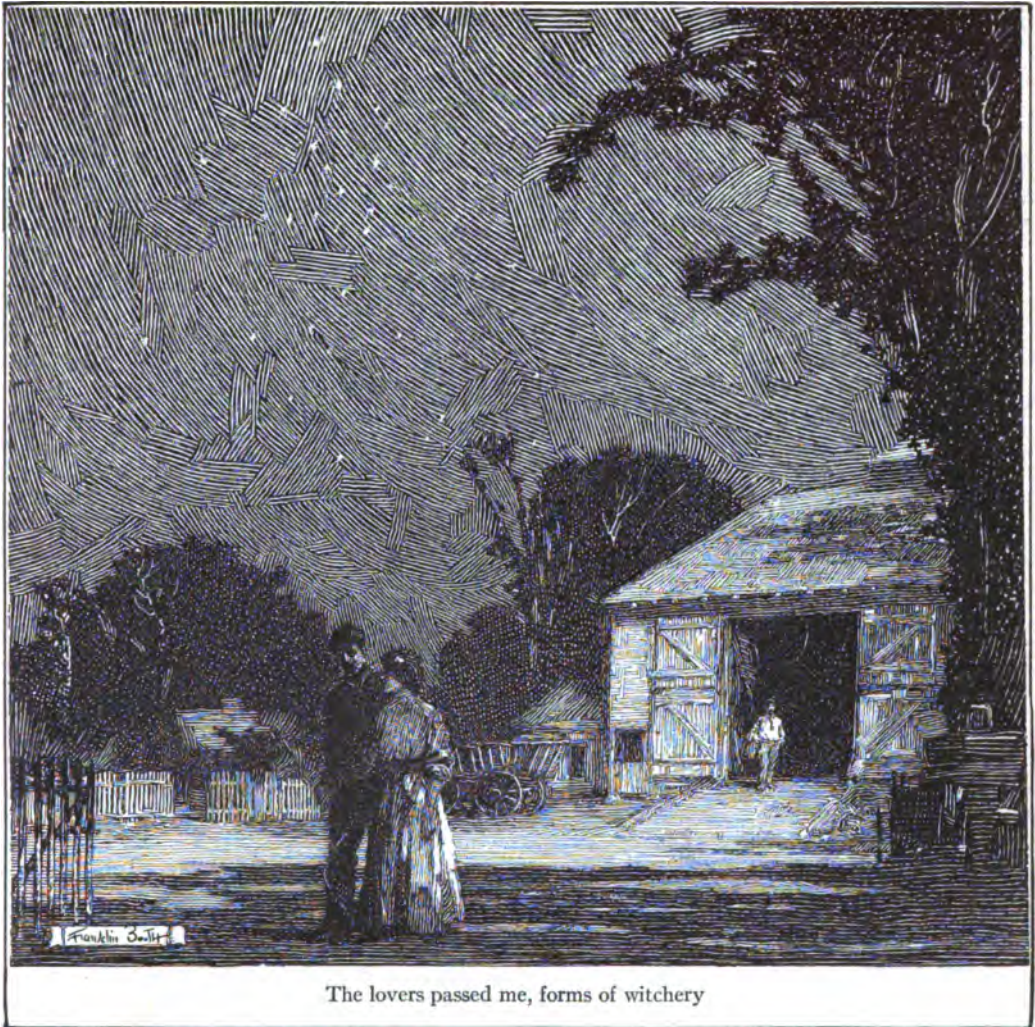
"Not a soul."

"And you've never wanted to settle down?"

"No—not yet. Not till to-night. But this," I laughed, "is a dream, and I'll wake up on a park bench in the morning."

Daddy was puzzled.

"I can understand a lad roving, but after a while a fellow wants to settle down, unless he's a sailor."



The lovers passed me, forms of witchery

"I'm a land-sailor," I laughed. "I go through the country and the cities, south in winter, north in summer, and as long as there are people about me I'm satisfied."

They must have thought me a queer specimen, for they regarded me silently. And then Mrs. Greer came out with the girls and broke up our talk. A large moon began to rise over the eastern woods and the land came out in black shadows and a silvery twilight, and the crickets shrilled all through the meadows.

I noticed that Mary was restless. She would get up, and take a few paces, and watch and listen.

Daddy Greer nudged me and whispered in my ear:

"You see Mary?"

"Yes."

"She's waiting for Phil Martin—he has to come two miles to see her."

"Oh," I murmured, and a warm thrill went through me. Suddenly under the moon the whole night trembled with romance—the love that is forever young and flaming and beautiful. I saw her troubled sweet face, framed with soft dark hair, and her slender form, quick and graceful. The magic of young girlhood was on her.

"Like her mother—twenty years ago," whispered Daddy Greer, and he bent down and kissed his wife.

I myself remembered certain summer nights, and a young girl—who wouldn't know me now if she met me. It seemed to me sitting there, pulling on my pipe, that we were deep in the beginnings of the Earth, a golden age of love and peace.

Swiftly then from the pine grove emerged a shadowy form on the road.

"That's Phil," murmured Daddy.

He came up, tall and awkward, his young face luminous and tender. He tried to remember that the rest of us were human beings.

"Evening," he said.

"How's the folks?" asked Daddy.

"First rate—though mother's got a bit of her rheumatism again."

"Is she using the liniment?" asked Mrs. Greer.

Phil laughed.

"I guess I don't know."

"Phil's a-dreaming these days," laughed Daddy.

Phil began twisting his hat in his hand, painfully embarrassed.

"Been haying?" put in Dan.

"Yes—all day."

There was an awkward silence, and then Phil spoke shyly:

"Mary . . . do you care to walk a bit?"

Her voice was faint and tremulous.

"Yes, Phil."

We laughed low to ourselves, and the lovers escaped, and we watched them in silence until they disappeared up the road. That they had whispered words and touches and glances and kisses for each other, and that they wandered up lanes in the moonlight scattering magic as they went, I do not doubt. And the honeysuckle over my head was not younger than they. . . .

We were silent for some time, and then the children played I-spy over the road, and we others talked earth and home, until finally Daddy Greer rose.

"We've had a hard day," he said, "and there's a hard day ahead. So we'd better turn in. Night was made for sleeping. Rest well, brother."

I shook his big rough hand, and went my way to the open doors of the barn. Then as I paused to drink my last of the pastoral peace, the enchanted moonlight, the star-tall sky, and the shadowy earth, the lovers passed me, forms of witchery gliding like music through the night.

They came near, saw me, and we looked at each other and understood each other and laughed.

I climbed up over the hay wagon, up the ladder, and tumbled into the soft and billowy loft. Every muscle relaxed, my head sank in the fragrance and softness, and the gift of life seemed marvelous at that moment. Moonbeams stole down through a broken

slat; I heard the cattle and horses shuffling in their stalls; I smelt the warm meadow odor of the cows and the fresh haunting fragrance of the hay; and I lay in the vast silence of the Earth, back in primeval solitude, in Adam's Farm, and slept.

When I woke the next morning the whole barn seemed to be soaked in sunshine, and I saw blue swallows darting out and back to their nests among the rafters. A twitter and liquid song of bobolinks and thrushes, a cackle of hens and lowing of cattle, a noise of the rousing summer morning swept through the fresh air, and I arose, joyous, and went down to the brook in the woods and followed it to a "deep hole" beside a jutting rock. In I dived, naked, and swam lustily in the icy water, and came out shaking myself like a dog, running with lustrous streams of wet, and basked on the rock in the sun.

We had a merry breakfast, jolly, companionable, free, and I knew I was among my own people. If they had gone to bed with any doubts about me, they arose in the morning, accepting me utterly. They saw that I was simple and friendly, and that was enough.

Daddy and I sharpened the scythes and soon we were at it rhythmically in the tall lush grass under the apple-trees. The orchard was deliciously cool, and yet as we swung our bodies from the waist up, cutting clean swaths of grass, we sweated copiously and delightedly. We steamed with health; our flesh had a pleasing smell of sunburn; and we were bathed in fragrances of flowers and grasses. At ten, Mary brought a cool jug of buttermilk; at noon the dinner horn called us home for a wash, a big meal, and a half hour stretched beneath the elm against the cool earth. Then all the afternoon we labored on, and Daddy was pleased with my labor and pleased with me. There grew—common thing among men toiling at the same job—a rich comradeship between us, and he began telling me about his family.

And I learned that Adam's Farm was a human affair, after all. There had been an older son, Jeffry, twenty-one, and one day he had gone over to Catawampie River and been drowned. That accounted for Daddy's unusual gentleness and humility. Then there had been money troubles—mortgages, bad crops, terrible winters. There was, too, a wild brother of his who had served a term in jail for theft. Right now there was the problem of the brown-tail moths, that were destroying the trees.



At ten, Mary brought a cool jug of buttermilk

All this I understood. But I understood something more. These people had lived so close to earth that they had many of the qualities of our Brown Mother—patience and strength, the undying youth of renewal, clean joy and sparkling beauty, wide horizons and rich content. I was drawn—drawn mightily.

And after supper, in the wonderful still evening, with the orchard dreaming with long shadows and the curve of meadowy earth clear green and gold, Daddy and I went arm in arm up and down the barnyard. I had just had a romp with the children, and we had laughed and tumbled in the grass.

"Thad," said Daddy, "I'll need a man all summer. Why don't you come into the family?"

"You don't know me, Daddy."

"Maybe not—maybe yes. Besides," he mused, "Mary will be leaving us soon, and there'll be a gap to fill. You could use the kitchen till fall, and then have her room."

I felt all my old life fall from me. What Daddy offered seemed the riches of the world—the ancientest gifts of all—the warmth of home with faces and voices of love, the deepening comradeship of the family, the ease and peace and security of a hearth and a bit of earth, the manly independence of toil and ownership. . . .

"Daddy, I'll think of it," I said, and could say no more. . . .

Again that night in the moon the lovers walked, and I seemed to adopt these children as my own—the father in me was stirred and sweetly roused. . . . Anyway I took Millie on my lap and felt her young arm about my bearded throat and talked to her until she fell fast asleep in my arms.

Then I carried her into the house, and kissed the sleepy child good night. . . .

"Good night, Daddy," I said.

"Good night, brother!"

I climbed into the loft, stretched out, and a turmoil began within me. I had been a homeless man for years now, a wanderer on the face of the earth, a poor moneyless tramp who had sometimes known hunger and cold and sickness. . . . And yet I had loved it all—loved the country, loved the cities. For I was unencumbered—without property, family, position, respectability, anything. I was a free man. Nothing held me. I never worried much about problems, and I had as a rule good health. It had seemed to me that I could justify a free life—that at least one man could be a knight-errant of

comradery and joy, adventuring forth among men, curious, touching life at every point. a roving democrat, sharing the broadcast activities of the people, and scattering my robust health as I went. I could be as brave as I wanted—for my death would hurt no one. No hearts would break for me. . . .

And yet—yet I had been homeless. Here and there a woman called to me to turn aside and spend the years with her, here and there a comrade bid me stay and labor. But always I had gone on, paying a penalty of heartache or sin or sickness. But not until this July night had I found the real home. They would give me love; they would evoke love in my heart. Here was peace and abiding joy; here was Earth to breathe through me power and harvest and contentment. . . .

I looked through the years ahead. I saw myself woven into these beautiful lives. I saw Mary married, and her little home and her children (I might be godfather to them). I saw Millie growing up, my special darling. I took an interest in the boys. Daddy and I were old chums.

If I stayed, of course I would never go again. . . . I might even marry. Sweet shackles would be bound about me, and the years would hold me in a splendid prison. If I once let myself grow into other lives, there could then be no cutting loose. I would be responsible; I should have to be domestic; I should enter the common life of the race; I do my job, and break hearts when I died. . . .

"Thad," I said, "it's time to settle down."

Human hands beckoned to me, voices called, eyes glowed with love of me—and the tears trickled on my cheeks. . . .

Then, turning, I happened to notice a missing bit of board in the front wall. Curiously I crawled over and looked through. I saw the road lying like a white ribbon in the moonlight. . . .

A white ribbon! It wound through strange lands and far cities. . . . I laughed; I dressed; I slung my bundle over my shoulder; I descended the ladder, and went soft-footed into the moonlight. It was the call of my Love, the World.

"No," I murmured, "I can't stop to say good-by. It would be heart-breaking."

I stepped into the road; I took one last look at Adam's Farm. And my feet went on by themselves. And I went my way, singing, under the stars and the moon, along the open road.

LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

MY FIRST TERM AS GOVERNOR AND THE PROBLEMS I HAD TO MEET

THE psychology of a certain type of machine politician is a most interesting study. It is characteristic of him to win if possible, but to *appear* to win in any event. He has a quick, almost prophetic eye for the loaded wagon. He has one rule: beat the opposition man, but if he cannot be beaten, support him. Claim credit for his victory, and at all hazards, keep in with the successful candidate. He believes that if he cannot get what he wants for himself by opposing a candidate, he may possibly succeed in getting what he wants by supporting him.

We had been beaten by the bosses in three successive campaigns in Wisconsin; those of 1894, 1896 and 1898, but when we entered the campaign of 1900, the cumulative effect of our previous work began to be strongly apparent. I announced my candidacy for Governor on May 15. Several candidates were at once brought out by the machine in various parts of the State to carry their own and near-by counties with a view to combining their strength and defeating me in the convention. I had therefore, to make a hot fight against each of these candidates in his own stronghold. County after county was carried and the evidences of victory soon began to be overwhelming.

It was then that a number of politicians who had been opposed to our cause, among them Congressman Babcock, his friend

Emanuel Phillipp, and Isaac Stephenson, now United States Senator, joined our ranks for such time as suited their purposes.

Isaac Stephenson is a man eighty-two years of age. Up to 1900 he had always cooperated with the old Wisconsin machine. Like Sawyer, he was a typical pioneer lumberman, who had acquired great wealth which he was willing to use liberally in political activities. He had never enjoyed any educational advantages, but had read a good deal, and remembered with remarkable accuracy all the details of his active life. He served six years in the House of Representatives and after he retired at the end of the fiftieth Congress, his political associates gave him frequent assurance that his desire to become United States Senator should be gratified in good time.

When the legislature of 1899 came to elect a United States Senator, Stephenson felt that the hour had come when the oft-repeated promise should be made good. He knew that a word from Sawyer and Spooner would settle the matter, but that word was not spoken. It may be that they had never intended to make Stephenson Senator. It is certain that there were others on the waiting list who wanted the senatorship and who also expected Sawyer and Spooner to help them. One of these was Congressman Babcock, a machine politician with close political connections with big business.

Now, as a matter of fact, Sawyer and Spooner did not want either Stephenson or Babcock for Senator. The man they really wanted was Henry C. Payne, but his reputation as a lobbyist and boss politician was such that they did not dare propose him openly. They supported Joseph V. Quarles as a "holding candidate." No opportunity offering for Payne they finally elected Quarles Senator. This left Stephenson and Babcock in an unpleasant frame of mind, and both in less than two years came to me with propositions to support the Progressive movement, which by that time began to look like a winning cause.

I remember distinctly the incident which preceded Babcock's alignment with us. Colonel Henry Casson, then sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives at Washington, and an old friend of Babcock's, came to me in January, 1900.

He said: "I come to you with a message from Babcock. He asks nothing from you. But he is angry with the old crowd, because they did not treat him fairly in the senatorial contest. He has such a hold upon his district that he feels he can remain in Congress without asking the favor of any outside support. But he wants to fight in your ranks as a private."

"Well," I replied, "you know what I am fighting for in this State. You know that I am standing for certain issues, and am welcoming all the help that I can get."

Another machine man who also apparently enlisted in the reform movement in that campaign was Emanuel L. Phillipp, of Milwaukee, a close friend of Babcock's. Phillipp

was born of Swiss parentage, but the name indicates Italian ancestry. Big, heavy, swarthy, adroit, self-possessed, determined, but mild and conciliatory in manner, Phillipp was an out-and-out corporation man. But in the campaign of 1900, he with others of his type professed to have reached the conclusion that there were abuses to reform and that the

railroads and other interests recognized this to be so. They were apprehensive that I was hostile to railroad corporations and would, if Governor, seek to embarrass them in every conceivable way. Mr. Babcock and Mr. Phillipp assured me that they did not share in this opinion regarding my position; and that they very much wished my true position might be made known. They suggested that Mr. Marvin Hughitt, President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company, would like to have from me directly a personal statement of my purposes. I replied

that I knew of no reason why I should shrink from stating my convictions upon any question of public interest. When I informed A. R. Hall of the proposal he opposed my seeing Mr. Hughitt on the ground that it was the purpose of these gentlemen to draw me into an interview, then cause the matter to be made public for the purpose of arousing popular prejudice. I suggested that if the President of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, or the representative of any other business interest, requested a conference for the purpose of ascertaining my position upon legislation which might affect their interests, I would agree to such an interview as a matter



EMANUEL L. PHILLIPP

A member of the Madison railroad lobby, who offered to help pass the direct primary bill, if the Governor would not press the railroad taxation bill

of course. To refuse to submit my opinions under such circumstances would tend to justify the belief that I had some ulterior design.

When the subject, therefore, was next brought up I agreed to meet Mr. Hughitt provided ex-Governor Hoard might be present.

At the appointed time, Governor Hoard,

Mr. Hughitt, Mr. Babcock and I met in the offices of Mr. Hughitt in Chicago. Mr. Hughitt began by telling us how he started in life as a telegraph messenger boy, and took up most of the time reviewing his career. It appeared that this much-desired interview was to begin and end with a recital of Mr. Hughitt's early struggles from poverty to affluence and power. But Babcock knew what the interview was for, and presently suggested that Mr. La Follette was reasonably certain to be elected Governor of Wisconsin and that Mr. Hughitt might be interested to know his attitude toward

railroad corporations. Mr. Hughitt promptly replied that he had no doubt that Mr. La Follette would be perfectly fair in his treatment of their important interests in Wisconsin. It seemed my time now to speak, and I said,

"Mr. Hughitt, I believe I shall be elected Governor and I can state in a very few words my position upon the pressing question of railroad taxation. I shall, if elected Governor, recommend, and, if given the opportunity, shall approve a bill taxing railroad companies upon the value of their property, just as other taxpayers of Wisconsin are assessed and taxed upon their property."

Mr. Hughitt answered, with a wave of the hand, which dismissed the subject, "That is perfectly satisfactory to the Northwestern," and that ended the interview.

I have never met President Hughitt since. I thought then and still think that Mr. Hughitt had been informed that my election as Governor could not be headed off; that

Babcock and Phillipp were supporting me and proposed to maintain such friendly relations as would give them a footing, if possible, and influence with the administration whenever critical situations arose affecting railroad interests.

Although these old machine leaders thus came to the support of the party ticket in 1900, it is questionable whether on the whole their alliance was not more harmful than helpful to me with the public. Their support not only gave us no additional delegates, but it put us off our guard in campaigning for a really progressive Legisla-



ISAAC STEPHENSON
Now United States Senator from Wisconsin. He was one of the old-time machine partisans who enrolled themselves in the Progressive ranks in 1900

ture—as we learned later to our cost.

Success, for a new movement, often presents quite as serious problems as defeat. Not only had we to deal with that part of the old machine element which now offered to support us with protestations of confidence, but we had also to hold back and keep together the enthusiasts in our own ranks.

As soon as my nomination in 1900 was a foregone conclusion and I began to think of what our convention platform should be and what we should try to do in our first Legislature these problems within our own ranks began to concern me. For example, one of the strongest and ablest men among us was

A. R. Hall, to whom I have already referred. He was now making a dogged fight for a railroad commission to regulate rates. Each session he would introduce a bill, make a speech upon it if possible, and see it go down to defeat. He did not expect to pass a bill, indeed his bill was not such a measure as I should have been willing to make a fight for as a law covering that subject. But it served a good purpose in keeping the matter before the legislature.

Now, I was as keen for railway regulation in Wisconsin as any one could well be. I had been deeply interested in the problem as a boy when it was the leading State issue in the Granger period, and had become a real student of the subject as a member of the House of Representatives in 1886 and 1887. It had an important place in my plans for a comprehensive State program. But as a matter of tactics, I did not consider it wise to bring it forward for immediate and serious consideration. In our campaigns we had emphasized two issues chiefly, direct primaries and railroad taxation. We had found it important to keep the field of discussion narrowed to about the subjects which could be adequately treated in a single address. We had tried to make the people masters of these two issues, and, as events proved, we had succeeded. If we now attacked the larger problem of railroad regulation, as Hall urged us to do, we should have too many issues to present clearly and thoroughly to the people in one campaign and would arouse the doubly bitter opposition of the railroads. The railroads had begun to see that some reform in taxation was inevitable, and while they would certainly resist to the end, they believed, secretly, that they could pass on any increase in their taxes to the public by increasing their rates. We might, therefore, get a taxation law, but if we proposed also to push railroad regulation at that time and assert the power of the State to fix rates, the railroads would call to their support all the throng of shippers who were then receiving rebates, and would probably defeat all our railroad measures. If we centered on railroad taxation alone, of course we should have with us, quietly if not openly, all the big shippers and manufacturers who knew perfectly well that railroad taxes should be increased and that such increases would tend to reduce the proportion which they had to pay.

I therefore took time from the campaign and arranged a meeting with Hall at Haugen's home in River Falls. I presented the case strongly to him, urging him not to offer his

resolution calling for railroad regulation at the convention. I did not want the convention to go on record against a thing we were all in favor of. We were the best of friends, Hall and I. He was a constant visitor in our home and every member of the family loved him. But he was very insistent about pushing his measure in season and out; he wanted to make a record, and he thought that the fight should be unremitting. Finally, however, he promised to withhold his resolution, and I believe we made better progress in the long run by building our structure of reform step by step.

In the convention which followed, in August, 1900, I was unanimously nominated for Governor and in November the State gave me the largest majority ever given up to that time to a gubernatorial candidate. On January 7, 1901, I took the oath of office.

Up to the time that the legislature met on January 9, I felt that we should be able to go forward steadily with the reforms for which the people of the State had declared. I even felt that the machine politicians who came to me offering their support were really convinced that the reforms we demanded were inevitable and would no longer oppose them. I was yet to learn the length to which the corporations and the machine politicians who represented them would go in their efforts to defeat our measures. They now carried out openly their plans for stealing the legislature.

When the legislature met there was a general gathering of the machine leaders at the capital. They attended my inauguration and there was no manifestation of hostile purposes. But forty-eight hours afterwards the mask was off. The newspapers on the morning of January 9 contained the startling announcement that the "Stalwart" Republicans (as the machine element of the party now for the first time called themselves) were in control of the Senate and that they proposed to fight the administration measures. This was the first intimation we had that the old leaders were secretly planning to defeat the legislation pledged in the platform. It was a great shock to us. I found it hard to believe that men elected upon issues so clearly presented would have the hardihood to turn about so quickly.

Our friends were in undisputed control of the lower house of the legislature, the Assembly, and after a hasty conference we decided to pay no attention to the sinister reports regarding the Senate, hoping that they might not be true.



LA FOLLETTE AS GOVERNOR

Taken shortly before his first election to that office, in 1901

All the Governors before me, so far as I know, had sent in their messages to the legislature to be mumbled over by a reading clerk. I knew that I could make a very much stronger impression with my recommendations if I could present my message in person to the legislature in joint session. I felt that it would invest the whole matter with a new seriousness and dignity that would not only affect the legislators themselves, but react upon the public mind. This I did: and in consequence awakened a wide interest in my recommendations throughout the State.

The predominant notes in the message were direct primaries and railroad taxation—one political and one economic reform.

The railroads at that time paid taxes in the form of a license fee upon their gross earnings. The report of the tax commission showed that while real property in Wisconsin paid 1.19 per cent. of its market value in taxes, the railroads paid only .53 per cent. of their market value (based on the average value of stocks and bonds) or less than one-half the rate paid by farmers, manufacturers, home owners and others. Upon this showing we contended that the railroads were not bearing their fair

share of the burdens of the State. The Tax Commission suggested two measures of reform. One of their bills provided for a simple increase in the license tax, the other, which I had earnestly advocated in my campaign speeches, and recommended in my message, provided for a physical valuation of the railroads and a wholly new system of taxation upon an ad valorem basis. I regarded this latter as the more scientific method of taxation. The commission stated that while they had so framed the bills as to err on the side of injustice to the people rather than to the railroads, the passage of either of them would mean an increase of taxes paid by railroads and other public service corporations of more than three-quarters of a million dollars annually.

No sooner had the taxation and direct primary bills been introduced than the lobby gathered in Madison in full force. Lobbyists had been there before, but never in such numbers or with such an organization. I never saw anything like it. The railroads, threatened with the taxation bills, and the bosses, threatened by the direct primary, evidently regarded it as the death struggle. Not only were the regular lobbyists in attendance but they made a practice during the entire winter of bringing in delegations of more or less influential men from all parts of the State, some of whom often remained two or three weeks and brought every sort of pressure to bear on the members of the legislature. The whole fight was centered upon me personally. They thought that if they could crush me, that would stop the movement. How little they understood! Even if they had succeeded in eliminating me, the movement, which is fundamental, would still have swept on! They sought to build up in the minds of the people the fear that the executive was controlling the legislative branch of the government. They deliberately organized a campaign of abuse and misrepresentation. Their stories were minutely detailed and spread about among the hotels and on railroad trains. They said that I had completely lost my head. They endeavored to give me a reputation for discourtesy and browbeating; stories were told of my shameful treatment of members, of my backing them up against the wall of the executive office, shaking my fist in their faces and warning them if they did not pass our bills, I would use all my power to crush them. In so far as anything was said in disparagement of the administration members of the legislature it was that they were sycophants who

took their orders every morning from the executive office. The newspapers, controlled by the machine interests, began to print these abusive statements and sent them broadcast. At first we took no notice of their campaign of misrepresentation, but it grew and grew until it got on the nerves of all of us. It came to be a common thing to have one after another of my friends drop in and say: "Governor, is it true that you have had a row with this fellow or that? Is it true that you ordered such and such a man out of the executive office?"

It seems incredible, as I look back upon it now, that it could be humanly possible to create such an atmosphere of distrust. We felt that we were fighting something in the dark all the while; there was nothing we could get hold of.

In spite of it all, however, we drove straight ahead. After the bills prepared by the tax commission were in, the primary election bill was drafted and redrafted and introduced by E. Ray Stevens of Madison, one of the ablest men ever in public life in Wisconsin, and now a judge of the circuit court of the State. The committee having it in charge at once began a series of open meetings and the lobby brought to Madison people from every part of the State to attend the hearings and to protest. Extended speeches were made against it, and these were promptly printed and sent broadcast throughout the State. The most preposterous arguments were advanced. They argued that the proposed law was unconstitutional because it interfered with the "right of the people to assemble"! They tried to rouse the country people by arguing that it favored the cities; they said that city people could get out more readily to primaries than country people. It did not seem to occur to them that practically every argument they made against the direct primary applied far more strongly to the old caucus and convention system.

But we fought as vigorously as they, and presently it began to appear that we might get some of our measures through. It evidently made an impression on the lobby. One night after the legislature had been in session about two months, Emanuel Phillip came to my office. He moved his chair up close to mine.

"Now, look here," he said, "you want to pass the primary election bill, don't you? I will help you put it through."

"Phillip," I said, "there is no use in you and me trying to mislead each other. I understand and you understand that the Senate is organized against both the direct



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION
At Madison, where La Follette resided while Governor

primary and taxation bills. You know that better than I do."

"Well," he said, "now look here. This railroad taxation matter—wouldn't you be willing to let that go if you could get your primary bill through? What good will it do you anyhow, to increase railroad taxation? We can meet that all right just by raising rates or changing a classification here and there. No one will know it and we can take back every cent of increased taxes in rates from the people."

"Phillipp," I said, "you have just driven in and clinched the argument for regulating your rates. And that is the next thing we are going to do. No," I said, "these pledges are straight promises."

"But," he argued, "if you can get this primary election bill through you will have done a great thing. And I will pass it for you, if you will let up on railroad taxation."

"Just how will you pass it?" I asked.

"How will I pass it?" he repeated. "How

will I pass it? Why, I'll take those fellows over to a room in the Park Hotel, close the door and stand them up against the wall. And I'll say to them, 'You vote for the primary election bill!' That's how I'll do it, and they'll vote for it, too!" [This is not all that Mr. Phillipp said—*The Editor*.] And this was Phillipp's last interview with me.

Still other and even more desperate measures were resorted to as the fight advanced. I have already spoken of the manner in which the machine had secured control of most of the newspapers of the State, but there was still one great independent newspaper in Milwaukee—*The Sentinel*. It had been controlled and edited by Horace Rublee, one of that older group of independent journalists which included such men as Joseph Medill, Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond. Rublee was temperamentally cold and dispassionate—but endowed with a keen intellect and the highest sense of honor. He treated everything from the heights. He

never hesitated to assail corruption wherever it existed, even in the Republican party. After Horace Rublee's death, *The Sentinel* continued to be a thorn in the flesh of the bosses. It attacked Payne and Pfister so sharply for the way in which they were running the politics of Milwaukee, that they finally brought libel suits against it for hundreds of thousands of dollars. The managers of the paper stood their ground and served notice that they would answer and prove their charges. Then suddenly the people of Milwaukee learned that *The Sentinel* had been sold for an immense sum to Pfister.

Thus the bosses gained control of the chief organ of public opinion in our greatest city: the people were left with no large English-speaking Republican daily to fight for their cause. The long series of abuses that arose under a city government controlled by political rings in both parties for the benefit of ringsters—that, in my view, has led to the Socialist uprising in Milwaukee.

Hardly had the news of the transfer of *The Sentinel* been made public than I was afforded strong evidence of its intentions for the future. Mr. Warren, who had been editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, when it was the organ of Charles T. Yerkes of franchise fame, was appointed editor of the *Sentinel*. And one of the first things he did was to come to Madison and call on me at the executive office.

"Governor La Follette," he said, "I suppose you are aware of the fact that Mr. Pfister is now the owner of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*."

I told him I had heard such a report.

"I suppose you know," he said, "the power of the *Sentinel* in State politics. I have come to see you by Mr. Pfister's direction, to say to you that the paper prefers to support your administration and will do so provided you change your attitude on the subject of primary elections and railroad taxation. If the *Sentinel* opposes your administration, you will be defeated and retired to private life. You are a young man. You are popular with the people. With the support of the *Sentinel* you can have a successful career."

He then went on to argue that the people were not fit to make their own nominations, which led to a considerable discussion of the direct primary. "If you will let up," he said finally, "the legislature will be taken care of."

"Mr. Warren," I said, "I have campaigned this State for direct nominations and equal taxation for several years. The convention which nominated me adopted a plat-

form specifically promising that these measures should be enacted into law. These were the two main issues upon which I was elected Governor, and I propose to go on fighting for them."

"Well," he said, "if that is your answer, the *Sentinel* will begin skinning you tomorrow."

I replied, "You may be able to prevent the passage of this legislation, and you may defeat me, but I will use all the power that the people have given me to fulfill every pledge in the platform. And you may carry that to Mr. Pfister as my answer."

Mr. Warren bowed himself out of the office, and the war on us began from that moment.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* had been a sort of political bible in the State. It went into every corner of Wisconsin. The character which Rublee had given to it made it the final authority with thousands of readers.

From that moment it became the organ of the opposition. It supported every form of privilege. The result has been that the party which it championed has lost control of Milwaukee, the boss who owned it and the bosses it so ardently supported have been wholly retired from power in Wisconsin, and the corporations back of those bosses have been firmly reined in by the laws of the State.

But for the time being the change in the *Sentinel* made our fight bitterly hard. It strengthened the opposition. The lobby became still more active. They formed clubs in Madison where members of the legislature could be drawn together in a social way and cleverly led into intimate associations with the corporation men who swarmed the capital. In one of the principal hotels a regular poker game was maintained where members who could not be reached in any other way, could win, very easily, quite large sums of money. In that way, bribes were disguised. It was, at that time, against the law to use free transportation in Wisconsin; it was against the law to furnish it; it was against the law to procure it for anybody else. And yet, all through that session of the legislature, members were receiving transportation in the form of mileage books on the State roads for themselves and for their friends. It was notorious that lewd women were an accessory to the lobby organization. Members who could not be reached in any other way were advised that they could receive good positions with railroad corporations after the legislative session was over. Even Congressman Lenroot, then fast rising to the

leadership of the Assembly, was offered one; which, of course, he did not take.

When we continued to make progress in spite of all this opposition the lobby made another move against us. It brought to bear all the great influence of the federal office-holders who were especially disturbed over the possible effect of a direct primary upon their control of the State. United States District Attorney Wheeler, an appointee of Spooner's and the United States District Attorney of the Eastern District, an appointee of Quarles, were much on the ground; so were United States Marshal Monahan and Collector of Internal Revenue Fink.

Finally, before the vote on the direct primary was taken in the Senate, Senator Spooner, who rarely came to Wisconsin while Congress was in session, appeared in Madison. He was there only a few days but he was visited by members of the Senate, and we felt his influence strongly against us.

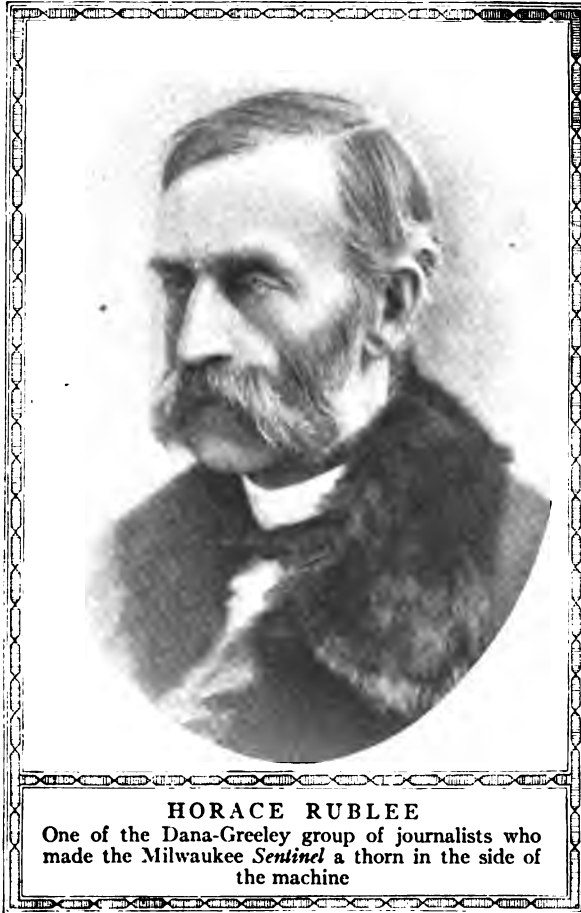
All the efforts of the lobby, combined with the opposition of the newspapers and the federal office holders, was not without its effect upon our forces. Every moment from the time the Senate convened down to the final vote on the railroad taxation bills they were weakening us, wearing us down, getting some men one way, some another, until finally before the close of the session they had not only the Senate but a majority of the Republicans in the Assembly. It was a pathetic and tragic thing to see honest men falling before these insidious forces. For

many of them it meant plain ruin from which they never afterwards recovered.

In order to make very clear the methods employed I shall here relate in detail the stories of several of the cases which came directly under my own observation. I shall withhold the real names of the Senators and Assemblymen concerned, because many of them were the victims of forces and tempta-

tions far greater than they could resist. If I could also give the names of the men really responsible for the corruption, bribery and debauchery—the men higher up, the men behind the lobbyists—I would do it without hesitation.

How did the lobby get them? Various ways. There was Senator A. He was a poor fellow from a northern district; a lawyer without much practice—rather a weak fellow. I can't remember just on what bill it was, but they got him. When he returned to his district after the session he built an expensive home, to the amazement of all



HORACE RUBLEE

One of the Dana-Greeley group of journalists who made the Milwaukee *Sentinel* a thorn in the side of the machine

his friends, and then came down to Washington to a federal position.

We depended on Senator B. He made a statement that he could be relied upon to support the direct primary bill. We figured him on our list until about the time that Spooner visited Madison and he got away. Senator C. was another man we had counted upon as one of the old reliables in the movement. He was an Irishman and a good talker and debater. They finally got him, too. I remember he came to me one night and said:

"Well, I don't know but what I'm going to

disappoint you in my vote on the direct primary bill."

I could not at first think of a word to say—it was a staggering blow.

"Why, C.," I said finally, "if you were to go over to the other side on these measures, it would seem to me like the end of everything. You couldn't do a thing like that. You have been one of the pillars of the movement."

I don't believe I tried to reason with him. It simply was not a case for argument. There was only one side to it, for he himself had been one of our ablest speakers on the stump in favor of the direct primary.

Well, he voted against us, and it is significant that a few months after the legislature adjourned he was appointed to a federal office and is, I believe, still in the service.

Another instance was that of Assemblyman D., who had been for some time quite an active supporter of the reform movement. He was a small business man and came to the legislature from a county in which I was personally very strong. When the committees were being formed, he was counted so much the friend of our measures that he was placed upon one of the most important committees.

He stood with us in the vote on direct primaries, but some little time after that Assemblyman E., who was one of our leaders in the Assembly, came into my office one morning. E. was a fine young fellow, and regarded as thoroughly reliable. He was often in the executive office and I trusted him absolutely. Upon the occasion to which I refer he said:

"Governor, I have changed my boarding place"—he had been boarding with some private family, I think—"I have moved over to the Park Hotel."

The Park Hotel was the principal hotel in Madison, and the headquarters of all the lobbyists. I was somewhat surprised and asked him why he had moved.

"Well," he said, "I propose to be where I can watch the game that these lobbyists are playing. I am satisfied that they are working on some of our weak members, and I am going right into their camp to see what they are doing."

Not long after that he came to me and said:

"How much do you know about D.? I notice him about the Park Hotel a great deal talking with lobbyists. There's something about it that I don't like."

Finally in one of his talks about D. he said: "You want to look out for D., they've got him; you will find him going back on railroad taxation."

I was disturbed about it. We were up pretty close, as I remember it, to final committee action on the bill. I therefore telephoned to one of the leading bankers in the town in which D. lived and asked him to come to Madison. This banker had been a university chum of mine,—a man of the highest standing, and a constant and loyal supporter of the Progressive movement. He came to Madison and brought with him a prominent merchant of the town, but before they could reach D., the vote had been taken, and the result was so close that it was



U. S. SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER
Who left Congress during the session and hurried to Madison to aid the lobby in its great fight on La Follette's direct primary bill

found that D. had cast the decisive vote against the bill. The banker and his friends took D. into a room in the Capitol, and had a very earnest talk with him. They told him he would never be able to make the people believe that he didn't have the money of the railroads in his pocket for his betrayal of our cause. He never got back to the legislature.

A few days later—when this same bill was before the Assembly—we were to have another and a still worse shock. I have said that we trusted E. implicitly. He was one of the most enthusiastic men we had, and being a high-spirited, energetic young fellow, he was of great assistance in our fights. Whenever we gathered a little group of the members in the executive office to talk over any critical situation in the legislature, E. was always with us. He was an active young manufacturer. He often talked with us about his business. I think he had some special machine which enabled him to make his product more cheaply than other manufacturers.

One day E. Ray Stevens came into my office and said, "Governor, I wish you would send up and ask E. to come down here. I don't just like the way he talks."

"Why," I said, "Ray, there can't be anything wrong with E."

Then I began to think that he had not been in to see me for three or four days. "Well," I said, "I will send up."

When he came through the door he did not meet me with his characteristic frankness. But I greeted him exactly as usual and said, "E., I want to have a little talk with you."

I moved my chair right up to his, placed my hands on his knees and looked him in the eye a moment before I spoke. Then I asked, "E, what's the matter?"

The tears started in his eyes and the response came at once.

"Governor, I can't help it. I've got to vote against the railroad taxation bill." After a moment he added, "I haven't slept any for two or three nights. I have walked the floor. I have thought of resigning and going home."

"Tell me all about it, E," I said.

"Well," he replied, "you know that all I have in the world I have put into that factory of mine. I have told you about how proud I was of the thing. Now," he said, "this railroad lobby tells me that if I vote for that railroad taxation bill they will ruin me in business. They can take away everything I've got. They have threatened to give my competitors advantages over me in railroad rates that will offset any advantages I have

with my new machinery. Now, I can't beggar my family. I have a wife and babies."

I said, "E., you can't do this wrong. You can't violate your conscience." I talked to him quite a bit. He got up and walked the floor. He said he would always be for our measures, but he could not risk being driven to the wall. And then he left the office.

A few minutes before the roll call on the bill, E., who sat next to Lenroot, turned to him and said, "Lenroot, in five minutes I am going to violate my oath of office." Lenroot was shocked and said, "What do you mean?" He replied: "It is a question between my honor and my bread and butter, and I propose to vote for my bread and butter." And he voted against the bill.

Assemblyman F. was nominated by a convention that was overwhelmingly for the direct primary. It adopted a platform specifically pledging the nominee to support the direct primary bill, and F., the candidate, formally accepted and agreed faithfully to carry out the instructions of the convention.

During the all-night session in the Assembly on the primary bill, F. was called from the floor into the clerk's room by a member of the Senate, who offered him five hundred dollars to vote against the bill. F. told the lobbyist that he would not dare to go back to his constituents if he voted against that bill as he had solemnly promised them when nominated to vote for it. F. said he would like to do anything the Senator wanted him to and he would like the five hundred, but he did not dare to violate his pledge. After more of this talk they left the clerk's room. The room was not lighted.

At the time there was lying on a lounge in that room Assemblyman G. who was ill, and had been brought from a sick room to attend upon this important session. He recognized F.'s voice and also the name of the Senator, which F. repeatedly used during the negotiations. Assemblyman G. reported the whole matter to Lenroot, who informed me. We agreed that here was a case that we could take into the court if G. would swear to the facts as reported to Lenroot. It was hoped that a successful prosecution might check the bribers in their raid on our legislation.

I sent for G. In Lenroot's presence he repeated the conversation between F. and the Senator, just as he had given it to Lenroot. I then called F. to the executive chamber. He admitted the conversation as detailed by G., but was slow about confirming G. as to the name of the Senator which he had used again and again in discussing the

five-hundred-dollar proposal while in the clerk's room.

Another interview was arranged, at which time he promised to tell everything. Before that interview the lobby did such effective work with both F. and G. that their memories utterly failed them as to every important detail of the whole event, and without these two witnesses there was no case.

'Such was the opposition we had to meet on all of our measures, the lobby standing together as one man against both the taxation and the direct primary bills.

It was about the middle of March, after inconceivable delays, before the direct primary bill could be finally gotten up in the Assembly for consideration, and it was then bitterly opposed.

When the debate was finally exhausted there was an all-night session so managed in a parliamentary way as to prevent a vote being taken. In the meantime lobbyists were calling members of the Assembly outside of the chamber, liquor was brought into the Capitol, and into the committee rooms. Members were made drunk and brought back in such a condition of intoxication that they had to be supported to their seats. And yet, in spite of all this, we retained the support of enough members to pass the bill.

When it reached the Senate, though the members were hostile to it, they dared not kill it outright. The sentiment in the State, they knew, was too strong. Accordingly, they pursued the usual indirect means of accomplishing the same end—by passing a substitute measure called the Hagemeister bill, which defeated the real purpose of the reform.

This substitute was indeed supported by some of our friends who were affected by the argument that it was a good thing to make a start, that "half a loaf is better than no bread," that it was necessary at any hazard to "get something on the statute books."

But in legislation *no bread* is often better than *half a loaf*. I believe it is usually better to be beaten and come right back at the next session and make a fight for a thoroughgoing law than to have written on the books a weak and indefinite statute. The gentlemen who opposed us were ingenious. Under the Hagemeister substitute they proposed to try out the direct primary principle with respect to county offices alone. Now, they knew well enough that county elections scarcely touch the real problem of party caucuses, conventions and legislation, that they involve little besides personal strife for small local offices. They expected by the application of such a

law to discredit the direct primary by bringing out a miserably small vote with a big expense charged up against it. They knew that it would take several years to try out the experiment and that by that time the Progressive group, unable to prove the excellence of their policies, would have merited the distrust of the people.

I had thought all this out years before. All through our earlier contests, we could have obtained some mild or harmless compromises and concessions. But I was clear that we should not stand for anything that did not strike at the root of the whole boss system. So I promptly vetoed the Hagemeister bill and took the severe lashing of the same newspapers which had all along been fighting the direct primary.

My attitude in this case, and in several other similar matters, has given me the reputation of being radical and extreme. And if this is radicalism then indeed I am a radical, but I call it common sense. It is simply the clear comprehension of the principle involved, and the clear conception of the utter destruction of that principle if only a part of it is applied. I have always believed that anything that was worth fighting for involved a principle, and I insist on *going far enough to establish that principle* and to give it a fair trial. I believe in going forward a step at a time, but it must be a *full step*. When I went into the primary fight, and afterwards into the railroad fight,—and it has been my settled policy ever since—I marked off a certain area in which I would not compromise, within which compromise would have done more harm to progress than waiting and fighting would have done.

The Socialists, for example, assert that the regulation of railroads, for which I have always stood firmly, will not work—that it is a compromise, and that we cannot escape governmental ownership. But I say that regulation is in itself a complete step, involving a definite and clear policy or principle. I *think* it will work, and I know it *ought to be thoroughly tested*. If it proves the correct solution of the problem, we have no further to go; if it does not, we can take the next full step with confidence that we have behind us that great body of the people who can only be convinced by events. Difficulties leading to social explosions are caused not by too lengthy or hasty strides of progress (for men in mass are essentially conservative) but by holding back and preventing the people from taking the *next full step forward* when they are ready for it.

So I vetoed the Hagemester bill, and decided to go again before the people with the whole issue. I knew the people of Wisconsin thoroughly. I knew from close contact with them what they were thinking, what they believed. I knew also that I was advocating a sound principle which no amount of abuse or misrepresentation could finally defeat. I felt sure they would support me—as indeed they did when the time came, and most loyally.

After the direct primary matter was disposed of, the railroad taxation bills took foremost place in the legislature. By this time the lobbyists had reached a good many of our men and we began to fear that we could not even control the Assembly. They held back the taxation bills and were evidently trying to smother them. I waited patiently and hopefully for the legislature to act. Weeks went by. Hearings were strung out. It was perfectly plain that it was their plan to beat the bills by delay. Every hour, in the meantime, the corroding influence of the lobby was at work. Business connections, social diversions, the poker room, entertainments of every kind, decent and otherwise, were employed, and all I could do, as I sat there day by day, watching the precious time go by, was to communicate with the legislature in one of two ways—by message, or by personal appeal to the members to redeem the promises that we had made to the people as a basis for our election. The one way was provided for in the constitution, the other was not. But I could not be stopped from making appeals to those members; I could not. It was very well known that I was the only man in the Capitol who could crowd that legislature to do its duty. That is why they attacked me chiefly. As the editor of the *Sentinel* said to me: "If only you will take your hands off, we can take care of the legislature." They argued thus to me: "You have sent in a strong message, you have made good so far as you are concerned, and the people will understand. Now quit, quit, and you can have anything you want."

But I could not see the corruption going on all around me, I could not see honest measures promised to the people beaten by wholesale bribery, without doing the utmost I could to

prevent it. About that time the legislature passed and sent up to me a bill taxing the dogs owned in the State. The humorous absurdity of such a measure at once struck me—the attempt to raise a few hundred dollars in taxes upon dogs owned by a class of people already overburdened with taxes, while the corporations of the State were paying hundreds of thousands of dollars less than their just share! I therefore made it the occasion of a message to the legislature in which I vetoed the dog tax bill and in the course of which I endeavored to outline the true principles of taxation. I also held up to view, as I had done in my veto of the Hagemester bill, the exact conditions in the Senate, showing how the lobby had corrupted the representatives of the people. Both of these messages struck home and stung, as I intended they should, and both attracted so much attention throughout the State that the legislature was forced to a consideration of the bills. After a brief fight, however, both of the railroad taxation bills were defeated.

Thus the session of 1901 closed without our having accomplished any of the important things that we had set out to do. More than this, it had enabled the lobby and the bosses, now more strongly organized than ever, to win over some of our leaders. They even secured a manifesto signed by more than half of the Republican members of both branches of the legislature criticizing me sharply, and organizing themselves into a league to fight the progressive movement.

If this had been all, however, I might have looked upon the situation more hopefully. But the strain under which I had worked for six months, the high pressure, the long hours, the anxiety—I suppose I worked more than eighteen hours a day steadily—had so impaired my health that as soon as the legislature adjourned, I broke down completely, and for practically a year afterwards I was ill, part of the time dangerously. This also was made the occasion for unremitting attack. They published stories that I was losing my mind, that I had softening of the brain—anything to discredit me with the people of the State. But there was never a moment that I was not determined that if I lived I would fight it out with them again.

Next month Senator La Follette will deal with his attitude toward woman suffrage, of his appointments of women to office, of his struggle for progressive legislation in the legislature of 1903 and of the final victory for the direct primary and railroad taxation bills; he will also tell of the beginnings of his hard fight for railroad regulation and he will develop his views on publicity in public business, and upon other important subjects.

M A R R I A G E

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt
they will live happily ever afterwards."

—From a *Private Letter*.

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:—Marjorie Pope, although she is not in love, becomes engaged to Will Magnet, a humorous writer, who is devoted to her. One day an aeroplane falls on the Popes' front lawn, and Professor Trafford, a brilliant young scientist who is making a flight, falls in love with Marjorie. A clandestine meeting is interrupted by Mr. Pope, who forces Marjorie to dismiss Trafford. This she does in a way to indicate to Trafford that she loves him, and will come to him in two months' time, when she is twenty-one. Several days later she breaks her engagement with Magnet, and one day the Popes move back to London. Marjorie telephones Trafford, and he goes to see Mr. Pope. But Mr. Pope insults Trafford; so Marjorie and he elope, taking a long wedding trip in Italy. Upon their return to London, Marjorie starts to furnish the house, but, little by little, becomes extravagant, and buys things beyond Trafford's modest means.

MRS. POPE was of course among the first to visit the new home so soon as it was open to inspection. She arrived looking very bright and neat in a new bonnet and some new black furs that suited her, bearing up bravely, but obviously in a state of dispersed and miscellaneous emotion. . . .

In many ways Marjorie's marriage had been a great relief to her mother. Particularly it had been a financial relief. Marjorie had been the most expensive child of her family, and her secession had led to increments both of Mrs. Pope's and Daphne's all too restricted allowances. Mrs. Pope had been able therefore to relapse from the orthodox Anglicanism into which poverty had driven her, and indulge for an hour weekly in the consolation of Higher Thought. These exercises in emancipated religiosity occurred at the house of Mr. Silas Root, and were greatly valued by a large circle of clients. Essentially they were orgies of vacuity, and they cost six guineas for seven hours. They did her no end of good. All through the precious weekly hour she sat with him in the silent twilight, very, very still and feeling—oh! "higher than any-

thing," and when she came out she wore an inane smile on her face and was prepared not to worry, to lie with facility, and to take the easiest way in every eventuality in an entirely satisfactory and exalted manner.

The furs and the bonnet and the previous day's treatment she had had, all helped to brace her up on Marjorie's doorstep for a complex and difficult situation, and to carry her through the first tension of her call. She knew she ought to have very strong feelings about Trafford, though it was not really clear to her what feelings she ought to have. On the whole, she was inclined to believe she was experiencing moral disapproval mixed up with a pathetic and rather hopeless appeal for the welfare of the tender life that had entrusted itself so recklessly to these brutal and discreditable hands, though indeed if she had really dared to look inside her mind her chief discovery would have been a keenly jealous appreciation of Trafford's good looks and generous temper, and a feeling of injustice as between her own lot and Marjorie's. However, going on her assumed basis she managed to be very pale, concise and tight-lipped at any mention of her son-in-law, and to put a

fervor of helpless devotion into her embraces of her daughter. She surveyed the house with a pained, constrained expression, as though she tried in vain to conceal from herself that it was all slightly improper, and even such objects as the Bokhara hanging failed to extort more than an insincere, "Oh, very nice, dear—very nice."

In the bedroom, she spoke about Mr. Pope. "He was dreadfully upset," she said. "His first thought was to come after you both with a pistol. If—if he hadn't married you—"

"But, dear Mummy, of course we meant to marry! We married right away."

"Yes, dear, of course. But if he hadn't—"

She paused, and Marjorie, with a momentary flush of indignation in her cheeks, did not urge her to conclude her explanation.

"He's wounded," said Mrs. Pope. "Some day perhaps he'll come round—you were always his favorite daughter."

"I know," said Marjorie concisely with a faint flavor of cynicism in her voice.

"I'm afraid, dear, at present—he will do nothing for you."

"I don't think Rag would like him to," said Marjorie with an unreal serenity; "ever."

"For a time I'm afraid he'll refuse to see you. He just wants to forget—Everything."

"Poor old Dad! I wish he wouldn't put himself out like this. Still, I won't bother him, Mummy, if you mean that."

Then suddenly into Mrs. Pope's unsystematic, unstable mind, started perhaps by the ring in her daughter's voice, there came a wave of affectionate feeling. That she had somehow to be hostile and unsympathetic to Marjorie, that she had to pretend that Trafford was wicked and disgusting, and not to be happy in the jolly hope and happiness of his bright little house, cut her with a keen, swift pain. She didn't know clearly why she was taking this coldly hostile attitude, or why she went on doing so, but the sense of that necessity hurt her none the less. She put out her hands upon her daughter's shoulders and whimpered: "Oh,

my dear! I do wish things weren't so difficult—so very difficult."

The whimper changed by some inner force of its own to honest sobs and tears.

Marjorie passed through a flash of amazement to a sudden understanding of her mother's case. "Poor dear Mummy," she said. "Oh! poor dear Mummy. It's a shame of us!"

She put her arms about her mother and held her for a while.

"It is a shame," said her mother in a muffled voice, trying to keep hold of this elusive thing that had somehow both wounded her and won her daughter back. But her poor grasp slipped again. "I knew you'd come to see it," she said, dabbling with her handkerchief at her eyes. "I knew you would." And then, with the habitual loyalty of years resuming its sway: "He's always been so good to you." . . .

But Mrs. Pope had something more definite to say to Marjorie, and came to it at last with a tactful off-handness. Marjorie communicated it to Trafford about an hour later on his return from the laboratory.

"I say," she said, "old Daffy's engaged to Magnet!"

She paused, and added with just the faintest trace of resentment in her voice: "She can have him, as far as I'm concerned."

"He didn't wait long," said Trafford tactlessly.

"No," said Marjorie; "he didn't wait long. . . . Of course she got him on the rebound." . . .

VI

Mrs. Pope was only a day or so ahead of a cloud of callers. The Carmel girls followed close upon her, tall figures of black fur, with costly looking muffs and a rich glitter at neck and wrist. Marjorie displayed her house, talking fluently about other things, and watching for effects. The Carmel girls ran their swift dark eyes over her appointments, glanced quickly from side to side of her rooms,



saw only too certainly that the house was narrow and small—. But did they see that it was clever? They saw at any rate that she meant it to be clever, and with true Oriental politeness said as much urgently and extravagantly. Then there were the Rambord girls and their mother, an unob-servant lot who chattered about the ice at Prince's; then Constance Graham came with a thoroughbred but very dirty aunt; and then Otiline Winchelsea with an American minor poet, who wanted a view of moun-tains from the windows at the back, and said the bathroom ought to be done in pink. Then Lady Solomonson came; an extremely expensive-looking fair lady, with an affectation of cynicism, a keen intelligence, acutely apt conversa-tion, and a queer effect of thinking of something else all the time she was talking. She missed nothing. . . .

Hardly anybody failed to appreciate the charm and decision of Mar-jorie's use of those Bo-khara embroideries.

They would have been cheap at double the price.

VII

And then our two young people went out to their first dinner-party together. They began with Trafford's rich friend Solomonson, who had played so large and so passive a part in their first meeting. He had behaved with a sort of magnanimous triumph over the marriage. He made it almost his personal affair, as though he had brought it about. "I knew there was a girl in it," he insisted, "and you told me there wasn't. O-a-ah! And you kept me in that smell of disinfectant and things—what a chap that doctor was for spilling stuff!—for six blessed days!" . . .

Marjorie achieved a dress at once simple and good with great facility by not asking the price until it was all over. (There is no half-success with dinner-dresses, either the thing is a success and inestimable, or not worth having at any price at all.) It

was blue with a thread of gold, and she had a necklace of bluish moonstones, gold-set, and her hair ceased to be copper and became golden, and her eyes unfathomable blue. She was radiant with health and happiness; no one else there had her clear freshness, and her manner was as restrained and dig-nified and ready as a proud young wife's can be. Everyone seemed to like her and respect her, and be interested in her, and Trafford kissed her flushed cheek in the hansom as they came home again and crowned her happiness.

It had been quite a large party, and really much more splendid and bril-liant than anything she had ever seen before. There had been one old gentleman with a colored button and another with a ribbon; there had been a countess with histori-cal pearls, and half a dozen others one might fairly call distinguished. The house was tremen-dous in its way, spacious, rich, glowing with lights, abounding in vistas and fine remote backgrounds. In the midst of it all she had a sudden thrill at the memory that less than a year ago she had been ignominiously dis-missed from the dinner-table by her father for a hiccuph. . . .

A few days after Aunt Plessington suddenly asked the Traffords to one of her less important but still inter-esting gatherings; not one of those that swayed the world perhaps, but one which Marjorie was given to understand achieved important subordinate wagging. Aunt Plessington had not called, she explained in her note, because of the urgent de-mands the Movement made upon her time; it was her wonderful hard breathing way never to call on anyone, and it added enormously to her reputation; none the less it appeared—though here the scrawl became illegible—she meant to shove and steer her dear niece upward at a tremendous pace. They were even asked to come a little early so that she might make Trafford's acquaint-ance.

The dress was duly admired, and then



Aunt Plessington—assuming the hearth-rug and forgetting the little matter of their career—explained quite Napoleonic and wonderful things she was going to do with her Movement, fresh principles, fresh applications, a big committee of all the “names”—they were easy to get if you didn’t bother them to do things—a new and more attractive title, “Payment in Kind,” was to give way to “Reality of Reward,” and she herself was going to have her hair bleached bright white (which would set off her eyes and color and the general geniality of appearance due to her projecting teeth), and so greatly increase her “platform efficiency.” Hubert, she said, was toiling away hard at the details of these new endeavors. He would be down in a few minutes’ time. Marjorie, she said, ought to speak at their meetings.

Presently the guests began to drop in: a vegetarian health specialist, a rising young woman factory inspector, a phrenologist who was being induced to put great talents to better use under Aunt Plessington’s influence, his dumb, obscure, but inevitable wife, a colonial bishop, a baroness with a taste rather than a capacity for intellectual society, a wealthy jam and pickle manufacturer and his wife, who had subscribed largely to the funds of the Movement and wanted to meet the lady of title, and the editor of the Movement’s organ, *Upward and On*, a young gentleman of abundant hair and cadaverous silences, whom Aunt Plessington patted on the shoulder and spoke as “one of our discoveries.” And then Uncle Hubert came down, looking ruffled and overworked, with his ready-made dress-tie—he was one of those men who can never master the art of tying a bow—very much askew. The conversation turned chiefly on the Movement; if it strayed Aunt Plessington reached out her voice after it and brought it back in a masterful manner.

Through soup and fish Marjorie occupied herself with the inflexible rigor of the young editor, who had brought her down. When she could give her attention to the general conversation she discovered her husband a little flushed and tackling her aunt with an expression of quiet determination. The phrenologist and the vegetarian health specialist were regarding him with amazement, the jam and pickle manufacturer’s wife was evidently deeply shocked. He was refusing to believe in the value of the Movement, and Aunt Plessington was manifestly losing her temper.

“I don’t see, Mrs. Plessington,” he was

saying, “that all this amounts to more than a kind of Glorious District Visiting. That is how I see it. You want to attack people in their homes—before they cry out to you. You want to compel them by this Payment in Kind of yours to do what you want them to do instead of trying to make them want to do it. Now, I think your business is to make them want to do it. You may perhaps increase the amount of milk in babies, and the amount of white-wash in cottages and slums by your methods—I don’t dispute the promise of your statistics—but you’re going to do it at a cost of human self-respect that’s out of all proportion—”

Uncle Hubert’s voice, with that thick utterance that always suggested a mouthful of plums, came booming down the table. “All these arguments,” he said, “have been answered long ago.”

“No doubt,” said Mr. Trafford with a faint asperity. “But tell me the answers.”

“It’s ridiculous,” said Aunt Plessington, “to talk of the self-respect of the kind of people—oh! the very dregs!”

“It’s just because the plant is delicate that you’ve got to handle it carefully,” said Trafford.

“Here’s Miss Grant,” said Aunt Plessington, “*she* knows the strata we are discussing. She’ll tell you they have positively *no* self-respect—none at all.”

“My people,” said Miss Grant, as if in conclusive testimony, “actually conspire with their employers to defeat me.”

“I don’t see the absence of self-respect in that,” said Trafford.

“But all their interests—”

“I’m thinking of their pride.” . . .

The discussion lasted to the end of dinner and made no headway. As soon as the ladies were in the drawing-room, Aunt Plessington, a little flushed from the conflict, turned on Marjorie and said, “I *like* your husband. He’s wrong-headed, but he’s young, and he’s certainly spirited. He *ought* to get on if he wants to. Does he do nothing but his researches?”

“He lectures in the spring term,” said Marjorie.

“Ah!” said Aunt Plessington with triumphant note, “you must alter all that. You must interest him in wider things. You must bring him out of his shell, and let him see what it is to deal with Affairs. Then he wouldn’t talk such nonsense about our work.”

Marjorie was at a momentary loss for a reply, and in the instant’s respite Aunt

Plessington turned to the jam and pickle lady and asked in a bright, encouraging note: "Well! And how's the Village Club getting on?" . . .

She had another lunge at Trafford as he took his leave. "You must come again soon," she said. "I love a good wrangle, and Hubert and I never want to talk about our Movement to any one but unbelievers. You don't know the beginning of it yet. Only I warn you." . . .

On this occasion there was no kissing in the cab. Trafford was exasperated.

"Of all the intolerable women!" he said, and was silent for a time.

"The astounding part of it is," he burst out, "that this sort of thing, this Movement and all the rest of it, does really give the quality of English public affairs. It's like a sample—dredged. The—the *cheapness* of it! Raised voices, rash assertion, sham investigations, meetings and committees and meetings, that's the stuff of it, and politicians really have to attend to it, and silly, ineffective, irritating bills really get drafted and messed about with and passed on the strength of it. Public affairs are still in the Dark Ages. Nobody now would think of getting together a scratch committee of rich old women and miscellaneous conspicuous people to design an electric tram, and jabbering and jabbering, and if any one objects"—a note of personal bitterness came into his voice—"jabbering faster; but nobody thinks it ridiculous to attempt the organization of poor people's affairs in that sort of way.

"This project of the suppression of Wages by Payment in Kind—oh! it's childish. If it wasn't, it would be outrageous and indecent. Your uncle and aunt have just a queer craving to feel powerful and influential, which they think they can best satisfy by upsetting the lives of no end of harmless poor people—the only people they dare upset—and that's about as far as they go.

"Your aunt's detestable, Marjorie."

Marjorie had never seen him so deeply affected by anything but herself. It seemed

to her he was needlessly disturbed by a trivial matter. He sulked for a space, and then broke out again.

"That confounded woman talks of my physical science," he said, "as if research were an amiable weakness, like collecting postage stamps. And it's changed human conditions more in the last ten years than all the parliamentary wire-pullers and legislators and administrative experts have done in two centuries. And for all that, there's more clerks in Whitehall than professors of physics in the whole of England." . . .

"I suppose it's the way that sort of thing gets done," said Marjorie, after an interval.

"That sort of thing doesn't get done," snapped Trafford. "All these people burble about with their movements and jobs, and lectures and stuff—and *things happen*. Like some one getting squashed to death in a crowd. Nobody did it, but anybody in

the muddle can claim to have done it—if only they've got the cheek of your Aunt Plessington."

"Here we are!" said Marjorie, a little relieved to find the hansom turning out of King's Road into their own side street. . . .

And then Marjorie wore the blue dress with great success at the Carmels'. The girls came and looked at it and admired it—it was no mere politeness. They admitted there was style about it, a quality—there was no explaining. "You're *wonderful*, Madge!" cried the younger Carmel girl.

The Carmel boy, seizing the opportunity of a momentary seclusion in a corner, ended a short but rather portentous silence with "I say, you *do* look ripping," in a voice that implied the keenest regret for the slackness of a summer that was now infinitely remote to Marjorie. It was ridiculous that the Carmel boy should have such emotions—he was six years younger than Trafford and only a year older than Marjorie, and yet she was pleased by his manifest wound. . . .

There was only one little thing at the back of her mind that alloyed her sense of happy and complete living that night, and that



was the ghost of an addition sum. At home, in her pretty bureau, a little gathering pile of bills, as yet unpaid, and an empty check-book with appealing counterfoils, awaited her attention.

CHAPTER THE SECOND—THE CHILD OF THE AGES

I

When the intellectual history of this time comes to be written, nothing I think will stand out more strikingly than the empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations that are going on and the general thought of other educated sections of the community. I do not mean that the scientific men are as a whole a class of supermen, dealing with and thinking about everything in a way altogether better than the common run of humanity, but that in their own field they think and work with an intensity, an integrity, a breadth, boldness, patience, thoroughness and faithfulness that (excepting only a few artists) puts their work out of all comparison with any other human activity. Often the field in which the work is done is very narrow, and almost universally the underlying philosophy is felt rather than apprehended. A scientific man may be large and deep-minded, deliberate and personally detached in his work and hasty, common-place and superficial in every other relation of life. Nevertheless it is true that in these particular directions the human mind has achieved a new and higher quality of attitude and gesture, a veracity, self-detachment and self-abnegating vigor of criticism that tends to spread out and must ultimately spread out to every other human affair.

The peculiar circumstances of Trafford's birth and upbringing had accentuated his natural disposition toward this new thoroughness of intellectual treatment which has always distinguished the great artist, and which to-day is also the essential quality of the scientific method. He had lived apart from any urgency to produce and compete

in the common business world; his natural curiosities, fed and encouraged by his natural gifts, had grown into a steady passion for clarity and knowledge. But with him there was no specialization. He brought out from his laboratory into the everyday affairs of the world the same skeptical restraint of judgment which is the touchstone of scientific truth.

This made him tepid and indeed rather a scornful spectator of political and social life. Party formulæ, international rivalries, social customs, and very much of the ordinary law of our state impressed him as a kind of fungoid growth out of a fundamental intellectual muddle. It all maintained itself hazardingly, changing and adapting itself, unintelligent to unseen conditions. He saw no ultimate truth in this seething welter of human efforts, no tragedy as yet in its defeats, no value in its victories. Aunt Plessington's talk of order and progress and the influence of her Movement impressed his mind very much as the cackle of some larger kind of hen—which cackles because it must. Only Aunt Plessington being human simply imagined the egg. She laid—on the plane of the ideal. When the great nonsensical issues between liberal and conservative, between socialist and individualist, between "Anglo-Saxon" and "Teuton," between the "white race" and the "yellow race" arose in Trafford's company, he would if he felt cheerful take one side or the other as chance or his amusement with his interlocutors determined, and jest and gibe at the opponent's inconsistencies; and if, on the other hand, he chanced to be irritable he would lose his temper at this "chewing of mesembryanthemum" and sulk into silence. "Chewing mesembryanthemum" was one of Trafford's favor-



ite images,—no doubt the reader knows that abundant fleshy Mediterranean weed and the weakly unpleasant wateriness of its substance. He went back to his laboratory and his proper work after such discussions with a feeling of escape, as if he shut a door upon a dirty and undisciplined market-place crowded with mental defectives. Yet even before he met

and married Marjorie, there was a queer little undertow of thought in his mind which insisted that this business could not end with door-slaming, that he didn't altogether leave the social confusion outside his panels when he stood alone before his apparatus, and that sooner or later that babble of voices would force his defences and overcome his disdain.

His particular work upon the intimate constitution of matter had broadened very rapidly in his hands. The drift of his work had been to identify all colloids as liquid solutions of variable degrees of viscosity, and to treat crystalline bodies as the only solids. He had dealt with oscillating processes in colloid bodies with especial reference to living matter. He had passed from a study of the melting and toughening of glass to the molecular structure of a number of elastic bodies, and so, by a characteristic leap into botanical physiology, to the states of resinous and gummy substances at the moment of secretion. He worked at first upon a false start, and then resumed to discover a growing illumination. He found himself in the presence of phenomena that seemed to him to lie near the still undiscovered threshold to the secret processes of living protoplasm. He was, as it were, breaking into biology by way of molecular physics. He spent many long nights of deep excitement, calculating and arranging the development of these seductive intimations. It was this work which his marriage had interrupted, and to which he was now returning.

He was surprised to find how difficult it was to take it up again. He had been only two months away from it, and yet already it had not a little of the feeling of a relic taken from a drawer. Something had faded. It was at first as if a film had come over his eyes, so that he could no longer see these things clearly and subtly and closely. His senses, his emotions, had been living in

a stirring and vivid illumination. Now in this cool quietude bright clouds of colored memory-stuff swam distractingly before his eyes. Phantom kisses on his lips, the memory of touches and the echoing vibrations of an adorable voice, the thought of a gay delightful fireside and the fresh recollection of a companion intensely felt beside him, effaced the delicate profundities of this dim place. Durgan hovered about him, helpful

and a mute reproach. Trafford had to force his attention daily for the better part of two weeks before he had fully recovered the fine enchanting interest of that suspended work.

II

At last one day he had the happiness of possession again. He had exactly the sensation one gets when some hitherto intractable piece of machine one is putting together clicks neatly and beyond all hop-

ing into its place. He found himself working in the old style, with the hours slipping by disregarded. He sent out Durgan to get him tobacco and tea and smoked salmon sandwiches, and he stayed in the laboratory all night. He went home about half-past five and found a white-faced, red-eyed Marjorie still dressed, wrapped in a traveling-rug, and crumpled and asleep in his study arm-chair beside the gray ashes of an extinct fire.

In the instant before she awoke he could see what a fragile and pitiful being a healthy and happy young wife can appear. Her pose revealed an unsuspected slender weakness of body, her face something infantile and wistful he had still to reckon with. She awoke with a start and stared at him for a moment, and at the room about her. "Oh, where have you been?" she asked almost querulously. "Where *have* you been?"

"But, my dear," he said, as one might speak to a child, "why aren't you in bed? It's just dawn."

"Oh," she said, "I waited and I waited. It seemed you *must* come. I read a book,



and then I fell asleep." And then with a sob of feeble self-pity, "And here I am!" She rubbed the back of her hand into one eye and shivered. "I'm cold," she said, "and I want some tea."

"Let's make some," said Trafford.

"It's been horrible waiting," said Marjorie without moving; "horrible! Where have you been?"

"I've been working. I got excited by my work. I've been at the laboratory. I've had the best spell of work I've ever had since our marriage."

"But I have been up all night!" she cried, with her face and voice softening to tears. "How could you? How could you?"

He was surprised by her weeping. He was still more surprised by the self-abandonment that allowed her to continue. "I've been working," he repeated, and then looked about with a man's helplessness for the tea apparatus. One must have hot water and a teapot and a kettle; he would find those in the kitchen. He strolled thoughtfully out of the room, thinking out the further details of tea-making all mixed up with amazement at Marjorie, while she sat wiping her eyes with a crumpled pocket-handkerchief. Presently she followed

him down with the rug about her like a shawl, and stood watching him as he lit the fire of wood and paper among the ashes in the kitchen fire-place. "It's been dreadful," she said, not offering to help.

"You see," he said, on his knees, "I'd really got hold of my work at last."

"But you should have sent——"

"I was thinking of my work. I clean forgot."

"Forgot?"

"Absolutely."

"Forgot—me!"

"Of course," said Trafford, with a slightly puzzled air, "you don't see it as I do."

The kettle engaged him for a time.

Then he threw out a suggestion. "We'll have to have a telephone."

"I couldn't imagine where you were. I thought of all sorts of things. I almost came round—but I was so horribly afraid I mightn't find you."

He renewed his suggestion of a telephone. "So that if I really want you——" said Marjorie. "Or if I just want to feel you're there."

"Yes," said Trafford slowly, jabbing a piece of fire-wood into the glow; but it was chiefly present in his mind that much of that elaborate experimenting of his wasn't at all a thing to be cut athwart by the exasperating gusts of a telephone bell clamoring for attention. Hitherto the laboratory telephone had been in the habit of disconnecting itself early in the afternoon.

And yet after all it was this instrument, the same twisted wire and little quivering tympanum, that had brought back Marjorie into his life.

III

And now Trafford fell into great perplexity of mind. His banker had called his attention to the fact that his account was overdrawn to the extent of three hundred and thirteen pounds, and he had been under that vague sort of impression one always has about one's current account that he was a hundred and fifty or so to the good. His first impression was that those hitherto infallible beings, those unseen gnomes

of the pass-book whose lucid figures, neat tickings, and unrelenting additions constituted banks to his imagination, must have made a mistake; his second that some one had tampered with a check. His third thought pointed to Marjorie and the easy circumstances of his home. For a fortnight now she had been obviously ailing, oddly irritable; he did not understand the change in her, but it sufficed to prevent his taking the thing to her at once and going into it with her as he would have done earlier. Instead he had sent for his pass-book, and in the presence of its neat columns realized for the first time the meaning of Marjorie's "three hundred pounds." Including half-a-dozen checks to Oxford tradesmen for her old debts, she had spent, he discovered, nearly seven hundred and fifty.

He sat before the little bundle of crumpled strips of pink and white, perforated, purple stamped and effaced, in a state of extreme



astonishment. It was no small factor in his amazement to note how very carelessly some of those checks of Marjorie's had been written. Several she had not even crossed. The effect of it all was that she'd just spent his money—freely—with an utter disregard of the consequences.

Up to that moment it had never occurred to Trafford that anybody one really cared for could be anything but punctilious about money. Now here, with an arithmetical exactitude of demonstration, he perceived that Marjorie wasn't.

It was so tremendous a discovery for him, so disconcerting and startling, that he didn't for two days say a word to her about it. He couldn't think of a word to say. He felt that even to put these facts before her amounted to an accusation of disloyalty and selfishness that he hadn't the courage to make. The chief excuse he could find for her was that she was inexperienced—absolutely inexperienced.

Even now, of course, she was drawing fresh checks. . . .

He would have to pull himself together, and go into the whole thing—for all its infinite disagreeableness—with her. . . .

But it was Marjorie who broached the subject.

He had found work at the laboratory unsatisfactory, and after luncheon at his club he had come home and gone to his study in order to think out the discussion he contemplated with her. She came into him as he sat at his desk. "Busy?" she said. "Not very," he answered, and she came up to him, kissed his head, and stood beside him with her hand on his shoulder.

"Passbook?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I've been overrunning."

"No end."

The matter was opened. What would she say?

She bent to his ear and whispered. "I'm going to overrun some more."

His voice was resentful. "You *can't*,"

he said compactly without looking at her.

"You've spent—enough."

"There's—things."

"What things?"

Her answer took some time in coming. "We'll have to give a wedding present to Daffy. . . . I shall want—some more furniture."

Well, he had to go into it now. "—I don't think you can have it," he said, and then, as she remained silent, "Marjorie, do you know how much money I've got?"

"Six thousand."

"I *had*. But we've spent nearly a thousand pounds. Yes—one thousand pounds—over and above income. We meant to spend four hundred. And now we've got—hardly anything over five."

"Five thousand," said Marjorie.

"Five thousand."

"And there's your salary."

"Yes, but at this pace—"

"Dear," said Marjorie, and her hands came about his neck,

"dear—there's something—"

She broke off. An unfamiliar quality in her voice struck into him. He turned his head to see her face, rose to his feet, staring at her.

This remarkable young woman had become soft and wonderful as April hills across which clouds are sweeping. Her face was as he had never seen it before; her eyes bright with tears.

"Oh! don't let's spoil things by thinking of money," she said. "I've got something—" Her voice fell to a whisper. "Don't let's spoil things by thinking of money. . . . It's too good, dear, to be true. It's too good to be true. It makes everything perfect. . . . We'll have to furnish that little room. I didn't dare to hope it—somehow. I've been so excited and afraid. But we've got to furnish that little room there—that empty little room upstairs, dear, that we left over. . . . Oh my dear! my dear!"

IV

The world of Trafford and Marjorie was filled and transfigured by the advent of their child.



For two days of abundant silences he had been preparing a statement of his case for her, he had been full of the danger to his research and all the waste of his life that her extravagance threatened. He wanted to tell her just all that his science meant to him, explain how his income and life had all been arranged to leave him, mind and time and energy, free for these commanding investigations. His life was to him the service of knowledge—or futility. He had perceived that she did not understand this in him; that for her, life was a blaze of eagerly sought experiences and gratifications. So far he had thought out things and had them ready for her. But now all this impending discussion vanished out of his world. Their love was to be crowned by the miracle of parentage. This fact flooded his outlook and submerged every other consideration.

This manifest probability came to him as if it were an unforeseen marvel. It was as if he had never thought of such a thing before, as though a fact entirely novel in the order of the universe had come into existence. Marjorie became again magical and wonderful for him, but, in a manner new and strange, she was grave, solemn, significant. He was filled with a passionate solicitude for her welfare, and a passionate desire to serve her. It seemed impossible to him that only a day or so ago he should have been accusing her in his heart of disloyalty, and searching for excuses and mitigations. . . .

All the freshness of his first love for Marjorie returned, his keen sense of the sweet gallantry of her voice and bearing, his admiration for the swift, falcon-like swoop of her decisions, for the grace and poise of her body, and the steady frankness of her eyes; but now it was all charged with his sense of this new joint life germinating at the heart of her slender vigor, spreading throughout her being to change it altogether into womanhood forever. In this new light his passion for research and all the scheme of his life appeared faded and unworthy, as much egotism as if he had been devoted to hunting or golf or any such aimless preoccupation. Fatherhood gripped him and faced him about. It was manifestly a monstrous thing that he should have ever expected Marjorie to become a mere undisturbing accessory to the selfish intellectualism of his career, to shave and limit herself to a mere bachelor income, and play no part of her own in the movement of the world. He knew better now. Research must fall into its proper place, and for his immediate business he

must set to work to supplement his manifestly inadequate resources.

At first he could form no plan at all for doing that. He determined that research must still have his morning hours until lunch-time, and, he privately resolved, some part of the night. The rest of his day, he thought, he would set aside for a time to money-making. But he was altogether inexperienced in the methods of money-making; it was a new problem, and a new sort of problem to him altogether. He discovered himself helpless and rather silly in the matter. The more obvious possibilities seemed to be that he might lecture upon his science or write. He communicated with a couple of lecture agencies, and was amazed at their skepticism; no doubt he knew his science, on that point they were complimentary in a profuse, unconvincing manner, but could he interest like X—and here they named a notorious quack—could he draw? He offered Science Notes to a weekly periodical; the editor answered that for the purpose of his publication he preferred, as between professors and journalists, journalists. "You real scientific men," he said, "are no doubt a thousand times more accurate and novel and all that, but no one seems able to understand you—"

He went to his old fellow-student, Gwenn, who was editing *The Scientific Review*, and through him he secured some semi-popular lectures, which involved, he found, traveling about twenty-nine miles weekly at the rate of four-and-sixpence a mile—counting nothing for the lectures. Afterwards Gwenn arranged for some notes on physics and micro-chemistry. Trafford made out a weekly timetable, on whose white of dignity, leisure, and the honorable pursuit of knowledge notes in red marked the claims of domestic necessity.

V

It was astonishing how completely this coming child dominated the whole atmosphere and all the circumstances of the Traffords. It became their central fact, to which everything else turned and pointed. Its effect on Marjorie's circle of school and college friends was prodigious. She was the first of their company to cross the mysterious boundaries of a woman's life. She became to them a heroine mingled with something of the priestess. They called upon her more abundantly and sat with her, noted the change in her eyes and voice and bearing,

talking with a kind of awe and a faint diffidence of the promised life.

Many of them had been deeply tinged by the woman's suffrage movement, the feminist note was strong among them, and when one afternoon Ottoline Winchelsea brought round Agatha Alimony, the novelist, and Agatha said in that deep-ringing voice of hers: "I hope it will be a girl, so that presently she may fight the battle of her sex," there was the profoundest emotion. But when Marjorie conveyed that to Trafford he was lacking in response.

"I want a boy," he said, and, being pressed for a reason, explained: "Oh, one likes to have a boy. I want him with just your quick eyes and ears, my dear, and just my own safe and certain hands."

Mrs. Pope received the news with that depth and aimless complexity of emotion which had now become her habitual method with Marjorie. She kissed and clasped her daughter, and thought confusedly over her shoulder, and said: "Of course, dear—Oh, I *do* so hope it won't annoy your father." Daffy was "nice," but vague, and sufficiently feminist to wish it a daughter, and the pseudo-twins said "*Hoo-ray!*" and changed the subject at the earliest possible opportunity. But Theodore was deeply moved by the prospect of becoming an uncle, and went apart and mused deeply and darkly thereon for some time. It was difficult to tell just what Trafford's mother thought; she was complex and subtle, and evidently did not show Marjorie all that was in her mind; but at any rate it was clear the prospect of a grandchild pleased and interested her. And about Aunt Plessington's views there was no manner of doubt at all. She thought, and remarked judiciously, as one might criticise a game of billiards, that on the whole it was just a little bit too soon.

VI

Marjorie kept well throughout March and April, and then suddenly she grew utterly weary and uncomfortable in London. The end of April came hot and close and dry—it might have been July for the heat—the scrap of garden wilted, and the trees were irritating with fine dust and blown scraps of paper and drifting straws. She could think of nothing but the shade of trees, and cornfields under sunlight and the shadows of passing clouds. So Trafford took out an old bicycle and wandered over the home counties for three days, and at last hit upon a

little country cottage near Great Missenden, a cottage a couple of girl artists had furnished and now wanted to let. It had a long untidy vegetable garden and a small orchard and drying-ground, with an old, superannuated humbug of a pear-tree near the center surrounded by a green seat, and high hedges with the promise of honeysuckle and dog-roses, and gaps that opened into hospitable beech-woods—woods not so thick but that there were glades of bluebells, bracken and, to be exact, in places embattled stinging-nettles. He took it and engaged an active, interested, philoprogenitive servant girl for it, and took Marjorie thither in a taxi-cab. She went out, wrapped in a shawl, and sat under the pear-tree and cried quietly with weakness and sentiment and the tenderness of the afternoon sunshine, and forthwith began to pick up wonderfully, and was presently writing to Trafford to buy her a dog to go for walks with, while he was away in London.

Trafford was still struggling along with his research in spite of a constant gravitation to the cottage and to Marjorie's side, but he was also doing his best to grapple with the difficulties of his financial situation. His science notes, which were very uncongenial and difficult to do, and his lecturing, still left his income far behind his expenditures, and the problem of minimizing the inevitable fresh inroads on his capital was insistent and distracting. He discovered that he could manage his notes more easily and write a more popular article if he dictated to a typist instead of writing out the stuff in his own manuscript. One or two articles by him were accepted and published by the monthly magazines, but as he took what the editor sent him, he did not find this led to any excessive opulence. . . .

But his heart was very much with Marjorie through all this time. He would spend three or four days out of a week at the cottage, and long hours of that would be at her side, paper and notes of some forthcoming lecture at hand neglected, talking to her consolingly and dreamingly. His thoughts were full of ideas about education; he was possessed, as are most intelligent young parents of the modern type, by the enormous possibilities of human improvement that might be achieved—if only one could begin with a baby from the outset, on the best lines, with the best methods, training and preparing it—presumably for a clean and chastened world. Indeed he made all the usual discoveries of intelligent modern young parents very rapidly, fully and completely, and overlooked

most of those practical difficulties that finally reduce them to human dimensions again in quite the normal fashion.

"I sit and muse sometimes when I ought to be computing," he said. "Old Durgan watches me and grunts. But think, if we take reasonable care, watch its phases, stand ready with a kindergarten toy directly it stretches out its hand—think what we can make of it!" . . .

"We will make it the most wonderful child in the world," said Marjorie. "Indeed! what else can it be?"

"Your eyes," said Trafford, "and my hands."

"A girl."

"A boy."

He kissed her white and passive wrist.

VII

The child was born a little before expectation at the cottage throughout a long summer's night and day in early September. Its coming into the world was a long and painful struggle; the general practitioner, who had seemed two days before a competent and worthy person enough, revealed himself as hesitating, old-fashioned, and ill-equipped. He had a lingering theological objection to the use of chloroform, and the nurse from London sulked under his directions and came and discussed his methods scornfully with Trafford. From sundown until daylight Trafford chafed in the little sitting-room and tried to sleep, and hovered listening at the foot of the narrow stair-case to the room above. He lived through interminable hours of moaning and suspense.

The dawn and sunrise came with a quality of beautiful horror. For years afterward that memory stood out among other memories as something peculiarly strange and dreadful. Day followed an interminable night and broke slowly. Things crept out of darkness, awoke as it were out of mysteries and re-clothed themselves in unsubstantial shadows and faint-headed forms. All through that slow infiltration of the world with light and then with color, the universe, it seemed, was moaning and endeavoring, and a weak and terrible struggle went on and kept on in that forbidden room whose windows

opened upon the lightening world, dying to a sobbing silence, rising again to agonizing cries, fluctuating, a perpetual obstinate failure to achieve a tormenting end. He went out, and behold, the sky was a wonder of pink-flushed level clouds and golden hope, and nearly every star, except the morning star, had gone; the supine moon was pale and half-dissolved in blue, and the grass, which had been gray and wet, was green again, and the bushes and trees were green. He returned and hovered in the passage, washed his face, listened outside the door for age-long moments, and then went out again to listen under the window. . . .

He went to his room and shaved, sat for a long time thinking, and then suddenly knelt by his bed and prayed. He had never prayed before in all his life. . . .

He returned to the garden, and there, neglected and wet with dew, was the camp-chair Marjorie had sat on the evening before, the shawl she had been wearing, the novel she had been reading. He brought these things in as if they were precious treasures. . . .

Light was pouring into the world again now. He noticed with an extreme particularity the detailed dewy delicacy of grass and twig, the silver edges to the leaves of briar and nettle, the soft clearness of the moss on bank and wall. He noted the woods with the first warmth of autumn tinting their green, the clear, calm sky, with just a wisp or so of purple cloud waning to a luminous pink on the brightening east, the exquisite freshness of the air. And still through the open window, incessant, unbearable, came the sound of Marjorie's moaning now dying away, now reviving, now weakening again. . . .

Was she dying? Were they murdering her? It was incredible this torture could go on. Somehow it must end. Chiefly he wanted to go in and kill the doctor. But it would do no good to kill the doctor!

At last the nurse came out, looking a little scared, to ask him to cycle three miles away and borrow some special sort of needle that the fool of a doctor had forgotten. He went, outwardly meek, and returning was met by the little interested servant, very alert and excited and rather superior—for here was something no man can do—



with the news that he had a beautiful little daughter, and that all was well with Marjorie.

He said "Thank God, thank God!" several times, and then went out into the kitchen and began to eat some flabby toast and drink some lukewarm tea he had found there. He was horribly fatigued. "Is she all right?" he asked over his shoulder, hearing the doctor's footsteps on the stairs. . . .

They were very pontifical and official with him.

Presently they brought out a strange, wizened little animal, wailing very stoutly, with a face like a very old woman, and reddish skin and hair—it had quite a lot of wet blackish hair of an incredible delicacy of texture. It kicked with a stumpy monkey's legs and inturned feet. He held it; his heart went out to it. He pitied it beyond measure, it was so weak and ugly. He was astonished and distressed by the fact of the extreme endearing ugliness. He had expected something strikingly pretty. It clenched a fist, and he perceived it had all its complement of fingers, and ridiculous, pretentious little finger-nails. Inside that fist it squeezed his heart. . . . He did not want to give it back to them. He wanted to protect it. He felt they could not understand it or forgive, as he could forgive, its unjustifiable feebleness. . . .

Later, for just a little while, he was permitted to see Marjorie—Marjorie so spent, so unspeakably weary, and yet so reassuringly vital and living, so full of gentle pride and gentle courage amid the litter of surgical precaution, that the tears came streaming down his face and he sobbed shamelessly as he kissed her. "Little daughter," she whispered and smiled—just as she had always smiled—that sweet, dear smile of hers!—and closed her eyes and said no more. . . .

Afterward as he walked up and down the garden he remembered their former dispute and thought how character-

istic of Marjorie it was to have a daughter in spite of all his wishes.

VIII

For weeks and weeks this astonishing and unprecedented being filled the Traffords' earth and sky. Very speedily its minute quaintness passed, and it became a vigorous, delightful baby that was, as the nurse explained repeatedly and very explicitly, not only quite exceptional and distinguished, but exactly everything that a baby should be. Its weight became of supreme importance; there was a splendid week when it put on nine ounces, and an indifferent one when it added only one. And then came a terrible crisis. It was ill; some sort of infection had reached it, an infantile cholera. Its temperature mounted to a hundred and three and a half. It became a flushed misery, wailing with a pathetic feeble voice. Then it ceased to wail. Marjorie became white-lipped and heavy-eyed from want of sleep, and it seemed to Trafford that perhaps his child might die. It seemed to him that the spirit of the universe must be a monstrous Caliban, since children had to die. He went for a long walk through the October beech-woods, under a windy sky and in the drift of falling leaves, wondering with a renewed freshness at the haunting futilities of life. Life was not futile—anything but that, but futility seemed to be stalking it, waiting for it. . . . When he returned the child was already better, and in a few days it was well again—but very light and thin.

When they were sure of its safety, Marjorie and he confessed the extremity of their fears to each other. They had not dared to speak before, and even now they spoke in undertones of the shadow that had hovered and passed over the dearest thing in their lives.



(To be continued)

THE THEATRE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

The Literary Drama

HEINE once said he would like to live in England, were it not that he would have to meet so many Englishmen there. The greatest deterrent to the spread of Socialism is undoubtedly the Socialists. Similarly, the "literary drama" is brought into ill-repute by those who clamor loudest in its favor.

We have ourselves observed, or even been personally concerned in, various efforts to "elevate" the stage, and we have been forced to the conclusion that to a great many honest uplifters, literary drama is any drama which bores the rank and file of the public.

This is the reef on which so many sincere attempts to better theatrical conditions have been wrecked. It is a mistake which arises not so much from ignorance as from partial knowledge. It is one of those dangers of a little learning, an indigestion caused by swallowing culture half-baked. And it results in positive harm to the practical theatre.

Now, as a matter of fact, the dramas of the past, which are acknowledged classics, which are literature to all men and all definitions, were the popular stage successes of their day. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Molière, Racine, Goldoni—make the list to suit yourself—these men wrought for the public of their time, and their plays were popular with this public. Shakespeare and Molière did not write their dramas to be read at women's clubs; nor did they publish them as "vindication" of their own literary ability and proof of the stupidity of managers. They wrote them to be acted in a theatre, and because the plays were acted in a theatre, and because they contained the fun and pathos and poetry and humanity and dramatic "punch" (in the current theatrical term), to please the rank and file of the public then,

they have pleased the rank and file of the public since, and become classics.

Nor is this true of stage literature alone. Of course, it is an axiom that a play, more than a book, has to stand or fall by immediate popular verdict, because the play occupies the stage of an expensive theatre, and employs expensive actors, while the book, once printed, can remain in eight inches of shelf space and wait for the next generation. Nevertheless, the poets and writers unappreciated in their own day but hailed by posterity, are few in comparison with those whose fame now is the lengthened beam from their lifetime. Go back through the files of any long-established magazine, and see how often you will come upon serial stories by Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, and Hardy. In some old volumes of the *St. Nicholas* the other day I found half a dozen of those wonderful "Fanciful Tales" by Frank Stockton—classics, surely—such as "The Clocks of Rondaine." They were not parading as classics there. They were bought and printed by a children's magazine because the children of the 80's loved to read them. In my files of the long defunct *Galaxy* are serials by George Eliot and Trollope, a department written by Mark Twain, poems and essays by Walt Whitman—all assembled between very perishable paper covers, and all issued casually, in the day's work.

Just so, the classics of to-morrow are no doubt appearing in the magazines of to-day, and the "literary" drama of our time is not to be looked for in the manuscripts of unappreciated poets or pale imitators of Ibsen, but in the actual theatre. If there is any literary drama at all, it is the drama our contemporaries are laughing at, or crying over, or declaring is a true picture of their lives.



Photograph by Maffett, Chicago

NANCE O'NEIL

Who, after her great success in "The Lily," will appear shortly in a new Belasco production



Photograph by Soreny

LILLIAN ALBERTSON

One of last year's brilliant successes as the wife in "Paid in Full," now playing in
"The Talker"

Here, as usual, a little clear definition would help amazingly. Just what should we really understand by "literary drama"? Just what do the good souls who are seeking to encourage its production, to "elevate" the stage, understand by it? Just what do the rank and file of the public understand by it?

We should mean by "literary drama" any drama which has in harmonious combination the completeness of dramatic form, the aptness or beauty of speech, the truth of characterization and the charm or depth of idea, to make it of interest and value in the practical theatre, and to the scrutiny of trained and educated men. If it has these qualities in sufficient degree, it will become of permanent value, and then we call it a classic. But, obviously, we cannot predict the ultimate fate of contemporary plays, so we must judge those to be dramatic literature which will meet the double test of effectiveness in the playhouse over the emotions of the contemporary public and of effectiveness under the more careful scrutiny of the critic. The works of Shakespeare and Molière are literature to-day because they can be read with pleasure and profit; but they are not *dramatic* literature on that account. They are dramatic literature because they can be *acted, on the stage*, with pleasure and profit. The drama is a spoken, not a written art, and it must be judged ultimately by its effect in speech, not in print. Most of the confusions over the question of what is, or is not, literary drama would be settled quickly and quietly out of court if this truth were borne in mind. Perhaps the confusion has chiefly arisen from the critics of literature, who write of a printed play, even a play of Shakespeare, as if it were a book, and apply to it the standards of the written, not the spoken word.

The fact that a play is printed in book form does not make it dramatic literature, then, and no matter how well it reads, it certainly is *not* dramatic literature if it will not act effectively in the theatre. But the printing of a play makes easier the second test of its literary claims, because the cultivated reader can consider its language at leisure, can analyze its characterization and better estimate its structure. A play in which the language has so little charm or revealing truth that we cannot read it with pleasure on the printed page, or a play in which the appeal is gained so much from the scenery, or the personalities of the actors, or some other extraneous cause, and so little from an intellectual or emotional truth, that readers of the

text are not able to reconstruct its charm or to discover why, in the theatre, it seemed real or human to them, is most certainly *not* dramatic literature. So the test of the printed page is a true one, and one we ought to have an opportunity more frequently to apply. If American plays were published, as French plays are, American playwrights would take more pains with their work.

But those who seek the production of "literary drama" too often confuse what is only a test with the thing itself, and for them a play becomes unliterary *unless* it is printed. From that position it is an easy step out of the real theatre altogether into a book world, and we have college professors wailing about the degeneracy of the stage and writing dramas in blank verse which could not possibly be acted; and young playwrights copying published models of European dramas instead of writing of the society about them; and Percy Mackaye, in his "Anti-Matrimony," satirizing the "Ibsen craze" in American domestic life, when no such craze exists; and a New York committee for the uplift of the stage recommending its public to go to see a very poor performance of one of Ibsen's weakest stage works, "The Lady from the Sea," because "The Lady from the Sea" reads well and because Ibsen is supposed to be a very "literary" dramatist.

Now, the rank and file of the public in Shakespeare's time didn't worry about the literary drama, one way or the other. They didn't know anything about it. They just knew a man named Shakespeare was turning out mighty interesting plays—that one about Julius Caesar, for example, with the ripping mob scene and the thrilling oration!—and they piled into the theatre to see. Just so to-day they go to see what interests them and moves them, and what interests and moves them is, in the long run, the best work. But we have had much talk about "literary drama" since the spacious times of good Queen Bess (though never quite so much as to-day), and the rank and file of the public are vaguely aware that it exists. What do they suppose it to be?

They know that it includes Shakespeare, because they have been taught his literary merits in school. But Shakespeare is big enough to survive both public school teachers and the dramatic uplifters! Other than Shakespeare, they suppose the literary drama to be something written in blank verse, or translated out of a foreign language, about doleful or mysteriously symbolic subjects. They suppose this in America to-day in the



LEWIS WALLER AND MARY MANNERING
Hero and heroine of "The Garden of Allah," —the season's most elaborate
scenic production



Photograph by Peyton, Copyrighted

FRANCES STARR

Who, with her unique emotional power, has made the title rôle in "The Case of Becky" a real success



Photograph by Davis & Sanford

ELSIE FERGUSON

Who is doing excellent work as "Dolly Madison" in "The First Lady of the Land"



Photograph by M. J. G. C. C. C.

GRACE GEORGE

Who by hard work and intelligence has made a place for herself as a comedienne on our stage

first place, because the great popular classics are no longer revived, except at rare intervals, to keep the public alive to a realization that there is no real gap between stage literature and stage effectiveness and enjoyment; and they suppose it, in the second place, because the misguided uplifters who seek to educate them have striven again and again to do it by means of examples which they instinctively feel are ineffective or tiresome. They come to regard literature as an antithesis of life, certainly of enjoyment.

Let a stage society arise in America, and it is at once filled with a burning desire to mount Ibsen, Strindberg, Maeterlinck (we select three names at random), to show the misguided public what "literary drama" really is. These excellent gentlemen wrote literary dramas, undoubtedly; but a great deal of their work is not particularly calculated to appeal in America, and some of it, particularly some of Maeterlinck's, is pretty poor drama, after all, however good printed literature it may be. There is such a thing, as local literature, and until an author has demonstrated his ability to transcend local bounds, his work is perhaps the least fitted to use in a campaign of education among an alien people. Of all Maeterlinck's plays, "The Blue Bird" has alone really found its way into the hearts of our playgoers. The way for a stage society to educate the masses to a better appreciation of what constitutes literary drama, is not to bore nor to bewilder them, but to interest them still more keenly in good plays about themselves, and in the accepted classics of the race.

An excellent example is at hand this winter. We have seen and greatly enjoyed the plays and players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. The Irish men and women who started the Irish theatrical revival a few short years ago did not begin by stuffing Ibsen and Maeterlinck down reluctant throats. They began by writing plays about Irish life and Irish people, and these plays they strove to make literature by making them true in character and incident, well-knit and coherent in structure, and beautiful in language, and they strove to make them still more effective and popular on the stage by simple, honest acting. How well they wrought we in America have had the opportunity to judge. They produced one genius, J. M. Synge, author of "The Shadow of the Glen," "The Playboy of the Western World" and that one-act masterpiece, "Riders to the Sea." But they produced other authors who wrote scores of lesser works of unquestioned literary merit,

all of them designed for the practical theatre and effective and popular there. They may have talked of a literary revival in Ireland, but they did more than talk—they wrote and acted, and they wrote and acted not adaptations and imitations, but plays about their own people, for their own people. Consequently they interested their own people—which is the only way to have a vital theatre, and to produce works that will ultimately interest other people.

The Irish players started a scant half dozen years ago with a small dingy playhouse and \$200 capital. They produced five new plays of Irish life the first year, five the second, nine the third, and so on, besides mounting a few examples of classic or contemporary European drama—and they are still an active company. The New Theatre in New York, with a \$4,000,000 building and such men as J. Pierpont Morgan behind it, in the two active years of its existence (nobody seems sure just now whether it still lives or not, though it has been declared officially dead), produced just two American dramas, one of them a failure. Which establishment has helped along the "literary drama" the more, we leave it to our readers to guess.

At the present time, the most serious concerted efforts to foster the literary drama on our stage are being made by the various drama leagues, such as those of Chicago and Boston, and, in a very small way, the MacDowell Club of New York. The success of those leagues will depend most largely on how they choose to define dramatic literature, on what plays they recommend to their members as worthy to be patronized.

If they assume the attitude of those who are dangerous with a little learning, of the "near highbrows," as Broadway might call them, and consider that a play in verse must be superior to one in prose, that anything by Ibsen should be preferred to anything by George Ade, in the practical playhouse, if they follow fads and are slavish to the printed page, they will end by boring all those who follow their advice, and lose their influence.

If, on the other hand, they realize that the supreme test of dramatic literature is the effectiveness in the theatre of a truthful, worthy play, and seek to encourage all such plays, by whomsoever written and acted, if they convince the rank and file of theatre-goers that their choice of plays is not founded on academic aloofness nor narrow standards, but on a love for good, human, interesting drama, they will constantly gain new mem-

bers, and in time rise to such influence, perhaps, that their endorsement of a play will be sufficient to insure its success against the present perils of a season on the road. Today a play, no matter how good, has little chance of success in the small towns unless it is heralded by a year's run in New York or is presented by a well-known star. If the drama leagues had a sufficient membership through the smaller cities and one-night stands, their endorsement of a play would banish present suspicion, and create a new era for the worthy drama. So far, we are glad to say, the leagues have seldom erred toward narrow and falsely academic standards, and their influence is on the increase accordingly.

The rank and file of the public support the theatre; they always have, and they always will. Plays too narrow in appeal to reach them cannot succeed, and seldom deserve to succeed; for their interest is the test of the solid humanity in a drama, and of the genuine poetry, too. It is, for instance, the rank and file who support Shakespeare in America to-day, as they did in Shakespeare's own generation. This can easily be proved by going to a performance by Sothorn and Marlowe and studying the audience. The rank and file, of course, like much that is bad as well as much that is good. To have less of the bad presented and more of the good, to make them take less interest in the bad and more in the good, becomes the problem. The very good we call literary drama. But it is not going to help them if it does not interest them, if it does not for them, ring true, if it

does not meet their needs and chime with their instincts.

Therefore, revivals of the classics (which have proved their power to interest all classes), and well-written vital plays of our own times and our own people are most valuable in forming taste, in "elevating" the stage. There is no reason, of course, why we should not see current examples of the best foreign drama; there is every reason why we should. But between a classic and a current foreign play, a stage society organized to better public taste, such as the "Drama Players" of Chicago, should choose the former; and between a good native play and any other play at all there should not even be the question of choice. The native work should prevail.

Let us repeat, in closing, that the dramatic classic of to-morrow is somewhere in the practical theatre of to-day, and the rank and file of the public are laughing or crying at it, and making it a success. Whether we are playgoing committees for drama leagues, or critics looking for literary values, we shall find the real literary drama in the actual playhouse, and we shall know it because it rouses our emotions, satisfies our intelligences, charms our ears, and seems a vital picture of our humanity. Even a comedy by George M. Cohan or George Ade stands a better chance of being a classic of to-morrow than a poetic drama written by a professor under the shade of the college library, in imitation of the finest "literary" models. The drama is a living thing. To be true literature, it must, still more than wearing a comely form, strike close to the lives of men and women.

ADVENTURE

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

I lay full-length upon a fair hillside
 With grass and stones and trees for company,
 And now and then a roving bird or bee
 Or woodsey-odored breeze. Beatified
 In the warm sunshine's golden-shimmering tide,
 An iridescent beetle languidly
 Strolled up the promontory of my knee,
 Gazed on the world, and twanged into its wide.

The sky bent up before his bold advance,
 The parted air grew tremulous with romance.

EATING

A Study in the Preparation, Location, and Mastication of Food, and a Directory of the Principal Good Things to Eat in America

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

EATING is a dying art in America. In isolated districts, connected with the world that dines by R. F. D., it still survives. Everywhere else

eating is giving way to dining.

The sheer joy of lying in a cave and gnawing a bone has departed forever. "Mother" no longer can tip back her chair from the breakfast table, reach into the oven, draw out a smoking corn pone, and pour tree molasses over it, without causing shame to the girls. "Father" no longer is permitted to grab a roasting ear with both hands and pull it into his face until it touches his ears. Salt

rising and dumplings have given way to tessellated floors and Chopin nocturnes.

Within another generation all trace of the appetites that conquered the wilderness will

have disappeared. No one will eat; all will dine. For that reason I wish to place on record this study of contemporaneous eating and cooking that the mouth of future America

may water in recalling lost joys.

A few days ago I accepted an invitation to lunch with the heir of one of Chicago's packers. We sat in the softened, mellowed light of an orchid-laden lunch room of a hotel. He ordered.

"Louis," he said, after examining the menu languorously. "A small portion of the clear soup, and please have Adolph brush the edge of the cups with a sprig of gar-

lic. He forgot it yesterday.

"And, Louis, a trifle of the goose liver. Please serve it on the inside leaves of the head lettuce. A salad of pimento and grapefruit,



Five pounds of "red-hots"

Louis. I shall make the dressing. Please bring me my own oil and my box of chili pepper. The flavor of that which they serve here is much inferior, so I import my own oil and chili," he explained to me.

He concluded the order after some criticism and effort and turned to me: "I'm beastly hungry, old Top," he remarked. "I've really a vulgar appetite. I've gone in heavy for physical culture, you know, and I eat like a harvest hand."

The point of this story is I was a friend of his grandfather. I used to see him in the cattle pens at the yards at 4 A.M., jabbing his thumb into the ribs of steers, wading through the mire and bidding lustily. About 7 A.M., when he had bid in enough beef for the day's kill, he walked over to Gleim's sausage factory, went into the vat room, slammed the door and yelled: "Gosh, but I'm hungry, Looie. Got anything to eat? Here, throw four or five pounds of these hot dogs into the water. Is the coffee boiling?"

"Say, Looie, toss me a chunk of the punk, I want to sop up some of this gravy while I'm waiting."

And he and Looie, the boss sausagemaker, would eat five pounds of "red-hots" and the gravy sopped up with bread, drink a half gallon of scalding coffee and discuss the market. He lived to be seventy-two. His grandson will die before he is thirty-five.

This case revealed poignantly the rapid degeneracy of the art of eating in America. One generation from shoveling in hot dog and pork with a knife, to dallying with a *pâté* of snail with a golden fork.

It has been my fortune to eat several trails across the North American continent. I have taken gastronomic tours from the sundab of California to the huckleberry pie of Maine; from the Bayou Cocque oyster to the jerked Malmoot of the Yukon; from the foodless dinners of New York's French restaurants to the husk-clad tamale and the ripe olive of San Francisco; from the humble frijole of Mexico to the baked muskellunge of the Flambeau.

Nor have I always eaten on a full pocket-book. Many times appetite has been forced to wait upon cash or credit. I spent one winter on the Barbary Coast in 'Frisco, the daily ration being two tamales and a quart of "dago red"; total cost fifteen cents. This should qualify me to write with authority. This is intended as a scientific and accurate treatise on eating, with a review of contemporaneous dietetics in America and addenda, showing what is good to eat and where it is obtainable.

Eating, as my friend Danny Taylor remarked, as he dropped an ounce of red pepper into a pan filled with water and jerked beef, is largely a matter of taste. The principal part of eating is food. Theoretically food should be nutritious, although this is secondary in importance. If nutrition were the chief part of eating we, as a nation, would follow the example of the Chinese, reduce cookery to an exact science, and eat dishes which contain the most nutrition at the lowest cost. We would thus adopt Philadelphia scrapple as the American chop suey, and do away with all discussion of the cost of living.

Philadelphia scrapple is our one cosmopolitan dish. It may be made of anything. On one occasion Morgan and I came over the Rondry trail into Forty Mile Valley. We were down to moss and file of rubber boot, both containing some nutriment and much taste. Indeed fricassée of rubber boot sole *à la* Morgan, as prepared that day, was delicious. Having dined sumptuously, we pressed on, and at night came upon the shack of Ben, a Siwash packer, and rolled against his stove to thaw out while he prepared supper. This was his recipe: One pound, or thereabouts, jerked beef; portion of Teetli, his lead dog, who had been killed in a fight with the rest of the team; part of a can of frozen salmon; two handfuls of willow shoots; a handful of moss roots, partly washed; unidentified something scraped out of pan. Directions: Add snow water, put on fire in iron pot; boil until guests are thawed out, and serve. Morgan, who had rather a delicate taste for that region, asked Ben what the dish was called. Rather gingerly he tasted it, made a face, and said: "Whatinblazes is this?" "Sippy tun lakki," answered Ben, which, being translated, meant "Philadelphia scrapple."

The bliss of ignorance and the folly of wisdom are doubled when one inquires what he is eating. In the first place, it is none of his business. It tastes good; it nourishes. That is sufficient. To investigate further is wantonly risking disenchantment.

The other day, while collecting data for this article, I read a cook book. If there is one worthless thing under the sun it is a cook book. I wanted to know how to make burgoo, Kentucky style. I read the recipe. At the bottom it said: "This will make 120 gallons of excellent burgoo." Not being that hungry, I broiled a steak. One cannot learn cooking from cook books any more than one can learn woodcraft from books printed on wood pulp paper. Either one must be born a cook, or study cooking at first hand. My

system is to go into the kitchen and see how it is done. The best cooks cannot tell how they make anything. They have to show you. Willing? I should say they are. This talk about not wanting you in the kitchen is foolish. The greatest flattery anyone can offer a really good cook is to inquire how he makes a certain dish.

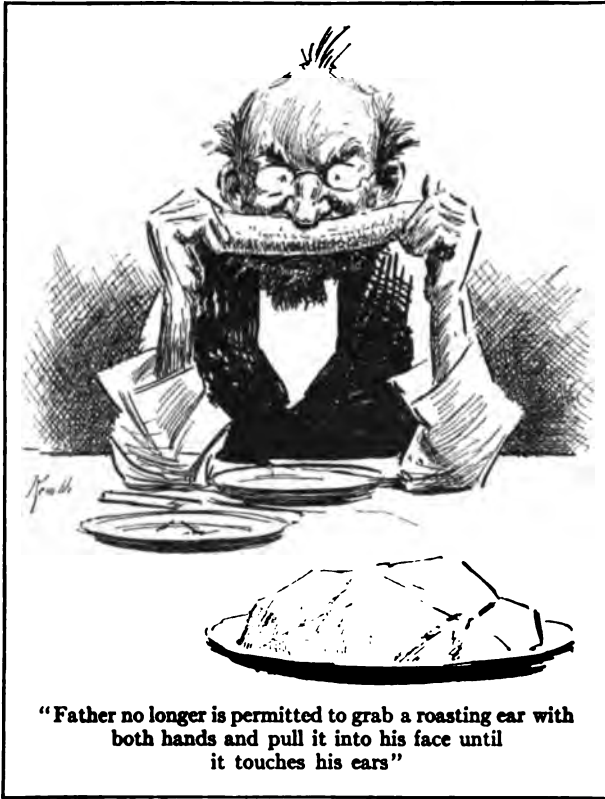
Having eaten at almost every city, town, village, cross roads, and lunch counter in America I ought to be competent to select an ideal dinner. It is extremely difficult to assemble such a dinner, and it is impossible to get it in any one place, because much of it will not bear transportation without losing flavor and individuality.

The best assembled dinner to be found on the North American continent is open to the public at the eating house at Hickman, Tenn. The cost is seventy-five cents, special rates to traveling men and railroaders. The place is conducive to appetite, and the air and scenery (here

advertised for the first time) would make a millionaire dyspeptic relish a pounded flank steak. The house is of frame, colorful and clean, and it sits perched right under the eaves of the mountain and almost overhanging the broken, rushing, sweet waters of Caney Fork. The porch is wide, and windows open from the dining-room upon it so that, as one eats, one may follow with the eyes the riotous riverette as it tears and rages at the cliffs, above which rise the great hills with their untouched cloaks of fir and pine. It is a railway eating house, but one need not hasten. The trainmen are

willing to remain as long as the passengers so incline.

There are eight kinds of meat—all *cooked*. There is the kind of fried chicken one reads of in the romances of the South, which are mostly fried in the fervid brains of the writers; chicken fried in butter until one might wrap a sizzling "drumstick" in a napkin and leave no speck of grease. There are five kinds of vegetables, out of the little garden that straggles back up the mountain-side, and cream gravy, floured, and salt pork, breaded in cornmeal and fried until crisp, and seven kinds of preserves and three kinds of pickles — and, oh well, what's the use? If ever you travel over that travesty of a railroad, stop there and eat. It is the oasis in the desert, one of the few places where men still eat, and where, if a fellow reneges after the third helping of anything, the pretty mountain girl (who does not feel that "hashing" is anything detrimental to her social standing) feels that



you do not appreciate her cooking.

But if one wants the perfect dinner one must eat in one spot, fast thousands of miles to the next course, and cover the entire country. Good food will not bear transplanting and retain flavor—and above that, a perfect dish must have the individuality of the cook stamped upon it.

Are you hungry? Join me in the ideal dinner.

Bayou Coque oysters. They must be served at M'sieu Muendot's on the b'you in St. Mary's parish. They will not be perfect unless served by M'sieu's little daughter.

Whisper a hint to her that you know Jacques and that he is an excellent fellow. "So, M'sieu? See, the black tips, M'sieu will have but three?"

It is the male of the Bayou Coque oyster that those brown little hands of M'sieu's daughter open so skilfully, the purple black tip on the huge shell giving the secret of superexcellence. After him there is no other oyster. The Bayou Coque, when fresh from his native waters is supreme, but alas! he may not be shipped far, as in a day he becomes homesick, and in two days has lost all caste.

And the soup? There are many soups; Ben Benjamin's cream of artichoke, in which he uses his own grinding of pepper; Tobe Broderick's clam chowder; the potato soup they serve at the "Dizzy," that quaint little sanded-floored resort on Dearborn Street, in Chicago. None but Wolfe can make that. He will tell you how, but the art is in the making. These are soups that deserve the name. Christ Stryker's bean and ham soup is an humble triumph. Christ is an old man now and he has bequeathed me the secret. The beans must be boiled slowly, steadily, until the kettle is filled with a mass, thick, odorous, and delicious. And at the same time the ham hock is boiling slowly in separate water, skimmed repeatedly as it simmers. The beans, strained, are commingled with the delicious juices of the ham, and boiled slowly again, hour after hour. And then, finally, the whole is strained through coarse cheese cloth and emerges as a triumph, compared with which the green sea-turtle soup of epicures pales and palls. Among the soups of commerce none is better than the onion soup of the Fort Pitt Hotel in Pittsburgh, although one gets delicious macaroni soup at Dattillo's in Boston, and the chicken with okra

that Stillson's chef prepares, in Chicago, is worthy of notice.

Ripe olives, those that the Palace in San Francisco serves, and the ones that are pickled on the Santa Anita ranch, take precedence in the relishes—these and celery. Now we're getting home. There is celery and celery, but only one section in all the world produces celery worthy the name; the kind that can be heard fifty yards when the hired

man eats. That is the truck section around Chicago, extending up into Wisconsin. The crispness, the tenderness, the flavor of it are beyond compare. Every time that I journey to New York I see scores of homesick, expatriated Chicagoans, and when we speak heart to heart of the Good Town, they sigh and brush away a tear of longing as they mention the celery, and mourn because the factories and buildings are spreading slowly but steadily over the area where fifteen years ago only celery flourished.



Henry had to grab him with his hands

The fish opens another argument. For me the muskellunge of the Springstead chain of lakes, as baked by Josie. Do you remember the one Loftus caught—that sixteen-pounder he hooked off the point by the inlet, among the lily pads? Do you remember that fight of forty minutes? Three times he broke water, and each time Loftus held him, and brought him alongside the boat, and, just as Henry shot him, the hook slipped from his lip and Henry had to grab him with his hands. He was hooked so delicately that the barb fell from his mouth. Yet Loftus landed him.

Perhaps it was that battle that made the fish so delicious. Josie cut him into sections two inches thick, seasoned with salt and a bit of pepper, just covered the bottom of the baking dish with water; and, covering the

dish, baked him for an hour. Then basting carefully with a little butter melted into the gravy, she removed the cover of the dish and slowly browned him until the skin crackled like the skin of roasted young pork, and the flesh, white and firm, flaked away from the bones at the slightest touch of the fork. Thompson ate four sections.

But for the fact that only once or twice in a lifetime is it given to man to taste and worship, the place of honor above all would be awarded to the Great Northern pike. He is a glorious fish, either to catch or to eat, gamer even than the male trout; than the muskie in cold water. He is the tiger of the fresh water, but one might almost as well recommend Cleopatra's pearl cocktail for dinner as to select the Great Northern pike.

Scrod and swordfish may be had in Boston, and best cooked at the Copley Square. The sundab in its most delicious form is

served at Levy's in Los Angeles. Down the river from Philadelphia, in one of the buildings that was part of old Gloucester in the "good old days," the planked shad still triumphs near the spot where planking was invented.

You wouldn't believe—would you?—that there is an art that can make stewed potatoes so far excel in taste all other stewed potatoes as to seem to be some higher form of the humble tuber. If you do not believe this, then some day, when you are at Saratoga, drive down the lake to the house with the great spreading porches and eat of the stewed potatoes served there. Go to the icebox and select your own fish or meat, and then sit on the porch until the summons to rapture comes. Soup and stewed potatoes, fish and stewed potatoes, meat and stewed potatoes, salad and stewed potatoes, des-

sert and stewed potatoes, and, honestly, the time I was there I ordered a demitasse just to get a few more stewed potatoes.

Vegetables aren't my strong line, anyhow. I like artichoke the way Benny Benjamin cooks it out in San Francisco—boiled slowly with the tips up until it is tender as jelly, and begins to open the way a tulip bud does. And when it is just about in half bloom take it from the water, and into its heart pour melted butter, salted and seasoned with a trifle of red pepper. If I had a pug nose and a re-

ceding chin I'd like roasting ears—green corn you polite folk call it; and I certainly do like the way they cook sweet potatoes down in the yam and peanut peninsula—you know that piece of Virginia that almost shook off and just hangs by a thread? Ever taste them that way? Boil them for ten minutes until they begin to soften up a bit, then take them from the water



"Whatinblazes is this?"

and remove the skins. Butter a big pudding dish, the bigger the better, and slice the sweet potatoes (the yellow ones) to quarter-inch thicknesses. Place a layer in the dish, cover with sugar thinly, and keep on putting in layers of potatoes and sugar until the dish is filled. Then pour in just water enough to dampen them and prevent scorching, and bake until they candy all the way through. I learned that at Colonel Carnegie's down in Selma, Ala., one of the places where people still appreciate eating.

Red meats are everywhere. One cannot go into details because the field is too broad. The best of all are to be found (if you ever can get an invitation to dine) at the Saddle and Sirloin Club, which is at the Transit House in Chicago. They know meat there, because the men who eat it are the men who feed the world. The club is at the main en-



In the middle of the top crust she places the biggest berry, and marches triumphantly into the dining-room with her creation

trance to the Stock Yards, and nine out of ten men who dine there can poke their fingers into the ribs of a steer, tell what he has been fed on, guess within ten pounds of his weight, and know even then just how the meat will taste a year later. The choicest of all the steaks and roasts and chops from all the great packing plants come here. Steaks two inches thick, koshered beef, corn fed and prime, hung until the whiskers are matured, and broiled over wood coals—can it be beaten?

Individual tastes in red meats and in game vary so widely that no one person can be an authority on them. I know a man in the Stock Yards who can tell beef by its grain, how it is fed, and how old it is, who prefers a flank steak baked with a little pocket slit through it, and filled with bread-crumbs and onion dressing, to all the choice cuts of porterhouse.

Some time, if ever you get the opportunity, go to the hotel at Playa del Rey, Cal. Get a table on the broad glassed-in dining-room, over the beach where you may watch the big rollers of the Pacific come booming in to break upon the beach right under you, and prevail upon the chef to serve you a sprig-duck, killed that morning back on the salt marsh. Have it stuffed and roasted, and when it is done—done until the skin blackens and turns crisp—take out the dressing and

lift the dark juicy breast clear of the bones. Then have all the rest, meat and bones and dressing, placed in the compress and squeezed until the odorous juices flow out upon the dressing. Now, there is something worth eating. Its rival is the partridge, roasted the way Abe roasts them up at his little board hotel at Fifield, Wis. If it happens to be out of partridge season, just ask for broiled owl, and it will taste so much like partridge that no one but a game warden could tell the difference. Aunt Molly, out on Pea Ridge, knows how to bake possum. Do you know, I believe there is more real art in cooking possum and rabbit than anything else in all the world, especially possum. I've eaten possum in dozens of places, but nowhere to approach that Aunt Sallie Hudson used to cook; for even Molly (who learned the secret from her) cannot bring out in all its beauty the sweet, savory, juicy pig taste. Aunt Sally hung the possum up in the wood-shed with a piece of twine around its tail the moment Sol killed it. I used to think she did it to keep the hounds from leaping and getting it, but that was wrong. She hung it to ripen, and she never allowed it to be skinned until the skin on the tail slipped and let Mr. Possum drop. No one who knows how real possum tastes ever calls him merely possum; always Mr. Possum, in honor of his high standing.

The way Ase Casner broils the little rib chops of antelope—say, that's great! although personally I don't care for antelope or venison, and I'd lots rather have chuck steak pounded with a mallet the way Charlie Duke used to "tender" his meat than the buffalo hump I once tasted. Bear steak is good only in novels. I've chewed on bear meat until my jaws grew weary, and it was only good because after a bear hunt a fellow usually could eat the hide, he's so hungry.

Don't think for a minute my tastes run to the unobtainable. As a matter of fact, price and rarity have nothing to do with good things to eat. Round steak three quarters of an inch thick, cut into two pieces with a thick layer of bread and onion dressing between them, and roasted slowly, beats all the moose steaks I ever tasted. And parsnips! Say, when I was a boy I used to believe that muskrats were the only things that ate parsnips. We used to bait the traps with them, and, honestly, a muskrat will walk two miles just to get caught in a trap with parsnips in it. I never realized for years what good judgment muskrats had. Slice the parsnips lengthwise after paring them, roll them in cracker meal, and fry in deep fat un-

til they are crisp. And speaking of cheap things that are good to eat, take Danny Taylor's recipe. Danny homesteads down on the Mimbres at Old Town, where the old Santa Fé trail comes down the mountains off the Black Pass over Cooks. He takes about a pound of salt pork. Now don't skip until you hear the rest of it. He cuts the pork into strips about a third of an inch thick and soaks it in fresh water to freshen it a bit. Then he drops it into a hot pan, and allows it to frizzle a minute in its own grease. On the table near the stove he has a pan of cracker meal and when the pork begins to get almost transparent, he lifts each slice with a fork and dips it in the cracker meal, covering both sides and then dropping it back into the pan, and when that pork is all crispy and crackly and golden brown, it is a dish worth going all the way down to Grant County, New Mexico, just to taste.

Half this complaint about the increased cost of living is due to the fact that nowadays folk are either too stuck up to eat cheap things or don't know how to prepare them. Take Aunt Liza Blantin's greens, for instance. Aunt Liza lives at Hillsboro, Ohio. If you can find anything in any restaurant in New York, or anywhere, that compares with a mess of Aunt Liza's greens, you've got a Missourian who wants a peep before he will believe it. Leaves of the young dandelion, the upper leaves of the young wild mustard, a little shepherd's purse and a few leaves of tender horsefoot. She'll give you a mess for ten cents, enough to feed ten New Yorkers or two hungry Hillsboroans—they still eat down there in the hills—say about half a bushel. Let them boil and then simmer until it is just one oozy mass of green, with a chunk of salt pork sizzling away in the middle—honestly it makes me hungry to write this. Wait till I come back from the pantry.

Aw, no, let's don't go over to Rector's; let's hitch up and drive down the creek; Joe Patton is going to kill to-day. Did you ever get around at butchering time? It's the best time of the year, not excepting threshing. Head sausage? Um-m-m. Did you ever taste it? And cracklins! If I write any more about that I'll have to make another trip to the pantry.

Let's pass the meats and get on. Salad. There are but two artists in salad: Benny Benjamin, and the person who makes the salads at the Peabody in Memphis. I tried to get acquainted with that Peabody fellow the first time I tasted his pimento dressing, but failed. No use talking, that fellow knows



"Enveloped in one of grandmother's aprons and armed with chopping bowl and knife, I sat in the kitchen and seeded raisins, and stemmed currants, and chopped suet and meat, and citron, and spices, and apples"

how to make dressings. I had one of his breakfast salads once. Somehow breakfast salad sounds like a misfit, but in this case it isn't. Grapefruit—the clear meat lifted out in its natural shape and a jammy, marmalady, creamy sort of dressing. He didn't copy that, he invented it, and it stamps him as the old master of salad making,—the Michael Angelo of oil and vinegar.

Did any of you folk ever taste molasses pie, or persimmon jam, or persimmon beer, or sweet potato pie? No? Well, say, what do you know about eating anyhow? Wait till I hitch up. We'll drive down the hill under Hillcrest at Asheville, and over through Biltmore, climb the hill overlooking the Swannonoa and the French Broad, and swing down through Buena Vista that Bill Nye used to make so much fun of. Giddap, Belle, we're halfway there. After we get off the pike and hit the mud road, and up the hill past the cider mill, and down and up again, you'll see a post-office and store on one side of the road and another store on the other. Don't stop there; go on up the hill and turn in through the pines, first lane to the

left. See that white framehouse set back against the green of the mountain? That's Skyland. "Hello, Mrs. Cathey! Here, some of you kids, take the horse around."

Here's another place where folk eat. Let's get there in strawberry season. Auntie Mag is out in the kitchen now with a pailful of fresh berries the kids picked up on the side of Pisgah hills this morning. Shortcake for dinner. Let's see how she makes it. Two cups of flour, sifted fine, a big pinch of baking soda, two small pinches of salt (Auntie Mag measures everything by handfuls or pinches of her broad thumbs), a piece of lard about the size of the taw you used when you played marbles, and a cup of sour cream. She kneads it just enough to make it smooth and rolls it out round, an inch thick.

There's a lot of difference in fuel. One wouldn't think it, but there is about as much difference between cooking with gas and with a hickory wood fire as between day and night—and somehow the flavor of the wood gets into everything cooked on it. And don't forget that there are more different kinds of flour in the world than anything, except different shades of green. The flour Auntie Mag uses was ground over at the mill on the French Broad. There is life in it. The whole life of the wheat hasn't been ground and rolled and refined out of it. You can't get that old-fashioned burr flour in many places now, and that's mostly the reason bread and biscuit taste as if they had Portland cement and plaster of Paris mixed in them. Auntie Mag drops the dough into a shallow round baking pan—and just twenty minutes later removes it, raised to twice its height and brown as October. Then she splits it and lays the bottom disk in a bowl and covers that half all over with fresh berries, so close you can't see a teeny mite of the white, and over that she pours other berries that have stewed in sugar, claps the top over that, pours on juice until the cake looks like a brown fairy island floating in a sea of red—and in the middle of the top crust she places the biggest berry, and marches triumphantly into the dining-room with her creation. "Um-m-m, Mrs. Cathey, if you don't mind a third helping, I'll take some more of that shortcake."

But when you come down to pastries, there are only two, and only one of those can you buy. That one is the Cooley House custard pie. Never heard of Cooley House custard pie? Then you never traveled East. Watch the traveling salesman of experience. See him in Rochester or Binghamton, or Montreal, Albany, Worcester, Thursday or

Friday. "Hello, Jack, come have something." "Can't—busy." "What's the hurry?" "Want to Sunday in Springfield." "What for?" "What for?" "What for?" (rising inflection and scorn, increasing with each repetition). "WHAT FOR? Why, Cooley House custard pie."

That's another delicacy taken out of a private kitchen into public life to create a sensation. Mrs. Cooley invented it—and the secret of its composition still belongs to the house. There are imitators. I even have tried to imitate it myself—but something is lacking.

If you want cheese with your pie, I'd recommend that you get John, down at the old Southern in St. Louis, to bribe the chef and get the secret of that deviled cheese. John is the big head-waiter, you know, and I suspect he has sold that secret to a thousand guests. There's nothing quite up to that cheese, but somehow, when I mix it the taste isn't the same.

And last, and greatest, is mother's mince pie. When I was a boy, about October 18th, I was given the only job I ever liked. Enveloped in one of grandmother's aprons and armed with chopping bowl and knife, I sat in the kitchen and seeded raisins, and stemmed currants, and chopped suet and meat, and citron, and spices, and apples. Did you ever stem raisins? There's a job. I remember they used to buy eight pounds so as to be sure that five pounds would get into the mince-meat, and I'll never forget the time I made myself sick on citron.

And, after I had seeded and stemmed and chopped all day, twenty gallons of the meat, dampened with cider and maybe (don't let the neighbors hear you) just a drop of brandy to make it keep, was packed down into the big stone jars to ripen until Thanksgiving. "Maybe, if you're a very good boy, we'll bake a few, only eight or ten, mind you—before then. It won't be real good until Thanksgiving."

Don't talk of other pies. There ain't none. An inch thickness of the mince-meat between two of the flakiest, crispest crusts ever planned—T M for 'tis mince, and T M for 'tain't mince. It's a shame no one outside the family ever gets to taste them.

Mince pies make boys sick? Nonsense. That kind never had a dream in them. Why, I've eaten three quarters of one at dinner, filched half of another out of the pantry when the grown folk weren't looking, and then taken half of one to bed, just to eat while I was trying to get to sleep, and then slept as angels are said to sleep.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THE scholarly Monachus had just come back to us from his wanderings in Europe. We were gathered at the "Poet's Hour," as we have come to call the leisurely time after the day's work is done; when we linger in the office in free and comradely talk, in joyous and eager disagreement over many matters of moment in our editorial life. Monachus told of wonderful things seen and "Poet's Hour" heard in the library or the laboratory or the workshops of the great men with whom he had foregathered.

**A Glimpse
into the
"Poet's Hour"**

What was the most interesting and stirring thing you saw? asked the Responsible Editor.

Without an instant's hesitation Monachus replied: The statue of Falkland that stands in Westminster Hall at the entrance of the outer lobby of the House of Commons.

Well, said the Reporter, for the benefit of the Amalgamated Order of Ignorant Highbrows here assembled, I will be the *capra hircus*. Who was Falkland? Some kind of explorer, wasn't he? Discovered the Falkland Islands or something?

No, said Monachus gently, but you happily corroborate my companion, an English journalist. Upon seeing my absorbed interest in the statue, he exclaimed, "*Why, who in America knows Falkland?*"

Let me deliver you a monologue and a moral, proceeded Monachus, and we all fell back to give him elbow-room—I wish I might communicate the thrill of spirit I felt as I stood before that statue.

In Westminster Hall where King Charles stood trial and Strafford was impeached; in the building so closely associated with the memory of Cromwell's Protectorate that it seems still to carry the atmosphere of illiberal thought and rancorous temper—here in the place of honor at the head of a line of grim, erect military figures—here, of all men in the world, stands Falkland.

The artist portrays him sympathetically. He leans on his sword with his head sunk forward in an attitude of deep dejection. His spirit seems so alien, his small stature and the frailness and pathos of his figure seem so out of place beside the warlike pose of Hampden, Strafford and the rest, that one involuntarily wonders why he is here. Is it by some overruling accident, or by one of those rare instinctive flashes of insight that light the way far in advance of conscious thought and sometimes enable nations as well as men to build better than they knew?

Who in America knows Falkland? Well, why should we know him? History says little about him. Beyond a few pages of Clarendon whom no one ever reads, and a paragraph of Hume, his name is barely mentioned. We know his time and the men of his time better, probably, than any other period of English history. We know **Who** Cromwell, Archbishop Laud, **Knows** Pym, Hampden, Strafford, **Falkland?** Ireton. We even know Knox and Richard Baxter, after a fashion—one still sees a stray copy of "The Saint's Rest" now and then in the second-hand book stores. We have a spiritual kinship with these men. Our national genius was heavily influenced by the Puritanism of Old England impressed on us through New England. But Falkland left no mark on those times and history glances at him only to pass him by.

It is not surprising. Cromwell, Laud, Hampden and the rest were men who "did things," as our cant phrase goes. They were the men of "efficiency" whom history always glorifies. Falkland was not efficient. History loves to dwell on strenuous men of action, and Falkland was not strenuous. History follows politics and Falkland was no politician. History recounts wars, and while Falkland was a good soldier there were plenty better. Falkland was a man of letters, but he wrote nothing—the trifle of verse

that comes down from him is singularly uninspired. He was undersized, homely, and had a disagreeable voice—all these things were against him. Finally, he died at an age when most men are only beginning to ripen—thirty-four. History can do nothing with such material as this. The little that is known about his life will go easily into a single paragraph. Let us look at it.

Sir Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, was born about 1610 and educated at Dublin and Oxford. At twenty-one he made a love-match with Letitia, the sister of his friend Henry Morison. In 1640 he entered Parliament as member for Newport in the Isle of Wight. The last eighteen months of his life he served as Secretary of State. When the Civil War broke out he entered the royal army and was killed at the undecisive battle of Newbury, September 20, 1643. The record of his burial, dated three days later, is found in the register of Great Tew Church; but the exact place of his burial is, I believe, disputed.

Seven years of literary leisure, three years of uneventful public life, a violent and untimely death—this is all. Great events took place during his public career but he had little part in them. Beside the Cromwells and Hampdens, the men who "did things," he seems scarcely more than a spectator. He did his work in public office faithfully and did it exceedingly well; but his attachments were invariably unpopular and his interests always unsuccessful.

And yet, in the year 1911, *here stands his statue in Westminster Hall*. For some reason the British nation has chosen the drooping figure of this unpopular, unsuccessful man to watch over the very doorway of the House of Commons. Evidently not for anything he ever accomplished—the statue is not a memorial of "constructive statesmanship." It is not a monument to "efficiency." It is not a party emblem—Falkland was probably the only man in England who had no party. What then? Indeed I think I might to some purpose have turned the question, *Who knows Falkland?* back upon my friend the journalist, if it had been quite urbane to do so.

After facts, opinions: Let us now turn to what has been said about Falkland. The first thing we notice is that for an unpopular man who did nothing, he gets a great deal of praise. One would think if he deserved half of it he could not help counting for more than he did, and yet we find by

history that he hardly counts at all. Ben Jonson, Sir Francis Wortly, Suckling, Waller and Cowley all celebrate him in panegyric verse; and Clarendon speaks of his death as "a loss which no time will suffer to be forgotten and no success or good fortune can repair."

Still, it must be remembered that these were friends and some liberty of escape must be allowed the noble sentiments of friendship. No doubt Clarendon overrates the worth of Falkland's public services. No doubt he overpraises Falkland's abilities and accomplishments. At all events he was clearly aware that they were not of the kind that usually move a great people to put up statues at the door of the House of Commons. Yet, running all through Clarendon's account, there is a strain which shows how he had seized upon the one characteristic that justifies all the praise of Falkland, that vindicates the instinct which prompted the British people to rear his statue where it stands; the characteristic that lifts Falkland out of his own time to connect with all time, that isolates him from his own people to relate him to all people.

Barely does Clarendon mention Falkland's "prodigious parts of learning and knowledge"—about which there may be several opinions—before he sets forth "his inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, his so flowing and obliging a *humanity and goodness to mankind*, his primitive simplicity and integrity of life." And it is to this view of Falkland that Clarendon perpetually comes back. "His gentleness and affability, so transcendent and obliging that it drew reverence and some kind of compliance even from the roughest constitution, and made them of another temper of debate in his presence than they were in other places." Again: "His disposition and nature were so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him."

At last, broke in the Philosopher, we begin to get you—to feel firm ground beneath our feet. *Liberalism!*—how the word is mooted and bandied among us! Liberalism is quite the rage just now, and we all freely call ourselves liberals of one kind or another. We go in for liberal politics, liberal religion, liberal journalism, and what we do not go in for we flirt with. But what is liberalism? In politics, for instance, does it imply a party and party machinery

A Slim Biography

What
is
Liberalism?

such, say, as the Insurgents have? Does it mean following a leadership like that of Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wilson or Senator La Follette? Is it defined by a set program like regulation of monopoly, municipal home rule, popular senatorial elections and so forth?

Most of us think so, replied Monachus, continuing his discourse. We construct programs and policies, call them *liberal*, make them the test and touchstone of liberalism, believe in them fanatically and for the most part serve them very illiberally—and presently the Time-Spirit touches them and we see that they were, after all, far from being the heart and core of liberalism. A pace or two beyond the doorway where Falkland stands, one comes upon the statue of the last great liberal leader, Mr. Gladstone. He was one of those who “did things.” Well, one thinks at once of the liberalism of his time—free trade, home rule, disestablishment, the abolition of church-taxes, and marriage with one’s deceased wife’s sister! What a grotesque idea, one says, to call all this by the august name of liberalism! If the next generation sees a statue of Mr. Asquith, it will think of land-valuation and the reform of the House of Lords. American liberals may perhaps see the truculent figure of Mr. Roosevelt done in marble, and inevitably they will think of strenuousness, the square deal, militant honesty and the hound’s tooth. And when the crest of Oregonian enthusiasm carries a statue of Senator Bourne into the national capital, our descendants will look on it and be reminded of the initiative, the referendum and the recall!

But *the fashion of this world passeth away*. English liberals do not now admit a man as perforce a liberal, even though he pays no church-taxes and marries his deceased wife’s sister. In America since ten years one cannot quite qualify as a liberal on the unsupported merit of strenuousness and militant honesty and the square deal. Already we are a little past that: and a few years hence, all these things will be even more stringently reviewed and re-rated in their relation to liberalism than they are at present.

But not by any means to the disparagement of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Roosevelt. Their honor will be all the greater, as it becomes less fanatical and more intelligent. Their statues will stand—only, they will stand like Cromwell’s and Hampden’s as monuments to “efficiency,” to honest purpose and notable fulfillment. They will *not* stand as monuments to liberalism.

But Falkland’s statue, continued Monachus, on the other hand, will remain forever a memorial to the one imperishable unchanging element in liberalism—the liberal *temper*.

For the liberal *temper*, the only element in liberalism that has any real power or permanence, is all there was to Falkland. It is his only channel of communication with the future—but it is endless. All honor to the British nation which itself works toward the liberal temper but very slowly—far more slowly even than we do—for having found it out.

One may easily follow the progress of the liberal spirit through the few known incidents of Falkland’s life. His fortune descended to him direct from his mother’s mother. When his marriage to a poor girl aroused his father’s displeasure, he at once offered to make over all his money and accept an allowance. As Secretary of State he refused to employ spies or open letters—immemorial practices then, and freely used to-day. Horace Walpole sneers at this conduct as “evincing debility of mind.” Hallam says in the same connection that Falkland was an excellent man but unfitted for the public service. Even Clarendon remarks with unconscious humor that “his natural superiority made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transaction of human affairs.”

Falkland
a Real
Liberal

The Jesuits made many attempts upon Falkland, who gave them every advantage—to his friends’ great horror. Clarendon says, “he declined no opportunity nor occasion of conversation with those of that religion, whether priests or laics.” Not for any leaning toward the Church of Rome—he had none—but because he was a liberal who took the spiritual element in religion wherever he could find it. Clarendon once more brings out *the liberal temper* when he says that Falkland “was so great an enemy to the passion and uncharitableness which he saw produced by differences of opinion in matters of religion.” In religion as in politics Falkland was that rarest of beings, a man without a party.

When Puritan influence brought in a bill to eject the bishops from the House of Lords, Falkland supported it. His reasons were wholly sound. The Church of England under Archbishop Laud was only an immense political machine in the royalist cause. This bill would tend powerfully to get the bishops out of politics and turn them back

upon their proper business. Falkland's action delighted the Puritans who thought they had a coming convert. But presently when the London Petition came along for abolishing the whole system of church government in favor of the Puritan system, Falkland, to their supreme disgust, went dead against it.

Hampden angrily taxed him with insincerity and vacillation—the charge always brought against one who refuses to tie himself to party. But what was he to do? He knew that the Puritan church also was only a great political machine in the hands of Cromwell. The Church of England, bad as it was, still had an advantage worth keeping. It had antiquity and the great accretion of sentiment and poetry that antiquity confers. Why throw it away in favor of another institution that had not even this to recommend it? Falkland was not for the triumph of the Church of England, but was all for its transformation. He was not for the triumph of the Puritan church; he was all for its expansion and readjustment.

His speech on the London Petition is a remarkable exhibition of the liberal temper. Bear with its archaic language for the sake of access to its spirit. Amid that riot of the worst passions and the meanest prejudices—our abolitionist times leading up to 1860 were nothing to it—Falkland said: "Mr. Speaker, I do not believe the bishops to be *jure divino*; nay, I believe them not to be *jure divino*; but neither do I believe them to be *injuria humana*." And further on we find probably the wisest liberal maxim heard since the Wise Man of Greece said, "*Nothing in excess*." Hear it, O ye liberals, who lightly run amuck at established institutions—"When it is not *necessary* to change, it is necessary *not* to change."

Why, continued Monachus, rising to a Tyrtæan strain, why do we think that fanaticism always holds a monopoly of courage or of martyrdom? Liberalism has its uncounted martyrs in every generation—Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Erasmus in the Middle Ages, Falkland, Tolstoy—martyrs of whom the world was not worthy and for whom it certainly was not ready. Not in the least belittling Cromwell nor Hampden, there was in all England's royalists and Puritans put together no such courage as Falkland's. Out with the royalists for

**Apparent
Inconsistency
Was True
Consistency**

his action about the bishops; out with the Puritans for his stand on the London Petition. The one man who would not take sides was suspected, disliked, called weak, traitorous, time-serving, by both sides—and he did not resent it.

The Civil War drew on and brought with it the tragedy of Falkland's life. He knew the war was not necessary, not inevitable. He hoped to the last that better counsels would finally bring about a peaceful readjustment. The liberal temper that *thinketh no evil* kept him hoping for the best from the Puritans as well as from the royalists. Clarendon says: "The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially Mr. Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom; and though he differed from them commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest."

But he was disappointed. His whole world divided itself sharply into rival camps, royalist and Puritan. There was no middle ground. Falkland saw that the one cause was as unsound and hollow as the other, that there was scarcely a pin to choose between the triumph of the King and the triumph of the Puritans. He also saw what every liberal always sees, that violence never really settles anything. Despairing of peaceful reconstruction, which he knew to be the only fruitful reform, he went into the battle with his sword undrawn, intent only on escape from the evil to come. He fell at the first skirmish and died "ingeminating the words, *Peace, peace!*"

Was his forecast right? Was Falkland only a weak and amiable pessimist, or did he see the incoming civilization of the Commonwealth as it really was? Most of us would give a verdict against him. Mr. Roosevelt glorifies Cromwell—still one is never quite allowed to forget that it is Mr. Roosevelt who glorifies him. Senator Lodge, also, in the first of his charming "Studies in History," praises the Puritan civilization with no uncertain sound. He says: "It is no longer to enter into argument to show that Oliver Cromwell was the greatest soldier and statesman combined that England has ever produced; that John Hampden is, on the whole, the finest representative of the English gentleman; and John Pym one of the greatest as he was one of the earliest, in the splendid line of English

**Time Alone
Reveals
Truth**

**Monachus
Calls the
Bede-Roll**

parliamentary leaders. *The grandeur of the period which opened with the Long Parliament and closed with the death of the Protector is established beyond the possibility of doubt.*"

Well, one would say, this depends on what one's idea of grandeur is. Clearly, however, if the instinct of the British people had gone along with Mr. Lodge, Falkland would have had no statue. Mr. Lodge sums up the grandeur of the Protectorate thus: "During that period Church and crown were overthrown, a king was executed, great battles were fought, Scotland was conquered and Ireland pacified for the first and last time."

Language is a free property, so no doubt if Mr. Lodge really thinks all this is grandeur, he may call it so if he likes; but most of us would rather look a little into the results before we gave our verdict. *Ireland pacified!* True, no question—but how, and with what effect? The French writer, Villemain, in his "Histoire de Cromwell," says: "Ireland became a desert which the few remaining inhabitants described by the mournful saying, 'There was not water enough to drown a man, not wood enough to hang him, not earth enough to bury him.'"

This is pacification with a vengeance—literally. The thirty persons left alive in the town of Tredagh were condemned to slavery.

Hugh Peters, a chaplain, wrote: "We are masters of Tredagh, no enemy was spared; I just come from the church where I had gone to thank the Lord."

Wexford and Drogheda shared the fate of Tredagh. Yet in spite of these singularly temperate and convincing efforts to recommend the politico-religious civilization of Puritanism to the Celtic and Catholic Irish, we find the Protestant Archbishop Boulter, of Armagh, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1727 that "we have in all probability in this kingdom at least five Papists to every Protestant," and testifying that under the most rigorous laws against popery there were more conversions from Protestantism to Rome than from Rome to Protestantism.

One interesting survival of Cromwell's "pacification" of Ireland remains in the common speech of Irishmen to-day. If Mr. Lodge has ever heard an Irishman invoke *the curse o' Crum'll* on an enemy, he has witnessed probably the acme of human bitterness.

To apply the term *grandeur* to Cromwell's period would seem to mean that the Puritan

civilization was in most respects, at least, superior to the civilization it displaced. Mr. Lodge thinks so, Mr. Roosevelt appears to think so. If they are right, Falkland was wrong. Now, the question must at once occur: If Puritanism was as good as all that, why did it so soon collapse? Above all, why did it collapse so promptly in New England as in Old England? Mr. Lodge is perfectly candid. He raises this awkward question himself, faces it squarely and with ability, but his explanations only embarrass the reader, probably because they are a good deal embarrassed themselves. Let us supply an adequate answer.

Puritan civilization collapsed because it disserved and dissatisfied too many vital human claims. The claim of intellect?—Puritanism was unintelligent. The claim of beauty and sentiment?—Puritanism was **Why** the most repulsive thing on **Puritanism** earth. The claim of social **Failed** life.—Puritanism was dull and unamiable beyond belief. The one instinct that it did satisfy was the instinct of morals. It had energy, militant honesty, strenuousness, and according to its lights made a great specialty of the square deal. No wonder Mr. Roosevelt is delighted. But it tried to foist this on mankind as *the whole of life*—and it is not the whole of life. There are many other vital human claims that a civilization must satisfy if it would win permanence, and Puritanism did not satisfy these, did not even recognize them! Man is a creature "of a large discourse." He looked unmoved upon the very virtues of the Puritans and decided that they were not worth having at the price. He refused the civilization of the Puritans because energy, militant honesty, strenuousness and the square deal are not the whole of life. The permanent instincts of humanity are stronger than the narrow, dogged, provincial obstinacy of any one man or set of men, and there was a violent reaction.

The consequence was the Restoration. The country swung back to the false and vicious system that Puritanism overthrew in Falkland's time. Then came the BUCKINGHAMS and SEDLEYS, the WYCHERLEYS and ROCHESTERS, HOBBS and the DEISTS, and the spiritual wilderness of the eighteenth century; and the triumph of Falkland's ideal was set back indefinitely.

Here at last we see the hold that Falkland had upon the future. British insight has perceived it and built him a statue, though

as I said the British nation works toward this ideal very unintelligently and slowly. Falkland gave a martyr's testimony that a civilization cannot long stand on the strength of satisfying one or two of humanity's claims and permanent instincts. It must satisfy them *all*.

But, said Monachus, apprehensively, if there is any truth in the adage that a burnt child dreads the fire, I suppose I should be very loth to make a practical application of

**Monachus
Fears His
Countrymen**

this sterling doctrine. After being in Canada last winter you remember I commented upon what struck me there as the necessity that the intense and powerful civilization of the United States should lay

this lesson somewhat more closely to heart, that it should expand a trifle, possibly sweeten and temper itself a little, in order to meet more demands of the human spirit than it is meeting at present. You printed my article in the August issue. Fortunately I was in Europe when it appeared, but every letter you wrote me said you had your hands full with angry patriots inquiring the way to my garret on the East Side.

Still, I spoke as a patriot to patriots; I appealed to the liberal temper in my countrymen. The civilization of the United States is native to me, I love it and desire its permanence. Why should it be held unpatriotic to ask for a civilization sufficiently rich and varied to redeem *all* the demands of posterity? I am well aware that posterity has no votes, so I do not appeal to the man of the moment with his platforms and parties, be they ever so "efficient." I appeal to the liberal temper, which sees clearly and judges disinterestedly. Our civilization does everything for the instinct of material well-being, everything for the instinct of workmanship, and a great deal for the instinct of morals. So far, it runs even with Puritanism whose ideals are increasingly urged upon us by Mr. Roosevelt and others. But judged by our literature, even by Mr. Roosevelt's essays, it does next to nothing for the claims of the intellect. Judged by our art and music it does next to nothing for the claim of beauty. Judged by our social life it does next to nothing for the instinct that leads the race toward what is elevated, amiable and becoming.

And now at the end of Mr. Roosevelt's decade, the sight of Falkland's statue moved me to suggest that we resurvey our civilization by the help of the liberal temper.

Programs and policies by all means—let us hold up both hands for the so-called liberal measures of our time, if they are sound; let us go along with our so-called liberal leaders, only remembering

**Salvation by
Spirit Not
Machinery**

that they do not enunciate the whole of liberalism. Let us accept all Mr. Roosevelt has to tell us about the Puritan virtues, only remembering that they are not enough to make a civilization that has any prospect or possibility of permanence. Let us honor Cromwell and Hampden, but if we are looking to those times for a model to measure the stature of our ideal civilization, let us find it in Falkland.

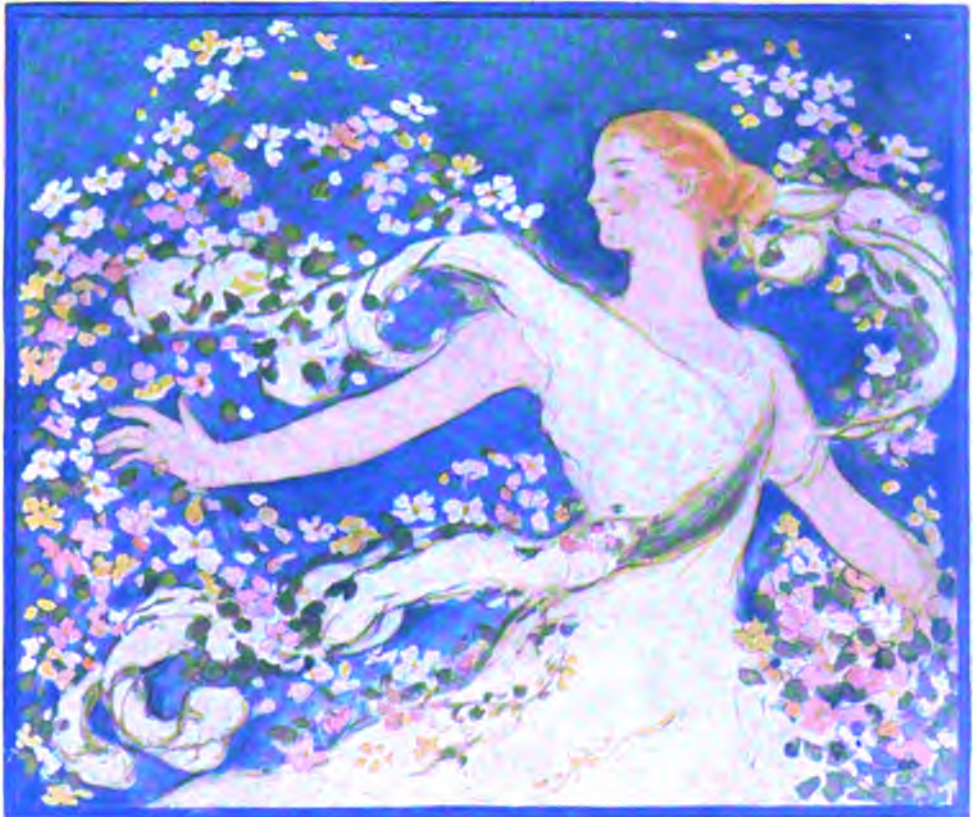
Falkland, the embodiment of the liberal temper, the perpetual witness to the *ἁγίον* *αἶψα*, the martyr of sweetness and light, as Mr. Arnold so truly calls him. Falkland, who knew that real liberalism is little furthered by parties and platforms, but by *pureness*, by *kindness*, by *love unfeigned*; who turned aside alike from the imperfect civilization of the King and of the Puritans, in his vision of a society that should touch and animate *all* the sides of that many-sided creature, the human spirit.

Let us regard him (and as suggesting conclusion, the voice of Monachus took on a solemn tone), for he will triumph; the forces of nature are on his side, not ours. Already a flash of genius has raised a monument to the liberal temper at the door of the House of Commons—and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George pass by it probably every day. But a greater power than British genius is at work upon Falkland. The self-preserving instinct of humanity takes him up with the lame slave of Nicopolis, with Erasmus, with Tolstoy, with all the martyrs of the liberal temper, and keeps him inviolate above the ruck of our shortsighted reactions and readjustments that we misname *liberal*. History passes him by; but over all his "inefficiency," his disappointments and apparent failure, the august finger of the Time-Spirit itself has inscribed the words, "*As dying, and behold we live!*"

Because of lack of space "The Pilgrim Scrip" department must be omitted this month. Next month we shall try to give enough extra space to this department to print the letters and comments from our readers crowded out of this month's issue.—THE EDITOR.

A

The APRIL
American
MAGAZINE



A NEW
EDNA FERBER STORY

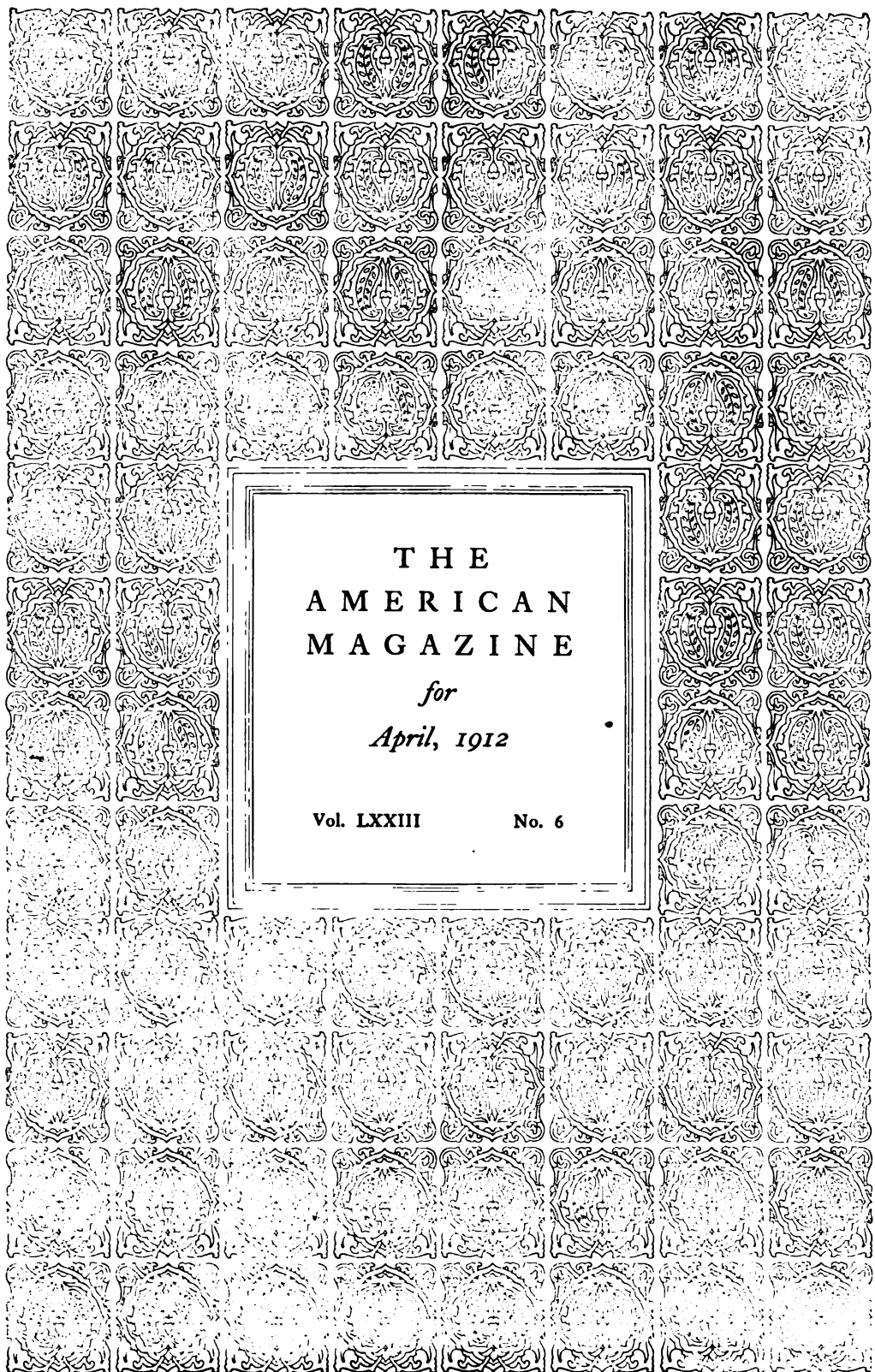


Circumstances
Alter
Faces



LOOK FOR THIS

K. K. Kellogg



THE
AMERICAN
MAGAZINE
for
April, 1912

Vol. LXXIII No. 6



Painting by Bernard

JOHN AND PETER ON THE WAY TO THE SEPULCHRE



THE APRIL AMERICAN



THE GREEN BOUGH

A Narrative of the Resurrection

BY MARY AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF PAINTINGS

Mary Austin has a rare endowment, and she has had an unusual experience. Her books, "The Land of Little Rain," and "Lost Borders" came out of her life in the desert among the Indians and the sheep herders. Her close acquaintanceship with the Indians gave her some material which seldom falls to a writer. She came to know the primitive mind and its forms of religious expression.

When she went to Italy, both her genius and her sensibility to religious expressions; refined by personal experience, led her to make special studies of religious art, and of the materials from which great pieces of art were drawn. Always a genuine and interested student of the Scriptures, Mrs. Austin passionately devoted herself to going through available documents, literary and otherwise, relating to the life of Christ—in the Vatican Library and elsewhere. The first fruit of this work is a little record called "Christ in Italy" which contains in beautiful form the effect that religious art produced upon her. This book is to be issued shortly. One part of it, now first published, is a reconstruction of the events that followed the Crucifixion. While this is imaginative, we feel that it is based on knowledge and study worthy of a great scholar.—THE EDITOR.

IT was the season of the green bough. On into the night, emanations from the warm, odorless earth kept the chill from the air, and the sky, steeped in the full Spring suns, retained, almost until dawn, light enough to show the pale undersides of the olive branches where they stirred with the midnight currents. It was not until the hours fell into the very pit of the night that the morning coolness began to strike shivers along the bodies of those whose business kept them sleeping on the open slopes outside the city walls.

It would have been about that time that he awoke. For more than an hour past he had swung from point to point of consciousness on successive waves of pain; now he

was carried almost to the verge of recovery, and now he felt the dragging clutch of the Pit from which hardly he had escaped. By degrees as he was borne toward life his passages in and out of insensibility began to approach more nearly the normal phases of waking and sleeping; the pangs of his body separated from the obsessions of spiritual distress, and recurrent memory began to ply.

It began with the agony in the garden and the falling away of all human support from that inexplicable wrestling of great souls with foreknowledge, which must always seem to the generality, unnecessary if not a little absurd. More pitifully than all that had rolled between, he felt the empty reach of his affections toward the uncomprehending



Painting by L. Hermitte

CHRIST AT EMMAUS

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sleep of his companions. . . . Could ye not watch one little hour! He remembered the futility of trial, the scoffings and the betrayals, through the crisis of which his quick spirit had lived so long before that at last it broke upon him harmlessly. Pain by pain, his body picked out for him other memories of the way, the cross, the tearing nails. . . . more than all else the impotence of purely human impulses under the larger vision which kept him even in the midst of anguish, profoundly aware of how little they knew the thing they did. It came back upon him as the stiffness of his wounds, the burden of understanding that loses even the poor human relief of bitterness and blame. As he fell away again into the trough of bodily pain it was to measure the full horror of that drop, which when the racked consciousness that had sustained him in the knowledge of Fatherliness, had failed like a splitten sail and left him beating blindly in the void. "My God, my God why hast thou forsaken me?" He came strangely up to life in the anguish of that cry. . . . Suddenly he put up his hand and touched the cold stones of his sepulchre. He was dead then, and was alive. Lying very still for pure weakness, his spirit returned half unwittingly by the old track and traveled toward God fumblingly, as a drowsy child at the breast, he sucked comfort, the ineffable, divine support. It flowed. Slowly the slacked spirit filled. . . . Power came upon him. God was not dead nor forsaking He hung upon that and waited for a word. Outside in the dawn dusk a bird, awakened by the swaying of his bough in the first waft of the morning, bubbled over with the joyous urge of the Spring. The sound of it filtered through the rock crevices in a thin, clear trickle of song. He laid off the grave cloth and began to feel for the round stone which he knew should close the mouth of the grave. Wounded as he was, it was still no more than many suffer in battle, with the cheerful promise of recovery; calling on those reserves of power for which he had always been remarkable, he applied his shoulder to the stone it yielded to the pressure and slid along the groove.

He made out the soft bulk of the olive trees, all awake and astir to catch the first streak of the morning, and the *tink, tink* of water falling from a pipe into a stone basin. Following it he came to the fountain from which the garden was watered, and drank and bathed his wounds. He was startled for a moment by the swaying of a garment

against him, and then he perceived it to be the gardener's cloak left hanging in the tree, the long, brown hooded garment of the time. He drew its folds around him as a protection against the warning chill of dawn. He was a working man also, and knew the ways of working folk; he groped in the split hollow of the ancient olive tree, and far under the roots behind the gardener's spade he found a lump of figs tied in a cloth and a common flask which had yet a few swallows of wine in it. When he had eaten and drunk he bound up his feet with the cloth and sat down on the stone bench of the fountain to think what had befallen him.

He was dead—else why had they buried him?—and he was alive again. This then was the meaning of those glimmers and intimations of a life so abundant that he could not imagine even the shock of death to separate him from it. . . . For a long time he had known what he must face if he came up to Jerusalem, yet he had faced it, urged by that inward impulse too deep and imperative for human withstanding. . . . and he had died witness the gaping wound in his side and now he walked among the olives. Vestiges and starts of the broken images of pain and returning consciousness, advised where he had been. He turned his mind deliberately away from that and laid hold on God he was alive again The currents of the Eternal Being circulated through him with peace and healing.

The dusk of the dawn cleared to ineffable blueness, in which the domes and towers of Jerusalem swam, islanded in light. Round about, single high peaks, which still retained the winter whiteness, glowed like outposts of the heavenly host. The gates of the city clattered to let in the hordes of market gardeners with their donkeys, camped since the night before outside the walls, and presently in the cool dimness he saw the women stealing out by a postern and beginning to climb the hill path toward the place of sepulchres. They came peering through the dawn, for they were not certain of any mark by which they should know it, except that it was a new tomb wherein never man was laid. Their voices came up to him clearly through the morning stillness, and he knew at once what their errand was when he heard them troubling lest they had come so early there would be no one about to take away the stone from the door; but when they came to the place where it should be, and saw that it was already rolled away, they were amazed and a little afraid. Then Mary the mother of

James and Salome, and the other Mary, put down the spices they had brought, to go and carry word to the disciples, but Mary Magdalene stayed weeping by the sepulchre.

When he saw that she was alone he went to her and inquired why she wept. She, supposing him to be the gardener, for she saw little because of her weeping and it was not yet full light—"Oh, sir," she said, "if you have borne him hence, tell me where you have laid him that I may take him away."

"Mary!" he said, and as he spoke he put back the gardener's hood from his head.

"Rabboni," the old title came back half consciously in answer to the tone, and suddenly she saw that it was he, and fell a trembling, for she could not understand but that he was a spirit. She sunk in the wet grass of the orchard, for the quaking of her limbs would not sustain her.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" he questioned with the old tender irony, but she scarcely heard him. She worked toward him on her knees; tremblingly her hands went out to touch the beloved feet, half to prove it were his very self of a vision of thin air.

"Nay, touch me not, Mary." He drew back with the sensitiveness of the newly wounded. "I am not yet ascended to my Father," he assured her as he raised her from the ground.

Louder now they heard the stir of Jerusalem awake, and knew that the broadening day might soon bring the rabble about them. When he had questioned her a little hurriedly concerning the state of the city and his disciples, he bade her tell them to come to him in Galilee in a place known to them of old, and so saying drew the folds of his cloak about him and went down by the hill trail away from Jerusalem.

It was twilight of the same day when he came near to the village of Emmaus and heard the cheerful barking of the dogs and the lowing of the cattle at the byres. There was a good Spring smell of tillage in the inlets of the hills and the cry of the night-jar shaken out over the stony places in a shrill fine spray of sound. Half an hour from the village he came upon two who had followed him up to Jerusalem in the beginning of Passover, and as they walked they reasoned together concerning the things that had come to pass there. When he had entered into conversation he saw that they were sad, and inquired of them the reason for it; and they, taking him for a stranger, told him how but a short

time since there had gone a man up to Jerusalem with a great company, preaching the Kingdom of Heaven at hand, and what had been done to him by the authorities.

"But," said they, "we trusted it had been he should redeem Israel."

"O slow of heart," cried he, "that you should believe not all that the prophets have spoken!"

All day as he had come, against the pangs of his torn body, his spirit had beat up toward God with the rhythm of his walking, calling on Power by all the names of Jehovah, until he went veiled in it as in a cloud, which now by the mere added effort of communication, burst into splendor. But a few days since he had walked up to Jerusalem, battling, in the midst of the presages of betrayal and disaster, with the incomplete revelation of Messiahship. This morning waking at once to a knowledge of the practical defeat and to a new and extraordinary security of Divine continuance, he had felt his way, like a true Hebrew, back through the maze of intimations by the words of the Prophets; starlighted sayings shot like meteors across the dark of Israel's history. They lit far inward past the shames and consternations of the crucifixion.

This, then, was the Kingdom; not the overthrow of one form by another, but the flux of all forms, empires, pomps, societies, in the eternal facts of existence . . . the redemption of life from the bondage of Things. He was dead and was alive again.

How indeed was a Messiahship to prove its divine origin by merely setting up in the room of thrones and principalities? Say rather, the last word as to the futility of the Kingdoms of the world was pronounced when they wrecked themselves against its immortal quality.

As he held up the events of the last few days to the familiar scriptures, new meanings came out in them like secret writing held before a flame, and as he talked the hearts of his companions burned within them. As they drew near to their house the speaker made as if he would have gone further, but they urged that he should come in to supper, for the way was hard and the dark had fallen. So as they sat at table, still talking, the mistress of the house set food before them and a little oil-fed lamp. Then the guest put back the hood from his head and stretching forth his hand broke the bread and blessed it, as was his custom, and at once they knew him, but for very fear and astonishment they spoke neither to him nor to one another. As



Painting by Rubens

THE DOUBTING THOMAS

soon as he saw that he was recognized he rose and went forth from them, disappearing in the night.

So little anticipated by his disciples had been the overthrow of the Messianic Hope, that the stroke of it fell upon them like a wolf upon the flock. It scattered them into

nooks and corners, into the hill places and villages round about Jerusalem, there to huddle, pressing together for relief from consternation, loath to believe that the miraculous powers which had so often served them, had failed him on his own account, and wholly unable to accept the whispered word brought by the women from the sepulchre.

He was gone; power and personality, his body even risen or spirited away. All during that day there had been fearful stealers about the precincts of the burial place for a view of the deserted tomb, stealing back again to whisper and wonder or to handle the dropped grave cloth which lay treasured in the house of Mary.

And now, here were two come back from Emmaus with extraordinary new proof of a resurrection, which when they had heard it neither did they believe. But as some few of them sat together talking of these things, secretly behind shut doors for fear of authorities, he of whom they spoke, advised by that mysterious inward leading that his name passed among them with the old reverent tenderness, sought them out by it, and while they were yet speaking appeared among them. Wounded and pale from his vigils and his pains, the voice of his customary salutation struck terror through them. There were men there who had unbound him dead, as they believed, from the cross and bestowed him in the tomb!

"Behold my hands and feet," he said; "handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones." But seeing they hung between terror and wonder, he understood that they still supposed that they had seen a spirit. Then he sat at table and asked that he be served with what food they had, the broiled fish and honey in the comb, upon which they had been at supper, talking quietly the while. Seeing him eat they grew secure, and as they began to realize that he was with them in flesh, they were glad.

So by such simple means as they were able to receive he made them to know that he was the very man whom with their own hands they had laid away, in no wise changed or altered; but of the new meaning which his life had taken on by the fact, he spoke very little, for their minds were not opened to it; neither was it at all times and altogether plain to himself.

In the hills beyond the Sea of Tiberias there was a hut built in a secret and solitary place by one of those wild anchorites not infrequently met with in the borders of Judea. None knew of it except perhaps a runaway slave or two, and shepherds who used it at lambing time. Here in the beginning of his ministry he had drawn apart for seasons of prayer and meditation, that the Word might be plain in him; here, then, he remained resting of God, subsisting in the body by what the hills afforded him and by the gifts of a

few poor followers who had their homes here about, as yet scarcely apprised of the tragic termination of his mission to Jerusalem. Here he saw the passing of the rains, and flowers come out, flame like, on low piney shrubs; wandering shepherds went by him with their new-washed flocks, and whiter clouds led flockwise in the draws between the hills. . . . By all these things knowledge flowed into him.

He saw with chastening how it was that he, so near at all times to the Divine mind, should suffer these things. Lying so close there, as a child to its parent, he had been pushed off the better to measure its reach and fullness. He had clung to that breast which in his ministry had nourished him, until torn from it by betrayals, mockings, tortures of his body, he had dropped despairingly into the gulf of death, and lo, he was fallen into the lap of God! "The Kingdom of Heaven is in the midst of you," he had said to his disciples, and now suddenly he had discovered it in the midst of himself—this profound inward clutch upon Being, from which not the breaking of his body could divide him.

Here in the weakness of shock and wounds, much that had perplexed him in his own life, the fullness of Power straining at his human limitations, came out clearly like the contour of a coast at ebb, but it left him more than ever groping for that communicating touch by which the gained knowledge could be made serviceable to men.

"As my father hath sent me," he had said to his disciples when his new-found resistance to wounding and the malice of men was at flood, "even so I send you." Now as his body frailed before the inundation of revelation, he yearned for Peter and that John whom he had loved, all the company of humble folk who had heard him gladly, following up to Jerusalem trustfully as the great bands of sheep that passed him almost daily, roving the Galilean hills at the heels of the shepherd.

How was he to reach them now, scattered and leaderless, with the significance of his persistence in the body which he accepted at its humanest interpretation. Lying close in the cover of the hills he sent out his thoughts in a strong cry toward his best loved disciples, and Peter and John and the others picking up again the dropped thread of their humble avocations about Gennesareth, heard him. They heard him inwardly, but read it so humanly awry that they made excuse to one another that they went a fishing. They entered into the fishing

boats and all night, though they caught nothing, they beat toward the coast where the cry was; and when it was early light they heard his very voice calling to them that they should cast in their net on the side where he had seen the silver schools floating under the morning mist. When Peter knew the voice he girt on his fisher's coat and came ashore through the shallows, for they were close in, and he had the quickest faith of all the twelve.

Then the others came in with the nets full to breaking, and found that he had made a fire, for the nights along the lake borders were chill, and prepared bread. So they took fish and broiled it and broke their fast together as they had done so many times before when in the beginning of his ministry he had often no other food than the shared bread of the working people. The naturalness of the morning meal restored to them a little of their former reverent familiarity, and served as the medium by which he undertook to lay upon them the obligation of the gospel which he could now no more in this frame and presence preach about the world.

Of this he seems to have been certain. Daily as he reached inward on great tides of prayer for the word born of his late experience, he was aware of being carried so far out of his wracked body that it was inevitable that he should finally leave it there tumbled like weed along the shore of Things. Beyond that episode lay the full light for which he panted more than a hart for the waterbrook.

He had known, evidently, how his visit to Jerusalem must terminate, he seems now to have understood that his further usefulness must wait upon the dropping off of the tortured frame which he had brought up through the tomb with him, but he missed knowing how to convey to the remnant of his disciples, who came together about him in the hills, the spiritual values of his return.

He failed, perhaps because he was not himself yet sure that it might not come that way, to rid them of the expectation of Jewish Autonomy; he was concerned, as always, with the preaching of his Word, rather than what came of it. On this morning the flocks rounding the lake fronting hills furnished the figure of his admonition.

"Feed my sheep," he said to Peter, and again; and then "Feed my lambs." One thing he had not brought back out of the tomb with him was the fear by which his church was afterward corrupted, that the Truth of God could not be trusted to do its Perfect Work in man.

On a mountain, in a place appointed for them, he flamed forth for the last time, with that message, the faint, misread recollection of which as it lay in the minds of his disciples has become the ultimate hope of all our science and all untoward questionings—the assurance of the supremacy of Spirit. What they got from it chiefly was the certainty of the continuance of his personal power. It was the green bough presented to them among the desolating blasts of human experience. "For, lo, I am with you always," he said, "even to the end of the world."

That they did not treasure more these last words, preserve them with that meticulous accuracy for which that body of religionists, from whom they were shorn by the sword of Christ's teaching, were notable, was due in part to their having no apparent belief in this being the last. They had seen him in the flesh, they expected to see him in the flesh again. Nothing else could account for the boldness with which these timid and easily shaken peasant souls faced so soon again the possibility of persecution and death in that Jerusalem whither he had told them to await the confirming visitation of the spirit. They faced it. They went while the city still rang with the story of his defeat, to confirm his triumph; they preached what they had known and seen.

It seems likely, then, that on that last occasion when he went with them a little way on the road toward Jerusalem, they had no notion that it was the last they should see of him in the body. They said unto him, "Lord, dost thou at this time restore the Kingdom to Israel?"

"It is not for you," said he, "to know times and seasons." In his own time he should come again and in no other guise than Counselor and Friend. When he had blessed them they saw him pass up the hill trail toward his chosen place and the mountain mists receive him.

Afterward in the long time when they expected him in vain, they said, in the manner of speaking of that country, that he had ascended to Heaven, so that long afterward it came to be reported that they had seen him ascending there in the company of clouds of angels. But so long as they lived who had seen him, they looked out for him every day . . . any knock at the door . . . any solitary figure on the hill paths about Bethany. . . . For they had laid him in the tomb, and he had come to them in the very flesh.



Howard-Heath
1912

Mr. Malloy manœuvred, undetected, to a position behind them and listened

THE BITE OF THE LAMB

A Further Adventure of Mr. Polley in the State Legislature

BY CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD HEATH

MR. POLLEY stood in grotesque indecision and embarrassment in the hotel lobby just beyond the revolving doors, there presenting a frightened exterior of fur cap, long rusty overcoat, muffler and boots.

His trouser legs were tucked into his boot-tops and his muffler, tied in a knot with long loose ends under his chin, bound his cap and covered his ears. What could be seen of Mr. Polley's physical self was mostly eyes, startled and inquiring, and nose, sensitive and inquisitive. He carried a carpet sack and an umbrella.

Mr. Polley was tall, thin, young and round-shouldered. He looked like a scared interrogation mark.

Grotesque Mr. Polley surely was, and apparently embarrassed to find himself in the gaudy wonders of a hotel. He had walked from the railroad station through a swirl of snow, and the flakes he carried in with him did not shrink in the warm glare of the lobby more perceptibly than did he.

Pleasure, poker or plots at this hour of the night gave occupation elsewhere than in the rotunda to a majority of the statesmen assembled for biennial consideration of the commonwealth's legislative necessities, but a dozen loungers on the leather couches by the fire, indolent of pose but curious of gaze, stared at Mr. Polley.

In the doorway letting to the bar-room

a gentleman of rotund presence, emerging chuckling from a narrative, found his chuckles stunned as he stood gaping at Mr. Polley thus appearing before him.

At the cigar counter the notoriously genial Dr. Porget, Dr. Clinton A. Porget, a most worthy and distinguished statesman, idly shook dice with the notoriously shrewd Mr. Isaac Malloy. Ordinarily Dr. Porget preferred poker or plots, but chance led him to dice with Mr. Malloy.

The latter espied Mr. Polley and nudged Dr. Porget.

"O, look," he said.

Dr. Porget's sympathies were vast, his perceptions keen and his intuitions certain. While others stared inhospitably he advanced to meet Mr. Polley, his celebrated Good Samaritan smile inviting the confidence which his worthy countenance strove to deserve.

"The new member from Shawnee?" Dr. Porget said genially. "Mr.—?"

"Polley."

The new member felt as if this confession of identity were almost a sacrament, so soothing was the approach of Dr. Porget.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Polley. Very glad, indeed, to meet you, Mr. Polley. You will want to register. Come right with me, Mr. Polley."

Mr. Malloy with the nice discrimination of a shrewd critic of human conduct, observed Dr. Porget's behavior and approved it. As he often remarked: "You really have to give it to the doc. He's a wonder."



Mr. Polley stood in grotesque indecision

He saw that Dr. Porget piloted Mr. Polley safely through the ceremonies at the clerk's desk and afterwards drew him comfortably to a couch. Mr. Malloy smiled. Presently when the sight of the Porget charity no longer amused him, he paid for cigars which the doctor had ordered, and went to the bar-room. A bottle of beer and conversation with the bartender occupied fifteen minutes.

When he returned to the lobby Dr. Porget and Mr. Polley were in converse on the couch. Mr. Malloy manoeuvred, undetected, to a position behind them and listened. The doctor spoke in a full diapason of tender feeling.

"Yes, Mr. Polley, there are many advantages in a community of this size. There is a noticeable religious atmosphere. It is a city of homes and of churches. Very few of the members remain here over the Sabbath, but the Wednesday and Friday night meetings are of great help to men deprived, in the service of the State, of their family circle. There is an excellent library and an active Y. M. C. A. You would find many members there now. Of course there are some wastrels. A great city, such as our State contains, makes some mistakes. The—the foreigners, you know. Possibly we ought not to be severe. Charity, Mr. Polley, charity. But their presence here is—is—to be—deplored—yes, deplored. I say it kindly, but—deplored."

Mr. Malloy hesitated on the brink of an inspiration to step in front of the two and invite them to have a drink, but he drew back from the temptation, took his overcoat from the coat room and went around the corner to O'Malley's. The bartender nodded to him.

"Lemon said for you to wait if you came in. Sol's asleep back there in a booth."

"Asleep?"

"Some one's snoring. I guess it must be Rutabager. Lemon left him here and said he was going out to hunt you."

Ike found the recumbent form of Mr. Rutabager in a booth on a leather settee which he filled sprawling. Sleep is a traitorous betrayer of men both good and handsome, and Sol, hideous in the facial relaxation of one enjoying nature's sweet restorer, was neither. Even Ike was uncomfortable, looking at the too intimately disclosed self of his friend. He shook the sleeper. Sol awoke with protest.

"Where's Tim?" he asked yawning.

He straightened himself out and blinked. Sol had the bulk and morals of a successful sea robber, but he was good-natured even when disturbed in sleep.

"I'm tired," he protested amiably. "I've got to cut a whole lot of this out. A little keg of nails like you can stand it, but I can't. I'm human."

"Lucky you can't see yourself while you sleep."

"Why?" Sol's inquiry was drawled out in pained surprise.

"O, never mind—but honest, Sol, you ought never to go to sleep. You show yourself up."

"I don't really sleep. I hear poker chips all the time. And when have I been in bed, really in bed? Not this week. I've got to cut it out. That's all there is to it. I've got to cut it out. I can't stand it. I'm going to bed."

"Wait a minute. There's a drink coming. Sol, know that story of the fellow who went to the dome for a raincoat?"

"That's a fake. Nobody ever did it."

"O, I don't know. The new member from Shawnee got in to-night."

"Only a week late. Drifts can't be bad in the roads. Fellows in those river counties ought to start before the ice comes."

"He's in. You look him over. You'll see some one who's going to the dome for a raincoat."

"Who's going to send him?"

"I think I'll undertake it. Doc Porget's been talking to him and has him poisoned already. He actually ought to go to the dome to get it out of his system."

"Tell it to Tim when he comes. I'm going to bed. If I stay here I'll be in another game and I won't get any sleep this night either."

"He carries a carpet bag," said Ike as Sol pulled himself up. "I didn't know there was one left in the State. Take a slant at him and you'll see some one who is going up in the dome."

The new member, presenting himself at the bar of the house in solitary and conspicuous dignity to take the oath of office, had the honor of individual service from the chief justice. His delayed coming had achieved this distinction for him. Statesmen from accessible districts had been sworn in collectively.

From his name—Daniel Boone Polley—it might have been assumed that his forebears were Kentuckians.

He was clothed without in any particular being dressed, yet one had the idea he had given thought to his appearance. His wrists were prominent beyond his coat. Nature had made them conspicuous and art had no



"Well, now, Tim, I can't see anything wrong about the bill"

interfered to conceal them. He was guiltless of wristbands and his sleeves lacked three inches of the length a careful tailor would have given them. His trousers were aloof neighbors to his shoes. He was collared, but wore no tie, and his chin by rebellious manifestations indicated that it resented strange compulsion. In all his joints he moved jerkily.

Mr. Malloy, Mr. Lemon and Mr. Rutabager were not the only statesmen to observe him closely as he took the oath. There was a particular fascination in the case of Mr. Polley, but the process always is interesting—"and not to take any money, bribe or other consideration."

The majesty of the people administers the oath of office and the highly sophisticated lawmakers take it. They do it solemnly but appreciatively. Occasionally one grins or winks, but such behavior is not approved. Legislators with a proper regard for their office are solemn.

"It doesn't seem right to show it up," Mr. Malloy had remarked once. "It isn't decent. A fellow ought to have more respect for his State and his country. And more patriotism."

Mr. Malloy was entirely sincere, as was Mr. Rutabager when he added:

"That low brow, bone-head, Isaacs did last year and the reporters wrote him up."

"Which proved that it wasn't decent," said Mr. Lemon.

Mr. Polley took the oath seriously, and under curious eyes made his joyful, but self-conscious, way back to the rear railing, just inside of which was his seat.

"Now do you see some one sitting under the big dome?" Mr. Malloy asked Mr. Lemon and Mr. Rutabager.

"I can believe it has been done," said Sol.

It required a week, but one afternoon Mr. Polley started on a difficult, dark and dusty climb to the dome where, Mr. Rutabager had told him, raincoats and rubber boots were given out to statesmen.

Mr. Polley's first week had been one of adventure on a high mountain. When a kindly river district had elected the awkward young lawyer to the Legislature, he felt the exaltation of patriotism and of a pure and gratified ambition. The election returns had suffused his prospects with a rosy glow, and Mr. Polley walked into an enchanted land of

fame. But his imagination, warm as it was, had not encompassed the realities of statesmanship. They surpassed his dreams.

He was timid and embarrassed when the older members took notice of him, but the possibility that he might win their friendship and respect was alluring. He had received from an indulgent State an allowance of \$50 for stationery. He also had been given a box containing a fountain pen, a hair brush, a penknife, a whiskbroom, a package of pencils, a box of pens, two erasers, three pads of yellow paper and four pads of white paper.

He was prepared to believe any extravagance possible. He might dictate his letters to a stenographer if he could persuade one that his affairs were important enough to interfere with hers. The privileges of statesmanship seemed Babylonish.

Mr. Malloy, entering this pure and happy Eden, suggested that unless new members proved their shrewdness, the official disposition was to "hold out on them." If a member seemed amiable and "easy" some clerk made away with his honorable perquisites, and the gentleman thus victimized not only lost the property which should have been his, but he lost caste in the assembly where shrewdness was needed to command respect.

Mr. Malloy called attention to the fact that Mr. Rutabager and other statesmen had raincoats and asked if Mr. Polley had drawn his. Mr. Polley felt his cheeks flush as he confessed that he had not. Mr. Malloy suggested that Mr. Polley could not afford to neglect his standing and his reputation by permitting some rascally clerk in the requisition department to take his property and make sport of him.

To Mr. Polley's timid and worried inquiries Mr. Malloy replied that certain niceties of procedure were required, and advised him to consult Mr. Rutabager.

Mr. Polley did so, with apologies for his boldness. Mr. Rutabager seemingly was not pleased that Mr. Malloy should have referred the young member to him, but, as Mr. Polley's confusion grew painful, consented grudgingly to act in the matter as his friend. He explained that the distribution of raincoats and rubber boots was made with secrecy, not because it was wrong, but because the Secretary of State so frequently was criticized for the extravagance of a legislative session.

"We don't like to give the reporters a chance to roast us," said Mr. Rutabager. "You go up in the dome of the Statehouse

to-morrow afternoon and wait. I'll fix this up for you. It's a long, dusty and dark climb and it's nonsense to send a man up there, but the secretary makes us do it."

Mr. Polley reposed his faith in Providence and Mr. Rutabager. The following afternoon he made his way timidly into the dome.

"The trouble with you fellows," said Mr. Lemon that night in Mr. O'Malley's saloon, "is that you can't enjoy yourselves unless you're sharing your pleasure with a mass meeting. Why didn't you have the Watch Factory band at the foot of the stairs to meet him. You must have worked all day spreading the tidings."

"There did seem to be a crowd," Ike admitted, "but I didn't tell more than six fellows. How many did you tip off, Sol?"

"Not more than ten," Mr. Rutabager replied reflectively.

"Then it's a wonder the State's attorney didn't know it. Why didn't you advertise it?"

"Well, what's the harm?" asked Mr. Malloy. "Did you want to be stingy? Wasn't there enough to go round? What's the harm? He took it all right. He bought a round of drinks."

"Yes, he took it all right," said Tim. "It's my guess that he took it too well. He isn't as big a fool as you might think. It would have been just as well not to have shown him up before the whole State. He isn't going to forget this in a hurry."

"He hasn't anything on me there," said the cheerful Mr. Rutabager. "Neither am I."

Whatever might have been the direction of Mr. Polley's development in happier circumstances, the humiliation of that climb to the dome drove into isolation him who had so desired to know statecraft in its fullness.

He had faced his mockers with a faint smile, heroic but faint, and his intelligence or his intuitions told him it was better to buy drinks than to rage or weep. When once he had made his escape from his good-natured tormenters he stood aloof and had no friends and no acquaintances.

Good Dr. Porget tried to spread the balm of amiability over the wounds, but the good doctor's laughter had been the loudest at the foot of the stairs and the rebuff he suffered when he approached Mr. Polley was a severe blow to his unctuous reputation.

The awkward young man with no recreations and no associates, devoted himself to his work. It was all he had to do and he applied himself to it with a diligence surpassing even that of the few responsible leaders

and directors of legislation. He studied the thousand and one bills and the statutes. He was shrinkingly quiet, but in committee meetings his knowledge was revealed, to illuminate a fact, to hit a weak spot or furnish an argument. Wise heads were puzzled by Mr. Polley. He had caused more than one bill to be re-referred hastily for the further attention of a sub-committee. His knowledge of statutory law amounted to a genius of memory, understanding and application.

Thus the awkward, shambling Mr. Polley came into a vexatious distinction which did not please him, although he worked hard for it. No one held him in higher respect than Mr. Lemon. The lotus-eating of an easy corruption held Tim, but he could admire intelligence even when not applied to the profit-making branches of statecraft.

As the session progressed Mr. Malloy, Mr. Rutabager and gradually Mr. Lemon yielded to the conviction that they were being "held out on." Even the inquisitive and sure-scented Ike could not keep the trail of the house organization stratagems.

"I was afraid of it a month ago," said Mr. Malloy, "and now I am sure of it. The lot of cheap stuff that we see around here won't bring in enough for Christmas presents. We are not in. We don't even know what the big things are. If it was a poor season Doc Porget would be hollering his head off. You can always tell when the Doc's really stung. He's talking poor just now, but I know when he's worried and when he isn't, and he isn't now. The speaker's crowd must think we're easy to try an old army game like this on us."

"We'll have to go to work," said Tim. "If we have to break in it will cost them more in the end."

With regret that an emergency demanded industry, he set himself to studying pending bills. He was a marvel of keen perceptions and shrewdness at this, but it was work and he did it reluctantly. After several days of painstaking application he asked Mr. Malloy to find and bring at once to his room one Gus Solke, a negligible statesman.

"Solke?" the surprised Ike exclaimed. "What do you want with him?"

"He's introduced a bill I want to know about."

"Solke?" exclaimed Mr. Rutabager, a surprised echo of Malloy. "If he introduced a bill it changes a term of court in Sikes county or increases the bounty on crows or the fees of county clerks in counties of the second class."

"Don't be sap heads," Mr. Lemon urged gently. "Some one gave that bill to Gus to

keep fellows like you off the track. It validates some General Utilities bonds. I had to work all day in the secretary of State's office to get even a line on it. You get Gus."

Ike departed with the alacrity of a man pursuing a new hope and found Mr. Solke in the bar-room combining the joys of elocution and imbibition, both noisily. The request that he step up to Tim's room had the complexion of a social promotion.

"I hope I didn't disturb you," said Lemon shaking hands with him when Malloy had ushered him into the room. "If I had known you were down-stairs, I'd have looked you up. I just wanted to know as a personal favor what your object was in introducing that bill last week."

"The bill's all right isn't it?" Gus asked.

"Of course that depends on the way you look at it. I don't know that I'd have cared to introduce it. My district's a bit different from yours, but even I would have stopped to think twice. I didn't know but you were getting in a hole, and I thought maybe I could help you out. Of course if you're sure you can go ahead without getting into trouble why all right. I was afraid some one handed you the bill and you might get stung before you knew it. If you're wise, pardon me for butting in."

"Well, now, Tim," said Mr. Solke, with a tinge of apprehension appearing in his face "I can't see anything wrong about the bill. It looks like a good bill to me. Doesn't it to you fellows?"

He looked for relief to Ike and Sol. The latter wagged his head solemnly. Ike said it depended on how well "you could stand the gaff." Gus turned back to Lemon, his apprehension growing with the thought that he had not even a remote idea of what was contained in the bill.

"We're all friends here, I guess," he said, seeking comfort in a confidential atmosphere with which he endeavored to fill the room cozily, "I'm glad you spoke about that bill. I thought I'd bluff it out with you, but I'll be on the square. I don't know what it is. It was handed to me. I introduced it as a favor. I didn't read it. They said it was all right. What's wrong with it?"

"Who gave it to you?"

Lemon looked at Gus as if the seriousness of the statesman's condition depended on his answer.

"Polley," said the anxious one.

"Who else?"

"No one; just Polley. I didn't think he'd be trying to get me in bad."

"Why did he want you to introduce it?"

"Well, he came to me—the little devil hasn't any friends—and he explained that he wasn't popular and his name on the bill might hurt it. What in thunder is the bill anyway?"

"It's all right, now that you have explained it," said Tim, comforting him. "If you'll keep your mouth shut we can get you out of it and get something out of it for you. Don't tell Polley you spoke to us. Keep your mouth shut. Do everything Polley tells you to, but come to us first. We'll string some one on this and it won't be you."

"Go as far as you like, but don't get me mixed up in anything that's going to look bad," Solke pleaded. "My people are blamed sensitive."

"Don't you worry," the consoling Mr. Lemon continued. "Sol, you and Gus run on down to the bar. Ike and I'll be down in a minute."

"What is it?" Ike asked, as Sol closed the door on his departure with Mr. Solke.

"I don't know. What the deuce is Polley doing with that bill? I thought at first that the Utilities had discovered the flaw in their bonds and that the speaker's gang had given the bill to Solke to divert suspicion. But no one in the Utilities or in the speaker's crowd ever picked Polley to handle it. That's too absurd. And yet the thing's right. There's a flaw in the charter act. It does cloud the bonds. They do need this bill. They may not know it yet, but Polley knows it and by George he dug it up himself."

"They're issuing a lot of new bonds soon."

Ike put out the suggestion as a stimulant. It was more effective than he thought it would be. Lemon arose from his chair and looked at him closely.

"How do you know that?"

"O, I got a friend who's on the inside. New building, new power houses and new power scheme. It's going to take about \$20,000,000."

Tim's fingers opened and closed greedily. His face lightened with the exultant triumph of a sea robber who has broken down the doors of a cathedral and sees gold and silver vessels before him. He laughed and took a deep breath.

"We're in, Ike," he said gently. "We're in."

Mr. Lemon did not assault Mr. Polley's fortifications openly. He lay siege to them—so patiently that the eager Malloy and the susceptible Rutabager were in an agony of nervousness for a week. When millions were in question minutes were agonies.

Tim's advance was so delicately manoeuvred that even the isolated statesman took no alarm. He seemed half willing to become a sociable human again. He allowed Lemon to join him at the time he usually devoted to a solitary toddy in the bar-room—a midnight diversion which he had permitted himself to enjoy—and one evening, opening his door to a gentle rapping, he admitted Mr. Lemon to his room—unsuspecting Mr. Polley who was embarrassed but not hostile.

Tim, thus making the shy legislator an acquaintance by his ingratiating wiles, thought to find a mind of studious precision. He found one of native richness, limited to the Shawnee district boundaries, but, nevertheless, surprising in its flashes and in its comprehension. This prepared Tim to confirm his belief that Polley had not only discovered the bond flaws by study but had the imagination to see the full possibilities of his discovery.

A really great grafter, Lemon was persuaded, had some of the qualities of a poet. Any dull clod might take money offered to him.

When Tim had Mr. Polley's confidence to a degree which seemed to surprise even the shy bestower of it, the trap prepared for the victim was sprung. Mr. Lemon did as the anxious Mr. Rutabager and the impatient Mr. Malloy had been urging him to do. He "got down to cases" with Mr. Polley.

His report later to his two friends at O'Malley's was warrant for their jubilation.

"I told him," said Tim, "that his bill could not come out of committee until I gave the word to Mike O'Connell. Mike doesn't know what's in it, but I told him to hold it in his committee until I said to let it go and that's enough for Mike. So Polley could take the whole gang in or he could take us. He's a reasonable man, and he took us. The speaker's crowd have to have theirs of course, but they needn't know anything about it yet awhile."

"When do they pay?" Malloy asked.

"Something ought to come in advance."

"You bet your life," Rutabager exclaimed nervously. "This is a bad session. We'll pass this bill in the house, and then they'll take it in the Senate and make a killing on it. That's where all the money is this year."

"Listen," said Tim, patiently. "We get this to-morrow night. Do you want anything better. It's pay first and delivery later. I said ready cash. Polley said it couldn't be. I said it had to be. Polley said they couldn't. I said they could pay the whole outfit then

and take their chances in the scramble. Polley said he'd see. I said he'd better. He'll see. And they'll see. Don't worry. We get it to-morrow night in the alley back of the supreme court building, at midnight."

"You make me nervous, Tim"—Ike's demeanor proved his truthfulness. "Why do you want to go running around the supreme court building? Why didn't you tell him to leave it on the State's attorney's porch, or in the Governor's parlor?"

"The supreme court alley is the safest place in town. It's safe enough for this."

Further details of the arrangements being explained, they appeared in all the perfection to be expected of Mr. Lemon. Tim knew the money would be produced. The Utilities Company would be prepared to respond promptly to a reasonable demand for an honorarium. To refuse would be to spill the secret at once and to raise the hue and cry before the bill could be brought out of committee. The reasoning and arrangements could not be challenged.

"How much?" Ike asked.

"Ten thousand," said Tim and Mr.

Malloy and Mr. Rutabager felt pleasant tremors.

They were faithful at midnight in the alley. A man, unknown by name or form, but evidently the worse for an errand he did not

understand and which in consequence had made him nervous, stepped from the darkness of a doorway.

"House bill 676," he said half challengingly, half interrogatively and altogether cryptically.

"Right," said Lemon.

"Here."

A large bundle was handed to Tim, and the stranger ran.

The three beneficiaries of a profitable system made their way out of the alley, which as a short route between the capitol and O'Malley's was not unused by statesmen, but not too much used. The three were conscious of their own seeming and knew it to be without guile or appearance of evil, although they carried their loot in a bundle.

"It's pretty big," said Mr. Rutabager look-

ing at the package under Tim's arm. "This is Polley's notion of a safe job," said Mr. Lemon. "He said he had himself to consider, and as long as it was safe for us I let him have his way."



Ten thousand dollars in cash awaited the eager hands to cut the cords

They hurried in pleasant agitation towards their hotel. Ten thousand dollars in cash, the spoil of their bow and spear, the loot of an aggressive earnestness, the booty of a shrewd diplomacy, awaited the eager hands to cut the cords and take off the wrappings.

As they went through the lobby Ike, seeing that the metropolitan evening papers had come in, bought several as he passed the newsstand. Habit prompted him, and a natural deportment at this important moment was to be desired.

Dr. Porget stood at the elevator door waiting a car. One descended. Dr. Porget's eyes were on the bundle carried by Tim.

A vagrant fancy came tripping into the worthy doctor's mind.

"Have you boys been up in the dome for anything?" he asked.

Mr. Rutabager would have replied with ready but heavy wit, but at that instant propriety forbade. Mr. Polley, seeking his midnight toddy, stepped out of the elevator. Mr. Polley's face was red. He had heard Dr. Porget's inquiry, but he spoke pleasantly to the four statesmen and did not look toward Tim's package.

"Awkward for you, doctor," said Mr. Lemon as the car ascended.

Good Dr. Porget was laughing amiably as they stepped off. In Tim's room their eagerness was not disguised and was not denied.

Malloy and Rutabager, simple children of nature when their emotions were profoundly moved, pressed close to Lemon as he cut the numerous wrapping cords of the bundle, but suddenly he stopped short with his knife's

edge held against a knot of twine. Ike had thrown the evening papers on the table. A headline, caught by Tim even as he cut, startled him. He picked up the paper.

"What's the matter with you, Tim," Malloy exclaimed anxiously and angrily. "Cut that string."

"Wait a minute. What's this?"

"What's what?" the eager Rutabager cried in pained suspense.

"Bonds of the General Utilities Company to the amount of \$20,000,000," Tim read, "are to be validated by House bill 432, now in the Senate. The importance and purport of the bill have just been discovered. It was passed in the house with little explanation and without attracting attention. All house members, except a few responsible leaders, thought that the measure had to do with farm drainage bonds."

There was a four column story under a double column head.

"House bill 432," Tim cried. "Then what have we got here!"

He tore the wrappings from the bundle and, as Malloy and Rutabager stood with open mouths and twitching fingers, staring stupidly and foolishly with uncomprehending and wondering eyes, he *uncovered a pair of rubber boots and a raincoat.*

There also was a note:

"Dear Mr. Lemon: I am afraid Dr. Porget and the speaker's crowd have put one over on you. You got the wrong bill and didn't see the real one. Mine was a bit more alluring than theirs, for which there was a reason. Sincerely yours,

"Daniel Boone Polley."

THE FLOOD

BY WITTER BYNNER

WHERE bread is dear and flesh and blood are cheap
There is a deluge rising, full and deep;
Its floods upon the land ascend and sweep.

Destructive as the floods that rose of old
And left a land new-born, this tide has rolled
Its waves from year to year, from hold to hold;

Gods have gone down in it, anointed kings;
Familiar men and women far it flings,
Forcing a pathway for the world it brings.

It is the flood the ages have decreed:—
Love is the element and life the seed—
And God the glory that its waters breed.

A MODERN SUPERMAN

A Character Study of the Late Joseph Pulitzer

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

(Recently one of Mr. Pulitzer's Secretaries)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Joseph Pulitzer, the blind editor of the New York World who recently died, has been called "the most amazing creature in the world." The following account of him seems to prove that he was, at least, a most extraordinary man. Although it is an exact statement of facts, made by a member of his personal staff, we print it feeling almost as if we were passing on to our readers a great character in fiction.*

Mr. Pulitzer, a Hungarian, born of a Jewish father and a Catholic mother sixty-four years ago, came to this country in early youth. He founded the New York World and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and died leaving a fortune of \$20,000,000 or \$25,000,000. At forty years of age he was stricken blind, and from that time on did most of his work in the manner described in these pages. Without the use of his eyes, and weakened in general health, he still had enough intellectual energy and capacity to match against a whole shipload of readers, secretaries and assistants.

It would take a Robert Louis Stevenson to imagine such a yacht and such a crew as for years and years traveled over the globe, until one day last fall when in Charleston Harbor the master died.

IN October, 1910, I saw an advertisement in the London *Times* calling for the services of an intelligent man, widely read, widely traveled, a good sailor, about forty years of age, to act as companion-secretary to a gentleman living abroad.

If I begin my story at this point rather than at the moment when I first met Mr. Pulitzer it is because there was something strikingly characteristic of the man in the method which he had elaborated for drawing into his service precisely the kind of people whom he wished to attach to his personal staff, a task by no means easy for one who, despite his total blindness and constant ill-health, retained to the last day of his life an extraordinary intellectual vigor and an insatiable appetite for news.

I replied to the advertisement; and my letter, a composition born of the conflicting influences of pride, modesty, prudence, and curiosity, received a prompt reply.

Bidden to an interview in that part of London where fashion and business prosperity seek to ape each other, I was confronted

by a gentleman whose severity of manner I learned later to recognize as the useful mask to a singularly genial and kindly spirit.

This gentleman was Mr. Pulitzer's London agent. Our interview was long and, to me, rather embarrassing, since it resolved itself into a searching cross-examination by a past-master in the art.

Who were my parents? When and where had I been born? Where was I educated? What were my means of livelihood? What positions had I filled since I went out into the world? What countries had I visited? What books had I read? What books had I written? To what magazines and reviews had I contributed? Who were my friends? Was I fond of music? Had I a sense of humor? Had I a good temper, or a good control of a bad temper? What languages could I speak? Did I enjoy good health? Was I of a nervous disposition? Had I tact and discretion? Was I a good horseman? A good sailor? A good talker? A good reader?

At the close of the interview I was told that I would be reported upon. In the meantime, would I kindly send in a written account of

the interview, as a test of my memory, sense of accuracy, and literary style?

Nor was this all. As I prepared to take my departure I was handed the address of another gentleman, who would also examine me and make a report. The parting words of my inquisitor were:—"We have had nearly six hundred replies to our advertisement: but the final selection will be made by Mr. Pulitzer himself."

I need not describe my second interview. The cross-examination was not less thorough than the first; and it left little of my life and personality undisclosed.

Late one night I received a telegram directing me to leave next morning for Mentone, where I was to report myself on board Mr. Pulitzer's yacht "Liberty."

A message from Mr. Pulitzer awaited me at Mentone. Would I dine at his villa at Cap Martin: an automobile would call for me.

At a quarter-past seven I was shown into the drawing-room of the villa. The major-domo greeted me and said that Mr. Pulitzer would be down in a few minutes. I must pay here a tribute of respect to the major-domo, who had been many years with Mr. Pulitzer, traveling with him everywhere, and who was more closely in his confidence than anyone outside the family. He was an Englishman, and one of the most capable and efficient men I have ever met. Always cheerful and courteous, he combined an amazing energy with the most delicate tact; and the genius with which he adapted himself to Mr. Pulitzer's ever-changing moods, the unfailing good-temper with which he faced the thousand difficulties of his position, and the affectionate devotion which pervaded his relationship with his master, were beyond all praise.

Before I had time to examine my surroundings Mr. Pulitzer entered the room on the arm of the major-domo. My first, swift impression was of a man very tall and thin, with a noble head, a reddish beard streaked with grey, jet-black hair, swept back from the forehead and lightly touched here and there with silvery white. One eye was dull and half-closed, the other was of a deep, brilliant blue which, so far from suggesting blindness, created the instant effect of a searching, eagle-like glance. I have never seen a face which varied so much in expression. Not only was there a marked difference at all times between one side and the other (due partly to the contrast between the two eyes, and partly to a loss of flexibility in the muscles of the right side) but almost from moment to moment the general appear-

ance of the face moved between a lively genial animation, and a heavy and hopeless dejection.

No face was capable of showing greater tenderness; none could assume a more forbidding expression of anger and contempt.

A high-pitched voice, clear, penetrating, vibrant, gave out the strange challenge:—"Well, here you see before you the miserable wreck who is to be your host; you must make the best you can of him. Give me your arm in to dinner."

Joseph Pulitzer, as I knew him, twenty-four years after he had been driven from active life by the sudden, tragic, and final collapse of his health, was a man who could be judged by no common standards. His feelings, his temper, his point of view had been warped by years of suffering. His opinions had become prejudices; his prejudices had become manias.

Had his spirit been broken by his trials, had his intellectual power weakened under the load of his affliction, had his burning interest in affairs cooled to a point where he could have been content to turn his back upon life's conflict, he might have found some happiness, or at least some measure of repose akin to that with which age consoles us for the loss of youth.

But his greatest misfortune was that all the active forces of his personality survived to the last in their full vigor, inflicting upon him the curse of an impatience which nothing could appease, of a discontent which knew no amelioration.

The problem of how to make his life tolerable was complicated by a personal peculiarity which had developed as a result of his nervous breakdown. He was exquisitely sensitive to noise. Many of us suffer torment through the hideous clamor which appears to be inseparable from modern civilization; but to Mr. Pulitzer the sudden click of a teaspoon against a saucer, the gurgle of water poured into a glass, the striking of a match, brought a spasm of suffering impossible to describe. I have seen him turn pale, tremble, break into a cold perspiration at some sound which to most people would be scarcely audible.

On the one side, then, there was this hypersensitive man, totally blind and in poor general health, with a keen interest in current events, in literature, painting, sculpture, music, and above all in *The World*: on the other side there was wealth great enough to exclude absolutely the element of cost as a consideration in any plan, great enough to



The Sargent portrait of Joseph Pulitzer, painted in 1907, which now hangs in the Pulitzer house, New York. It reveals all the powerful and sombre emotions which a quarter of a century of suffering burned into the intense and arbitrary nature of this remarkable man

command anything which caprice could fancy or ingenuity devise.

The first great essential was quietness; and it was the insuperable difficulties in the way of securing this ashore which led Mr. Pulitzer to spend most of his time on the *Liberty*. His villa at Cap Martin was comparatively quiet, as were his residences at Bar Harbor and in New York, each of which was especially constructed with that end in view; but it was on the yacht alone that noise of every kind could be excluded.

Here double doors, double windows, heavy carpets, and the complete isolation of Mr. Pulitzer's apartments, by means of thick bulkheads, insured a silence which was broken only by a momentary disturbance when the anchor was let go or heaved up to the hawse-pipe.

To make the silence more perfect everyone on board wore india-rubber-soled shoes; and at night, and when Mr. Pulitzer took his after-lunch siesta, ropes were stretched across the deck and all overhead communication between the forward and the after end of the boat was cut off.

The routine of life on the yacht proceeded with unvarying regularity. Mr. Pulitzer usually breakfasted about nine o'clock, on deck if the weather was warm, otherwise in the library, a comfortable room lined from floor to ceiling with books.

From the time he got up in the morning until he went to bed at night Mr. Pulitzer was never alone for a moment; and the most difficult task which fell to the lot of his secretaries was to entertain him at breakfast. This was an art to be mastered only by years of practice; and although there were usually six of us on board, one only amongst us (not, alas, myself) had reached that degree of perfection which enabled him to face without misgivings the major-domo's summons:—"Would you kindly join Mr. Pulitzer and take something with you to amuse him while he has his breakfast."

At this hour Mr. Pulitzer wanted to be free from anything which was likely to stimulate mental activity; and in practice his early morning entertainment—"breakfast food" as we called it—resolved itself into a literary causerie taken from *The Athenæum*, *The London Times Literary Supplement*, *The Bookman*, *The Literary Digest*—reviews, short notes, and announcements of books, plays, art-exhibitions, new music, and so on.

The reading was constantly interrupted by such directions as, "Next! Next!" (If the

matter did not fit in with his mood); "Order that book and tell Mr. X. to prepare it for me;" "Write to the publishers and find out when the second volume of those Memoirs is to be out;" "Tell Mr. Z. (the German musician who was attached to the staff) to get the piano-score of that opera, I'd like to hear it;" "Remind me to send someone to London to see those pictures, I must have them described to me;" etc.

This lasted until breakfast was over and Mr. Pulitzer had smoked one cigar, an indulgence which he allowed himself after each meal, but never at other times.

About ten o'clock Mr. Pulitzer retired to his cabin, where he remained alone, for an hour or more, with the major-domo, going into plans, making arrangements of a confidential character, and discussing a number of personal matters which he did not wish to transact through one of his secretaries.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the serious business of the day began. One of us would be summoned to walk with Mr. Pulitzer and give him the day's news. Taking the arm of his companion Mr. Pulitzer paced the deck and conducted a searching cross-examination into the contents of the morning papers. Those of my readers who are accustomed to glance through a newspaper, noting here and there something of interest, and occasionally reading in full a paragraph of outstanding importance, can form no conception of the labor involved in preparing the daily budget of news for Mr. Pulitzer.

It was not sufficient that every item of news should first be stripped of all padding and presented in its bare skeleton of fact; it was not enough that every name, every date, every figure, every circumstance should be remembered with the closest accuracy, for, after this first *précis* had been given, Mr. Pulitzer would select a dozen or so of the more important items and demand that in respect of these his companion should have observed and held in mind every variation presented by the accounts of half-a-dozen different papers, what was omitted in one and included in another, and should be prepared to describe the distinguishing characteristics of each presentation, whether it was terse or wordy, clear or involved, florid or severe, dull or humorous.

In addition to this an outline had to be given of every editorial, a brief description of the trend of its opinion, and a fairly close *verbatim* reproduction of any particularly striking paragraph.

It may be suggested that, as Mr. Pulitzer



From a photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Harold Stanley Pollard

The blind Pulitzer walking with one of his secretaries on board his yacht, the *Liberty*. Such was the intellectual vigor of the man that an army of secretaries could scarcely satisfy his craving for information

could not himself read the papers, the high degree of accuracy and minuteness which he demanded could be counterfeited by an intelligent and quick-witted man where memory or observation had failed. But in practice no such avenue of escape was open to the matutinal witness of the world's activities. During the morning walk everything was given from memory or at most from a few notes hastily scribbled on a card; but later in the day the papers themselves were gone over by another secretary, every important paragraph being read line by line from the original; and Mr. Pulitzer's extraordinary memory enabled him to detect the slightest discrepancy between the one account and the other.

Some portion of each day was devoted to separating the grain from the chaff in this vast harvest of news and in putting the former to some practical use. This might take the form of an editorial for *The World* dictated by Mr. Pulitzer and telegraphed from Cap Martin, or Athens, or Bar Harbor, or wherever we might be; or it might be a

telegram in criticism or in commendation of some article in *The World*, or an injunction to devote more or less space to an event of current interest, or an order to despatch some trusted man upon a mission of investigation which might occupy him for months and take him round the world.

In this connection I recall that it was Mr. Pulitzer's invariable custom to enquire of newly joined members of his staff what they deemed to be the functions, duties, and responsibilities of an American newspaper. When it came to my turn to discourse upon this topic I adopted a view which, in the absence of any strong personal conviction, I could at least defend as one commonly held by many Americans with whom I had discussed the matter. The chief duty of an editor, I said, was to give his readers an interesting paper. A sub-stratum of truth should run through the news columns; but since a million-dollar fire was more interesting than a half-million-dollar fire, since a thousand deaths in an earthquake were more striking than a hundred, no nice scrupulosity

need be observed in checking the architect's estimates or in counting the victims: what the public wanted was the good "story," and provided it got that there would be little disposition in any quarter to blame an arithmetical generosity which had been invoked in the service of its own well-recognized preferences. So far as politics were concerned any newspaper could afford the strongest support to its views whilst printing the truth and nothing but the truth, provided it exercised some discretion as to printing the WHOLE truth. The editorial, I added, might be regarded as a habit rather than as a guiding force. People no longer looked to the editorial columns to form their opinions for them, but, having formed their opinions from a large stock of facts and near-facts, bought a paper which supported their views, and read the editorials for the purpose of comfortable reassurance.

This somewhat cynical outburst brought down upon me an overwhelming torrent of protest from Mr. Pulitzer. If that was, indeed, my opinion, it disclosed a complete ignorance of American character and a deplorable misapprehension, alike of the high sense of duty which in the main animated American journalism, and of the foundations of integrity upon which alone a successful newspaper enterprise could be erected in the United States. The sensationalism, the flaring head-lines, the dramatic emphasis, were to American journalism what the drum and the trumpet were to the Salvation Army, a means by which the heedless multitude could be brought to listen to a message of truth, liberty, and redemption.

And indeed in all that related to *The World* and to Mr. Pulitzer's unwearying activity on its behalf I can bear testimony to his passion for accurate information. No trouble was too great, no exertion too burdensome, no expense too heavy if at the end there was a reasonable prospect of the truth being discovered.

But I must return to the record of our daily routine. The first serving up of the news filled the morning until perhaps half an hour before lunch. This interval was usually occupied in giving Mr. Pulitzer a summary of the contents of the current magazines and reviews. Practically every important publication of this character issued in French, German, and English passed through our hands. Articles on politics, history, biography, and literature received most attention; and the *Quarterly Review*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The World's Work*, *The North Ameri-*

can Review, and *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* were given most consideration amongst the publications in English.

When it was my fortune to be called upon to provide the magazine summaries my usual experience was that Mr. Pulitzer would say, "How many articles have you prepared?" If I replied "ten," he would take his watch out of his pocket, hold it toward me, and ask, "What is the time?" and then continue, "That leaves us half an hour before lunch; well, go ahead; I'll give you three minutes each for your ten articles."

It will assist the reader to an understanding of Mr. Pulitzer's method of gaining information if I describe here the manner in which everything was prepared for his ear.

The same process was applied to novels, plays, histories, biographies, and magazine articles, so I will allow the last-named to serve as an example. I took a magazine, and marked on the title-page every article which could possibly be of interest to Mr. Pulitzer. This meant, in practice, about half the list of contents. Beginning with the first of the selected articles I noted on a small card the title and the name of the author. A brief biographical note of the author followed, drawn either from the short personal paragraphs which some magazines print in each issue, or from one of the scores of works of reference which accompanied us wherever we went. I would then read the article carefully, marking passages of particular interest. If, after reading the article, I considered it to be of importance I went over it again and added to my card a very concise summary of its contents, so arranged as to present at a glance the principal facts stated, and to serve as an *aide memoire* in case an extended account was demanded of me. I did this for each article, as occasion offered, so that at any moment I would have from five to fifteen cards in my pocket.

Mr. Pulitzer always took the right arm of his companion, so that by placing the cards in my left-hand outside pocket they could be withdrawn one at a time and replaced at the back of the pack when they had served their purpose.

For about two-thirds of the articles this first summary sufficed; but in regard to the remainder Mr. Pulitzer would decide that they must be read to him. This was by no means as simple a matter as might be supposed, for the articles were never read *verbatim*. Mr. Pulitzer would not tolerate a word of prefatory matter, or any disclosure of the writer's opinions; only the facts interested

him; so that where the author was diffuse the reader had to remedy the defect, by omitting clauses, parentheses, and even paragraphs, or, if the style was very involved, by finding on the spur of the moment a concise paraphrase.

I must qualify my statement as to Mr. Pulitzer's refusal to listen to opinion, by making one exception. Where the question was one of current politics, and the opinion an expression from some known man, the opinion itself became a fact, to be examined, weighed, and assigned its precise place in his vast storehouse of information; but if Jones took occasion to ornament his article with the view that it was better citizenship to starve with the Democrats than to grow sleek on the ill-gotten profits of a Republican tariff, or if Smith emitted the pious hope that whether the Democrats or the Republicans held the reins of power it would be found that true Americanism would assert its superiority to the degrading bonds of Party, and vote for the best man, Mr. Pulitzer would raise his clenched fist to heaven and shout "Next! Next! For God's Sake!"

When we were on the yacht, lunch and dinner were usually served in the big dining-saloon, with Mr. Pulitzer at the head of the table. I am afraid the staff found these meal hours to be the most trying experiences of the day. There was seldom any conversation, in the proper sense; that is to say, we were hardly ever able to start a subject going and pass it from one to another with a running comment or amplification, partly because any expression of opinion usually bored Mr. Pulitzer to extinction, and partly because the first statement of any fact generally inspired Mr. Pulitzer to undertake a merciless cross-examination of the speaker into every detail of the matter brought forward and in regard to every ramification of the subject.

I may relate an amusing instance of this. A gentleman, who had been on the staff but had been absent through illness, rejoined us at Mentone, for a cruise in the eastern Mediterranean. At dinner the first night out he incautiously mentioned that during the two months of his convalescence he had taken the opportunity of reading through the whole of Shakespeare's plays. Too late he realized his mistake. Mr. Pulitzer took the matter up, and for the next hour and a half we listened to the unfortunate ex-invalid whilst he gave a list of the principal characters in each of the historical plays, in each of the tragedies, and in each of the comedies, followed by an outline of each plot, a description of

a scene here and there, and an occasional quotation from the text.

At the end of this heroic exploit, which was helped out now and then by a note from one of the rest of us, scribbled hastily on a card and handed silently to the victim, Mr. Pulitzer merely said "Well, go on, didn't you read the sonnets?" But this was too much for our gravity, and in a ripple of laughter the sitting was brought to an end.

We used to get involved in all sorts of difficulties at table, for when we were all assembled together, as we were at no other time in the day, Mr. Pulitzer delighted to play us off against each other. For instance there was nothing Mr. Pulitzer enjoyed more than having a face described to him, whether of a living person or of a portrait, and as our table-talk was constantly about men and women of distinction or notoriety, dead or living, one of us might be called upon at any moment to portray feature by feature some person whose name had been mentioned. By providing ourselves with illustrated catalogues of the Royal Academy, and of the National Portrait Gallery, and by cutting out the portraits with which the modern publisher so lavishly decorates his advertisements, we generally managed, by pulling together, to cover the ground pretty well. I have sat through a meal during which one or another of us furnished a microscopic description of the faces of Warren Hastings, Clive, Richard Harding Davis, Woodrow Wilson, the present King and Queen of England, the late John W. Gates, Ignace Paderewski, and an odd dozen of current murderers, embezzlers, divorce *habitués*, and candidates for political office.

But the delicate enjoyment of this game was not reached until at the following meal one of us, who had been absent at the original delineation, was asked to go over some of the ground that had been covered a few hours before. The result was almost always an astonishing disclosure to the staff as well as to Mr. Pulitzer of the inability of a group of intelligent people to observe closely, to describe accurately, and to reach any agreement as to the significance of what they had all seen.

The trouble with the meals, however, was not that we were all kept at a very high strain of alertness and attention, singularly inconducive either to the enjoyment of food or to the sober business of digestion, but that they were of such interminable length. The plain fact was that by utilizing practically every moment between eight o'clock in the



A hitherto unpublished portrait, reproduced through the courtesy of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer

Joseph Pulitzer at the age of twenty-three, when he was a reporter on the *St. Louis Westliche Post*. He was drawn into the newspaper business by writing an account of a personal adventure

morning and nine o'clock at night we could fortify ourselves with enough material to fill in the hour or two which each of us spent daily with Mr. Pulitzer, hours during which we had to supply an almost incessant stream of information, or run through a carefully condensed novel or play, with a very unpleasant reaction to face if the spring of entertainment dried up or became muddy.

Under such circumstances an hour for lunch and an hour for dinner had to be accepted as an unfortunate necessity; but

when it came, as it often did, to an hour and a half, or even two hours, the encroachment on our time became a serious matter.

Once in a while, but very rarely, Mr. Pulitzer himself monopolized the whole time at a meal. He was one of the most fascinating talkers I have ever heard. To an extraordinary flow of language he added a range of information, and a vividness of expression truly astonishing. His favorite themes were politics and the lives of great men. To his monologues on the former subject he brought



A hitherto unpublished portrait, reproduced through the courtesy of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer

Mr. Pulitzer eleven years later, as editor and proprietor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In less than fifteen years Pulitzer rose from poverty and obscurity to a commanding place in journalism and national politics

a ripe wisdom, based upon the most extensive reading and the shrewdest observation, and quickened by the keenest enthusiasm. He was by no means a political bigot; and although he was a convinced believer in the republican form of government, having, as he expressed it, no use for the king business; he was fully alive to the peculiar dangers and difficulties with which modern progress has confronted democracy.

When the publication of some work like Rosebery's "Chatham," or Moneypenny's

"Disraeli" afforded an occasion, Mr. Pulitzer would spend an hour before we left the table in giving us a vivid picture of some exciting crisis in English politics, the highlights picked out in pregnant phrases of characterization, in brilliant epitome of the facts, in spontaneous epigram and illustrative anecdote. Whether he spoke of the Holland House circle, of the genius of Cromwell, of Napoleon's campaigns, or sought to point a moral from the lives of Bismarck, Metternich, Louis XI, or Kossuth, every sentence was

marked by the same penetrating analysis, the same facility of expression, the same clearness of thought.

On rare occasions he talked of his early days, telling us in a charmingly simple and unaffected manner of the tragic and comic episodes with which his youth had been crowded. Of the former I recall a striking description of a period during which he filled simultaneously two positions in St. Louis, one involving eight hours' work during the day, the other eight hours during the night, four hours of the remaining eight being devoted to the study of the English language.

His first connection with journalism arose out of an experience which he related with a wealth of detail which showed how deeply it had been burned into his memory at the time of its occurrence. When he first arrived in St. Louis he soon found himself at the end of his resources, and was faced with the absolute impossibility of securing work in that city. In company with forty other men he applied at the office of a general agent who had advertised for hands to go down the Mississippi and take up well-paid posts on a Louisiana sugar plantation. The agent demanded a fee of five dollars from each applicant, and by pooling their resources the members of this wretched band managed to meet the charge. The same night they were taken on board a steamer, which immediately started down river. At three o'clock in the morning they were landed on the river-bank about forty miles below St. Louis at a spot where there was neither house, road, nor clearing. Before the marooned party had time to realize its plight the steamer was out of sight.

A council of war was held and it was decided that they should tramp back to St. Louis, and put a summary termination to the agent's career by storming his office and murdering him. Whether or not this reckless program would have been carried out it is impossible to say, for when, three days later, the ragged band arrived in the city, worn out with fatigue and half starved, the agent was found to have decamped.

A reporter happened to pick up the story, and by mere chance met Pulitzer and induced him to write out in German the tale of his experience. This account created such an impression on the editor through whose hands it passed that Pulitzer was offered and accepted, with the greatest misgivings, as he solemnly assured us, a position as reporter on the *Westliche Post*.

Perhaps the most amusing of all Mr. Pulitzer's stories about himself was one which re-

lated to an occurrence which took place after he had become editor and part-proprietor of the *Westliche Post*. It appears that he had given great offense to a certain judge in St. Louis and that the latter declared one day from the bench that before the sun set he would seek out Pulitzer and shoot him down like a dog. If my memory serves me, Mr. Pulitzer was in court when this threat was made; in any case it came to his ears, and he immediately issued an "Extra" announcing the proposed assassination and stating that he would remain in his office until the setting of the sun, in order that no hitch might occur in the program.

Mr. Pulitzer's anecdotes about himself always ended in one way. He would break off suddenly and exclaim, "For Heaven's sake, why do you let me run on like this; as soon as a man gets into the habit of talking about his past adventures he may just as well make up his mind that he's growing old and that his intellect is giving way."

But I must leave this subject and resume the thread of my narrative. After lunch Mr. Pulitzer always retired to his cabin for a siesta. I use the word "siesta," but, as a matter of fact, it is quite inadequate to describe the peculiar function or ceremony for which I have chosen it as a label. What took place on these occasions was this. Mr. Pulitzer lay down on his bed, sometimes in pajamas, but more often with only his coat and his boots removed, and one of his secretaries, usually the German secretary, sat down in an armchair at the bedside with a pile of books at his elbow. At a word from Mr. Pulitzer the secretary began to read in a clear, incisive voice some historical work—Suetonius's "Lives," Green's "History," Macaulay's "Essays"—or some German play or novel. After a few minutes Mr. Pulitzer would say, "Softly," and the secretary's voice was lowered until, though it was still perfectly audible, it assumed a monotonous and soothing quality. After a while the order came "Quite softly." At this point the reader ceased to form his words and commenced to murmur indistinctly, giving an effect such as might be produced by a person reading aloud in an adjoining room, but with the connecting door closed. If, after ten minutes of this murmuring, Mr. Pulitzer remained motionless it was to be assumed that he was asleep; and the secretary's duty was to go on murmuring until Mr. Pulitzer awoke and told him to stop or to commence actual reading again. This murmuring might last for two hours, and it was a very

difficult art to acquire, for at the slightest change in the pitch of the voice, at a sneeze or a cough, Mr. Pulitzer would wake with a start, and an unpleasant quarter of an hour followed.

This murmuring was not, however, without its consolations to the murmurer, for as soon as the actual reading stopped he could

There appeared to be two ways of getting Mr. Pulitzer interested in a novel. One, and this I believe was the most successful, was to draw a striking picture of the scene where the climax was reached—the wife crouching in the corner, the husband revolver in hand, the *tertium quid* calmly offering to read the



From a photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Harold Stanley Pollard

Mr. Pulitzer leaving the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo in 1911. From his villa at Cap Martin, near Mentone, he used to motor frequently to Monte Carlo to hear an afternoon concert

take up a novel or magazine and, leaving his vocal organs to carry on the work, concentrate his mind on the preparation of material against some future session.

The siesta over, the afternoon was taken up with much the same kind of work as had filled the morning. By six o'clock Mr. Pulitzer was ready to sit in the library for an hour before he dressed for dinner. This time was generally devoted to novels, plays, and light literature of various kinds. Mr. Pulitzer often assured me that no man had ever been able to read a novel (or a play) satisfactorily to him without having first gone over it carefully at least twice; and on more than one occasion I was furnished with very good evidence that even this double preparation was not always a guarantee of success.

documents which prove that he and not the gentleman with the revolver is really the husband of the lady—then to go back to the beginning and build up to the climax.

The other method was to set forth the appearance and disposition of each of the characters in the story, so that they assumed reality in Mr. Pulitzer's mind, then condense the narrative up to about page 260 into a two-hundred-word summary, and then begin to read from the book. If in the course of the next three minutes you were not asked in a tone of utter weariness, "Is there much more of this?" there was a reasonable chance that you might be allowed to read from the print a fifth or possibly a fourth of what you had not summarized.

At about nine o'clock Mr. Pulitzer went

into the library, which was immediately forward of the dining-saloon, and on the same level. One of the secretaries accompanied him and read aloud until, on the stroke of ten, the majordomo came and announced that it was bed-time.

Such as I have described it above was Mr. Pulitzer's daily life; but I may note a few variations. When we were at the Cap Martin villa two of us motored over with Mr. Pulitzer to Monte Carlo occasionally for an afternoon concert, and with the same object in view we sometimes went as far as Nice. When we were at Wiesbaden part of the morning would be taken up with a "cure," and in the evening we usually dined at the Kursaal, and once or twice a week went to hear an opera. If anything of unusual interest was to be performed in Frankfort we sometimes motored over late in the afternoon, dined at an hotel, and returned after we had heard an act or two.

At Bar Harbor, part of the morning and part of the afternoon were always, weather permitting, devoted to riding, of which Mr. Pulitzer was extremely fond. He rode a carefully trained horse, with an easy trotting gait; and on one side of him rode a groom, on the other a secretary with his pockets stuffed full of notes and newspaper clippings, for even whilst he was riding Mr. Pulitzer insisted that the stream of information should be kept flowing.

From year's end to year's end Mr. Pulitzer saw few people except those who formed his personal *entourage*. From time to time Mrs. Pulitzer and other members of the family visited him; occasionally a member of *The World* staff appeared for a day or two, summoned, perhaps, across the Atlantic for the sake of two or three brief conferences; more rarely a guest was invited to join the yacht for a week's cruise.

This isolation was not due to any love of solitude, but to the distressing certainty that every hour passed in the pleasurable excitement of greeting old friends or in giving rein to his family emotions—the strangest mixture of deep affection, anxious solicitude,

arbitrariness, and caprice—must be paid for in sleepless nights, savage pain, and desperate weariness.

Mr. Pulitzer's personality during his later years represented the action and inter-action of two profoundly antagonistic elements—what he had made of life, and what life had made of him.

Against overwhelming odds, in the face of inconceivable obstacles, he achieved in a generous measure, and with no aid beyond what he wrung from the heart of Chance, the realization of his ambitions and the fulfillment of his hopes. In the hour of his triumph, when years of wealth and power appeared to lie before him as the assured reward of his labor, he was stricken down without a moment's warning and condemned to a life of seclusion and suffering.

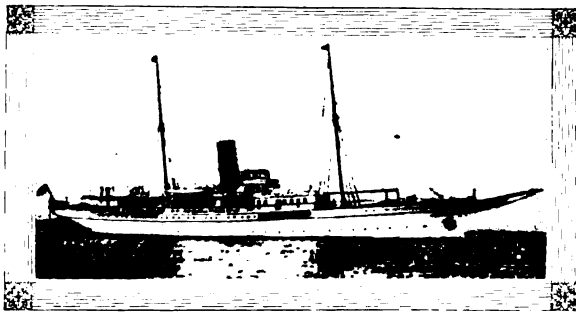
The qualities which had served him so well in the day of his vigor survived the loss of his health; but the field for their exercise was narrowed down by a thousand pathetic limitations.

His power was not the power of restraint, his strength was not the strength to endure, his intellect was the slave not of his need to know but of his need to act. So, when the tragic change in his life demanded restraint and endurance from his character, reflection and passivity from his intellect, his spirit was thenceforward and to the end consumed by a strife which warped his nature, sapped his self-control, and destroyed his peace of mind.

Throughout his life he exhibited those traits which the world has agreed to recognize as the attributes of greatness. Everything in him was large and virile—his talents, his virtues, his faults, his convictions, his prejudices, and his emotions.

It is not to such a character that public opinion will yield the tainted honor of eulogy unrelieved by censure. When I hear evil spoken

of Mr. Pulitzer I recall a phrase of Goethe's which he often used when others were attacked, but which modesty would have saved him from employing in his own defense:—*"Es liebt die Welt das Strahlende zu schwärzen."**



The yacht "Liberty," where the blind Titan of journalism lived the last dynamic, tormented years of his life

* "The world loves to besmirch whatever dazzles it.";

INTERESTING PEOPLE

A loyalist Southern lady who helped Sheridan win a great battle. A municipal engineer whose passion it is to serve his city. An American man of letters who has fought stubbornly for the old ideals. The wonder-tale of a scientist who roamed the world in search of an insect.

THE QUAKERESS OF WINCHESTER

IN September, 1864, General Sheridan, at the head of the army of the Shenandoah, was face to face with General Early near Winchester, Va. Neither commander was willing to attack the other upon a field of the other's choosing. Grant, however, was hopefully expecting Sheridan to act. Stanton was sending letters to him, insisting upon a speedy victory. Grant came to meet Sheridan in Charlestown, W. Va. He had a plan of campaign for Sheridan and wished to submit it; but Sheridan had evolved one so superior that Grant, after hearing it, refrained from producing his. Sheridan's plan was largely based upon information he had received the night before from a young Quakeress of Winchester, Rebecca M. Wright.

Six days in the week you will find her in a great gray building in the city of Washington, helping Uncle Sam take care of his people's money. You see her there—one of a score of women counting and checking piles of dirty bills. She is gray-haired now, and bent with age, but her eyes are glorious with a youthful flash.

The Quakeress of Winchester was a girl of twenty-one when the war opened. She was twenty-four when Sheridan faced Early in the Shenandoah valley. Her father, an elder in the Quaker church, refusing to enter the Confederate army, had been captured and hurried south. For five months he suffered imprisonment: then he escaped and in two years died. Her brother was drafted in Richmond by the Southern army, in which he was accidentally killed. At the beginning of the war Rebecca was first assistant in the principal school of Winchester, but later lost her position because of her known

loyalty to the Union cause. At the time of Sheridan's campaign in the valley, her mother and older sister were supporting themselves by keeping a boarding house and Rebecca taught a small private school. Because of adherence to the North, the family was under constant surveillance, and more than once the house was searched by the Confederates.

Next door to the Wright homestead was another boarding house where a wounded Confederate colonel was quartered during the summer of 1864. He soon felt well enough acquainted to treat the Northern allegiance of Rebecca with good-natured ridicule.

During a dinner with the Wrights on the evening of his departure to rejoin his command, he boasted of a clever plan by which Lee and Early were to trick Sheridan and then combine against Grant.

Some months before, when the Shenandoah valley was in control of the Union forces, General Crook and staff were frequently in Winchester and at times took dinner at the Wright boarding house. On one occasion Rebecca said: "I wish I were General Sheridan. If Sheridan knew as much as I do he would not be lying there in the valley, but would capture all of Early's force."

The waiting at Harper's Ferry grew irksome to Sheridan. Supposing that Early's army was larger than it really was, he feared an action so vitally important until the chances of success seemed more equal. The first week in September he felt it safe to move up to Berryville, where he gained a well-fortified position, some fifteen miles nearer the enemy. There he again waited, hoping that Early would attack him or that something would develop which would make it safe for him to assume the offensive. Scouts were being sent out, but the almost universal loyalty to the South made their

work unusually hazardous and their reports very unsatisfactory. During a council with his officers, Sheridan expressed a wish that he could lay hold of some person in Winchester who loved the flag. General Crook thereupon told of Rebecca Wright, and added, "I'll stake my shoulder straps that this girl is loyal." Sheridan was willing to test it. His scouts had discovered at Millwood a negro of reliable intelligence who had a permit from the Confederates to go thrice a week to Winchester to sell vegetables. He agreed to carry a letter next day to Miss Rebecca Wright, whom he knew by sight. The following letter was written by General Sheridan:

"Sept. 15, 1864.

"I learn from Major General Crook that you are a loyal lady, and still love the old flag. Can you inform me of the position of Early's forces, the number of divisions in his army, and the strength of any or all of them, and his probable or reported intentions? Have any more troops arrived from Richmond, or are any more coming, or reported to be coming?"

"I am very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"P. H. SHERIDAN,

"Major General Commanding.

"You can trust the bearer."

This letter, given to the negro, was written on tissue paper and wrapped in tin-foil so that it could be carried in the mouth.

The next morning he called at the Wright home. Rebecca was startled, at first she thought that the letter might be a Confederate ruse. But even after she was assured that the dispatch was genuine, she cried out in terror: "I will pay no attention to it. I dare not. The rebels would kill all of us if a breath of it came to them!"

"It is true, Beck," said her mother, "but men are dying for their country and thy life and my life and thy sister's life may be needed too. I would not persuade thee, child. Settle it with thy conscience. Let God guide thee in this; go to thy room and give thyself to prayer."

In her room the Quakeress fought the fight of love and loyalty. Her country called and the safety of her mother and sister pleaded, but when she arose from her knees the issue was decided. At three o'clock, the negro presented himself and received the following letter wrapped, as the other was, in the tin-foil.

"Sept. 16, 1864.

"I have no communication whatever with the rebels, but will tell you what I know. The division of General Kershaw, and Cutshaw's artillery, twelve guns and men, General Anderson commanding, have been sent away, and no more are expected, as they cannot be spared from Richmond. I do not know how the troops

are situated, but the force is much smaller than represented. I will take pleasure hereafter in learning all I can of their strength and position, and the bearer may call again. Very respectfully yours, _____"

With this letter under his tongue, ready to be swallowed in case of danger, the negro safely passed through more than twenty lines of Confederate pickets and reached Millwood.

In his "Personal Memoirs," Sheridan says: "It was the evening of the 16th of September that I received from Miss Wright the positive information that Kershaw was in march toward Front Royal on his way by Chester Gap to Richmond. Concluding that this was my opportunity, I at once resolved to throw my whole force into Newtown the next day, but a dispatch from General Grant directing me to meet him at Charlestown, whither he was coming to consult with me, caused me to defer action until after I should see him."

On Monday morning, September 19, at three o'clock, Sheridan's army was moving to the attack. That day the great battle was fought and won by Sheridan, each side losing about 4,500 men, killed, wounded and missing.

While the battle was in progress, the Wright family sought refuge from the rifle and cannon shot by going into the cellar.

"Beck, this must be thy battle," whispered her mother. A long time after the firing had ceased, the issue of the battle remained doubtful. But while the three women were at supper after a fast lasting since the evening before, they heard the gallop of horses and the clanking of sabers. Some soldiers stopped before their door and, upon Mrs. Wright answering the summons, she was met by two officers, one of whom was Sheridan himself.

"Is this the Wright home?" he asked.

"It is," replied Mrs. Wright.

"Is this Miss Wright?" said he, turning to Rebecca, who now had come to the door. She bowed and extended her hand.

"Hurrah for this loyal girl!" he cried. "On your information I fought and won this battle."

He entered the house and upon Rebecca's desk in her schoolroom wrote the dispatch announcing his victory.

"What can I do for you?" he asked as he turned to leave.

"Never tell of this till after the war," said the girl quickly. "Swear on thy sword that thee will not mention it until after the war." And he promised. Both well knew



REBECCA WRIGHT BONSAI

The "Quakeress of Winchester," who secretly sent information to General Sheridan that enabled him to win a great battle. In 1868 Grant got her a job in the Treasury Department. She still holds her place there, and this is a photograph of her at her desk in the department

the fateful consequences were it known what she had done.

Almost three years after the battle of Winchester the General directed General Forsythe on his behalf to present her with a morocco case containing a beautiful gold watch, chain and breast pin which he had had made to his order. Enclosed with this gift was a letter which has been prized even more than the gift of gold.

"HEADQUARTS. DEPT.
OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS.
"July 7th, '67.

"MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT:

"You are probably not aware of the great service you rendered the Union cause by the information you sent me by the colored man a few days before the Battle of Opequan (Winchester) on Sept. 19th, '64. It was on this information the battle was fought, and probably won.

"The colored man gave the note rolled up in the tin-foil, to the scout, who awaited him at Millwood. The colored man had carried it in his mouth to that point and delivered it to the scout who brought it to me.

"By this note I became aware of the true position of affairs inside the enemies' lines and gave the direction for the attack. I will always remember this courageous and patriotic action of yours with gratitude and beg of you to accept the watch and chain which I send you by Gen'l Forsythe as a memento of Sept. 19th, 1864.

I am very respectfully,

"Your ob't s'v't',

"PHIL. H. SHERIDAN."

The mother and her two daughters had continued to live in Winchester after the war though many of the Southern families manifested much bitterness toward them. Fully realizing the unfriendly feeling, Rebecca urged her mother and sister to keep secret the story of the watch. But Rebecca could not refrain from wearing the valued present, and one day Hannah incautiously revealed to a newspaper correspondent, who was her friend, that General Sheridan was the donor and that the gift came to her because of service to his army. The story was printed in a Baltimore paper, repeated in a Winchester paper and passed from lip to lip. The fury of the people was turned against the "traitor to the South," and the family suffered reproach exceeding endurance. To leave the place was the only thing remaining for the women. This they did, going to Philadelphia, and there they were able to make but a meager and uncertain living. Rebecca now recalled that Sheridan had requested the privilege of serving her whenever possible and to him she wrote stating why the family had been compelled to leave Winchester and suggesting that his assistance in securing a position under the Government would be appreciated.

Sheridan immediately sent a letter of

recommendation to her which, with his letter of July 7, 1867, she took with her to Washington. She presented herself to General Grant as the one most likely to aid her still further. He received her most kindly and added the following to the letter which Sheridan had sent her by the hand of General Forsythe:

"MISS REBECCA WRIGHT,
"WINCHESTER, VA.

"Miss Wright is respectfully recommended to the U. S. Treasurer for employment as a reward for her service to the Union cause.

"U. S. GRANT,
"General.

"June 19th, '68."

From that time to the present the "Quakeress of Winchester" has been a humble-salaried clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, interrupting her work only long enough to wed Mr. William G. Bonsal, the man who won her love during the brief residence in Philadelphia. After becoming President, Grant wished to appoint her as postmistress of Winchester, but the citizens so remonstrated that she declined the proffered office.

CARL G. DONEY.

"BILL" MULHOLLAND

WILLIAM MULHOLLAND, a raw-boned Irish lad, left Dublin at fourteen and, for a wage of ten dollars per month, shipped on a merchantman plying between Glasgow and the New World. Now he gets \$15,000 a year from the city of Los Angeles, of which he is the most indispensable citizen, and is a big bargain at that. The city could not afford to let him go for ten times what it pays him, and he could make about that much if he were not working for the city—I repeat it "working for the city"—public service—that is his ideal. Every once in a while he turns down an offer of five or ten thousand dollars for a week or two's expert work, because he is "working for the city," and he wouldn't be happy or satisfied with himself unless he were "on the job" all of the time.

Who is this man, whose name does not flare in the limelight, and who yet is recognized as one of the "biggest" men on the Pacific Coast, of whom a fellow engineer, himself eminent in the profession, says: "I have known well three great men, Pinchot, Walcott and Mulholland?" He is the genius of the Aqueduct; the directing force behind the greatest municipal work ever undertaken by a city the size of Los Angeles.



"BILL" MULHOLLAND

"Who works for the city." Los Angeles' municipal engineer, who conceived and built the Aqueduct, carrying water 250 miles to the city. He came to America as a sailor, when fourteen years old, and has made of himself a great engineering expert, whose ideal is public service

"The City of the Angels" had been growing so fast that those responsible for its proper development foresaw that unless a greater water supply could be secured it would have to stop growing,—a thing not on the program of the Los Angeles boosters. Clearly more available water had to be found; the need was evident—the solution most difficult. Water in the Southwest is about as precious as gold. What water was in sight had been preempted for private and public use for many years. The level of the underground waters was falling at an alarming rate as the result of a succession of dry years. Wells were going dry and had to be greatly deepened. For a long time Mulholland, as superintendent of the water-works, had studied the water sheds of southern California. Discouragement had almost become a settled fact.

One day Fred Eaton, a former mayor and city engineer, came to Mulholland and told him he had found a practical solution,—enough melted snow for two million people running to waste into a dead sea. Where? In the Owens River Valley on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevadas, 250 miles from Los Angeles. Mulholland told Eaton he was crazy, or words to that effect, but he went and looked at the proposition just the same—tramped all over it from the Nevada line to Owens Lake, and thence across the desert to the fertile San Fernando Valley contiguous to Los Angeles. It didn't take him long to become convinced that the suggestion had merit. Then he went to work in real earnest, studied it carefully, and when he was sure he was right, and incidentally had tied up the water and riparian lands under an option, he took the city into his confidence.

The rest is history. The proposition was carefully investigated by leading experts of national reputation, who reported favorably. Bonds for twenty-three million dollars to build the aqueduct were voted by a city having a population of less than 250,000 (I would have to resign from the boosters' club if I failed to mention in this connection that we now measure nearly 400,000 souls and will count noses to the tune of a million in 1920), and "Bill" Mulholland, as he is affectionately called, was told to go to work. He said the job could be done in five years for not to exceed the twenty-three million, and strange as it may appear to those who don't know "Bill," he is doing it. It is five-sixths done now. But the people of Los Angeles knew he would do it. No man to a greater extent

enjoys the confidence of the community than he. When he tells us he is going to do a thing, we know that it will be done.

And this man, recognized among engineers as a top-notch in his line, who crossed the Atlantic as a seaman at fourteen, followed that calling on the Great Lakes, crossed the Isthmus of Panama on foot at twenty-one, and when he reached Los Angeles, thirty-four years ago, was glad to get a job as zanjero (ditch tender) for the water-works, with his station in the river bottom, working by day and studying by night in his little log cabin. Step by step he advanced. In less than ten years he was superintendent of the Water-Works, then a private concern, and when the city took it over, it took over Mulholland, too,—fortunately for the city, because he is making a net profit for us now of over \$600,000 a year; and he will make Los Angeles one of the richest cities in the world when the great Owens River water and power project is completed.

Here, then, is a self-made man if there ever was one. What he knows he taught himself—and he knows all that is known to-day about his particular business. The best men in his profession all take off their hats to "Bill." But it must not be supposed that what he knows is limited to his own job. His versatility for a man whose public schooling was limited to the grammar grades, is remarkable. He knows books, quotes the poets, understands and is familiar with the best music, is a great student of natural history, and—is very fond of sport. Every Saturday afternoon during the baseball season finds him on the bleachers.

One of his best friends in the engineering profession describes him thus: "A man with a mind remarkable for its breadth and brilliant wit. A man who can build an aqueduct, and a man who can also, beside a mountain camp fire, while he broils his trout, discourse on profound structural geology. A man whose life has been spent in public service for the benefit of the masses in the land of his adoption. Remarkable for his originality of thought and analysis, yet equally active in the practical application of these ideas. Frugal in the minute details of construction, yet brave to the limit in conceiving and assuming the responsibility of the greatest projects. Kind, generous and true to the public welfare, he stands an example of what the applied scientist can do for his state, when he holds his brief for the people."

MEYER LISSNER.



FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE

An American man of letters of the old school, poet, wit, and critic. Though his health was permanently impaired in the Civil War, he has never ceased in his careful, finely wrought labor as editor and publisher of *The Dial*, which he founded in Chicago in 1880

 FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE

BORN of the best New England stock in the Green Mountain State some years before the middle of the nineteenth century, Francis Fisher Browne found himself, naturally enough, before the age of twenty carrying a Springfield rifle and a seventy-pound knapsack southward over the road to Chancellorsville. Not the only martyrs to the Great Cause were those who gave their lives. Those who, after a period of honorable service, returned to civil life with health permanently impaired, deserve equally well of their country. Of such was our friend who might not unreasonably complain of his life as "one long disease." But he has never complained, and his productive labor has been of such amount and quality as might put to shame some robust men who think well of themselves. Browne's existence has been that of an austere, sensitive man of letters, spending the energies of a fine and flexible genius in unremitting toil, the slender rewards and modest emoluments of which have been enjoyed chiefly by others.

Everyone interested in American literature knows, at least by name, the man who over thirty years ago founded in Chicago the authoritative, interesting, tasteful journal of literary criticism to which he gave the historic and significant name, *The Dial*. How much of grit, self-sacrifice, yes, and heartache, have been the concomitants of such an enterprise, one may only guess. Let him who might be disposed to deem it a holiday task consider how many similar publications have had their day and ceased to be since *The Dial* began its modest career. And it has only been one, if necessarily the least inconspicuous, of many literary tasks at which Browne has been compelled to toil in order to earn the daily bread of those dependent upon him. But his first important venture belongs to the literary history of that crude, confused, disorganized period which immediately followed the Civil War. This was *The Lakeside Magazine*, which had already struggled into honorable recognition and seemed assured of success, when it was wiped out by the Chicago fire, along with so many other things of less potential value.

Before becoming a literary man he had been a printer, an expert compositor; after the disaster of his magazine, he was for many years a publisher's reader, literary adviser and executive. Milton speaks of "building" poetry; our friend's life energies were mainly

spent in building out of unpromising materials books of which other people have imagined themselves to be the authors. One of his achievements was to translate a series of novels from a foreign language which he did not know, by the aid of a foreigner who did not know English. From his own personal publications he has, for certain reasons, not derived the advantages to which his character and ability would seem to have entitled him. One of his most notable books, a collection of poems of the Civil War, was put upon the market in so tasteless a form that the author was fain to pay the publishers a considerable sum for the omission of his (the author's) name from the title-page. Yet the book is one to which he gave years of research, identifying in several cases the authors of important fugitive poems, and is known to the few as a real source of other collections which have perhaps been more profitable to their compilers.

The literary output of such a man constitutes his least claim to the interest of his friends. This life of toil has had one capital compensation: it has been a school of character. Here is a man of letters of that old school which can never be out of date. Of his strain as a poet his little sheaf of verses entitled "Volunteer Grain" affords precious evidence; but of his original quality as a humorist, genial or mordant, as the case may deserve, he has given only occasional and ephemeral examples. It is hardly too much to affirm that poetry and humor have been to him the bread and wine of life; without these, indeed, life would have been to him, at times, impossible. In these pedestrian days some may care to be introduced to a man in whom the tradition and the ideals of a better time are living and sincere.

M. B. A.

 FREDERICK MUIR

UNDoubtedly the biggest social, political, and financial factor in Hawaii is the Sugar Planters' Association. It controls labor and education, and has a monopoly of all the capital in the Islands. But by means of scientific study and research it has brought the growing of sugar-cane to a point of perfection never before attained. Thousands of dollars annually are subscribed by the planters for the maintenance of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Experiment Station, a purely private institution employing a staff of twenty-three expert agriculturists, chemists, entomologists, and



FREDERICK MUIR

A scientist who was sent to search the earth for a parasite which should destroy the pest of Hawaiian sugar-cane. For four years, through illness, danger, and incredible hardships, in the lawless corners of the Far East, he kept up the search. At last he succeeded, and \$1,000,000 a year is the estimated saving to the planters

pathologists, concentrated the year round on the question of how to grow better sugar-cane; providing against pests and diseases, investigating fertilizers and soils, and studying different kinds of cane.

And in the reports of the Experiment Station, shorn of detail and color, packed with dry facts and the Latin names of Malay bugs, there lies more romantic adventure than in a pirate's autobiography.

For instance, there is the wonderful story of Frederick Muir, assistant entomologist of the station, who was sent out to discover a parasite for the sugar-cane borer, a beetle which works great harm to the cane fields.

Very little was known about this particular insect; so Muir had to search about in the places where he knew that cane was grown. He set out for China in the summer of 1906, and for four years he wandered thousands of miles in the most lawless corners of the Far East.

In continual danger of wild beasts, savage natives, and poisonous snakes, venturing where other white men dared not go, and for the most part with only a native "boy,"—laid low with fever, shot at,—and all to find an insect as large as a common house-fly.

"Were you ever in danger of your life?" I asked Mr. Muir.

He is a small, mild-looking man, with the air of a college instructor, in spite of the outdoor color of face and hands. He seemed much embarrassed at my question.

"Oh, no," he said simply, in a sharp English accent that ten years knocking about the world had not altered. "You see, I have a theory that a man can go anywhere safely, so long as he respects the point of view of the inhabitants, whether they be men or animals."

The Chinese trip took five months. With Hongkong as his base, Muir explored the Canton Province; and accompanied by only a Chinese boy, climbed into the Lo-fou Mountains, a region reported to be fanatically hostile toward foreigners. But Muir gave out through his interpreter that he was a doctor, searching for medicinal herbs, and was treated with the greatest respect.

In January, 1907, having failed to find the parasite, he sailed south, continuing his vain search through the Malay states, and wandering in the wild spots of Java and Borneo until the autumn. Thence he proceeded down into the Moluccas, working in little native cane fields sometimes knee-deep in pestilential mud, tormented by mosquitoes, sleeping in foul native huts, and often wet for days on end with torrential rains. Then, quite unex-

pectedly, he found a borer-beetle; not in the sugar-cane, but in the sago-palm. It resembled the Hawaiian cane-borer, and had a parasite. So in September, 1908, Muir started for Honolulu by way of Hongkong, with a great number of parasites and borers.

Reaching Hongkong, however, he found that all his insects were dead, and so turned around, and late in the fall of 1908, went back again to search for the authentic Hawaiian cane-borer. Unsuccessful once more, he moved on to Papua, or British New Guinea, in the spring of the following year, and there at last his search was rewarded.

Full of hope, he started home with a number of cages of growing cane containing beetles and parasites, this time by way of Brisbane, Australia. Steamers are uncertain in that part of the world. Muir missed connections, went through a thousand annoying delays, fell ill with the deadly typhoid, and lay flat on his back in an Australian hospital for five weeks. In the meantime, his parasites hatched out and died.

But Muir never gave up. Realizing that the parasites would not live through the long journey to Honolulu direct, he arranged for intermediate breeding-stations on the way. In February, still weak from the fever, he was back in Papua. Leaving in April with another colony of insects, he fell ill again; but working with indomitable will, he saved his precious cages. At the end of June he sailed for Fiji, where he stopped and bred several generations of parasites. And so, crawling slowly up the Pacific, delayed by almost insuperable obstacles and still far from well, he finally reached Honolulu in August, 1910.

It all reads like a fantastic romance. In the island of Ceram, the Dutch soldiers were at war with the natives. It was a savage, barbaric warfare, marked by tortures and other Malaysian atrocities. Muir wanted to investigate sugar-fields in the interior, but was forbidden to go by the authorities. Nevertheless, as he said himself, he *had* to find the parasite. And so he went,—right across the firing-line,—and was welcomed among the mountain tribes. In Amboina, a spitting cobra almost destroyed his eyesight. In Papua, he had to swim rivers infested with crocodiles. And in several other places, he traveled in places that meant death to white men. Yet he says he was never in danger of his life.

With the parasite that Muir found, the Hawaiian sugar planters expect to make a saving of more than \$1,000,000 a year.

JOHN S. REED.

PINK TIGHTS AND GINGHAMS

How a Kitchen Apron Bred Friendship

BY EDNA FERBER

Author of "Roast Beef Medium," "Chickens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SOMEONE—probably one of those Frenchmen whose life job it was to make epigrams—once said that there are but two kinds of women: good women, and bad women. Ever since then problem playwrights have been putting that fiction into the mouths of wronged husbands and building their "big scene" around it. But don't you believe it. There are four kinds: good women, bad women, good bad women, and bad good women. And the worst of these is the last. This should be a story of all four kinds, and when it is finished I defy you to discover which is which.

When the red stuff in the thermometer waxes ambitious, so that fat men stand, bulging-eyed, before it and beginning with the ninety mark count up with a horrible satisfaction—ninety-one—ninety-two—ninety-three—NINETY-FOUR! by gosh! and the cinders are filtering into your berth, and even the porter is wandering restlessly up and down the aisle like a black soul in purgatory and a white duck coat, then the thing to do is to don those mercifully few garments which the laxity of sleeping-car etiquette permits, slip out between the green curtains and fare forth in search of draughts, liquid and atmospheric.

At midnight Emma McChesney, inured as she was to sleepers and all their horrors, found her lower eight unbearable. With the bravery of desperation she groped about for her cinder-strewn belongings, donned slippers and kimono, waited until the tortured porter's footsteps had squeaked their way to the far end of the car, then sped up the dim aisle toward the back platform. She wrenched open the door, felt the rush of air, drew in a long, grateful, smoke-steam-dust-laden lungful of it, felt the breath of it on spine and

chest, sneezed, realized that she would be the victim of a summer cold next day, and knowing, cared not.

"Great, ain't it?" said a voice in the darkness. (Nay, reader. A woman's voice.)

Emma McChesney was of the non-screaming type. But something inside of her suspended action for the fraction of a second. She peered into the darkness.

"J' get scared?" inquired the voice. Its owner lurched forward from the corner in which she had been crouching, into the half-light cast by the vestibule night-globe.

Even as men judge one another by a Masonic emblem, an Elk pin, or the band of a cigar, so do women in sleeping cars weigh each other according to the rules of the Ancient Order of the Kimono. Seven seconds after Emma McChesney first beheld the negligée that stood revealed in the dim light she had its wearer neatly weighed, marked, listed, docketed and placed.

It was the kind of kimono that is associated with straw-colored hair, and French-heeled shoes, and over-fed dogs at the end of a leash. The Japanese are wrongly accused of having perpetrated it. In pattern it showed bright green flowers—that-never-were sprawling on a purple background. A diamond bar fastened it not too near the throat.

It was one of Emma McChesney's boasts that she was the only living woman who could get off a sleeper at Bay City, Michigan, at 5 A.M., without looking like a Swedish immigrant just dumped at Ellis Island. Traveling had become a science with her, as witness her serviceable dark-blue silk kimono, and her hair in a schoolgirl braid down her back.

The blonde woman cast upon Emma McChesney an admiring eye.

"Gee, ain't it hot!" she said, sociably.

"I wonder," mused Emma McChesney, "if that porter could be hypnotized into making some lemonade—a pitcherful, with a lot of ice in it, and the cold sweat breaking out all over the glass?"

"Lemonade!" echoed the other, wonder and amusement in her tone. "Are they still usin' it?" She leaned against the door, swaying with the motion of the car, and hugging her plump, bare arms. "Travelin' alone?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Emma McChesney, and decided it was time to go in.

"Lonesome, ain't it, without company? Goin' far?"

"I'm accustomed to it. I travel on business, not pleasure. I'm on the road, representing T. A. Buck's Featherloom Petticoats!"

The once handsome violet eyes of the plump blonde widened with surprise. Then they narrowed to critical slits.

"On the road! Sellin' goods! And I thought you was only a kid. It's the way your hair's fixed, I suppose. Say, that must be a hard life for a woman—buttin' into a man's game like that."

"Oh, I suppose any work that takes a woman out into the world—" began Emma McChesney vaguely, her hand on the door knob.

"Sure," agreed the other. "I ought to know. The hotels and time-tables alone are enough to kill. Who do you suppose makes up train schedules? They don't seem to think no respectable train ought to leave anywhere before eleven-fifty P.M., or arrive after six A.M. We played Ottumwa, Iowa, last night, and here we are jumpin' to Illinois."

In surprise Emma McChesney turned at the door for another look at the hair, figure, complexion and kimono. "Oh, you're an actress! Well, if you think mine is a hard life for a woman, why—"

"Me!" said the green-gold blonde, and laughed not prettily. "I ain't a woman. I'm a queen of burlesque."

"Burlesque? You mean one of those—" Emma McChesney stopped, her usually deft tongue floundering.

"One of those 'men only' troupes? You guessed it. I'm Blanche LeHaye, of the Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles. We get into North Bend at six to-morrow morning, and we play there to-morrow night, Sunday." She took a step forward so that her haggard face and artificially tinted hair were very near Emma

McChesney. "Know what I was thinkin' just one second before you come out here?"

"No; what?"

"I was thinkin' what a cinch it would be to just push aside that canvas thing there by the steps and try what the newspaper accounts call 'jumping into the night.' Say, if I'd had on my other lawnjerie I'll bet I'd have done it."

Into Emma McChesney's understanding heart there swept a wave of pity. But she answered lightly: "Is that supposed to be funny?"

The plump blonde yawned. "It depends on your funny bone. Mine's got blunted. I'm the lady that the Irish comedy guy slaps in the face with a bunch of lettuce. Say, there's something about you that makes a person get gabby and tell things. You'd make a swell clairvoyant."

Beneath the comedy of the bleached hair, and the flaccid face, and the bizarre wrapper; behind the coarseness and vulgarity and ignorance, Emma McChesney's keen mental eye saw something decent and clean and beautiful. And something pitiable, and something tragic.

"I guess you'd better come in and get some sleep," said Emma McChesney; and somehow found her hand resting on the woman's shoulder. So they stood, on the swaying, jolting platform. Blanche LeHaye, of the Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles, looked down, askance, at the hand on her shoulder, as at some strange and interesting object.

"Ten years ago," she said, "that would have started me telling the story of my life, with all the tremolo stops on, and the orchestra in tears. Now it only makes me mad."

Emma McChesney's hand seemed to snatch itself away from the woman's shoulder.

"You can't treat me with your life's history. I'm going in."

"Wait a minute. Don't go away sore, kid. On the square, I guess I liked the feel of your hand on my arm, like that. Say, I've done the same thing myself to a strange dog that looked up at me, pitiful. You know, the way you reach down, and pat 'm on the head, and say, 'Nice doggie, nice doggie, old fellow,' even if it is a street cur, with a chewed ear, and no tail. They growl and show their teeth, but they like it. A woman—Lordy! there comes the brakeman. Let's beat it. Ain't we the nervy old hens!"

The female of the species as she is found in sleeping-car dressing-rooms had taught Emma McChesney to rise betimes that she might avoid contact with certain frowsy,

shapeless beings armed with bottles of milky liquids, and boxes of rosy pastes, and pencils that made arched and inky lines; beings redolent of bitter almond, and violet toilette water; beings in doubtful corsets and green silk petticoats perfect as to accordion-plaited flounce, but showing slits and tatters farther up; beings jealously guarding their ten inches of mirror space and consenting to move for no one; ladies who had come all the way from Texas and who insisted on telling about it, despite a mouthful of hair-pins; doubtful sisters who called one dearie and required to be hooked up; distracted mothers with three small children who wiped their hands on your shirtwaist.

So it was that Emma McChesney, hatted and veiled by 5:45, saw the curtains of the berth opposite rent asunder to disclose the rumped, shapeless figure of Miss Blanche LeHaye. The queen of burlesque bore in her arms a conglomerate mass of shoes, corset, purple skirt, bag and green-plumed hat. She paused to stare at Emma McChesney's trim, cool preparedness.

"You must have started to dress as soon's you come in last night. I never slept a wink till just about half a hour ago. I bet I ain't got more than eleven minutes to dress in. Ain't this a scorcher!"

When the train stopped at North Bend, Emma McChesney, on her way out, collided



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"You can't treat me with your life's history. I'm going in"

with a vision in a pongee duster, rose-colored chiffon veil, chamois gloves, and plumed hat. Miss Blanche LeHaye had made the most of her eleven minutes. Her baggage attended to, Emma McChesney climbed into a hotel 'bus. It bore no other passengers. From her corner in the vehicle she could see the queen of burlesque standing in the center of the depot platform, surrounded by her company. It was a tawdry, miserable, almost tragic group, the men undersized, be-diamonded,

their skulls oddly shaped, their clothes a satire on the fashions for men, their chins unshaven, their loose lips curved contentedly over cigarettes, the women dreadfully unreal with the pitiless light of the early morning sun glaring down on their bedizened faces, their spotted, garish clothes, their run-down heels, their vivid veils, their matted hair. They were quarreling among themselves, and a flame of hate for the moment lighted up those dull, stupid, vicious faces. Blanche LeHaye appeared to be the center about which the strife waged, for suddenly she flung through the shrill group and walked swiftly over to the 'bus and climbed into it heavily. One of the women turned, her face livid beneath the paint, to scream a great oath after her. The 'bus driver climbed into his seat and took up the reins. After a moment's indecision the little group on the platform turned and trailed off down the street, the women sagging under the weight of their bags, the men, for the most part, hurrying on ahead. When the 'bus lurched past them the woman who had screamed the oath after Blanche LeHaye laughed shrilly and made a face, like a naughty child, whereupon the others laughed in falsetto chorus.

A touch of real color showed in Blanche LeHaye's flabby cheek. "I'll show'm," she snarled. "I'll show'm I ain't no dead one yet. That hussy of a Zella Dacre thinkin' she can get my rôle away from me when I ain't lookin'. I wised she was gettin' too sweet to me the last week or so, the lyin' sneak. I'll show'm a leadin' lady's a leadin' lady. Let 'em go to their hash hotels. I'm goin' to the real inn in this town just to let 'em know that I got my dignity to keep up, and that I don't have to mix in with scum like that. You see that there?" She pointed at something in the street. Emma McChesney turned to look. The cheap lithographs of the Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles Company glared at one from the bill-boards.

"That's our paper," explained Blanche LeHaye. "That's me, in the center of the bunch, with the pink reins in my hands, drivin' that four-in-hand of Johnnies. Hot stuff! Just let Dacre try to get it away from me, that's all. I'll show'm."

She sank back into her corner. Her anger left her with the suddenness characteristic of her type. "Ain't this heat fierce?" she fretted, and closed her eyes.

Now, Emma McChesney was a broad-minded woman. The scars that she had received in her ten years' battle with business reminded her to be tender at sight of the

wounds of others. But now, as she studied the woman huddled there in the corner, she was conscious of a shuddering disgust of her—of the soiled blouse, of the cheap finery, of the sunken places around the jaw-bone, of the swollen places beneath the eyes, of the thin, carmined lips, of the—

Blanche LeHaye opened her eyes suddenly and caught the look on Emma McChesney's face. Caught it, and comprehended it. Her eyes narrowed, and she laughed shortly.

"Oh, I dunno," drawled Blanche LeHaye. "I wouldn't go's far's that, kid. Say, when I was your age I didn't plan to be no bum burlesquer neither. I was going to be an actress, with a farm on Long Island, like the rest of 'em. Every real actress has got a farm on Long Island, if it's only there in the mind of the press agent. It's a kind of a religion with 'em. I was goin' to build a house on mine that was goin' to be a cross between a California bungalow and the Horticultural Building at the World's Fair. Say, I ain't the worst, kid. There's others outside of my smear, understand, that I wouldn't change places with."

A dozen apologies surged to Emma McChesney's lips just as the driver drew up at the curbing outside the hotel and jumped down to open the door. She found herself hoping that the hotel clerk would not class her with her companion.

At eleven o'clock that morning Emma McChesney unlocked her door and walked down the red-carpeted hotel corridor. She had had two hours of restful sleep. She had bathed, and breakfasted, and donned clean clothes. She had brushed the cinders out of her hair, and manicured. She felt as alert, and cool and refreshed as she looked, which speaks well for her comfort.

Halfway down the hall a bedroom door stood open. Emma McChesney glanced in. What she saw made her stop. The next moment she would have hurried on, but the figure within called out to her.

Miss Blanche LeHaye had got into her kimono again. She was slumped in a dejected heap in a chair before the window. There was a tray, with a bottle and some glasses on the table by her side.

"Gez, ain't it hot!" she whined miserably. "Come on in a minute. I left the door open to catch the breeze, but there ain't any. You look like a peach just off the ice. Got a gent friend in town?"

"No," answered Emma McChesney hurriedly, and turned to go.

"Wait a minute," said Blanche LeHaye,

sharply, and rose. She slouched over to where Emma McChesney stood and looked up at her sullenly.

"Why!" gasped Emma McChesney, and involuntarily put out her hand, "why—my dear—you've been crying! Is there—"

"No, there ain't. I can bawl, can't I, if I *am* a bum burlesquer?" She put down the squat little glass she had in her hand and stared resentfully at Emma McChesney's cool, fragrant freshness.

"Say," she demanded suddenly, "whatja mean by lookin' at me the way you did this morning, h'm? Whatja mean? You got a nerve turnin' up your nose at me, you have. I'll just bet you ain't no better than you might be, neither. What the—"

Swiftly Emma McChesney crossed the room and closed the door. Then she came back to where Blanche LeHaye stood.

"Now listen to me," she said. "You shed that

purple kimono of yours and hustle into some clothes and come along with me. I mean it. Whenever I'm anywhere near this town I make a jump and Sunday here. I've a friend here named Morrissey—Ethel Morrissey—and she's the biggest-hearted, most understanding friend that a woman ever had. She's skirt and suit buyer at Barker & Fisk's here. I have a standing invitation to spend Sunday at her house. She knows I'm coming. I help get dinner if I feel like it, and wash my hair if I want to, and sit out in the back yard, and fool with the dog, and act like a human being for one day. After you've been on the road for ten years a real Sunday

dinner in a real home has got Sherry's flossiest efforts looking like a picnic collation with ants in the pie. You're coming with me, more for my sake than for yours, because the thought of you sitting here, like this, would sour the day for me."

Blanche LeHaye's fingers were picking at the pin which fastened her gown. She smiled, uncertainly.

"What's your game?" she inquired.

"I'll wait for you downstairs," said Emma McChesney, pleasantly. "Do you ever have any luck with caramel icing? Ethel's and mine always curdles."

"Do I?" yelled the queen of burlesque. "I invented it." And she was down on her knees, her fingers fumbling with the lock of her suitcase.

Only an Ethel Morrissey, injured to the weird workings of humanity by years of shrewd skirt and suit buying, could have stood the test of having a Blanche LeHaye thrust upon her, an unexpected guest,

and with the woman across the street sitting on her front porch taking it all in.

At the door—"This is Miss Blanche LeHaye of the—er—Simon—"

"Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles," put in Miss LeHaye. "Pleased to meet you."

"Come in," said Miss Ethel Morrissey, without batting an eye. "I just 'phoned the hotel. Thought you'd gone back on me, Emma. I'm baking a caramel cake. Don't slam the door. This your first visit here, Miss LeHaye? Excuse me for not shaking hands. I'm all flour. Lay your things in there. Ma's spending the day with Aunt Gus at Forest City and I'm the whole works around



JAMES HORTON'S FLAG

"Now, Lillian Russell and cold cream is one; and new potatoes and brown crocks is another"

here. It's got skirts and suits beat a mile. Hot, ain't it? Say, suppose you girls slip off your waists and I'll give you each an all-over apron that's loose and let's the breeze slide around."

Blanche LeHaye, the garrulous, was strangely silent. When she stepped about it was in the manner of one who is fearful of wakening a sleeper. When she caught the eyes of either of the other women her own glance dropped. When Ethel Morrissey came in with the blue-and-white gingham aprons Blanche LeHaye hesitated a long minute before picking hers up. Then she held it by both sleeves and looked at it long, and curiously. When she looked up again she found the eyes of the other two upon her. She slipped the apron over her head with a nervous little laugh.

"I've been a pair of pink tights so long," she said, "that I guess I've almost forgotten how to be a woman. But once I get this on I'll bet I can come back."

She proved it from the moment that she measured out the first cupful of brown sugar for the caramel icing. She shed her rings, and pinned her hair back from her forehead, and tucked up her sleeves, and as Emma McChesney watched her a resolve grew in her mind.

The cake disposed of—"Give me some potatoes to peel, will you?" said Blanche LeHaye, suddenly. "Give 'em to me in a brown crock, with a chip out of the side. There's certain things always goes hand-in-hand in your mind. You can't think of one without the other. Now, Lillian Russell and cold cream is one; and new potatoes and brown crocks is another."

She peeled potatoes, sitting hunched up on the kitchen chair with her high heels caught back of the top rung. She chopped spinach until her face was scarlet, and her hair hung in limp strands at the back of her neck. She skinned tomatoes. She scoured pans. She wiped up the white oilcloth table-top with a capable and soapy hand. The heat and bustle of the little kitchen seemed to work some miraculous change in her. Her eyes brightened. Her lips smiled. Once, Emma McChesney and Ethel Morrissey exchanged covert looks when they heard her crooning one of those tuneless chants that women hum when they wring out dish-cloths in soapy water.

After dinner, in the cool of the sitting-room, with the shades drawn, and their skirts tucked halfway to their knees, things looked propitious for that first stroke in the plan

which had worked itself out in Emma McChesney's alert mind. She caught Blanche LeHaye's eye, and smiled.

"This beats burlesquing, doesn't it?" she said. She leaned forward a bit in her chair. "Tell me, Miss LeHaye, haven't you ever thought of quitting that—the stage—and turning to something—something—"

"Something decent?" Blanche LeHaye finished for her. "I used to. I've got over that. Now all I ask is to get a laugh when I kick the comedian's hat off with my toe."

"But there must have been a time—" insinuated Emma McChesney, gently.

Blanche LeHaye grinned broadly at the two women who were watching her so intently.

"I think I ought to tell you," she began, "that I never was a minister's daughter, and I don't remember ever havin' been deserted by my sweetheart when I was young and trusting. If I was to draw a picture of my life it would look like one of those charts that the weather bureau gets out—one of those high and low barometer things, all uphill and downhill like a chain of mountains in a kid's geography."

She shut her eyes and lay back in the depths of the leather-cushioned chair. The three sat in silence for a moment.

"Look here," said Emma McChesney, suddenly, rising and coming over to the woman in the big chair, "that's not the life for a woman like you. I can get you a place in our office—not much, perhaps, but something decent—something to start with. If you—"

"For that matter," put in Ethel Morrissey, quickly, "I could get you something right here in our store. I've been there long enough to have some say-so, and if I recommend you they'd start you in the basement at first, and then, if you made good, they'd advance you right along."

Blanche LeHaye stood up and, twisting her arm around at the back began to unbutton her gingham apron.

"I guess you think I'm a bad one, don't you? Well, maybe I am. But I'm not the worst. I've got a brother. He lives out West, and he's rich, and married, and respectable. You know the way a man can climb out of the mud, while a woman just can't wade out of it? Well, that's the way it was with us. His wife's a regular society bug. She wouldn't admit that there was any such truck as me, unless, maybe, the Municipal Protective League, or something, of her town, got to waging a war against burlesque



"I GUESS YOU THINK I'M A BAD ONE, CLEAR THROUGH, DON'T YOU? WELL, I AIN'T.
I DON'T HURT ANYBODY BUT MYSELF"

shows. I hadn't seen Len—that's my brother—in years and years. Then one night in Omaha, I glimpsed him sitting down in the B. H. row. His face just seemed to rise up at me out of the audience. He recognized me, too. Say, men are all alike. What they see in a dingy, half-fed, ignorant bunch like us, I don't know. But the minute a man goes to Cleveland, or Pittsburgh or somewhere on business he'll hunt up a burlesque show, and what's more, he'll enjoy it. Funny. Well, Len waited for me after the show, and we had a talk. He told me his troubles, and I told him some of mine, and when we got through I wouldn't have swapped with him. His wife's a wonder. She's climbed to the top of the ladder in her town. And she's pretty, and young-looking, and a regular swell. Len says their home is one of the kind where the rubberneck auto stops while the spieler tells the crowd who lives there, and how he made his money. But they haven't any kids, Len told me. He's crazy about 'em. But his wife don't want any. I wish you could have seen Len's face when he was talking about it."

She dropped the gingham apron in a circle at her feet, and stepped out of it. She walked over to where her own clothes lay in a gaudy heap.

"Exit the gingham. But it's been great." She paused before slipping her skirt over her head. The silence of the other two women seemed to anger her a little.

"I guess you think I'm a bad one, clear through, don't you? Well, I ain't. I don't hurt anybody but myself. Len's wife—that's what I call bad."

"But I don't think you're bad clear through," cried Emma McChesney. "I don't. That's why I made that proposition to you. That's why I want you to get away from all this, and start over again."

"Me?" laughed Blanche LeHaye. "Me!

In an office! With ledgers, and sale bills, and accounts, and all that stuff! Why, girls, I couldn't hold down a job in a candy factory. I ain't got any intelligence. I never had. You don't find women with brains in a burlesque troupe. If they had 'em they wouldn't be there. Why, we're the dumbest, most ignorant bunch there is. Most of us are just hired girls, dressed up. That's why you find the Woman's Uplift Union having such a blamed hard time savin' souls. The souls they try to save know just enough to be wise to the fact that they couldn't hold down a five-per-week job. Don't you feel sorry for me. I'm doing the only thing I'm good for."

Emma McChesney put out her hand. "I'm sorry," she said. "I only meant it for——"

"Why, of course," agreed Blanche LeHaye, heartily. "And you, too." She turned so that her broad, good-natured smile included Ethel Morrissey. "I've had a whale of a time. My fingers are all stained up with new potatoes, and my nails is full of strawberry juice, and I hope it won't come off for a week. And I want to thank you both. I'd like to stay, but I'm going to hump over to the theatre. That Dacre's got the nerve to swipe the star's dressing-room if I don't get my trunks in first."

They walked with her to the front porch, making talk as they went. Resentment and discomfiture and a sort of admiration all played across the faces of the two women, whose kindness had met with rebuff. At the foot of the steps Blanche LeHaye, prima donna of the Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles turned.

"Oh, say," she called. "I almost forgot. I want to tell you that if you wait until your caramel is off the stove, and then add your butter, when the stuff's hot, but not boilin', it won't lump so. H'm? Don't mention it."

EQUITY

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

We envy no man what he makes;
We challenge only what he *takes*.

THE HOMELESS DAUGHTER

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Uneasy Woman," "Making a Man of Herself," etc.

ONE of the severest strains society makes on human life is that of adapting itself to ever-changing conditions: yesterday it dragged us in a stagecoach; to-day it hurls us across country in limited expresses; to-morrow we shall fly! Once twilight and darkness were without, shadows and dim recesses within; now wherever men gather there is one continuous blazing day. He who would keep his task abreast with the day must accept speed and light; for the law is, think, feel, do in the terms of your day if you would keep your hold on your day.

It is a law often resented as if it were an immorality, but those who refuse the new way on principle, confuse form with principle. It is the form which changes, not the essence. The few great underlying elements from which character and happiness are evolved are permanent—their mutations are endless. Dull-minded, we take the mutations to mean shifting of principle. That is, we do not square up by truth, but by the forms of truth.

The Woman's Business has always suffered from lack of facility in adapting itself to new forms of expression. The natural task found, a method of handling it in a fashion sufficiently acceptable to prevent family revolts mastered, and the woman usually is as fixed as a star in its orbit. She resents changes of method, new interpretations, and fresh expressions. It is she, not man, who stands an immovable mountain in the path of militant feminism.

In this course she is following her nature. An instinct more powerful than logic tells her that she must preserve the thing she is making—that center for which she is responsible, that place where child is born and reared, where her mate retreats to be reassured that the effort to which he has committed himself is worth while, where all the community to which she belongs is served and strengthened. If this place is preserved she must do it. Man, an experimenter and adventurer, cannot.

Changes she fears. She sees them as disturbers of her plans and her ideals. But the changes will not stay. They gather about her retreat, beat at the doors, creep in at the windows, win her husband and children from her very arms. The home on which she depended to keep them becomes impotent. While she stands an implacable guardian of a form of truth, truth has moved on, broadened its outlook and clothed itself in new expressions.

It is entirely understandable that the woman who sees herself left behind with her dead gods should cry out against change as the ruin of her hopes. It is equally understandable that those who find themselves adrift should doubt the home as an institution. At the bottom of the revolt of thousands of our "uneasy women" of to-day lies this doubt. The home failed them, and with the logic of limited experience they cast it out of their calculations.

But the home is one of the unescapable facts of nature and society—unescapable because the child demands it. One of the earliest convictions of the child is that he has a *right* to a home. To him it appears as the great necessity. He cannot see himself outside of it. To be at large in the world throws him into panic. The sacrifices and pains, very young children suffer uncomplainingly, particularly in great cities and factory towns, is a pathetic enough demonstration of what the word means to them. Mere children by the hundreds support families terrified by the thought of their collapse. The orphan forever dreams of the day when a home will be found for him. The child whose parents seek freedom, leaving him to school or servants, never fails to nourish a sense of injustice. Whatever one generation may decide as to the futility or burdensomeness of the home, the oncoming child will force its return.

To keep this permanent place abreast with growing truth, that is the obligation of the woman. It is the failure to do this that produces what I call here the homeless daughter,

that girl who loved and often served to the point of folly, finds herself in a group where none of the imperative needs the day has awakened in her are met.

One of the first of these needs is for what we call "economic independence." The spirit of our day and of our system of government is personal, material independence for all. Under the old régime the girl had her economic place. The family was a small community. It provided for most of its own wants, hence the girl must be taught household arts and science, all of the fine traditional knowledge and skill which made not drudges, but skilled managers, skilled cooks and needlewomen, skilled hostesses and nurses. She had a *business* to learn under the old régime and there was an authority, often severely enforced no doubt, which made her learn it well. There was the same appraising of the efficiency of the girl for her business there was of the boy for his.

The girl of to-day rarely has any such systematic training for the material side of her business, nor is a dignified place provided for her in well-to-do families. Her place is parasitical and demoralizing. Take the young girl who has been what we call "educated," that is, one who has gone through college and has not found a talent which she is eager to develop. The spirit of the time makes her less keen for marriage, puts no feeling of obligation of marriage upon her. She finds herself in a home which is not regarded as a serious industrial undertaking. Things go on more or less accidentally, according to traditions or conventions. Her ideas of scientific management, if she has any, are treated as revolutionary. Her help is not needed. There is no place for her.

The daughters of the very poor often have better fortune than she in this respect. They, from very early years, have known that they were necessary to the family. Almost invariably they accept heavy and sometimes cruel burdens cheerfully, even proudly. It is the pride of knowing themselves important to those whom they love. One of the difficult things to combat in enforcing the laws which forbid children under fourteen working, is the child's desire to help. He may hate the hardship, but at least there is in his lot none of that hopeless sense of futility which comes over the girl of high spirit when she realizes she has no practical value in the group to which she belongs. "Not needed"—that is one of the tragic experiences of the young girl, in the well-to-do family. To save herself, to meet the truth

of her day which has taken hold of her, she must seek a productive place, that is, leave home, seek work. If she has some special talent, knows what she wants to do, she is fortunate indeed. With the majority it is work, something to do, a place where they can be independently productive, that is sought.

The girl of the family in moderate circumstances is no better off. She must contribute in some way, and there is no scientific management in her home—no study of ways and means which enables her to contribute and remain at home. She is driven outside in order to support herself. I cannot but believe that here is one of the gravest weaknesses in our educational machinery, this failure to give the girl inclined to remain at home a training which would enable her to help make more of a limited income. Nothing is so rare to-day as the fine habit of making much of little. A dollar mixed with brains is worth five in every place where dollars are used. Particularly is this true in the household. The failure to teach how to mix brains and dollars, and to inspire respect for the undertaking, annually drives thousands of girls into our already overburdened industrial system who would be healthier and happier at home and who would render there a much greater economic service. Such work as is being done in certain Western agricultural colleges for girls, in the Carnegie School for Women in Pittsburgh, in Miss Kittridge's Household Centers in New York City, is a recognition of this need of making scientific managers—trained household workers, of young women. There is no more practical way of relieving the industrial strain.

It is not always the dependent and so humiliating position a girl finds herself in that drives her from home. It is frequently the discovery that she is a member of a group that has no responsible place in the community; that regards itself as a purely isolated, unrelated, irresponsible unit,—an atom without affinities! The home can be, if it will, the most anti-social force in existence, for it can, if it will, exist practically for itself. That excessive individualism, which is responsible for so many evils in our country, has encouraged this isolation. The girl who finds herself without a productive place at home at the same time finds none of the fine inspiration which comes from fitting herself into a social scheme, helping to do its work. The spirit of the age is social. She feels its call, she sees how unresponsive, even antipathetic to it her home is. She concludes that if she is to

serve she must seek something to do in some remote city. The attraction the Social Settlement has for the girl finds its base here. The loss to communities of their educated young women, who find no response to their need, no place to serve in their own society, is incalculable.

It is not infrequent that a girl who may have by some chance of fortune a sufficient sense of independence in her home, who knows herself needed there, and is ready to perform the service, is driven out by the persistence of that spirit of parental authority, which looks upon it as a duty to rule the life, particularly of the daughter, as long as she is at home. There is nothing clearer than that the old domination of one person by another is a thing of the past. A new spirit of co-operation and friendly direction has come into the world. The home which it does not pervade cannot keep its young.

The most essential thing for a woman to understand is that her business is *not to order* her daughter's life but to assist that daughter to shape it herself. She should be prepared to say to her: "The most interesting and important thing in the world for you is to work out your own particular life. You must build it from the place where you stand and with the materials in your hands. Nobody else ever stood in your particular place or ever will stand in one identical; nobody ever has or can possess the same materials. You alone can fuse the elements. Hold your place, do not try to shift into the place that another occupies. Keep your eye on what you have to work with, not on what some-

body else has. The ultimate result, the originality, flavor, distinction, usefulness of your life depend on the care, the reverence, and the intelligence with which you work up and out from where you are and with what you have."

It is only the woman who is prepared to say something like that to her daughter, to help her to see it, and to rise to it that has brought into her home the spirit of to-day.

Where there is failure at any one of these points, and if one fails all probably will, since they are obvious elements in the liberal view of life, the girl must go forth if her life is to go progressively on. She must seek work, less for the sake of work than for the sake of life. To remain where she is unproductive in a group which does not recognize the calls of the present world and where *another person*—for the mother who tries to force the individuality becomes another person—insists on shaping her course—to do this is to quench

TO EVERY YOUNG WOMAN

"The most interesting and important thing in the world for you is to work out your own individual life. You must build it from the place where you stand and with the materials in your hands. Nobody else ever stood in your particular place or ever will stand in one identical; nobody ever has or can possess the same materials. You alone can fuse the elements. Hold your place, do not try to shift into the place that another occupies. Keep your eye on what you have to work with, not on what somebody else has. The ultimate result, the originality, flavor, distinction, usefulness of your life depend on the care, the reverence, and the intelligence with which you work up and out from where you are and with what you have."

the spirit, stop the very breath of life.

The girl goes forth to seek work. She has almost invariably the idea that work outside the home has less of drudgery in it, *i. e.*, less routine and meanness, more excitement. She is unprepared for the years of steady grinding labor which she must go through to earn her bread in any trade or profession. She learns that work is work whether done in kitchen, sewing room, countinghouse, studio or editor's sanctum, and all that keeps the operations which conserve the bulk of the worker's time in any of these places from being drudgery is that he keeps before him the end for which they are performed. The

first disillusionment comes then when she faces the fact of a long steady pull of years to "arrive."

A second comes when she finds she must prove to a busy, driven world that she is worth its attention; she must do more than simply knock for admission and declare her fealty to its ideals. She realizes sooner or later that she is an outsider and must delve her way in. No sapper works harder to make his trench than most young women do to make stable places for themselves in strange communities.

The gnawing loneliness of the girl who has left home to make her way is one of the most fruitful causes of the questionable relations which well-born girls form more often than society realizes. The girl seizes eagerly every chance for companionship or pleasure. Her keen need of it makes her over-appreciative and under-critical. Moreover, she has the confidence of ignorance. Most American girls are brought up as if wrong-doing were impossible to them. Nobody has ever suggested to them that they have the possibility of all crimes in their make-up! Parents and teachers ordinarily have extraordinary skill in evading, but little in facing, the facts of life.

Disarmed by her ignorance, the girl goes out to a freedom such as no country has ever before believed it safe to allow the young, either girl or boy. This freedom is of course the logical result of what we call the "emancipation of women." It is the swinging of the pendulum from the old system of chaperonage and authority. The weak point is in the fact that the girl has not knowledge enough for her freedom. It is not a return of the old system of guarded girls which is needed. That is impossible under modern conditions, out of harmony with modern ideas. The great need is that women of the country realize that freedom unaccompanied by knowledge is one of the most dangerous tools that can be put into a human being's hands. The reluctance of women to face this fact is the most discouraging side of the woman question.

The girl who goes forth should go armed with knowledge. She should feel the pull of the home in every moment of loneliness so strong that she is literally jerked back when she is ready to slip. This hold of the home is no chimerical thing. It is a positive, living reality. The home has a power of projecting itself into the lives of those who go out from it. It is where the girl does not carry from the home a sense of an uninterrupted relation—a certainty that she is a part of that group

and that achievement, that she is only carrying on, enlarging, helping to extend, beautify and ripen its work, that she is not homeless. Nothing can so hold her in her isolation as that sense.

The Uneasy Woman of to-day who has fulfilled to the letter, as she understands it, the woman's business, is frequently heard to say: "My boys are in college, they do not need me. My girls are married or at work and they do not need me. I have nothing to do. My business is complete. I am retired, side-tracked. It is for this reason that I ask a part in politics." But her argument proves that she does not understand her business. She may want and need some outside occupation for the very health of her business, but certainly not because her business is done.

There is no more critical time for her than when her young people go out to try themselves in the world. The girl particularly needs this pull of the home, not only to keep her on a straight path but to keep her from the narrowness and selfishness which overtake so many self-supporting women who have no close family responsibilities. The fetich which has been made for many years, now, of work for women, that is, of work outside of the home, frequently leads the woman to take some particular virtue to herself for self-support. She feels that it entitles her to special consideration, releases her from obligations which she does not voluntarily assume. The attitude is enough to narrow and harden her life. The great preventive of this disaster is a responsible home relation. If she must share her earnings it is a blessed thing for her! If not, she should share its burdens and its hopes, in order to have a continued source of outside interest to broaden and soften her, to keep her out of the ranks of the charmless, self-centered, single women, whose only occupations are self-support and self-care.

The problems involved in keeping the girl who has a home from being homeless are not simple. They are as intricate as anything a woman can face. They call for the highest understanding, responsiveness, and activity. No futile devices will meet them. "My daughter is not coming home to be idle," I heard a fine-intentioned woman say recently. "I insist that she take all the care of her room, save the weekly cleaning, and that she keep the living-room tidy." But what an occupation for a young woman with a college degree, who for four years has led a busy, well-organized life in which each task was directed toward some definite purpose! What a commentary on the mother's under-

standing of "economic independence," a matter of which she talks eloquently at her club! All that it proved was that the woman had never realized the girl's case, had never given consecutive, serious thought to its handling.

How little chance there will probably be for this same girl to do at home any serious work in case she develops a talent for it. The home of the prosperous, energetic American woman is pervaded by a spirit of eager and generally happy excitement. Good works and gay pleasures fill its days in a wild jumble. There is little or no order, selection, or discretion discernible in the result. "Something doing" all the time seems to be the motto, and to take part in this headless procession of unrelated events becomes the first law of the household. The daughter has been living an organized life in college. She wants to study or write, or do regular work of some kind. But there is no order in the spirit of the place, no respect for order, no respect for a regular occupation. "I cannot work at home"—one hears the cry often enough. It is not always because of this atmosphere of helter-skelter activity. It is often because of something worse, an atmosphere of slothful, pleasure-loving indifference to activities of all kinds, or one of tacit or expressed discontent with the burdens and the limitations which are an inescapable part of the Business of Being a Woman.

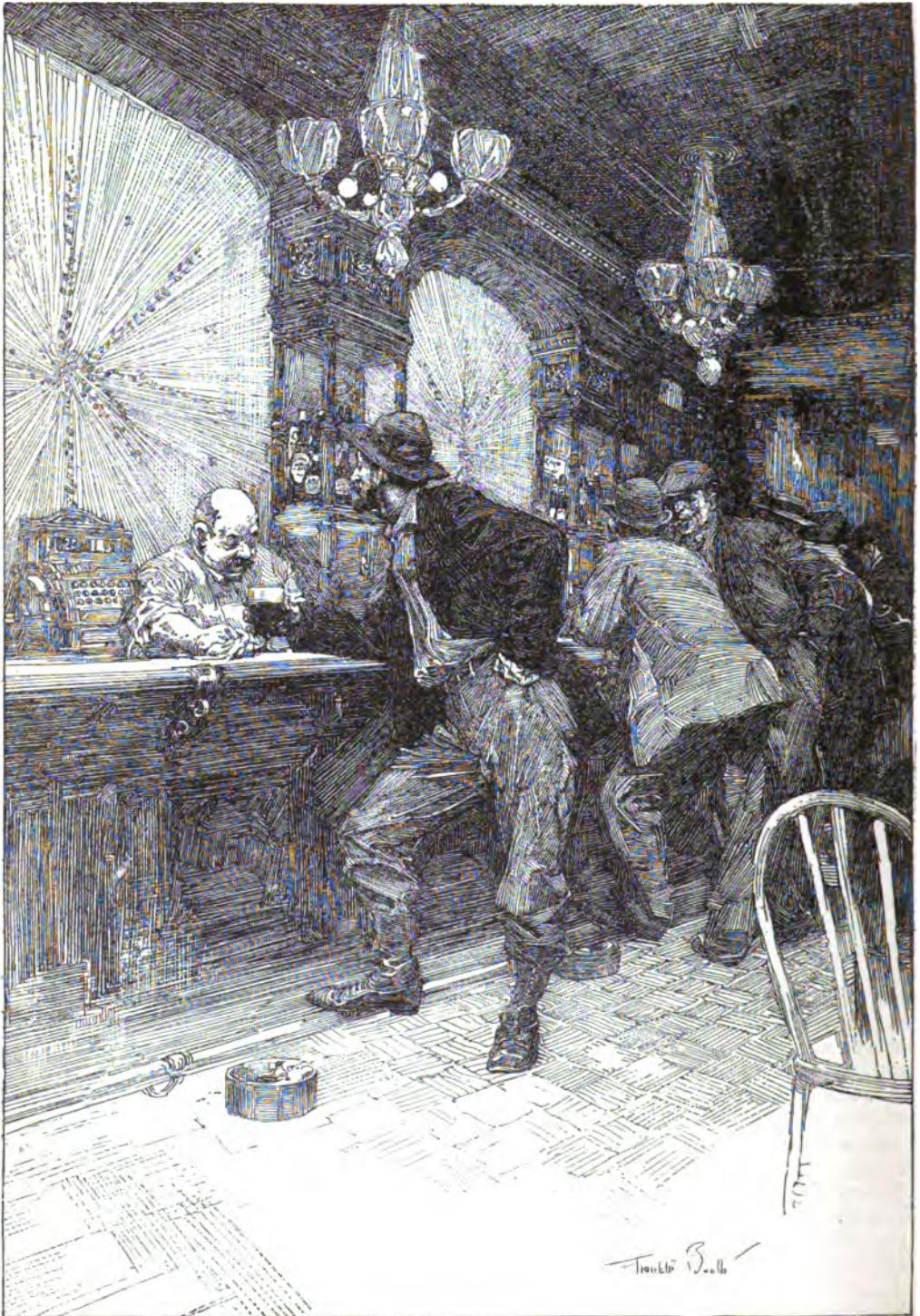
The problems connected with a girl's desire to be of social service are even more difficult. There is a curious blindness or indifference in our town and country districts to social needs. There is still alive the notion that sending flowers and jellies to the hospital, distributing old clothes wisely, and packing generous Christmas baskets meet all obligations. Social service—of which one may, and generally does, hear a great deal in the women's clubs—is vaguely supposed to be something which has to do with great cities and factory towns, not with the small community. Yet one reason that social problems are so acute in great groups of men and

women is that they are so poorly met in small and scattered groups. There is the same need of industrial training, of efficient schools, of books, of neighborliness, of innocent amusements, of finding opportunities for the exceptional child, of looking after the adenoids and teeth, of segregating the tubercular, of doing all the scores of social services in the small town as in the great. Work is really more hopeful there because there is some possibility of knowing approximately *all* the cases, which is never possible in the city. And yet how far from general it is to find anything like organized efforts at real social service in the small community. If a girl serves in such a community it is because she has the parts of a pioneer—and few have.

It is not the girl who, having a home, yet is homeless, who is responsible for her situation. Her necessity is to see herself acting as a responsible and useful factor in an intelligent plan. If the family does not present itself to her as a grave, dignified undertaking on which several persons dear to her have embarked, how can she be expected to tie to it? The old phrases which she may hear now and then—"the honor of the family"—"duty to parents"—only savor of cant to her. They have no pricking vitality in them. She feels no acute reaction from them. She sees herself merely as an accident in an accidental group, headed nowhere in particular.

What it all amounts to is that the greatest art in the woman's Business is *using* youth. It is no easy matter. Youth is a terrible force, confident, selfish, unknowing. Rarely has it real courage, real interest in aught but itself. It has all to learn, but it is youth, the most beautiful and hopeful thing in life. And it is the thing upon which the full development of life for a woman depends. She must have it always at her side, if she is to know her own full meaning in the scheme of things. It is part of her tragedy that she fails so often to understand how essential is youth to her as an individual, her happiness and her growth.

The next article, "Friendless Youth and the Irresponsible Woman," in this series will appear in the May number



Back into old places—McCann's saloon, unchanged—after five years

THE PROUD WHITE MOTHER

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of "Dr. Rast," "The Nine-Tenths," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

HALF that warm summer night we "hired men" sat before the barn and watched the moonlight on the glowing farmhouse. We had given the doctor's horse a stall and some oats, and Phelan and I sat in the empty buggy, and Watts and Tosker and Vance about the shafts. We were laughing and joking, and yet through all our laughing and joking ran an emotional undercurrent—a flavor of the very mystery of life. The method of introducing new souls to membership in the race is an odd one: and the new members are certainly queer specimens—mere mouths surrounded entirely by a few pounds of red projections. And then their cackle in the still night—now like the cluck of a hen, now like a squalling cat. And their violent trust in the scheme of things—trying not at all to protect or forearm themselves. Merely asking and fully expecting to get—and (so their mothers tell me) getting every time. And the ugliness that is gentle beauty to every father and mother. . . . But strangest of all, the perfect provision for their coming: the mothers ready with shelter and food and love. . . .

The high moon was large and swam over a star-scattered sky, and the infinite grass was fairly alive with crickets and fireflies . . . but the warm silence tugged at our hearts while our lips loosed light laughter. . . . Now and then erratic little Abe Harlan came to the kitchen door for a breath of air and stood on the stone like an appealing waif in the moonlight. Our "boss" was more like a frightened child than the stern few-worded driver who whipped us to our daily toil. . . . It awed and strangely delighted us to find that he was weak and human after all; that he was merely one of us. . . .

And so the night deepened, until for a time Harlan failed to air himself, and that moment came when we sat still and guilty—miserable

little atoms—while a woman's cry rose in the moonlight, a cry as from the whole earth, the earth-cry ceaseless through the ages. . . . I remember how silent we were and how we waited, quite breathless, and how Harlan's sudden reappearance broke us all up with tears and laughter. . . .

"What is it?" called Phelan.

And Abe Harlan was crying!

"It's a girl."

Then we swarmed on him, strangely, foolishly laughing, and loved the man we had just discovered in the hated master. . . .

Later I stumbled upon a strange scene. I was putting out the lights in the house after midnight, tiptoeing, and every darkened room made me feel haunted. Then I came to the open door of the large front sitting room. I stopped short. The windows were shut, but the shades up, and moonlight streamed in; one pale electric bulb glistened in its high socket; and there in moonlight and silence and the dead of night the neat white nurse was greasing the naked babe. She had it on her lap; the empty crib stood before her; and in the hush she was performing the sacred and weird rites of initiating the new member in that strange and vast Society we all belong to. And the little one squalled like a fighting cat, and its blue eyes were wide open. . . . I was overpowered by the wonder of life . . . by its simplicity which is beyond all we have ever dreamed or loved. . . .

I swung down the road to a grove of beech trees. The little beech leaves were lisp ing in ripples of light wind, and with that tiny music teasing my heart, I stood and considered the heavens, the moon and the stars, and man, a little lower than the angels. And I knew then that the life I had lived was a very little one. I was a mere skimmer of surfaces, a taster of sensations: Thaddeus Stevens, the educated tramp, roving America to touch life

here and there and pass on—ever to pass on, a restless gypsy. . . . I had swung the circle of the cities and worked my way over the summer lands, unencumbered, untied, free as migrating birds . . . done this now for ten years and more, starting from New York when my mother died. . . . And that mother's cry had risen for me one night, and I too had been greased and initiated. . . . For millions of years there had been preparation for me, cry after cry of woman after woman, and now I was escaping from the vast process, refusing to take up the burden and make the sacrifice of home and love. . . . I envied little Abe Harlan his fatherhood. It linked him with the history of earth and all the future. . . .

I had had my chance, too. Ten years ago (or was it fifteen?) she and I had loved magically. I remembered her there, the new music of beech leaves not more tremulous or ecstatic than the whispered words and delicate kisses she had given me or lovelier than her young beauty—graceful, slim, golden-haired, wound about as it were with her clothes. On strange summer nights, in the city (was I reporter at that time? I have held every job, and none long), she would come bare-headed to me on the street, and through the crowded night we wandered, her arm touching mine, or we sat on the stoop while children ran swarming over the gutter and people passed up and down and her hand rested lightly on my knee. I had left her to return, and I had never returned. Several times, coming back to New York, I coasted about her dwelling, tempted, and then some new adventure bore me off. And yet that last night with her arms about my neck and her tears trickling, I had hugged her and said:

"Minnie . . . it won't be long, really it won't be long."

"I'll break my heart over you, Thad," she cried. "I know I'm going to lose you."

She must have known me better than I knew myself. . . . And now, touched with the sacredness of all life and considering the heavens, she became real to me, real as life and death, and the white-hot brands of remorse burned across my heart. The buried past arose and punished me terribly. . . . How carelessly I had broken her life!

Could she still be waiting? After fifteen years? . . . Suddenly I wanted to be rid of the country, the still fields, the far horizons, the little buzz of farm life, and get back to the human city as the sailor goes back to the sea. . . . I wanted to hear the click of my heels on hard Manhattan pavements; to see the deep

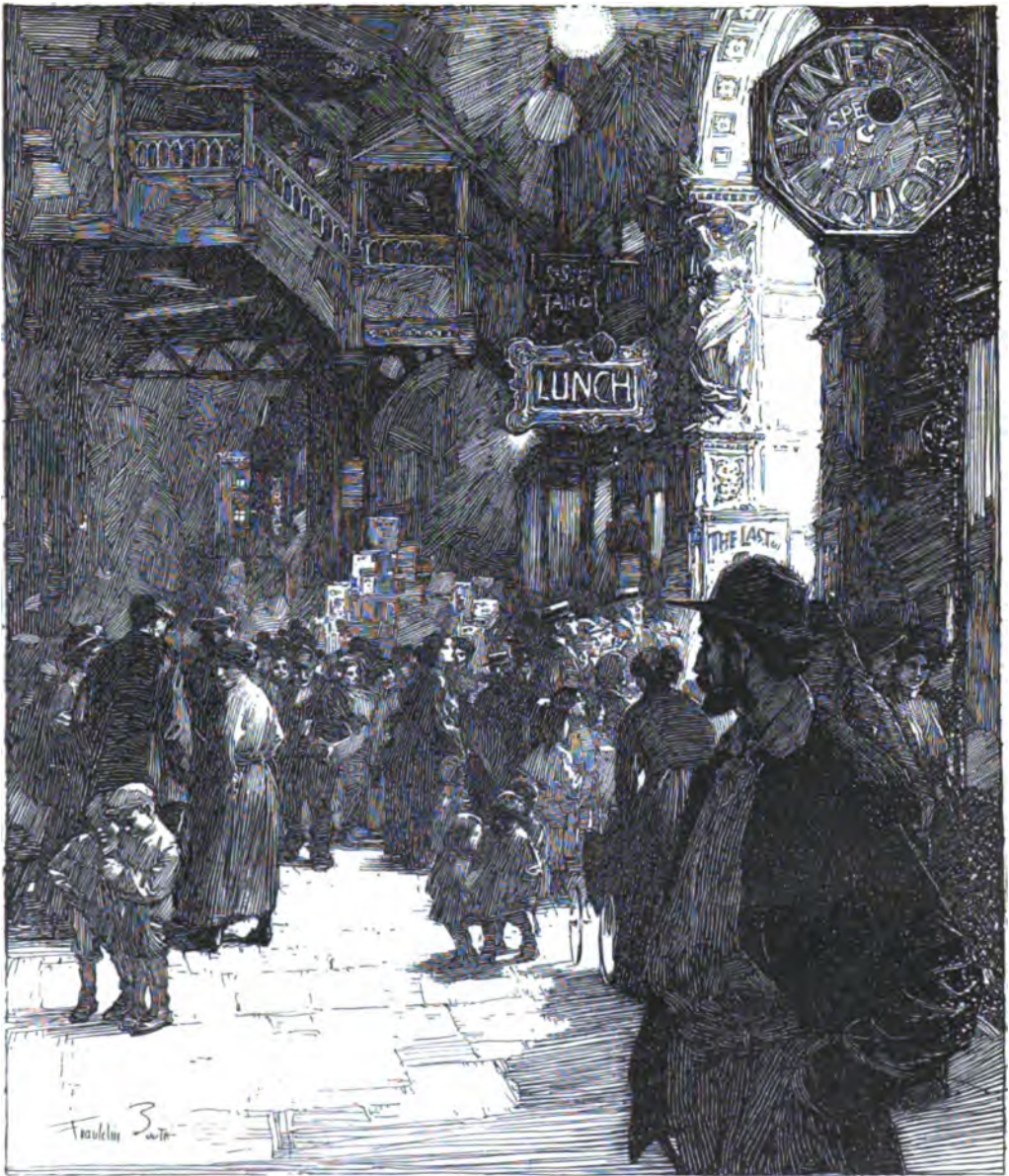
four-way streets flowing with endless traffic and people; to go to the lights, the New York lights, and be swept by the laughing crowd of Broadway; to slip back into old places—McCann's saloon, ex-actor Deever's chop-house, and those stoops, parlors and rooms so well known to me. . . . I wanted my City of White Towers; the Proud White Mother; I wanted the old Yorkville district and those familiar streets where Minnie and I had wandered and loved. . . . And yet it was not the city I wanted, but merely the woman who transfigured it. . . .

"Minnie," I whispered across a thousand miles, "I'm coming back. . . ."

Saturday afternoon, a week later, I was in the heart of the city, and all was dusty and dirty and gray with impending storm, and the deep stone streets and the homing tides of pallid people and the rocky roar were a bad dream, an unreality . . . a visionary city full of visionary people. I was dust and sweat and disillusioned. I longed back for still waters by green pastures and the dreaming summer in the meadows and the star-large nights. . . . A strange quest after fifteen years! She was married or dead or had forgotten me; and I knew well enough that in spite of my mood among the beeches I would never be content to bind myself. . . .

But I was here now. I boarded an open car, stood jammed in, and was slammed north through a summer-hushed avenue that bisected brownstone streets. We passed the German Hospital, Karf's drugstore and Godie the hair-dresser's—all old landmarks—and I had a faint thrill of familiarity. But when I walked down that brown side street and stood opposite the second story window of the neat flat-house, I myself became unreal, a ghost revisiting. . . . The window was up, and dark vacancy was behind it. . . . I might have been a young man again waiting for Minnie's signal and her swift emergence on the street, flushed with fresh emotions and smiling starrily. . . . But as I waited, a stout man sat down at the window and lit his pipe. It was a stranger, and Minnie was gone. . . .

Something cold settled about my heart, a queer sensation of loss and change and emptiness. I walked five blocks south, and one east, passed under the noisy elevated road, and swung through the flap-doors of McCann's. The place was unchanged—after five years; there was the same decorated white lawn on mirror and chandelier that John put up every summer on account of the flies; and standing on the tiled floor lounged some of the "regu-



The throb of the city rose all about me

lars." John himself, a little grayer, a little more like a chirpy sparrow, was serving behind the mahogany bar. . . .

"Hello, John," I murmured.

He looked up, wrinkling his forehead.

"Well," he whistled, "if it isn't the Old Boy!" Suddenly he came running out and seized on me, and pounded my back. "Thad, you tramp! Where in blazes have you been? Where in blazes have you been?"

"You old codger!" I laughed, grasping his arms, "you haven't changed a wrinkle, John!"

"You have, though," he growled; "you're getting stout, you're getting old, you need a haircut, you need a suit of clothes!" Then he spoke with quick eagerness: "Are you here for good? Have you quit your travel?"

"Quit my profession?" I laughed.

"Profession!" he exclaimed. "You Old One!" He sighed. "Aw, well! You like it dark, don't you?"

There was some good talk over the bar—neighborhood news, the tally of births and deaths, marriages, murders and trade, the

coming and going of the people—and while we passed the word back and forth and filled ourselves on that dearest news of all that never yet was printed in a newspaper, a sweet summer rain splashed the big plate glass windows and I began to feel New York . . . my city emerging from a dusty day like a young, radiant woman that laughs and loves. . . .

The tremor of it went through me, and when the shower ceased and the late afternoon sun broke out I peered out the side door and gazed at the life of the vanished years. . . . The lamplighter came down the radiant street, and evening deepened wonderfully clear—each new light a polished sparkle, each brick on house wall distinct. I had a sense of delicious life, keen, penetrating; a feeling of limpidity of heart and brain. Westward was the flush of sunset at the head of the street, a wild fleeting yellow light tinged the rain-washed air, and people, peering out of windows, adventuring forth, children testing the puddles with their feet, were strangely glorified. . . . Bareheaded girls in their summer dresses came out; a girl of twelve brought a rocker from the delicatessen shop opposite, placed it on the pavement and sat on it cradling a baby; old men stood in the areas smoking and leaning; and then I saw the oldest glory of my city. . . . A young girl dressed in navy-blue, her sweet face overblown with brown hair and her eyes very wistful, was leaning back against a railing, and close, very close to her, stood a young man . . . and they looked into each other's eyes and whispered, and I could see her cheeks flushing quickly, like dawn on a white petal. . . . Love breathed from this youth and went pulsing through the radiant evening, and went pulsing through me; and I was the young man and Minnie was the young girl. . . .

Inwardly trembling I went back to the bar and tried to command my voice.

"John," I said, "do you remember a girl by the name of Minnie Doyle?"

He looked at me sharply. Had he known?

"Yes, Thad."

"What's become of her?"

"You don't know?"

"No."

He began mopping the bar and spoke to a beer faucet in a low, even voice.

"She married—six or seven years ago."

The words seemed to mean very little to me at the moment; but I felt very mechanical.

"To what sort?"

"A good sort—but poor. A clerk. Wilson's his name."

"Where do they live?"

"Near by—let me see." He paused, considered, and hazarded a street and number. "Ground floor, anyway. It's one of four five-story brownstone flats, and it's the last toward Third Avenue."

"Hum," I murmured. "Poor? Is it a poor place?"

"Poor, but neat. Will you have supper with me, Old Boy?"

I had supper with him, and I did not know what I was eating nor what I was talking. Glasses clinked in front; outside roared the Elevated; and still I refused to believe the fact, refused to think that Minnie had been as fickle as I, that the grave and pure young love she had given me had vanished from the earth. . . . A fierce pang of ir retrievable loss and death visited me, a sense of having idly killed the wonder of the world, of having squandered the one priceless gift. . . .

I went out after supper and wandered up Third Avenue, up toward that Street. . . . The pavement was brilliant with the lighted shops and the lamps, and a swirl of faces eddied about the store-displays, the push-carts and the lights, and I pressed my way, brushing against arms, glancing in sparkling eyes, and the tremor of Saturday night joy went through us all. . . . In the city human communication grows inconceivably rich in summer; windows, doors, all the pores are open, there is a play of people one on another, there is at night a drench of golden atmosphere. . . . On side streets the hurdy-gurdy sings the loves of the people and all the wild night is expressed in the dance of young girls on the shadowy pavement. Families sit out on the stoops, the ice-cream saloons are crowded, the nickel theatre is as fire to the human moths, and every open window and door gives vistas of busy life. . . . On such a night Minnie and I had wandered in this very crowd, even as all about me I saw stolen meetings and secret romance and the dance of young love. . . . It was the very witchery of a summer's night in New York. . . . And I was young again, and I was seeking Minnie. . . . a wave of her handkerchief at the dark window, a glimmer of shadowy face, and then a girl darting from the doorway. . . . I stood at the corner of the Street and did not believe Johnny McCann. . . .

Then the throb of the city rose all about me and life seemed to speed into a warmer and wilder whirl; above me burned the naked stars; and the lights, the New York lights, sparkled in my eyes. . . . Closer and closer pressed the life, warm with its open-windowed homes and street-roving love. It seemed to

me that a "spirit in my feet" led me there, straight down the riotous side street and to the pavement before the open window. . . .

I stood, looking in . . . a brown-bearded, sweating, flannelled tramp, with eyes seaweary and world-weary, but with the heart of a youth in love. . . . And slowly then I saw, saw the neat lighted room, the few ornaments, the rose-blossom wallpaper, the center table. A thin fellow, in his undershirt, sat at this table, with long bare arms moving back and forth, and eyes intent on something before him—some solitary game. I looked at him long, slowly realizing. And then suddenly I noticed at his side, watching, a little girl . . . golden-haired, graceful. . . . And the sharp reality struck me. I was blinded for a moment, and wiped my eyes. . . . And I forgot self and thought only of Minnie. . . .

Then I waited . . . waited long. . . . And then at last from the back a woman emerged . . . a woman a little stout, in a dressing sack, her golden hair a bit awry, her face lined with years of trouble. . . . The eyes alone were mine, and belonged to those old nights. . . . And in her arms was a baby. She sat down near the window, the child held close. . . .

And the fierce shock of life went through me . . . the pathos of change, of the inevitableness of human change . . . how youth ages and beauty withers and the lost years are unrecalable. The tears came . . . for her and for me, two youths long buried. And life seemed more than ever a vision and a dream.

But as I watched, the baby awoke, Minnie sat him up. . . . I saw his unbelievably blossom - young

face, and the laughter on it. . . . And I heard her laugh as she clutched him close, a laugh that must be, after all, in the heart of earth and the suns . . . the laugh of the Creator with love of his new children. Had I not heard it among the beeches? . . . And I suddenly knew how lucky Minnie was. She had passed her love and beauty and youth to the new life in her arms, and she could laugh victoriously in her ashes, knowing that beauty and love are unwithering so long as they pass on from generation to generation. . . .

Lucky was Minnie. But I—homeless, childless, outside the pale of the common life! I wandered slowly back to McCann's. I leaned, dreaming and dreary and lonesome, against the bar. It was near midnight. A slap came down on my shoulder.

"Thad—hello!"

I looked. It was Fred Hall, the deck-hand. "Where are you bound for?" I queried.

He whispered:

"There's a fishing smack going north Monday morning . . . we need an extra hand."

I shuddered as if with an icy plunge of water. . . . I smelt open sea, and

slimy fish, and I saw the circle of the horizon. . . . My Love, the World, was calling again. . . . I laughed.

"I'm on, Fred. . . . Johnny, two of the dark."

And as veil after veil lifted at dawn on Monday we put out on big waters and I saw the proud White Mother catch the sun with her towering hands, while all her windowed robes dazzled, and she faded like a vision over the sea. . . .



I saw the proud White Mother catch the sun with her towering hands



GRANNY



BY HELEN C. CREW

HERE on my old knees, my bonnie, bonnie darling
Sleeps like a lily drowsy in the sun.
Bairn of my bairn, what prayers went up to Heaven
Just to plead with Lord God for this little one!
See the rosy thumb from the wee mouth slipping,
Hear the soft breath drawn out in sleepy sighs.
Ah, Lord God, the years that I have waited!
Now, the perfect miracle, upon my knee he lies.
Sleep! Sleep! Little life of my life!
Sleep, little nursling!

Had I not enough of my own, are you asking?
Brave lads and lassies, yea, a half-score.
Ah, but motherhood yearns to keep its arms full,
Starves for a tiny one; hungers—prays for more!
Were Grief himself, fashioned like a weanling,
To climb on my knee and there fall asleep,
Aye, came Death a babe to plead for nursing,
I would mother each, I would tender vigil keep!
Dream! Dream! Joy of my empty years!
Dream, little miracle!

Dear Lord God, when I am come to heaven—
Soon will it be; the day is drawing nigh—
I shall be so timid among the shining angels;
I could not sing and praise Thee—would scarce dare try.
I know no hymns, nor any loud hosannas,
Nor any of the joyful songs that sound about Thy throne.
But I could croon a mother-song, and cherish on my bosom
Some little timid still-born soul, as though he were my own!
Rest, rest, thou little eager heart!
Rest thee, beloved!



LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

HOW WE PASSED THE RAILROAD TAXATION LAWS

AT the opening of the Legislature of 1903, I felt that the time had arrived to advance vigorously with the railroad regulation issue. There were good reasons for doing this. We had the support of the public. We had discussed the subject pretty thoroughly in the preceding campaign, so that the people were prepared to back us up strongly in our plans. It had been a difficult campaign; but it was indeed illuminating. And that was fortunate, for it was tremendously important at that particular time to have the issue clearly understood and the voters united upon it. As I have already related, the Progressives had suffered defeat in the Legislature of 1901. All the important measures they had urged at that session failed of passage. Besides that I was seriously broken in health for many months. Even a year later when it became necessary for me to make a campaign for renomination as Governor, I was so ill that I could not make a single speech. The old machine seized upon this situation to conduct a campaign of unexampled vigor. Organized in what was called the Eleventh Story League, because they occupied the entire eleventh story of a Milwaukee office building, they spent money without stint. They canvassed the entire State, they purchased the editorial opinions of upward of two hundred Republican newspapers, they issued many pamphlets attacking our movement, their speakers were untiring. But in spite of the furious campaign made against me, I was renominated. This result was brought about chiefly, I think, by the publication of a "Voters' Handbook"

of one hundred and forty-four pages in which we set forth the truth about our work, about our plans for railroad taxation and direct primaries, and told specifically by what corrupt methods the Progressives had been defeated in the Legislature of 1901. We printed 125,000 copies of this book and placed it in the hands of influential men in every part of the State.

I had not yet regained my strength when I began my speaking campaign in Milwaukee, September 30, 1902, but I improved steadily and spoke every day to the end of the campaign.

Mayor Rose of Milwaukee, the Democrat who ran against me, had the support of the Republican machine; nevertheless I was easily reelected by some 50,000 plurality.

In the course of our campaign we had not only advocated our railroad taxation bills but we had also endeavored to show the people conclusively how futile it was to stop short with laws increasing railroad taxes when the railroads could easily turn around and take back every cent of that increase by raising their rates. But the chief reason for advancing strongly with this issue was a tactical one. I hoped to make such a hot fight for regulation that before the session was over the railroad lobby would be most happy to let our taxation bills go through, if thereby they could prevent the enactment of a law creating a commission to regulate them.

When the Legislature of 1903 met we were overjoyed to find that the Progressives were strong enough to organize both houses, though our majority in the Senate was very

slight. Irvine L. Lenroot, now a Member of Congress from Wisconsin, was elected Speaker of the Assembly. Although Lenroot, who is of Swedish parentage, born in Wisconsin, was only thirty years old, and had served but one term previously in the Legislature, he made an enviable record. A ready debater, a man of sound judgment, an able lawyer, with a special gift as a lawmaker, he forged rapidly ahead to leadership in the Legislature, and impressed his strong personality upon the most important statutes of Wisconsin, enacted from 1901 to 1905. He is now winning added distinction as a constructive legislator in the House of Representatives.

Other members of the Wisconsin Legislature of those and the following sessions, are justly entitled to extended recognition of their invaluable aid in the great constructive work which has made Wisconsin the safest guide in dealing with the modern problems of our time. The limits of these articles will not permit this. Later, when they shall appear in book form, I hope to do some measure of justice to their able and devoted public service.

For years the railroads had been under serious attack in political campaigns. A. R. Hall had long been diligently hammering away on the subject, and had produced a general impression that conditions were wrong, without any concrete proof of his contentions. Hence it had been possible for the railroads by the production of a few made-to-order statistics to confuse and unsettle the public mind.

I aimed, therefore, in my message, not to make a general attack upon the railroads, but rather to set forth the exact conditions regarding railroad rates and services. I presented fifteen different statistical tables, carefully prepared, demonstrating the excessive transportation charges imposed by the railroads upon the people of the State. I compared our railroad-made rates with the State-made rates of the neighboring Commonwealths of Illinois and Iowa, applying the comparisons to 151 well-known railroad towns in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, the names of which I gave, together with the specific rates. I showed that these 151 towns were paying on an average 39.9 per cent. more for their transportation charges than towns located at similar distances from markets in Illinois and Iowa. In this way I got down to the vitals of the subject and laid it all before the people so clearly that no one could get away from it. It went straight home to every farmer and shipper in the

State. Here was a farmer making shipments, for example, from Baraboo to Milwaukee; I showed that he was paying 59.77 per cent. more freight upon certain products than the farmer of Iowa paid for shipping the same products exactly the same distance to market.

Abusing an individual, calling him a hare-brained theorist, a visionary, a demagogue, an unsafe radical, would not answer these tables and the deductions which I made from them. It was for this reason that the message made such a strong impression throughout the State. However bitterly a newspaper might oppose me, yet my proof of the discrimination in freight rates against the very locality in which it was published simply could not be answered or disregarded.

Immediately the railroads sent their leading lawyers to Madison to meet my charges. One of them published a brief in which he took up table by table the figures I had presented and tried to make some explanation or defense. But he could not budge them; they were unanswerable. Nor could my message be assailed as intemperate; it was as dispassionate as a census report.

One of their statements gave me a further opening. It was charged that in making my comparisons I had unfairly selected stations where exceptional conditions existed, and that I had done this to prove my case, the implication being that elsewhere in the State the rates were not discriminatory.

I decided, therefore, to get out a special message that should once and for all set the whole matter at rest. With the help of Halford Erickson, chief of our bureau of statistics, whom I later appointed a member of the Railroad Commission, and a corps of clerks, we listed every station on the Northwestern and the St. Paul railroads, the two principal roads of the State, and secured the rates for shipping every sort of merchandise and commodity between those stations and the markets. Then we got corresponding rates and distances in Iowa and Illinois and printed them, with the names of the stations, side by side with those of Wisconsin.

Having in hand this voluminous material, I worked night after night at the Executive residence until I wrote a message of 178 printed pages, to which was added many supporting supplementary tables. I sent in this message to the Legislature on April 28, 1903, and it furnished a final and unanswerable demonstration that we were paying from 20 per cent. to 69 per cent. higher freight rates in Wisconsin than they were paying for exactly the same service in Iowa or Illi-

nois. I presented it on the day before the hearings on the bill were to open, for I was certain that on that day there would be assembled in Madison, at the behest of the railroads, all the big shippers of Wisconsin. And they actually came by the car-load, filled all the hotels, thronged the Capitol and surrounded the members of the Legislature. They argued, protested, threatened, but they could not controvert my facts.

On the receipt of the message the railroad lobby engineered a plan to break the effect of it by organizing an indignation movement among these big shippers. The meeting, which was held in the State Senate, was a cut-and-dried affair at which resolutions were adopted denouncing my message, particularly, and especially denying the statements in it that some of the shippers who appeared to oppose the legislation were in receipt of special favors or rebates from the railroads. The

greatest excitement prevailed in and about the Capitol, and all over the State. In fact, I was content to bide my time regarding the action of the shippers. I could not at that moment produce the legal evidence that they were receiving rebates, but I was absolutely sure it existed, and I shall tell later how we secured it.

I knew also that the statement in my message that some of these shippers had been coerced by the railroad companies into appearing before the Legislature was perfectly true. I had received calls from some of the smaller manufacturers and merchants who

told me confidentially that they were there ostensibly to fight the legislation, but wanted me to know, privately, that they were in favor of it, that they were afraid if they did not come when they were summoned by the railroads they would be punished by increases in their rates, delays in furnishing cars, and in many other ways.

The regulation bill did not pass at that session, nor did we expect it to pass. But the contest accomplished the purposes we had chiefly in mind. It stirred the people of the State as they had never been stirred before, and laid the foundations for an irresistible campaign in 1904. It also gave the lobby so much to do—as we had anticipated—that it could not spend any time in resisting our measures for railroad taxation. It also forced some members of the Legislature who were really opposed to us and who intended to vote against the regulation bill, to vote with us



CONGRESSMAN LENROOT OF
WISCONSIN

Speaker of the Legislature of 1903 and one of La Follette's
strongest adherents

on the taxation bill as a bid for the favor of the people of their districts.

So, at last, after all these years of struggle, we wrote our railroad tax legislation into the statutes of Wisconsin. As an immediate result, railroad taxes were increased more than \$600,000 annually. When I came into the Governor's office, on January 1, 1901, the State was in debt \$330,000 and had only \$4125 in the general fund. But so great were the receipts from our new corporation taxes, and from certain other sources, that in four years' time, on January 1, 1905, we had paid off all our indebtedness and had in the



DR. ALMA J. FRISBY

The first woman appointed to the Board of Regents of Wisconsin University. She was a practicing physician in Milwaukee. Now a member of the Board of Control, one of the most important offices at the disposition of the Governor



IDA M. JACKSON

(Mrs. Charles T. Burgess)
Appointed by Governor La Follette as State Inspector of Factories, a position in which she has served with great credit to herself

general fund of the treasury \$407,506. We had so much on hand, indeed, that we found it unnecessary to raise any taxes for the succeeding two years.

Indeed, we so reorganized and equalized our whole system of taxation that the State to-day is on a sounder, more business-like foundation than ever before. We brought in so much property hitherto not taxed or unequally taxed that, while the expenses of the State have greatly increased, still the burden of taxation on the people has actually decreased. While corporations in 1900 paid taxes of \$2,059,139 a year, in 1910 they paid \$4,221,504 a year, or more than double. Wisconsin to-day leads all the States of the Union in the proportion of its taxes collected from corporations. It derives 70 per cent. of its total State taxes from that source, while the next nearest State, Ohio, derives 52 per cent.

In 1903, we passed an inheritance tax law which yielded us \$26,403 in the following year and has increased steadily since.

In 1905 I recommended a graduated income tax which has since been adopted by the State. It is the most comprehensive income tax system yet adopted in this country. Those who receive incomes of over \$500 must make a return to the tax assessor.

The tax at 1 per cent. begins on incomes above \$800 in the case of unmarried people and above \$1200 in the case of married persons, increasing one-half of 1 per cent. or thereabouts for each additional \$1000, until \$12,000 is reached, when the tax becomes 5½ per cent. On incomes above \$12,000 a year the tax is 6 per cent.

All of these new sources of income have enabled us to increase greatly the service of the State to the people without noticeably increasing the burden upon the people. Especially have we built up our educational system. In 1900 the State was expending \$550,000 a year on its University, in 1910 it appropriated over \$1,700,000 and there has been a similar increase for our normal and graded schools and charitable institutions. Under the Constitution the State debt is limited to \$100,000, so that we must practically pay as we go. Recently we have been building a State capitol to cost \$6,000,000 at the rate of \$700,000 to \$1,000,000 a year from current funds.

After the railroad taxation bills were out of the way in the legislature of 1903 a law was passed, upon my recommendation, providing for the appointment of a corps of expert accountants to investigate the books of the railroad companies doing business in



MRS. CHARLES M. MORRIS
"One of the best-known women in Wisconsin."
appointed as a member of the Board of World's
Fair Commissioners



MRS. THEODORA YOUMANS
of Waukesha, appointed by Governor La Follette
a member of the Board of Normal School Regents,
also a member of the Board of World's Fair Com-
missioners

Wisconsin with a view to ascertaining whether they were honestly and fully reporting their gross earnings upon Wisconsin business. The railroads had always been left practically free to assess themselves; that is, they transmitted annually to the State Treasurer the reports of gross earnings on which they paid a license fee of four per cent. in lieu of all taxes, and no one connected with the State knew whether these reports were accurate or not. I was confident, also, and so stated, that such an examination of the companies' books would finally settle the facts as to whether the railroads of Wisconsin were or were not paying rebates to the big shippers. And, as I have said, I wanted the legal evidence. As no one could make an argument against such an investigation, we got the law.

Expert accountants were immediately employed and presented themselves at the main offices of the railroads in Chicago. The railroad officials did not exactly refuse them admittance but asked them to come again. In this way they succeeded in securing some weeks of delay, for what purpose or for what preparation we were never able to learn. But in course of time the Wisconsin accountants were admitted to their offices, and made a thorough investigation, resulting

in the discovery that rebates had been given to the amount of something like \$1,100,000 during the preceding period of six years. In short, we found that in reporting gross earnings the railroads had left out all account of these secret rebates and we therefore demanded the payment of taxes upon them. The railroads carried the cases to the Supreme Court, but the State was finally victorious and we recovered over \$400,000 in back taxes from the railroads in this one case.

The investigation also showed clearly that many of the big manufacturers and shippers of Wisconsin had long been receiving very large sums in rebates in violation of the Interstate Commerce act. I recall that one firm received as much as \$40,000 in rebates in one year, and this firm had been particularly active among the lobbyists. Another firm received \$60,000 a year; others, various sums, large and small. The violence, indeed, of the opposition on the part of the shippers and the fury of their denunciation of the Governor for intimating that rebating was practiced in Wisconsin, could be pretty well gauged by the amounts they were proven to have received.

We had now passed one of the two great measures so long struggled for—the railroad

taxation bill. The other, that providing for direct primaries, seemed almost within reach.

I prepared that part of my message which dealt with direct nominations of candidates for office as though on trial for my life. I felt that the Legislature simply *must* be made to see its duty and that we *must* pass the direct primary at that session. I feared that if it failed again, after six years of agitation, we might begin to lose ground with the public. There comes a time when public interest cannot be sustained in further discussion of a subject no matter how important. The people will give an administration their support two or three times and then they begin to expect results.

The primary bill as introduced easily passed the Assembly and after a long and hard fight we finally got it through the Senate by accepting a provision submitting the act on a referendum to the voters of the State in the election of 1904. The machine Senators let it go through with this provision because, first, it left the caucus and convention system in force for nearly two years longer. They felt that they would thus have another chance to secure our defeat and get control of the State. It also gave them a chance to defeat the measure, if they could, at the polls. They believed, I am confident, that the people themselves would fail to adopt it; they still thought that it had back of it only "agitators" and "demagogues." It was necessarily a lengthy measure, with some forty or more sections, and they figured that to present the details of a complex bill was a task too great for us in a campaign involving other important issues. Under the referendum as now adopted in many States, publication of such measures is provided for at public expense, months in advance of the election, and there is wide distribution of literature on the subject. But there was no such provision in Wisconsin at that time and they relied on the difficulties and expense we would have in reaching all the voters, and on their own ability to checkmate us.

But, as usual, the bosses were mistaken in their estimate of the intelligence of the people. When the time came the Democratic party as well as the Republican party declared for it, and although a desperate fight was made upon the measure at the polls, nevertheless it carried in the election of 1904 by a majority of over 50,000.

Except for one omission I think it is the most perfect law for the nomination of candidates by direct vote ever enacted. It failed to make provision for the second choice,

which permits voters to indicate on the ballot not only their first choice of candidates for each office, but a second choice as well, thereby positively assuring a nomination by the group of the party which is actually in the majority.

We struggled for a second choice amendment to our Wisconsin primary law for nearly seven years, and finally obtained it in the session of the Legislature of last year (1911). I can trace most of the political misfortunes we have had in Wisconsin since the adoption of the primary law to this omission. The machine system of politics requires no second choice, because the boss determines who shall be candidates and prevents rivals from dividing up the machine vote. But it is an essential part of the Progressive belief that there shall be no boss system; no one to give and no one required to take orders; the field is open to everybody, and so there are always men to divide up the Progressive vote, while the machine vote is solid. Thus the machine can win out even when the Progressives are in the vast majority.

This happened in the primary election for United States Senator in Wisconsin in 1908. There were two Progressives in the field against Stephenson, both very strong men—McGovern, now Governor, and State Senator Hatton,—and they split the Progressive vote between them. Stephenson thus slipped in between and received a plurality of the votes.

It was this omission of the second choice provision with the opening it gave for a man like Stephenson to spend a large sum of money to secure his nomination (his recorded expenditure was \$107,000) that has furnished the chief cause of complaint against the Wisconsin primary system. People do not stop to think that under the old caucus and convention system the amounts spent in an election were often many times as great and no account was made of them. A second choice provision, such as we now have in Wisconsin, ought to be the law of every State which has a direct primary.

We needed one thing more in connection with the primary law, and that was a stringent Corrupt Practices Act to prevent the corrupt use of money in primaries and in elections. We tried hard to get such a law in 1903. We failed at that time, but Wisconsin now has an admirable measure which will make it impossible for any candidate to spend money as Mr. Stephenson did in 1908.

One other measure of great importance also came up strongly in the session of 1903. It grew directly out of our miserable expe-

rience with the lobby, and was designed to abolish these corrupt influences which had for decades controlled legislation in Wisconsin. We began fighting for such legislation as early as 1897, and I urged it in messages to three different Legislatures, but it was not until 1905, that our anti-lobby law was finally enacted. The Wisconsin statute requires all lobbyists or representatives, employed and paid for their services, to register themselves in the office of the Secretary of State, specifying the character of their employment, and by whom employed. The statute prohibits such lobby agents or counsel from having any private communication with members of the Legislature upon any subject of legislation. The lobby is given the widest opportunity to present publicly to legislative committees, or to either branch of the Legislature any oral argument; or to present to legislative committees or to individual members of the Legislature written or printed arguments in favor of or opposed to any proposed legislation; provided, however, that copies of such

written or printed arguments shall be first filed in the office of the Secretary of State. This law rests upon the principle that legislation is public business and that the public has a right to know what arguments are presented to members of the Legislature to induce them to enact or defeat legislation, so that any citizen or body of citizens shall have opportunity, if they desire, to answer such arguments.

Since I came to the United States Senate I have steadfastly maintained the same position. Again and again I have protested against secret hearings before Congressional committees upon the public business. I have protested against the business of Congress being taken into a secret party caucus and there disposed of by party rule; I have as-

serted and maintained at all times my right as a public servant to discuss in open Senate, and everywhere publicly, all legislative proceedings, whether originating in the executive sessions of committees, or behind closed doors of caucus conferences. When the Tariff Bill on Wool and Woolens was in conference between the two Houses last summer, I was determined as a member of that conference that its sessions should be held, if possible, with open doors. I waited upon Senator Bailey, a member of the committee, and told

him that I proposed to announce that I should freely discuss on the floor of the Senate any action taken by the committee, and that if support could be had I should move to make the sessions of the committee open and public. Indeed, both Senator Bailey and myself had taken the same position when an attempt had previously been made to hold secret sessions of the Committee on Finance so that Secretary Knox might give in private his testimony on the Reciprocity bill. At that time I moved that a stenographer be present and that all questions and

answers be taken down and made of record, and declared that I would not be bound by any action of the committee against making use of the testimony of Secretary Knox, if I felt it to be my duty in discussing the Reciprocity bill on the floor of the Senate. I was assured by Senator Bailey that he was heartily in favor of that course. When, later, the Committee on Conference on the Tariff Bill on Wool and Woolens met in the rooms of the Finance Committee, Senator Bailey moved that the sessions of the Conference Committee be held with open doors. Objection was made, but finally, on a roll call, Bailey's motion carried, the doors were opened, and the representatives of the newspapers were admitted. For the first time in the history of Congress a conference com-



KATE SABIN STEVENS

"I appointed Kate Sabin Stevens, the sister of Ellen Sabin, President of Downer College, Milwaukee, and wife of Judge E. Ray Stevens, as member of the Board of Regents of the University."

mittee transacted its important business under the eye of the public, with reporters in attendance.

It is to be hoped that this precedent will be followed by all the regular committees and conference committees of Congress in dealing with every subject of legislation. The propriety of considering treaties and matters affecting foreign relations in executive session is conceded, although there are unquestionably cases where public interest would demand open sessions and full publicity even when treaties with foreign nations are under consideration. A case in point is the Honduran Treaty, now pending, in which it is proposed that this Government shall become surety for and guarantee loans aggregating millions of dollars made to the Honduran Government by American capitalists.

Evil and corruption thrive best in the dark. Many, if not most, of the acts of legislative dishonesty which have made scandalous the proceedings of Congress and State Legislatures, could never have reached the first stage had they not been conceived and practically consummated in secret conferences, secret caucuses, secret sessions of committees, and then carried through the legislative body with little or no discussion. I hope to see the rules of the Senate and House of Representatives so changed as to require, in plain terms, every legislative committee to make and keep for public inspection a record of every act of the committee.

In a great body like the Congress of the United States, nearly all legislation is controlled by committees. The sanction of a committee goes a long way. The life of a Congressman, a Senator, is a busy one; he is worked early and late, and in some measure he must depend for the details of legislation upon the committees appointed for the purpose of perfecting the legislation. And as the business of the country grows and the subjects of legislation multiply, so committee action upon bills becomes more and more important. We spend a vast sum of money to print a *Congressional Record* in order that the public may be made acquainted with the conduct of their business, and then we transact the important part of the business behind the locked doors of a committee room. The public believes that the *Congressional Record* tells the complete story when it is in reality only the final chapter.

The whole tendency of Democracy, indeed, is toward more openness, more publicity. In the early days of this Government not

only were the committee meetings secret but during the first two or three administrations even the sessions of the Senate itself were held behind closed doors. Discussing this subject in the Senate in connection with the Lorimer Case, I quoted these stirring words of Charles Sumner, delivered on the floor of the Senate over forty years ago:

"Something has been said about Senatorial caucuses. Now, I shall make no revelation, but I shall repeat what for ten years I have said in this Chamber as often as occasion allowed. A Senatorial caucus is simply a convenience. It is in no respect an obligation on anybody. To hold that it is, is infinitely absurd and unconstitutional. We are all under the obligation of an oath, as Senators, obliged to transact the public business under the Constitution of the United States. We have no right to desert this Chamber and go into a secret conclave, and there dispose of the public business. . . . The Senatorial caucus is secret; it is confidential, if you please; it has no reporters present; it is not in the light of day. Why, sir, to take the public business from this Chamber and carry it into such a caucus is a defiance of reason and of the best principles of government."

I came out of the legislative session of 1903 in good health, and spent that summer and fall chiefly upon the Lyceum and Chautauqua platforms.

The Chautauqua is truly an educational force in the life of the country. It is organized widely among the towns and smaller cities in nearly all of the Northern and Western States. It is strongly supported by the well-to-do farmers. The people who patronize the Chautauquas will not only listen to, but also they demand, the serious discussion of public questions. I called my address "Representative Government," but it was never the same. I spoke extemporaneously and in connection with my addresses related my experience in Wisconsin. It was the struggle between democracy and privilege which I tried to place on view and I illustrated it directly from the most recent events in my own State. In that way it always had a live, fresh interest. Whenever I spoke in Wisconsin I never accepted any payment, not even expenses, and elsewhere, if the address was free to the public, I would not accept pay. In this way I have made a thousand or more Chautauqua and Lyceum addresses, and have pretty well covered all the States of the Union except New England and the Old South. I believe these addresses were the



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MRS. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

(A late portrait)

“She has been my wisest and best counsellor”

most practically effective work I have done, in a national way, for the Progressive movement, though it cannot well be separated from my work as a public official. For it is my work as a public official that has made my work on the platform count. If I had simply discussed principles and their relation to the proceedings of Congress and State Legislatures in a theoretical way, I could not have given those addresses the living, vital interest which it was possible to give them where I had been a part of the official proceedings which I presented to my audiences.

Our Progressive cause in Wisconsin has always been supported by what is more technically called the Labor vote. Many years ago, in Wisconsin, it was customary, shortly before election, for the bosses to distribute four or five thousand dollars among certain of the old-time Labor leaders, who were expected thereafter to deliver the Labor vote to the Republican ticket. I have heard it said many times back in those years: "Oh, never mind about the Labor vote; Payne will take care of that."

When we began our fight on the bosses they resorted to their usual methods of influencing the Labor leaders. The railroads and the big shippers also tried actively to vote their employees against me, but after we had begun to be successful, after the wage-earners had begun to see what our movement meant, we got more and more of their support. This was noticeable in the campaign of 1902. In our great crucial campaign of 1904, of which I shall speak next month, this effort to influence the Labor vote reached its height. It was the final struggle. Congressman Babcock personally called upon large employers of Labor and urged them either to prevent their men going to the caucuses to vote for La Follette or else to devise means of controlling the caucuses. In a number of cases railroad men were notified to be at the roundhouse or shop at a given time when the superintendent would arrive in a special car to address them. The talk was something like this: "It is to our interest and therefore to yours that this man La Follette be defeated for nomination. Your bread and butter depends on your standing by the railroads at the caucuses." And when the caucuses were held, division superintendents and other officials often stood at the entrances to the voting places and handed specially prepared ballots to the railroad employees as they came up to vote.

But in spite of all these efforts I always felt, in fact knew, that I had the sympathy

of these employees. Several times in the campaign which followed this desperate attempt to control the caucuses have I had a conductor, as he was taking my ticket, lean down and whisper:

"It's all right, Governor; they had us where we were obliged to take orders in the caucus, but they can't watch us in the election. The Australian ballot will give us a chance."

And in many cases they would say nothing, but grip my hand hard.

I have always had respect for the man who labors with his hands. My own life began that way. Manual labor, industry, the doing of a good day's work, was the thing that gave a man standing and credit in the country neighborhood where I grew up. We all worked hard at home and the best people I ever knew worked with their hands. I have always had a feeling of kinship for the fellow who carries the load—the man on the under side. I understand the man who works, and I think he has always understood me. In the campaign of 1904, I used, often, the verses of a poem of Whittier's called, "The Poor Voter on Election Day":

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

In some cases where the Labor vote was very heavy the employers allowed LaFollette delegates to be elected and afterward gave them the alternative of losing their jobs or violating their political faith. In Eau Claire County, we met with an example of this sort. We had there a very strong supporter who came to us and told us exactly his situation. He said he had been threatened with loss of his job if he voted for me in the convention, and while it would be a great hardship for him to lose his position he could not reconcile himself to obey their orders. We found that we could spare his vote and save his job, so he voted against us with our full understanding of the reason.

As soon as I became Governor, we began pressing for new labor legislation which should place Wisconsin on a level with the most progressive State or nation; and it can be truthfully said, since the passage last year of a law creating an Industrial Commission, that Wisconsin now easily leads the States of



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Fola and Mary, daughters of Senator La Follette. Fola La Follette (Mrs. George Middleton) has appeared recently in Percy Mackaye's play, "The Scarecrow"

the Union in its body of labor legislation. Child labor has been reduced and the children kept in the schools. Excessive hours for women workers have been abolished. The doctrine of comparative negligence has been adopted for railways, and the long hours of trainmen have been done away with. The most carefully drawn of all Workmen's Compensation laws has been adopted, and the employers of the State have organized, under a new insurance law, an employer's

mutual insurance association, similar to those which in Germany have greatly reduced accidents and compensated the workmen. Many other laws have been added and old ones strengthened, and finally our new Industrial Commission, modeled after the Railroad Commission, has been placed in charge of all the labor laws, with *full power to enforce* the laws and protect the life, health, safety and welfare of employees. This commission has employed one of the

leading experts of the United States to cooperate with employers in devising ways and means of safety and sanitation.

The commission consists of three members, appointed by Governor McGovern: Charles Crownhart, a very able lawyer and devoted to public service, Prof. John R. Commons, the great constructive economist and a leading authority on labor legislation, and Joseph D. Beck, who had served the State most efficiently as Commissioner of Labor and Industrial Statistics. The Industrial Commission is a new departure of the first importance—the first of its kind in the country. By this measure the State assumes to control and regulate the most difficult questions of sanitation, safety, health and moral well-being which affect the workers of the State. It is one of the most important innovations we have made, one charged with the greatest possibilities for improving the lives of working men and women, and one which should be watched and studied by everyone who is interested in forward movements.

In all of my campaigns in Wisconsin, I had been much impressed with the fact that women were as keenly interested as men in the questions of railroad taxation, reasonable transportation charges, direct primaries, and indeed in the whole Progressive program. They comprehended its relation to home life, and all domestic problems. They understood what it meant for the railroads to escape paying a million dollars of justly due taxes every year. They knew that the educational system of the State must be supported; that every dollar lost to the educational, charitable, and other institutions of the State through tax evasions by railroad and other corporations must be borne by added taxes upon the homes and farms. They understood that freight rates were a part of the purchase price of everything necessary to their daily lives; that when they bought food and fuel and clothing *they* paid the freight. As a result my political meetings were generally as largely attended by women as by men and these questions were brought directly into the home for study and consideration. It has always been inherent with me to recognize this co-equal interest of women. My widowed mother was a woman of wise judgment; my sisters were my best friends and advisers; and in all the work of my public life, my wife has been my constant companion.

Mrs. La Follette and I were classmates at the University of Wisconsin, and naturally we had common interests. The first year of

our married life, in order to strengthen myself in the law, I was re-reading Kent and Blackstone at home evenings, and she joined me. This led later to her taking the law course as an intellectual pursuit. She never intended to practice. She was the first woman graduated from the Wisconsin University Law School.

On one occasion when my firm was overwhelmed with work at the Circuit, and the time was about to expire within which our brief should be served in a Supreme Court case, it having been stipulated that the case should be submitted without argument, I proposed to Mrs. La Follette that she prepare the brief. It was a case which broke new ground, and her brief won with the Supreme Court.

About a year afterwards, Chief Justice Lyon in the presence of a group of lawyers, complimented me on the brief which my firm had filed in that case, saying, "It is one of the best briefs submitted to the Court in years, and in writing the opinion, I quoted liberally from it because it was so admirably reasoned and so clearly stated." I said, "Mr. Chief Justice, you make me very proud. That brief was written by an unknown but very able member of our bar,—altogether the brainiest member of my family. Mrs. La Follette wrote that brief, from start to finish."

Although Mrs. La Follette never made any further practical use of her law, this training brought her into closer sympathy and companionship with me in my professional work, and in my political career she has been my wisest and best counsellor. That this is no partial judgment, the progressive leaders of Wisconsin who welcomed her to our conferences, would bear witness. Her grasp of the great problems, sociological and economic, is unsurpassed by any of the strong men who have been associated with me in my work.

It has always seemed to me that women should play a larger part than they do in the greater housekeeping of the State. One of the factors in the improvement of conditions in Wisconsin has been the selection of able women for positions in the State service, particularly upon those boards having to do with the welfare of women.

In my first message to the Legislature, after I became Governor, I recommended the appointment of a woman as factory inspector, and also that women should serve on the Boards of University and Normal School Regents, and on the very important Board

of Control which has charge of all the charitable, penal and reformatory institutions of the State.

At first, even in our own camp, there was some opposition to the appointment of women in the State service,—a survival of the old political belief that “the boys ought to have the places”—and especially, the places that carried good salaries,—but that feeling has disappeared before the evidences of the high character of the services which these women have rendered.

Mrs. La Follette and other interested women exercised a helpful influence in securing the legislation, and in making the appointments.

Dr. Almah J. Frisby, a practicing physician of Milwaukee, was made a member of the Board of University Regents. She was graduated from the University in 1878, and is a woman of exceptionally strong character and high ability. She remained on the Board until I appointed her to a place on the State Board of Control of Charitable and Penal Institutions, where she has since served with great usefulness.

To succeed Dr. Frisby on the Board of Regents I selected Kate Sabin Stevens, a sister of Ellen Sabin, President of Downer College, Milwaukee, and wife of Judge E. Ray Stevens. She was a graduate of the University, had been Superintendent of Schools of Dane County, and was especially qualified as a representative woman for the place.

As State Inspector of Factories, Miss Ida M. Jackson, now wife of Professor Charles T. Burgess of the University of Wisconsin,

was chosen,—a bright young woman, who through her newspaper experience had become interested in social questions, and well prepared for the service.

Mrs. Theodora Youmans of Waukesha, was placed on the Board of Normal School Regents, a position she has held continuously since. Mrs. Charles M. Morris, of Berlin, was appointed a member of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission. Mrs. Youmans and Mrs. Morris were two out of five members selected on the Board of World's Fair Commissioners. They are women of tact and broad understanding, and unusually fitted for public work, each having served as President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, in which they have been, since its organization, recognized leaders.

I believe not only in using the peculiar executive abilities of women in the State service, but I cannot remember a time when I did not believe in woman suffrage. The great economic and industrial questions of to-day affect women as directly as they do men. And the interests of men and women are not antagonistic one to the other, but mutual and coördinate. Co-suffrage, like co-education, will react not to the special advantage of either men or women, but will result in a more enlightened, better balanced citizenship, and in a truer Democracy. I am glad to say that the Legislature of Wisconsin passed, at its last session, a suffrage law which will be submitted on referendum next November to the voters of the State. I shall support it, and campaign for it.

In his next chapter, Senator La Follette will deal with the events of the campaign of 1904, his crucial campaign. It is a great true story exhibiting dramatic episodes and, in terse comment, a fund of political wisdom and practical sagacity. Then follows the crowning achievement of the series: a masterly array of the things done in Wisconsin, the measures passed and the actual and proven results for the State and its people—for Wisconsin to-day is one of the most prosperous of States and this is due in large part to the legislation for which La Follette and his associates fought during so many years.



"Michael, whoever he is, you kind o' make me think of him, with the hammer and all"



THE TWO CARPENTERS

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Friendship Village," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

MICHAEL stood on the scaffold halfway up the spire of the Church of the Divine Life. The sun was hot, and it was as if its rays were being poured, and Michael's back and shoulders were burning. When a voice within cried "Leave her go!" Michael stepped down and through the round window into the belfry. As he worked, he clumsily dropped a nut from the rod he was fastening, and he was obliged to clamber after it down the belfry ladder. He reached the platform and recovered the nut as the noon whistles blew. A breath of cool air swept his face from the gallery below. And, the noon whistles having blown, it came to Michael that he might as well have a look at the inside of the Church of the Divine Life.

As he pushed open the door of the gallery and stepped to the rail, the coolness and gloom almost came to meet him. He had noted that the big doors stood open all day long, and he had read their placard:

THIS CHURCH IS OPEN
FOR MEDITATION AND PRAYER

So at first he merely looked and listened to be sure that no one was stepping about below. The silence assured him, his eyes became used to the gloom. The place was empty. He sank on a choir bench and faced the church: The astounding roof, the strange, gray pillars rising gravely and then breaking into aerial sport of arches and points, as remote and unconscious as spirits at play; the flowering of the light at the touch of the glass, the unbelievable coolness, the profound, articulate quiet. Michael must have felt some of all this, because presently he muttered:

"Ain't it the divil? Ain't it the divil?"

He had had a healthy hunger, but the coolness was so welcome that he sat there for more than half his lunch time.

Just before seven o'clock he reached his home. Lena, his wife, had been washing and ironing. The kitchen of their third floor tenement was seven times heated, and the smell of soap was stronger than the smell of the stew. The two young children were ailing; the baby cried, but Max, the little boy, lay on the floor under the window, and

spoke only to refuse food. As Michael and Lena ate in a corner of the kitchen, the west sun poured into the room with the heat and smell from a near stack. At last Lena pulled down the thick, dark paper shade, and they ate in the airless gloom. Afterward they let the table stand as it was and went down to the street. They hurried, so as to find the tenement steps unoccupied. The steps were already filled, but Lena and the baby sat on the door stone, and Michael and Max sat on the curb.

"Max should have a doctor before long," Lena said.

"Nah," said Michael; "he's nothin' but hot. Doctors ain't for hot. They're for sick."

"Hot *is* sick," Lena said, and rested her head against the door.

They were lucky enough to have a fire-escape, and on this they slept. Two stories above and one below the fire-escapes were likewise used as beds. On most of them children cried. The street noises, the street smells were very near. Very far away, between opposing cornices, stars showed.

Once Max spoke.

"Pop," he said, "is it the stars keeps the sky hot in the night?"

"Go sleep," said Michael.

"Then why can't they do it in winter?" asked Max.

"Ain't you been to sleep yet?" Lena demanded anxiously.

"Nah," said Max; "I can't swallow my breath good."

The baby woke and cried.

"Ain't it the devil—ain't it the devil?" Michael thought.

The next day, the heat being unabated, at noon Michael watched his chance. This time he had his lunch pail under his folded coat. When the whistles blew he was near the belfry window. He slipped within, and ate his lunch on the choir rail in the gallery. And when he had eaten, he ventured down and walked in the aisles. He had a surprising sense of safety. It seemed to him as if the cool, dim place took no account of his being there. It was all infinitely remote, unconscious of him, so that he was as undiscerned as a spider in the fretwork.

On the wall at the right of the great central recess there was a painting. It had been done by a man who believed in the right of labor to its dignity. He had painted a carpenter in work clothes such as he thought they might have worn in Galilee. The man was virile, with a face in which the dignity of

having labored was the same as the dignity of, say, spirit. He held a hammer and stood beside gaunt, upright boards, and he looked out on the great, stone interior of the Church of the Divine Life as if he had been interrupted at his work.

Michael faced him long.

"I'd like to be on the same job with ye," he thought as he turned away. "How come they to have a picture like that in this place?" he wondered.

That day, in his tenement, two died of heat. That night was intolerable. The tenement hummed like some sinister, fermenting thing. The street was awake—men tramped down the long blocks to the wharves. Their part of the city lay and throbbed like a fevered limb. For a long time Lena cried. Once Michael woke and heard her, and he saw Max sitting with his face between the fire-escape bars, as if he were waiting for something. Michael lay looking up at the stars that kept the sky hot.

"And him all alone in that big place," he thought, "with his hammer and his boards. Ain't it the devil—ain't it the devil?"

The next morning they looked into each other's colorless faces, Michael and the woman he had married, and the little boy that they had called to their life. The baby had slept heavily since the afternoon before.

"He should have a doctor, maybe," Lena said. "And Max should have one soon too."

Michael got up from the table and took his dinner pail. Then he counted out ten cents on the oil-cloth.

"When it blows twelve," he said, "you be where I shall tell you. And you bring some victuals for yourself—you and Max and the young 'un. When it blows twelve."

They did as he told them. In two years Lena had not been so far up-town. Max had never been there. But they found their way from the car, and on a street corner waited for half an hour till "it blew twelve." Then, trembling, Lena obeyed her husband's strange injunction and went in at the great front entrance to the Church of the Divine Life.

At the foot of the gallery stairs Michael, with his dinner pail, was waiting for them, and he stumbled before them, in nervous haste now that they were entered upon the adventure. He went back to his choir bench in the gallery and sat down on its cushion.

"Now!" he said, and waved his hand, as if on new rights.

Lena, holding the sleeping baby, looked about her, wiping her face. "My God," she said, "feel the cool."



The three men looked in one another's faces

Max pressed his face between the bars of the choir rail.

"Pop," he said, "is this what it is when it's the park?"

"S-h-h! It's a church to God," said Lena.

"God that goes to our Sunday school?" said Max.

"I s'pose so," said Lena. "Ain't it, Michael?"

They ate, sitting before the great organ, Lena's lunch box on the organ bench. The coolness folded them like a new way of vesture. When they had gathered up the fragments, Michael beckoned Lena with his head.

"I show you something," he promised.

Down in the aisle Lena was afraid, and Max kept close to them. But Michael marshaled them before the picture on the wall, and standing before the carpenter he waved his hand again.

"There's something you're used to," said Michael.

"I know him—I know him!" Max cried. "He looks like——" But he could not remember whom.

Lena, with her baby on her breast, looked long at the picture of the workman.

"Michael," she said, "whoever he is, you kind o' make me think of him, with the hammer and all."

"Do you s'pose that's meant for Christ?" said Michael suddenly.

"Oh, not here—in them clothes," Lena answered.

"I know him——" Max persisted, but he could not tell who he was.

"Now then," said Michael, "the whistle goes for to blow. Go back by the gallery and rest you. Rest you till I come back at six."

"But they'll come and shove us out," Lena gasped.

"Nah," said Michael, "but you'll have to pray. It stands so by the door—you should come in and pray. You should pray, and then you can stay in here in the cool. It stands so by the door."

He left them in the gallery. Through the long heavenly afternoon Lena nursed the child and laid him asleep on the choir-bench cushion, and herself slept at his feet; and Max rolled on the floor and dreamed up at the flowery windows.

At six Michael came hurrying in. His face was dripping. It had been a day like an open oven—they had died in the streets, in the hospitals. . . .

Lena stood up to go, and suddenly she buried her face in her hands.

"I'd rather die," she said, "than have

another night like we've had 'em! I'd rather die than go back there and take the baby back there——"

Michael looked down at the long nave and the shadowy transept. A thousand might have encamped in the place. Their whole street might have found refuge there.

"Lena," he said breathlessly, "do you dast to leave 'em lock us in? Do you dast to stay here to-night?"

In a little while the verger shuffled through the aisles, and peered into the pews, and thrust his head in for a look at the gallery, and departed without seeing the little family. They heard his key turn. Then they ate from the food they had left and presently, in the divine cool darkness, they stretched on the cushions of the choir benches and fell into quiet sleep.

It was toward ten o'clock when the organist of the Church of the Divine Life let himself in the church with his own key. He was in town for a few hours, and he had brought with him a lover of his music to hear the organ that he loved.

They switched on the electric light and mounted the gallery stair.

"—— a great church property," the organist was saying. "Five hundred thousand, I believe, and not taxable. Our organ represents fifty thousand. . . ."

Michael and Lena sat up and stared into the men's faces. The children did not wake.

"What under the heavens . . ." said the organist.

Michael, in his carpenter's clothes, stood up before them.

"My wife and my children and I," he said, "we die with the heat. Our tenement is rotten with heat. The baby—Max—Lena, we could not live. I tell you we could not live. I work on the spire of this church. I have brought them here to sleep . . . we don't touch nothing. We sleep like the dead. We don't touch nothing."

The three men looked in one another's faces.

"What am I to do?" said the organist. "Of course—and yet if anything should happen to the church property——"

"Leave them here," said the other man, "in the name of God."

So Lena and Michael sat for a time hearing the new organ, while the children slept to the music. Then the two men went away, guilty of an unfaith in the eye of the law. And they left the church property with Lena and Michael and the other man in the workman's clothes there on the wall of the Church of the Divine Life.

AN OUNCE OF CORRECTION A POUND OF CORRUPTION

The Man in the Cage

BY JULIAN LEAVITT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"IF you will only stop to think of it," I heard Professor John H. Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School, tell the American Prison Association at Washington, in 1910, "there are between three thousand and four thousand men in the country to-day holding official positions whose sole business every day of their lives is to send people to jail. I mean the prosecuting attorneys.

"And there are two thousand to three thousand men whose sole business is to cooperate in sending men to jail. I mean the criminal judges. And these five thousand or six thousand men are every day sending men to jail without, for the most part, any conception of the science of sending men to jail. They not only do not know that science but most of them do not know there is a science, and when you speak of it to them they do not care . . ."

Now Professor Wigmore is not a sensationalist. He is one of the foremost academic jurists of the country. He is president of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, which is the one learned body in this field that America can boast. His statement, though strikingly bold, was carefully considered. It was addressed to a serious body of men and women; and it was accepted, promptly and emphatically, as a correct statement of existing conditions. I feel safe, therefore, in building upon it.

A Pittsburgh Behind Prison Walls

Every year these judges and prosecuting attorneys imprison, in care-free fashion,

enough men, women and boys to depopulate a city as great as Boston or Pittsburgh. They put these creatures away and promptly forget them. The rest of us never think of them. And yet it must be plain to any thinking mind that in a society as closely knit as ours is to-day you *cannot* put away a half million human beings every year and forget them. One need be no sentimentalist to hold that "We are members one of another"—in a sense as real and literal as ever St. Paul meant these words; for, after all, these people do not stay in prison forever. All but a handful of "lifers"—some five thousand more or less—sooner or later find their way back to us, their lives touching ours at many points, unseen and unsuspected. If the prison has broken them it is we who pay the bill in the end.

And the bill is high—beyond all computation. I have already indicated a few of its many costly items. They are broken industrially and economically, are taught no trades that may support them honestly in freedom. For work well done in prison they receive no human reward. For work illly done they receive inhuman punishment. They earn nothing in prison. Their families become public charges.

In the present article I must show, in some slight degree, how they are broken physically and morally, and how, in their own fashion, they revenge themselves upon us.

Sentenced to Tuberculosis

The average prison is no less than a tubercular death trap. It has been estimated



NEW CELL-HOUSE AT THE CHICAGO BRIDEWELL—
CELLS OUTSIDE

Each cell has light and air in abundance. See picture on page 721

officially by Dr. J. B. Ransom, of Clinton Prison, New York—and he is generally regarded as the leading authority on prison hygiene in the United States—that from forty to sixty per cent. of all the deaths in prison are due to tuberculosis. And autopsies, he adds, show that nearly all the prisoners have in some degree been infected!

The causes of this are only too plain. The average prisoner starts in life with a bad heredity. He spends his youth in a bad environment. This combination predisposes him to disease even when in freedom. In fact, there is a well-grounded suspicion in the minds of many observers that most men are driven to crime by weak bodies rather than weak souls; that the breakdown of moral dikes can be traced, ultimately, to some weak stone in the physical foundation. But this remains merely a suspicion. Nobody knows. There are no medical examiners attached to our courts to determine whether the men on trial belong in a hospital or in a prison. They are packed away indiscriminately.

In prison everything conspires to break down what little power of resistance the prisoner has. He is dressed in unwashed, germ-laden stripes that may have been but recently removed from the dead body of some

inmate in the tubercular ward. He works at binder twine making, at shirt and overall making, or stone cutting, hosiery knitting or some other notoriously tubercular occupation. His food is whatever the warden, who is only too often a graduate of the school of graft, finds it convenient to supply out of an appropriation originally inadequate. As a rule the three meals cost only about ten cents! Here is a table showing the actual expenditures of some of the more important institutions on food:

NAME OF PRISON	Average Cost per Day per Man
Connecticut State Prison (Wethersfield) . . .	\$.0775
Indiana State Prison (Michigan City)099
Indiana Reformatory (Jeffersonville)1164
Iowa Reformatory (Anamosa)137
Iowa State Prison (Ft. Madison)1733
Kentucky Penitentiary (Frankfort)1087
Maine State Prison (Thomaston)0997
Maryland Penitentiary (Baltimore)085
Michigan State Prison (Jackson)1282
Michigan Branch Prison (Marquette)124
Michigan Reformatory (Ionia)095
Minnesota State Prison (Stillwater)1172
Missouri Penitentiary (Jefferson City)141
New Jersey Reformatory (Rahway)094
New Jersey State Prison (Trenton)1265
New York State Prison (Sing Sing)103
Ohio Penitentiary (Columbus)17
Virginia Penitentiary (Richmond)156
Tennessee Penitentiary (Nashville)087



THE PREVAILING STYLE OF CELL-HOUSE—CELLS *INSIDE*
 The corridor is wide and airy, but the cells where the prisoners live out their lives are dark and unventilated steel cages, hot in summer and cold in winter

After the long day's work in the prison shop the convict is hustled back to his unventilated cell, which in most prisons is still equipped with a malodorous night bucket. The cell-house, if of modern construction, is built of steel and iron. Both are perfect conductors of heat and cold, which is precisely what they should not be, rendering the cell, as they do, hot in summer and cold in winter. If the cell block is of older construction the material is stone or brick, which means whitewashed walls; and Dr. Ransom points out that the floating particles and scales of the whitewash, irritating the bronchial membranes, readily dispose the lungs to infection.

Rarely are the cell-houses built so as to admit air and sunlight direct from Nature's own supply. They are great steel cages, three, four and five stories in height, with cells built back to back and the whole enclosed in an outer shell of stone, with a corridor between the cell row and the stone wall. These outer walls are pierced by long, narrow windows, which occasionally permit a persistent ray of the sun to penetrate directly into some of the cells; but more often they are too far apart to grant even this scant comfort.

One notable exception among the prisons

that I visited is the Chicago House of Correction, which has one new cell block built on European principles. Another will be the new Illinois State Prison, the plans of which provide for circular cell-houses, somewhat similar to railroad round-houses, with the individual cells provided with their own windows upon the outer yard. It is too early to estimate the influence of these two exceptions upon the rule of prison architecture, but my own experience at the Chicago House of Correction when I visited it in company with other delegates to the International Prison Congress, in September, 1910, inclines me to be skeptical. This cell-house, as I have said, is built on European principles—that is, its cells face outside, instead of inside. It is as nearly proof against tuberculosis as the architect could make it; and it is the pride of Superintendent Whitman's heart. Yet the American wardens, as a rule, condemned it outspokenly.

"What is your objection?" I asked one of these.

"Why, the cells *face* each other," he answered.

"Yes, I see that," I replied, "But why should they not face each other?"

His answer threw so keen a light on the unnatural life of the prison that I must quote

it. "Don't you see how easy it is for the inmates to look into each other's cells? There is absolutely nothing to prevent it!"

Later I asked Superintendent Whitman about this. "Nonsense!" he answered, shortly. "As a matter of fact most of them screen their cell doors and preserve all the privacies that any other group of self-respecting men would. The few exceptions are easily controlled. And even if they were not controllable would you have me condemn all the others to tuberculosis on account of these few?"

The visiting wardens, however, had branded this view as hopelessly sentimental.

The Trials of the Prison Physician

But it is not the lack of air and sunlight alone which is responsible for the deadly havoc that the white plague inflicts upon the prison. The whole routine of the life is one steady preparation for disaster: the drive of the machine; the constant brooding over the wrongs of to-day and the humiliations of to-morrow; the black hatred of himself and of his fellows which the hopelessness of the prisoner's life instils—all these kill the buoyancy of his body and open wide its doors to whatever miasmas and infections may steal through the prison.

When the attack comes he has the right to call for the prison physician; or rather, he may answer the physician's call, which generally sounds before the day's work begins. But the prison physician is either indifferent, incompetent or, at best, as helpless as his patients. His salary, as a rule, is about \$1200 or \$1500 a year. To devote his whole time to the care of the inmates is obviously impossible; and yet the average prison houses fully a thousand men of whom one-third are probably physical defectives. The number of sick calls that he must attend in the hour or two that he devotes to this inspection every morning averages between twenty and fifty. The inspection is, therefore, a farce. And should he honestly desire to do something for his patients he quickly discovers that the loss of a prisoner's day in the hospital is bitterly resented by the contractor, who counts the loss in dollars and cents.

The experience of Dr. Theodore Cooke, Jr., for eighteen years physician of the Maryland Penitentiary, is interesting and typical. It was narrated to me personally last winter in Washington and later printed in full in the columns of the *Maryland Medical Journal*.

This penitentiary is a notable exception

among contract prisons, financially. As a rule these institutions are hopelessly bankrupt because the prevailing rate for which they dispose of their convict labor to favored contractors is far below cost and the deficit must be made up from the state treasury. But the Maryland Penitentiary is self-supporting. It even makes a profit of some \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year. How this profit was made, seemed, until quite recently, to concern nobody. But when Dr. Cooke was dismissed by Warden Weyler, in 1910, some of the facts leaked out. The money was minted in two ways: by speeding the men in the day and starving them at night. Dr. Cooke found that the meat which was bought at about four cents a pound was simply bone and tendon; that the flour required four hours of baking and even then developed mold in the heart of the loaf; that vegetables, as a rule, were inedible, the beans which form the staple of the prison diet being impossible even when ground into powder form; that prisoners who were unable to finish their tasks for sheer lack of physical stamina were, instead of being sent to him for treatment, punished by confinement in the "dark cell" or "solitary," which, in the case of consumptives, undoubtedly hastened their end; that infected prisoners mixed freely with the others at all times, their sputum scattered everywhere for lack of receptacles. As a simple sanitary precaution he proposed to the warden that the prison yard be flushed regularly; but the warden found an insurmountable obstacle in the cost of the water. And when the physician prevailed upon the city authorities to give a flat rate for the use of water for this purpose the warden found that he had no help that could be spared from the prison factories for such hygienic luxuries.

The Case of the Negro Stanley

Dr. Cooke told me that he found one old negro named Stanley in an advanced stage of consumption and immediately ordered him to the hospital. But this man had been a very good worker and Warden Weyler resented his absence from the factory.

"That fellow is simply playing possum on you, doctor," he told Cooke, "I want you to send him back to work at once."

The physician hesitated. Weyler ordered the old negro to the office for an inquiry. The talk between the warden and the prisoner was private, and brief. Soon Stanley reappeared before the physician and, scratching his head guiltily, said he was going back to work.

"I jes' ben shammin', doctah," he confessed, "I ain't ben sick at all, nohow."

The physician consented, in spite of the tell-tale evidence that was written plain in the man's face and his wasted body. Two weeks later Stanley died of tuberculosis. He had worked to the last minute.

Similar stories are told by Dr. Charles V. Carrington, physician of the state penitentiary at Richmond. "Whenever I wished, for reasons of health, to take men off the shoe contract and send them to the state farm for change of air and recuperation I had to fight to a finish," he writes me. And ultimately he lost his fight. In the fall of 1911, after twelve years of service, he was defeated for re-election. He attributes his defeat to the influence of the contractors.

The Yankee Contractor in South Carolina

Over twenty years ago a man by the name of John M. Graham secured a contract for the several hundred convicts in the South Carolina Penitentiary at Columbia. His backers then were J. H. Tilton & Son, of Tilton, N. H. This firm has held the contract ever since in Graham's name, having renewed it only last year for another five-year period; and to-day it employs about 300 of the men at 57½ cents a day, with the usual perquisites, in the manufacture of hosiery.

Now, hosiery mills are not at all uncommon in our prisons; but the extraordinary feature of this one was that no visitors were ever, under any circumstances, permitted to see it.

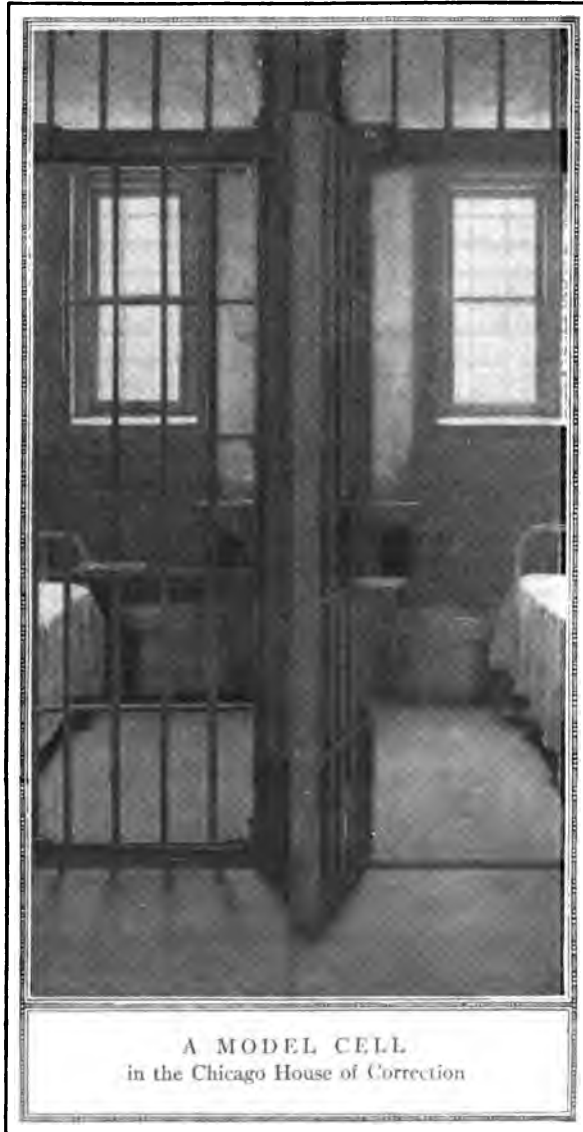
"You see, we keep only the most dangerous criminals in this shop," the polite guides would tell the inquirer, "And it would not be safe to admit the general public."

Why it required such dangerous criminals to knit hosiery was not explained until last spring, when Governor Blease, a spirited Southerner who resented the Yankee occupation of the state's prison, ordered the state board of health to look into conditions at the mill. The board immediately found that the mill was a nest, not of dangerous criminals, but of dangerous consumptives.

"Seventy prisoners were examined," says its report, "of whom 21 or 30 per cent. gave clinical symptoms and physical findings indicative of tuberculosis; 21 or 30 per cent. gave results which justified a strong

suspicion of tuberculosis, although a positive diagnosis could not be made; and 28 or 40 per cent. gave entirely negative results."

When Governor Blease saw this report he wrote a peppery letter to the governing board of the prison demanding that the hosiery contract be revoked immediately. "If you do not revoke it I will," he plainly told them.



A MODEL CELL
in the Chicago House of Correction

The board blandly answered that the contract had been signed and sealed only a year ago; that it had four more years to run; that it was a perfectly sound contract; and that there was really no way to revoke it. There the matter rests to-day.

In Kentucky the fine old money-making plant called the state penitentiary, at Frankfort, houses some 1400 inmates. *One fourth of them are touched with infectious diseases.* According to the last report available the average number for 1909 was 1360. Of these some 360 were infected: 90 with tuberculosis, 90 with syphilis, and the rest with other contagious diseases!

It would be easy to ring the changes on this tune for many pages of this magazine, were not the story too wearisome. Conditions everywhere are alike. "On assuming my duties a year ago," reports Warden Coding, of the Kansas Penitentiary, "I found that one out of every five of the prisoners showed symptoms of tuberculosis, and nearly all the cases were contracted within the prison walls." And in a recent letter he informs me that the greater proportion of these were in the overall factory, which, you will remember, was run by a firm of contractors of which Congressman Anthony, of the First District, was vice-president. This prison, as I have already said, has now been reorganized, cleansed and humanized.

How the Prisoners Retaliate

Yet as a rule nobody cares. Only twenty-one of our prisons make any special provision for their consumptives. Altogether they furnish only 800 beds; and the army of the tuberculous behind prison walls numbers, according to the best estimates, nearly 15,000!

Yet the victims themselves, helpless though they be to remedy their own state, do, nevertheless, retaliate upon us, in their own weak way. Here is an extract from an affidavit made by Patrick McManus, a former inmate of the Maryland Penitentiary. It has been incorporated in the Hearings of the House Committee on Labor (Sub-committee on Competition of Penal Labor) for 1908, and its truth has been vouched for publicly by a former chaplain, the Rev. J. J. Burkart, and privately, to me, by the former physician, Dr. Cooke.

"Any one who calls at the Maryland Penitentiary," runs this affidavit, "and requests to see several negroes I could name, will find them covered over with running sores, and he may well shudder from a fear that perhaps the shirt he is wearing was handled over and over again by these men in different operations. . . . Then again there are many

consumptive inmates . . . engaged as operators, etc. . . . I have personally seen the dried sputum scraped off shirts in the packing department before shipment, and I have witnessed men ground to their machines until two days before death, which was officially pronounced by the penitentiary physician as due to tuberculosis. Men suffering from these diseases are not isolated, even in the dining-room, and never in the shops . . ."

Now this prison alone sends out about four million shirts a year, which are sold all over the country under hundreds of different labels. How many messages of disease and death do these four million shirts carry into unsuspecting homes?

Last December I saw, in a dark, unventilated cell in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, three consumptive looking negroes feverishly licking the wrappers on cigars that they were making. I asked the guard if these cigars were sold on the open market.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "But not in any high class shops, you know; only in saloons and such places."

No one can possibly estimate, accurately, the quantity of prison made goods shipped into the various markets of the country, and capable of carrying with them the prison diseases; but I figure, roughly, that in 1905—the last year for which we have any federal records—the leading prisons sent out about seven million pairs of shoes of every description, twenty-one million cigars, ten million pairs of stockings, two million pairs of overalls, one million pairs of trousers, including about 360,000 boys' "knickers," five million shirts and a half million petticoats. Within the last five years the production of these goods, with the possible exception of cigars, has increased enormously. As a rule, too, these goods are of the cheaper grades in every line, grades which go into the homes of the poor, whose overworked and underfed bodies provide a natural breeding-ground for whatever germs these might carry.

And every day hundreds of prisoners themselves come out, many with death written upon their faces. Into how many homes they carry their grim message in person no one may say. But with this steady influx from the prison source alone do you wonder that the white plague increases in every community at a rate greater than all the preventive and curative agencies combined?

Degeneracy

I have discussed this factor of tuberculosis at some length not because it is the most important factor in the process of degenera-

tion to which we subject the man in the cage but because it is necessary to call attention loudly and unmistakably, to a problem which affects us all, whether we realize it or not. But now I come to another factor which is of far greater importance; and yet it cannot be dealt with fairly in the columns of a general magazine. I mean the inevitable corruption and perversion of the prisoner's normal faculties that must take place in the unnatural life of the prison. I shall, therefore, limit this chapter to a bare description of the basic social conditions in every prison which make moral degeneracy inevitable.

In those leper camps of civilization which we call prisons there are, as in the community at large, three classes: the upper, the middle and the lower.

The upper class includes, naturally, the few financial criminals who dwell in "Bankers' Row." But these are merely a handful. The dominant element in the upper class, and therefore in the prison as a whole, comes from quite another element of the prison population.

We must remember that in every state prison there are a certain number of men—perhaps five or six per cent. of the entire population—who are, in truth, criminal degenerates, or reversions to some low, primitive type. Mastered by some primitive passion which the normal man can neither know nor estimate, these creatures have, at one time in their lives, committed one great and violent crime—perhaps deadly assault or murder or rape. They are, as a rule, sent up for long terms: either life (where capital punishment has been abolished) or fifteen or twenty years.

But when they find themselves securely bound by prison walls they undergo a remarkable transformation. They become model prisoners. Astonishing as this may appear at first thought the underlying reason is really quite simple. Except for the mad impulse which drove them to commit their great crime, these men are as rational as others and often far shrewder. They realize that the prison is to be their home for many years; therefore they make the best of it. They obey all the prison rules implicitly. They study the weakness of every guard and every fellow-inmate in order to take whatever advantage it may present. Ever good-natured and willing, ever ready to anticipate the wants of the guards and keepers, these men soon become "trusties." They are given positions of power and responsibility in the prison community. Some keep the prison books, some serve as foremen or instructors

in the shops, some help the chaplain to censor the inmates' mail, some run the prison printing plant or serve as house servants to the warden or lead the chapel service or the band. In short, they rule the prison. They are the real upper class.

The middle class in the prison is precisely what it is in the world outside—a large, apathetic majority. The lowest class comprises the young boys and first offenders who are imprisoned for more or less trivial offenses. They are transients, and aliens. They are ignorant of the prison routine; they have no influence; they cannot "get in right" and, if at all spirited, they generally get in wrong.

Given this situation, what can—what *must*—happen? Everyone knows. The prisons are literally dens of bestiality. And no one can stop it. The warden is, at best, helpless; at worst, an accomplice and instigator—as several recent scandals have shown. The chaplain is even more helpless. The outside evangelist, the prison reformer, the moralist and sociologist, are equally powerless. The only man who seems not to know is the judge who sends men to prison and the state's attorney who coöperates with him. In their hands, if anywhere, lies the one remedy; but its discussion must be left for another place.

Organized Traffic in Dope

One other force which works powerfully for degeneracy must be mentioned. Many prisoners are hopeless "dope" fiends. In some cases the drug itself was responsible for the crime which brought them to prison; in other cases the habit was acquired in prison. They cannot live without it, yet the rules of the prison forbid, properly enough, its open importation. The victims therefore become ready to sell their very bodies and souls for a bit of the life-giving poison. The pressure upon the guards becomes irresistible; but once a guard engages in the traffic the temptation to force it upon other inmates becomes too great and before long many men who would not under ordinary circumstances become addicted to it fall an easy prey.

"I never touched the stuff before I came here," one boy confessed to me. "I didn't even know what it looked like. But let me tell you: if you had a machine to work on that went back on you every other minute so that you regularly fell short in your task, you'd probably fall for it just as I did; especially if the guard peddled it at your cell door."

I probably should.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

A SATURDAY AFTERNOON BALL
The "yard privilege" for this occasion is a precious prize, to be earned only by

The Ounce of Correction

Let us turn now to the brighter side of the picture. It is true that there is an official reformatory apparatus in every prison; and as such it is entitled to a fair examination. At least this article would not be complete without some description of it.

This apparatus consists of (1) the prison chaplain; (2) the prison school; and (3) the prison library.

The chaplain is, as a rule, a political appointee, like all the other officers of the institution. His salary is from \$600 to \$1500 a year. His principal duties are to open and censor the incoming and outgoing mail of the prisoners, which in itself vitiates any influence that he might have for good, as the prisoners must, necessarily, distrust his good intentions. In many prisons he is, I have found, referred to contemptuously as "Chief Stool," because the prisoners suspect that he uses the information that he gains from the examination of their mail to inform the warden or the police of their outside relationships. In one instance, at least, I was informed, by an ex-convict who is now a trusted official of a philanthropic society, that he knew this with the certainty of personal knowledge. When serving his term in prison this man had been employed as assistant by the prison chaplain and had played the game as he was instructed.

The one other duty of the chaplain is the delivery of one sermon a week in the prison chapel. That this sermon is not the least of the tribulations to which the prisoner is subject may be judged from an

anecdote which one Southern warden told me in the presence of his chaplain. It is pale, as all prison humor is; yet it is not without its moral.

One of his convicts, it seemed, objected to the compulsory chapel service. When ordered to the warden's office he defended himself on the ground that he was an agnostic. "Those sermons won't convert me," he declared.

"Convert you?" yelled the warden. "You weren't sent here to be converted. You were sent here to be punished; and that's part of your punishment. Better take that or you'll get something worse!"

The thin-lipped chaplain smiled sourly. He had evidently heard the story before. He was, I happened to know, a brother of one of the contractors who ran his prison, and the inmates probably got scant comfort from his sermons.

I have myself heard several prison sermons and can testify that they are no slight infliction. Here is a report of one such effort as transcribed by No. 5994 of Oregon State Penitentiary, and printed in a number of the prison paper, "Lend a Hand":

... Among other things, the Rev. Father remarked how infinitesimally small the span of human life is when compared to eternity, but during that short time that God has decreed to us to remain upon earth, we can gain eternal happiness. He mentioned the fact of so many men spending all their earthly endeavor to win earthly reward, and when they have gained that what have they got? Whatever they possess, or whatever of earthly reward they have won, they must leave it all when death calls. So Father ——— exhorted his hearers to look upon their time on earth as days of grace wherein to win everlasting joy, to love and to serve God, so that when this life is over



GAME IN THE PRISON YARD

good behavior. It converts many an incorrigible criminal into a model prisoner

we shall enjoy the fruits of our labor—the labor we have given to God.

From what I know of prison psychology I can safely say that this sort of thing does not carry very far with the men. The silence of the prison chaplain in the face of the unnamable atrocities that go on under his very eyes does not endear him to the men. So much is he distrusted by the prisoners that it has been remarked that in the various investigations which have been held in the course of the last ten years the chaplain was found to be the least-informed man in the prison. The prisoners never come to him with complaints, although his position in the prison would seem to be the one that should invite confidence. Altogether the chaplain is quite the most insignificant factor in the whole institution. The gifted author of "Life in Sing Sing," himself a prisoner, and first editor of the well known *Star of Hope*, has a pregnant passage on the chaplain:

"The chaplain's work, in so far as I have seen it, was always perfunctory and ineffective. . . . As a matter of fact, a chaplain who really performed all the duties of his office would not be tolerated by the prison authorities. He would be regarded as an obstacle to discipline, as indeed he would be, and would be moved out. . . . Taken altogether it is an unthankful and profitless task. . . . and might as well be abolished for all the good it does, but of course it is maintained out of regard for the conventionalities."

Even the "volunteer" and "endeavor" leagues which the chaplain organizes for religious work among the prisoners are generally boycotted by them; and in more than

one case I was told bitterly by some of the inmates that these sanctimonious organizations were really the center of the spy system of the prison. Sometimes I have found that the chaplain may be used for even lower purposes than spying. One prison physician of many years' service, and in high standing among his colleagues, told me of discovering that in his institution, which had a separate ward for the women, the warden worked his will among them, with the consent, and even the coöperation, of the chaplain. But the less said of this the better.

Of the other reformatory influences in the prison nothing better can be said than that they are innocuous. The prison "school" is a dusty room where the illiterate inmates are taught their letters, after the day's grind in the shop, by a fellow prisoner. He is, more often than not, an embezzling bookkeeper or clerk, and his pedagogic theories and methods are, it is needless to say, primitive. The prison "library" is no better. Generally it is the dumping ground for discarded volumes from the public library or from the attics of near-by amateur philanthropists. Sometimes it expresses perfectly the warden's own more or less loose taste in literature, and is, virtually, his private collection.

A fair test of the value and significance attributed to this reformatory apparatus by the prison administration itself is the relative sum spent on it annually as compared to the other expenses of the institution. Below is a table which presents this gauge for some of the leading contract institutions of the country. The average is about \$2500 a year, or less than two per cent. of the total outlay.



Photograph by Eaker & Galbraith

SUPPORTING LIFE AT HARD LABOR ON A FOUR-CENT MEAL
 As a rule the food bill in our prisons averages ten or twelve cents a day for every inmate.
 The prison dining room is rarely conducive to good cheer or good health

"REFORMATORY" EFFORTS OF LEADING CONTRACT PRISONS, 1908 OR 1910

Name of Institution	Location	Total Expenditure	Salary of Chaplain or Moral Instructor	Amusement and Instruction Expenditures (i. e., school library, lectures, etc.)
Connecticut State Prison.....	Wethersfield	\$ 75,000	\$1100	Lib. \$ 18
Indiana State Prison.....	Michigan City	125,112
Indiana Reformatory.....	Jeffersonville	140,000	Sc. 6472
Iowa Reformatory.....	Anamosa	112,434	Lib. 927
Iowa State Penitentiary.....	Fort Madison	115,000	Lib. 700
Michigan State Prison.....	Jackson	90,600	1400	Sc. 1200
Michigan Reformatory.....	Ionia	175,022	Asst. 400
Michigan Branch Prison.....	Marquette	101,000	1000	Sc. 840
Minnesota State Prison.....	Stillwater	134,000	Lib. 500
Missouri State Prison.....	Jefferson City	400,000	Lib. 1400
New Jersey State Prison.....	Trenton	265,000	1000	Lib. 1000
Ohio State Penitentiary.....	Columbus	165,000	700	Sc. 1400
West Virginia State Penitentiary....	Moundsville	138,000	600
				Sc. 114
				Lib. 22

Note.—These figures are from the latest report available, generally 1908 or 1910. The library appropriation is, as a rule, overstated because "library fund" is often used for other purposes. Where figure is not given it is safe to estimate as follows: Chaplain: \$1000 to \$1400

School: 500 to 1000
 Library: 50 to 500

Prison Newspapers

There are, of course, some influences which, if not exactly reformatory in their nature, do nevertheless tend to relieve the gray tedium of the prison life somewhat. There is, for example, the prison newspaper, of which the best known are, perhaps, the *Star of Hope*, of Sing Sing; *The Summary*, of Elmira; and the *Mirror*, of Stillwater. These are entirely edited, set up and published by the inmates. That such publications might be made most powerful instruments of reformation must be obvious; but as a rule they are discouraged or, at best, merely countenanced by the administration. Their best service is as local mediums for the exchange of wants. For example, here are a few notices of a very common kind:

The occupant of 257 would like to have 523 put his number on the *Fra* and the *Philistine*.

The occupant of 561 will be pleased to receive copies of Fargo papers if any one can accommodate him.

By way of explanation I should add that inmates are sometimes allowed to subscribe to a select list of magazines and newspapers and permitted to exchange with other inmates; not, however, without a censorship, which at times plays curious pranks. One *index expurgatorius* which reached me recently includes the names of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Cosmopolitan*, Jack London, Bechdolt and Whitlock. It is safe to say that the issues of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE containing these articles will also be tabu.

There are many curious items of oblique humor in these strange magazines. The paragraphist is, as everywhere, very popular.

Here is a "Heliogram" from the *Mirror*, published at Stillwater, Minnesota:

There are many false scalp tonics; but a dose of Stillwater will temporarily, if not permanently, cure a fellow of itching palms.

And the "Jigsaw Philosopher" asks, in the same column, "How many do you suppose there are of us who would care to write funny paragraphs if we were in Mr. Heliogram's socks?"

The "Sidelights" column has this one:

When Old Hutch was informed that King Edward was dead he said: "What shop did he work in?" When told that he was King of Great Britain he snorted: "I don't care nawthin' about any one I don't know! That feller didn't enjoy the pleasure of my acquaintance."

Then there is the prison band. Nothing expresses the utter nihilism of prison life so well. Its notes are the very essence of negation, breathing neither joy nor misery. As you hear its broken strain you try to smile. You wonder why it does not recall the village band to you, and those funny vaudeville caricatures thereof. And yet the smile refuses to come. There is something in the faces of these men and boys which forbids laughter.

This virtually sums up all there is of reformation in prisons and our reformatories. If we had set ourselves the problem of wrecking the greatest possible number of lives in the shortest possible time—and with the utmost possible injury to ourselves—it is doubtful if we could have devised a more effective apparatus than the prison system that we have. Most men who are sent to prison are guilty; yet not all are corrupt. But those who come out of prison are both.

APRIL IN NEW ENGLAND

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

THIS tender Spring-time twilight flowerless yet,
 But hopeful; shy, upon her heart has set
 A single blossom simply, as might do
 Some little country maiden that a few
 Flowers entwines amid her folded hair
 For lack of greater largess, to make her fair
 And lovelier for her lover's joy, and waits
 Solemnly in the dusk, and hesitates
 With sweet low brows amid the shadows dim—
 Her tremulous loveliness—and prays for him,
 Tender, with starful eyes and lips all dumb,
 For her first lover that he soon may come.

M A R R I A G E

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards."

—From a *Private Letter*.

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "*The New Machiavelli*," "*Tono-Bungay*," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:—Marjorie Pope, although she is not in love, becomes engaged to Will Magnet, a humorous writer. Professor Trafford, a brilliant young scientist, falls in love with Marjorie. A clandestine meeting is interrupted by Mr. Pope, who forces Marjorie to dismiss Trafford. This she does in a way to indicate to Trafford that she loves him, and will come to him in two months' time, when she is twenty-one. Several days later Marjorie breaks her engagement with Magnet, and one day she goes to meet Trafford. Mr. Pope insults Trafford; so Marjorie and he elope, taking a long wedding trip in Italy. Upon their return to London, Marjorie starts to furnish the house, but, little by little, begins to buy things beyond Trafford's modest means. Desiring to make an impression upon her wealthy friends, Marjorie becomes more extravagant. Meanwhile Trafford has just reached again the full swing of his scientific research, when he discovers that Marjorie has greatly overdrawn his account. Things come to a crisis between them, but all disagreements are swept away in the coming of their child. Trafford gives up most of his beloved research, and sets out to make money for his household. And then his daughter is born.

Book the Second; Marjorie Married

CHAPTER THE THIRD—THE NEW PHASE

IN the course of the next six months the child of the ages became an almost ordinary healthy baby, and Trafford began to think consecutively about his scientific work again—in the intervals of effort of a more immediately practical sort.

The recall of molecular physics and particularly of the internal condition of colloids to something like their old importance in his life was greatly accelerated by the fact that a young Oxford don named Behrens was showing extraordinary energy in what had been for a time Trafford's distinctive and undisputed field. Behrens was one of those vividly clever energetic people who are the despair of originative men. He had begun as Trafford's pupil and sedulous ape; he had gone on to work that imitated Trafford's in everything except its continual freshness, and now he was ransacking every scrap of suggestion to be found in Trafford's work, and developing it with an intensity of uninspired intelli-

gence that most marvelously simulated originality. He was already being noted as an authority; sometimes in an article his name would be quoted and Trafford's omitted in relation to Trafford's ideas, and in every way his emergence and the manner of his emergence threatened and stimulated his model and master. A great effort had to be made. Trafford revived the drooping spirits of Durgan by a renewed punctuality in the laboratory. He began to stay away from home at night and work late again, now however, under no imperative inspiration, but simply because it was only by such an invasion of the evening and night that it would be possible to make headway against Behrens' unremitting industry. And this new demand upon Trafford's already strained mental and nervous equipment began very speedily to have its effect upon his domestic life.

It is only in romantic fiction that a man can work strenuously to the limit of his power and come home to be sweet, sunny and entertaining. Trafford's preoccupation involved a certain negligence of Marjorie, a certain

indisposition to be amused or interested by trifling things, a certain irritability.

II

And now, indeed, the Traffords were coming to the most difficult and fatal phase in marriage. They had had that taste of defiant adventure which is the crown of a spirited love affair, they had known the sweetness of a maiden passion for a maid, and they had felt all those rich and solemn emotions, those splendid fears and terrible hopes that weave themselves about the great partnership in parentage. And now, so far as sex was concerned, there might be much joy and delight still, but no more wonder, no fresh discoveries of incredible new worlds and unsuspected stars.

For this, indeed, is the truth of passionate love, that it works out its purpose and comes to an end. A day arrives in every marriage when the lovers must face each other, disillusioned, stripped of the last shred of excitement—undisguisedly themselves. And our two were married; they had bound themselves together under a penalty of scandalous disgrace, to take the life-long consequences of their passionate association.

It was upon Trafford that this exhaustion of the sustaining magic of love pressed most severely, because it was he who had made the greatest adaptations to the exigencies of their union. He had crippled, he perceived more and more clearly, the research work upon which his whole being had once been set, and his hours were full of tiresome and trivial duties and his mind engaged and worried by growing financial anxieties.

But while Marjorie shrank to the dimensions of reality, research remained still a luminous and commanding dream. In love one fails or one wins home, but the lure of research is forever beyond the hills, every victory is a new desire. Science has inexhaustibly fresh worlds to conquer. . . .

He was beginning now to realize the dilemma of his life, the reality of the opposition between Marjorie and child and home on the one hand and on the other this big, wider thing, this remoter, severer demand upon his being. Each claimed him alto-

gether, it seemed, and suffered compromise impatiently. And this is where the particular stress of his situation came in. Hitherto he had believed that nothing of any importance was secret or inexplicable between himself and Marjorie. And now it was manifest they were living in a state of inadequate understanding, that she knew only in the most general and opaque forms the things that interested him so profoundly, and had but the most superficial interest in his impassioned curiosities. And, missing as she did the strength of his intellectual purpose, she missed too, she had no inkling of, the way in which her careless expansiveness pressed upon him. She was unaware that she was destroying an essential thing in his life.



He could not tell how far this antagonism was due to inalterable discords of character, how far it might not be an ineradicable sex difference, a necessary aspect of marriage. The talk of old Sir Roderick Dover at the Winton Club germinated in his mind, a branching and permeating suggestion. And then would come a phase of keen sympathy with Marjorie; she would say brilliant and penetrating things, display a swift cleverness that drove all these intimations of incurable divergence clean out of his head again. Then

he would find explanations in the differences in his and Marjorie's training and early associations. He perceived his own upbringing had had a steadfastness and consistency that had been altogether lacking in hers. There had never been any shams or sentimentalities for him to find out and abandon. From boyhood his mother's hand had pointed steadily to the search for truth as the supreme ennobling fact in life. Compared with this atmosphere of high and sustained direction, the intellectual and moral quality of the Popes, he saw, was the quality of an agitated rag bag. They had thought nothing out, joined nothing together, they seemed to believe everything and nothing, they were neither religious nor irreligious, neither moral nor adventurous. None of them had any idea of what they were for or what their lives as a whole might mean; they had no standards, but only instincts and an instinctive fear of instincts; Pope wanted to be tremendously respected and complimented

by everybody and get six per cent. for his money: Mrs. Pope wanted things to go smoothly; the young people had a general indisposition to do anything that might "look bad," and otherwise "have a good time."

He realized the unfairness of keeping his thoughts to himself, the need of putting his case before Marjorie, and making her realize their fatal and widening divergence. He wanted to infect her with his scientific passion, to give her his sense of the gravity of their practical difficulties.

But the things that seemed so luminous and effective in the laboratory had a curious way of fading and shrinking beside the bright colors of Marjorie's Bokhara hangings, in the presence of little Margarita, pink and warm and entertaining in her bath, or amid the fluttering rustle of the afternoon tea-parties that were now becoming frequent in his house. And when he was alone with her he discovered they didn't talk now any more—except in terms of a constrained and formal affection.

One day they quarreled.

He came in about six in the afternoon, jaded from the delivery of a suburban lecture, and the consequent tedium of suburban travel, and discovered Marjorie examining the effect of a new picture which had replaced the German print of sunlit waves over the dining-room mantelpiece. It was a painting in the post-impressionist manner, and it had arrived after the close of the exhibition in Weldon Street, at which Marjorie had bought it. She had bought it in obedience to a sudden impulse, and its imminence had long weighed upon her conscience. She had dreaded a mistake, a blundering discord, but now with the thing hung she could see her quick eye had not betrayed her. It was a mass of reds, browns, purples, and vivid greens and grays; an effect of roof and brick house facing upon a Dutch canal, and it lit up the room and was echoed and reflected by all the rest of her courageous color scheme, like a coal-fire amid mahogany and metal. It justified itself to her completely, and she faced her husband with a certain confidence.

"Hullo!" he cried.

"A new picture," she said. "What do you think of it?"

"What is it?"

"A town or something—never mind. Look at the color. It heartens everything."

Trafford looked at the painting with a reluctant admiration.

"It's brilliant—and impudent. He's an artist—whoever he is. He hits the thing. But—I say—how did you get it?"

"I bought it."

"Bought it! Good Lord! How much?"

"Oh! ten guineas," said Marjorie, with an affectation of ease; "it will be worth thirty in ten years' time."

Trafford's reply was to repeat: "Ten guineas!"

Their eyes met, and there was singularly little tenderness in their eyes.

"It was priced at thirteen," said Marjorie, ending a pause and with a sinking heart.

Trafford had left her side. He walked to the window and sat down in a chair.

"I think this is too much," he said, and his voice had disagreeable notes in it she had never heard before. "I have just been earning two guineas at Croydon, of all places, administering comminuted science to fools—and here I find—this exploit! Ten guineas' worth of picture. To say we can't afford it is just to waste a mild expression. It's—mad extravagance. It's a waste of money—it's—oh!—monstrous disloyalty. Disloyalty!" He stared, resentful, at the cheerful, unhesitating daubs of the picture for a moment. Its affected carelessness goaded him to fresh words. He spoke in a tone of absolute hostility. "I think this winds me up to something," he said. "You'll have to give up your check-book, Marjorie."

"Give up my check-book!"

He looked up at her and nodded. There was a warm flush in her cheeks, her lips panted apart, and tears of disappointment and vexation were shining beautifully in her eyes. She mingled the quality of an indignant woman with the distress and unreasonable resentment of a child.



"Because I've bought this picture?"

"Can we go on like this?" he asked, and felt how miserably he had bungled in opening this question that had been in his mind so long.

"But it's *beautiful!*" she said.

He disregarded that. He felt now that he had to go on with these long-premeditated expostulations. He was tired and dusty from his third-class carriage, his spirit was tired and dusty, and he said what he had to say without either breadth or power, an undignified statement of personal grievances, a mere complaint of the burden of work that falls upon a man. He girded at her with a bitter and loveless truth; it was none the less cruel that in her heart she knew these things he said were true. But he went beyond justice—as every quarreling human being does; he called the things she had bought and the harmonies she had created: "this litter and rubbish for which I am wasting my life." That stabbed into her pride acutely and deeply. She knew anyhow that it wasn't so simple and crude as that. It was not mere witlessness she contributed to their trouble. She tried to indicate her sense of that. But she had no power of ordered reasoning, she made futile interruptions, she was inexpressive of anything but emotion, she felt gagged against his flow of indignant, hostile words. They blistered her.

Suddenly she went to her little desk in the corner, unlocked it with trembling hands, snatched her check-book out of a heap of still unsettled bills, and having locked that anticlimax safe away again, turned upon him. "Here it is," she said, and stood poised for a moment. Then she flung down the little narrow gray cover—nearly empty, it was, of checks, on the floor before him.

"Take it," she cried, "take it. I never asked you to give it to me."

A memory of *Orta* and its reeds and sunshine and love rose like a luminous mist between them. . . .

She ran weeping from the room.

He leaped to his feet as the door closed.

"Marjorie!" he cried.

But she did not hear him. . . .

III

The disillusionment about marriage which had discovered Trafford a thwarted, overworked, and worried man, had revealed Marjorie with time on her hands, superabundant imaginative energy, and no clear intimation of any occupation. With them, as with thou-

sands of young couples in London to-day, the bread-winner was overworked, and the spending partner's duty was chiefly the negative one of not spending. You cannot consume your energies merely in not spending money. Do what she could, Marjorie could not contrive to make house and child fill the waking hours. She was far too active and irritable a being to be beneficial company all day for genial, bubble-blowing little *Margarita*. And the household generally was in the hands of a trustworthy cook-general, who maintained a tolerable routine. She could knock off butcher and green-grocer and do every scrap of household work that she could touch, in a couple of hours a day. She tried to find some work to fill her leisure; she suggested to Trafford that she might help him by writing up his Science Notes from rough pencil memoranda, but when it became clear that the first step to her doing this would be the purchase of a Remington typewriter and a special low table to carry it, he became bluntly discouraging.

She thought of literary work, and sat down one day to write a short story and earn guineas, and was surprised to find that she knew nothing of any sort of human being about whom she could invent a story. She tried a cheap subscription at *Mudie's* and novels, and they filled her with a thirst for events; she tried needlework, and found her best efforts esthetically feeble and despicable and that her mind prowled above the silks and colors like a hungry wolf.

The early afternoons were the worst time, from two to four, before calling began. The devil was given great power over Marjorie's early afternoon. She could even envy her former home life then, and reflect that there, at any rate, one had a chance of a game or a quarrel with *Daffy* or *Syd* or *Rom* or *Theodore*. She would pull herself together and go out for a walk, and whichever way she went there were shops and shops and shops, a glittering array of tempting opportunities for spending money. Sometimes she would give way to spending exactly as a struggling drunkard decides to tipple. Sometimes she would get home from these raids without buying at all. After four the worst of the day was over; one could call on people or people might telephone and follow up with a call; and there was a chance of Trafford coming home. . . .

One day at the *Carmels'* she found herself engaged in a vigorous flirtation with young Carmel. She hadn't noticed it coming on, but there she was in a window seat talking quite closely to him. He said he was writing a play,

a wonderful passionate play about St. Francis, and only she could inspire and advise him. Wasn't there some afternoon in the week when she sat and sewed, so that he might come and sit by her and read to her and talk to her? He made his request with a certain confidence, but it filled her with a righteous panic; she pulled him up with an abruptness that was almost inartistic. On her way home she was acutely ashamed of herself; this was the first time she had let any man but Trafford think he might be interesting to her.

But if she didn't dress with any distinction—because of the cost—and didn't flirt and trail men in her wake, what was she to do at the afternoon gatherings which were now her chief form of social contact? What was going to bring people to her house? She knew that she was more than ordinarily beautiful and that she could talk well, but that does not count for much if you are rather “dowdy,” and quite uneventfully virtuous.

It became the refrain of all her thoughts that she must find something to do.

There remained “Movements.”

She might take up a movement. She was a rather exceptionally good public speaker. Only elopement and marriage had prevented her being president of her college Debating Society. If she devoted herself to some movement she would be free to devise an ostentatiously simple dress for herself and stick to it, and she would be able to give her little house a significance of its own, and present herself publicly against what is perhaps quite the best of all backgrounds for a good-looking, clear-voiced, self-possessed woman, a platform.

She reviewed the chief contemporary movements much as she might have turned over dress fabrics in a draper's shop, weighing the advantages and disadvantages of each. . . .

London, of course, is always full of movements. Essentially they are absorbents of superfluous feminine energy. They have a common flavor of progress and revolutionary purpose, and common features in abundant meetings, officials, and organization generally. Few are expensive, and still fewer produce any tangible results in the world. They direct themselves at the most various ends; the Poor, that favorite butt, either as a whole, or in such

typical sections as the indigent invalid, or the indigent aged, the young, public health, the woman's cause, the prevention of animal food, anti-vivisection, the gratuitous advertisement of Shakespeare (that neglected poet), novel but genteel modifications of medical or religious practice, dress reform, the politer aspect of socialism, the encouragement of aeronautics, universal military service, garden suburbs, domestic arts, proportional representation, duodecimal arithmetic, and the liberation of the drama. If Heaven by some miracle suddenly gave every movement in London all it professed to want, our world would



be standing on its head and everything would be extremely unfamiliar and disconcerting. But, as Mr. Roosevelt once remarked, the justifying thing about life is the effort and not the goal, and few movements involve any real and impassioned struggle to get to the ostensible object.

In the days when everybody was bicycling an ingenious mechanism called Hacker's Home Bicycle used to be advertised. Hacker's Home Bicycle was a stand bearing small rubber wheels upon which one placed one's bicycle (properly equipped with a cyclometer) in such a way that it could be mounted and ridden without any sensible forward movement whatever. In bad weather, or when the state of the roads made cycling abroad disagreeable Hacker's Home Bicycle could be placed in front of an open window and ridden furiously for any length of time. Whenever the rider tired, he could descend—comfortably at home again—and examine the cyclometer to see how far he had been. In exactly the same way the ordinary London Movement gives scope for the restless and progressive impulse in human nature without the risk of personal entanglements or any inconvenient disturbance of the milieu.

Marjorie considered the movements about her. She surveyed the accessible aspects of socialism, but the old treasure-house of constructive suggestion had an effect like a rich chateau which had been stormed and looted by a mob. For a time the proposition that “we are all Socialists nowadays” had prevailed. The blackened and discredited frame remained, the contents were scattered; Aunt Plessington had a few pieces, the Tory Democrats had taken freely, the Liberals were in

possession of a hastily compiled collection. There wasn't, she perceived, and there never had been, a Socialist Movement; the socialist idea which had now become part of the general consciousness had always been too big for polite domestication. She weighed Aunt Plessington, too, in the balance, and found her not so much wanting, indeed, as excessive. She felt that a movement with Aunt Plessington in it couldn't possibly offer even elbow room for anybody else. The movements that aim at getting poor people into rooms and shouting at them in an improving, authoritative way, aroused an instinctive dislike in her. It was, indeed, rather by the elimination of competing movements than by any positive preference that she found herself declining at last toward Agatha Alimony's section of the suffrage movement. . . . It was one of the less militant sections, but it held more meetings and passed more resolutions than any two others.

One day Trafford, returning from an afternoon of forced and disappointing work in his laboratory,—his mind had been steadfastly sluggish and inelastic,—discovered Marjorie's dining-room crowded with hats and all the rustle and color which plays so large a part in constituting contemporary feminine personality. Buzard, the feminist writer, and a young man just down from Cambridge who had written a decadent poem, were the only men present. The chairs were arranged meeting-fashion, but a little irregularly to suggest informality; the post-impressionist picture was a rosy benediction on the gathering, and at a table in the window sat Mrs. Pope in the chair, looking quietly tactful in an unusually becoming bonnet, supported by her daughter and Agatha Alimony. Marjorie was in a simple gown of bluish-gray, hatless amid a froth of foolish bows and feathers, and she looked not only beautiful and dignified but deliberately and conscientiously patient until she perceived the new arrival. Then he noted she was a little concerned for him, and made some futile sign he did not comprehend. The meeting was debating the behavior of women at the approaching census, and a small, earnest, pale-faced lady with glasses was standing against the fireplace with a crumpled envelope covered with pencil notes in her hand, and making a speech. Trafford hesitated, and seated himself near the doorway, and so he was caught; he couldn't, he felt, get away and seem to slight a woman who was giving herself the pains of addressing him.

The small lady in glasses was giving a fancy picture of the mind of Mr. Asquith and its

attitude to the suffrage movement, and telling with a sort of inspired intimacy just how Mr. Asquith had hoped to "bully women down," and just how their various attempts to bring home to him the eminent reasonableness of their sex by breaking his windows, interrupting his meetings, booing at him in the streets, and threatening his life, had time after time baffled this arrogant hope. There had been many signs lately that Mr. Asquith's heart was failing him. Now here was a new thing to fill him with despair. When Mr. Asquith learned that women refused to be counted in the census, then, at least, she was convinced, he must give in. Each householder had to write down the particulars of the people who slept in his house on Sunday night, or who arrived home before midday on Monday; the reply of the women of England must be not to sleep in a house that night, and not to go home until the following afternoon. All through that night women of England must be abroad. She herself was prepared and her house would be ready. There would be coffee and refreshments enough for an unlimited number of refugees. There would be twenty or thirty sofas and mattresses and piles of blankets for those who chose to sleep safe from all counting. In every quarter of London there would be houses of refuge like hers. And so they would make Mr. Asquith's census fail, as it deserved to fail, as every census would fail until women managed these affairs in a sensible way. That was *her* contribution to this great and important question.

Then with a certain dismay Trafford saw his wife upon her feet. He was afraid of the effect upon himself of what she was going to say, but he need have had no reason for fear. Marjorie was a seasoned debater, self-possessed, with a voice very well controlled and a complete mastery of that elaborate appearance of reasonableness which is so essential to good public speaking. She could speak far better than she could talk. And she startled the meeting in her opening sentence by declaring that she meant to stay at home on the census night, and supply her husband with every scrap of information he hadn't got already that might be needed to make the return an entirely perfect return. (Marked absence of applause.)

She proceeded to avow her passionate interest in the feminist movement of which this agitation for the vote was merely the symbol. (A voice: "No!") No one could be more aware of the falsity of woman's

position at the present time than she was,—she seemed to be speaking right across the room to Trafford—they were neither pets nor partners but something between the two; now indulged like spoilt children, now blamed like defaulting partners; constantly provoked to use the arts of their sex, constantly mischievous because of that provocation. She caught her breath and stopped for a moment, as if she had suddenly remembered the meeting intervening between herself and Trafford. No, she said, there was no more ardent feminist and suffragist than herself in the room. She wanted to vote and everything it implied with all her heart. With all her heart. But every way to get a thing wasn't the right way, and she felt with every fiber of her being that this petulant hostility to the census was a wrong way and an inconsistent way and likely to be an unsuccessful way, one that would lose them the sympathy and help of just that class of men they should look to for support, the cultivated and scientific men. (A voice: "Do we want them?") What was the commonest charge made by the man in the street against women?—that they were unreasonable and unmanageable, that it was their way to get things by crying and making an irrelevant fuss. And here they were, as a body, doing that very thing! Let them think what the census and all that modern organization of vital statistics of which it was the central feature stood for. It stood for order, for the replacement of guesses and emotional generalization by a clear knowledge of facts, for the replacement of instinctive and violent methods, by which women had everything to lose (a voice: "No!"), by reason and knowledge and self-restraint, by which women had everything to gain. To her the advancement of science, the progress of civilization, and the emancipation of womanhood were nearly synonymous terms. At any rate, they were different phases of one thing, different aspects of one wider purpose. When they struck at the census, she felt, they struck at themselves. She glanced at Trafford as if she would convince him that this was the real voice of the suffrage movement, and sat down amidst a brief, polite applause, that warmed to rapture as Agatha Alimony, the deep-voiced, stirring Agatha, rose to reply.

Miss Alimony, who was wearing an enormous hat with three nodding ostrich feathers, a purple bow, a gold buckle and numerous minor ornaments of various origin and substance, said they had all of them listened with

the greatest appreciation and sympathy to the speech of their hostess. Their hostess was a new-comer to the movement, she knew she might say this without offense, and was passing through a phase, an early phase, through which many of them had passed. This was the phase of trying to take a reasonable view of an unreasonable situation. (Applause.) Their hostess had spoken of science, and no doubt science was a great thing; but there was something greater than science, and that was the ideal. It was woman's place to idealize. Consider, she said, the scientific men of to-day. Consider, for example, Sir James Crichton-Browne, the physiologist. Was he on their side? On the contrary, he said the most unpleasant things about them on every occasion. Or Sir Ray Lankester, the biologist, who was the chief ornament of the Anti-Suffrage Society. Or Sir Roderick Dover, the physicist, who—forgetting Madame Curie, a far more celebrated physicist than himself, she ventured to say—had recently gone outside his province altogether to abuse feminine research. There were your scientific men. Mrs. Trafford had said their anti-census campaign would annoy scientific men; well, under the circumstances, she wanted to annoy scientific men. (Applause.) She wanted to annoy everybody. Until women got the vote (loud applause) the more annoying they were the better. When the whole world was impressed by the idea that voteless women were an intolerable nuisance, then there would cease to be voteless women. (Enthusiasm.) Mr. Asquith had said—

And so on for quite a long time. . . .

Buzard rose out of the waves of subsiding emotion. Buzard was a slender, long-necked, stalk-shaped man with gilt glasses, uneasy movements and a hypersensitive manner. He didn't so much speak as thrill with thought vibrations; he spoke like an entranced but still quite gentlemanly sibyl. After Agatha's deep trumpet calls, he sounded like a solo on the piccolo. He said their hostess' remarks had set him thinking. He thought it was possible to stew the Scientific Argument in its own juice. There was something he might call the Factual Estimate of Values. Well, it was a High Factual Value on their side, in his opinion at any rate, when Anthropologists came and told him that the Primitive Human Society was a Matriarchate. ("But it wasn't!" said Trafford to himself.) It had a High Factual Value when they assured him that Every One of the Great Primitive Inventions was made by a Woman,

and that it was to Women they owed Fire and the early Epics and Sagas. ("Good Lord!" said Trafford.) It had a High Factorial Value when they not only asserted but proved that for Thousands of Years, and perhaps for Hundreds of Thousands of Years, Women had been in possession of Articulate Speech before men rose to that Level of Intelligence. . . .

It occurred suddenly to Trafford that he could go now; that it would be better to go; that indeed he *must* go; it was no doubt necessary that his mind should have to work in the same world as Buzard's mental processes, but at any rate those two sets of unsympathetic functions need not go on in the same room. Something might give way. He got up, and with those elaborate efforts to be silent that lead to the violent upsetting of chairs, got himself out of the room and into the passage, and was at once rescued by the sympathetic cook-general, in her most generalized form, and given fresh tea in his study—which impressed him as being catastrophically disarranged. . . .

IV

When Marjorie was at last alone with him she found him in a state of extreme mental stimulation. "Your speech," he said, "was all right. I didn't know you could speak like that, Marjorie. But it soared like the dove above the waters. Waters! I never heard such a flood of rubbish. . . . You know, it's a mistake to *mass* women. It brings out something silly. . . . It affected Buzard as badly as anyone. The extraordinary thing is they have a case if only they'd be quiet. Why did you get them together?"

"It's our local branch."

"Yes, but *why*?"

"Well, if they talk about things—Discussions like this clear up their minds."

"Discussion! It wasn't discussion."

"Oh! it was a beginning."

"Chatter of that sort isn't the beginning of discussion, it's the end. It's the death-rattle. Nobody was meeting the thoughts of anyone. I admit Buzard, who's a man, talked the worst rubbish of all. That Primitive Matriarchate of his! So it isn't sex. I've noticed before that the men in this movement of yours are worse than the women. It isn't

sex. It's something else. It's foolishness. It's a sort of irresponsible looseness." He turned on her gravely. "You ought not to get all these people here. It's contagious. Before you know it you'll find your own mind liquefy and become enthusiastic and slop about. You'll begin to talk monomania about Mr. Asquith."

"But it's a great movement, Rag, even if incidentally they say and do silly things!"

"My dear! aren't I feminist? Don't I want women fine and sane and responsible? Don't I want them to have education, to handle things, to vote like men and bear themselves with the gravity of men? And these meetings—all hat and flutter! These displays of weak, untrained, hysterical vehemence! These gatherings of open-mouthed impressionable young girls to be trained in incoherence! You can't go on with it!"

Marjorie regarded him quietly for a moment. "I must go on with something," she said.

"Well, not this."

"Then *what*?"

"Something sane."

"Tell me what."

"It must come out of yourself."

Marjorie thought sullenly for a moment. "Nothing comes out of myself," she said.

"I don't think you realize a bit what my life has become," she went on; "how much I'm like some one who's been put in a pleasant high-class prison."

"This house! It's your own!"

"It doesn't give me an hour's mental occupation in the day. It's all very well to say I might do more in it. I can't—without absurdity. Or expenditure. I can't send the girl away and start scrubbing. I can't make jam or do ornamental needlework. The shops do it better and cheaper, and I haven't been trained to it. I've been trained *not* to do it. I've been brought up on games and school-books, and fed on mixed ideas. I can't sit down and pacify myself with a needle as women used to do. Besides, I not only detest doing needlework but I hate it—the sort of thing a woman of my kind does anyhow—when it's done. I'm no artist. I'm not sufficiently interested in outside things to spend my time in serious systematic reading, and after four or five novels—oh, these meetings are better than that! You see, you've got a



life—too much of it—I haven't got enough. I wish almost I could sleep away half of the day. Oh! I want something *real*, Rag; something more than I've got." A sudden inspiration came to her. "Will you let me come to your laboratory and work with you?"

She stopped abruptly. She caught up her own chance question and pointed it at him, a vitally important challenge. "Will you let me come to your laboratory and work?" she repeated.

Trafford thought. "No," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm in love with you. I can't think of my work when you're about. . . . And you're too much behind. Oh, my dear, don't you see how you're behind?" He paused. "I've been soaking in this stuff of mine for ten long years."

"Yes," assented Marjorie flatly.

He watched her downcast face, and then it lifted to him with a helpless appeal in her eyes, and lift in her voice. "But look here, Rag!" she cried—"what on earth am I to DO?"

V

At least there came out of the discussions one thing, a phrase, a purpose, which was to rule the lives of the Traffords for some years. It expressed their realization that instinct and impulse had so far played them false, that life for all its rich gifts of mutual happiness wasn't adjusted between them. "We've got," they said, "to talk all this out between us. We've got to work this out." They didn't mean to leave things at a misfit, and that was certainly their present relation. They were already at the problem of their joint lives, like a tailor with his pins and chalk. Marjorie hadn't rejected a humorist and all his works in order to decline at last to the humorous view of life, that rather stupid, rather pathetic, grin-and-bear-it attitude compounded in incalculable proportions of good will, evasion, indolence, slovenliness, and (nevertheless) spite (masquerading indeed as jesting comment), which supplies the fabric of everyday life for untold thousands of educated middle class people. She hated the misfit. She

didn't for a moment propose to pretend that the ungainly twisted sleeve, the puckered back, was extremely jolly and funny. She had married with a passionate anticipation of things fitting and fine, and it was her nature, in great matters as in small, to get what she wanted strenuously before she counted the cost. About both their minds there was something sharp and unrelenting, and if Marjorie had been disposed to take refuge from facts in swathings of esthetic romanticism, whatever covering she contrived would have been torn to rags very speedily by that fierce and steely veracity which swung down out of the laboratory into her home.

One may want to talk things out long before one hits upon the phrases that will open up the matter.

There were two chief facts in the case between them and so far they had looked only one in the face, the fact that Marjorie was unemployed to a troublesome and distressing extent, and that there was nothing in her nature or training to supply, and something in their circumstances and relations to prevent, any adequate use of her energies. With the second fact neither of them cared to come to close quarters as yet, and neither as yet saw very distinctly how it was linked to the first, and that was the steady excess of her expenditure over their restricted means. She was secretly surprised at her own weakness. Week by week and month by month, they were spending all his income and eating into that little accumulation of capital that had once seemed so sufficient against the world. . . .

And here it has to be told that although Trafford knew that Marjorie had been spending too much money, he still had no idea of just how much money she had spent. She was doing her utmost to come to an understanding with him, and at the same time—I don't explain it, I don't excuse it—she was keeping back her bills from him, keeping back urgent second and third and fourth demands, that she had no check-book now to stave off even by the most partial satisfaction. It kept her awake at nights, that catastrophic explanation, that, all unsuspected by Trafford, hung over their attempts at mutual elucidation; it kept her awake but



she could not bring it to the speaking point, and she clung, in spite of her own intelligence, to a persuasion that *after* they had got something really settled and defined then it would be time enough to broach the particulars of this second divergence. . . .

Talking one's relations over isn't particularly easy between husband and wife at any time; there are none of us so sure of one another as to risk loose phrases or make experiments in expression in matters so vital; there is inevitably an excessive caution on the one hand and an abnormal sensitiveness to hints and implications on the other. Marjorie's bills were only an extreme instance of these unavoidable suppressions that always occur. Moreover, when two people are continuously together, it is amazingly hard to know when and where to begin; where intercourse is broken it is as a matter of routine being constantly interrupted. You cannot broach these broad personalities while you are getting up in the morning, or over the breakfast table while you make the coffee, or when you meet again after a multitude of small events at tea, or in the evening when one is rather tired and trivial after the work of the day. Then Miss Margarita Trafford permitted no sustained analysis of life in her presence. She synthesized things fallaciously, but for the time convincingly; she insisted that life wasn't a thing you discussed, but pink and soft and jolly, which you crowded at and laughed at and addressed as "Goo." Even without Margarita there were occasions when the Traffords were a forgetfulness to one another. After an ear has been pinched, or a hand has been run through a man's hair, or a pretty bare shoulder kissed, all sorts of broader interests lapse into a temporary oblivion. They found discussion much more possible when they walked together. A walk seemed to take them out of the everyday sequence, isolate them from their household, abstract them a little from one another. They set out one extravagant spring Sunday to Great Missenden, and once in spring also they discovered the Waterlow Park. On each occasion they seemed to get through an enormous amount of talking. But the Great Missenden walk was all mixed up with a sweet keen wind, and beech-woods

just shot with spring green and bursting hedges and the extreme earliness of honeysuckle, which Trafford noted for the first time, and a clamorous rejoicing of birds.

And in the Waterlow Park there was a great discussion of why the yellow crocus comes before white and purple, and the closest examination of the manner in which daffodils and narcissi thrust their green noses out of the garden beds.

Though they talked on these walks they were still curiously evasive. They pursued imaginary cases into distant thickets of contingency remotely far from the personal issues between them. . . .



VI

One day came an incident that Marjorie found wonderfully illuminating. Trafford had a fit of rage. Stung by an unexpected irritation, he forgot himself, as people say, and swore, and was almost physically violent, and the curious thing was that so he lit up things for her as no premeditated attempt of his had ever done.

A copy of the *Scientific Bulletin* fired the explosion. He sat down at the breakfast-table with the heaviness of a rather overworked and worried man, tasted his coffee, tore open a letter and crumpled it with his hand, turned to the *Bulletin*, regarded its list of contents with a start, opened it, read for a minute, and expressed himself with extraordinary heat of manner in these amazing and unprecedented words:

"Oh! Damnation and damnation!"

Then he shied the paper into the corner of the room and pushed his plate from him.

"Damn the whole scheme of things!" he said, and met the blank amazement of Marjorie's eye.

"Behrens!" he said with an air of explanation.

"Behrens?" she echoed with a note of inquiry.

"He's doing my stuff!"

He sat darkling for a time and then hit the table with his fist so hard that the breakfast things seemed to jump together—to Marjorie's infinite amazement. "I can't stand it!" he said.

She waited some moments. "I don't

understand," she began. "What has he done?"

"Oh!" was Trafford's answer. He got up, recovered the crumpled paper and stood reading. "Fool and thief!" he said.

Marjorie was amazed beyond measure. She felt as though she had been effaced from Trafford's life. "Ugh!" he cried and slapped back the *Bulletin* into the corner with quite needless violence. He became aware of Marjorie again.

"He's doing my work," he said.

And then as if he completed the explanation: "And I've got to be in Croydon by half-past ten to lecture to a pack of spinsters and duffers, because they're too stupid to get the stuff from books. It's all in books—every bit of it."

He paused and went on in tones of unendurable wrong. "It isn't as though he was doing it right. He isn't. He can't. He's a fool. He's a clever, greedy, dishonest fool with a twist. Oh! the pile, the big pile of silly muddled technicalities he's invented already. The solemn mess he's making of it! And there he is, I can't get ahead of him, I can't get at him. I've got no time. I've got no room or leisure to swing my mind in! Oh, curse these engagements, curse all these silly fretting entanglements of lecture and article! I never get the time, I can't get the time, I can't get my mind clear! I'm worried! I'm badgered! And meanwhile Behrens—!"

"Is he discovering what you want to discover?"

"Behrens! No! He's going through the breaches I made. He's guessing out what I meant to do. And he's getting it set out all wrong—misleading terminology,—distinctions made in the wrong place. Oh, the fool he is!"

"But afterwards—"

"Afterwards I may spend my life—removing the obstacles he's made. He'll be established and I sha'n't. You don't know anything of these things. You don't understand."

She didn't. Her next question showed as much. "Will it affect your F. R. S.?" she asked.

"Oh! *that's* safe enough, and it doesn't matter, anyhow. The F. R. S.! Confound

the silly little F. R. S.! As if that mattered. It's seeing all my great openings—misused. It's seeing all I might be doing. This brings it all home to me. Don't you understand, Marjorie? Will you never understand? I'm getting away from all *that!* I'm being hustled away by all this work, this silly everyday work to get money. Don't you see that unless

I can have time for thought and research, life is just darkness to me? I've made myself master of that stuff. I had at any rate. No one can do what I can do there. And when I find myself—oh, shut

out, shut out! I come near raving. As I think of it I want to rave again." He paused. Then with a swift transition: "I suppose I'd better eat some breakfast. Is that egg boiled?"

She gave him an egg, brought him coffee, put things before him, seated herself at the table. For a little while he ate in silence. Then he cursed Behrens.

"Look here!" she said. "Bad as I am, you've got to reason with me, Rag. I didn't know all this. I didn't understand. . . . I don't know what to do."

"What is there to do?"

"I've got to do something. I'm beginning to see things. It's just as though everything had become clear suddenly." She was weeping. "Oh, my dear! I want to help you. I have so wanted to help you. Always. And it's come to this!"

"But it's not *your* fault. I didn't mean that. It's—it's in the nature of things."

"It's my fault."

"It's not your fault."

"It is."

"Confound it, Marjorie. When I swear at Behrens I'm not swearing at you."

"It's my fault. All this is my fault. I'm eating you up. What's the good of your pretending, Rag? You know it is. Oh! When I married you I meant to make you happy; I had no thought but to make you happy, to give myself to you, my body, my brains, everything, to make life beautiful for you—"

"Well, *haven't* you?" He thrust out a hand she did not take.

"I've broken your back," she said.

An unwonted resolution came into her face.



Her lips whitened. "Don't you know, Rag?" she said, forcing herself to speak. "Don't you guess? You don't know half! In that bureau there—In there! It's stuffed with bills. Unpaid bills."

She was weeping, with no attempt to wipe the streaming tears away; terror made the expression of her wet face almost fierce. "Bills," she repeated. "More than a hundred pounds still. Yes! Now. *Now!*"

He drew back, stared at her and with no trace of personal animus, like one who hears of a common disaster, remarked with a quiet emphasis: "Oh, damn!"

"I know," she said, "Damn!" and met his eyes. There was a long silence between them. She produced a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "That's what I amount to," she said.

"It's your silly upbringing," he said after a long pause.

"And my silly self."

She stood up, unlocked and opened her littered desk, turned and held out the key to him.

"Why?" he asked.

"Take it. You gave me a check-book of my own and a corner of my own, and they—they are just ambushes—against you."

He shook his head.

"Take it," said Marjorie with quiet insistence.

He obeyed. She stood with her eyes on the crumpled heap of bills. They were not even tidily arranged. That seemed to her now an extreme aggravation of her offense.

"I ought to be sent to the chemist's," she remarked, "as one sends a worthless cat."

Trafford weighed this proposition soberly for some moments. "You're a bother, Marjorie," he said with his eyes on the desk; "no end of a bother. I'd better have those bills."

He looked at her, stood up, put his hands on her shoulders, drew her to him and kissed her forehead. He did it without passion, without tenderness, with something like resignation in his manner. She clung to him tightly, as though by clinging she could warm and soften him.

"Rag," she whispered; "all my heart is yours. . . . I want to help you. . . . And this is what I have done."

"I know," he said—almost grimly.

He repeated his kiss.

Then he seemed to explode again. "Gods!" he cried, "look at the clock. I shall miss that Croydon lecture!" He pushed her from him. "Where are my boots? . . ."

VII

Marjorie spent the forenoon and the earlier part of the afternoon repeating and reviewing this catastrophic conversation. Her mind was full of the long disregarded problem of her husband's state of mind. His voice, saying "damnation and damnation," echoed and reëchoed in her ears.

She went on to the apprehension of a change in him that hitherto she had not permitted herself to see—a change in his attitude to her. There had been a time when she had seemed able without an effort to nestle inside his heart. Now she felt distinctly for the first time that that hadn't happened. She had instead a sense of her embrace sliding over a rather deliberately contracted exterior. . . . Of course he had been in a hurry. . . .

It seemed part of the prevailing inconvenience of life that Daffy should see fit to pay an afternoon call.

Marjorie heard the sobs and uproar of an arrested motor, and glanced discreetly from the window to discover the dark green car with its green-clad chauffeur which now adorned her sister's life, and which might, under different circumstances, have adorned her own. Daffy appeared in black velvet, with a huge black fur muff, and an air of being unaware that there were such things as windows in the world.

It was just four, and the cook-general, who ought to have been now in her housemaid's phase, was still upstairs divesting herself of her more culinary characteristics.

Marjorie opened the door.

"Hullo, old Daffy!" she said.

"Hullo, old Madge!" and there was an exchange of sisterly kisses and a mutual inspection.

"Nothing wrong?" asked Daffy, surveying her.

"*Wrong?*"

"You look pale and—tired about the eyes,"



said Daffy, leading the way into the drawing-room. "Thought you might be a bit off it, that's all. No offense, Madge."

"I'm all right," said Marjorie, getting her back to the light. "Want a holiday perhaps. How's everyone?"

"All right. We're off to Lake Garda next week. This new play has taken it out of Will tremendously. He wants a rest and fresh surroundings. It's to be the biggest piece of work he's done—so far, and it's straining him. And people worry him here; receptions, first nights, dinners, speeches. He's so neat, you know, in his speeches. . . . But it wastes him. He wants to get away. How's Rag?"

"Busy."

"Lecturing?"

"And his Research, of course."

"Oh! of course. How's the Babe?"

"Just in. Come up and see the little beast, Daffy! It is getting so pretty, and it talks—"

Margarita dominated intercourse for a time. She was one of those tactful infants who exactly resemble their fathers and exactly resemble their mothers, and have a charm and individuality quite distinctly their own, and she was now beginning to converse with startling enterprise and intelligence.

"Big, big, bog," she said at the sight of Daffy.

"Remembers you," said Marjorie.

"Bog! Go tat-ta!" said Margarita.

"There!" said Marjorie, and May, the nurse in the background, smiled unlimited appreciation.

"Bably," said Margarita.

"That's herself!" said Marjorie, falling on her knees. "She talks like this all day. Oh, de sweetums, den! Was it?"

Daffy made amiable gestures and canary-like noises with her lips, and Margarita responded jovially.

"You darling!" cried Marjorie, "you delight of life," kneeling by the cot and giving the crowing healthy little mite a passionate hug.

"It's really the nicest of babies," Daffy conceded, and reflected. . . .

"I don't know what I should do with a kiddy," said Daffy, as the infant worship came to an end; "I'm really glad we haven't one—yet. He'd love it, I know. But it

would be a burden in some ways. They are a tie. As he says, the next few years mean so much for him. Of course, here his reputation is immense, and he's known in Germany, and there are translations into Russian; but he's still got to conquer America, and he isn't really well known yet in France. They read him, of course, and buy him in America, but they're—*restive*. Oh! I do so wish they'd give him the Nobel prize, Madge, and have done with it! It would settle everything. Still, as he says, we musn't think of that—yet, anyhow. He isn't—venerable enough. It's doubtful, he thinks, that they would give the Nobel prize to any humorist now that Mark Twain is dead. Mark Twain was different, you see, because of the German Emperor and all that white hair and everything."



At this point Margarita discovered that the conversation had drifted away from herself, and it was only when they got downstairs again that Daffy could resume the thread

of Magnet's career, which had evidently become the predominant interest in her life. She brought out all the worst elements of Marjorie's nature and their sisterly relationship. There were moments when it became nakedly apparent that she was magnifying Magnet to belittle Trafford. Marjorie did her best to counter-brag. She played her chief card in the F. R. S.

"They always ask Will to the Royal Society dinner," threw out Daffy; "but of course he can't always go. He's asked to so many things."

Five years earlier Marjorie would have kicked her shins for that.

Instead she asked pointedly, offensively, if Magnet was any balder.

"He's not really bald," said Daffy unruffled, and went on to discuss the advisability of a second motor car—purely for town use. "I tell him I don't want it," said Daffy, "but he's rightfully keen upon getting one."

VIII

When Daffy had at last gone Marjorie went back into Trafford's study and stood on the hearthrug regarding its appointments, with something of the air of one who awakens from a dream. She had developed a new,

appalling thought. Was Daffy really a better wife than herself? This was her husband's study—and it showed just a little dusty in the afternoon sunshine, and everything about it denied the pretensions of serene, sustained work that she had always made to herself. Here were the crumpled galley proofs of his science notes; here were unanswered letters; there, she dare not touch them, were computations, under a glass paper-weight. What did they amount to now? On the table under the window were back numbers of the *Scientific Bulletin* in a rather untidy pile, and on the footstool by the armchair she had been accustomed to sit at his feet, when he stayed at home to work, and look into the fire, and watch him furtively, and sometimes give way to an overmastering tenderness and make love to him. The thought of Magnet, revered in his industrious tiresome repetitions, variations, dramatizations and so forth of the half-dozen dry little old jokes which the British public accepted as his characteristic offering and rewarded him for so highly, contrasted vividly with her new realization of Trafford's thankless work and worried face.

And she loved him, she loved him—so. She told herself in the presence of all these facts, and without a shadow of doubt in her mind that all she wanted in the world was to make him happy.

It occurred to her as a rather drastic means to this end that she might commit suicide.

She had already gone some way in the composition of a touching letter of farewell to him, containing a luminous analysis of her own defects, before her common sense swept away this imaginative exercise.

Meanwhile, as if it had been working at her problem all the time that this exciting farewell epistle had occupied the foreground of her thoughts, her natural lucidity emerged with the manifest conclusion that she had to alter her way of living. Her self-examination now that it had begun was thorough. She had always told herself before that she had made a most wonderful and beautiful little home for him. But had she made it for him? Had he as a matter of fact ever wanted it, except that he was glad to have it through her? She had always assumed he was beyond measure grateful to her for his home, in spite of all her bills, but was he? It was like sticking a knife into herself to ask that, but she was now in a phase heroic enough for the task—was he? She had always seen herself as the giver of bounties; greatest

bounty of all was Margharita. She had faced pains and terrors and the shadow of death to give him Margharita. Now with Daffy's illuminating conversation in her mind, she could turn the light upon a haunting doubt that had been lurking in the darkness for a long time. Had he really so greatly wanted Margharita? Had she ever troubled to get to the bottom of that before? Hadn't she, as a matter of fact, wanted Margharita ten thousand times more than he had done?

These things were not his ends.

Had she hitherto ever really cared what his ends might be?

A phase she had heard abundantly enough in current feminist discussion recurred to her mind, "The economic dependence of women," and now for the first time it was charged with meaning. She had imposed these things upon him not because she loved him, but because these things that were the expansions and consequences of her love for him were obtainable only through him. A woman gives herself to a man out of love, and remains clinging parasitically to him out of necessity. Was there no way of evading that necessity?

For a time she entertained dreams of marvelous social reconstructions. Suppose the community kept all its women; suppose all property in homes and furnishings and children vested in them! That was Marjorie's version of the idea of that Endowment of Womanhood which had been creeping into contemporary thought during the last two decades. Then every woman would be a princess to the man she loved. . . . She became more definitely personal. Suppose she herself was rich, then she could play the Princess to Trafford, she could have him free, unencumbered, happy and her lover! Then indeed her gifts would be gifts, and all her instincts and motives would but crown his hampered life! She could not go on from that idea, she lapsed into a golden reverie, from which she was roused by the clock striking five.

In half an hour perhaps Trafford would be home again. She could at least be so much of a princess as to make his home sweet for his home-coming. There should be tea in here where callers did not trouble. She glanced at an empty copper vase. It ached. There was no light in the room. There would be just time to dash out into the High Street and buy some flowers for it before he came.

(To be continued)

THE THEATRE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

The Insurgent Public

COMMON sense has always somewhat scornfully retorted to complainers: "Well, if you don't like the way things are done, peel off your coat and do 'em yourself." The acceptance of that advice—or challenge—has frequently resulted in reform. It has also frequently resulted in somewhat chastening the spirit of the complainer, and giving him a new conception of the difficulties which confront the practical workers in this imperfect world. All this has been as true in the theatre as elsewhere. Just now in America there is a remarkable peeling off of coats among those dissatisfied with theatrical conditions; a remarkable effort is being made by the public to step upon the stage, so to speak, and see if matters can't be mended by taking the management of the theatre, even of criticism, into its own hands. Never before in our theatrical history, we think, has a similar effort reached such proportions, or been so widespread. It is more significant than has yet been realized and certainly it merits description.

The founding of the New Theatre in New York was one of the first signs. A good deal of selfishness was mixed up in the founding of the New Theatre; there were more motives behind it than a pure desire to aid the stage. Yet it did represent a public protest against existing theatrical conditions, against a theatre where there is no centralized standard of acting and taste, where there are no worthy stock companies, where true repertoires are practically unknown, where the classics cannot be regularly revived, and only spasmodically revived under exceptional conditions—when, for instance, two actors with the reputation of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn elect to present them. Well, against these conditions the New Theatre was a protest; it

was the effort of men selected from the protesting public to step into the breach and take a hand at running things themselves. They have retired from the fray, after two years, sadder but, we fancy, wiser men. Theirs was a costly experiment, though our pity for them is tempered by the fact that they could afford their sport. Mr. Clarence W. Mackay, Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. Archer Huntington, Mr. Otto Kahn—these were among the founders of the New Theatre, who discovered that it is more difficult to induce the public to purchase orchestra seats than to purchase bonds, or at any rate requires a somewhat different training.

Yet their efforts have not been wholly in vain. It is, of course, impossible to say just how far the New Theatre experiment has influenced other experiments, but it has influenced them to some extent, surely, if only by rousing the fighting spirit of certain of the founders, and of Winthrop Ames, the director. Negatively, too, it has had a valuable influence, by showing that magnificent size and splurge are not the surest means of bringing about a reform in the arts. At any rate, be its influence much or little, the New Theatre experiment, come to an abrupt close this winter, has suddenly been followed by renewed experiments, or the promise of experiments, in New York, Boston, and Chicago, and coincident with the New Theatre there have sprung into being in the cities mentioned, and now in Philadelphia as well, certain organizations of the public known as Drama Leagues, a part of whose discontent is with the quality of newspaper criticism, of the ineffectiveness of it, and whose object is to rally audiences to the study of the drama and to the support of worthy plays in the existing theatre, thus encouraging the increased production of such plays. These



Photograph by Kishida

WINTHROP AMES

Creator and director of the recently opened Little Theatre, who will produce, among other things, plays that the commercial theatre dare not, and try to make them pay

Drama Leagues already number close on 30,000 members. Discontent with the commercial playhouse has never before in America manifested itself in any such degree, and in so practical a manner.

The protest of Mr. Winthrop Ames, a wealthy Bostonian and a graduate of Harvard, who was the director of the New Theatre during the two active years of its existence, is rapidly taking shape just off Long Acre Square in New York, in the guise of a tiny theatre seating scarce 300 people, to be called "The Little Theatre." Mr. Ames doubtless does not regard it as a charity, however, and intends to conduct it if possible on profitable lines. But the point is that these lines will be different from the lines of the so-called "commercial" theatre, and though they will inevitably reflect Mr. Ames' personal tastes, and so will be equally removed from the impersonal lines an endowed national or municipal theatre would have to follow, they will nonetheless make for variety of repertoire, for novel experiment, for the pleasures of varied impersonations by the same actors, and surely, from time to time, for a chance to see classic or important modern dramas which the commercial theatre, in the nature of things, dare not risk producing. If Mr. Ames makes such an experiment pay, all the better. Indeed, we ought to pray that he does make it pay, for its commercial success will mean that the protesting outsider had shown the commercial theatre a way to remedy some of its own defects.

There is a chance that the Little Theatre may be open when these words are printed, or may be opened soon afterward, though it is never safe to predict when a building operation will be completed, as everybody who has ever employed a mason or a carpenter knows. Among the plays to be seen early in its course will be new works by John Galsworthy (whose "Strife" was produced at the New Theatre and whose "Justice" was printed in this magazine), and by Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House"; "Anatol" by Arthur Schnitzler, the leading playwright of Austria; and probably Gilbert Murray's English version of Euripides' "Electra," with Miss Edith Wynne Matthison in the title part. Mr. George Foster Platt, one of the ablest stage managers in the country, will have charge of the productions. It is obvious that with a theatre seating but 300 people, Mr. Ames' margin of profit can never be excessive, even though he has announced two matinées a week of fairy plays for children,—something our commercial

theatre has shamefully and foolishly neglected for the past generation, and which ought to prove hugely popular. It must be conceded that Mr. Ames' object in building and conducting the Little Theatre is above the reproach of money grubbing. It may very well be that he isn't thinking greatly of "uplift" either, but just desires the fun of running a theatre to suit himself; and so much the better, for if he enjoys it, we are much more likely to, also. But the scheme he has mapped out, the plan of a repertoire, the frequent presentation of novel plays of all ages and races, some of them no doubt designed for a small theatre and unfitted to the needs of the traveling showman and the "one-night stands," is essentially, by its very nature, a protest against our present stage; an effort to expand its scope, to increase its usefulness, to deepen its appeal.

The protest against the commercial theatre in Chicago was voiced this winter by the organization of a stock company called the Chicago Theatre Society, financed by a considerable number of Chicago citizens. With this guaranty behind them, the players were able to begin a ten-week season at the Lyric Theatre in February, and before their season closes they will have presented ten dramas, selected by the director of the company, Mr. Donald Robertson, and a committee of the guarantors, including Hamlin Garland. Each of these ten dramas will be offered at least three times. The list is as follows: Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea"; Pinero's "The Thunderbolt" (already acted at the New Theatre); "The Voyage Inheritance," by Granville Barker (never before given in America); "The Learned Women" ("Les Femmes Savantes") of Molière; "The Coffee House," by Goldoni; "The Stronger," by Giulio Giacosa (a modern Italian drama of industrial life); "The Passing of the Torch," by Paul Hervieu (acted in Paris by Réjane); and, finally, three new American plays, including "The Maternal Instinct," by Robert Herrick and Harrison Rhodes, and "Gold," by Ancella Hunter of Los Angeles. The title of the third has not been announced at this writing.

The Chicago critics, both lay and professional, quarreled mightily over this repertoire, some lamenting that it included no Shakespeare, others sighing the lack of this, that, or the other favorite classic, still others attacking the choice of such a play as "The Lady from the Sea"—one of Ibsen's least effective stage pieces. However, these quarrels have nothing to do with our present pur-



Photograph by White

OTIS SKINNER IN "KISMET"

A visualized Arabian Night, of true Oriental flavor, in which Mr. Skinner is at his best



Photograph by Sarony

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

An artist seriously to be considered, who, it is rumored, will be seen next year in New York at the head of a privately subsidized stock company



The Opps by J. C. O. P.

JULIE OPP

Leading woman with and wife of William Faversham, who is to be associated with him in his projected stock company

pose, which is merely to set forth facts, not opinions. The facts are that a stock company was formed in Chicago, and backed sufficiently by private wealth to enable it to give plays of serious literary or historic value, and three new American works, in ten weeks, to rehearse them carefully, and to stage them as adequately as the quality of the company permitted, and not to be worried by the barometer in the box office. Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes" is surely good fun to-day, it is surely of great value historically; to see it performed is a lesson to every theatre-goer, young or old, as well as a rare treat. But just as surely, "Les Femmes Savantes" would never have been revived in another fifty years (as it has not been in the past fifty) in our commercial playhouse. The same is true of the works of the great eighteenth-century Italian, Goldoni. To be sure, we have seen (at least a handful of us have seen) the Italian Novelli act his play, "The Bear," and at the opera this winter we have heard with delight Wolf-Ferrari's charming setting of his "Le Donne Curiose," but probably not one American in a thousand has ever seen any of his plays acted in English. Certainly we can find no record of any American performance of "The Coffee House." Thus the Chicago Theatre Society illustrated the works of two dramatists who were epoch-making in their time, and thus the society performed a useful function at present utterly beyond the ken of the commercial theatre.

"The Voysey Inheritance," "The Passing of the Torch," and "The Stronger," are three plays from modern England, France, and Italy which have been considered of importance in their own lands, but which have seemed to the commercial managers to lack sufficient general appeal to make them profitable in America. The Chicago players, then, have performed the further service of letting us see these works, letting us glimpse the problems which serious writers in England, France, and Italy select for stage material, without being forced to cross the Atlantic. Finally it must be admitted that the production of three new native plays in ten weeks is making a wider opening for the native dramatist, the more as the question of their purely commercial appeal did not have to be taken into account.

With the quality of the Chicago stock company we have at present no concern. Personally, we have always thought Donald Robertson, its director and one of its leading actors, deficient in inspiration, painstaking rather than passionate, and conventional

rather than illuminating. Nor did we form a very exalted opinion of the rest of the company when it played a preliminary season in New York. Of course, a better company would increase the pleasure of audiences, and so increase the chances of further experiment along similar lines. But what now concerns us is chiefly the fact that the experiment has been made at all, that citizens of Chicago thought highly enough of the drama to be discontented with the fare they were getting in the regular playhouses, to desire to witness plays of various kinds which the regular theatre never provides, and finally to go down into their jeans and fish up the guaranty necessary to bring this drama to them. Their action is certainly a form of protest against the restricted scope of the present-day commercial theatre.

To regard the Toy Theatre in Boston, opened in January, too seriously as a protest against anything would be a mistake. It is an amateur institution, and amateurs in the arts, particularly in the dramatic art, are always, unfortunately, to be taken with a grain of salt. The Toy Theatre, a little house prettily fashioned out of a stable on Lime Street, is conducted by amateurs, and the actors are amateurs. Their point of difference from ordinary amateurs, however, lies in the fact that they have been giving regular performances for a season of two months, at stated intervals—three times a week—to paid admissions, and while they have probably been more or less concerned in gratifying their own love for shining in the footlights, they have also been interested in certain neglected fields of the drama, and they have presented plays of value, especially one-act plays, which the commercial theatre has ignored. Indeed, it has been their policy to act no plays previously presented in America professionally. Their opening bill, for example, consisted of George Middleton's serious one-act drama, "In His House"; G. B. Shaw's amusing skit, "Press Cuttings" (forbidden by the English censor), and a sketch by Oliver Herford, full of fancy and satiric wit. A short poetic play by Josephine Preston Peabody (author of "The Piper"), other manuscript works by native authors, and many translations from foreign sources were also mounted during the season.

In so far as these amateurs, then, put before the general public plays for which our regular playhouse finds no place, the Toy Theatre comes within the scope of this article, and may rightly be regarded as another example of the recent attempts by the public to

supplement, by their own initiative, the work of the commercial playhouse, to increase and broaden the opportunities for dramatic pleasure.

We long ago learned by bitter experience to regard with suspicion the proclamation of plans for stock companies and repertoire theatres made by managers and stars. It is an easy way to secure "publicity." Therefore, at this writing, we are not too confidently predicting that William Faversham will be seen next season in New York at the head of a stock company, backed by certain founders of the New Theatre and others, and producing a repertoire of worthy plays. We should like to believe it. Mr. Faversham is an artist seriously to be considered, who has steadily sought to emancipate himself from the "matinée rôles" in which he once shone; and, what is more remarkable, he has succeeded. All work supplementary to the commercial theatre ought to be good work, of course, professional work, by the very best artists. Very possibly it does as much harm as good to bungle a masterpiece, especially when around the corner, in a commercial theatre, Mr. Belasco is staging, let us say, "The Concert," and showing us acting of superlative skill and expressiveness. Therefore, we should doubly welcome the certainty that Mr. Faversham is to have a stock company, which private means will back sufficiently to free him from time-serving in his choice of plays, to give him the amplest scope for experiment. We can only hope that the report is true, and find in the fact that it has been spread at all a sign that the players themselves recognize how restricted is the appeal of our stage at present.

Drama leagues, under one name or another, now exist in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, the last being called the Drama League of America, and boasting members in twenty-five States. The Drama League of Boston started active operations in the autumn of 1911, but it began the new year with 2,000 members and a salaried secretary. The president is Professor George P. Baker of Harvard, and one of the active members of its executive committee is Robert Grant, noted jurist and author. The leagues are alike in purpose—to encourage the attendance of members at good plays, and the study of the drama. Each league has a play-going committee which attends the local theatre at all first nights, and if the new piece is deemed by them worthy of support, they send a bulletin to that effect to all members. In Chicago, these league bulletins have already

materially increased the prosperity of several dramas, and even made temporarily prosperous one drama, "Rebellion," which had failed elsewhere. Further, in Boston, in Chicago, and now in New York (where the Macdowell Club has a play-going committee) "conferences" are held in advance of important plays, and prominent scholars, actors, or critics discuss or explain the coming attraction, so that the first audiences are better prepared to enjoy and appreciate it. Now, just why should the men and women of these drama leagues take all the time and trouble to send out bulletins and arrange conferences if they were satisfied with the present theatre, and with the information about it conveyed by the daily press? Of course, if they were satisfied, there would be no drama leagues. These leagues, whether consciously or not, are a protest against American newspaper information about the theatre—as everybody realizes, apparently, except the newspaper writers and editors. And they are, quite consciously, a protest against the narrow scope of the present commercial playhouse. They seek to enlarge that scope by organizing audiences for a better grade of plays, and thus making it profitable for commercial managers to offer such plays. As there are nearly 30,000 league members, this protest can hardly be considered trifling.

We might add in passing that a further sign of public protest against the present-day theatre has been the wretched business reported everywhere from "the road" all winter. So many poor plays, so many "fly by night" attractions, so many third and fourth companies in so-called "New York hits," have been dumped into the "one-night stands," that the public has become suspicious of everything, and the worst business in a generation has resulted.

But all these protests, let us be careful to note, while they are just criticisms of the restricted scope and too narrow appeal of the commercial theatre, are not a sign that the commercial theatre is necessarily degenerate, or even that all managers are knaves or "low-brows." As a matter of fact, many a commercial manager is doing the very best work he can, and giving us fine plays, finely acted. Who could improve, for example, on the Belasco production of "The Concert"? Who would ask for better pleasure of its kind than Mr. Skinner's production of "Kismet"? Who wants to cavil at "Bunty Pulls the Strings" or "Disraeli"? So long as a manager makes his living by the theatre, and is



Photograph by Manton

HEDWIG REICHER

Leading woman of the Chicago Drama Players, a company of competent artists with a remarkable repertoire of plays, which is not dependent on the box office

solely dependent for every resource on the public response to his productions at the box office, so long has he got to consider the box-office value as well as the artistic value of a drama. He has to consider whether it will be understood in "the one-night stands," whether the scenery will fit various stages, whether he can afford to haul it in baggage cars, whether his salary list will be too large if he fills all parts as they should be filled, and so on *ad infinitum*—practical considerations inevitably bound up with artistic.

Now, no doubt a great many fine plays, if rightly presented, would succeed financially, though the commercial managers are afraid to try them. But there is even less doubt that a great many more would *not* succeed, except with special audiences, specially gathered with a purpose. Goldoni or Molière in English, we are certain, would not draw a \$200 house in Scranton, Pa., or Lowell, Mass. It would be highly desirable if the people of Scranton and Lowell could have the chance to see Goldoni and Molière, but the plain truth is, no commercial manager could give it to them and remain solvent. Perhaps, after the Drama Leagues have established flourishing branches in these cities, he can. That is a distant ideal the Drama Leagues are working for. But at present the commercial stage is narrow and conventional in scope more from economic necessity than from the greed or ignorance of the managers, though it is undoubtedly true that the small towns have been rather shamefully preyed upon, in an effort to "clear up money" on the reputation of New York or Chicago successes.

Where, then, do these protests we have been describing point? By every sign, they point to endowed theatres in our large theatrical centers, where good stock companies, companies of the very best actors, play repertoires of classic and modern drama, from every age and race they choose, free from the fear of financial failure, raised above the eco-

nomic necessity of immediate popular success. The endowed theatre is to the drama exactly what the public library is to literature, a repository of the best—only the endowed theatre is even more of a necessity, since any family or individual may conceivably own copies of Keats and Thackeray, but plays are only to be witnessed in a theatre. Unless you have a theatre specially conducted for the conservation of the old drama and fearless experiment in the new, you will continue to have a stage restricted in scope, and you will continue to sigh the lack of a whole vast range of possible theatrical pleasure and instruction.

The New Theatre, then, Mr. Ames' private venture backed by his ample private fortune, the Chicago Theatre Society, the Toy Theatre conducted by amateurs in Boston, the possible experiment by Mr. Faversham, all are at once protests against the restricted appeal of the commercial theatre of to-day, and indications that private individuals are becoming more and more ready to step into the breach and enlarge the appeal of the playhouse by lifting it above the usual economic restrictions. The art of the theatre is bound up with its commerce. To free the one, you must untangle it from the other. Once untangled and set upon its feet, and given a fair chance, it might very well in time win a new public and become self-supporting. Any repertoire house that played Shakespeare really well, and achieved each season two or three new, vital American dramas, could probably carry all the rest of its repertoire and still show a profit. Be that as it may, however, all signs at present point to an increased public consciousness that the way to enlarge the scope of the theatre is to step in and take a hand in the management. Even if the New Theatre failed, the principles it pretended to stand for have not been discounted, and the public is not discouraged in its effort to put them into practice. Endowed theatres in America seem to be more a possibility, in fact, than ever before.

ERNEST

AND THE CONSPIRATORS

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

"**B**ELOVED Husband!"—this was Phoebe's favorite form of apostrophe to Tug, although argumentative crises sometimes changed it to *Domestic Tyrant* or *Household Ogre*—"have you noticed how furiously Pauline Marr is flirting with Ern?"

"Estimable Wife!"—Tug invariably answered Phoebe in kind, although argumentative crises sometimes transformed this complimentary address to *Fireside Vampire!* or *Matrimonial Encumbrance!*—"I have not noticed that Pauline was flirting with Ern. But I saw at once and without the aid of a microscope the case that Frederick Wright has developed on Sylvia."

"Oh, that's not a case!" Phoebe waved this evidence lightly away. "Frederick's only doing the polite thing to our guest. Pauline is rather sickening, though. She's eight years older than Ern if she's *a day*. But then Pauline always did rob the cradle. She's an awfully selfish, heartless thing. Do you remember the summer that Frederick and Pauline and I were staying with your mother at Marblehead, how she nearly broke that poor prep-kid's heart? I didn't mind *that* so much, although I didn't think it was fair. But it *makes a difference* when it's your own brother. Ern's such a crackerjack, too. Why when Sylvia and Nancy came, he took the car 'way into Boston to save them that part of the trip, because Sylvia wrote that Nancy was always train-sick. And when they got out here, he bought Nancy four dolls in the five-cent store—oh, the most *dreadful looking* things. Nancy's crazy about them, of course. She's named them after the four people in the machine—only she pronounces them Thilvia and Pwoline, and Fweddywick

and Ernesth." Running against a blank wall in her own conversation, Phoebe reverted to her husband's lead. "It would be awfully nice if 'Fweddywick' would fall in love with Sylvia. He's going to make barrels of money some time. It's in him. And Sylvia's always had such a dreadful struggle. She's so unselfish, too. The care of Nancy this summer is typical."

"You don't mean that she's going to have her all summer long?"

"It looks that way. Marion is in a pretty dreadful condition, I gather. There was nobody to take Nancy but Sylvia. Not that Sylvia wasn't willing and crazy to do it. She just adores Nancy. Who could help it? Isn't she a *darling* kid?"

Tug's face expanded in an agreeing grin. He was still red and flushed from a good-night frolic with Nancy. Nancy had developed the nervous strength that even quiet children display at bedtime. Tug announced that he had broken three ribs and his collar-bone.

"I shall keep them here just as long as I can," Phoebe went on. "I shall have to think up some reason why she's helping me by staying. Sylvia's such an independent thing. Sometimes I could *shake* her. She's so afraid that she'll take the bread of charity! I've impressed it on her, though, that she must stay here while we go away. Just think, this is the first summer that she hasn't worked since she went to college. Oh, Sylvia is such a wonder. I always feel like a spoiled, petted, pampered *Sybarite* beside her."

"Yes, she's a bully girl," Tug said. "You know I've always been strong for Sylvia. She saw me through that time you went to New York. She was a corker. Never said a word that seemed to hint at the situation.

Just kept me informed, from day to day, what you were writing. I'd do an awful lot for Sylvia. I'm glad we have a house of our own to invite her and Nancy to. You hear those words, Phoebe Warburton (*née* Martin). Our *own home!* Think of it!"

Phoebe swept the living-room with the veiled vagueness of her preoccupied glance. Aunt Mary's fine mahogany, the few rugs and pictures, the many books and flowers, taken with the long windows, the beautiful wainscoting, the generous fireplace, the careful restoration in the way of paint and paper, had turned the battered, tattered old Durland house into a home. Moreover, it had that precious quality—the fourth dimension of decoration—the look of use-and-wont. "I must see Jake Pebworth about that Carpaccio," Phoebe murmured absently. "I don't know whether to mat it or to frame it close." Then the veil lifted. "Tug," she went on crisply, "what's your tip on this situation? Do you think Ern's stuck on Pauline?"

"Lord, I don't know," said Tug. "It isn't a thing that a man mentions, naturally. All Ern talks about at present is that tramp-trip abroad that he and Sandy Williston and Art Turner are going to take next summer. I don't believe he's what you call in love. He wouldn't be thinking of going abroad if he was. Why, when I began to care about you, I wanted to get to work at once, so that we'd be in a position to marry. In fact, Mrs. Toland Warburton (*née* Martin), I put my mother up to taking you abroad that time so that I could go West to learn the business from the ground up. Then, again, Ern's only been home two weeks."

"Well, don't you underrate Pauline Marr, Mr. Toland Martin (*née* Warburton)." Phoebe's tone was grim, but there was a note of unwilling admiration in it. "She can do more execution in two weeks than most girls can do in two months."

Mrs. Martin was crocheting. Mr. Martin was reading. They sat alone in the front parlor—that room which, after several years, still glared with the newness of Phoebe's first revolution in household art.

"Edward," Mrs. Martin said, "have you noticed how Pauline is making up to Ernie?" It was three days later. Mrs. Martin was not an instant slower than her daughter in perception. In fact, if Ernest entered into the matter, she was much quicker. But just as she confided at once in Mr. Martin anything that concerned Phoebe, she kept from him at first everything that affected Ernest.

"Can't say I have," Mr. Martin replied with a strong accent of the initial indifference which he always brought to household discussion. "But I did notice what a shine Frederick took to Sylvia. He got it the moment he looked at her."

"Well, Frederick would certainly be a good match for Sylvia." Mrs. Martin considered this with the gravity which her years accorded any matrimonial proposition. "Poor child! She certainly has had a hard time! It seems to me that if I had died and Phoebe had been through such a struggle to get an education, I would never rest easy in my grave. But, Edward, I'm sort of—put out—with Pauline for being so foolish about Ernie. Why, she must be thirty if she's a day."

"Good Lord, no, Bertha," Mr. Martin protested. "She can't be more than twenty-five or six. And a mighty pleasant girl, I call her," he added valiantly.

The placidity of Mrs. Martin's usual expression was torn by conflicting forces. "Of course, you do. Any man would. She's just about good enough for men!" she concluded with what for her was the upper pinnacle of sarcasm. "But as for her age, I can prove it to you. She went to boarding-school with Edith Semple. Edith was only fifteen when she entered, and young at that. They had four years in school together. Three years later Edith was married and Pauline was bridesmaid. Edith's been married seven years. Then, again," Mrs. Martin went on relentlessly, "Pauline and Maudie Norwall were the closest friends. They went to Europe together. Now, Maudie was twenty-five when —"

Mr. Martin made a gesture of despair.

"Well, anyway, I can prove five different ways that she's thirty, and I don't want her flirting with Ernie."

"Well, mother"—Mr. Martin's voice balanced perfectly between the indifference of the man who sees the mole-hill in another's mountain and the affection of the husband who wants to sympathize—"why do you let such a little thing worry you? It won't do Ernest any harm."

"Well, I declare!" There was despair in Mrs. Martin's exclamation. "Suppose he gets engaged to her."

"Ernest wouldn't be fool enough to ask a woman of thirty to marry him."

"A boy is fool enough for anything—or a man, either. And you yourself just said she didn't look more than twenty-six. If she looks only twenty-six to you, you may be quite sure that she looks only eighteen to Ernie."

Mr. Martin said nothing. But the expres-

sion of his face was still that of the man who sees only the mole-hill. Mrs. Martin recognized it with an exasperated sigh. "I'm as sorry now as I can be that I ever offered to take her here. But Mrs. Warburton was in such a fix—having to leave on the instant—and we being sort of related now—and Mr. Warburton having given Phoebe that house—and I didn't want Phoebe to take Pauline and Frederick—Sylvia and Nancy are enough for her—it just seemed to me as if it was my duty. And now she's got two weeks longer here. Of course, if you haven't noticed anything, it's no use my talking to you," Mrs. Martin concluded with an audible irritation. "But I was going to ask you if Ernest had said or done anything that showed how he felt towards Pauline."

Mr. Martin now gave the matter conscientious consideration. "Why, I should say he didn't feel at all. Of course, I don't see them together much."

"No, she takes him away from the house every chance she gets," Mrs. Martin interpolated.

"Well, Ernest went in on the train to Boston with Tug and me yesterday. All he talked about was that tramp-trip to Europe he wants to take with Williston and Turner. Lord, no! he's not thinking of marriage. Why, the moment I realized that I'd got to marry you or die, I went right to work. And let me tell you, I never worked so hard as that first year with Weldon and Clark. No, Ernest isn't in love."

The shade on Mrs. Martin's brow gave a little before a look of flattered reminiscence. She dropped the subject for a while. But by night the shade had returned.

"Why, the minute he appeared," Mrs. Martin continued, unbosoming herself to Phoebe that evening, "it was as if she got electrified—she became quite a different girl. I'd thought she was a little too dead-and-alive before. *Dead-and-alive*—I wish you could see her with Ernie when there's no company in the house. Well, she's never alone with him if I can help it. I take my sewing and sit right with them. I didn't mind it at first. It only amused me. But when Ernie began to lose his head—I don't know why I should be surprised," Mrs. Martin went on in a mood of extreme self-disgust. "I've seen that kind of woman so many times before, I ought to know her on sight. She's one kind of woman to women and another to men. Why, when she meets a man for the first time, she's just like a cat sensing a mouse—all ears and paws and cruel excitement."

Phoebe and her mother were sitting on the piazza of the Martin house. It was an evening in late June, pearl-soft, moon-lighted, rose-perfumed. At one end of the piazza, their backs against the uprights of the big Gloucester hammock, Sylvia talked with Frederick Wright. Sylvia sat concealed except where the moonlight changed the flow of her much-washed and faded organdie skirt to a cascade of splendor. Frederick was in full light.

They all liked Frederick Wright. The responsibilities of his hurried engineering life had made him older in flesh than Tug or Ernest. His outdoor existence had kept him younger in spirit. His face was full of surprising contrasts. Some of his hair had gone, and what remained had turned a crisp gray. The sun had changed his skin to leather. Yet his expression was that of a boy. Again, all the resolution in the world seemed to be compressed between his lips; but no one of their group laughed longer or more easily. And his eyes looked as if they could out-stare the sun; but they were quick-observing and quick-smiling.

These eyes never strayed from Sylvia's face except when Pauline and Ernest promenaded within the circle of vision.

This was often; for Ernest, at Pauline's request, had taken her for a "little stroll" in the garden immediately after dinner. An hour had passed, and they still walked. But Pauline inevitably became the focus of masculine eyes. Now, as she drifted along, she seemed both to sway and to pulsate.

"Would you think she'd dare keep Ernie out there all this time, and you waiting to see him?" Mrs. Martin asked indignantly.

Phoebe did not explain to her mother that Pauline's social code proclaimed woman's first duty the subjugation of man, woman's first responsibility the entertainment of the unattached male; and that Pauline, with the naïveté of her type, took it for granted that Phoebe's code was the same as her own. All Phoebe said was: "She certainly is one peach of a pippin!"

"If she behaved as well as she looked," Mrs. Martin said grudgingly, "she'd do very well. Not that she hasn't lovely ways when men aren't round," she added conscientiously.

Pauline had the charming, gracious manner of the finishing-off school. And she was really beautiful. At first, Phoebe and Mrs. Martin had taken a genuine delight in that beauty, a genuine interest in the methods by which it was served and conserved. Pauline



"WOULD YOU THINK SHE'D DARE KEEP ERNIE OUT THERE ALL THIS TIME, AND YOU WAITING TO SEE HIM?" MRS. MARTIN ASKED INDIGNANTLY

always went to bed early if no evening engagement presented itself. If she stayed up late, she slept late, carefully foregoing breakfast, however; and appearing first at lunch, in order not to disturb a household limited in maids. Her care of her body was excessive and special. Systematic massage had transmuted a constitutional pastiness of skin to a delicate pallor, just tinted with rose. Systematic exercise had reduced a figure, constitutionally inclined to sumptuousness, close to the line of liteness. She was brunette, but there was a bizarre note in her coloring. Artists had told her that her hair and eyes were olive-green—a dictum which she was fond of quoting with a languid smile.

Pauline dressed with care and skill, with subtlety.

To-night, for instance, the simplicity of her marvelous gown was built on a system of complications which taxed even Phoebe's photographic observation. The principle was gauze hung over gauze—the interior background, a strange-colored Oriental silk. Her fingers were always weighted with Oriental rings. Her shoulders always bore an Oriental scarf. Phoebe noted now with amusement that at regular intervals the scarf floated away from the graceful arms, compelling Ernest to stop and readjust it.

Ernest was an adequate companion-piece to this decorative figure; for he was at the prime and zenith of his boy-comeliness. The moonlight gleamed on his hair, as on highly polished steel; it was more than ever like the burnished breast-plumage of some blue-and-black bird. His eyes still held the clearness of mountain lakes. But his mouth was firm, his look steady, his tall, slender figure potential of its skilled strength; he seemed none the less virile because of his white skin and his long lashes.

"I'd always hoped somehow that Ern would fall in love with Sylvia," Phoebe said, sighing.

Mrs. Martin's lips tightened. "I don't know that I think Sylvia is any more suited to him than Pauline," she said stiffly. "I remember Phoebe," she began again, "once when I was first married—well, you were only a few months old—a woman came to visit me from North Campion way. Etta Danvers was her name. Edward—your father—had never met her. He was away when she came, and until he returned she and I had just the nicest time together. I remember how fond she seemed of you. Pretty soon your father came home and—well, I couldn't tell you how it happened, but the first thing I knew

I was doing all the work and taking care of you, and she was sitting in the parlor in a long, lacy, ruffled—*tea-gown* she called it—entertaining your father. I won't go so far as to say that I was jealous. But I certainly wasn't happy. My only comfort was"—and now a spark of feminine amusement in her eye, pointed by delicate feminine spite, kindled its fellow in Phoebe's face—"that every night Edward would ask me how soon she was going. She bored him to death. But later that woman broke up a family in North Campion. She'd have broken up mine if Edward had been that kind of man."

Phoebe looked steadfastly at her mother; but her eyes grew big with a sudden soft luminosity, velvety-dark, velvety-bright.

She was reflecting that, in some subtle and inexplicable way, her relations with her mother had changed entirely since her marriage. Mrs. Martin confided in her not alone her minor troubles, but all those major worries that she would never have mentioned before. It was very beautiful and very wonderful, Phoebe thought. It brought them so close together—a little as if Mrs. Martin had retraced her steps to her young wifehood, a little as if Phoebe had taken a bound forward to the middle years. It was not that either of them had lost anything. It was only that their relationship had been enriched. They were mother and daughter just the same; but also they were comrades and friends.

"Mother," Phoebe confided, "just think! Before I was married, there were some things I *perfectly hated* about matrimony. I used to get terribly discontented to think that when I was married I'd have to sit back and watch other young people going out together and getting engaged—and I wouldn't be in it myself. Sometimes that would give me an awful *back-number* feeling. But nothing's ever the way you think it's going to be, is it? Why, I feel so *superior* now. When I look at Pauline and Ern walking together there in the moonlight, they seem like shadows that haven't become *real* yet. They all, even Sylvia and Frederick, seem so inexperienced and futile and foolish. Why, I wouldn't go back for anything in *this world*."

"Yes," Mrs. Martin agreed, "that's the way I felt." Her voice dropped. At the end of the long walk, Pauline and Ernest had turned. Automatically, Pauline's scarf whirled off her shoulders like a vapor on a breeze. Automatically, Ernest's hand came up, caught it, and readjusted it.

"Ernest hasn't fumbled it yet," Phoebe whispered. "His form is perfect."

But without a smile, Mrs. Martin reverted to the biggest question in her life for the moment. "I don't know what I'm going to do about it, Phoebe. Sometimes I make up my mind that I'll have a talk with Pauline. Then again I think I'll invent some cock-and-bull story so she'll have to leave." Mrs. Martin ended by looking dumbly at her daughter, her face again torn by irresolution.

"Oh, mother, you can't do that," Phoebe said in a shocked tone. "You must let her stay here until the steamer sails for Panama. She has no friends about Boston but the Warburtons. You can't send a young girl alone to a hotel. Mrs. Warburton would never forgive you, and I shouldn't blame her."

"Well, then, what shall I do, Phoebe, child? I can't stand another two weeks of this."

For an instant Phoebe did not speak. Then all that new luminosity went out of her eyes. "Mother," she said in a low tone, "you ought to know what to do. You did it with me once. Why can't you do it with Ern?"

There was an instant of close, packed silence. From the hammock came Sylvia's gay chuckle, from the garden Pauline's lilting laugh.

"How—what do you mean, Phoebe?" Mrs. Martin asked. But Mrs. Martin knew.

"Why, mother, you saved me from Professor Hazeltine that time by not opposing me—I mean by not forbidding him to see me or me to see him. You just let things take their course. If you hadn't, I might have eloped with him. Now, why don't you use the same tactics in Ern's case?"

"Phoebe," said Mrs. Martin, "I can't. It's different with a boy. A girl's got something in her that keeps her from harm if she's any good. But I declare I don't think boys or men have. They're the most helpless things, where women are concerned, that the Lord ever made. Oh, it's terrible, it's unjust, what anxiety women are always suffering for their men-folk. I don't think I've got the courage to keep my hands off Ernie's case."

"Mother," said Phoebe emphatically, "you've got to *find* the courage. Just try to look at this situation sensibly; as if Ern weren't your own son. Ern's pretty obstinate, you know. If he's really in love with Pauline, nothing on earth can keep him away from her. A girl's case is quite different. She can't go to see the man. But when it comes to Ern—he's of age; he's got a latch-key. He doesn't have to tell you where he's been, and you may be sure he won't if he doesn't want to. I think you're fortunate to have it right here where you can watch it.

Now, I tell you what you do, mother. Instead of breaking up their *tête-à-têtes*, you see that Ern gets so much of Pauline that he doesn't know where he's at. Of course, Ern has a case on her. That's perfectly visible to the naked eye. But I don't think it's permanent. I haven't been married nearly a year without realizing that a woman never can pick out the girl that a man's going to admire. Oh, mother, I *wish* you could see the girls that Tug thinks are pretty. Some of them are a *perfect mess!* Just the same though, I don't think Pauline is Ern's kind *at all*. She's too slow and mature and indoorsy. However, you never can tell, and the only way to find out, and to help him to find out, is to let him have plenty of her."

"But he's seeing her most of the time as it is," Mrs. Martin protested helplessly.

"Let him see her *all* the time, then," Phoebe commanded trenchantly. "Now, I tell you what we'll do, mother. We'll play Pauline's game *with* her. Don't try to separate them. Try to throw them together. Don't let any other girl get within a rod of Ern. Why, at the end of a week, he'll be simply gasping for some golf, or tennis, or croquet even. Oh, he'll be ready to fly out of his skin!"

"And Frederick?" Mrs. Martin questioned irresolutely.

"That'll leave Frederick plenty of time to see Sylvia. And if he is in love with her—and I'm beginning to think Tug has better eyes in his head than I ever gave him credit for—it will be all right. I just bet Sylvia would go *perfectly crazy* about that wild, primitive, Western life of his—bossing wops and building bridges. Mother, you come right inside now and we'll plan out a campaign of lunches, dinners, whists, and other indoor sports that will keep Ern Martin glued to Pauline's side every moment for the next two weeks."

Phoebe showed a gay spirit on the walk home that night—so gay that when her voice developed a sudden note of tragedy her companions stared at her in alarm.

"A very dreadful thing has happened to me this evening, Tug and Sylvia," she said. "My mother has been warning me of the pitfalls that lie in the path of a young married pair. She told me explicitly to beware the woman-visitor who dresses in *négligées* in order to superman the husband. I recalled with a frightful pang that Sylvia came down to breakfast this morning in a kimono. Kindly, never, *never* appear in *négligée* in my house again, Sylvia, unless you wear a mackintosh over it."



Always she studied her son—studied him with an interest which increased as the days went by. But for the first time in her life, Ernest was an absolute enigma to his mother

Tug stared at his wife, aghast, until Sylvia's throaty chuckle floated on the air like a bubble.

Later Phoebe accompanied Sylvia to her room for a good-night peep at Nancy's sprawled little figure and flushed, dimpled face. She returned to Tug, still sparkling, "Nancy'd been playing wedding with the dolls Ern gave her. But she's got her dope all wrong. She's united 'Thilvia' in the bonds of holy matrimony with 'Ernesth' and 'Pworline' with 'Fweddywick.'"

Followed a furious outbreak of social engagements in the Martin family—all interne-cine. Setting her teeth, Mrs. Martin carried out her daughter's schedule down to the last heroic detail. She played Pauline's game better than that enterprising young lady had played it herself. Did Ernest start to go anywhere in the auto, Mrs. Martin suggested that Pauline accompany him. Did Pauline make a long-deferred move toward returning neighborhood calls, Mrs. Martin insisted that Ernest take her in the machine. When they returned, Mrs. Martin always had business upstairs, leaving them *île-à-île* at the tea-table, over which Pauline presided with such histrionic grace. Mrs. Martin spent her evenings in the library, leaving the front room free. Whenever Ernest took Pauline

into Boston for the theatre, he always found an enticing little supper welcoming their return.

Not easily did Mrs. Martin do this. And during the process she was an intensely unhappy woman. Always she studied her son—studied him with an interest which increased as the days went by. But for the first time in her life, Ernest was an absolute enigma to his mother. His handsome inscrutability never emitted a gleam. "Just the look," Phoebe translated it to herself, "of a man who is in love and trying to conceal it from his family." He was punctilious in paying Pauline the courtesies which her position demanded. But was he growing to care less or more? Mrs. Martin could not decide. Then actual terror came upon her. For gradually under his quiet, she felt another mood. Ernest was waiting—passionately, intensely, ferociously waiting. But for what?"

Frederick arose no less energetically to the lure which Phoebe held out. He appeared at her house so often that it seemed at times as if he only slept at the Martin place. Phoebe used to say that the maid found him sitting on the steps when she got up at six. But although it was not quite that, it was almost true. Sylvia, like the docile guest she had always been (except where her self-respect

was involved), lent herself in perfect obedience to Phoebe's plan. She walked and talked with Frederick. She rode and motored with Frederick. She tennised and golfed with Frederick. She billiardied and pooled with Frederick. Just as Mrs. Martin studied one pair of lovers, Phoebe studied the other. Phoebe felt certain of Frederick's growing absorption. But Sylvia's submission of the perfect guest developed after a while an air of languid passivity alternating with feverish vivacity—the mood of one constantly expecting something and constantly being balked.

The last night came. Early the next morning, Pauline was to board her steamer for Panama. Late the next afternoon, Frederick was to take his train for Arizona. According to schedule, Phoebe invited to dinner all the elements in her match-making and match-breaking schemes. According to schedule, they started afterward for a walk. According to schedule, they entered the Maywood Park appropriately paired. According to schedule, Phoebe lost in the meanderings of the tiny bit of hilly land, first Ernest and Pauline, then Frederick and Sylvia. According to schedule, she and Tug made a swift way out of the nearest exit and home.

Phoebe called her mother up on the telephone. "All *we've* got to do, mother," she announced, "is to wait for the returns to come in. It's all settled now one way or another."

It was.

Somewhere between eleven and twelve, having seen Sylvia home, Frederick strolled back to the Martin house. Half-way, he met Ernest, who, having installed Pauline safe under his mother's roof, had come out again.

"Where you going?" Frederick demanded, taking cognizance of the megaphone which Ernest carried.

"Down to Sliney's to see Red Tate," Ernest lied glibly. "I just remembered I'd promised him this megaphone. He wants it for the Maywood game to-morrow. See you later." They passed.

Frederick continued on to the house. After going upstairs, Pauline had apparently changed her mind about retiring. When Frederick came onto the piazza, she was lying in the hammock—an Oriental houri caught in the meshes of her vapory scarf.



"Come down, please, Sylvia; I've something important I want to ask you"

Below stood Ernest with a megaphone to his lips. "Come down, please, Sylvia," he demanded in a peremptory whisper; "I've something important I want to ask you."

Sylvia cupped her little hands into a makeshift pink megaphone. "Of course, I won't come down," she hissed. "Are you crazy, Ernest Martin? Somebody'll hear you. Go home at once!"

Sylvia's tone was as peremptory as Ernest's. But her little white face, caught between streams of misty, moon-shot hair—most deliciously—smiled.

The megaphone went up again. "Sylvia!" Ernest's whisper was no louder, but somehow it was much more determined. "You come down here and listen to me or I'll propose to you through this megaphone! And if I once

begin to tear loose—after this month that I've lived in a bottle—the whole metropolis of Maywood is going to hear it."

"I'll come down," said Sylvia.

As for Pauline and Frederick—

The next morning neither of Mrs. Martin's guests appeared at breakfast. Half-way through the morning, troubled by the tomb-like silence in the house, Mrs. Martin knocked on Pauline's door. Nobody answered. After an interval of stupefaction, Mrs. Martin opened it. The room had not been occupied. Neither, it appeared, had Frederick's. But pinned to Pauline's dresser-scarf was a letter. It read:

Dear, dear lady:

I feel somehow as if I were doing a dreadful thing to repay your hospitality by running off like this without telling you good-by and without explanation—but Frederick makes me. By the time you read this, I shall be his wife. I don't know why I'm doing it except to please him, and perhaps—a little—to please myself. For I really do love him. I haven't married him all these years because I was afraid. I could not think that I was the right woman for him to take out into those strange Western scenes. But he has made me believe it, and I'm going to trust to his judgment. And somehow, dear lady, I think I'm really going to be happy. My visit here has taught me a great deal about happiness that I never guessed before. I have been dreadfully troubled. If it hadn't been for that dear lad Ernest—I should have gone mad. By the time you read this, I shall have a different name. And so, I'm going to sign myself.

Your devoted friend and admirer,
Pauline Wright.

Phoebe and Tug were saying good-night to Nancy, who cuddled sleepily in Tug's arms. "Lord, Phoebe," said Tug, "you needn't have worried about Pauline and Ern at all. You ought to have heard the things he said about her, going in on the train this

morning. All complimentary, of course, but the tone that a man takes about an estimable maiden-aunt. I never saw Ern in better spirits. Oh, by the way—he's given up all idea of that tramp-trip to Europe. He says he wants to go to work the moment he gets out of college—it can't be too soon for him."

Phoebe's eyes swept the room unseeingly, passed the corner where Nancy's wedding-party still stood, Ernest united to Sylvia, Pauline to Frederick. "Mother'll be so glad," she said.

"Well, Bertha, I'm glad the worst of your worries are over," Mr. Martin was saying. "And I really think Pauline will make Frederick a fine wife."

"I think so, too," Mrs. Martin agreed heartily. "I call her a very smart girl. She cooks beautifully when she wants to. And she's as clever with her needle! Does beautiful fancy work. And she makes half the things she wears. Yes, I saw right off this morning that Ernie didn't care. I never saw him in such high spirits. Up before breakfast and singing and whistling just the way he used to when he was a little boy!"

"Yes, and there's another thing you'll be glad to hear," Mr. Martin went on. "He's given up that idea of tramping abroad with Williston and Turner. He had a long talk with Tug and me on the train this morning. He wants to go to work in the office the moment he gets his sheep-skin."

"Well," Mrs. Martin ejaculated, "if that isn't the best news I've heard for a long time."

Immediately after dinner, Phoebe appeared. Tug and Mr. Martin went out on the piazza for a smoke.

The conspirators gazed at each other.

"Well, mother," Phoebe said jubilantly. "We won!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Martin, heaving a sigh of relief, and joy beaming in every line of her face, "Ernest's heart-whole and fancy-free. We won."

FROM ABE MARTIN'S FAIR NEIGHBORS

By KIN HUBBARD



MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT, specimens of whose literary ability we give below, is one of the picturesque characters, along with Abe Martin in Kin Hubbard's Brown County, Indiana, colony. Elsewhere Mr. Hubbard has described her in these words: "Besides being a finished recitationist and a tasty trimmer, Miss Lippincut is just rakish enough to buy chewing gum in a cigar store or get a seat on a dollar excursion. She gets her dramatic instinct from her father, who was a billposter with Van Amburg's circus and later wrote some creditable calliope scores. Miss Lippincut, in tenderly recalling various incidents in her father's life, relates that the notes of the calliope scores were as large as sycamore balls and beautifully executed. Among the more notable writings of Miss Lippincut may be mentioned 'Memories of the Exciting Days Following the Introduction of Rhubarb on American Soil,' 'How t' Keep From Turning Red at a Musical Show,' and a motto song entitled 'Don't Go Down Town After Supper, Father Dear.' Miss Lippincut looks ugly in nose glasses and has other literary distinctions."

IN FAIR WOMAN'S DOMAIN

By MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT

IS there such a thing as spinach soufflé?

INNOVATION.

Mercy, yes. Hunt up the remnant of spinach à la crème and scrape it into a bowl and add just a tiny drop of soda (do not confuse with borax) then whip the yolks of two April eggs into submission and the rigid whites of the same. Beat in a spirited fashion for one moment and pour rapidly into a greased pan and bake (covered) for twenty minutes, and serve quickly before it falls.

Please give me some simple remedy for bread.

NEWLYWED.

I would not fool with pastry until you are firmly established.

Can you suggest something tasteless that may be served in coffee so my husband will bring at least a portion of his wages home?

MOTHER.

What a distressing appeal—and from a mother, too. Will some of my readers come to this woman's rescue?

My husband is good and kind to me and

when he is not striking he makes splendid wages. During his long idle spells I wish to keep him at home. Would you kindly send me, prepaid, some old magazines? Have them start with some good serial and follow, unbroken, in regular order to the end.

BREADWINNER.

What unselfish devotion. I shall order expressed to you seventy-one copies (straight run) of *The Hen and Home*, which contain a timely and interesting controversy on the hen, cooped or at large.

Will you kindly give me some idea of German Kaffelkuchen?

MRS. L.

You probably mean bread with currants in. Proceed in the usual way, adding a currant now and then as you progress. A liberal sprinkling of ground cinnamon on the top will make it appear more difficult.

Several years ago while in Paris I was completely carried away with a full order of rilletts. There is a book published by Bernard & Tauchnitz, Leipzig, giving a full and complete description of this delectable dish but

I have been unable to procure one. Can you enlighten me? VERY ANXIOUS.

You evidently mean ground hog or sausage. All butchers or get a ninety-eight-cent grinder.

MENU FOR ONE DAY

(*A la Consumer*)

BREAKFAST

Dried apples, stewed with lemon rind.

Strip of bacon (seasoning bacon may be substituted)

Hominy (to taste)

Coffee

Bread (if desired)

Note—There are many grades of coffee— all just alike.—Ed.

LUNCH

(Table, box or bucket.)

Two slices of bread (meat may be placed between if possible)

Two bananas

One pop bottle of tea (coffee if urged)

One wedge of pie (any variety)

One sample cold cream jar of calf's foot jelly (or chow chow)

Butter (in season)

Note—Place bread at bottom of box of bucket or box, then bananas, etc., leaving pie for top or crown. The coffee or tea may be kept tepid by carrying it in the hip pocket.

DINNER

Bean Soup.

Beans (drained)

Braised Ox Jowl (incognito)

Curry of September Turnips

Apples (if plentiful)

Coffee (if any left over)

Nuts, pipe and tobacco or mixed cakes (subject to change)

Do you believe in second marriages?

WRETCHED.

If a gentleman can fail in business in October and pay five cents on the dollar and spend the winter in Bermuda and open up for business again at St. Paul, Minnesota, I don't see why some poor misguided girl should not have a second chance on the matrimonial market.

Some women are smarter than others and get onto their husbands in six months, others in two years or three years, or longer, according to their brain development. Any girl that gets onto her husband after any length of time, if she be still fairly marketable, should set about at once to get rid of him. It is always a good plan, however, to have

folks in comfortable circumstances to go back to.

I often see young wives going along the streets with husbands wearing side whiskers and I wonder what life holds for them. After two or three seasons of freezing around a base burner, mingling with chickens and peddlers, running up bills for nipples and malted milk at the corner drugstore, attempting to raise a fern, forgetting to sew a button on here and there, dressing in the kitchen in January, and trying to pick out a go-cart together, love nearly always gives up, packs a few belongings and quietly gets out. Then sentiment hands in her resignation and it's a cold business partnership from that time on—with each partner watching the books.

If a mismated couple should bear children a divorce should follow all the faster, as the children are in danger of being hit by a flying missile.

There's lots of difference between the old perfume-laden June nights on the barrel stave hammock hidden by sweet climbing honeysuckles and trying to handle a double oven, four-hole cook stove and a baby crying for a warm bottle while a husband walks through the kitchen with his watch out and a twelve-dollar job waiting for him.

I always hate to hear some faded out woman, who caught on before her father failed, knocking a second marriage. If she can find contentment in canary birds, asparagus beds or settlement work that's her business.

In little old half-civilized Thibet a woman can marry as often as she pleases and have as many husbands as she may care to support. A Mongolian widow becomes a slave in a lamaseries, whatever that is; in China a widow must live with her husband's folks till they all die before she can get back in the game; in India a child is an old maid at twelve years and in America an Indian squaw must remain a widow for seven years, with three off for good behavior.

A woman takes the same chances when she marries as a man takes when he buys a pair of two-dollar patent leather shoes, and she has the same inalienable right, when her husband breaks on the sides, to look around for something better. Suppose your own daughter, in an unguarded moment, should marry a roller-skating professor? Take the matter home.

May I tell my recipe for creamed punkin?

MYRTIE.

Not on purpose.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

A Backsliding Suffragist

I USED to be a suffragist, but since I've spent a year among librarians and teachers, I don't feel as I did when I knew women who wrote. I started by feeling that the suffrage would have no effect beyond increasing the number of votes to be counted, but now it seems under present conditions a menace. I cannot but believe that the questions of the day are less matters of easily discerned right and wrong, than considerations of economic expediency. When I was young and knew Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, I was quite clear as to what injustices they wanted to remedy, and I helped a bit in having the Married Woman's Act passed in Washington. Now, the object seems to be merely to vote. The vote is a mysterious powerful something which is to accomplish in women's hands what it never has accomplished in the hands of men. I am told that it will secure equal pay for equal work. Useless to argue that pay for equal work is now equal, and that in such occupations only as feel the effects of the lack of permanency which the possibility of marriage gives to women's work—occupations, therefore, in which woman's work is not equal to man's—is her pay less. I can't help seeing that the educated and intelligent women among whom I work are for the most part unable to see things whole. They tell me "if women voted" the head of every trust would be sent to jail, but I can't find anybody to tell me precisely what laws trusts break, nor what laws must be made to cope with a condition which is—it sounds bromidic—an inevitable phase of civilization. And "don't you want to express yourself?" That seems to me the most dangerous part of the movement. It isn't "Don't you want to put the general welfare first?" It was, perhaps, exasperation that first moved me to declare for Anti-suffrage—exasperation at seeing the awful solemnity with which my women co-workers regard themselves and the maddening way in which they accomplish a minimum result with a maximum expenditure of time and nerve strain.

R. G.

Takes Issue with Miss Tarbell

IN voicing this protest against the thesis expounded in the article entitled "The Uneasy Woman," appearing in the January number of *THE AMERICAN*, I think it only right to

explain, by way of preface, that I regard myself as a most loyal member of the group of "progressives" in my State, California, and that I regard your magazine as one of our most valuable assets.

The point of view taken by the author in the article above referred to, is, in the light of my recent experience in working to obtain woman suffrage in California, as much a part of the errors of the dim past as, for instance, is infant damnation. Thirty years ago or more, I remember hearing the emancipation of woman advocated, by great stress being laid upon the "tyranny of man," upon the duty of woman to obtain her "rights" by "defying and denouncing the male," and upon the "slavery" of woman as a wife. But it is a surprise to hear these outworn arguments used in this age.

The discussion of woman suffrage in the West was freely entered into by men and women in much the same spirit as might have been the plans for an educational institution or a social center. To my knowledge there were no militant methods employed. And the means that made it possible were the progressive measures: the initiative, the referendum, the recall, and the railroad commissioners' measure.

The intelligent and conscientious citizenship of the States of Washington and California was awakened to the need of these measures, and also to the need of the help of a large body of citizens whose usefulness was almost nil because it was deprived of the only effective weapon: the ballot.

In California the measures were voted upon at the same election, and woman suffrage was regarded in the same light and voted for upon the same ground,—that of progress—equally with the progressive measures. Why? Because woman suffrage had the same friends and the same enemies as had the other measures designed to place the power of government in the hands of the people. It seems a paradox that the advocate of one should not be an advocate—or at least an impartial expounder—of the other.

With the hope that recognition of the inevitable union of these forces may be accorded in the columns of your magazine, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH GERBERDING,

Formerly President of the Woman's Suffrage Party of California, and President of the Women's Civic Club of San Francisco.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter),
and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

WHILE the Cynic's pen viciously dug and scraped its way through a particularly knotty problem in advertising, the Philosopher, who had just come in from the street, stood gazing out at the window with an abstracted air.

I saw a man killed a few minutes ago—said the Philosopher at length.

What?—cried the Cynic, the scowl of concentration fading from his face,—killed? What killed him? How was he killed?

Murdered, I think—the Philosopher replied, calmly.

The Cynic pushed back his chair and contemplated the Philosopher a full half-minute in silent curiosity.

Well, you're a born journalist, believe me!—he said—You come loafing in here, ask me if I want to take a walk uptown after lunch, gape out at the window ten minutes and finally drop a casual hint that you've just seen a man murdered. Wait till I get the crowd.

Hastily we all trooped in, and the Responsible Editor asked the reason for assembling in extraordinary session.

Nothing much,—said the Philosopher, rather discomposed at finding himself the center of interest,—at least, nothing for the Cynic to stir up such a fuss about. I saw a man killed over on Madison Avenue half an hour ago. He was cleaning windows. His safety-belt was attached to hooks in the window-frame, and one of the hooks pulled out. The other could not bear his weight, and he fell to the sidewalk and was killed instantly.

But how do you make out that he was murdered?—asked the Cynic.

I don't—replied the Philosopher,—I said I thought he was.

A Philosophic Definition of Murder The man did not die a natural death; nor did he die by his own wish. Clearly, too, he did not die by an unavoidable accident, for a couple of dollars and a little care would have saved his life. Therefore he must have been killed.

But I can't make out who killed him. Not

the tenants of the office where he was cleaning windows, for they accepted the building at the owner's hands, as we all do. The owner probably depended on the inspector and took his word that everything was all right. No doubt the inspector did his duty in accordance with the law. Even if you go back to the builder who put up the building, most probably he set those fastenings as he set them a thousand times before and since. As far as I can see, the tenant did his duty as tenant, the owner as owner, the inspector as inspector and the builder as builder; and yet, among them all somehow the man was killed and nobody feels responsible or seems to be responsible.

Still, while I was loafing and gaping out at the window, as the Cynic says, I was really thinking how differently all those people would have behaved if they had not been *owners, tenants, inspectors*. The office-people if they had not been tenants, would have thought a hundred times before they sent any one out to stake his life on that hideous risk. They would have personally seen to those fastenings and tested them thoroughly. No doubt they would have made the man put on an extra belt with a rope running indoors. As *men*, they would have thought of all these things and done them; but as *tenants*, they probably did not notice even that there was a man out there washing the windows. We ourselves in this office, as *men*, would let our windows go dirty until we couldn't see a flash of lightning through them before we would let the Cynic or the Poet stand on the sill a hundred-odd feet above the sidewalk and trust his life to an apparatus that we did not personally know was safe. Even then it would give us the creeps to see him out there. But as *tenants*, I doubt whether you know that our windows have any safety-appliance. I don't. And if we see our windows dirty, all we do is to hunt out the office-manager and ask him what's what.

A Startling Modern Doctrine Run to Earth by the Philosopher

Then the owner, if he had not been *owner*, would never have cleared his conscience in such a dangerous matter merely with the inspector's word. And the inspector, if he had not been *inspector*, would have satisfied *himself*, not the letter of the law, that the appliances were safe. But as *owner* and as *inspector*, they officially did what was officially expected of them, and no doubt did it officially well; and still, the man was killed though no one is literally to blame and no one blames himself.

In my view,—went on the Philosopher,—it all reduces itself under our modern dualistic doctrine that *officially*, as owners, inspectors, etc., we may with a clear conscience treat human beings differently from the way we treat them when we are acting simply as *men*. For my part, I do not think that doctrine is sound.

I seem to hear an echo of Tolstoy in your analysis—remarked the Reporter.

Thanks,—said the Philosopher,—I hope you do. No one ever spoke better except the

**A Whiff
of
Tolstoy**

Authority he got his ideas from. There is one sentence of Tolstoy that I wish we could illuminate and hang alongside the Golden Rule in the very penetralia of our forgetful souls. "*We think there are circumstances in which we may deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances. You may make bricks, cut down trees or hammer iron without love, but you cannot deal with men without it.*"

But aren't these official distinctions practically necessary?—asked the Reporter,—For instance, how about employers? What would become of business if Tolstoy's maxim were put in practice?

I don't know,—said the Philosopher,—and furthermore I do not care; because I see so clearly what becomes of human beings when it is *not* put in practice. The other day, I was talking with an employer who had great sympathy with labor because, as he put it, labor is "not getting its share of the swag." Then he took me through his factory. There were girls straining their eyes over close machine-work in such a wretched light that you couldn't find your way to your mouth. It was plain that getting proper light meant rebuilding the factory; and it was plain he couldn't rebuild the factory without a serious disturbance of profits. But it was not plain to me, and under those circumstances never is plain, *how he could take the money.*

What do you mean?—asked the Responsible Editor.

Precisely what I say,—the Philosopher replied,—and right there we come in sight of our principle of dualism again. As a *man*, he would loathe money that was cooked out of some poor girl's eyeballs; but as *president, director, stockholder*, he takes it without a question or a qualm of conscience.

**Tender-
hearted Em-
ployers Who
Stand for
Things Offi-
cially Which
They Would
Abolish as Men**

Then again, last week I called on the president of a big concern uptown. My card was taken by a little girl who sat shivering at a desk in a draughty outside corridor by the elevators. You know what bitter weather we have been having, well, the suction of those elevators set up a breeze that you would have said came from the north side of the North Pole. The office manager had placed her there because it was the conventional place for her to be; a thing again, he would not dream of doing as a *man*, but being *manager*, he did it and thought nothing of it. When I went inside, the president was just sending off a big check to a tuberculosis-fund. He is a splendid fellow; he too as a *man* would never in the world expose the girl to an *A* chance of pneumonia in that boreal draught; but being *president*, no doubt he took her as thoughtlessly for granted there as he would her desk.

If your manufacturer didn't take the money, though, some one else would—remarked the Cynic.

Very likely; but the point raised by the anarchist philosophy is not whether he or you or any one else would take it.

The point is whether *I* could take it; and I say No. Do you see the difference? We reformers are keen about getting whole masses of people to see things and do things. I am rather for getting *myself* to see them. Reforming by batches or forever expostulating with masses about what they ought to do, never interested me much. If *one* would clear and educate *one* and reform *one*, we would have a new world fast enough.

**Every Man
His Own
Reformer**

Are you that much of an individualist?—asked the Cynic, incredulously.

I am indeed,—said the Philosopher,—of course the other does good too, and I am throwing no cold douches on our liberal friends who are all for raising the tone of the mass. All I say is that it doesn't interest me. The big problem scales down to the little one, and the mass is the multiplied individual. People ask me "what I'm going to do" about capital and labor, crime, race-questions, drink,

or some other overpowering social problem. I always say I am not going to do anything about it. Then they tell me I am a Laodicean, and that the anarchist philosophy won't work on a large scale. That doesn't interest me either, though I don't see how they can tell, because it has always worked on as big a scale as it has ever been tried. What interests me is that it will work for *me*; which is the main thing I am concerned with.

So there is no compromise in that philosophy?—the Cynic inquired.—Suppose, for instance, this magazine wanted you to write an article that you didn't believe in; that is, to do something as a *writer* that you would not do as a man. If it came to the pinch, you would quit your job, of course. But would you do right in view of the Larger Good? You would cut yourself off from the opportunity of putting across to the public twenty, fifty, a hundred articles that you did believe in. Would it not be practically better to compromise on the one article for the sake of the Larger Good?

Nothing in it,—replied the Philosopher, firmly,—absolutely nothing. You can't hear that casuistry hinted without sniffing brimstone. It is easy to make ourselves believe that a compromise or two don't count beside "duty to others" in the direction of the Larger Good,—especially

The Larger Good, the Compromise, and the Devil

if we are Presidential possibilities. Any one may hoodwink himself with that who cares to; but I believe no job going is worth the compromise of having to do something as a jobholder or a jobseeker that you would not do as a man.

I would hate to think of myself as a child of Destiny, and then see myself turning contortionist to stay in the saddle. If Destiny wants me there, she can keep me there. If Destiny has me marked for a stockholder, she must provide dividends that I would also be willing to take as a man. If the Larger Good needs me to defeat Taft for the Presidency, or to run a bank or a department-store, she will have to adjust her needs to a straight game. And when I say a straight game, I mean only the kind of game that we all play with each other on the decent instincts of ordinary manhood. No high idealism, you know; merely that if as a jobholder I have to treat any human beings otherwise than as I would treat them now, I won't take the job.

The seriousness with which people regard their jobs makes me sometimes doubt the American's sense of humor. Why, even if I went off the staff, I dare say this magazine would rub along somehow. Anybody can write for this magazine; that is, I mean,—the Philosopher hastily corrected himself as he saw the Responsible Editor beginning to glare and fidget,—writers are not hard to find. But I couldn't rub along, and I would never have the loss made up to me if I were dehumanized by compromising for the Larger Good on my job as *writer* any more than as *owner, inspector, stockholder*, or any of the jobs we have talked about.

I seldom trouble about the big social problems, but I can't help thinking that a little self-sacrifice of a rather low order would start something. **Wanted—A Few Business Men to Sacrifice Themselves** Suppose a few directors, stockholders, presidents, owners, inspectors, conscious of being dehumanized, quietly, without making any fuss about it, *got off their jobs*. Suppose my manufacturing friend with his heart so truly alive to labor's hard lot, gently and steadfastly *declined to take the money*. It might help bring matters to a head. Anyway it would emancipate *them* and make *them* happy, and if worst came to worst, probably the county would see that they didn't starve. Say what you please about the individualism of the anarchist philosophy, it is oneself that one goes to bed with nights, and gets up with mornings and stays with all day.

Seeing that poor fellow drop has gotten on his nerves,—whispered the Cynic as the extraordinary session broke up,—What a terrible race of anarchists he would breed in his present frame of mind! He'll be all right, though, by the time the Poet's Hour comes round. When we have the regular roll call he will turn up in shape to listen to reason.

I hope not—said the Responsible Editor, momentarily off his guard: but, recovering himself, he added—He has an excess of emotion at present, no doubt: but it is a human emotion, so we can forgive him and hope that the excess in him will go to counterbalance the defect of it in others. A few lunatics now and then are a real social asset. Don Quixote lost most of his battles, but somehow his lunacy was of the kind that goes to promote a general average of optimism in favor of the human race.

TIFFANY & Co.

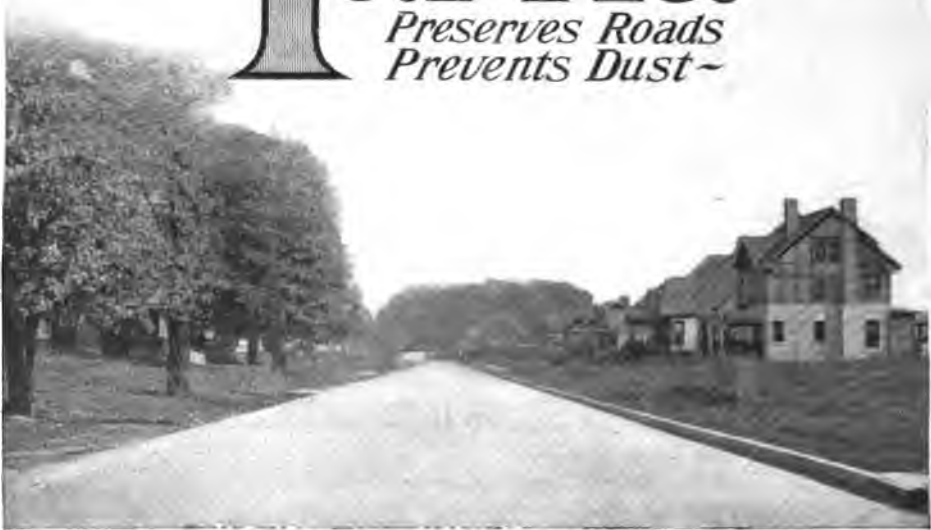
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FULL INFORMATION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Tarvia

*Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust~*



Cowdem Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. Constructed with Tarvia X.

Memphis' Experience with Tarvia

MEMPHIS, Tenn., is making a striking advance in local improvements and is conducting its public works in a thoroughgoing and scientific spirit.

Its new macadam is no longer built in the old-fashioned way with

the prospect of quick deterioration, but is bonded firmly with Tarvia to preserve it against automobile traffic.

Mr. George C. Love, Memphis Commissioner of Streets, writes as follows:

Gentlemen:—During the season of 1910 the City of Memphis let contracts for fourteen miles of tar macadam pavement, and during the season of 1911 we let contracts for eight miles of tar macadam pavement.

In the above work, Tarvia X was used as binder material almost exclusively in the two-gallon treatment. The streets as a whole are very satisfactory and we expect to do a great deal more during 1912. In addition to the above work, the City laid with their own forces about 20,000 sq. yards of tar macadam with a 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon treatment using Tarvia X. The property owners who pay the front foot assessment seem to be very much pleased with this form of construction.

There are three kinds of Tarvia: "Tarvia-X" used in road construction as above, "Tarvia-A" for surface work and "Tarvia-B" for dust suppression.

Illustrated Booklet regarding the treatments mailed on request.

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Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Seattle, London, Eng.
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The American Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING CO.

President, George H. Hazen
Vice-President, John S. Phillips

381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Secretary, Henry J. Fisher
Treasurer, Robert M. Donaldson

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Western Advertising Offices:
Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

15 CENTS A COPY; \$1.50 A YEAR

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

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

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Buy Here and You Save Money

THE following facts obtained from a great manufacturer have direct

relation to your pocketbook:

This manufacturer now sells his own special, trademarked nationally advertised goods through dealers in your town and in every town.

Now before he had entirely developed into a national advertiser with a national market, a wholesale dealer whose market was five or six counties used to make an arrangement with him by which the manufacturer made for the wholesale dealer a special brand of goods which the wholesale dealer sold in his district.

(Identically the same goods as the manufacturer's nationally advertised brand, but put up in package with the wholesale dealer's name on it.)

Here is where you, the consumer, come in. Watch closely.

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"HAVE YOU A LITTLE 'FAIRY' IN YOUR HOME?"



White and Pure

Purity is the first requisite in a toilet and bath soap. Fairy soap is pure because it is made from choice edible products. Besides, its floating, oval cake is a distinct advantage over other white toilet soaps. Costs but 5c, but you cannot get better soap at any price.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO



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Special brands for wholesale dealers have been entirely abolished by this manufacturer, with these results: the same price to the whole public, and a lower price than any wholesale dealer could make with a special brand and a high selling cost.

Advertising reduces selling cost and lowers the price to the consumer. That is why readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE buy from these pages with profit to themselves.

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It is delicious, pure and healthful



Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

**EXCELS IN ALL THE
ESSENTIALS OF
A GOOD COCOA**

Registered U. S. Pat. Office

IT has the delicious natural flavor of the best cocoa beans, scientifically blended, unimpaired by the addition of any foreign flavoring substances. Its purity is unquestioned, samples purchased in the open market serving as standards for chemical research. It is healthful, supplying the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition in a most agreeable form. These qualities combine to make it *the* ideal food beverage.

53 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

**BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE WITH
THE TRADE-MARK ON THE PACKAGE**

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
Established 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

Sanatogen makes good the Nerve Loss



NERVE loss—what peril to health and happiness lies in those two words!

They mean the failure of that balance between hunger and replenishment that preserves the health.

When the system is perfectly well, the nerves get their proper nourishment from the daily food. But illness, worry, the severe activities of modern life, often drain the nerves of more strength than is restored to them in the ordinary way—the balance is destroyed, and troubles begin. *Nerve loss* becomes an acute condition.

Sanatogen makes good the loss

It does this by carrying in concentrated form the elements of food specifically required by the nerves. It feeds the nerves with their *own food*. It *revitalizes* the enfeebled sources of energy. It *builds up* the famished centres and thus directly and *naturally* aids in giving back vital force to the system.

Sanatogen's splendid service is recognized by over 15,000 practicing physicians who have written in praise of its *reconstructive* power. World-famous men and women, who have tested Sanatogen, enthusiastically declare that it does "make good." *Their testimony is convincing.*

Give **YOUR** nerves the benefit of this priceless help.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

The Bauer Chemical Co.
28 T Irving Place, New York

Prof. Thomas B. Steadman, M.S., Ph.D.

The well-known research chemist Stevens Institute writes:

"The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in its organic phosphorus condition, and combined that condition and assimilation of Sanatogen are considered complete with the greatest ease."

Charles D. Sigbee,

Rear Admiral U.S. Navy, writes:

"After a thorough trial of Sanatogen I am convinced of its merits as a food and tonic. Its beneficial effects are beyond doubt."

John Burroughs,

the distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent better than it was a year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop of Bombay

writes:

"I use Sanatogen every now and then, under my doctor's advice, and always derive great benefit from it."

The Editor's Table

The New York *Evening Post* said, February 28:—"The AMERICAN MAGAZINE carries the impression of being edited with unusual intelligence. Specifically one wonders if the editors are working toward the ideal type—a monthly that should combine the qualities of the older, thoughtful reviews and of the popular, circulation-breeding magazine. Whether a permanent union of the two can be produced, we do not know, but if the results achieved in the March number of the AMERICAN can be repeated in future numbers the problem will be solved."

HUGH FULLERTON on the subject of baseball is a joy forever. He knows all the twists in the business and every important professional player in the country. He has scored 3561 big games in 20 years.

If Anybody Knows, Fullerton Knows

If anybody knows how to win at baseball, Hugh Fullerton does. At any rate, he is going to write in the May AMERICAN on "How to Win Games"—the first of a series of baseball articles, one every month.

FULLERTON is so remarkable that we are going to have a piece about him in "Interesting People," by Grantland Rice. Think of a man who has scored 178,569 put-outs, 98,562 assists, 14,442 stolen bases and 3987 double plays—and studied them all!

A Master of An Interesting Subject

THE lady whose picture appears on the next page has written another genuine heart story equal in appeal to "Mother," which she wrote and we published last year. The new story, "Bridging the Years," will be in the May AMERICAN.

Kathleen Norris, Author of "Mother"

In the current (April) *Woman's Home Companion* (published by the publishers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE) Mrs. Norris begins a new serial novel called "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"—a love story, laid in California.

I SHOULD like to tell you something—but it would take more time than I've got."

Penitentiary Convicts as Actors

"You can take it out of my 'time.' I've got thirty-five years, and I don't come of a long-lived family."



Photograph by Steiner.

KATHLEEN NORRIS
(See note on preceding page)

Thus one real penitentiary convict joked another in a 5-hour theatrical production put on the stage in a California penitentiary where prisoners were the only actors and 650 prisoners the audience. The "show," practiced for months, comes off once a year. Rufus Steele's report of it, and photographs of the actors, are coming in the May AMERICAN.

IN the jungle, where nature put him, the roar of a lion can be heard five miles. In the May AMERICAN Stewart Edward White, who has just returned from a great experience in Africa, will tell all about lions. The article is full of first-hand material gained on a year's hunt, during which White saw 71 lions.

More
About
Lions



Light Part

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1½ cups sugar | 1 teaspoon cream of tartar |
| ¾ cup milk | 4 eggs (white only) |
| ¾ teaspoon soda | 2½ cups flour |
| ¾ cup Crisco; add salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Dark Part

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 1 cup brown sugar | ¾ teaspoon cream of tartar |
| ¾ cup Crisco; add salt | ¾ teaspoon soda |
| ¾ cup molasses | 4 eggs (yolks only) |
| ¾ cup sour milk | ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, allspice, cloves and nutmeg. |
| 2½ cups flour | |

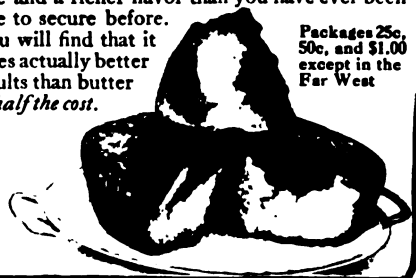
A shortening richer than butter! You will think that such a product is impossible until you use Crisco where you now use butter. For example, use it in Marble Cake, which requires a cup of butter. The best creamery butter that you can secure is nearly *one-fifth* water, whereas Crisco is *all* shortening. There being no moisture in Crisco to dry out, Marble Cake made with it may be kept twice as long without loss of its original delicate flavor. You can secure this fine flavor at every season of the year, for Crisco never varies. You can realize that this is a decided improvement over cooking butter which does vary both in flavor, in color and in richness during the different seasons. Every package of Crisco

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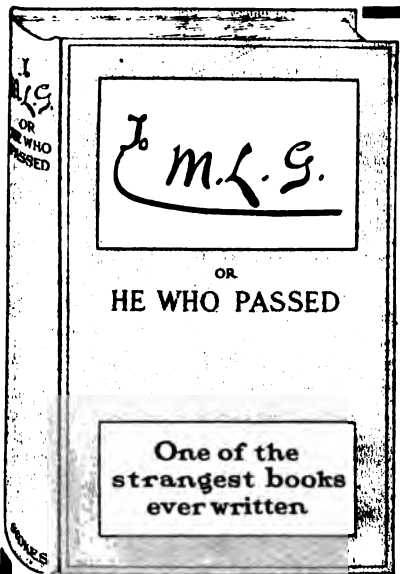
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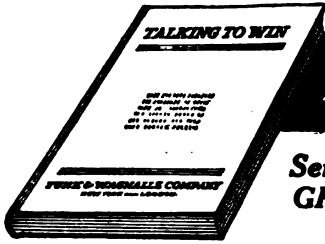
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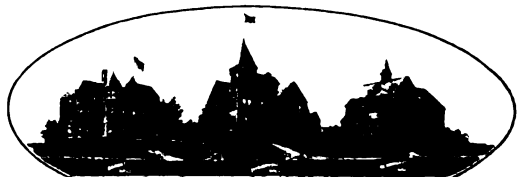
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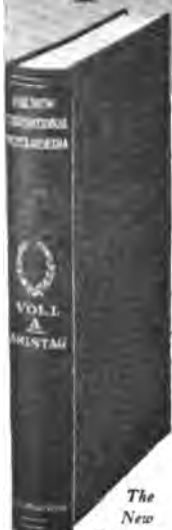
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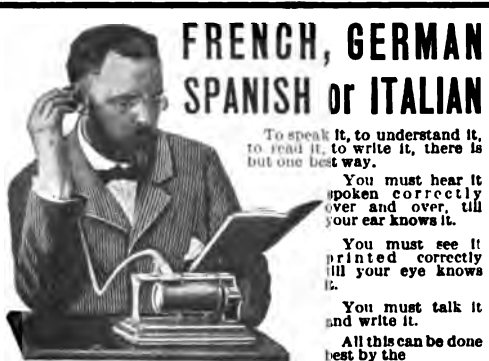
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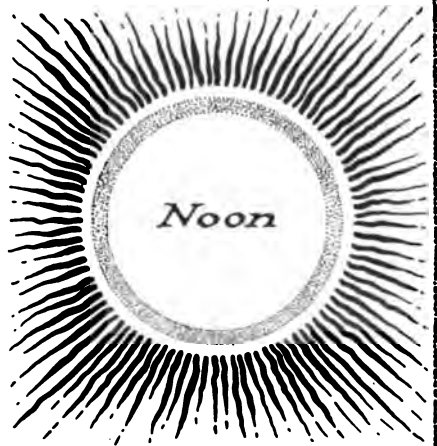
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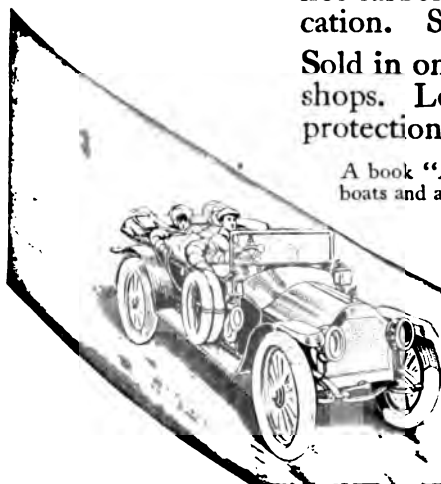
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Branches in the Principal Cities

MOTOR

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Mich.

WORKS

Dealers from Coast to Coast

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Diamond Tires



You could shut your eyes and pick one tire out of a thousand Diamond Tires and you'd get a perfect tire.

Any tire that bears the name "Diamond" in raised letters on its side is a safe tire to buy. *The name "Diamond" is your assurance that the tire that bears it is worthy to uphold the Diamond prestige for greatest mileage and most satisfactory service.*

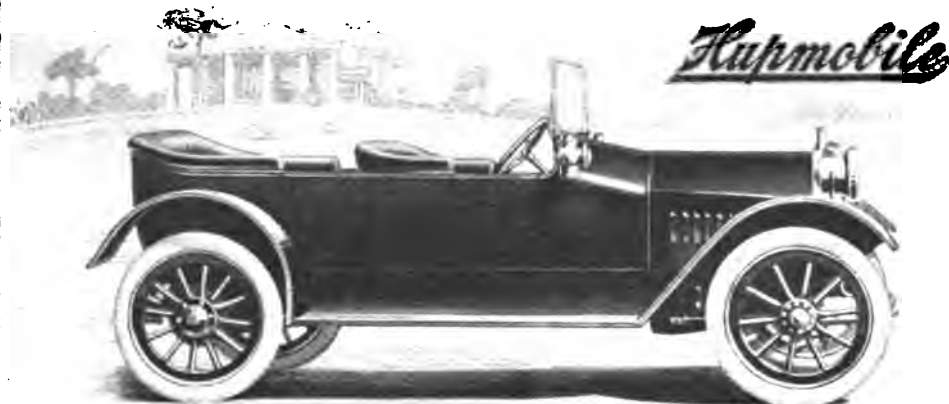
While Diamond Tires are made to fit every size and style of rim, and with several styles of treads, there is *only one quality—the highest—the same in every Diamond Tire.*

You don't have to be on your guard when you buy Diamond Tires. The most extended experience in judging tires would not give you any advantage over the man who simply makes sure that the name "Diamond" is on every tire he buys.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

*We Could build them Cheaper, But we Won't
We Would build them Better, But we Can't*



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Bosch magneto; 106-inch wheelbase; 32x3½ inch tires. Color, standard Hupmobile blue. Roadster, \$900.

'Long-Stroke' Means Long-Stroke IN THE NEW HUPMOBILE

We have figured always that it was the wisest kind of enlightened selfishness to give more than the public expected.

Thus, only one motor in America has a longer stroke than the engine in the new Hupmobile "32."

And this car sells for several times the Hupmobile price of \$900.

The relation of stroke to bore in the new Hupmobile is the mean average of the best and latest European practice; and is positive assurance of greater pulling power.

The cylinders are cast en bloc; the crankshaft, of special drop forged high carbon steel, is equipped with three especially liberal bearings, instead of two; the valves—all on one side—are completely encased, oil-tight and dust-proof, yet instantly accessible.

Note these evidences of extra-generous construction, please, and compare them with other cars at the Hupmobile price.

You will see in the engine and transmission unit a triumph of mechanical adaptation, which makes for increased efficiency and space economy.

The full-floating rear axle, in itself, places the Long-Stroke "32" in an exclusive class.

You can ascribe all these constructive advantages to the fact that the Hupmobile organization has always been held practically intact.

The chief engineer, E. A. Nelson, designed the original Hupmobile runabout—whose priority in its own class has never been seriously disputed. The department heads, and the skillful workmen who have executed his designs, have remained with us in our progressive development.

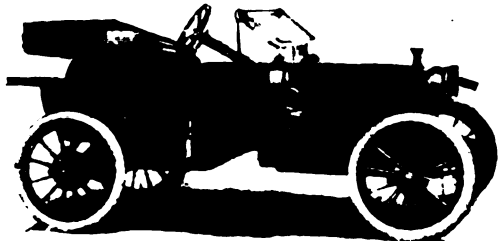
We should be glad to send to you 4½x8½ photogravures and full description of the handsome Long-Stroke "32."

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

1290 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, \$750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 h. p., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster \$850. Coupe \$1100.



A recent exhaustive report of the efficiency of the Hupmobile Runabout in nearly a year of army service is contained in a booklet entitled "A Test of Service," which we will gladly send on request.



For Heaven's Sake!

Get Free of Tire Troubles! Get These Protectors

YOU don't have to put up with the exasperations and expenses of punctures, cuts, jabs, bruises, chafing, blowouts and quick destruction of your tires. The way to keep your tires good as new for indefinitely long wear has been *proved* by thousands of motorists. They ended for themselves the thralldom of tire troubles by the same means now open to you—so inexpensive are they that you are quickly money ahead by repair bills saved, not counting the inestimable additional profits gained on the score of pleasure with

Standard Tire Protectors

Layers of fabric that will stop nails; rubber the toughest ever produced—almost like armour plate around your tires. Sand or gravel can not get between the Protector and the tire. When equipped with these Protectors tires have run two years constantly without a change of air. These Protectors have made motoring a pleasure where it had been impossible before—in mountainous country and over roads of rough, sharp rocky formation. But since not even the best of roads are free from tire dangers, you need Standard Tire Protectors wherever you motor and always—if you would save your tire-repair expenses and end the roadway delays of tire accidents.

No more trains missed, theatres reached when the play is half over, business appointments thrown out of schedule—no more of those agonizing delays at any time.

Reduced prices—another of our accomplishments for 1912. All the popular sizes will cost you on an average of 20% less than you would have paid for them last year. New, enlarged and improved manufacturing facilities enable us to give you this further economy in protecting your tires. Motorists who must travel over roads that wore out unprotected tires in two and three months, now

report one set of tires equipped with Standard Tire Protectors to be in sound, unimpaired condition after nearly *two years* of service under the same conditions. That is saying, more than tire-repair expense—it is saving several hundred dollars of first tire cost.



Ask
the
Man
Who
Uses
Them

Would you hesitate at paying one dollar to save five—or more? Let us prove Standard Tire Protectors to be that kind of investment for you.

Write for This Free Book on Tire Protection

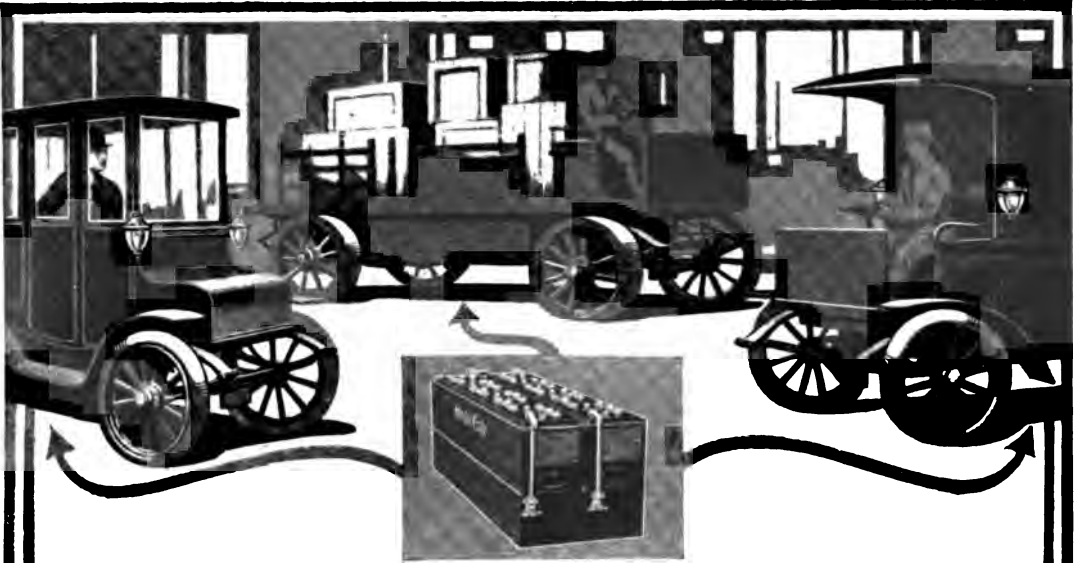
It shows why rubber and fabric are the only practical materials for tire protection. It shows how Standard Tire Protectors give you tire protection and skidding protection, both at one economical cost. It explains how these Protectors are easily applied and why they stay on your tires tight, held by inflation pressure—no mechanical attachments. Write for this free book today—and ask for a free sample of this new, toughest rubber used in Standard Tire Protectors.

Dealers—Increased Business; Larger Discounts

The same new manufacturing advantages that enable us to reduce prices to consumers of Standard Tire Protectors, allow us to offer you more attractive discounts. Five motor car users will demand Standard Tire Protectors in 1912 for every one who wanted them in 1911. Be prepared. Write us for our 1912 Price List—and particulars of how our big 1912 advertising campaign will make business for you.

The Standard Tire Protector Co.,
437 E. Market Street, AKRON, OHIO





The Service Secured from an "Electric" Depends Largely Upon the Service Secured from the Battery

The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery will run an electric vehicle—pleasure or commercial—more miles with less expense, less attention and with greater continuity of service than any other battery made.

The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery will not "stall" on a hill nor in starting heavy loads.

The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery gives good service in either cold weather or hot.

The "Ironclad-Exide" can be recharged at a reasonable cost and keeps in good order with minimum attention.

The "Ironclad-Exide" the famous "Exide" or "Dycap-Exide" Battery is used by the following 22 prominent electric vehicle makers. No other battery carries such an endorsement. These batteries have been the standard of some of these makers for periods ranging up to eight years.

Argo Electric Vehicle Co.
Baker Motor Vehicle Co.
Borland-Grannis Co.
Broc Electric Vehicle Co.
Champion Wagon Co.

Columbus Buggy Co.
Commercial Truck Co. of America
Dayton Electric Car Co.
General Vehicle Co.
Grinnell Electric Car Co.

Hupp-Corporation
Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co.
C. P. Kimball & Co.
Ohio Electric Car Co.
Phipps Electric Auto Co.
Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.

Standard Electric Co.
Studebaker Automobile Co.
The Waverley Co.
Walker Vehicle Co.
Ward Motor Vehicle Co.
Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

Investigate the "Ironclad-Exide" Battery, and you will insist upon it for your new "Electric" or for renewing your present battery. The "Ironclad-Exide" guarantee is plain and straightforward.

You will find valuable information in the "Ironclad-Exide" Book. Write the nearest office for a copy.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888

Philadelphia, Pa.

1912

New York Chicago Cleveland Los Angeles Portland, Ore. Detroit Boston
St. Louis Denver San Francisco Atlanta Seattle Toronto
"Exide" Depots in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Denver, Atlanta
812 "Exide" Distributors "Exide" Inspection Corps [San Francisco

Use the "Exide" Sparking Battery for Automobile Ignition and Electric Lighting

Robt. W. Chambers' Greatest Novel

Begins In This Issue

YOU'LL find an extra treat in the MAY *Cosmopolitan*. It is Robert W. Chambers' new novel, "The Streets of Ascalon." Unconventional, perhaps—and daring—but tense, dramatic, and fascinating all the way through. It is unquestionably the greatest novel Mr. Chambers has written.

"The Common Law" was good, and so was "The Turning Point," but "The Streets of Ascalon" towers head and shoulders over either. It will set the nation talking. Remember the title: "The Streets of Ascalon"—and buy the MAY *Cosmopolitan*.



Charles Dana Gibson

has drawn the illustrations, and his is the final touch in making this *the great* novel of the year. Mr. Gibson's rare skill and power are seen at their best in the superb drawings for "The Streets of Ascalon"—and Mr. Gibson's best is *the best*.

REMEMBER—"The Streets of Ascalon"—Chambers and Gibson—in the MAY *Cosmopolitan*.

COSMOPOLITAN
America's Greatest Magazine

Cosmopolitan Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Gentlemen: I accept your special offer and enclose 25 cents for a three month subscription to *Cosmopolitan*, liberally saving 33 1-3%.

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You Can Save 33 1-3%
and at the same time secure the opening chapters of Chambers' masterpiece, "The Streets of Ascalon," by merely signing the coupon below and mailing it to us with a silver quarter. *Cosmopolitan* regularly costs \$1.50 a year, and this special offer of a three months' subscription for 25 cents, is in itself a direct saving of just 33 1-3%. Make sure that you get Chambers' novel—act on that impulse and mail the coupon NOW.

Cosmopolitan Magazine
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

I Run Off 100 Copies in 60 Seconds

Sketches, Letters or Cards, Handwritten or Typewritten

Economy, Simplicity and Speed are the *secrets* of my *popularity*. Saving time is my *hobby*. I'm doing it for over 40,000 business men, sales managers and others in practically every field of human endeavor. As fast as you can slip in the blank and turn the crank, I slip out the finished product. Cards, records, sketches, letters—anything devised by pen, pencil or typewriter—in they go—out they come, 60 to 100 a minute, neatly printed as you want them.

For
Superintendents
School Principals
Lodge Secretaries
Manufacturers
Retail Merchants

The ROTARY NEOSTYLE

For
Campaign Managers
Sales Managers
Insurance Companies
Business Men in
Over 2,000 Fields

Though not the only machine of my kind, I was the *first*, and I *am* the first. I am most competent, most economical, most reliable. 15 years of hard knocks in the *field* and in the *factory* have taken me out of the novice class and set me down as a *professional*—a product as nearly perfect as human brains and intelligence can make me.

Here's a notable fact:

Instead of putting out *problematical* machines and basing their improvements on faults that the public had to pay for, my makers have spent thousands of dollars in *doing their own experimenting*.

A machine that turns out duplicates with rapidity, precision and accuracy. A machine that is simple in operation and construction—that is devoid of all the little faults that time only can correct. A machine that renders a maximum service with a minimum of human attention—that was the dream of my makers.

And that is the kind of service I will give you—if you will give me the chance.

(9)

100 copies a minute with a motor or 60 a minute by hand—that is my record. I run smoothly, easily and noiselessly. And ink-smudges, lack of uniformity and scores of other troubles common to the *novice machine*, are noticeable by their *absence*.

I can save time, money and trouble for YOU. If I interest you, please tell my manufacturers. They will send samples of my work.

Rotary Neostyles that were sold into service 12 years ago are still *doing business*. Let us tell you more about the pioneer machine.

Send coupon for catalog, prices and full details.

THE NEOSTYLE CO.

30 Reade St., NEW YORK

Chicago: 232 W. Randolph St. Boston: 148 Congress St.

THE NEOSTYLE CO. COUPON

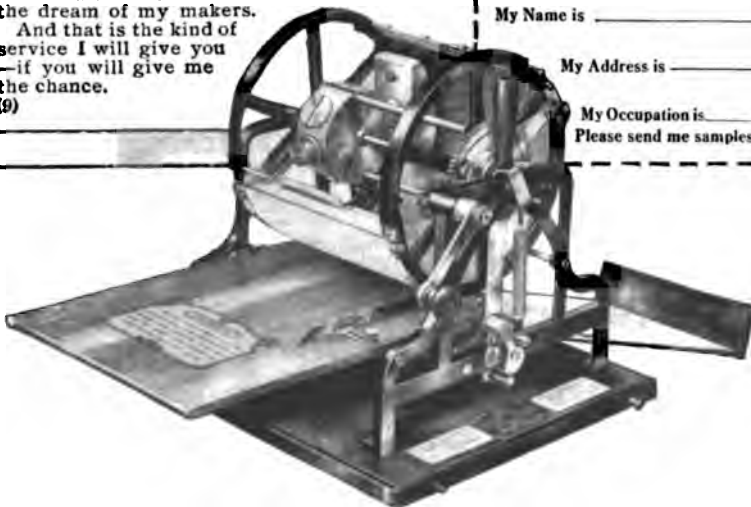
My Name is _____

My Address is _____

My Occupation is _____

Please send me samples, prices, etc.

Amer.





The Pony Express

A Pioneer of the Bell System

FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

Pony riders carried messages from Missouri to California, nearly two thousand miles across mountains and deserts, through blizzards and sand storms, constantly in danger of attack by hostile Indians.

Fresh horses were supplied at short intervals, and the messages, relayed from rider to rider, were delivered in the record-breaking time of seven and one-half days.

Railroad and telegraph took the place

of the Pony Express, carrying messages across this western territory. Today the telephone lines of the Bell System have done more, for they have bound together ranch and mine and camp and village.

This network of telephone lines, following the trails of the Indians, connects with the telegraph to carry messages throughout the world.

By means of Universal Bell Service the most remote settler is no longer isolated, but has become a constantly informed citizen of the American Commonwealth.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Afloat —or Ashore

it's always fair weather to the man who has found pipe joy via Prince Albert. Because here is one tobacco without a sting, and with delicious flavor and fragrant odor. Our word for it, "P. A." will upset every notion you ever had against pipe smoking.



Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, one of the world's greatest sea fighters, enjoyed a pipe immensely.

You can smoke a pipe; you will smoke a pipe

if you'll just follow the lead of an army of men who tried out Prince Albert and found it good and true.

Do you realize that the greatest Americans are pipe smokers; that they know the comfort, the satisfaction, the real joy that comes right out of a pipe—brimful of

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

If you have an old jimmy pipe hidden away somewhere, get it out; if you haven't, buy one, quick, and fire up a load of "P. A." Get the *personal experience*; know yourself that Prince Albert will not bite your tongue, because it can't! The sting is removed by a patented process!

Get the happy-days habit of smoking "P. A." in your old jimmy pipe after breakfast—or after lunch. And it's just great for an after-dinner smokesnooze!

Buy "P. A." anywhere—afloat or ashore—in 10c tins or 5c bags, or in pound or half-pound humidor. Buy it while you're pipe-hungry! And it rolls up into a cigarette that's bully good.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.





Or Two Pipes and My Handy Cigar Lighter for \$1.00

SMOKERS talk about the flavor, aroma and smoothness of tobacco. I know tobacco—so listen to me. A lot of that flavor, a lot of that aroma and a lot of that smoothness is made or filled by the pipe you smoke. I know men who have spent years trying to find a pipe they could smoke—and who today consider my scientifically-made Anti-Nicotine Pipes simply wonderful. Some of them have actually given up other forms of smoking.

My Pipes Kill the Poison—Improve the Smoke

Here is my original Anti-Nicotine Pipe at the top of this advertisement, and my new Anti-Nicotine Imitation Calabash Pipe is at the bottom. In both these pipes I put the famous bowl that does the work—that makes the nicotine disappear. This bowl is made of a material as old as the Babylonians, a special composition like clay, first discovered by the ancients. This material while as hard as any clay, has a peculiar porous quality—just like the finest meerschaum—which absorbs the nicotine, keeps it out of your system and uses it to give the pipe a beautiful meerschaum coloring. I know that my special low price cannot blind you to the quality in these pipes. I know that the value to your health and the enjoyment derived from those perfectly-made pipes, will get me twenty more customers every place that I send one now.

Any Three for a Dollar

Above is my popular claw design—the kind you see at the rich men's clubs. And below I show my new Imitation Calabash, modeled after the original African Calabash Gourd, graceful and highly finished, trimmed in German Silver, and containing my new removable bowl of special material. The claw design colors like the finest Meerschaum; the Calabash colors and looks EXACTLY like the genuine African article, which sells anywhere from \$3.00 up. With them there is no burning the tongue—no charred wood fumes—no disgusting odor—and you do not have to "break them in." Any three for a dollar. Choose two of one design and one of the other, or all three of the same—just as you desire. I will sell these pipes to you at 40 cents each or three for a dollar. Order now—if you are not satisfied, your money will be returned cheerfully. Send the Coupon NOW.

My handsome illustrated 1912 Smokers' Book sent FREE with every order.

H. Menges, 661 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

COUPON—Cut out and mail today

Claw is Design A, Calabash is Design B.
H. MENGES, 661 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
 Enclosed find 40c for one, \$1.00 for three of your Anti-Nicotine Pipes, or for two pipes and one Pocket-Lighter or. Please send Design A — Design B

Name.....
 Address.....
 Town..... State.....

I do pipe repairing.



I Want Some of **THE BLACK SHELLS**

That's the solo which a few months ago a few lone men were singing to a dealer here and there. Now there's a chorus of 'em—for the **BLACK SHELLS** have made good. We knew they would, for they are made right. Have you given them a trial yet? If not, see your dealer before you pull another trigger. Remember our claim that the **BLACK SHELLS** will give you from 5% to 10% better score and a bigger bag.

Here are a few of the reasons: The **BLACK SHELLS** have a one-piece brass head; there is no separate Battery Cup. No chance for the explosion gases to leak. They all go forward into the charge.

The Primer used in the **BLACK SHELLS** contains no mercury nor ground glass. It is fast, unvarying, sure.

The Flash Passage (the hole in the brass head through which the flame of the primer reaches the powder) is 100% larger than in other shells.

That's why the user of **BLACK SHELLS** never knows hang-fire—when he pulls the trigger the bird drops.

Neither fog, rain nor a ducking can make the **BLACK SHELLS** miss fire. Their waterproofing is perfect. They will not stick in the chamber.

There are three classes of **BLACK SHELLS** withal: **ROMAX**, a black powder shell with 5/16-inch brass. **CLIMAX**, the most popular smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has one-half-inch brass.

AJAX is the highest grade smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has a long one-inch brass.

Send for book about shells. If you enclose 10c we will send a beautiful colored poster 20 x 30 inches, called "October Days." Sure to please every shooter.



Dept. V. **LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.**



**A Postal Brings
A
Box**



We want to send you enough Sunshine Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers to prove to you how good to eat these wholesome wafers are.

Sunshine

Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers

are made of whole wheat flour, baked (by modern methods) in white tile ovens on the top floor of the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows"—buttered, salted, toasted and carefully packed in moisture-proof tin boxes.

Just the things for between-meal bites at the office or for service with cheese, beverage, or in a score of other ways.

Write for Sample Box Today

Please give us the name and address of your grocer, for you will want to get a supply from him.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

404 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass.



You have done well to demand food-stuffs in clean, sealed packages. Let me tell you something about your refrigerator:

**Hygienic Laws Demand
a continuous, round-cornered
Porcelain-Lined
Refrigerator**

Try your hat pin on the lining of a new refrigerator. If it scratches, it isn't porcelain. Grease gets into the tiny scratches. Germs feed on the grease and in digesting it throw off a gas which is the disagreeable odor of the common refrigerator. The dangerous product of this digestion is not the odor, but ptomaine. Dr. H. W. Wiley, the government pure food expert, says: "The ordinary ice box is a charnel house of death." But you can have delightful safety with the

**LEONARD CLEANABLE
REFRIGERATOR**

which has the one-piece lining, shown below. Actual porcelain on steel, not paint, baked enamel or any high-sounding substitute, but the real, flint-hard, like china.

Ten-wall construction and strong door levers cut ice bills. Sanitary wire shelves, absolutely germ-proof round corners of continuous porcelain, an exclusive Leonard feature.

Sold at good stores everywhere. Look for the Leonard window in your city this spring. Dispose of the dangerous and get the Leonard for health insurance.


If your dealer can't supply you, I'll ship, freight prepaid, as far as the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. Money back if not satisfied. Style shown above, size 34½ x 21 x 45½, is made in three different casings, viz.: No. 4, polished oak, \$35.00; No. 307, satin walnut, \$31.50; No. 4405, ash, \$28.35. Fifty other styles and prices from \$18.00 to \$150.00 shown in catalog, all one-piece porcelain lined. Write for it. Also my book on the selection and care of refrigerators and a sample of the Leonard porcelain lining and insulation, all free. Write me personally.

C. H. LEONARD, Pres.


Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.

115 Clyde Park Ave.,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.




Look for the 

On every piece

When buying glassware—make sure that each piece has a  on it. Every piece of glassware so marked is guaranteed, when used under like conditions, to last twice as long as ordinary glassware.

HEISEY'S

TRADE MARK 


GLASSWARE

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quality and durability considered is lower in price than any other glassware made. The glass itself is crystal clear and of the finest finish. The workmanship will satisfy the most critical.

On request we will send you our book, "Table Glass and How to Use It."

A. H. Heisey & Co.
Dept. 45
NEWARK, OHIO



No. 353
15 in. VASE

No. 1
CANDLE STICK

No. 336 NASTURTIUM BOWL



200 Years Search for This Tone

HERE at last, after piano makers have been seeking for it for 200 years, is the piano that does not have its brilliant notes weakened to get evenness. In this piano every note is 100% rich and brilliant; and the resulting tone—the "Homo"-tone—will yield some of the most charming music you have ever heard.

HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board

No sounding board except that of the HADDORFF assures every note alike the fullest tone richness. We want you to realize the startling nature of our statement, and to become more informed about this most remarkable sounding board.

In scale, materials, workmanship and case designs the HADDORFF will richly satisfy you.

Free Book on the "Homo"-tone

Don't neglect to learn about one of the great piano tones of the world. Send Coupon for book on "Homo"-tone. You'll be glad to secure this information, for it will improve your judgment of pianos. Mail coupon now.

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY
24 Ames Ave., Rockford, Ill.
Uprights, grands, player pianos—the "Homo"-tone in all.

----- **FREE BOOKLET COUPON** -----

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY
24 Ames Ave., Rockford, Ill.

Send me **FREE BOOK** about the HADDORFF Piano and its wonderful "Homo"-tone.

Name

Address

City



Let the Glass be the Judge

Take a magnifying glass and hold it over a piece of ordinary toilet paper and then over a piece of "Sani-Tissue." The glass will show you why so many people prefer

Sani-Tissue

"Soft and Clothlike"

Made from long vegetable fiber—no old rags—and treated with Canada balsam and other emollients, "Sani-Tissue" is very soothing and healing.

Each roll is parchment-wrapped and packed in a carton to keep out the irritating dust and grit that would otherwise accumulate and cause inflammation to tender parts. At all dealers.

3 ROLLS FOR A QUARTER

(Except in Rocky Mountains and Canada)

A copy of the new novelette, "Mrs. Marvin's Motto," free with each roll.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

651 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

Makers of "Scot Tissue" Towels, "Sno-Tissue," and 5c. Waldorf Toilet Papers, Sani-Kombs and other hygienic paper specialties



The Ostermoor Smile

Don't fail to see the name Ostermoor woven in the edge, also this OSTERMOOR trade mark sewn on the end.

They are your guarantee of America's standard high-grade mattress—the Ostermoor which brings comfortable, nerve-and-body-resting sleep to millions.

The Ostermoor method, used and controlled exclusively by us, *builds* a mattress that keeps its inviting softness indefinitely, never mats or packs, and never needs re-making. Three generations of service proves this statement.

MATRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white tick.
4' 6" wide, 45 lbs., \$15.
In 2 parts, 50c extra
Dust-proof Satin Finish
Ticking, \$1.50 more
Mercerized French Art
Twills, \$3.00 more.

Write for Big FREE Book

With Samples

Get it whether you're thinking of buying an Ostermoor or not. It should be read in every household. Just drop a postal.

Ostermoor Mattress

Avoid imitations; look for our trade mark. When necessary we'll ship a mattress, express charges prepaid, on the day check or postal order is received. Packed so it reaches you clean, dry, shapely. Money back if not satisfied after thirty nights' trial.

"Built—**\$15.**
Not Stuffed"



OSTERMOOR & CO.
105 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agents: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Use OXIDE of ZINC Paints



THE UNITED STATES NAVY, as the result of exhaustive tests, has adopted an anti-corrosive paint containing 65% of OXIDE OF ZINC and an anti-fouling paint containing 40% of OXIDE OF ZINC. Service on the bottom of a war-ship is a real test of paint.

Durable Paints are paints containing
OXIDE OF ZINC

Does your paint contain Oxide of Zinc?

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request.

The New Jersey Zinc Co.
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
55 Wall Street, New York



The Story of *Welbach* Service-

- 1 Physical Strength
- 2 Durability
- 3 Brilliance
- 4 Maintained Candle-power
- 5 Sunlight Color Value
- 6 Gas Economy

You Can Pick Out
 the houses that have been stained with
Cabot's Creosote Stains

The colors are so soft and rich and durable that all other exterior stains look cheap and tawdry in comparison. They go farther, last longer, preserve the wood better, and are infinitely more artistic. The genuine creosote wood preserving stains. Every gallon guaranteed. Don't use stains that smell of kerosene, benzine, or other worthless and inflammable cheapeners.

*You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country
 Send for free samples of stained wood*

Samuel Cabot, Inc., Mfg. Chemists, 135 Milk St., Boston, Mass.



FROZEN DOG RANCH-HOUSE
 Foot of Seven Devils Range, between Freezeout and Squaw Butte, on the Payette River
 Stained with Cabot's Stains
 Col. Wm. C. Hunter, Designer and Owner



**Bring Out the Beauty
 of Your Floors**

IT'S THERE. Just needs the right finish—such as only Old English Floor Wax can give—to impart the richness and lustre that made "Old English" finish famous.

It's the large proportion of hard, imported wax in Old English that does it. It also makes a pound of

Old English Floor Wax



go farther than a pound of ordinary wax and render the finish exceptionally durable. When it *does* show wear, you need not "do over" the whole floor. Just rub a little wax on the worn spots. Old English Floor Wax gives a finish to floors, furniture and woodwork which will not scratch nor hold dirt. Makes housework a lot easier. It's not expensive, either—a 50-cent can will do the floor of a large room. Why don't you try Old English on *your* floors?

Amer.

Send for Free Sample and Our Book

"Beautiful Floors—Their Finish and Care"

You'll find lots in it to make housework easier. It tells about

Finishing New Floors
 Finishing Old Floors
 Hardwood Floors
 Pine Floors

Cleaning and Polishing
 Care of Waxed Floors
 Finishing Dance Floors
 Kitchen, Pantry and
 Bathroom Floors

Finishing Furniture
 Interior Woodwork
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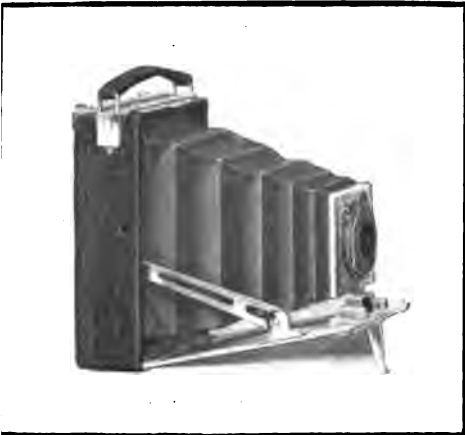
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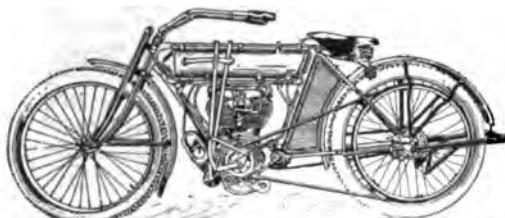
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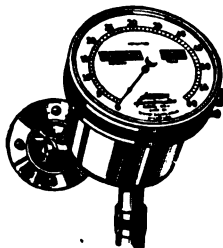
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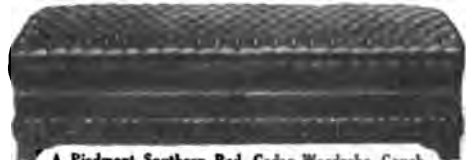
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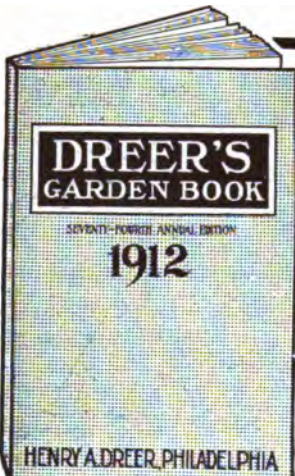
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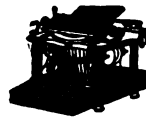


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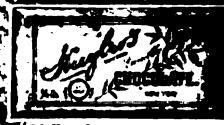
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More than ever, this season, will evening clothes be in evidence everywhere. But the time of extravagant prices for them has passed.

No longer do well-informed men pay \$75 to \$100 a suit when the finest tailoring institution in the world provides evening clothes at almost half that price.

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\$35 to \$55

Exquisite in every detail, boldly beautiful in line, tailored to perfection, each garment of this famous make is absolutely compelling of admiration.

If you do not know where to get Adler-Rochester evening clothes, write to us. We will send you a Spring Style Book, Edition M, with the necessary information.

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This sock stays silky!

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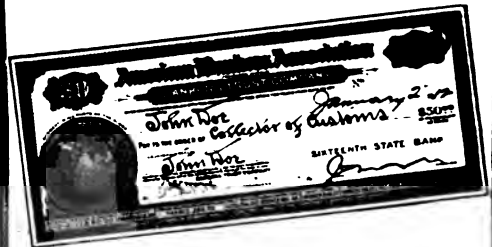
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RUBBER HEELS FOR HARD PAVEMENTS

“Nature’s Way”

HOW easy it used to be—didn’t it? You could run around all day—and never feel too tired to run some more, because you ran on soft pads which Nature put on your heels. You can have the same lightness of tread to-day if you attach the resilient

O’Sullivan’s Heels of New Live Rubber

to your shoes. You will be copying Nature exactly.

Make every step an easy one, and save your energy for the big job.

Chatter Concerning Cheese

BY FRANKLIN O. KING

This World is like a Big Round Cheese, and It is Populated with all Sorts and Conditions of Humanity. Some of us are Helpful, some Harmful, but Many of Us are Merely like Mud on a Wagon Wheel—we neither Help the Wheel go Round, nor add very Much to the Appearance of Things. A Few of us Think We are the "Whole Cheese," but We're Not, and Few besides Ourselves have Inflated Ideas regarding our Importance. The Trouble with Most of Us, however, is our inability to take Life Seriously, and a Tendency to Underestimate Our Own Intrinsic Worth. More Men have Lost Out through "Cold Feet," than by Reason of "Swelled Head."

You haven't any Real Reason for being Poor, and *You Know It*. If you would make a *Real Stand* against Poverty, and Put up Half the Battle You are Capable of, Nothing in the World could Prevent Your final Success. To Win, however, Under Present Conditions, requires not only Tireless Industry, but the Development of a Trait most of us know very Little about—FRUGALITY. *Saving* is the Antidote for *Slaving*. Every Little Bit Added To What You've Got Will Some Day Buy You a House and Lot. Don't be a Jelly-fish. Cut loose from Gay Companions—Cut out a Few Habits. Cut down Expenses, and You'll Cut a better Figure with Your Friends and Family.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless his Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent, earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three big Money-Making Crops a Year, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

M. L. Mebene, who owns a farm just across

Chocolate Bayou from our land, received the past season \$2300 for his six-acre strawberry crop. f. o. b. cars, Chocolate Bayou Station.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get Our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing crops, etc.

What would you think of a little town of about 1,200 People situated near our lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

I believe You could save 25 cents a day if you Tried. I Know You would TRY if You Could Realize one-half the Opportunities offered by this Wonderfully Fertile Soil of our Danbury Colony. Remember—Our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command top prices.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

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\$5,000 to your family if your **ACCIDENT** results fatally.

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These amounts (except for illness) are **ALL DOUBLED** if your accident happens in a public passenger conveyance or elevator, or in a burning building.

If your occupation puts you in the "Preferred" class, and you are under 50 years of age and in good health, send us the coupon and we will tell you more about how to

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This one greater unit under a single executive control is the

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It insures to every present owner or future purchaser of Remington, Monarch, or Smith Premier Typewriters the best, the most complete, the most far reaching, the most efficient service ever provided to users of the writing machine.

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Dear Mother :

If I could come, feeling that my children would not be a burden to you, I would gladly do so, because the house is too heavy a burden for me. It is impossible to meet the notes on the home and provide a comfortable living for the children.

As I see the little sum of money, that George left, growing smaller each day, the uncertainty of the future has assumed a serious aspect. The shock of George's sudden death was enough without this unexpected worry of things which are all new to me.

Devotedly,

Charlotte.

Travelers Insurance Co.,
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Gentlemen:

Please accept my thanks for your kind remittances which you have sent me each month, following the sudden death of my husband. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you how much this monthly income has saved me from worry and possible privation.

My husband's untimely death left me the care of two children and I shudder as I think what might have become of us without his forethought and your promptness.

Very truly yours,

(Mrs. J. B. F)

Sarah B. F

WHICH OF THESE LETTERS WOULD YOUR WIFE WRITE ?

AS the father, upon your forethought and labor rest the welfare, a decent living and happiness of your wife and children. In case of your death, our Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy means a monthly income for your family—not a princely fortune, but enough to “make both ends meet.”

Our interesting booklet tells all about it; write for one today.



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Whatever price per square foot you may plan to pay for a substantial residence or other moderate sized building, its construction will be far superior in every way when built of

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The name "NATCO" stamped on each tile assures you it is the same material as is used in the fireproof construction of the world's tallest skyscrapers and greatest public buildings.



YOU can build your outer walls of NATCO at no greater cost than for brick, brick and wood, stone and wood or concrete. You will gain enormously in fire-safety, in maintenance economy, in investment value. The all-around inbuilt blankets of air reduce greatly the winter heating expenses, assure a remarkably dry interior at all seasons, in hot weather keep the house amazingly cool.

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Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who

demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid the substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

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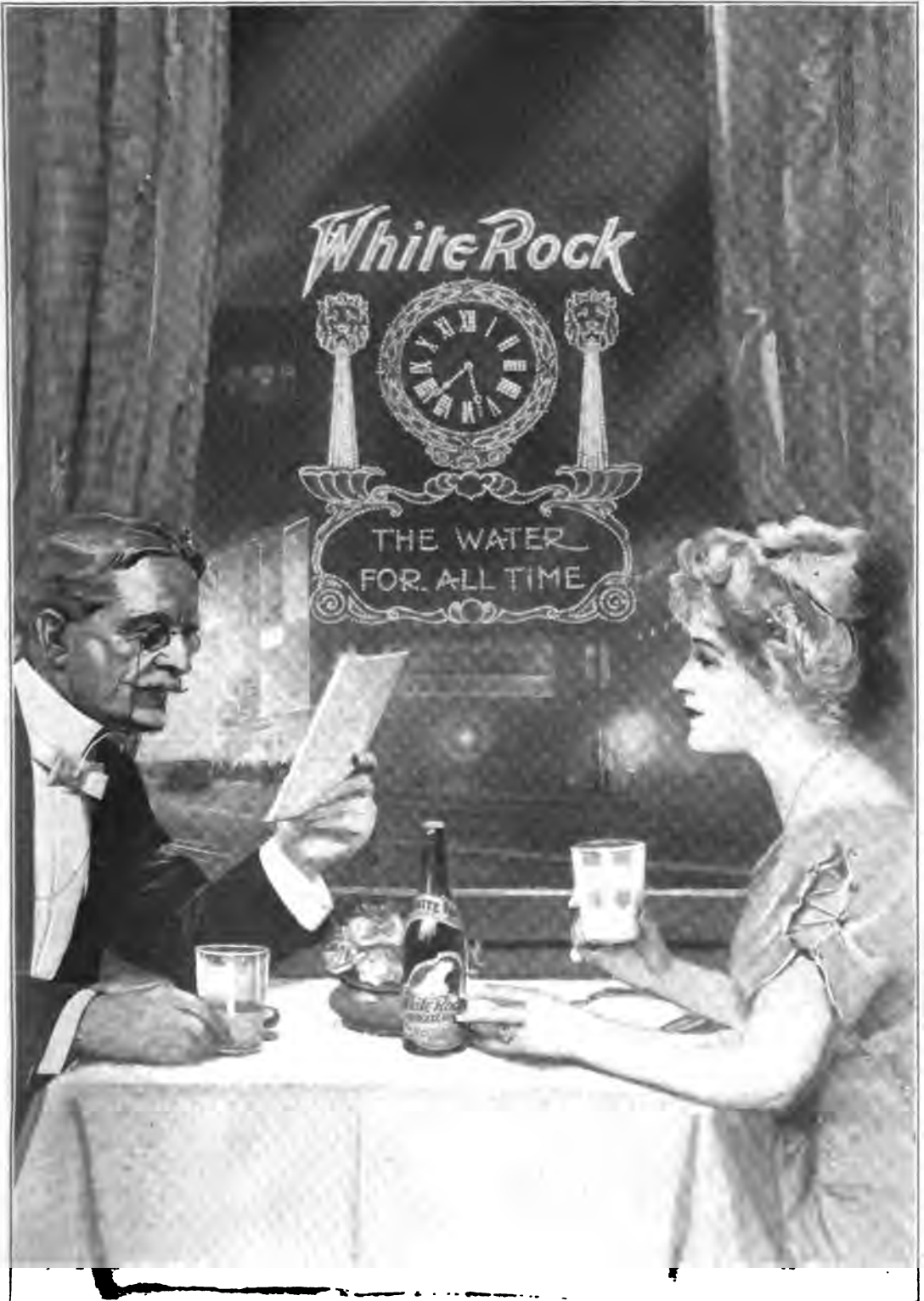
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She'll be a young lady
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Mother must keep young—
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chum. Baby's dainty
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The ancient Orientals have taught a mighty lesson on the care of the skin. For ages past the famous beauties of the Orient have possessed marvelous complexions, as a result of using Palm and Olive Oils.

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Penetrates and softens the skin, cleansing the deepest pores. Leaves the skin in the pink of condition.

Send the band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send you a generous facsimile jar of Palmolive Cream, postpaid.



Price 50c

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This is why Palmolive is used by so many mothers for bathing Baby. If the child's skin is properly cleansed and nourished from the start, in later years it will show the good effects of the early Palmolive treatment.

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Palmolive's delicate odor is faintly, yet delightfully fragrant. The dainty odor is one of sweetness and purity.

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When you try Palmolive you will be delighted that it lasts so long. It remains firm even when worn to wafer thinness.

Palmolive's surprisingly low cost compared with its high quality, its wide variety of uses, its wonder-working effect upon all complexions, its long lasting ability, makes it extremely economical.

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty"—NOW!

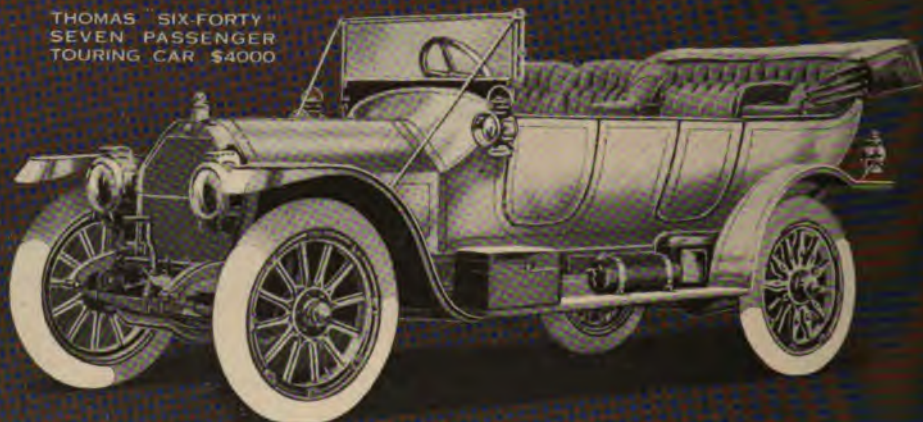
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SEVEN PASSENGER
TOURING CAR \$4000



One year ago an announcement was made that a complete new organization had taken over the management of the Thomas Plant at Buffalo. The production of the 1912 Thomas "Six-Forty," its performance in the hands of owners and comment of the most favorable kind by the press and public at the leading automobile shows is the evidence offered to prove that a car of the very highest type can be and has been produced to sell at \$4,000.

Four styles of open bodies The Touring Car
The Phaeton The Surrey The Runabout



THOMAS DECLARATIONS No. 7

We assert that the 1912 Thomas 3 disc Clutch enables the operator to make an easier engagement and ensures a more positive drive than any other type or kind of clutch in use at the present time.

Our Catalog - "The Story of the Thomas" awaits your request.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DEPT. U . BUFFALO



Clothes that "make good"

YOU young men are strong for style in your clothes; got to have the smart, lively ideas; it's apt to be the most important thing to a young man. We agree with you; we're making your kind of clothes.

You may just as well have more for your money than style alone; you want style that stays stylish; that keeps its smartness as long as you pay for. You want clothes that "make good;" style must have something back of it if it's to stay.

Back of our style you'll find all-wool fabrics properly shrunk; and the best tailoring. Our mark in a garment means best style, plus. Next clothes you buy, see that our mark is in them; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

My Finest Car

By *R. E. Olds, Designer*

Reo the Fifth—despite its price—marks the best I know. It is **My Farewell Car**, based on 25 years of experience. And no man will ever, in my estimation, build a much better car.

My Limit

In 25 years tens of thousands of men have come to have faith in me.

I say to them and to others that this Farewell Car shows the utmost of which I am capable.

In all the 18 months which I spent on this car the selling price was never considered.

Reo the Fifth is my finest creation. It is now the only car built in this mammoth plant.

So all my past prestige, and all this concern's future, are at stake on this single car.

The Standard Car

I don't mean that men can't build more costly cars—heavier, larger, more powerful

cars. I have built them myself—up to 6-cylinder sixties.

But most men who know have come to seek moderation. They have proved that excesses in size, weight and power are useless and immensely expensive.

The popular car of the future will be the 30 to 35-horsepower, four-cylinder car. So I have adopted this standard type for My Farewell Car.

My claim is this:

It is utterly impossible to use better materials, better workmanship or devices than I use in this car.

It will never be possible, at any price, to get more of real worth in a car.

Price Not Fixed

The present price—\$1,055—is no measure at all of the worth of this car. My own idea is that the price is impossible.

It is based on an output probably beyond our powers. It is based on a very low cost for materials—much lower than for years. It is based on ideals of utter efficiency which even this plant can't reach.

So this price is not fixed. All our contracts with dealers provide for advance. Reo the Fifth should not be judged by this altruistic price. Judge it solely by the merits of the car.

Reo the Fifth
\$1,055

30-35
Horsepower

Wheel Base—
112 Inches

Wheels—
34 Inches

Demountable
Rims

Speed—
45 Miles
per Hour

Made with
2, 4 and 5
Passenger
Bodies

Center Control

Brake and Clutch Pedals

Open Front Door Open to Show
Center Control

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$20 extra.

Where It Excels

My advantage in designing lies in 25 years of experience. I have built tens of thousands of cars, in 24 models, and I know all the possible troubles.

My axles and driving shafts are much larger than necessary, and I build them of nickel steel.

My connections are built of Vanadium steel. And I prove every alloy by analysis.

My differential was designed for 45 horsepower. My gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

My carburetor is doubly heated, to deal with poor gasoline. The magneto I use must pass a radical test.

Unusual Care

My excess of caution, my big margins of safety, result from decades of experience. I am too old in this business to take any chances.

I carry inspection to the extreme. I insist on repeated tests.

I use more Roller Bearings than were ever before employed

in this type of car. There are only three ball bearings in Reo the Fifth, and two are in the fan.

So with every feature. Each is the highest, the costliest type known to motor car engineering.

No Petty Economies

The wheel base is long, the wheels are large, the car is over-tired.

The body finish consists of 17 coats. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

The upholstery is deep—made of genuine leather—filled with genuine hair.

The design of the car shows the last touch of up-to-dateness.

Every detail of this car breathes of utter perfection.

Center Control

No Side Levers

No Reaching

This car also embodies my new center control. The gear shifting is done by this center

cane-handle—by a slight, easy motion in each of four directions.

There are no side levers to block either front door. Both of the brakes are operated by foot pedals. One pedal also operates the clutch.

Thus the driver may sit, as he should sit, on the left hand side. He is next to the cars which he passes. He is on the up side of the road. Heretofore this was possible in electric cars only.

This simple form of control—the best ever invented—is exclusive to Reo the Fifth.

Ask for the Book

Reo the Fifth is the most interesting car of the season. It comes pretty close to finality.

It is My Farewell Car, and the price is sensational. It is a car that you should know.

Ask for our catalog, giving all details and picturing all the body designs. When we mail the book we will tell you where to see the car. Address,

**R. M. Owen & Co., General Sales Agents for
Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**



Delicate though they are—made of sheer lawn, linen, swiss, fine net, some of them of lace—the vestments of church choirs must be kept spotlessly white and, when used, must be laundered every week.

The fact that Ivory Soap is used to wash them is but another instance of the widespread recognition of its value.

Ivory Soap cleanses without injuring the fabric, because it is absolutely pure soap.

**How to Wash Sheer Materials
to Lengthen their Life**

Use water that is warm, not hot, and if the water is hard, soften with borax. Make a thick lather with Ivory Soap. The soap should never be rubbed on the fabric. Soak the pieces thoroughly in the lather; then rub the spots gently with the hands, "sousing" the material up and down in the suds. Rinse in several warm waters, until all traces of the soap are gone. Rinse once again in boiling water, followed immediately by rinsing in as cold water as you can obtain. Dry in the sun, if possible.

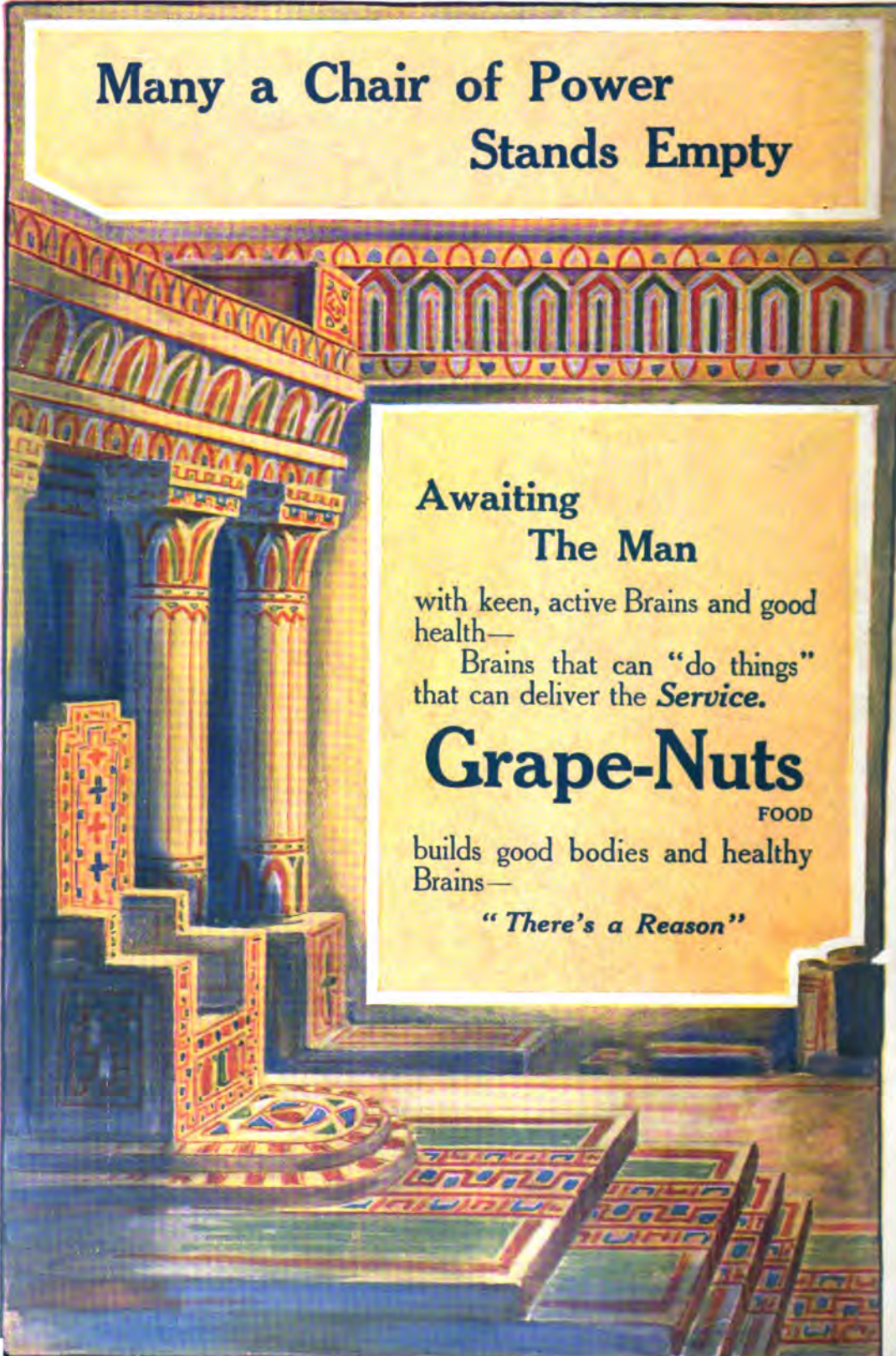
Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure



Painted by K. R. Wireman for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1912 by Cream of Wheat Co.

CREAM OF WHEAT FOR "SAIL"

An illustration of an ornate, empty room. The room features a large, empty, high-backed chair with intricate carvings and a colorful patterned rug on the floor. The walls are decorated with colorful, repeating geometric patterns. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century advertising art.

Many a Chair of Power Stands Empty

Awaiting The Man

with keen, active Brains and good health—

Brains that can “do things”
that can deliver the *Service*.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

builds good bodies and healthy
Brains—

“There’s a Reason”



