

Cleveland's Opinions and Personality

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1909 · FIFTEEN CENTS



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M^CCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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44 East Twenty-third Street, New York

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Guide to McClure's Marketplace

The following extract is from a letter which we received unsolicited in December, 1908.

"It may interest you to know that we have secured more export business from McClure's Magazine in the past year than from all the other export publications which were on our list.

"This is probably as much of a surprise to you as it was to us as we did not use McClure's Magazine with the purpose in view of securing export business."

Less than 4% of McClure's circulation goes outside of the United States.

This incident does not prove that any other advertiser would secure similar results in McClure's Marketplace but it is one of the unmistakable signs which point to McClure's as an immensely powerful advertising medium.

We believe that over a million good shoppers visit McClure's Marketplace every month.

Average edition for 1908 was over 448,000 copies per month.

JOSIAH JUDSON HAZEN,
Advertising Manager.

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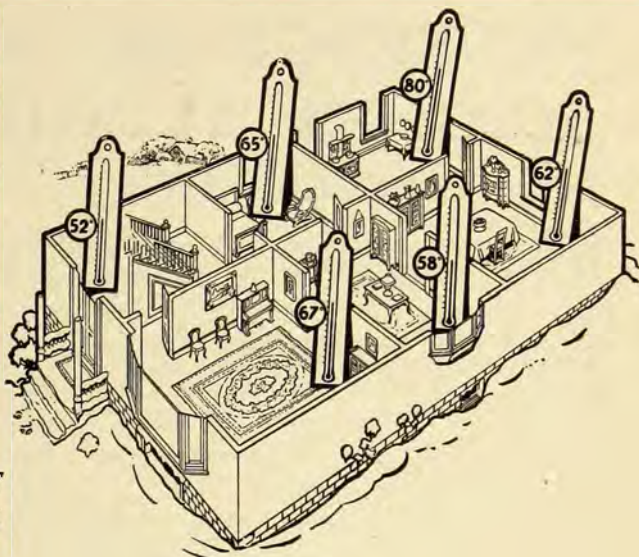
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Phillips-Jones Co.	64f

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If you hang a thermometer in each of the rooms of a house heated by old-fashioned methods, you will find no two of them showing the same temperature—especially on windy days. This is an uncomfortable and unhealthy situation.



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These outfits save money so fast in lessened coal-bills, absence of repairs, toil, and trouble that they quickly repay their cost. They are an *investment*—not an expense.



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A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$240, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

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



IDEAL Boilers supply heat at night for not less than eight hours in zero weather on one charging of coal with ample fire to start up next morning. So simple a child can run the outfit.

Please let us send you our book free — we cannot explain all in one advertisement.

Prices are now most favorable, and at this season you get the services of the most skilled fitters. As easily put in OLD buildings as in new—farm or city—without tearing up. Public showrooms and warehouses throughout America and Europe.

DEPT. 21

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

CHICAGO



McCLURE'S FOR MARCH

“VERDICT OF SCIENCE AGAINST ALCOHOL”

By M. A. ROSANOFF

FEW recent articles have attracted so much attention as did Dr. Henry Smith Williams' statement of the results of recent scientific investigation concerning the effects of alcohol upon the individual, published in the October McClure's. There is naturally much interest in the kind of demonstration that can be used in proof of the facts which he stated. In the March number Dr. M. A. Rosanoff, Professor of Organic Chemistry at Clark University, and Dr. J. A. Rosanoff will describe one by one the experiments made by scientists of international reputation, which show, with the exactness of mathematics, the effects of alcohol on all human activities from the lowest to the highest.

“WHERE THE PRESIDENT WILL HUNT”

By T. R. MACMECHEN

THE story of Ju-Ja Farm, from which Mr. Roosevelt will plunge into the great game fields of East Africa. This ranch is owned by a young American, William N. McMillan, who has played a remarkable part in the development of Africa, and who keeps open house on the road by which sportsmen of all nations travel to the richest hunting ground in the world.

“OUR NATIONAL STAGE”

By JAMES L. FORD

MR. FORD believes that the variety and vaudeville stage has been the school in which many of the best American actors have had their training and has been directly responsible for the best American plays. Among the graduates of the variety stage Mr. Ford cites Denman Thompson, James A. Herne, Nat Goodwin, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, May Irwin, and many others.

McCLURE'S FOR MARCH

“A PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN”

BY T. S. CONANT

Most articles on Lincoln are colored by *post facto* evidence. To-day there is only one opinion about Lincoln; it is difficult for us to understand how there could ever have been two.

The painter T. S. Conant was commissioned to go to Springfield after Lincoln's nomination and paint a portrait of him. Mr. Conant was full of anti-abolition prejudices when he first met his sitter; he believed Lincoln to be the vulgarian, the story-telling, whisky-dealing, practical joker his enemies had made him out to be. The story of these sittings and of how Mr. Conant came to know the real Lincoln makes a very vivid and vital footnote to history.

MR. PARKER'S CLEVELAND PAPERS

“THE RETURN TO THE WHITE HOUSE”

The following are some of the interesting points covered in Mr. Parker's second article :

The Snap Convention at Albany and the Anti-Snappers.

William C. Whitney's Generalship in the Campaign of 1892.

The Important Conference at Whitney's Home Twelve Days before the Chicago Convention.

Campaign and Election. “Sir, it is a solemn thing to be President of the United States.”

Forming the Second Cabinet.

The “Lone Plowman” Letter.

The Venezuela Cloud and the Shakespeare Dinner.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Great Serial “MARRIAGE À LA MODE”

With the third instalment the scene of Mrs. Ward's story is transferred to England.

FIVE SHORT STORIES

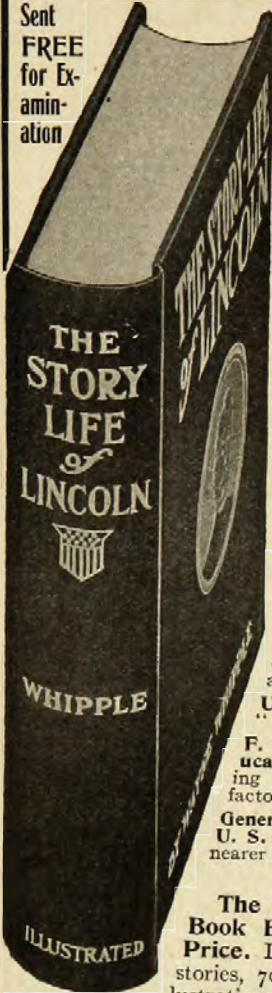
“Bibi Steinfeld's Hunting”	-	-	-	-	-	Eleanor Stuart
“The Reformation of Jack Ketch”	-	-	-	-	-	James Hopper
“Mrs. Sweeney's Vengeance”	-	-	-	-	-	Charles R. Barnes
“The Fountain Light”	-	-	-	-	-	Fielding Ball
“The Vacant Road”	-	-	-	-	-	George Kibbe Turner

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but are arranged in their
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to know Lincoln just as
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factory to the profound student."

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U. S. Army—**"Will bring us all
nearer to Lincoln than ever before."

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Travel

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Cities and
Countries

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and 20
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4,000
Half-tone
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30 Full-Page
Color Plates

(and you can
secure all of
them for a
few cents
a day)

A Tour of the World!

What a fascinating prospect these magic words conjure up! *A Tour of the World!* The first enchanting glimpse into the lands that lie beyond our doors; the mingling with entirely new peoples, the viewing of strange scenes and customs; the phenomenal mind-broadening it effects; the liberal education it conveys!

Perhaps you have longed many times to make this marvelous trip yourself, only to be obliged to dispel the idea because of business, health, family ties, or the question of finances. Is this so? *Then—*

Perhaps, too, you are not aware of the fact that all the pleasures, experiences and value of such a tour may be had for a tithe the cost of an actual tour, and without stirring from your own threshold!

We are prepared to demonstrate this to you.


If you will avail yourself of this opportunity to secure the **Burton Holmes Travelogues**, you will retain more vivid recollections of a trip through the strangest parts of the world, with the famous world-traveller, E. Burton Holmes, as companion and guide, than if you had made the actual tour alone.

In a series of splendid journeys Mr. Holmes unfolds before your eyes the beauties of travel in foreign lands, with such narrative skill, with so many strange experiences, incidents and humorous episodes, and so admirably illustrated by over 4,000 photographs taken on the spot by Mr. Holmes himself as to carry you in spirit over 22,000 miles of

travel through thirty of the most interesting countries and cities of the world.

It would cost you \$50,000.00 and many years of your time to take these journeys; but don't take our word for it

—WRITE US TODAY and we will send you a beautifully illustrated booklet containing sample pages and color plates—a full description of the work, and tell you how you may secure the TRAVELOGUES for a few cents a day.

Mail the Coupon *Now* 

**McClure's
Tourists'
Agency**

44 E. 23d St.
New York
City

**McClure's
Tourists'
Agency**

44 East 23d Street, New York City

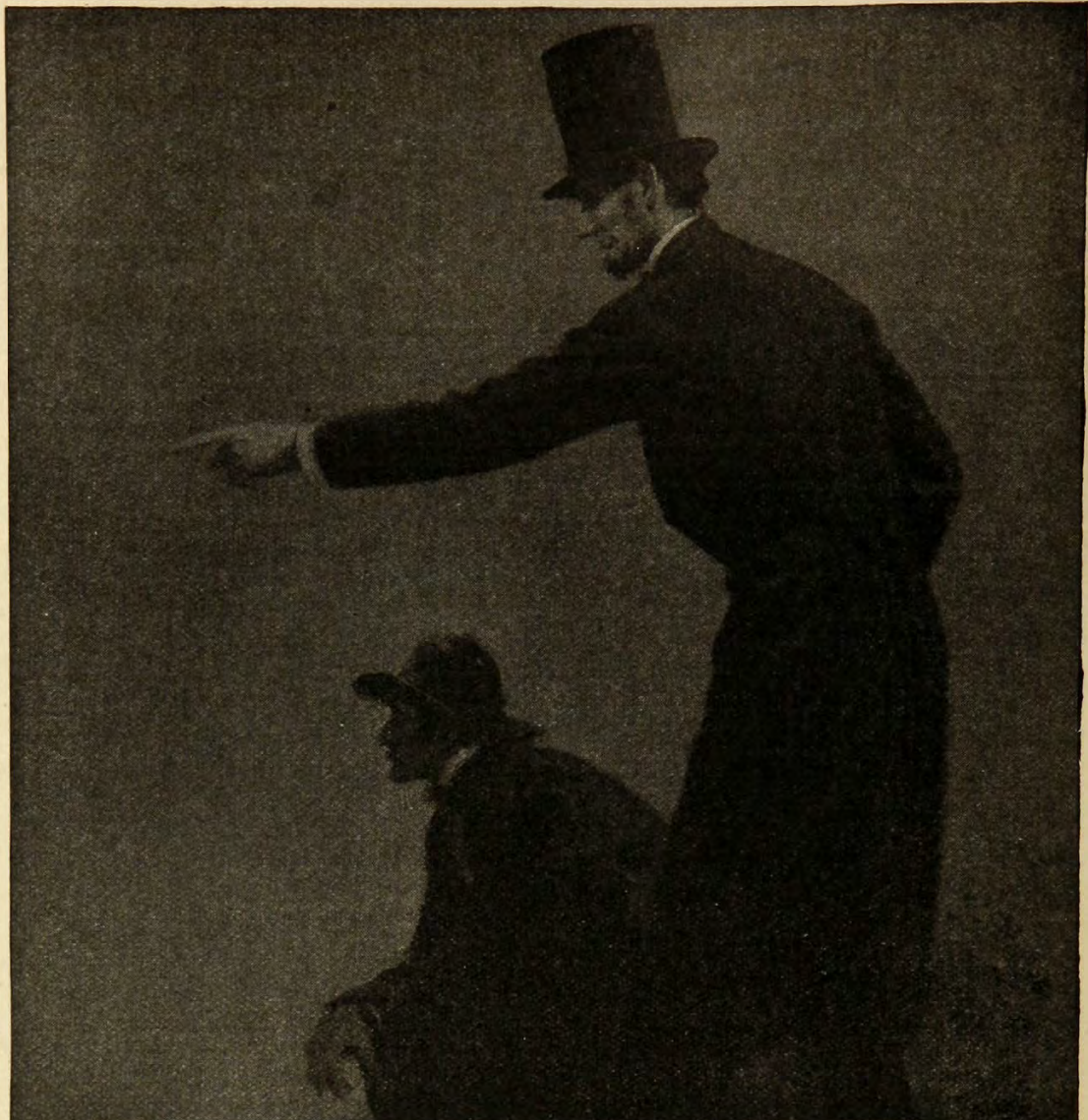
Gentlemen:—I am interested in the **Burton Holmes Travelogues** and will be glad to receive specimen pages in colors and to learn the terms upon which I can secure the ten handsome volumes referred to in the foregoing advertisement.

Name.....

Address.....

Feb.
McClure's

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL TODAY



THIS picture is one of a series of remarkable paintings made by Blendon Campbell for

“Father Abraham”

a noble and beautiful story of

Lincoln and the Soldiers

written by Ida M. Tarbell and published in the February number of



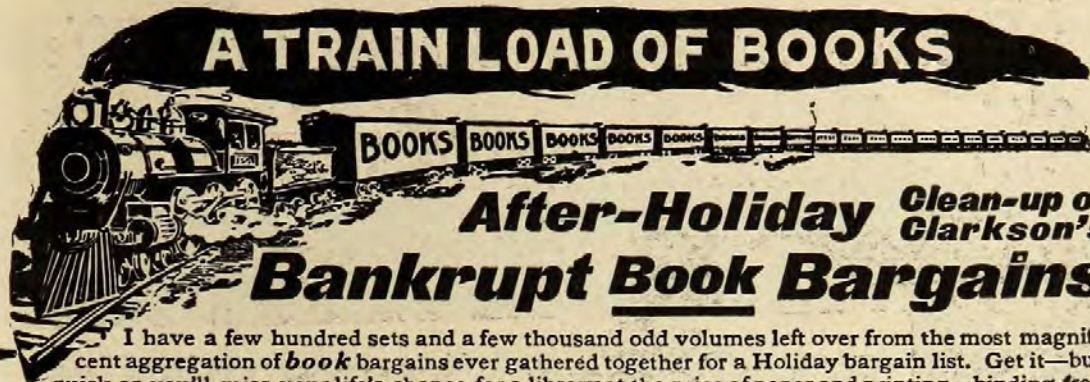
The
**American
Magazine**



The Phillips Publishing Co., 341 5th Avenue, New York

“AND IT'S NUTHIN' BUT ONE BIG HOSPITAL, BILLY”

A TRAIN LOAD OF BOOKS



After-Holiday Clean-up of Clarkson's Bankrupt Book Bargains

I have a few hundred sets and a few thousand odd volumes left over from the most magnificent aggregation of *book* bargains ever gathered together for a Holiday bargain list. Get it—buy quick or you'll miss your life's chance for a library at the price of paper and printing—binding free. The panic forced many book publishers to the wall. Others had to have money to avoid failure. Result: I bought tremendous quantities of new *standard* books and *library sets* at my own price, and am now closing them out quick at 10 cents to 50 cents on the dollar.

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Sample Prices—New Books

Late Copyright Fiction—were \$1.50. My Price, 38c. List includes "FIGHTING CHANCE," "HALF A ROGUE," "SATAN SANDERSON," "NEDRA," "BLACK BAG," "THE YOKE," "THE SPOILERS," and hundreds of others at from 38c to 45c. These bargain prices will prevail only while this stock lasts.

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Dante's Inferno, Dore illustrations	6.00	.90	International Science Library, 16 vols.	24.50	8.50
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Twentieth Century Atlas	7.50	1.75	Napoleon's Notes on History	4.70	1.20
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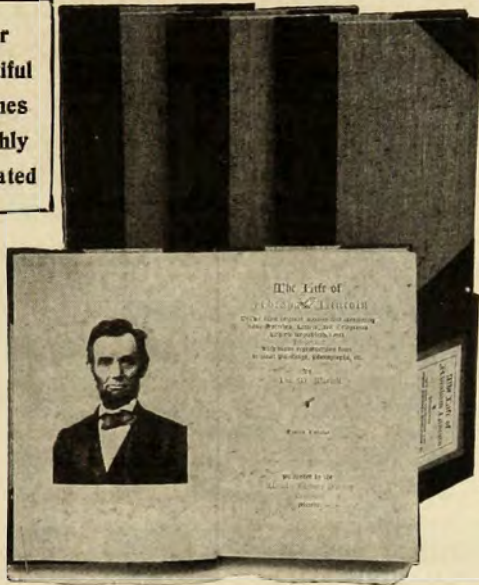
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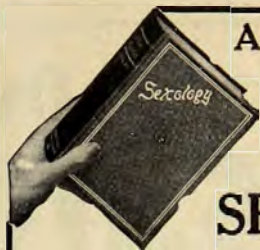
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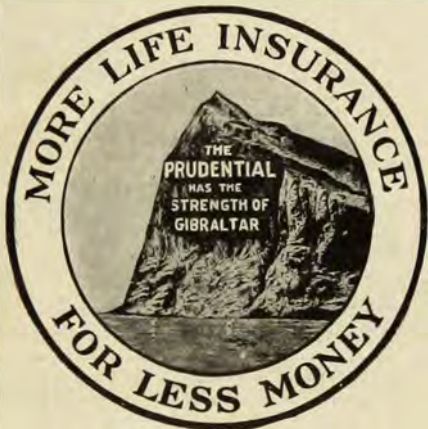
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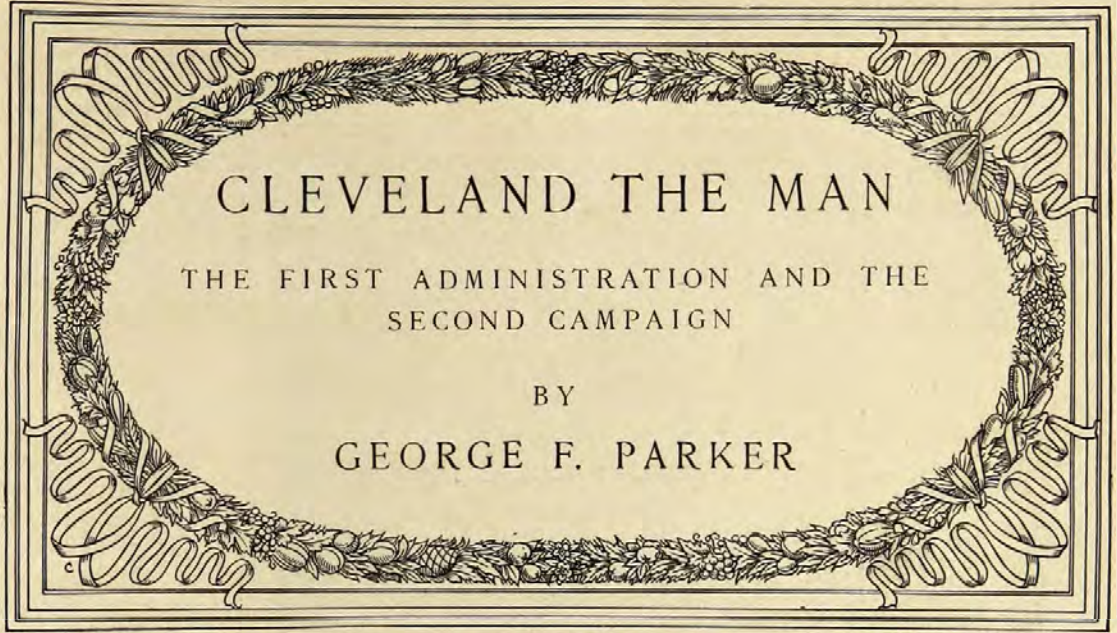
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GROVER CLEVELAND
FROM THE PAINTING BY EASTMAN
JOHNSON, IN THE WHITE HOUSE

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 4



ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PRINCETON, Oct. 7, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. PARKER: I have lately had a letter from Henry L. Nelson, whom you know well — now a professor in Williams College — informing me that he has a commission from the *North American Review* to write something about me, and asking me if I can furnish any material in his aid outside of the State Papers and "Presidential Problems" which he already has.

You know how thoroughly incompetent I am in this matter and how little I know about myself; but I confess to a desire that, at some time, there should be written by some one, some things that will present the personal traits and disposition that have given direction to my public, as well as personal, conduct.

I have written to Professor Nelson telling him of the book of speeches and letters you compiled in 1892 and saying that of all men you would be the best to consult. If he applies to you I shall greatly appreciate any efforts you make in aid of the presentability of what he intends to write.

Sincerely yours,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

George F. Parker, Esq.,
New York.

In the matter of personal friendships, Mr. Cleveland's life was divided into two parts, almost as distinct from each other as was his early professional and business career from his better known and shorter public career. Change

of scene, change of idea and purpose, and change of outlook upon the world combined to make new associations a necessity. He never consciously forgot or neglected his old friends for new ones; but the whole progress of his life was more like a transformation than a mere shifting of position and work.

When he became Governor he did not take with him to Albany one man with whom he had been intimate during the years preceding 1883. His private secretary was a stranger to him; he had never seen the man who was to be his confidential political adviser, Edgar K. Apgar, and I doubt very much whether he had even heard of him. Not one friend in Buffalo was preferred for an influential place. He did take with him, both to Albany and Washington, his butler, William Sinclair, whom at his club he had come to know as a trustworthy and efficient servant.

No man from Buffalo or from his old home district was even seriously considered when it came to choosing his first Cabinet. Generally speaking, he had a gift for looking past the man of minor importance and seeing the man of real power. Every nomination for office had come

to him with only the smallest seeking on his part, and so largely as a result of his availability for the place, that his obligation to his associates was always minimized.

Mr. Cleveland often expressed the opinion that the people of Buffalo scarcely appreciated the difficulty of his position after he had been drafted into the service of the State and the country. He believed that, as both Governor and President, he would have been far more popular in Buffalo if he had never lived there. During the presidential interim from 1889 to 1893 it required a great deal more persuasion to get him to accept a series of invitations from Buffalo than it did to convince him that he ought to go to twenty or thirty other places.

His real friends were always considerate and brought no severe or undue pressure upon him; but the smaller politicians, the ambitious men, who thought that, in the accident of geography, their time had come, flocked in great numbers to Albany or to Washington, and, when they failed to get what they wanted, their cry of disappointment rent the air. As a result, Cleveland

was unpopular in Buffalo, and he both knew and resented it.

Cleveland went to Washington the first time with few intimate friendships or associations resulting from his two years' active work in New York State politics. Perhaps it would be safe to say that there were not more than two of his political associates in New York who became his intimate friends. These were Daniel S. Lamont and Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, in Cleveland's relation to whom there was never variation or the shadow of turning.



GROVER CLEVELAND

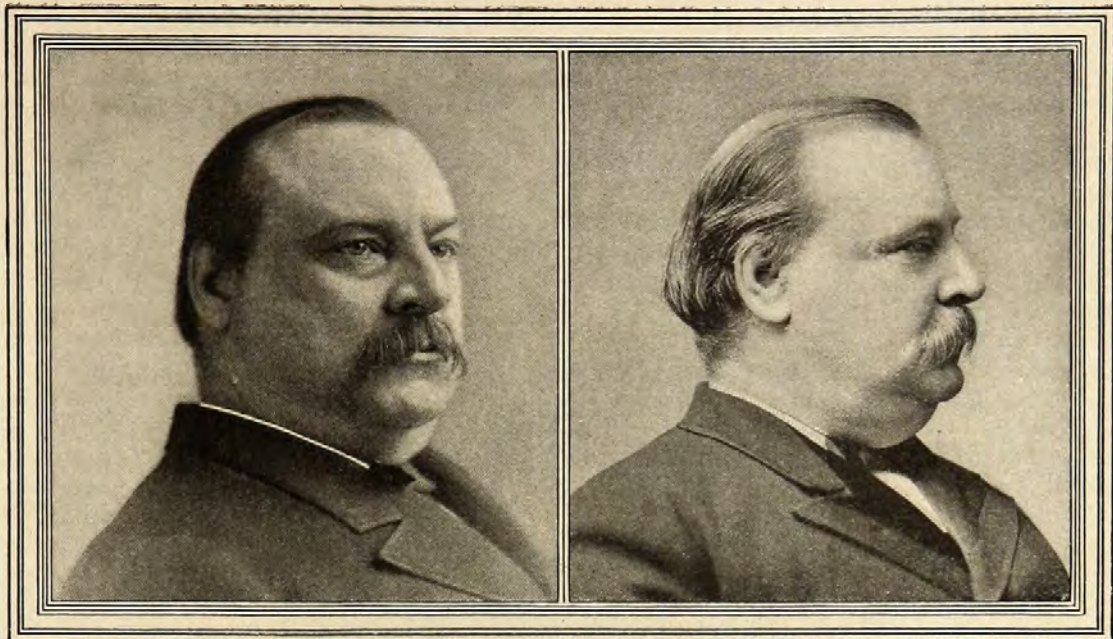
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1882, THE YEAR THAT HE WAS ELECTED GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

A few days before the Fourth of July, 1888, I received, at my home in New York, a telegram from Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, private secretary to the President, asking me to report to him at the Executive Mansion in Washington on the following day, ready to take up the work of preparing the Democratic Campaign Text-Book for that year. I arrived at the White House at the time fixed, only to find that the secretary's idea of what he wanted

from me was very vague. He did, however, make it clear that he wished me to do the work in consultation with him, and we arranged that I should return to Washington on the following Monday. Colonel Lamont agreed to procure for me convenient offices in Washington, and to arrange for the necessary assistants, secretaries, and clerical staff. Upon my return, early in the morning of the day fixed, I reported to him, told him I was ready to begin, and asked where I was to do my work. "Oh," he said, "I have not been able to get rooms sufficiently

convenient to the Executive Mansion and so I have concluded to give you an office here."

Thereupon I was assigned to a large and convenient bedroom immediately over the portico and next to the President's work-room. It was an interesting place in which to work, but I soon saw that my work must be done without assistance. It was not feasible to intrust the most delicate of party tasks to any miscellaneous collection of persons, such as must enter into the make-up of a clerical staff. I set about my task single-handed, and continued it without the aid of so much as a copyist or a stenographer



TWO PORTRAITS OF GROVER CLEVELAND, TAKEN IN 1884 AND 1888, AT THE BEGINNING AND END OF HIS FIRST TERM AS PRESIDENT

to help in even the most formal of correspondence.

The Campaign Text-Book, as planned, was to present, as completely as the short time permitted, a history of the Administration just then near its close and of the wonderful personality, then little understood, that lay behind it. It was necessary to compile a complete history of every department and independent bureau or division of the government service, in order, not only to show what it had done, but wherein it had adopted improved methods and so corrected the abuses incident to former management. I began work in July, and the book had to be written, printed, and ready for distribution by the first of September. It may well be believed that, in those long, hot weeks of July and August, I had need of both patience and industry.

The President at His Desk

I could not have had a better example of either than I soon discovered in the President's work-room across the hall. I fell into the way of working until about one o'clock in the morning, and, because of the oppressive heat, I kept the door of my room wide open. Often, during the hours around midnight, I would step into the hall, in hope of getting a stray breath of air. Once it so happened that, as I looked across the hall to the half-open door turned toward mine, I saw, upon its polished surface, the reflection of the hand of a man, writing with a patience

and an industry that amazed me. I knew that the President was at his desk.

I used to ask the watchmen, when I went to my task in the morning, at what hour the President had knocked off work the preceding night. I found that it was generally about three o'clock in the morning, although sometimes, when he had finished some severe task that he had set himself, he would stop at two o'clock. I usually stopped work at one o'clock, but I did, once or twice, hang on until two, in the hope that I might, if only for once, show an endurance equal to that of the man next door, whose greediness for work had become proverbial.

It was only natural that my curiosity should lead me to wonder what it was that the President of the United States could be doing or could find to do at such an hour, after he had given a full day to the duties incident to his office. I soon learned that by nine o'clock each morning this marvel of industry had risen, dressed, breakfasted, and was at his desk, giving the early morning hours to his correspondence or to consultation with his secretary. Often he invited some one to breakfast with him, in order to discuss some urgent or left-over piece of public business.

A striking illustration of his methods during the first administration — and this was typical of his whole official life — came to my knowledge during the weeks of my life in the room across the hall and was told me by the pardon clerk of the Department of Justice, Alexander R. Boteler:

Cleveland's Painstaking Methods

"I had been pardon clerk for some time under President Arthur, and so I thought I knew something of the way to handle applications for pardons and commutations. In the course of time there had developed a routine from which there were few departures. The applications were first taken up in my Bureau, where the case was carefully examined, and a recommendation made, after which a memorandum was prepared and sent to the Attorney-General for his action, which was generally an approval of the work of his Department. After this a statement of each case, duly docketed, would go to the President, generally carried by the pardon clerk; sometimes, though rarely, by the Attorney-General himself. As the pardon or the commutation of sentence passed by the courts was an exercise of pure executive power, the President must sign them.

"In my earlier experience the President's action had been merely formal: generally an approval of the course recommended by the Department. The first time I went to President Cleveland on this official errand, I was sent for at night — this, of itself, being a departure from traditional methods. However, I assumed that the President would keep me only for the usual few minutes necessary for signing the recommendations of his chief judicial adviser. When the first case came before him, I found I had made a mistake. He opened the papers, and began to read them through from beginning to end, and that, too, in his slow-moving, deliberate way. He next proceeded to ask me questions about the merits of the case. As I was taken un-

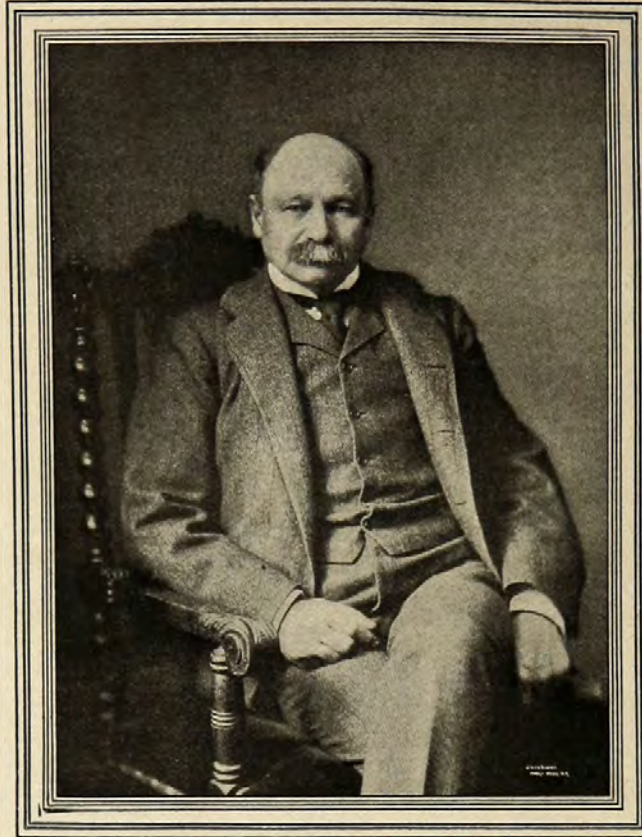
aware, I was not prepared to answer these pointed inquiries, with the result that the application was referred back to the Department, with instructions to get the papers and also to reply to certain questions he had asked.

"I feared I had made a rather sorry showing at this first important conference with the President, and began to be apprehensive lest the Department might suffer in his eyes. I was reassured when the President told me that this

particular duty seemed to him quite the most important and solemn that, in the full plenitude of his authority and responsibility, he had to perform. He did not criticize any of his predecessors for conducting the business in a way different from his own, but he at once made new requirements regarding the handling of applications for pardons, and especially as to the manner of their submission to him. All the accompanying papers were to be given to him, with the recommendations of the Department. The petitions, the letters from judges or jurymen; the previous record of

the applicant; the time that had elapsed between his arrest and his conviction; the character of the prisoner and of his work before sentence; his conduct since, and all facts that could, by any possibility, bear upon the case, were to be available if, in the President's judgment, they were needed.

"When this record was made up and submitted, the President would often keep me for hours, going over all the features of the case as carefully as if he were trying it in a court of original jurisdiction. He was not satisfied even then, but when a decision was reached — never hurriedly or formally — he would prepare



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COLONEL DANIEL S. LAMONT

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND DURING HIS FIRST ADMINISTRATION, AND SECRETARY OF WAR IN CLEVELAND'S SECOND CABINET

the memoranda that were to be filed in the Department. In the more difficult cases he would take the papers, go over them himself in all their details, and so delay his decision until he had thoroughly satisfied himself of the merits of the application.

The Case of the Poor Indian

"I recall one instance, among many, which not only illustrated his method of dealing with pardons and commutations, but also showed his sensibility. Out in the Indian Territory an Indian, an idle and, I fear, a very bad one, had killed another of his own sort in a drunken brawl. The case appeared to be a perfectly straight and clear one, but when I brought Mr. Cleveland the papers, I saw that he was interested and that he was not likely to be satisfied with the Department recommendation that the law should take its course. The record was an elaborate one, even as we had prepared it, but it was still insufficient to satisfy the President and his scruples. There was none too much time to act, so he delayed the execution and called for the full shorthand report of the trial. He instructed us to procure further letters from the judges, the district attorney, and the jurors. When they were submitted, he went over all these with the most elaborate and painstaking care, and finally disposed of the case in a memorandum of a few words, granting a commutation.

"When he had come to a decision in this case he said to me: 'Boteler, I could not have slept nights if this man had been hanged because of a declination or failure on my part to look into his case. He is only a poor Indian, but I cannot

forget that he has nobody else in the world to look after him and to see that his rights are fully preserved.'

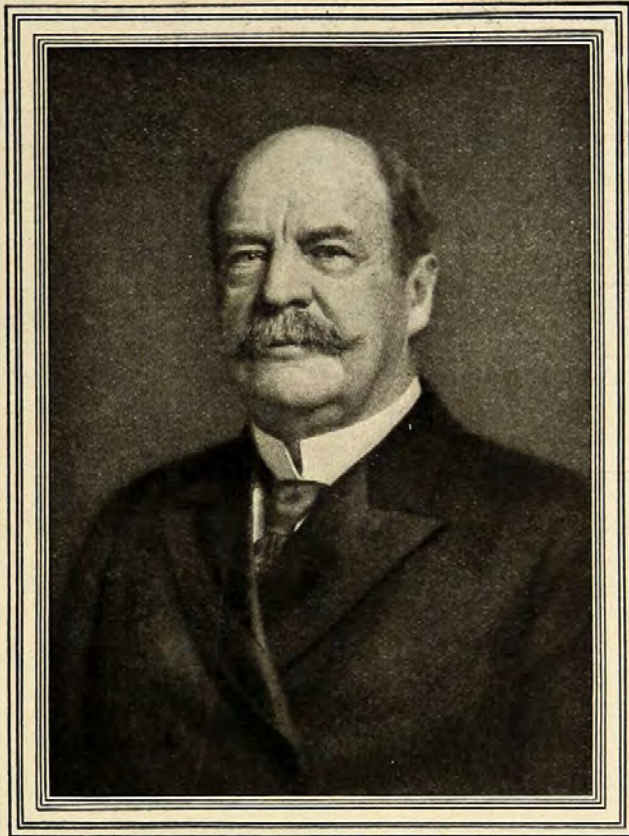
"At another time there came before him the case of a cashier who had stolen money from a national bank. The strongest pressure was brought to induce the President to pardon him, but when he signed the memorandum of refusal he said to me: 'We must not forget that this man has robbed poor men, women, and children. I will not pardon any such man, because his offense endangers the foundations of business honor.'

Probably there was no man in whose judgment Mr. Cleveland had greater confidence, or to whom he was more communicative upon large issues of politics and administration, than Mr. John P. Irish, of California. I have a letter from Mr. Irish in which he tells the following story:

Why Cleveland Did Not Go to the War

"I was with Mr. Cleveland when the excitement broke like a storm over the country because of his order for the return of the battle flags taken during the Civil War. I asked him if he recalled Senator Sumner's speech opposing the placing in the Capitol of any permanent memorial or work of art to exult over the vanquishment of the South. He asked me to find the record and have it published. I did so, including the resolution of the Massachusetts legislature bitterly censuring Sumner for the speech, and the subsequent expunging of that resolution while the Senator was dying.

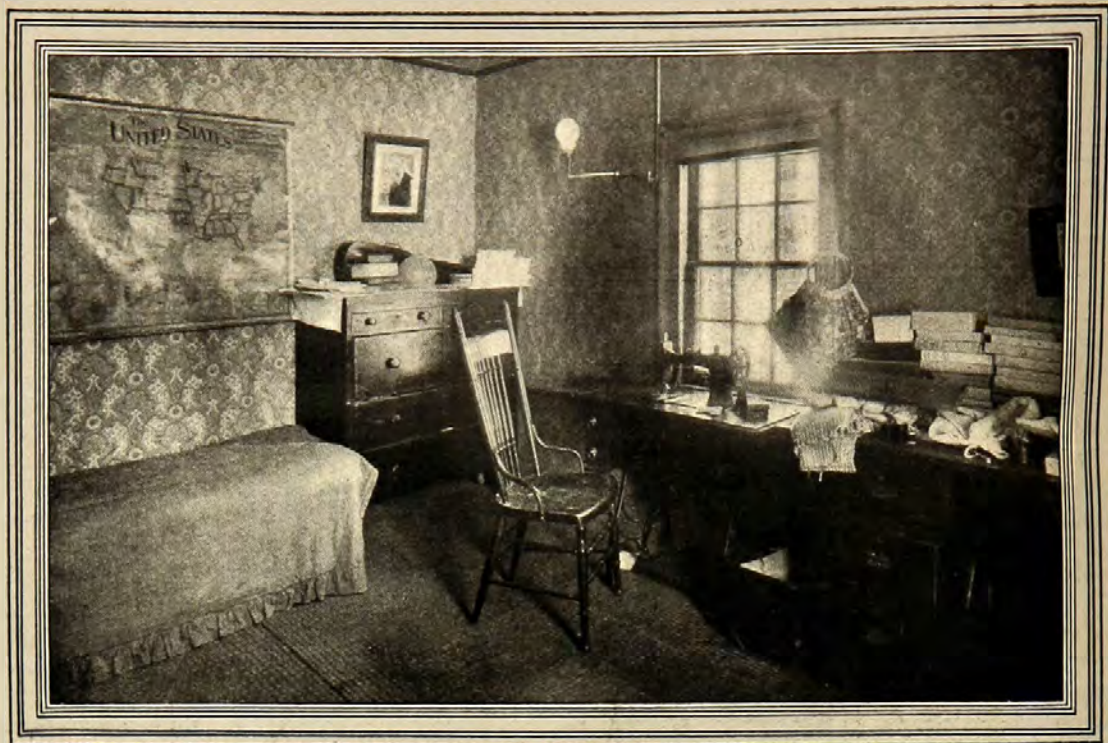
"The next morning the papers were full of denunciation of the President, and published a statement by General Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, to the effect that he had received the



Photographed by Pach Brothers

DR. JOSEPH D. BRYANT

A POLITICAL ASSOCIATE AND CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND OF GROVER CLEVELAND



THE ROOM AT CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY, WHERE CLEVELAND WAS BORN
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1908

first notice of the President's battle flag order from his old comrade in arms, General Drum, adjutant-general of the United States Army. When I called Mr. Cleveland's attention to this, he drew from his desk an official letter from Drum, written some months before, recommending that the President issue the order for the return of the captured flags as an act of amity toward the South. I was astonished at this revelation, and said: 'Of course you will publish Drum's letter.' The President simply said, 'No. The order was mine. I do not wish to divide the responsibility. I have examined the matter and find that I had no legal authority to issue such an order and I have recalled it.'

"Then, with a look of pain, he said, 'See how I am misjudged. It is charged in the press that I had no sympathy with the Union armies. When the war came there were three men of fighting age in our family. We were poor, and mother and sisters depended on us for support. We held a family council and decided that two of us should enlist in the Union army and the third stay home for the support of the family. We decided it by drawing cuts. The two long and one short pieces of paper were put by mother in the leaves of the old family Bible. She held it while we drew. My two brothers drew the long slips, and at once enlisted, and I abided by my duty to the helpless women. Later on I was drafted and borrowed a thousand

dollars to hire a substitute, and it took years of hard work to repay that loan. So of three men of fighting age, our family furnished three recruits for the Union army, and I would have been a monster if I had had no sympathy with that cause for which my brothers were fighting and for which I had sacrificed.'"

III

After seven weeks of work in my room at the White House, I was transferred to the committee headquarters in New York. It would be idle to discuss here that ill-starred campaign of '88, with its incompetent management, its wasted effort, its lack of sympathy with the candidate and all he stood for. The four years that followed this defeat, however, were to show that the man and the issue still remained.

Two days before the expiration of his first term, I made a special visit to Washington to see the outgoing President, fearful that in my time no other Democrat might again fill the office. I found him still sternly attached to the tariff issue he had raised, regretful on its account only, not on his own, and wholly disdainful of ambition for the future. He manifested no interest in the movement in his favor—which from the moment of his defeat began to take on importance.

When he came to New York for residence and

was settled in his office at 45 William Street, I called to pay my respects. Although I heard much of his movements through Colonel Lamont and other friends, I seldom saw him during that summer. He was absent a great deal, and when at home he was adjusting himself to new and strange surroundings. It was his first experience of life in a large city, and the whole environment was strange to him, as it remained to the end. He accepted few invitations, made only two or three speeches—in reply to conventional welcomes—and slowly settled down to a new routine.

Rise of the pro-Cleveland Sentiment

It was not long before a sentiment of regret for Cleveland's defeat and premature retirement from public life began to manifest itself throughout the country. Perhaps its first open avowal was made a month after his retirement, upon the occasion of the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington. The feeling was unconsciously stimulated by a remarkable sermon preached in St. Paul's Chapel on that occasion by the late Bishop Potter. It was, in every sense, a lofty and non-partizan treatment of the great questions of the day, but, somehow, in the public mind it was associated

with approval of the President who had just retired.

About the middle of the following November Colonel Lamont said to me one day when I happened to be in his office: "I wish you would run over and see the President. He is going to make a speech in Boston some time next month, and he has not even the smallest idea of how to get it distributed. I am too much engaged to help, and so I have told him that I would send you over and that you would attend to it. At any rate, go and discuss the matter with him."

This address was the first important one he had made since leaving the Presidency. It was to be delivered before the Merchants' Association of Boston, on December 12th of that year. I found him very nervous about it, for he had scarcely yet had time to feel the change in the public temper.

Ballot reform was then in its infancy, and so he determined to make it the principal topic of his discourse. The speech had been blocked out, the first or second revision had been made, and it had been read to Colonel Lamont and one or two friends. They had not wholly approved the strong position he had taken, and had vainly endeavored to get him to modify it. He read the speech over to me and made two or three



CLEVELAND'S FIRST INAUGURATION, MARCH 4, 1885



MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS ELDEST SON, RICHARD
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT WESTLAND, THE CLEVELAND HOUSE AT PRINCETON

verbal changes. In discussing the passages to which Colonel Lamont had objected, he used very positive language, declaring that he would never eliminate these sentences. As often happened, his judgment was more than justified by the result.

He made another fair copy and this too was read aloud for further criticism. It was sent to the printer of the weekly paper of which I was then the editor, and the proofs were read with unusual care. As I had been called in primarily to advise upon the distribution to the press, this question was very fully discussed, with a good many ups and downs. Mr. Cleveland wanted to limit the distribution to about twenty or thirty selected papers; but I stood for a universal distribution to morning newspapers and only through the Press Associations, of which there were then two, with no copies to individual editors or papers, not even to his friends. This inaugurated the policy of at once giving his utterances to the whole country upon a given date and thus avoiding any possible charge of favoritism: a policy which was to have far-reaching effects.

Cleveland's Distrust of Editors

He agreed to this, and so it was arranged that about five hundred copies should be printed; but we differed again about the date on which the matter should be furnished to the Associations for distribution. It was before the days of limited fast trains to the Pacific Coast, and so I stood for the seven days then necessary to assure delivery in the remotest parts of the country. He had then, as always, the very strongest distrust of newspaper editors, so that when we finally compromised upon five days, he accompanied his concession with a final grumble: "You will find yourself betrayed by some one, and I shall be speaking an address which has already been published somewhere." He was not satisfied even when assured that in such a case we could punish the offending papers. Some days after the earlier copies had gone out through one of the Press Associations, an oversight was discovered which made it necessary to send out some supplementary supplies. When I notified him of this, he forwarded them, but wrote me, only two days before the delivery of the address in Boston, the following letter:

45 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1889.

DEAR MR. PARKER: I send the copies of the address as you requested. I am afraid you will be "too previous" if you send to the Pittsburgh papers to-day. I think it would be better to wait to mail them at such a time as will put them in the hands of the editors not earlier than Thursday afternoon. They ought not to be kicking about a newspaper office very long before the thing is delivered.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

George F. Parker, Esq.,
57 Broadway.

There was no premature publication; his speech was printed letter perfect as delivered, in practically every paper in the United States; the suspected editors had had time to study what he said and to comment upon it with intelligence; and he was both pleased and surprised at the reception his address commanded throughout the country.

From that time until the end of his life I handled for him, in this way, something like sixty or seventy speeches and letters, and there was never a single abuse of the press privilege. Although he never lost his suspicion of the individual editor or reporter, it was never necessary, after this first successful experiment, to ask what time he would give for reaching the country.

Opening Gun of the Third Campaign

Although Mr. Cleveland neither knew nor intended it, this Boston speech of December, 1889, was the opening gun in the campaign for

his third nomination and his second election. His friends, especially those in Boston, had not lost sight of this hope. Soon thereafter, probably upon my first long visit to his house — which was early substituted for the office as a place to discuss his new work of dealing with the public — I raised this question of his re-nomination. He disavowed all idea of a return to public life in any capacity, and concerning a reelection he said: "Why should I have any desire or purpose of returning to the Presidency? It involves a responsibility almost beyond human strength for a man who brings any conscience to the discharge of his duties. Besides, I feel somehow that I made a creditable showing during my first term, all things considered, and I might lose whatever of character and reputation I have already gained in it. I do not want the office and, above all, I do not feel that I can take the risk involved in a second term after the intervention of one by another man and an opposing party. It would be necessary for me to start new again, and I do not feel equal to it."

It was useless to urge that he would be able to render a service to the country which would be infinitely greater than anything he had done in his first term. I make no doubt that this colloquy, in practically the same language, was repeated between us more than a score of times during the thirty months following his Boston address. Until within a few months of the Chicago Convention he never failed to insist that he did not want to be a candidate, and, at the

Already has
You know how thoroughly
incompetent I am in this matter
and how little I know of about
myself; but I confess to a desire
that at some time, there should be
written by some one, some things
that will present the personal
traits and disposition that ^{have} given
direction to my public, as well
as personal conduct.

FACSIMILE OF CLEVELAND'S LETTER TO MR. PARKER, IN WHICH HE ASKS MR. PARKER TO HELP IN THE PRESENTATION OF HIS PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY

very last, he consented with great reluctance. This attitude did not arise from any mock modesty, or from any disinclination to yield to the judgment of his friends and partizan followers. He had held the office, he had tried his own capacities, and had no illusions about either it or himself.

Once the way was open in this matter of influencing the country, it became next to impossible to stop. He had no friend who was not convinced, after the Merchants' Association address, that his renomination in 1892 was both a patriotic and a party necessity. It would be difficult to exaggerate the spontaneous outburst of feeling that came from every part of the country, and from the people themselves. Hitherto, in his short public career, he had not had many opportunities to feel the popular pulse through public speaking. He had never undertaken to interpret his public acts. He did not give much heed to the swelling tide of approval as it came to him in the press. He was never greatly impressed with this as a form of public sentiment. Now, however, began that flood of private letters which showed, far more conclusively, that he was really in the way to be understood by his countrymen,—and for this he was far more desirous than for distinction or continuance in public office.

He was soon flooded with requests to speak and found it difficult even to answer these invitations, to say nothing of accepting them. He disliked public speaking, and, as I have elsewhere said, it was difficult for him to make the necessary preparation. It was not long before he found himself writing somewhat elaborate letters of regret—efforts which demanded nearly as much work in the way of preparation as a speech. As these were nearly always printed in the local press and thus gradually found their way into wider circulation, the pressure in-

creased, and he soon found that, whether he wanted it so or not, much of his time had to be given up to the public.

During the year that followed the Boston address, he avoided political and especially party questions as far as possible. He had to make a great number of speeches, generally in or near New York, upon religious, charitable, literary, and professional questions. Every address was distributed by the system already described, and with as much care as possible. The exalted position he had held, aided by his new popularity in the country, procured the very widest publicity for everything that he said or wrote. Millions of people who had never known him as anything except a political figure, found out that he had thought out sensible, rational opinions upon a vast range of subjects. His addresses were never so frequent as to pall, and they were always short and so fitting as at once to command publication and to attract readers. He did not indulge in the cheap humor then so common and not yet extinct, so that his character as a man of serious mind never suffered.

Never was a better or surer foundation laid for effective political work. From this time onward, the demands for interpretations of his policy came from every part of the country. Practically every State took care of itself. During all this preliminary period, which continued until February 22, 1892, no man was asked for money, nobody was paid a single cent for services, and no general conference was either called or held. There were no agents traveling here and there, there was no steam-roller—nothing but a strong underlying attachment for a man and a cause. When it was all over, there was left no distinctively Cleveland machine which could be used again for this or any other purpose.

The next Cleveland article will take up the election of 1892, Cleveland's second term, the formation of his second Cabinet, and Cleveland's Venezuela policy





CAMILLA'S MARRIAGE

BY MARY S. WATTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

THROUGHOUT the day I had been conscious as I rode that the silence of this northern country-side was, in reality, no silence at all, but one constant unobtrusive small noise, made up of a thousand others, indistinguishable, as minute and dainty as the whirring of a bee. The patches of shadowy woods, the environing folds and pastures, were full of a tiny, gentle bustle; so that the creaking of a wain, a carter's whistle, or the hoof-beat of another

horse upon the road made an effect disproportionately loud and abrupt. This last it was that started me out of a drowse into which I had fallen, nodding in the saddle as I jogged along. So far, other travelers had been infrequent, for my path lay apart, unvisited by coaches or post-riders; and now the echoes of their advance — two horsemen, as I guessed — were flung out and dispersed among the hill-sides with a formidable uproar. I drew rein at the top of a little rising ground to listen; the

sound was to the rear, but they were not yet in sight. All before me the landscape lay empty to the eye, still as if enchanted, save when a light, noiseless wind arose, and the standing grain in a field by the roadside fled before it in dissolving ridges, green or tawny; the narrow shadows of the trees were reaching toward the east; an unstable spire of smoke, based upon some hidden chimney, stood at the horizon. I think I never encountered a thing stranger to the senses than this idle picture, and the contrasting speed and fury of the viewless cavalry drawing near. There was something in this noisy haste that pricked one's curiosity, so alien was it to that dull, peaceable, and pastoral atmosphere; and I went on slowly, attending with a good deal of vague conjecture the moment when they should overtake me.

This happened very shortly; their horses were at the gallop, separated by several lengths, to judge from the bawling conversation I could hear, and presently the foremost one charged up the slight ascent I had just climbed, crested it, and bore down upon me with a volley of shouts. I dodged to one side barely in time, and he bolted by, sawing vainly at his horse's mouth, succeeded finally in pulling up some hundred paces farther, wheeled, and swept back again, coming at last to a halt abreast of me in the middle of the road. "Stand, sir!" he bellowed, absolutely without pausing to take breath, and flourishing an excited gesture with his whip. "Stand, you scoundrel! You'd scurry across the Border, would you? You'd elope, would you? You'd kidnap — Hey! Oh — ah — um —!" And, after having begun at the top of his lungs, with a violence of demeanor truly alarming to see in an elderly gentleman who was plainly of a plethoric or apoplectic habit of body, he abruptly lapsed away into confused rumblings and at length complete silence, with a face of absurd discomfiture.

He was a stout, ruddy man, upward of sixty, I should think; his dress somehow appeared to have been flung on in a hurry, and was further disordered by hard riding. In fact, he could not keep up this gait much longer, I noted inwardly, for his horse was almost blown. It was a stalwart bay hunter, but now stood with drooped head and legs a-spraddle, the sweat running on its neck and flanks. The old gentleman let the reins fall slack, and, taking off his hat, mopped his head and face with the furious energy that seemed characteristic of all his movements.

"Sir," he said vehemently, "I beg your pardon! You are not the man I took you for. I

am in great haste — in pursuit, sir, of a rascal, a sneaking, stealing rascal —" The mere recital of these terms moved him to fresh rage. It was impossible for him to get any redder, but his little blue eyes flamed; his voice rose; he menaced the heavens with his whip. "You look exactly like him! And, hearing of your passage along this road some way back, from a carrier we chanced upon, we've been following you ever since. I — I hope you will overlook the informality of my address — in the circumstances it was a very natural mistake."

"Don't mention it," said I suavely. "You are a constable, I suppose?"

"Sir," said the old gentleman, drawing himself up, "I am Major Lowther, late his Majesty's Two-hundred-and-first Regiment of Foot."

"Indeed?" said I, exhibiting every symptom of surprise. "In the circumstances it was a very natural mistake —" And where this interchange of courtesies might have ended there is no saying, for, perhaps luckily, we were interrupted at that moment by the arrival of Major Lowther's companion. He came on at a decent, temperate trot, seeing us already in parley, and was no sooner within speaking distance than he called out in a high, rasping voice: "Well, Bryan, I hope you're satisfied that this is *not* the man! Was I right or wrong?"

"Solomon," said the Major humbly, "the description answered, and I could swear —"

"Swearing won't mend matters, nor help us a foot farther," said the other, without paying any attention to my presence. "I should like to know — I should really like to know, Bryan, what you propose doing now? Here we are thirty miles from home; you've wasted an hour on this false scent; you've all but foundered your horse; the afternoon's getting on; and we know no more where your daughter and the young man are than we did this morning in the beginning of this wild-goose chase! I decline to share the responsibility for all this, Bryan — I trust that you remember that every several thing you have done has been against my explicit opinion and advice. You've got nobody but yourself to thank for it." All of which long speech he delivered in a style of patient resignation, infinitely more exasperating than the stormiest reproaches; and finished with his hands clasped on the saddle-bow, looking off across the landscape with a kind of sad detachment like a martyr. He was long, lean, soberly dressed, and middle-aged, with a sallow, dyspeptic face, as unlike the Major as could well be imagined; and it was evident the latter stood in some awe of him, for he stuttered



“MY SERVICE TO YOU, MISS, AND MY NAME’S ANN DOLLOP”



“JOIN YOUR RIGHT HANDS,” SAID HE.”

and fidgeted and looked aside during the above address like any school-boy convicted of a misdemeanor.

"Of course, of course, Solomon," he said anxiously. "You were right — you're generally right — and I'm generally hasty —"

"If you were to substitute *always* for *generally* in both those clauses, Bryan, you'd be nearer the truth," said the thin man calmly. "I will now repeat the series of deductions which I attempted to outline to you before. When a young man runs away with a young woman, he runs away *with* her — they don't separate — I am putting it in the simplest language so that you will have no difficulty in following me — I say they don't separate and go traipsing off singly. Now, the carrier informed us that this — this person was alone" — here he indicated me negligently with his riding-stick — "and, being alone, he could not be —"

"Faith, I'd like nothing better than to be alone again, gentlemen," said I, pretty tartly. This second fellow, with his ineffably superior air, and his gesture as if I had been a sack of potatoes, fairly touched me on the raw; the irritation was all the greater for being on the surface groundless; and I wondered how a hearty, forthright and downright man such as the Major plainly was could support Mr. Solomon's company a moment. "Your business nowise interests me," said I. "And I'm desirous to get on about my own. If you'll kindly draw your horses to the side and let me pass, I'll be greatly obliged."

"No, no, wait one minute, sir, if you please," cried Major Lowther; and he looked toward the other nervously. "One minute, sir, I promise not to detain you longer. I — I'd like to ask you a few questions. Have you seen —?"

"This is perfectly useless — another waste of time, Bryan," interposed Solomon, still with his aggrieved composure. "He hasn't seen anything — the carrier hadn't seen anything — nobody has seen anything — there's been nothing to see! If you would only listen to me and control yourself!"

"It's very easy to see you've never had a daughter, Solomon," the Major retorted, with a return of his natural spirit. "You wouldn't be so cool if Camilla was your child! This young man may know something about them; and at any rate I'm going to leave no stone unturned —"

"Go on, go *on!*" said Solomon, placid, yet fatigued; he folded his hands again on the pommel of the saddle, and again looked abstractedly away. "Only remember I've warned you — you'll gain nothing by it."

Major Lowther, for whom I began to feel a

lively sympathy, eyed his companion in complete helplessness. "You remind me very much of my poor wife at times, Solomon. Henrietta was —"

"My sister had her trials, Bryan," Solomon interrupted with a gentle sigh. "I have realized it keenly of late."

The Major turned hastily to me. "What I wanted to ask you, sir, was if you had seen a young man on horseback with a young woman behind him at any time to-day? You couldn't have failed to remark them — their appearance was unusual. They would have been traveling in the direction of the Scottish Border — toward Gretna Green, undoubtedly. They — they were running off to get married, you understand."

"No such couple has met or passed me," I answered him.

"I told you so," said Solomon, wagging his head in melancholy triumph. At the moment I believe I would have given a finger to have been able to disprove him; there was something about him that stirred one to contradiction; you would rather be in the wrong against him than in the right with him.

"Well, but maybe they've given up the horse, and got some other conveyance," said the Major. "You might have seen 'em afoot, or in a chaise or wagon?"

"One sees many such. What did they look like?"

"The girl — my daughter, sir, my daughter Camilla," said the father with an unconscious softening of the voice, "is very pretty, eh, Solomon? A beauty, in short — that's not putting it too strong, do you think, Solomon? He couldn't help noticing her, could he? She has dark chestnut curls, and she had on a — a — why — a string of beads around her neck — coral beads, I remember she always wears 'em — and little black satin slippers laced about the ankle with black ribbons — she has a very small foot — you would certainly have noticed her."

"I certainly would have," said I, without affectation. "But I haven't met any one in that costume. Nor any young man, either, that I remember."

"I told you so!" Solomon reiterated mildly. This species of repartee is at once inexpensive and unanswerable; and the Major's brother-in-law (if that was his estate, as I supposed) enjoyed it thoroughly. "If you are finally ready to proceed, Bryan?" he inquired, gathering up his reins.

"Proceed?" echoed the other, and cast a doubtful glance over his horse. He leaned down and laid his hand on its wet, heaving

side, then straightened up, shaking his head. "I can't 'proceed' with Captain Jack in this condition — there's not another ounce of go in him. I'm afraid we'll have to go back as far as Hadley-in-the-Hole, anyhow; we can get a change of horses there and try a new cast on the other road."

"In the meanwhile Camilla and young Gardner will be standing still waiting for us, of course," observed Solomon, in a light, satirical manner that sat worse on him — if that were possible — than his previous assumption of mournful wisdom. "Admirable plan, Bryan!"

"Well, what would you suggest, then?" said the Major in a temper. "If you can think of anything better, in Heaven's name, say so! Only look at this poor brute first!"

It was quite manifest to me, at least, that Solomon could not think of anything better, but he retorted with unimpaired complacency: "I wouldn't have got Captain Jack in such a lather to begin with. My horse is not winded. But you were in such a crazy hurry —"

"Hurry, indeed!" shouted Major Lowther, exasperated. "Hurry! And how about yourself? By the Lord, Solomon, if it hadn't been for you, I could have found it in my heart to let the children marry — I only want Camilla to be happy! Of course, Dick was a traitor to steal her away like this, but the more I think about it, the less I blame 'em! If you hadn't been so keen about the money, I believe I'd have clean forgot it — but you come in with your confounded sermonizing about a parent's duties and young Leeds and the fortune — Plague take him! I wish he and the money were at the bottom of the Red Sea this minute!"

"I dare say you do, and why not wish me there, too, Bryan?" said Solomon meekly. "Blame me, blame Joseph Leeds, blame everybody but yourself, as usual! I'm used to ingratitude — I haven't lived in your house, and done my best to watch over your interests all these twenty years for nothing."

"No, you *haven't!*" said the Major, savagely ironical; "you assuredly haven't!"

"This," said Solomon, raising his voice a little, and reddening, "this is all the direct result of the deplorable way in which Camilla has been brought up."

"She's been very well brought up, sir, my daughter has been very well brought up!" cried the other, turning purple. "Did I ever deny her anything? She's the finest and best behaved girl in England — no thanks to you! Upon my soul, I believe there never was a single man or woman yet that didn't want to tell people how to bring up their children!"

"Have it your own way, Bryan —" Dur-

ing all this talk, which had been conducted on Major Lowther's side with a deal of heat and clamor, on Solomon's with a sort of obdurate patience calculated to try the temper of a Job, and by both of them with a total disregard of their audience, they had been gradually moving off in the direction the Major had indicated, that is, toward Hadley, a village where I remembered stopping to bait about noon. And the argument was still at its height when they disappeared over the hill, fragments of strong language from Major Lowther drifting back to me as they went. I was just turning into the road to take up my journey when a renewed rumor of hoofs behind caused me to look around again. It was the Major, pounding back once more, and Solomon in the rear with that long-suffering expression which he knew how to communicate to every outline of his face and figure.

"Sir," cried out Major Lowther earnestly, "I forgot, I actually forgot to thank you and to apologize for encroaching on your time! I'm a good deal hurried and worried, or I never should have been guilty of such rudeness."

"More precious time wasted!" ejaculated Solomon, addressing space above my head. He lowered his eyes and looked me over slightly. "Sixpence, now, will compensate him, I dare say," he added.

"Don't straiten yourself on my account, I beg, sir," said I, choking with rage. "Curb your extravagance, sir, control your generous recklessness — think into what a seething whirlpool of dissipation I might plunge with your sixpence! A gentleman — but there, there, to be sure I'm not talking to one! Major Lowther, your very humble servant; I'm sorry to have been of no more help to you." And with that I rode briskly off, thinking it the part of prudence to put as much space as possible between myself and Mr. Solomon, who had the knack of inspiring an ardent desire to kick him in whomsoever he met. I did not look back again, but presently heard their retreating steps upon the road.

II

That part of the country, according to various warnings I had had, was subject to occasional highwaymen, being remote and unpoliced in any way; and, as twilight drew on, I kept a watchful eye on the turns and corners of the road where these night-riding gentry might be expected to station themselves. But the dusk deepened, very grateful after the heat and sunshine of a midsummer day, and I met nobody but a party of homeward-faring reapers with their scythes, and a cow and calf footing it

along sedately in charge of two or three children. I could not guess how far I had got from the place of meeting with the pursuers, but, as I was well mounted and kept up a good pace, it must have been several miles, when, following diligently the bends of the road, I came suddenly plump upon the pursued! I remember no feeling of either doubt or surprise, although a moment before nothing could have been farther from my mind than such a meeting. I had forgot all about Major Lowther and his troubles; here were the latter concretely presented in the picture of a boy and girl sitting on the ground by the roadside in a nook of the hedge! To be sure, they had no horse, or, at least, none was in sight; and they were supposed to have taken some other route; and there might be a score of such couples meandering about the neighborhood for what I knew. But anybody could see at a glance that these were no country Jack and Jill; their hands showed no familiarity with the plow and churn; they wore a look something akin to that of the newly wed, proud, furtive, pleased, and timorous all at once; he who ran might read. If I had known them all their lives, I could have been no more certain of their identity. There they sat, side by side, in a sentimental attitude which they altered with a lightning facility to one of estrangement and reserve at the sound of my approach. The young man jumped up, the girl sat anxiously alert; and I reined in before them speculatively. Miss was wearing the coral necklace; she had taken off her hat, a great round straw with a wreath of roses about the crown, and it lay on her lap; she *was* a beauty. Upon whatever occasion they had run away, one could hardly find fault with the young man, who was himself a good-looking lad, slim and tall, with a quick spirit in his face. We stared an instant, and he was opening his lips to speak, when I forestalled him.

"Miss Lowther," said I, and saluted the young lady with a flourish.

She gave a little scream and started to her feet. "Oh, Dick!" she said, clutching the young man's arm. "Oh, Dick!" Speech could go no farther with her; she clung to him in a mute fright and wonder. If I had had any doubts, this behavior would have resolved them; but it is easy to conceive the dismay of the two young people, whose minds were probably filled with dire images of chase, capture, and separation.

"Mr. Gardner," said I, with another flourish.

He eyed me, considered, and finally replied coolly, although coloring to the temples, his look not meeting mine but fixed desperately on

my horse's ears, or some point thereabouts:

"You are mistaken, sir, my name is Jones."

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon," said I, with effusion. "The 'similarity of your appearance misled me."

"Why, how on earth do *you* know anything about my appearance? I never saw you before in my life!" he blurted out naively — and then recognized the blunder and stopped short in a lamentable confusion. Camilla came to the rescue in a high, domineering voice, by which she hoped, no doubt, to distract my attention.

"I am Miss Smith, sir," she said crisply. "I don't know why you address me as Miss Lowther, or, indeed, why you speak to me at all." She adjusted a pair of small silk mittens she wore upon her arms and hands and crossed them before her primly. "I do not know you."

"I am Mr. Robinson," said I. "What an extraordinary meeting! Consider," said I, turning blandly to the boy, "here we stand, representatives of three families of the most handsome antiquity, come together wholly by chance! Did the like ever happen before?"

They both looked more or less foolish at this, exchanging a glance equal parts embarrassment and anxiety. And after a moment I went on: "I understand this road leads to Gretna Green. Can you tell me if that is so?"

"Yes — no — that is — I dare say it does," stammered the young man uneasily.

"The Miss Lowther and Mr. Gardner that I was speaking of," said I, in a casual manner, "are on their way there, and a while ago I met — however, that's neither here nor there. I must be getting on." And, with a parting salute, I made a movement to pass them, but had scarcely got a dozen yards away when the young fellow holloa'd after me, and as I slackened the pace, overtook me, running.

"You — ah — you were saying something about — er — Miss Lowther?" he inquired. "Are you — um — sent after *her*? Have they — have they raised the hue-and-cry?"

"Mr. Jones —" I began.

He made an impatient gesture. "Oh, stuff! I can't keep that up, and it's no use anyhow. My name's no more Jones than — than yours is Robinson, and *you know it!*" he said with a very pleasing frankness, and planted himself squarely in the road in front of me. "Come, now, play fair and don't poke fun! Who are you, and what else do you know about us, and what are you going to do?"

I answered his questions succinctly — all except the last, for, to be truthful, I had not yet made up my mind on that head. The affair did not concern me in the least; in conscience

I should have felt no greater desire to aid them than to betray. But "betray" is an ugly word for an ugly thing. I had no relish for that course; and somehow it pleased me subtly to see that they breathed a little freer at my intelligence and looked at each other more hopefully. "We're very much obliged, Captain Trant," said Dick. "You see, what you say shows there's some chance for us yet, and we were beginning to fear there wasn't any." There was an artless friendliness and confidence in their manner that won upon one indescribably; they took it I was on their side without question, and invited me to their councils with entire reliance. "My horse gave out," the young man explained, "and we had to leave him at a farm-house. The people had no other animal or conveyance that we could hire instead, so we thought we'd go on to the next place and see if we couldn't get one there. But it seems to be a long way," he finished, turning a worried eye on the girl, "and I don't think Cam — Miss Lowther can walk it."

"I can, too," she said bravely. "I could walk *all* the way, Dick!"

"What? To Gretna? It might be twenty-five miles — as if I would let you! No, I'll hunt up something — anything, no matter what. A balloon or a wheelbarrow, it's all one!"

"Here's a great to-do about a very simple thing," I struck in. "The post-road is not more than five miles to the east; and I've no doubt in the world you could manage to get seats on one of the coaches."

"Seats on a coach!" exclaimed young Gardner impatiently. "We might as well proclaim who we are and where we are going from the housetops! That's the very road Major Lowther and Mr. Mawmesey must be taking — no, no, that won't do; we must think of something else." He looked up and down the road, plainly at a stand; and then gave a violent start. "There comes somebody!" he said.

And now I am come to a part of this history and must recount an action for which I have not the least idea of apologizing, though it should scandalize all the parents and guardians in the universe. These young people had opened their difficulties to me, but I was not committed to them in any way, and the proper course undoubtedly would have been to beat a retreat in cold blood and leave them to their own devices. I did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I threw in my lot with theirs, hand and glove; and perhaps at the back of my mind there lurked the notion that it would be eminently agreeable to outwit old Solomon Mawmesey! From the superior height of my

horse, I could get a more comprehensive view of the newcomer than Gardner; and all at once there blazed before my mind's eye a unique, a daring, a brilliant plan. It was a handsome, solid sort of family-coach that was approaching, at a round trot, drawn by a pair of handsome, solid dappled grays, with a post-boy astride of the nigh one. "Eureka!" said I to Gardner, and pointed to the equipage. "There's your conveyance now! Strong and stout enough to take you around the world, let alone to Gretna Green!"

He stared up at me dumfounded. "What are you talking about? *That* carriage? Why, it's not Major Lowther's, and that's all I can tell about it! Do you recognize it? Is it some one you know?"

"Devil a bit! I never saw 'em before in my life!" said I, starting off. He ran after me, grabbing at my stirrup with expostulations.

"Captain Trant! For Heaven's sake — what are you going to do?" He was obliged to fall back, out of breath, with a countenance of such ghastly dismay that I could easily guess what was passing through his mind. He thought I was a highwayman! And in fact the business wore a rather dubious face; I was bent upon something not unlike a highwayman's errand, and as I drew near the carriage, began a sort of mental foraging for ways and words in which to explain myself. None of the treatises on etiquette notify one of the precise courtesies to be observed in arresting a strange vehicle in full career upon the public highroad. Rack your brains, and you cannot think of an ingratiating fashion of going about it. But, by good luck, just before I reached them, the post-boy slowed to a walk, turning to answer some question or command from the carriage; and that gave me a chance. I had, however, to use a rather more brisk and authoritative manner than was tactful, for, by a weird irony, Gardner, the very man whom I desired to benefit, was hurrying up from behind, intent on rescuing the passengers from me!

"Ahem — ah — stand!" said I to the post-boy. "Stand still, I mean, you fellow! I want to —" What I wanted he did not wait to hear; he started around at the sound of my voice, gazed loose-jawed an instant, gave a wild "*Yoop!*" rolled off the horse, and took to his heels across the meadows, roaring thieves and murder at every step! I doubt if he stopped running under an hour; and the shout I sent after him, thinking vainly to reassure him, acted only as a spur. He ran, he leaped, he fell and sprawled, and scrambled up, and ran again, and diminished at last into the growing dusk, still running, still bawling! I

looked after him, well-nigh petrified. Never having seen a highwayman in action — nor at all, for that matter — I had naturally fallen in with the popular idea that they were desperate daredevils slashing and dashing about at the risk of their necks every moment. But if all coaches fell so easy a prey as this, it was no such heroic business after all; any coward could take a purse upon these terms. There stood the carriage before me defenseless, the startled horses crowding and glaring; and it seemed to me the most pressing matter was to get them quieted or they would back into the ditch. I seized the bridle nearest me and drew them into the road with a soothing word or two.

"Jack! Jem! Boy! Whatever your name is! What's the matter? What are you doing?" called a voice from within. The window rattled down, and a woman's head was thrust out, just as Gardner came panting up. She took one look at him, and shrank back with a screech. Immediately from the interior of the carriage arose a din fit to shatter the eternal silence of the stars; the woman screamed, a dog set up a furious yelping, and in addition there was a steady outpour of appalling profanity in a deep, raucous voice from some other unseen inmate of the coach. Why the whole country-side did not come running is a mystery; but it was a lonely spot. Gardner stood aghast for a moment; then he took off his hat with an anxious civility.

"Madame!" he began, shouting above the racket and bowing to the window. "Madame, I beg——"

"Go away, go away, you awful man!" shrieked the woman's voice. "I haven't got any money! I never have any money! Lay a finger on me, and you shall rue it!"

"Madame——"

"Go away, I haven't any, I tell you! Here, take that and let me go — oh, please let me go!"

Here some object flashed through the window and landed clinking on the road; it was a watch and chain. The young man stooped and picked it up mechanically.

"Thief! Robber! Are you satisfied?" demanded the voice indignantly, and then it gave another screech, having apparently become aware for the first time of my presence. "Oh, lud, there's two of 'em!" it cried in despair. "What's going to become of me?" and fell to noisy weeping.

I caught Gardner's eye, as I struggled with the plunging horses, and signaled him; he came to my aid promptly, but with a very perplexed and doubtful face. "It's all right," I shouted. "I'm not a footpad! You thought I was, didn't you?"

He looked at me oddly, scowling as he clung to the bits, and nodded, speech being rather difficult.

"As soon as *that* simmers down," bellowed I, waving a gesture to the coach, "we can explain."

"Explain!" He looked at me again, and, letting go of the horses, staggered back in a wild paroxysm of laughter. Camilla came running up and stopped dismayed. "Dick! What's the matter?"

"Matter!" said I, choking down my own laugh. "Matter enough! The woman thinks we're highwaymen, and as long as you hold on to that jewelry, Mr. Gardner, she has room to think so. Give it to me and let me speak to her."

He sobered at that and again scanned me warily. "You're sure you mean to give 'em back to her, Captain?"

"Do it yourself, then," said I, with some natural impatience. "But I'd like to point out that the sooner you act the better. Time's passing, and old Solomon's probably already on the road."

"Oh, very well," he said hurriedly, gave up the watch and chain, and stood a little aloof, hand in hand with the girl, to watch me. By this time the chorus from the carriage had somewhat subsided, and as I rode up beside it a fat, high-colored, and much perturbed face surmounted by a frilled cap and a huge leghorn bonnet tied with a scarf under the chin, appeared at the window.

"Oh, lor', it's the other one!" it ejaculated; and then, with a kind of desperation: "Mr. Highwayman, I'd have you to know I'm Mrs. Medlacotte of Chilchester's cook, and if anything should happen to me there'd be no holding Mr. Medlacotte — and if you come any nearer I'll set the dog on you!" and with considerable exertion she dragged up to the window and held there a chubby white poodle, shaved in the semblance of a lion, with a blue ribbon bow on his collar, and the most amiable expression any dog ever wore. "Hi, Rollo! Bite him, Rollo!" said Mrs. Medlacotte of Chilchester's cook valiantly. Rollo surveyed me pleasantly, wagged his tail, and snuffed vigorously all around the sash.

"Here's your watch and chain, ma'am," said I, handing them over. "You've been under a mistake. We aren't robbers. You seem to be going our way, and all we want is a seat in the carriage as far as Gretna Green."

She clutched her property almost unconsciously, gazing in round-eyed bewilderment. "A seat in the carriage! *This* carriage — Mrs. Medlacotte's own carriage! As far as Gr — as

far as Bedlam, more like! Who are you, anyhow?"

"That's nothing to the purpose," said I mysteriously. "Only look at this young lady and gentleman. They're running away from — er — from her cruel uncle, ma'am; he's sworn — never mind what — but he's sworn — you understand, I see, ma'am," said I in a blood-curdling whisper and nodding at her with a secret and fearful air.

"Lawk!" exclaimed the cook, craning out of the window for a better view.

"And he'll do it as sure as fate, if they dare to marry. He's after 'em hot-foot now!"

"Mercy!" said the cook in genuine delight. "Ain't that horrible? To think of it! It's like a story, ain't it? What's the young lady's name?"

"If you please, ma'am," said I, with a portentous frown, "we'll name no names. The point is, will you help 'em?"

"Well — I — I don't want to get mixed up with anything that ain't respectable — like police and constables and such," said the cook nervously. "*I've* got a character if *you* haven't. If there's any bailiffs or lawyers follerin' of us, why, I won't have a thing to do with it, that's all! And this is Mrs. Medlacotte's coach that was sent to fetch me to Chilchester, where the fambly is coming a-Tuesday — I don't know that there's room in it, I'm crowded enough what with the luggage and Rollo and Elijah as it is —"

"Elijah?" said I, wondering. "Who's Elijah? What Elijah? The only Elijah I ever heard of had a chariot of his own!"

"Well, I'm sure I wish this one had!" sighed the cook. "You heard him talking just now, didn't you? It's awful, ain't it? He learned it of a sea-captain that he came in the ship of. From foreign parts where they live in a state of natur', you know — I s'pose that accounts for some of the — the expressions —"

"I think I'd rather not ride," said Camilla decidedly.

"Lord love you, miss, he ain't dangerous," said the cook. "He won't bite unless he takes a dislike to you — and I'm sure he won't to anybody with the face you've got." She opened the carriage door, and performed a queer bob with the upper half of her body in lieu of a curtsy. "My service to you, miss, and my name's Ann Dollop, and I can't get out o' here to stand up before you proper and respekful because I'm that crowded up with dogs and boxes and bags and parrots and goodness knows what besides! That's the way servants gets put upon," she added with resentment.

"These are the generations of Shem!" said the same harsh, strong voice from the depths of the carriage suddenly. "Shem was an hundred years old, and begat Arphaxad two years after the flood —"

"Drat the bird, there he goes again!" said Mrs. Dollop pettishly. "Mr. Medlacotte taught him the whole of that chapter — to reform him, he said. Mr. Medlacotte's fond of his joke, you know. You've got to throw a shawl or something over him to stop him — Elijah, I mean. I'm sure you're welcome to a seat with me, miss, if you can squeeze in, but there ain't room for your young man."

"I'll take the post-boy's place," said Dick, helping Camilla into the vehicle. "We're sorry to incommode you, Mrs. Dollop," he went on, feeling in his pocket. "But if this can make matters even —?" Something changed hands.

"Thank you kindly, sir — that is, my lord," said the cook, much impressed. "I wouldn't have made all this pother about it, but I've got to be careful. I can't go taking up with all sorts o' people, being Mrs. Medlacotte's cook, you know. And then, running away seems all right enough in a story — 'tain't quite the same when you're doing it, somehow. You'll both take your Bible oath there ain't going to be anything done but what's respectable?"

III

For a considerable time after this arrangement had been effected, Gardner and I trotted along side by side in a meditative silence. Night came on with the harvest moon extraordinarily bright and large in the great, clean, vacant sky. Our road lay straight before us in the illumination — a fortunate chance, for, beyond the fact that we must keep to the northward, neither one of us had much idea of how to get to our destination. I had never visited these parts before, and hitherto had been obliged to ask my way from town to town, and not infrequently had lost it; and it appeared that Gardner had already passed the limits of his acquaintance, and was going upon guess-work. The young man was pretty constantly occupied with the horses, which were a spirited and vigorous pair, so that we had scarcely any opportunity to talk, even if we had been so minded; but, falling into a walk as we climbed a hill, and both of us relaxing a little from our posture of haste and anxiety, he said to me suddenly with a half-laugh: "Well, Captain Trant, I think I ought to beg your pardon for an unworthy suspicion. But I believe you would have thought the same in my place."

"I understand, sir; no offense meant and none taken," said I; and there was another silence.

"Well?" he said at last, after glancing at me sidelong a number of times and with two or three tentative clearings of the throat. "Well?"

"Well, Mr. Gardner," said I, beginning to laugh, "I was just thinking as we rode along here, that I'd like to see the man if he exists anywhere on this round earth who ever before eloped to Gretna Green with a bride and groom and a cook and a poodle and a parrot and a stranger's coach and pair! If any one had told me no longer ago than this forenoon that I was that man, I'd have suggested a strait-waistcoat for him. But life's full of pleasant surprises."

He made an odd and rather obscure rejoinder. "I *thought* you were that kind of man," he said, with a certain satisfaction in his tone. And then: "Did you know anything about us — more than the bare fact of our running away, I mean — did they tell you why?"

"Everybody knows the *why* of young people like you running away, without being told," said I dryly. "You want to marry; your parents don't want you to marry. If reasons grew on every bush, you would still need to go no farther than that one reason."

"Yes. But, as it happens, Captain, our case is not the usual one. I know that Major Lowther in his heart is not averse to it; but that old Solomon Mawmesey!" He brandished his clenched fist at the moon. "Elijah could help me out with his vocabulary, I dare say," he said with an involuntary laugh. "Everything was going as well as possible with us, and Camilla and I might have been married by this time in peace, with nobody objecting — but a few months ago some distant Mawmesey uncle or cousin dies and leaves a great fortune, and that was the most dreadful *misfortune* that could have happened."

"I dare say he thought so," said I. "He didn't leave it to Solomon, I hope?"

"Oh, no — worse luck! He left it all to Camilla and a young man, another blood relation, on condition they marry. The design was to keep all the money in the family, I suppose."

"Is that the one I heard them talking about? His name was — was Sheffield, wasn't it?"

"No, no; Leeds — Joseph Leeds. A very good sort of fellow, Captain Trant, but — why, you can't pair people off that way that don't care for each other, for the sake of a few thousand pounds. It's monstrous!"

He said this with a great deal of warmth, and was going on with more to the same effect,

doubtless, when the lurching of the carriage and team at some unevenness of the road distracted him. I do not know upon what impulse we both pulled up at once. It was the deep of night by this; silence encompassed us. Where we stood, we were islanded in moonlight; but upon its borders and in every crease and hollow of the landscape lay a darkness gross and motionless like something tangible. In broad daylight we should not have known our whereabouts; by night, we were as helplessly adrift as ever any mariner upon the unfeatured sea.

"Do you suppose we've got into Scotland unawares, Captain?" said the young man. "The road's been getting steadily worse, if that's any sign." He peered ahead. "It forks here — *now* what are we to do? I'd give a guinea to know which branch we ought to take."

"The one that looks most traveled, to be sure," I told him. "You're not the only run-away couple in the kingdom." And on this theory we selected the left fork, although, to be frank, there was little to choose between them; they were equally unkempt. But the only security lay in pushing forward, whether right or wrong, as we both knew. And this certainty contributed to keeping us silent once more, until at length I suddenly bethought me to ask Gardner what part Mr. Solomon Mawmesey bore in his affairs.

"Why," he said, rousing himself at once, "he's Camilla's uncle, and, I believe, profits directly by some small legacy if the late Mawmesey's plans are carried out. But, setting that apart, he's a meddling old magpie and must have a finger in everybody's business. He got at Leeds' family and Major Lowther and dinned it into 'em night and day that it was their duty to make the match. And you know how people are, Captain. They want their children to have everything and be happy *their* way. Nobody likes Solomon, but everybody can see the force of his arguments. He hounded the Major into forbidding me the house, and he'd have had Camilla locked in her chamber on bread and water in another day, I think, but for this." He gesticulated toward the carriage. "I don't know what kind of a life they've led Leeds, but the last time I saw him he had a haggard look, I thought. Naturally we're not intimate — but I can imagine how he feels. No man of spirit would want to be forced upon a woman."

"But what becomes of the fortune if they don't marry?"

"It goes elsewhere," he said indifferently, and shrugged. "That is, the first one who

evades or defies the conditions of the will forfeits his or her share to the other, who might be perfectly willing to obey. Camilla, now — she will lose her half, and Leeds will be that much better off."

"The young lady is generous," said I.

"Captain Trant," he retorted with a fine severity, "love cannot be trafficked in and bought and sold and knocked down to the highest bidder. Besides, I have enough; I'm not asking her to marry a beggar —" He broke off to raise himself in the stirrups and crane forward, and when he spoke again it was in great excitement. "There's a house — houses! We're coming to a town. If it should be Gretna!"

He threw himself out of the saddle, and, running back, rapped on the carriage window, whereat Mrs. Dollop, who, it seemed, had been asleep and snoring in her corner, waked up with a snort, and Rollo began a tremendous barking and wriggling about amongst the cushions and parcels. "There! You'll have 'em all started again in a second!" said the cook crossly, struggling with the dog. "Is it some more murdering robbers or what is it? If you wake Elijah up, young man, *you'll be sorry!*"

"Do you know anything about the road? We've come to a town. Is it Gretna, do you think?"

"If you took the right turn, it's Gretna," said the cook, sticking out her head. "At least, that's what they told me. Law, ain't it dark?"

"Good gracious, we took the left!" said Gardner, aghast.

"Well, that's what I'm saying, ain't I? The left's the right, don't you see?" said Mrs. Dollop. "I'm sure that's what they said. Why don't you ask at the first house over there? Ask for the blacksmith, you know, he's the man that marries everybody that runs away."

"All the windows are dark," said Camilla a little timidly. "The people must be asleep."

"They won't be asleep long at this rate," said the cook. "Down, Rollo, will you, there's a good dog — oh, lud, there goes Elijah — I *told* you you'd be sorry, young man."

"If you'll hold the horses," said Gardner to me, "I'll go over and ask at that house." And while I did this, he crossed the road and disappeared into the formless blots of shrubbery that masked the front of the building. For a moment his footsteps were silenced in the turf, then we heard them grind upon gravel, and immediately thereafter the hollow thumping of the knocker on the door. From the roadside

nothing was visible but the gable and upper windows; and it seemed an interminable while before one of them was opened with an infinite caution, and a white, ghostly, nightcapped head thrust forth.

"Wha's there?" said the head.

"Pardon me, sir," we heard Gardner's voice from below. "Can you direct me to the blacksmith's?"

There ensued so prolonged a silence that I, for one, was beginning to surmise the gentleman might be deaf, when he said, with great deliberation:

"What d'ye want wi' the blacksmith this time o' nicht? He's gone to bed—at least, ye understand, I'm just *sayin'* he's gone to bed; I wadna swear to it, but I think it's likely."

"My dear sir," said Gardner imploringly, "we're in a hurry, and if you'll just tell me where the blacksmith lives, I'll not trouble you further."

After a second meditative silence the other answered carefully: "Aweel, ye see, in a manner o' speakin' he don't live anywhere — there isna ony blacksmith. There's naebody but a carpenter. There's na blacksmith ever lived here to my knowledge—I'll no tak' my oath to it, for the thing's possible, ye ken, but I'd go so far as to say I never heard o' ony blacksmith in my time here. If there was a blacksmith, there's nae manner o' doot he'd be asleep in his bed, as I was sayin'."

"No blacksmith? Why — why, isn't this Gretna Green?"

"Hoots, no! This is Caithness — that is to say, it's aye been ca'd Caithness in my hearin'."

"Then where *is* Gretna?"

"Aboot — weel, I wadna just like to state in so many words, for we're a' human and liable to err, but it's said to be — I'm no givin' it as my ain opeenion — a matter o' twa-and-twenty mile to the east."

"Twenty-two miles!" Gardner echoed in consternation. "Are we that far astray?"

"I couldna say, sir. Ye ken best aboot that."

"Law, why don't you ask him if there's a minister in the place?" cried Mrs. Dollop shrilly from the carriage. "Then you wouldn't have to go any farther. The minister'd do it for you; beggars can't be choosers."

"*Is* there a minister, sir?" asked Gardner, acting on this practical advice.

Another silence succeeded, and he was beginning again impatiently: "I say, sir, where's the min —?" when the resident of Caithness inquired affably:

"Ou, aye, ye'll be wantin' to get marrit, na doot?"

I could see him dimly from my post in the road; he had a plaid thrown about his shoulders against the cool night air, and his elbows were braced on the sill in a comfortable attitude. He was evidently settling down for a good long talk. Gardner uttered a strong ejaculation under his breath, then collected himself and returned to the charge.

"You've guessed aright, sir," he said in a voice he strove painfully to render civil. "I may as well acknowledge at once that we're running away, and time is precious. Is there a minister in the town? Yes or no, and be done with it!"

"Gudesakes, man, of course there's a meenister," exclaimed the other, deeply shocked. "Do you think we're a' heathens?"

"Where does he live, then?"

"Aweel, I doot ye could persuade him to do it for ye. Ye see, he ——"

"I say, *where does he live?*"

"I'm no sayin' he'd refuse," pursued the Scot, entirely amiable and unmoved. "I wadna tak' it on mysel' to say that. But ye micht have trouble makin' him understand. He's auld and deaf, and he's got an auld deaf limmer of a housekeeper. Ye micht hammer the hoose doon, ye couldna rouse 'em."

I heard Gardner's spurred heel clang on the doorstep as he stamped his foot in an access of vexation.

"Then it's Gretna, after all — and all this time thrown away!" he exclaimed, and must have made some retrograde movement, for the man at the window leaned out abruptly and called to him: "Ane meenute, sir, ye say ye're in a hurry?"

Even in his impatience the young fellow burst into a short laugh. "Just a little of a hurry," he said blandly. "But take your time, sir — don't take eternity, that's all I ask!"

"I was thinkin' — only I can't answer for it, ye see — that Saunders MacTavish micht do the business for ye."

"Who's he?"

"He's the saddler — but he'd marry ye as tight as ony meenister. It's but to stand up before him with ane or twa witnesses and swear to it ye're man and wife, and sign your names in his bit book. There's a when couples o' young folk aye coming frae a' parts o' the world to Gretna for the blacksmith to marry 'em like yoursel'. That's what pit it into Saunders' head; and now many of 'em come here, too. A pretty penny Saunders maun ha' made by it; he'll no do it for nothin', ye ken."

"That sounds better," said Gardner, relieved. "Will you tell me how to find him?"

"Aweel, ye want to bear in mind that Saunders is aye keen at the chargin'. Twa-pun'-ten is the least he'll do it for, I've heard — a shamfu' excess! Ye micht beat him doon a shillin', but I hae my doots. Of course, ye'll no let him find out how much money ye've got — no sane man wad do that!"

"If you'll tell me where he lives, I swear I'll never ask you another question," said Gardner solemnly.

"Ye see, 'twas my duty as a Christian man and a good neighbor to warn ye. His hoose is next but ane to the locksmith's, and that's the last at the ither end o' town; ye canna miss it."

Gardner thanked him and floundered hastily through the shrubbery to the road. "We'd best be off," he said, scrambling to his horse's back, "before he has time to think of anything else to ask about."

"You're right," said I. "And unless I'm very much mistaken, there's somebody on the road behind us. I'm sure I heard the noise of hoofs crossing that little bridge four or five miles back — sounds carry far in this still air."

"It may not be Solomon," he said, and lashed the beasts furiously. "At any rate, if we can get under cover somewhere, they'll go on, when they find it's not Gretna."

We charged recklessly up the street. The moon was setting, and there were no lamps; but after one or two mishaps blundering into walls or posts we reached the limits of the town — it had but one street — and halted before the last two houses. The saddler's we identified as a low-browed cottage of a single story; a candle in a rear window marked out a pale rhomboid of light on the thick screen of greenery between it and the next building; no pharos on a rock-bound coast was ever more gracious to the view.

"Glory be, there's one man in Scotland awake!" said I fervently, observing this sign. "And it's the marrying saddler! Cheer up, your luck's turned!"

Once more he descended, and, the saddler's house being flush with the street, gained the door in a step and executed a powerful solo thereon with the handle of his whip. Promptly the light vanished from the window; we heard some stir within; and somebody began to let down and loosen what seemed to be a donjon-keep apparatus of bolts, bars, and chains inside the door. It slowly opened a crack, and disclosed a lengthwise section of a man in a long gray flannel dressing-gown, pantaloons, and loose, heelless carpet-slippers, with a candle in his hand which he held aloft to inspect us.

"Mr. Saunders MacTavish?" Gardner inquired.

The other directed the candle-rays on him. "What's wanted?" he said.

Gardner had had too much experience by this time to pursue his own query. He stated his business at once in full. "We want to get married. Will you do it?"

The man stood aside from the door and waved him to enter, letting it open a little further. "Come in," he said briefly.

The young man silently helped Camilla out of the coach. As I dismounted, I caught sight of her pretty frightened face under the drooping shadow of her hat, and of her two little hands clasped about Gardner's arm; it was a gentle and touching picture, but, although the tiny zone of light from his candle embraced her for an instant, Saunders MacTavish remained unmoved even by curiosity—cool as a fish! He callously snuffed the wick with his fingers, showing in its flickering glare a face absolutely devoid of interest. Pretty young women—excited young men—coaches-and-pairs in the middle of the night—he had seen them before a score of times; it took more than these trifles to shake his professional calm. If there had been a regiment of us, Saunders would have welcomed the sight with an equal phlegm; for he required no explanation of my appearance, merely inventorying me with a chilly, indifferent eye, and when Mrs. Dollop bundled out with Rollo in her arms, he surveyed her without comment.

"I'm not going to set here in the dark by myself," she announced in a tremor. "Mr—please, sir," she bobbed deferentially to MacTavish, "I have to bring Rollo—I'm in charge, and I darsen't leave him out o' my sight a minute—their's my orders. I think Elijah's safe enough—he's in his wicker basket. He ain't ever been carried in a cage since that time the bottom come out of it crossing from Calais to Dover, and they had to fasten him up in a hoop-skirt they borrowed of a elderly French gentlewoman. It made folks talk, you know—him having such a flow of language, too."

And hereupon we filed into Mr. MacTavish's dwelling without any more words, Camilla and Dick leading, the cook behind them with Rollo squirming frantically, and I myself bringing up the rear. Last of all came the owner, and kept us all waiting with what patience we could muster while he carefully locked and double-locked the door.

"Is your community so lawless you must take these precautions, sir?" Dick asked in a voice vibrating with hurry.

He looked up. "It's no the community I'm fearin', it's the veesitors," he explained dispa-

sionately; and, taking his candle, led the way down a narrow passage paved with bricks to a large room at the end. There was a fire on the hearth, and a tea-kettle on the hob was boiling over tumultuously. The other furniture, as well as I could make out in the imperfect light, was a table and a chair, a bed in the corner, and a bench whereon were ranged the tools of Mr. MacTavish's trade. On the table were two books—the Bible, and a fresh pamphlet displaying the title: "Alexander Sneed, R.C.V.S. An Address on the Bots: Its Causes and Cure. Delivered Before the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, May 4th, 1801." There were besides these a bottle of liniment, a pair of socks, and a tray with a jug and glass, a brandy-flask, a bowl of sugar, and one lemon laid out in order. MacTavish made room amongst these articles for the candle; then he whisked the kettle off the fire, using the skirt of his dressing-gown to take hold of it, and setting it down rather hastily. He slipped his fingers as he released it.

"Dod, the kettle's hot!" he remarked. And then thoughtfully: "It's lucky ye found me up; as it happens, I was expectin' word ony minute frae Jock Thomas about his mare. No that I'm a vet, ye ken, but I do a little that way, whiles. The mare is——"

"Yes—just so, Mr. MacTavish," Gardner interrupted him precipitately. "If you'll please to perform the—the ceremony? I need hardly tell you we're in a hurry."

"Ou, aye, ye're runnin' awa'? Marriage is a serious matter; hae ye taken thought, young man? It's no to be entered into lightly, but wi' a full understandin'——"

"I know, I know—I've been thinking of nothing else for weeks," said Dick desperately. "Can't you begin at once, Mr. MacTavish?"

"First we maun settle aboot the fee," said the other, and took snuff very deliberately out of a little pewter box he fished from among the dunnage on the table. "That's the reason I told you marriage was a serious matter; ye can prepare your mind by thinkin' aboot the first cost. Now, ye're runnin' awa'; that's a risk to yoursel' and to me, forbye. On account, ye observe, o' bludgeons and the like in the hands of your parents and guardians——"

"Oh, papa wouldn't do *that*, I know," said Camilla, startled.

"Mr. MacTavish," said Dick, "I'll give you anything—pay anything you ask, but, for the love of Heaven, get on with it."

"Twa-pun'-ten's my price, young man."

"Here's five," said Dick, snatching a lump of bills from his pocket. "Only hurry!"

Saunders MacTavish took up his candle

again, and gave Mrs. Dollop, who happened to be nearest him, an exhaustive survey. He set it down and turned regretfully to Dick.

"Man," he said, "it's no worth it! I'm aye willin' to turn an honest penny, but naeboddy shall ever say Saunders MacTavish diddled a fellow-man out of a farthing. Na, na, keep your siller." He sighed deeply. "It's twa-pun'-ten, as I told ye."

"If you please, sir," said the cook, frightened, "it ain't me that's getting married. I'm a respectable woman, please, sir."

"This is the lady, sir," said Dick, drawing Camilla forward. Saunders examined her minutely in a profound silence — a silence so profound that I was sure I heard the beat of hoofs on the road not far away.

"I'll tak' your offer," he said finally to the young man; and with great handiness and despatch pocketed the money, and produced from a drawer beneath the table pen and ink and a square flat volume like a ledger. "Join your right hands," said he.

It was over in a moment, and none too soon, for the words were hardly spoken, and Mrs. Dollop was wiping her eyes in sentimental tribute to the solemnity of the event, when we heard a terrific tumult at the door. MacTavish paused in the act of dipping the pen. "That'll be Jock," he said, listening; but in a second shook his head, scandalized. "Na, that's no Jock — he's a God-fearin' man!"

"It's not papa — that is, it's not *all* papa — I'm sure I never heard him talk like *that* before," said Camilla faintly.

"Ye never run awa' before," observed Saunders. He took a pinch of snuff with entire coolness. "The door's lockit — I've had some experience, ye see — but, losh, Mrs. Gardner!" he added, not without admiration; "your father's got a gift at the swearin'!"

"*That!*" said Mrs. Dollop, "that's Elijah. I know his voice. The other people, whoever it is, have waked him up, and he don't like it. Sometimes he gets Shem and the — the other mixed together — they don't mix very well — I mean they're worse than they would be separate, somehow."

In fact we could hear Major Lowther assailing the door with boot and fist alternately, and shouting threats, commands, and entreaties all in a breath, to a running accompaniment of conversation in Elijah's own peculiar style. Camilla stopped her ears. "Oh, do open the door and let poor papa in!" she screamed.

"All in good time," said MacTavish, unruffled. "Sign your names here, and the twa witnesses can sign beneath ye. Unless" — he looked from Mrs. Dollop to me invitingly —

"unless ye're wanting to make a match, too. It's — ahem — it's no *always* twa-pun'-ten, ye understand; I mak' a discount for —"

"*Me!*" shrilled the cook, bristling. "I'd sooner marry Elijah!"

"To my thinkin' yon Elijah's no just what you'd ca' a *respectable* body," Saunders remarked. "However, tastes differ." He shoved the pen toward me. "Kindly sign, sir. I'd like to open the door before the young leddy's father bursts it in. Comin', man, I'm comin'!" he cried, and started down the passage.

We expected to see Solomon, too, but it was Major Lowther alone who dashed into the house; we heard him at the door. "Is my daughter here? Is she safe and sound?" he gasped breathless. And then, by what was evidently an afterthought: "Are they married?"

"Hard and fast," said Saunders stoically. The Major uttered an exclamation, whether of relief or disappointment it would be hard to say; he was by this time at the door, and after one instant of speechless staring on both sides, Camilla cried out, "Oh, Papa!" and running up, threw her arms around his neck.

"Camilla," said her father in a very mild voice, "you've behaved outrageously — you're a very wicked, undutiful girl, you — er — you're sure you're all right, my dear?" he added anxiously. "You don't feel ill or overtired, do you? You haven't caught cold or anything?"

"No, indeed, Papa. We — we've just been married, that's all."

"All!" said Major Lowther. He looked over her head at the young man. "Dick," he said peaceably, "you're a villain and a scoundrel, of course — but it can't be helped now. Give us your hand, my lad, I always liked you better than Joe Leeds anyhow!"

MacTavish, who was stooping to get the kettle, as the first step toward compounding a glass of punch, perhaps, raised his head. "That's the way it generally ends," he observed. "And ane young man's as good as anither when a's said — there's sma' choice in rotten apples."

"Where's Uncle Solomon?" Camilla asked.

"Poor Solomon!" said the Major, chuckling. He recollected himself and put on as severe an expression as his round, jolly face could compass. "This will be a grave disappointment to your Uncle Solomon, my dear; he's some fifteen hundred pounds out of pocket that he'd have got if you'd married Joe. And now Leeds gets all the fortune — well, well! Why, your Uncle Solomon and I had a little difference of opinion as to the road, and he must be nearly at Greta by this time. Solomon was

right, as usual!" he uttered this with great relish and squeezed his daughter around the waist. "A man in a house at the other end of the town directed me here, as soon as he found out who I was and what I wanted." Here his eye caught mine. "Hello! Why, I remember you, sir! What are *you* doing here?"

"I don't know," said I feebly, having indeed just received a curious kind of shock; and I pointed to the ledger where I had that moment entered my name at the bottom of a column already half the length of the page.

"Would you care to look at this, sir? I think it might interest you."

Major Lowther took the book with a mystified face and following my finger, read: "Dorothy Stone and — *What!*" he shouted.

"Joseph Leeds the young man's name was, if I'm no mistaken," said MacTavish, slowly adjusting a pair of spectacles on his nose and looking over the page. "Aye, aye, Dorothy Stone and Joseph Leeds — I married 'em yesterday. Do ye ken the gentleman? For if so, ye might tell him I doot ane o' the shillin's he gave me was bad."

FIDES, SPES

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

J OY is come to the little
 Everywhere;
 Pink to the peach and pink to the apple,
 White to the pear.
 Stars are come to the dogwood,
 Astral, pale;
 Mists are pink on the red-bud,
 Veil after veil.
 Flutes for the feathery locusts,
 Soft as spray;
 Tongues of lovers for chestnuts, poplars,
 Babbling May.
 Yellow plumes for the willows'
 Wind-blown hair;
 Oak trees and sycamores only
 Comfortless, bare,
 Sore from steel and the watching,
 Somber and old,
 (Woing robes for the beeches, larches,
 Splashed with gold;
 Breath o' love to the lilac,
 Warm with noon)
 Great hearts cold when the little
 Beat mad so soon.
 What is their faith to bear it
 Till it come,
 Waiting with rain-cloud and swallow,
 Frozen, dumb?

From "April Twilights"

THE RIGHT TO LIVE

BY

JOSEPH KOCHELI

SHE rose from the rude bench as the boat from the city prison — “the Island” — entered its slip. It had been delayed, and she was very tired, with the weariness of a long wait, but her eyes shone with a glad light of welcome as she greeted the man (hardly more than a boy) who presently detached himself from a certain crowd that had come over on the boat — from “the Island.”

He knew that she would be there waiting; that she, as he, had been counting the days and hours to the time of his release. Yet, as he eagerly joined her, he stood for a moment half shamefacedly before the little woman, a slight stoop in his shoulders, his face a little haggard — peaked; and she noted with an inward tinge the new hard lines.

“Well — I’m out, Mame,” he said somewhat doggedly.

She laughed a little as she gently touched his sleeve. “Dat’ll be all fer yours, Tommy,” she quietly answered. “It’s home fer us, and grub”; and they moved away together from the dock, on the long walk down the avenue to the place he had not seen for three months. They walked rapidly; to get there, that was the main thing. They paid little heed to the greetings of their kind as they approached and passed through their own district. He had been “sent away” for three months; it was a long time, and they were going *home*.

Once a patrolman gave them a passing glance, then stopped and looked sharply after the couple. He was a new man, but even he detected the mark a three months’ jail-step leaves in the walk.

He turned inquiringly to one who had greeted them. “Who’s the bloke?”

“What! him? — why, dat’s Tommy Burns, de boss scrapper o’ dis ward, back from a vaca-tion fer soakin’ a cop.”

“Ah — soaked a cop, eh?” and instinctively the policeman’s knuckles pressed tighter against the strap of his club. He pursed his lips reflectively, pondering a moment as he assimilated this information, and gazed again after the dis-

appearing figures. Then he sauntered off. He was not likely to forget.

When they reached home, it all looked very welcome and inviting to the man who had for weeks been conjuring up its comforts. His eyes, following her every movement, watched the girl wife as she bustled about and presently, after a great clattering and juggling of pans and dishes, produced a substantial-looking repast, a feast to the man. “He ate — not greedily, but hungrily, with vigorous satisfaction. After a while he called her to him. He reached up and drew her face to his. “Mame, you’re a bird.” “Aw, chop it,” she flashed back at him, “an’ feed yer face.” But they understood.

Then she sat in a shadow, resting her chin in her hand, and watched him eat, attacking the food before him with the same aggressiveness that had dominated his every action ever since she had known him. His top-heavy shoulders and lithe limbs of the “bruiser” were outlined very clearly — all the same “scrappy” features for which she had loved him from the beginning. Her mind dwelt on their first meeting, at a dance, when he had swung her in perfect time to the whirl of that terpsichorean mystery of the water-front districts, “de twist”; then on their next meeting, but a week later, at the bier of her dead mother, who had left her suddenly, without kin to whom she could turn; who had died in the act of writing a rambling sort of letter to some relative in Scotland, her old home, which she had left many years before with her baby, Mame, to follow her man, Danny McBride, to the new world.

Protracted mourning is not for her who must fight to live. Tom had wooed her with a rush, literally battling his way through her admirers, and she had loved him a long time before the day when she, Mame McBride, became the envied wife of the hardest “scrapper of de place” — Mrs. Tommy “Kid” Burns.

She recalled also the look which that other suitor, then a patrolman, now Police Captain Scully, had given her when she had used force

to escape his unwelcome attentions. "Shifty" (owing to a disagreeable habit of his eyes) they called him then; "Shifty" he had remained.

"Tommy," she said at length, a far-away expression clouding her brow, "I want ter know. What for did youse smash de copper?"

Her husband arrested his jaw midway in the act of dividing a tasty morsel, and looked at her for a moment wondering. So she had waited all this time for *him* to tell her!

"Why, Mame, ye remember me last fight wid de 'Mutt' o' de seventh ward that I broke up in three rounds? Well — Scully seen de scrap, an' de next day de copper says dat Scully swears I smashed de 'Mutt' below de belt ter win. Dat gets me batty, an' I calls de copper a liar. He swings off an' swipes me in de jaw — an' I wouldn't take it — see?"

Yes, Mame could see. So that was the way, she mused, Scully intended to "get back" at her. She felt troubled as she wondered if she should tell Tom of Scully's visits while he was away — of his disguised sneers and insinuations while pretending to proffer aid for old friendship's sake. No, she wouldn't do that. Tom could hit hard, and she was proud of it; but she didn't want him to kill.

He finished his meal and, pushing away from the table, he came over and sat beside her, his arm around her shoulders, his beard of a day's growth leaving its mark on her cheek.

"What'll you do now, Tom?" she asked tentatively.

"Got *me*," and he rubbed his chin reflectively. "Ye see, it's like dis — a bloke gets ter thinkin' over there" (and he nodded toward "the Island"), "an' it's up ter me to get a job. Not dat I likes to quit de gloves, but ye see, Mame, bein' too handy wid de dukes is what got me in dis fix, an' I thinks I'll give de game a rest. I'll git a job ter-morrow" (hopefully) "and while de money won't come in big chunks, it'll come in steady."

She scanned him admiringly, then pressed closer into the strength of the encircling arm. "Well, don't be in no sweat about it. I'd saved up quite a bit afore youse" (with a smile) "took de trip, an' it won't all be gone yet fer a while. But, Tom," as she pulled his face around against hers, "no booze" (decisively) "and keep away from de cops fer a while. I don't think they'll love ye now," she concluded apprehensively.

"Not on yer life dey won't," affirmed Tom, "an' what's more — oncet you hits a cop, you hits de hull police force, an' I've seen many a bloke made a bum afore they'd let up on him. I'd try an' square it wid de man I hit, but" — and he scowled — "he says I fouled a man, an' I give him no more than I took, anyway."

It was getting late. The dim light flickered and cast its mellow beams on them as they sat there in the loving, voiceless companionship of a well-mated couple — a pair with the clean, pure strain of grit so characteristic in their kind: he planning pluckily for the future; she fearing for it, and fearing Scully's resentment. Womanlike, she also feared to tell Tom — at least, she wouldn't tell him "just yet."

II

A week had gone by, and found Tom unsuccessful in his search for steady employment. True, he had been taken on at the foundry, but, though he manfully did his full share of the labor, the foreman for no special reason had soon "laid him off." Then, again, there was the chance he had of trucking for Harrington & Smith, but somehow that didn't last either.

"It's no use, Mame," he said to der disconsolately one evening, after a fruitless all-day search. "Some bloke is knocking me. One of de men at de foundry tipped me off dat the foreman gets word I'd been on de Island, an' dat's bad fer a man, whether he's a crook or not. An' what's more, now I'm offered a hundred plunks fer a fight wid de Harlem 'Slugger' next week, an' seein' as I've kept in shape, I agreed to take him on"; and he eyed his horny, knotted, muscular hands.

Mame leaned against the wall and looked at him hesitatingly. *She* knew who it was, going about and defaming her husband to prospective employers. No later than that afternoon had Captain Scully, under pretense of searching the building for some suspicious characters, got access to her rooms, and again aroused her anger by insulting suggestions, and, when he found it impossible to force his attentions on her, had threatened to make it "hot for Tom."

She blessed her husband's simplicity, which attached no suspicion to the Captain's frequent visits of late to the house in which they lived, though gossips were beginning to watch with more than common interest. What should she do?

"Never mind, Tom," she said; "if youse can't help it, you'll have ter take on de 'Slugger,' but" (cheerfully) "youse starts right in dis minute to get in condition, an' it's early to de quilts an' bed fer yours."

Obediently, and without a thought of questioning her orders (the only training he had ever needed since their marriage), he was soon stripped, and after a preliminary "sweat out" under her experienced handling, to which he ascribed all his successes in the roped arena,

he was soon peacefully asleep, while she sat at the bedside pondering over the problem.

The next afternoon, Tom, attired in the gaudy-hued sweater that he always donned to advertise to his friends an approaching fistic contest, stepped jauntily down Avenue Z, nonchalantly answering the queries of admirers who greeted him at every step, stopped him to feel of his muscular development, and debated among themselves his chances to win. Presently, being for the moment deserted, he stopped to view a miscellaneous assortment of goods attractively displayed in a corner shop window. A stranger stepped up beside him and altogether unnecessarily began crowding against his shoulder.

Tom for a moment paid no attention, but as the man persisted in keeping uncomfortably close, he turned impatiently and put out his hand to shove him away. The moment his hand came in contact with the stranger, "Ah, steal my watch, will you?" exclaimed the latter, and at once seized him by the collar. At the same time a policeman turned the corner. Tom comprehended at a glance. "It's a plant," he gasped, and tried to wrench himself free, but a rap on the head from the policeman's stick apprised him of the danger of resistance. The blow partially stunned him, and he faintly protested. "Ah, what d'ye want?" he was answered. "Wasn't you nabbed in th' act?" He was summarily half dragged to the police-station. "It'll be 'college' (state prison) fer you dis trip," he was told on the way. He felt in a daze. As he was hustled through the door of the station, he recognized a friend among the crowd who had followed. "Pass de word to me wife, Joe," he said. Then he stood before the desk. In a few moments the farce, for such it was, had been played through. "Committed to special sessions," he heard as they pushed him into a cell. He sank down on the plank. He had "hit a cop," and the cops were "breaking him," he thought bitterly. He knew better than to believe he could clear himself. He gave vent to his feelings in a smothered curse. "What's de use?" he hopelessly exclaimed.

Now it so happened that on the same afternoon a newly appointed agent of the Society for the Prevention of Crime (in the vernacular of the district, a "crimer") considered it his duty to tour the locality for better acquaintanceship with its customs.

On Avenue Z he had been attracted by the well set up, finely cut figure of the prize-fighter, as the latter swung down the street. He knew Tom by reputation, and, with the view of getting

to know him personally as well, he started forward from the shadow of a high stoop where he had sat unobserved, when Tom's difficulty summarily introduced him to the "regulation" to which Tom fell a victim. The agent, though young in experience, bore himself wisely. With some others, he gained admittance to the police-station when Tom was arraigned, but for the time he held his peace. His complete report of the occurrence in the magistrate's court in the morning, however, made it impracticable for the police to press their charge against the prisoner. But they could bide their time. "There'll be no 'crimers' on deck at de next session," sententiously remarked the "plain-clothes" individual who had acted as the "bait."

When, in the morning, his wife, apprehensive at his unexplained absence, heard of his arrest and the charge, she went white to the lips, then quietly closed the door in the face of her informer — and collapsed. It was a very black ending indeed.

As she regained her senses, she became conscious of a brusque knock, and without further preliminary Captain Scully entered the room. The life training of one in her environment stood her in good stead. Her sensibilities dulled by her new misfortune, she mechanically faced him.

He observed the signs of recent agitation, however, and shrewdly guessed the cause. "So you're on, eh?" he sneered. "Look here, Mame," he continued in a hard, low tone, "I'll not chew de rag wid youse now. I've got your man right where I want him — got him wid de goods on, and" (fiercely) "you bet your life he gets de limit."

Aroused now to her husband's danger, she began to play for time — she wanted to think — surely there must be some way. "When does de case come up?" she interrupted.

"Aw, it's up an' off afore dis," he answered, and her heart sank within her. "It's a free ride fer him to de jug by now. Don't you worry" (sarcastically), "I ain't made no breaks."

Then he suddenly changed his tone. He begged her to listen to him, to pity him; he urged his regard for her. He had provided the legal grounds, he insinuated; it was a state prison offense; she could get a divorce and marry him. If she wouldn't, he threatened —

Then she started and nearly cried out at something she had heard; something else besides the hated voice of the man before her.

On entering the room he had neglected the precaution of closing the door. What should he fear? In the whole ward there was none who would dare to interrupt. The only man who

could contest his right there he believed safely "put away," but that man's wife *knew*, while unbelieving against hope, her husband's step on the stairs. In another moment she was certain, and rounding the table which she had kept between them as he pleaded, she boldly faced her persecutor.

"What did ye say Tom got pinched for?" she asked, raising her voice to muffle the sound of her husband's approach as he reached their floor; and at Scully's reply, her clenched little fist smashed full against the lying mouth. "*That fer yours, Shifty,*" she cried, as she sprang for the door. "Say it to Tom's face; here he is," and she flung the door open as he came toward them along the hall, wonderingly, as he heard.

With a snarl of surprise, pain, and astonishment, Scully stepped to her and seized her arm while, fearing he knew not what, with his other hand he instinctively reached for his pistol. She shrank from him as he gripped her, and involuntarily gave a faint cry. Then — a flash of the red sweater, and Tom's practised fist, landing heavily under Scully's ear, dropped him heavily, and, as he fell, his fingers, clutching the gun, pulled it from his pocket. At the glint of the metal Tom kicked it from his hand, then he stooped and, before the downed man could recover, he dragged him bodily from the room, down to the landing below. A crowd of tenants in the building, attracted by the sounds of the strife, had meanwhile gathered, amazed at the

treatment dealt to the feared bully. The latter by this time had regained his feet, and, white with passion, cowering and trembling, sputtered threats and abuse at the man he had tried to wrong. As he turned from him, Tom's hand slapped him backward across the face. "I'm on to ye now, ye mutt — bark away," he tersely remarked, and left him there, whipped, disgraced, a fallen "terror" to those who bore witness to his humiliation and who would presently spread it broadcast throughout the district. Degraded and friendless, he slunk away.

Tom rejoined his wife. He briefly told her of the trap into which he had been forced, and the cause of his unexpected release. "Dey missed me oncet, Mame," he said bitterly, "an' dey'll try it again."

She glanced at him questioningly. "Are you afraid, Tom?" she asked.

He stepped over and caught her chin in his hand, raising her face to his. "Give us a look, Mame," he commanded, as she laughingly evaded meeting his eyes. Then he kissed her, and, crossing the room to the window, gazed long and earnestly at the teeming life of the overcrowded, squalid street below. Life here was a *fighting* game. It was the only game he knew — and he knew it well. But the odds might now be too great; should he quit? His wife came and stood beside him, her hand over his shoulder. Yes, the game was hard, but it was home to them — their home. He smiled down in her eyes. "Let 'em come," he said grimly.

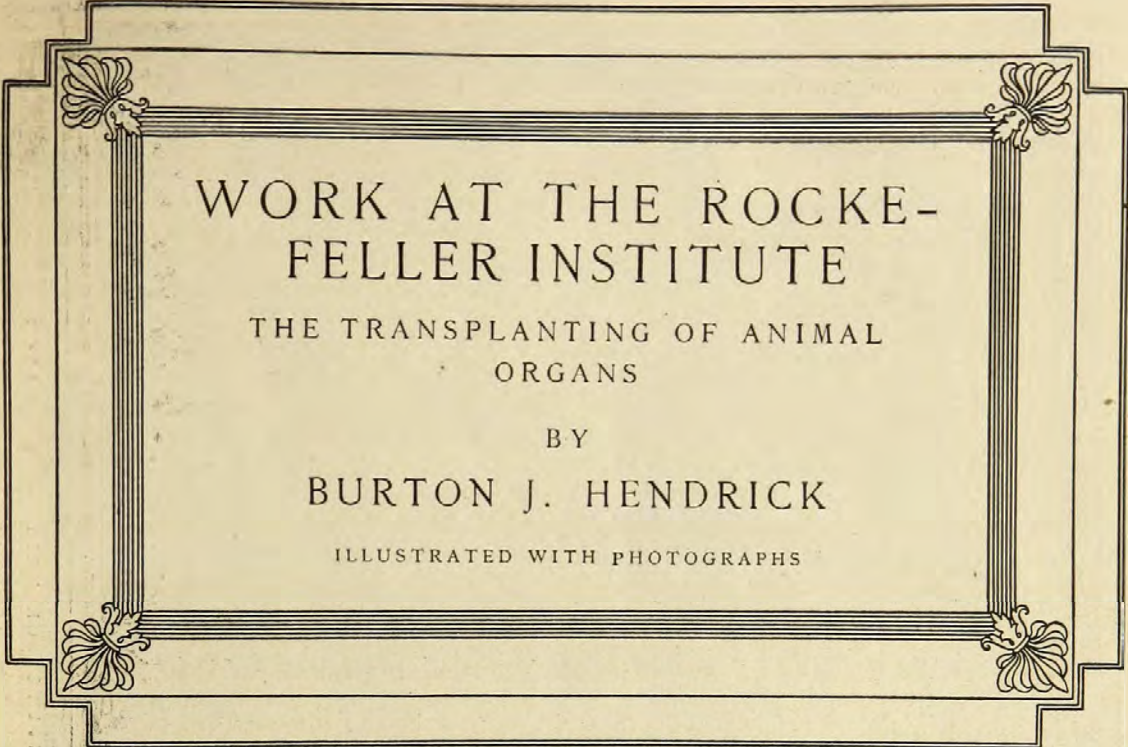
PREMONITION

BY WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH

SO often we sit thus, long evening through,
Spendthrift of dream and silence from a store
Of hopes and memories and love, so vast,
No want we know, no further boon implore.

Yet sometimes while in firelight revery
We draw to-morrow's strength from love at rest,
All suddenly I dream thy face grows pale,
Remote as of some strange, celestial guest:

Then to my boding heart Fear breathes; mark well
This friendly hour, this dear, familiar place,
For change will be: guard lest thy loneliness
Lack even remembrance of Joy's passing grace.



WORK AT THE ROCKE- FELLER INSTITUTE

THE TRANSPLANTING OF ANIMAL
ORGANS

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

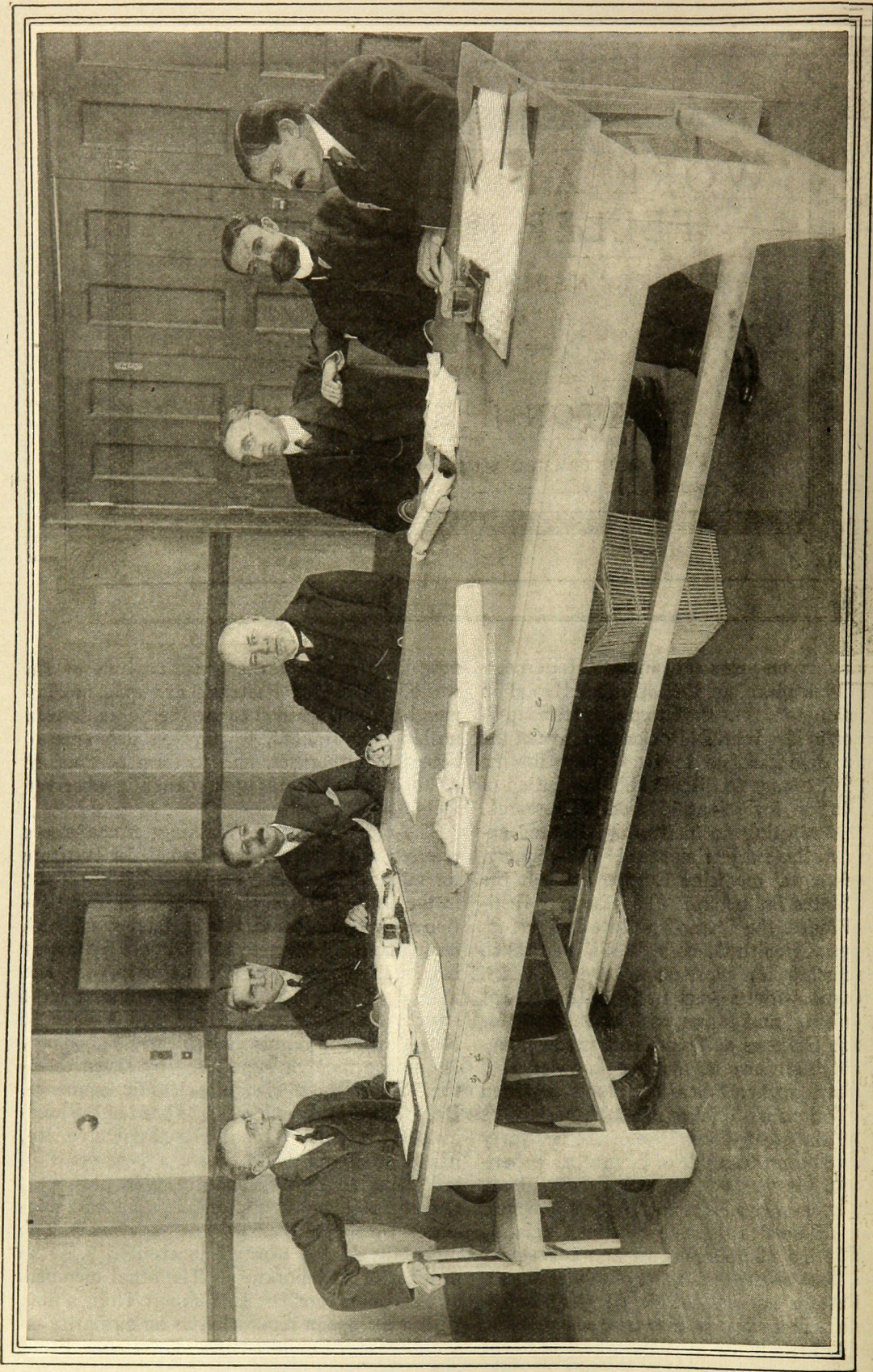
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN May, seven years ago, an important meeting took place at the Arlington Hotel in Washington. On that occasion, at the invitation of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, five of the most distinguished medical men in the United States met to discuss the foundation of an institution for scientific medical research. Until this meeting no institution devoted exclusively to this subject existed in this country. In experimental medicine Europe had left the United States far behind. The Pasteur Institute in France, the Lister Institute in London, the Imperial Health Office in Berlin, had taken the leadership for more than twenty years. Even Russia, with its great Imperial Institute at St. Petersburg, and Japan, with its Institute for Infectious Diseases at Tokio, had made many important additions to medical knowledge.

American medical men had long regarded this as a serious national reproach, especially as nearly all the great discoveries of the last forty years have been the result of laboratory experimentation. It was not a medical man at all, but an experimental chemist, Louis Pasteur, who, in demonstrating the relations existing between living microorganisms and contagious diseases, became the real father of modern medicine. Pasteur not only achieved great immediate practical results; he also created a method. The lonely little house at Alais, where he spent five years investigating the diseases of silkworms, was the precursor of the laboratories

now located in all the great capitals of the world. Following Pasteur's example, medical men have now learned to use their eyes, to take nothing for granted, to pay less deference to accepted authorities, and to form conclusions of their own, based upon carefully observed facts.

The outcome of the Washington conference referred to above was the Rockefeller Institute for medical research. Its mission is to apply, in the United States, the methods of investigation which, in other countries, have made such useful contributions to civilization. Starting in a small way, with no building of its own, and a fund of only \$200,000, it now has a large structure at Sixty-sixth Street and Avenue A, New York, and resources of nearly \$4,000,000. Its management is supervised by seven directors, all of them men of scientific eminence. Dr. William H. Welch, who, as head of the medical department of Johns Hopkins University, has done so much to create a new spirit in medical science in this country, is its president; and one of his most successful pupils and associates, Dr. Simon Flexner, who has already done much invaluable work in bacteriology, is the director of its laboratory. The other members of the Board are Dr. L. Emmett Holt, a man with a European reputation as an authority on the diseases of children; Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, who has created the department of pathology at Columbia University; Dr. Herman

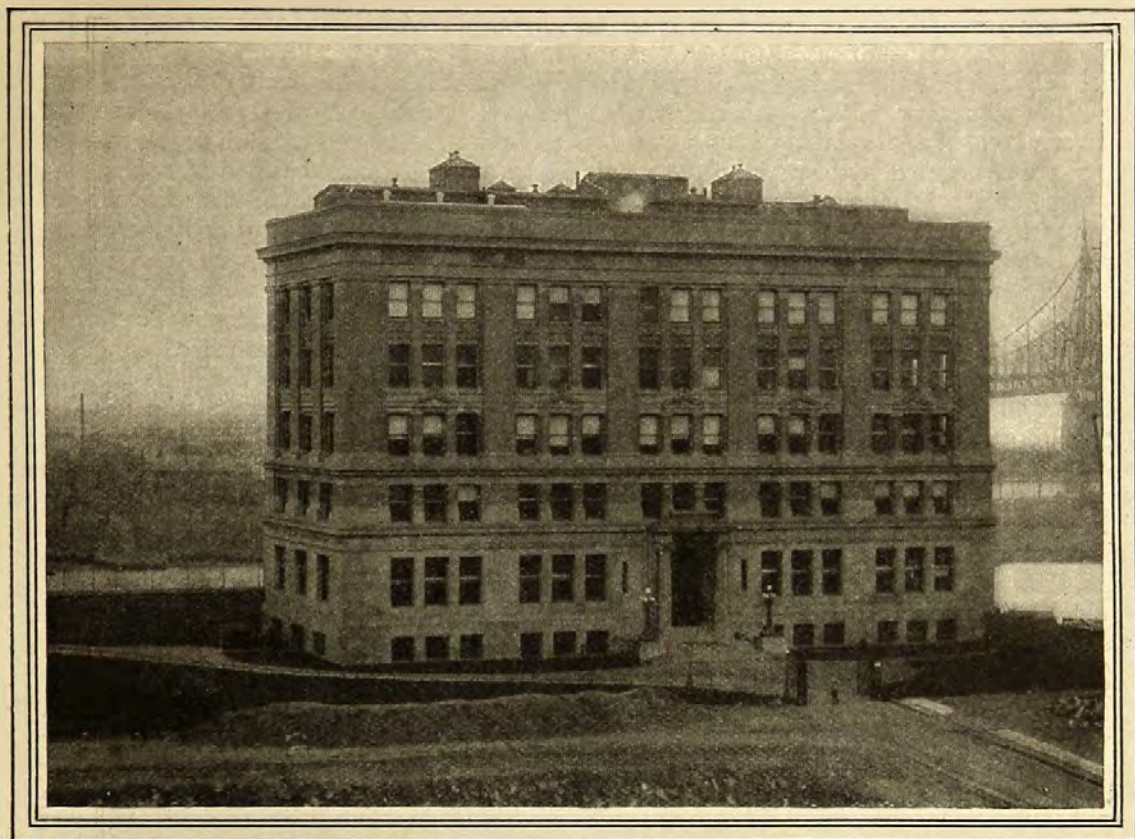


DIRECTORS OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

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THE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE, LOCATED AT AVENUE A AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK

M. Biggs, who, in spite of every discouragement and disadvantage, has made the New York Health Department a model municipal agency in fighting disease; Dr. Theobald Smith, of Harvard University, whose demonstration of the fact that Texas cattle fever is caused by an animal parasite carried by the cattle tick in large measure paved the way for the discovery of the relation between malaria and a certain species of mosquito; and Dr. Christian A. Herter, well known as an authority on nervous diseases and chemical pathology.

The laboratory building of the Rockefeller Institute stands upon a rocky bluff facing on the west a densely packed tenement population—one of the most prolific breeding-places of the diseases whose secrets the investigators seek to penetrate—and, on the east, Blackwell's Island, a centering point for much of that misery and vice in the making of which disease plays no inconsiderable part. The Institution is modern, not only in its scientific atmosphere, but in a fine type of idealism. It is the headquarters of fifteen or twenty enthusiasts who have isolated themselves, in nearly all cases as young men, and given all their time to this work of research. As Edmond About said of Pasteur,

they are seeking, not to cure individuals, but to cure humanity. If they make any important discovery, they give it freely to mankind with no reward except the recognition and satisfaction of having done something worth while.

In practically every department—surgery, pathology, bacteriology, chemistry, and physiology—excellent results have already been obtained. In this and subsequent articles will be described some of the most important work already accomplished.

Among the most far-reaching of these experiments are those conducted by Dr. Alexis Carrel in the transplantation of animal organs. For the first time in medical history Dr. Carrel has demonstrated the important fact that the kidney of one animal can be transplanted into another animal and perform, for a considerable period, its normal functions. He has also proved that the leg of one dog can be successfully joined and made to grow upon the leg of another. These experiments are not mere surgical curiosities; like all the work of the Institute, they are undertaken for the purpose of accomplishing certain definite results.

Great progress has been made in the last

thirty-five years in the prevention and cure of contagious diseases — diseases, that is, of bacterial origin. But the numerous disorders of the kidney, liver, spleen, and other important viscera, which, in the opinion of most pathologists, are not caused by bacteria, baffle medical men almost as much to-day as they did fifty years ago. The ravages of typhoid, diphtheria, and tuberculosis have been greatly checked; Bright's disease is still regarded, by both the popular and professional mind, as incurable. For generations medical men have dreamed of treating these chronic affections in a direct and obvious way — that is, by removing sick organs and substituting new ones. If you have a bad kidney or a bad liver, the most satisfactory procedure, were it surgically possible, would be simply to get a new one. There are likewise many diseases of the arteries and veins, the most satisfactory treatment of which would be the transplantation of healthy vessels in place of those diseased.

Another similar idea is the replacement of useless legs and arms with the more serviceable limbs of other people. In the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine the story is told of a pious saint who received, as an especial favor from heaven, the healthy leg of a negro in place of his own diseased member. As a result of experiments conducted in the last five years by Dr. Carrel, it seems possible that what was the miracle of an age of faith may become the reality of an age of science.

A New Method of Uniting Severed Arteries and Veins

Dr. Carrel, an unassuming young Frenchman, is himself a fine example of the idealistic spirit dominant in modern science. His skill as a surgeon would easily bring him a very large income; he prefers, however, the isolated work of the Institute. From the first Dr. Carrel has been a man with a fixed idea. As a medical student at the University of Lyons he conceived the possibility of utilizing healthy animal organs and vessels to do the work of those which had become diseased. Naturally, these ideas, coming from an enthusiastic young man, inspired little confidence. In spite of the great discoveries of modern French science, new ideas gain ground slowly in France. In Lyons Dr. Carrel did some interesting work; about 1905, however, hampered by the lack of proper working facilities at home, and convinced that his ideas would have a favorable reception in this country, he came to the United States. He became associated with the University of Chicago, on the staff of its distinguished professor of physiology, Dr. G. N. Stewart. Here,

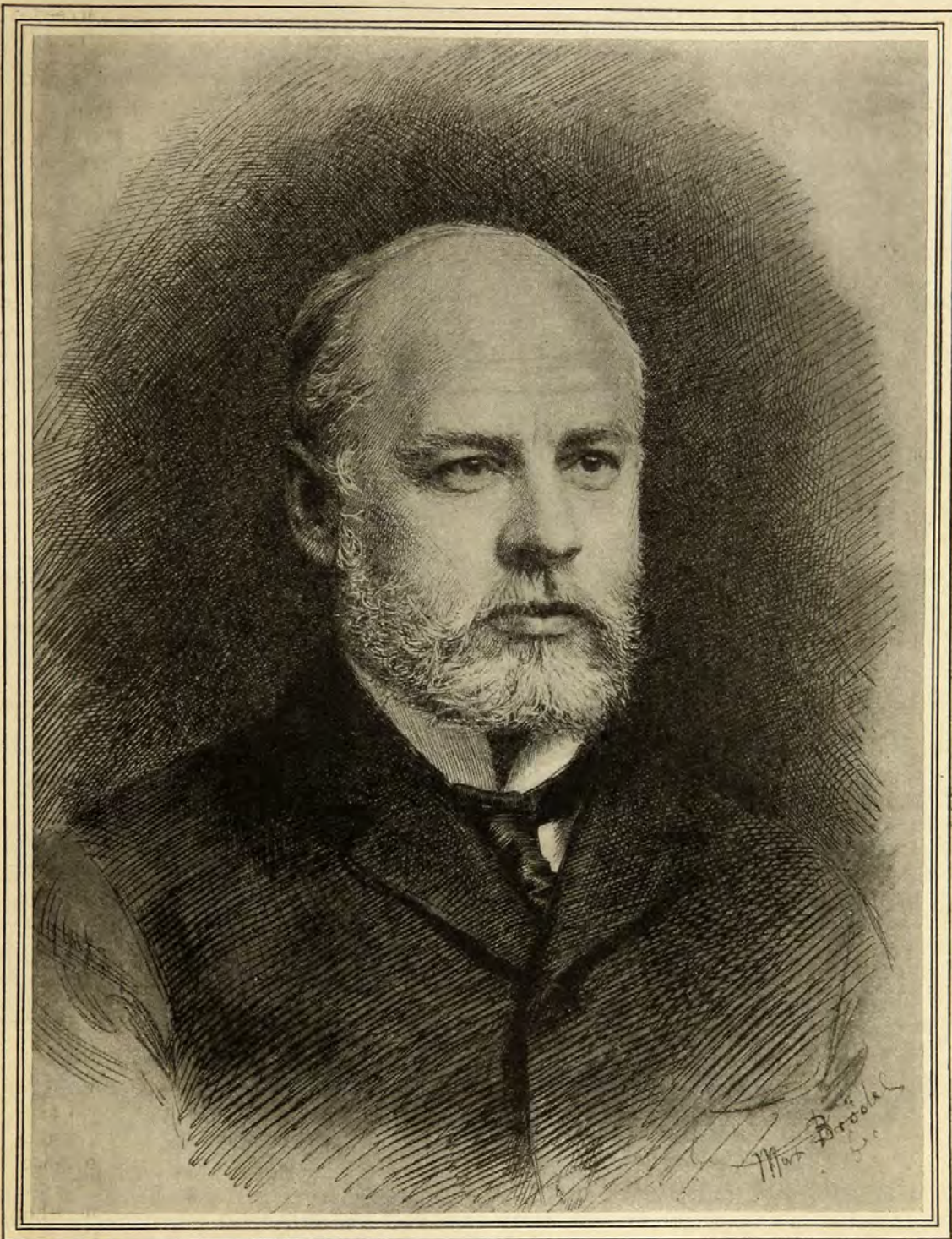
among other important operations, he succeeded in transplanting the kidney of a dog from its natural location in the lumbar region to the dog's neck. In 1906, his success in this direction led to an invitation to join the staff of the Institute.

Before the transplantation of animal organs is possible, a large amount of preliminary work has to be done on the veins and arteries. The aorta, the great trunk artery, and the vena cava, the great trunk vein, lead directly from the heart down into the abdominal cavity, and, with certain important branches, connect with and largely hold in place the large abdominal organs. In order to remove the kidney, the liver, or the spleen, therefore, it is first necessary to cut these great blood-vessels. Medical men had long regarded the vascular system as sacred, and to cut the aorta, in the opinion of most surgeons, would inevitably cause death. No one had yet succeeded in uniting severed blood-vessels by simple suture; in certain cases, by the use of magnesium tubes and other contrivances, this latter operation had been performed, but no experimentalist, before Carrel, had developed a method that was simple and almost invariably sure.

An examination of an animal artery sufficiently explains why surgeons should approach it with trepidation. Thin as are its walls, it is an extremely complicated structure. Viewed under the microscope, it consists of three distinct coats or layers, each lying closely upon the other, but each absolutely distinct from its next neighbor. Each coat has its own independent part to play in the world; one provides the elasticity that makes pulsation possible, another furnishes muscular power, while the innermost section, called the intima, consists of a smooth, free surface, for immediate contact with the flowing blood. To cut these several layers and make them grow together again would in itself require great skill in surgical carpentry; what rendered it all but impossible was the blood itself. We are all fairly familiar with the common phenomenon known to surgeons as a thrombus, and to most people as a blood clot. Blood, when once freed from the artery, coagulates — forms into a sticky, glutinous substance. If a clot of any appreciable size gets into the circulation, it may land in the brain or some other vital part and cause death. It was the fear of a disaster of this kind that made surgeons hesitate to disturb a healthy artery.

Fine Needlework on Blood-Vessels

The discovery made by Dr. Carrel was, like most discoveries, entirely simple and elementary. He found that no elaborate contrivance, such as a magnesium tube, was necessary; that, if proper skill and proper asepsis were used, a



DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND GENERALLY REGARDED AS THE DEAN
OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN THIS COUNTRY

severed artery could be simply sutured with a very small needle and very fine silk. He discovered that, in joining the severed ends, he could practically disregard the different layers of which the vessel is composed, with the ex-

ception of the innermost one. If the intima of one severed end were perfectly joined to the intima of the other end, the remaining coats would practically take care of themselves.

The whole technique developed was beauti-

ful in its minuteness and its simplicity. It would almost require a microscope to follow it in all its details. The usual way of stopping circulation, preliminary to a surgical operation, is by the use of metal clamps, which, pinching the walls of the vessel together, check the flow of blood. Dr. Carrel found that the metal clamps wounded the artery and frequently brought about the dreaded coagulations. He therefore stopped the circulation by winding around the artery a narrow strip of linen, and pulling this tight with surgical forceps. He then cut the artery with small and extremely sharp scissors. Snipping it thus in two places, he could remove a segment of any desired length. This he carefully washed, inside and out, with a cleansing solution, in order to remove all the blood and any extraneous matter that might possibly have slipped in, and then, to protect it against new encroachments, thoroughly coated it with vaseline.

In securing this in place, either in the same animal or another, the danger of wounding the tissue, and thereby producing blood clots, again constantly threatened. Even in the little holes made by the tiny needles, diminutive coagulations might form, containing in themselves the chance of serious disturbance. To protect these holes, Dr. Carrel used another simple device; he thoroughly coated the silk thread with vaseline. As the silk passed through the walls of the artery, the vaseline was scraped off and left as a protective coating in the holes; it quickly healed the microscopic wounds and prevented thrombosis. By this operation, Dr. Carrel, or any surgeon equally skilful, could do what has always been regarded as impossible — cut the aorta of a man, at a short distance from the heart, and sew it together again. Indeed, the aorta is more easily handled than other arteries, because it is so large and tough. In cutting the aorta the circulation would be entirely stopped in the lower part of the body, and thrown into the upper; but, for the hour or less that such an operation would take, this could be done.

One Dog Uses the Aorta of Another

On animals, by using this method, Dr. Carrel has performed many important transplantations. He has taken the aorta from one dog and sewed it into the aorta of another. He has transplanted sections of the arteries of dogs and cats with ease. The animals, being under a heavy anesthetic, suffer absolutely no pain, either during or after the operations. The wounds rapidly heal; no blood clots result; and the subjects are soon capering about, unconscious of the fact that they are using each other's blood-vessels.

More interesting still, Dr. Carrel has found that, under favorable circumstances, he can make veins do the work of arteries and arteries do the work of veins. It is assumed that the average reader understands the difference between these two kinds of blood-vessels — that an artery is the channel through which the red blood is rapidly pumped through the body, carrying nourishment and life; and a vein the channel through which this same blood, blue and vitiated, sluggishly finds its way back to the heart. Since the arteries have much harder work to do than the veins, nature has made them thicker and more elastic; and physicians had hardly conceived it possible that they could be interchanged. Dr. Carrel, however, has cut out a section of the aorta of a dog, and replaced it with an equally long section of the vena cava — the largest vein — of another dog. Similarly, he has replaced part of the carotid artery — the main artery of the neck — with a corresponding part of the jugular vein. He has found that nature, when this violent change in its organization takes place, goes patiently to work to readjust matters; veins transplanted upon arteries grow thicker and elastic, so that they may do the work of arteries; arteries transplanted upon veins lose much of their elasticity and strength.

If these operations come to be performed on man, the possibility of using veins for arteries will be of the greatest importance. The difficulty of repairing human arteries by transplantation is the practical one of getting the material. People who have healthy blood-vessels do not care to present them to their suffering brothers. We need all the arteries we have — not a section can be permanently removed without disastrous results. The body is filled with superfluous veins, however, and we could easily find, in our own persons, a segment of vein to take the place of a diseased artery.

An Artery from a Man's Knee Used in a Dog

At present, however, this interchange is not always successful; many times a vein, in attempting to readjust itself to its new functions, overdoes the matter; its walls become so hard and thick that little space, sometimes no space at all, is left as a channel for the blood. A situation results something like arterio-sclerosis — that hardening of the arteries that works such havoc among old people. This fact has led Dr. Carrel into a new field of experimentation: a testing of the possibility of using the vessels of an animal of one species in an animal of another. One of the recent discoveries of medical science is the fact that the blood serum of one species acts as a poison upon the tissue of another. But

to this general rule occasional exceptions have been found. If the different species are somewhat closely related, if the origin of one in zoologic time is not too far removed from that of

succeed better in transplanting tissue from a guinea-pig to a rabbit, or from a cat to a dog, or possibly from an anthropoid ape to a man, for these species are supposed to be rather closely



DR. ALEXIS CARREL

A YOUNG FRENCH SURGEON, WHO, IN HIS METHOD OF UNITING SEVERED ARTERIES AND VEINS, HAS GIVEN MEDICAL SCIENCE A NEW PRINCIPLE OF WIDE APPLICATION. DR. CARREL, AMONG HIS OTHER REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS, HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT A KIDNEY, TRANSPLANTED FROM ONE ANIMAL TO ANOTHER, WILL LIVE AND FUNCTIONATE PERFECTLY IN ITS NEW HOST FOR SEVERAL WEEKS

the other, successful grafts may sometimes be made. You cannot graft the skin of a mouse upon a lizard, because these two animals are only remotely related; you would probably

allied. As far as blood-vessels are concerned, Dr. Carrel has discovered that the arteries of one species frequently preserve a normal existence in the body of another species. He now has a

living healthy cat which contentedly uses, as part of its circulatory system, the carotid artery of a dog. One of his associates in Chicago, Dr. C. C. Guthrie, has successfully inserted in a dog the arteries of a rabbit and a cat. Whether the arteries of a dog can survive and do their work in a human body has not been demonstrated, but it is known that the contrary of this principle is true. Dr. Carrel now has a dog, part of whose aorta is composed of a section of artery taken from a man's knee. The animal's pulse is entirely normal; it is, indeed, in perfect health.

Arteries Preserved for Weeks in Cold Storage

Even these experiments, interesting as they are, do not entirely solve the practical problem. The use of animal vessels and organs in man is a remote possibility; if these transplantations ever become a part of regular medical practice, the material, in all probability, must be obtained from other men. The one available source of supply will then be the bodies of people recently dead. Even though the law and human nature did not revolt at this procedure, there would still be certain obstacles in the way of complete success. Among our other troubles we should have to find, at the precise moment when we needed this extraneous matter, the particular source from which to obtain it. That the surgery of the future may not be embarrassed by difficulties of this kind, Dr. Carrel has entered a new and somewhat startling field of experimentation. If animal organs could be preserved for a considerable period outside the body, the difficulty of obtaining them at the precise moment required would be considerably lessened. The useful organs of the body could then be laid away, safe from disintegration, until the surgeon needed them. As part of his experiments, Dr. Carrel has established what is probably the most remarkable repository in existence,— nothing less than a large ice-chest in which are preserved a considerable assortment of animal arteries and veins. These cold-storage blood vessels, kept in some cases more than a month, when placed in an animal, immediately resume their functions and work indefinitely.

Death as it Affects Personality, and Death as it Affects the Bodily Functions

To the unscientific citizen it is something of a surprise to learn that large parts of the body are alive and useful after the phenomenon popularly known as death has taken place. Few of us suspect, for example, that our kidneys and hearts, after we have died ourselves, can in most cases be resuscitated, and that if by some surgical miracle they could

be transplanted into another body, they would quickly resume their functions. This, however, is a well demonstrated medical fact. The human heart has been removed from the body more than thirty hours after death and made to beat again. Dr. Carrel himself has taken the heart from one dog and inserted it in the neck of another, connecting the carotid artery with the aorta of the new heart, and the vena cava with its jugular vein. In a few moments the live dog had two hearts rhythmically beating, one recording a pulse of 88 and the other of 100.

Science has yet framed no precise definition of death. The human body teems and quivers with life, only a small part of which becomes a part of individual consciousness. The healthy man hardly realizes the numerous and complex activities of his internal organs. The alimentary canal is the abiding-place of millions of microorganisms, the activities of which only occasionally influence our daily life. Bodily tissue everywhere is constantly breaking down and constantly building up; and yet it is only in the last few years that even science has begun to understand the beautiful chemical reactions involved in the process.

Perhaps the white corpuscles of the blood — the leucocytes — furnish the most perfect illustration of this life which is in and yet is not of us. Upon their activity a whole new science, that of phagocytosis, has been founded. Metchnikoff has described how these white corpuscles, among their numerous other activities, are constantly escaping from the blood and pursuing and devouring invading microbes and thus protecting the body from disease. In the intestines a battle is constantly taking place between these white corpuscles and destructive bacteria, in which the combatants, on both sides, number millions and billions; yet, although we are ourselves the battleground, we know nothing of it. These same leucocytes, as has been discovered by Dr. Eugene L. Opie, of the Rockefeller staff, seem almost to have an immortality of their own. They can be removed from the body, ground into a fine grayish white powder, and placed away for months in glass tubes; and then, when reintroduced into the tissues, immediately resume some of their old activities. Death, as popularly understood, is a loss of personality; the eternal separation of human consciousness from inert mortal clay. Theology teaches that the spirit lives forever, — that only the body perisheth; science, on the other hand, while it says nothing about the eternal life of the spirit, teaches the immortality of the body. It may change its form, but it will never pass into nothingness.



THE GENERAL CHEMICAL LABORATORY, WHERE IMPORTANT WORK IS BEING DONE IN STUDYING THE BREAKING DOWN AND BUILDING UP OF BODILY TISSUE. THE EXPERIMENTERS ARE, DR. JACOBS, DR. VAN SLYKE, AND DR. MEYER OF THE INSTITUTE STAFF

Even after death the important organs, in their existing form, live for a certain time. The heart, as has already been said, in specific cases has resisted devitalization for more than a day; the kidneys also can probably survive for a considerable period. The shortest-lived organ is probably the brain; this seldom lasts more than fifteen minutes after the passing of the spirit. But there are certain artificial ways in which animal tissue can be kept alive for days and weeks, perhaps for months. Nature thus gives the scientist a short breathing-space—the lapse between death as it affects personality, and death as it affects the vitality of the cell. If, in that period, the essential bodily organs are removed, they can be preserved for a long time.

Self-Digestion of Tissue After Death

Two forces, after death, begin their destructive work upon animal tissue. The first is microbial; untold millions of bacteria pounce upon the body and cause the common phenomenon of putrefaction. The other force is a comparatively recent discovery of science:

the far more subtle and mysterious disintegration known as autolysis. This is a Greek word which may be freely translated as self-digestion. Food taken into the stomach is converted into certain substances—proteids, sugar, and starch—by digestive ferments or enzymes, especially pepsin and trypsin. It is of these proteids, sugar, and starch that the body is composed. After death, tissue begins to disintegrate into the substances of which it was originally formed; human flesh undergoes almost the same chemical change that food undergoes in the body; in other words, it is digested. In this case the digestion, so far as science can discover, takes place without the action of specific digestive ferments. The tissues literally chew themselves to pieces; the cells possess some inherent power which they use for their own destruction. If a human body were absolutely sterilized and thus freed from the attacks of bacteria, its dissolution, under this process of autolysis, would still go on; after a certain period—and not a very long one—nothing would be left but a limpid fluid, and this, if resolved chemically, would leave a clear, white, powdery

substance—largely the same proteids and sugar of which the living body is composed. The mortal cycle is thus complete; science rephrases the Biblical injunction: proteids we are, and unto proteids we shall return. Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might not stop a hole to keep the wind away; a considerable part of him, however, could be served up as very palatable table sugar.

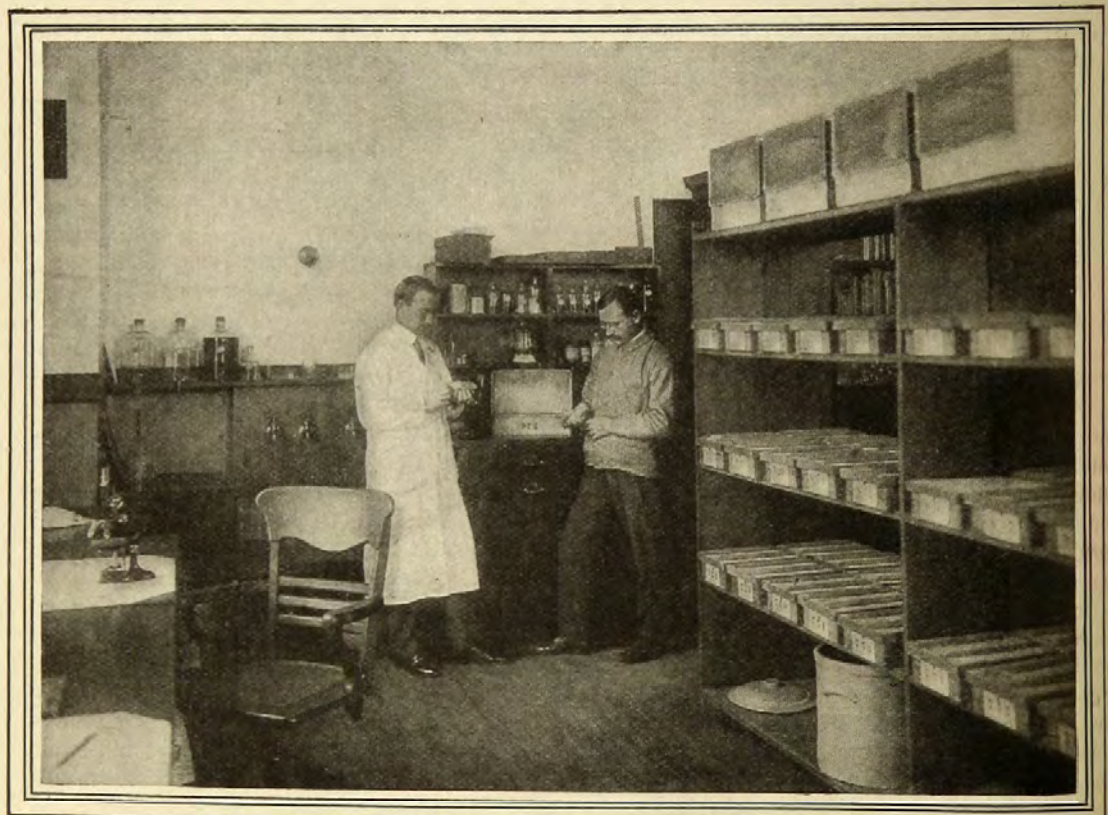
Thus, in order to preserve an organ after death, it must be protected against these two destructive forces. Against putrefaction simple sterilization suffices. An artery, for example, thoroughly disinfected, placed in an ordinary culture tube, and then closed to the access of all bacteria, will not putrefy. Under ordinary circumstances, however, it will undergo autolytic disintegration. Complete desiccation will preserve it against this latter process. Autolysis does not take place except in the presence of water; this explains why Egyptian mummies, which were thoroughly dried before being placed away in the tomb, have resisted for thirty centuries the autolytic ferment. Normal blood serum is another substance which inhibits, to a considerable degree, autolytic degeneration. Cold, while it does not entirely check the process, makes it exceedingly slow. It is upon refrigeration that Dr. Carrel has thus far chiefly de-

pended for preserving arteries. In order to prevent putrefaction, he places them in sterilized culture tubes, and then he puts away the tubes in large ice-chests, which maintain a temperature just above the freezing-point. Here they live in a condition of suspended animation. Dry and shriveled as they appear, they are still living tissue; and, although the animals from which they have been taken have long since gone to their final rest, these fragments, if placed in a new living host, once more take up the thread of existence. That the arteries could be removed from a man recently dead and have their vitality and usefulness preserved in this same fashion, is absolutely certain.

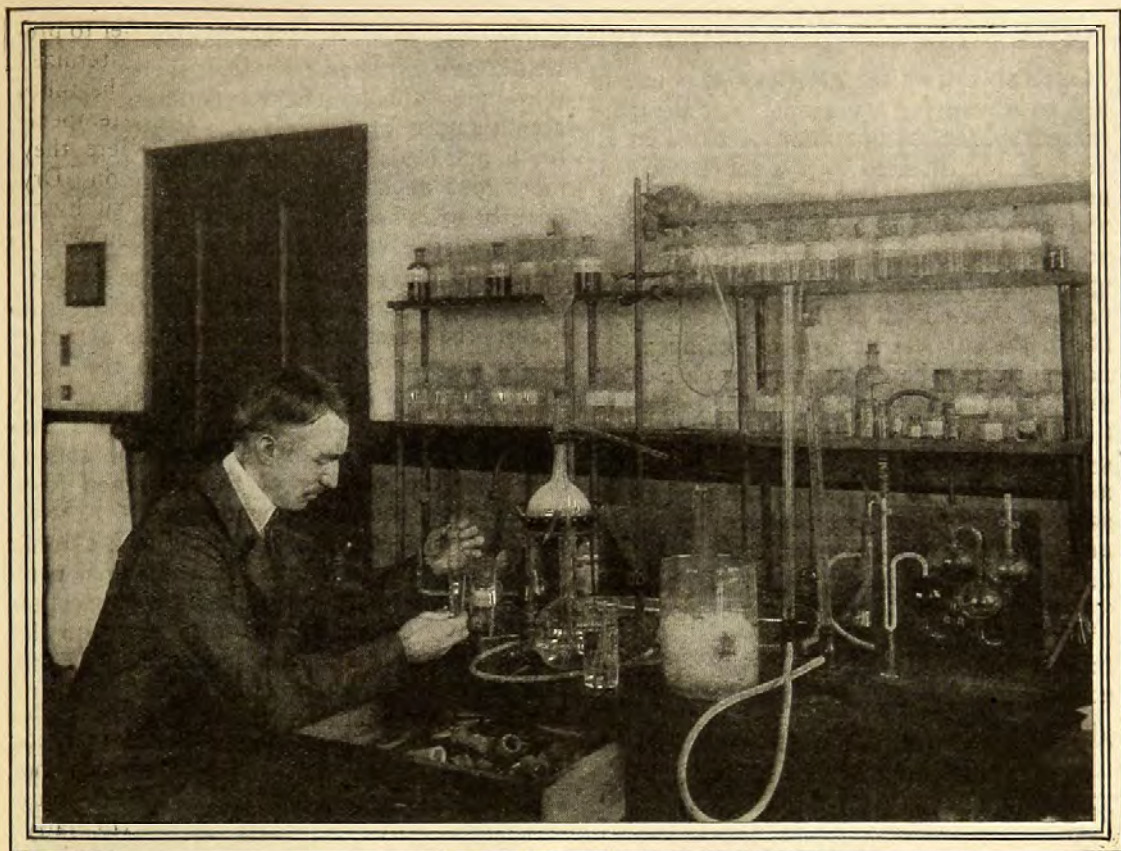
Important as is the bearing of these experiments with blood-vessels upon the ultimate problem—the transplantation of the visceral organs and of limbs—they have many immediate practical applications in themselves.

A New and Successful Method of Transfusing Blood

Dr. Carrel's work on arteries has given the world its first complete and satisfactory method of transfusing blood. Operations by which the blood of one person is injected into the circulatory system of another are not particularly new. For patients suffering from anaemia—



ROOM FOR THE EXPERIMENTAL STUDY OF CANCER. THE BOXES CONTAIN WHITE MICE AND WHITE RATS IN MANY STAGES OF THE DISEASE. THE MAN ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE IS DR. J. W. JOBLING



THE PHYSICAL CHEMICAL LABORATORY; DR. HEIMROD IN CHARGE

that is, an insufficiency of healthy nutritive blood — the obvious treatment is the infusion of the precious fluid of a more fortunate person. The first successful operation of this kind was performed more than two hundred years ago. The operation, however, has never been reduced to an exact science, because of certain almost insurmountable difficulties. The great problem of transfusion has always been to get the blood from one person to another without the formation of blood clots. Hitherto, the most successful plan has been to pour the blood into a receptacle and to beat it, much as a cook beats an egg; this process separates from the blood the fibrin, the substance about which the clots are formed. At best this is a clumsy method, and the results have been far from satisfactory. Now, thanks to Dr. Carrel's work, transfusion, if undertaken by competent men, can be systematically performed. Taking an artery from the full-blooded subject, he sutures one end upon an artery of the anaemic; and, by establishing a perfect circulation, the arterial systems of two people for a time become almost as one.

On a certain occasion Dr. Carrel demonstrated the value of this operation. A brother physician called him out one night to perform a transfusion upon his own infant, which was

only five days old. The child was almost dead from lack of blood; indeed, to the superficial observer, life was already extinct. Dr. Carrel took the radial artery of the child's father and sutured it to the popliteal vein of the child. In a few minutes important changes followed; the child's ears became pink, its lips turned from blue to red, and soon the whole body became suffused with a healthy pink glow. Promptly the child began crying for food, and it is now as robust a baby as one could wish.

This operation and similar operations have become a regular feature of surgical practice, both in this country and in Europe. Only a short time ago a child three years old was admitted to the Babies' Hospital of New York suffering from a large tumor of the kidney, but in such bad condition that under ordinary circumstances operation was out of the question and it seemed as if the child must surely die. After transfusion with the blood of the father the child improved so markedly that it was considered safe to proceed with the operation. It was successfully performed, the child made an excellent recovery, and is now well and strong. This is only one illustration of the numerous applications of this new principle in surgery.

A New Treatment for Aneurisms

Dr. Carrel's work on the arteries also points to a new treatment for aneurisms. An aneurism is caused by the accumulation of blood in an artery; at the diseased part a sac is formed, sometimes very large, and, unless it is checked, it will burst, and the blood, flowing into the surrounding tissue, causes death from hemorrhage. Many methods of treating aneurisms have been evolved, all of them unsatisfactory. Hitherto the surgical removal of the aneurism usually included the destruction of part of an artery. This meant that a particular section of the body, not receiving its usual allotment of blood and nourishment, would develop gangrene. According to Dr. Carrel, the ideal treatment would be to cut out that section of the artery containing the aneurism, and replace it with a segment of a healthy artery from some other source. Up to the present time this operation has not been attempted, because the idea is new and because of the practical difficulty of obtaining extraneous human blood-vessels.

A New System of Drainage for Hydrocephalus and Dropsy

Another interesting application of the new blood-vessel surgery would be its use for drainage purposes. The new method of suture could probably be used to establish a kind of conduit in the body, which might carry away the

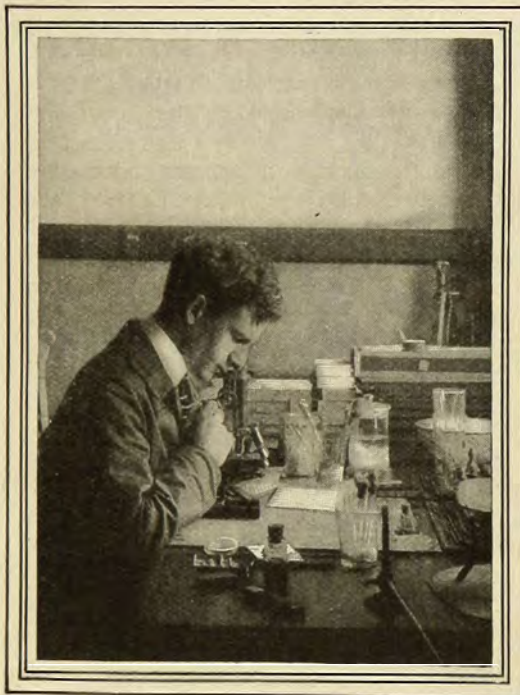
watery accretions that accumulate in certain well-known diseases. Hydrocephalus is a not uncommon affection among children; it is an accumulation of fluid in the cavities of the brain, and leads to an abnormal and sometimes monstrous development of the skull, and frequently to imbecility. A possibility suggested by Dr. Carrel would be to take a segment of vein, suture one end into the dura mater, and thus obtain a connection with the fluid in the brain; the other end could then be attached to the jugular vein. The water in the brain would thus flow by gravity into the circulation. An experiment of this nature has been successfully tried for dropsy. Among the natives of Africa the swelling of the abdomen from dropsy is a common phenomenon. A well-known French surgeon, operating in a chronic case, inserted a vein into the abdominal peritoneum, thus obtaining immediate connection with the water, and caused it to flow into the venous system of the leg. The swelling in this case disappeared. In regular practice "tapping" for dropsy is common; this system of drainage supplies a permanent "tapping," for as soon as the water forms, it passes into the veins. In the circulatory system it causes no damage, because the hydrocephalic and the dropsical fluids are about the same thing as blood plasma itself. Any impurities that enter the blood in this way are excreted precisely as are other impurities.

Important as are these transplantations of blood-vessels, however, they are merely preliminary to the far greater problem of transplanting organs.

Care Given to Animals at the Institute

In these operations every precaution is taken to prevent the animals from suffering needless pain. In the large majority of cases they undergo absolutely no distress, and in no instances does their physical discomfort become acute. A cat operated upon by Dr. Carrel does not suffer even as much as would a human being who should be subjected to the same experiment. That long period of anticipation which, to a human subject, is probably the severest part of the ordeal, an animal obviously does not experience at all. As a matter of fact, because of the great precautions taken in the use of anesthetics, the animals operated upon are absolutely unconscious of the experiment.

The cats that are the subjects of Dr. Carrel's operations are of the homeless, marauding kind. The army of human waifs in a great city arouses everywhere interest and sympathy; the even greater number of animal waifs attracts much less attention. It is the miserable hunted va-



DR. FLEXNER'S PRIVATE LABORATORY; HIS ASSISTANT, DR. LAMAR, AT THE MICROSCOPE



BOTH THE KIDNEYS OF THIS DOG HAVE BEEN REMOVED AND ONE PUT BACK. THE ANIMAL UNDERWENT NO PAIN AS A RESULT OF THE OPERATION AND IS NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH

grant, half starved and cringing, picking up a spare living on the refuse of ash-cans, that, occasionally finding its way into the Rockefeller Institute, furnishes the material for these experiments. There it finds, not a torture chamber, but a really comfortable home. It is cared for by men expert in handling animals, and has plenty of good, wholesome food, and a warm, comfortable bed. While the animal lives, every possible precaution is taken to assure its comfort; and, if its life is ultimately sacrificed in the interest of medical science, it goes down to an easeful death with chloroform. Had it not joined the animal colony at the Institute, it would have starved to death or been suffocated ultimately at the public pound.

The removal of an animal's kidneys and the insertion of new ones is an operation of tremendous complexity. Throughout the whole proceeding, the animal has the attendance of an expert trained nurse. Clad in the conven-

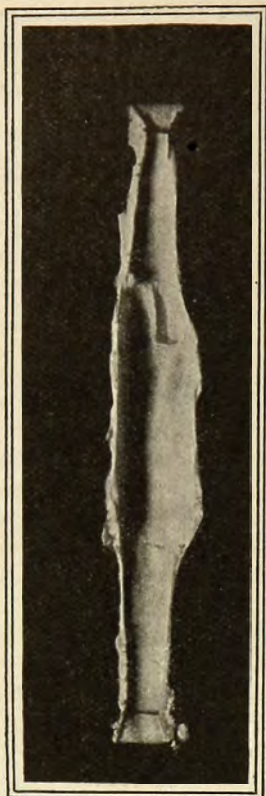
tional nurse's white garb, she gives the little vagrant the same minute attention that she would give a millionaire. The preliminary step is a warm bath in a porcelain tub precisely like that found in every well-ordered home. The woman who has trouble in drying her hair may envy the expeditious manner in which the cat at the Rockefeller Institute solves a similar problem. From the tub it is placed in an adjoining cage; a crank is turned, starting an electric dynamo, a wave of hot air passes through, and in two or three minutes the subject, clean and glossy, steps toward the so-called sterilization room. More anesthetic is given an animal than a man; it can usually stand more, and does not experience the disagreeable physical complications that frequently assail the human subject. Everybody who handles it or comes near it is thoroughly sterilized; the cat itself, after etherization, is washed in a disinfectant. No up-to-date hospital for human beings is more perfect in its equipment than the chamber in which the operation takes place. The operating table is precisely like that used for a man, except that it is smaller; there is the same assortment of clean and shining instruments, and everything in the room, from the white coat of the operating surgeon to the linen bandages and the hands of all the attendants, is sterilized. As an additional precaution against infection the surgeons and nurses throw over the clothes usually worn in an operating room, black gowns made of thoroughly sterilized cloth. They even completely envelop, with the same material, their heads, leaving only two small holes for the eyes.

After disestablishing the circulation, the surgeon cuts the aorta and the great vein just



CAT NO. 6, BOTH OF WHOSE KIDNEYS WERE REMOVED AND THE KIDNEYS OF ANOTHER ANIMAL TRANSPLANTED INTO ITS BODY

above and just below the point where their branches enter the kidneys. This enables him to remove the whole urinary apparatus, and to insert in its place a new set of kidneys and accompanying blood-vessels. After the operation the cat is put into a large, warm cage and restored to consciousness. The de-etherization of a human being is likely to be a long and painful process, but with the normal dog or cat it is merely the waking up from a quiet sleep. The animal suffers no nausea, and in most instances it makes a rapid recovery, cases not being infrequent in which, two or three hours after the operation, the normal routine of life is resumed.



A COMPOSITE BLOOD-VESSEL — THE CENTRAL PORTION IS PART OF A JUGULAR VEIN, THE EXTREMITIES ARE SECTIONS OF CAROTID ARTERY. THE LINE OF UNION IS VISIBLE

Kidneys Transplanted from One Cat to Another

Dr. Carrel has performed fourteen recorded operations of this kind. They all show a varying degree of success. The animals first experimented on lived for a comparatively short time, but the later ones lived considerably longer. One cat preserved a practically normal existence for thirty days after the operation, and in the last recorded case the cat lived thirty-six days, for the larger part of the time apparently well. The fact that all the cats operated on finally died does not mean that the experiments were not successful. Just what causes the death is not known; it may be some fault of technique which will be overcome by experience, or it may be some physical change in the kidney, involved in its transference from body to body, which is not yet understood. In order to make practical success absolutely certain, and before any one would for a moment think of using the operation upon a man, it would be necessary for a cat with transplanted kidneys to live for several years. The great point that Dr. Carrel

has established is that the kidneys removed from one animal into another resume all their normal functions, and that a cat so operated on can live, for more than a month, in what, judging from all visible symptoms, is perfect health and contentment.

Cat No. 6 Grows Fat, and Apparently Healthy, with the Kidneys of Another Animal

In order to demonstrate this fact it will be worth our while to follow the career of a feline famous in the history of the Institute — Cat No. 6. This was a fine young black-and-white animal, who exchanged her kidneys for those of a coal-black vagrant. A few days after this operation the animal grew cheerful, began to walk about her cage and to eat large quantities of meat. When she was released from the cage, three or four days after the operation, she ran about, climbed and played, and began to show signs of growing fat. In a week or so the cat was given almost complete liberty; she jumped about the furniture, purred, rubbed up against her human friends, ran around on the roof, and did precisely what a normal cat is expected to do. When the dressing was removed, the wound was found to be completely healed, the kidneys were in their proper places and normal in size. On the twenty-first day of the operation, in apparently excellent health, she posed for her picture, which is reproduced herewith. On the thirtieth day after the operation the animal suddenly became ill and in a few hours was dead. Throughout this period the new kidneys worked exactly like the old; secretions began almost immediately after the operation and continued uninterruptedly, and urination was frequent and without pain.

That it will be possible, with greater experience, to perform this operation upon a cat that will live indefinitely, is confidently hoped.



A SIMILAR COMPOSITE, EIGHT MONTHS AFTER THE OPERATION, WHEN THE JUNCTIONS CAN HARDLY BE SEEN



DOG UPON WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSPLANTED THE EAR, PART OF THE SCALP, AND OTHER SECTIONS OF ANOTHER DOG

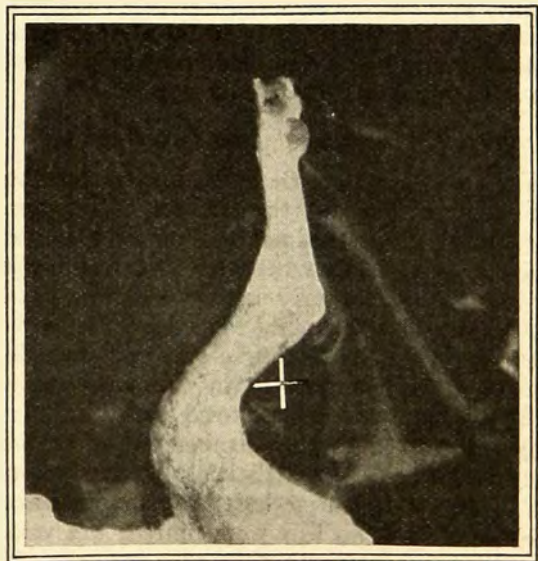
Dr. Carrel has already demonstrated that a kidney can be taken out of an animal's body and put back, and that the animal will live indefinitely. Last February he extirpated the left kidney of a dog, and placed it away in a jar. Afterward he put the organ back. From the same dog, fifteen days later, he removed the right kidney. This he did not put back. At the present writing this dog is in perfect health. Dr. Carrel has also extirpated the spleen of a dog, washed it in a jar, and placed it back with perfect success. That is, it seems possible for an animal to live indefinitely with a transplanted kidney, if the kidney in question has been taken originally from its own body.

Dr. Carrel has performed other operations in transplanting large anatomic regions and limbs. He has taken from one dog a considerable section of the head, in the neighborhood of the right ear, and successfully affixed it to the corresponding region of another dog. The part transplanted was that nourished by the external carotid artery. It included the right ear, a large section of the scalp, the cartilaginous part of the auditory canal, a large amount of connective tissue and glands, the upper portions of the external jugular vein, and the carotid artery. The dog died three weeks afterward from blood poisoning, the fault, perhaps, of the technique employed; the point of the operation was merely to determine whether circulation and life could be restored to a whole anatomic region transplanted in this way. This point was conclusively proved. A few minutes after the operation, circulation started normally through the transplanted scalp and ear. In a few days the temperature of both ears was about the same, while the auricle was as

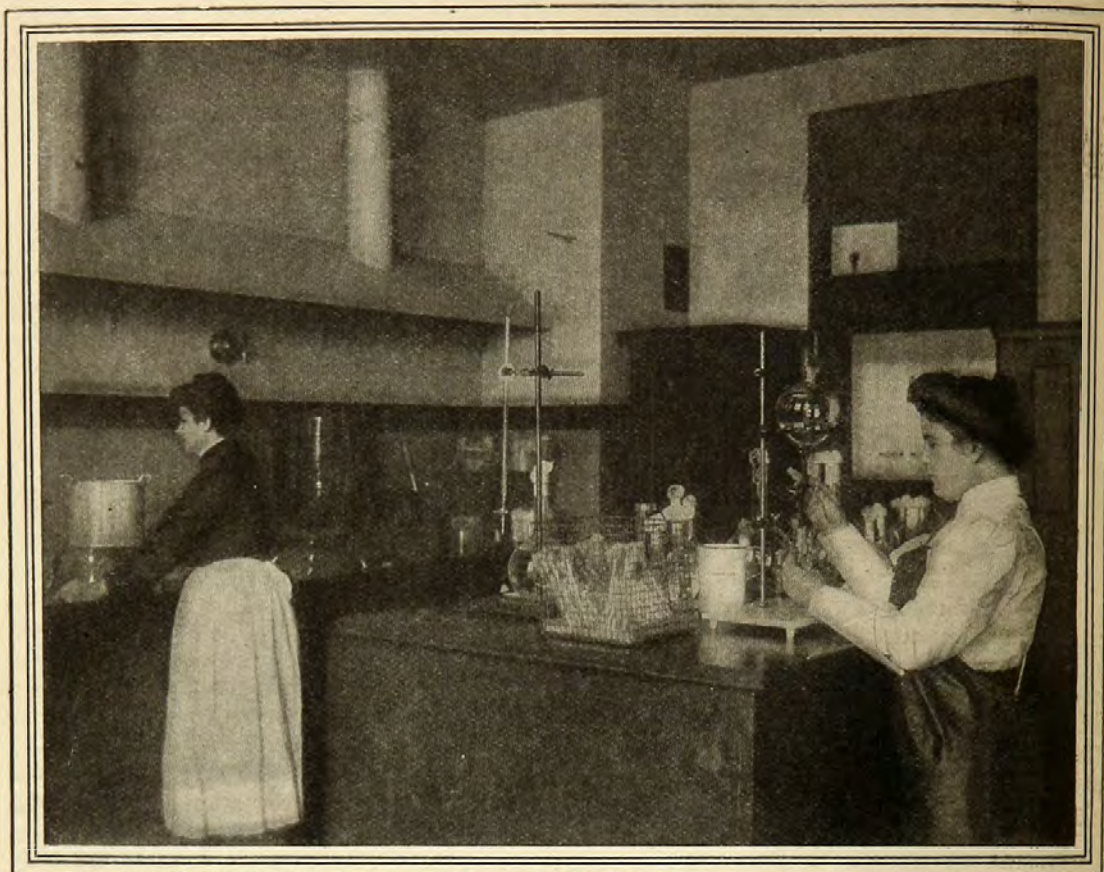
thin and glossy as the one with which the animal was born. "Except for the difference in color," says Dr. Carrel, "it could not have been seen that the ear did not belong to the dog."

In the transplantation of other important organs Dr. Carrel has had permanent success. He has taken the right thyroid gland out of a dog, and replanted it. It is the thyroid gland that, by swelling, causes that famous disease of snowy mountainous countries known as goitre. In human beings, goitre is seldom found in this country; for some strange reason, however, it is not especially rare among dogs. In Chicago goitre among dogs is practically endemic, six out of ten dogs, it is said, being more or less afflicted in this way,—just why nobody seems to know. The prevalence of this disease in Chicago, where Dr. Carrel spent a couple of years, gave him many opportunities to experiment upon the thyroid gland. As the disease of this gland is the cause of cretinism, a form of physical deformity accompanied by imbecility, it is possible that such experiments may, in future, have important practical results.

Other organs which Dr. Carrel has succeeded in transplanting by vascular suture are the suprarenal glands and the ovaries. He has now two living cats in whose bodies are the suprarenal glands of other animals; and the removal of ovaries and the transplantation of new he has accomplished many times. Other surgeons, in recent years, have successfully performed this latter operation. Dr. Knauer, a well-known German experimentalist, has transplanted ova-



THIS LEG, THOUGH APPARENTLY AS NATURE MADE IT, IS REALLY COMPOSED OF PARTS OF TWO HIND LEGS OF TWO DIFFERENT DOGS. THE POINT OF UNION IS JUST BELOW THE THIGH, IN THE ARCH



BACTERIOLOGICAL PREPARATION ROOM

IN THIS ROOM ARE PREPARED THE MEDIA IN WHICH BACTERIA ARE CULTIVATED

ries into animals which afterward became pregnant. Last year Dr. C. C. Guthrie, of Washington University, formerly associated in experiments with Dr. Carrel, succeeded in placing new ovaries in hens. The hens, under the new conditions, continued to lay, and flourishing chicks have been hatched from these eggs.

Parts of Two Dogs' Legs Grow as One

Dr. Carrel has succeeded also in attaching to the thigh of one dog the hind leg of another. Etherizing the first animal, the surgeon removed the left leg just below the knee, and, treating it antiseptically, carefully laid it aside wrapped in a greased silk towel. The leg of another dog, of practically the same size and shape as the first, was amputated in the same place. The first leg was then removed from its covering and affixed to the member of the second dog. The bone was artistically juxtaposed to the bone of the new host; the muscles and nerves of the two legs were united; the veins and arteries were satisfactorily sutured; and the skin of the two animals sewed together. On the twenty-second day after the operation the dog died of distemper, contracted, it is be-

lieved, from other dogs in the Institute, who at that time were suffering from the disease. So far as the autopsy showed, the death had not been caused by the remarkable operation to which the animal had been subjected. There were no complications from the leg itself, or in the healing process, which in themselves would have caused the death.

Immediately after the operation nature began the work of consolidating into one complete limb the thigh of the first dog and the hind leg of the second. The temperature of the two hind legs was practically the same, as was that of the old and new part of the experimental member. Life was reestablished in the transplanted section, the blood flowed normally through it, and the manufacture of tissue was resumed. The post-mortem examination showed that the foreign leg had healed perfectly on the natural one and that the two thigh bones had knitted together so perfectly that no one would have suspected that they had hitherto been strangers. The nerves alone had not reestablished their functions, so that the sensitiveness of the new limb was not complete, and it was of course useless for the pur-

pose of locomotion. There was nothing necessarily abnormal in this latter fact. Under the most favorable circumstances it would have required several months for the nerves to resume their activity, and the experiment in question lasted, as already noted, for only twenty-two days. In a report of this experiment Dr. Carrel refers to it as "the first example of successful grafting of a new limb on an animal. It demonstrates that the leg, in spite of a change of owner, remains normal."

Practical Results of the Experiments

The question still remains as to what is the net practical outcome of these experiments. Dr. Carrel, though enthusiastic in his work, is extremely conservative in estimating the importance of results already accomplished; he is working toward a definite goal, and he would be the last to assert that he had yet reached it. This line of experimentation is practically new and presents possibilities of such startling importance that the surgeon must carefully feel his way. It is evident, from what has already been said, that these operations indicate many lines of investigation that, when brought to completion, may revolutionize surgery and, perhaps, lead to the successful treatment of certain chronic disorders. Dr. Carrel's work clearly divides itself into two parts — one in which success has already been obtained; the other one in which important discoveries have been made and startling operations performed, which, in the opinion of conservative men, clearly indicate more remarkable results in the future.

In suturing blood-vessels, in transplanting them from one animal to another, and in preserving them before such transplantation in cold storage for weeks in good condition, Dr. Carrel has already achieved complete success. In the transplantation of organs, while as yet not having attained this complete success, he has clearly demonstrated certain principles of great importance. Before he began work we did not know that the kidney of one animal would functionate perfectly for several weeks in the body of another; we know that now. It is clear that Dr. Carrel himself believes that the experiment in making parts of two dogs' legs grow as one indicates that this operation could be successfully performed on human beings. In an address delivered before Johns Hopkins University he declared a year ago that "it is not unreason-

able to believe that some transplantations, as, for instance, the transplantation of the arm a little above the elbow, may be successfully performed if an adequate technique is used." The operation on a man would be easier than upon a dog simply because he is larger; the muscles, the bones, the arteries, and the veins could be more easily handled. Last summer in France Dr. Carrel experimented upon the leg of a human cadaver, and became familiar with the anatomic details involved in such an operation.

The fact that this new surgery may make wooden legs old-fashioned merely suggests its infinite possibilities. When science has demonstrated the practical uses of these operations, then the State will be confronted with the necessity of devising some means of obtaining the necessary material. The most obvious way — the use of organs of people recently dead, perhaps of executed criminals, or victims of sudden accidents — has already been suggested. In this problem, of course, there are important social and psychological considerations. What, for example, would be the mental effect upon a man of the constant realization of the fact that his body contained the organs of other people? There are other solutions of this problem with which science, should it ever become a practical question, will have to deal. It may be that a man could use in safety the kidneys of an anthropoid ape: these animals, however, are expensive and difficult to find. It is possible that some way might be devised of using the organs of an animal easier to obtain. At present this could not be done, for the reason already explained — that the blood serum of man would act as a poison upon its tissues; an animal, however, might be gradually and artificially accustomed to human blood. Perhaps the most available way out of this difficulty is found in the fact that the average human being can get along very well with one kidney. The operation known as nephrectomy — the removal of a kidney — is not uncommon. A man with two healthy organs might therefore sacrifice one to a sufferer closely allied in affection — his brother or his wife. His only risk would be that his remaining kidney might become diseased — in which case, unless he likewise could find some one willing to make a sacrifice, death would result. When, however, surgery demonstrates the complete success of these transplantations, scientific ingenuity will unquestionably find some way of making them serviceable to mankind.

THE BOY

BY

ROBERT SLOSS

KOUENHOVEN was merely smiling abstractedly at the oddity of his own thought, when he first saw The Boy. And The Boy smiled back at him—such a frank, impulsive, childlike, captivating little smile, that Kouenhoven nodded spontaneously.

He was vaguely surprised at himself for a moment, and rather blamed it on being with Benton's sister. He had promised to tote her around during her visit in town. He had not taken a woman to a first night performance for years, but he couldn't very well avoid this, since Benton had discreetly got himself assigned to the Far East. She was quite set on the thing; and after the play she wouldn't be sent home in a cab—wanted to see how he worked, and all that. So he had hurried her around to the office, within a hundred yards of the theater, and got some one to show her about the building, while he wrote a column of what his paper was pleased to print as "dramatic criticism." Thus he characterized it disgustedly as he relinquished the last sheet to the waiting copy boy, and had time to be polite.

He had proposed refreshments, and Benton's sister had asked to go where people of the stage most do congregate. So he had taken her to Mack's, looking with covert regret down to the quiet of his wonted little chop-house where there were no women.

Mack's had begun his boredom, but it was very interesting to Benton's sister.

"Do tell me all about these stage people," she pleaded.

And he did, telling her, in his even, impersonal tones, things that made her wince and wonder how he knew.

"Your work must throw you with them a good deal," she hazarded.

"My work allows hardly a speaking acquaintance, and that with but few stage folk," said Kouenhoven.

"I see," she exclaimed confidently; "you do not care to meet them." She gave a furtive glance about the room.

"An unqualified 'yes' to that would be misleading," said Kouenhoven amusedly. "Nearly all the actresses whom you yourself admit you care very much to meet began in this way; not from choice, but because it is the gateway—where all abandon hope of being understood by 'respectable people.' Those you see here are mostly chorus girls and 'extras' and their 'gentlemen friends.' Their life, though just as monotonous as the shop girl's, does not seem so to most of them, because it is more garish, less restricted by conventionality, and fuller of petty, threadbare excitement—and women love excitement."

"Not all women," she interjected.

"All the interesting ones," he rejoined.

And then, smiling whimsically, he had looked past her and seen The Boy.

The Boy's smile was a challenge that less mature "blood and judgment" could not have brooked. It seemed to say prettily: "Isn't this awful for you and me? I dare you to come over!" But Kouenhoven merely sat and, glancing from one to the other, pleased himself with wondering how little each of these women knew of the other's world—till Benton's sister, startled at the hour, put an end to his boredom by asking to be taken home.

II

New York's newer "Rialto" was basking in the pure sunshine of a May morning, as Kouenhoven, next day, stepped into it from the office of his paper, and wandered down Broadway, glad, after all, that the end of a busy season was in sight, and planning idly what to do with his approaching increment of leisure. Actors, grizzled veterans and dapper youngsters, stood in little knots on corner and curb, chatting and swinging canes dramatically. Show girls went mincing or strutting on their way to agencies or rehearsals, looking strangely unnatural to him in their daylight clothes. But Kouenhoven scarcely noticed them. With bent head and tapping stick, he wandered along, musing on the

futility of leisure. He had half a mind to bolt for Italy, where idleness was at least picturesque.

Suddenly, from a side street, some one turned into his path so sharply that he stopped and lifted his hat involuntarily, murmuring an apology. His eyes ran up a girlish figure in a sailor suit, into two laughing eyes.

"Hel-lo!" he exclaimed, soliloquizing in his surprise.

"Hello, yourself!" laughed The Boy. "It's a wonder you wouldn't run into a fellow."

"I didn't mean to, but you see I was lost — in thought," said he, recovering.

"Why don't you find yourself?" asked The Boy.

"I need a guide," said Kouenhoven.

"How would I do?" she asked archly.

"Excellently! I put myself entirely in your hands — not to say at your feet."

"You're like all the rest!" said The Boy, laughing prettily.

"Perhaps so — to the naked eye," said Kouenhoven. "But upon close examination —"

"How close?"

"That depends," he answered, "on how observing you are."

"Well, I can see, right now, that you're horribly bored with yourself," she said.

"Can't you suggest a remedy?"

"I might," she said, "if only I knew how you'd take it." She hesitated delightfully; then burst out: "Say, I'll tell you what! Why not take me down to Coney Island? I haven't been this year."

"And I haven't been for ten years," said Kouenhoven.

"Come on, it'll do you lots of good," with a funny little patronizing air, the sincerity of which swept him into impulsive assent.

"But you've got to do just as I say. Is that a go?" she stipulated.

"That goes without saying," said he, swinging into step beside her.

That May day was destined to become a deathless memory for Kouenhoven. Musing on it subsequently, he could never detect a jarring note. Its register was not very high, perhaps, but it was sweet and satisfying, like a simple melody of youth. Something about the girl — or was it everything about her —? He watched her firm young stride, the boyish movements of her body, with artistic approval. He listened, at first tolerantly, then expectantly, to her infectious bursts of merriment, to her delighted chatter. He was surprised at how aptly her quaint, quick-witted comments on all they saw and did embodied his own dignified opinions. Gradually he ceased to wonder, to ques-

tion. Her blithe spirit took possession of him completely, and he followed gaily wherever she led. It was as though his lost youth had graciously descended upon the wings of the morning.

It was dusk when the boat on which they returned swung up the Bay. Both fell silent as they watched the mysterious transformation scene the New York harbor presents on a gray evening. To the left the Goddess of Liberty showed fitfully through a diaphanous haze, beneath her lighted torch. Directly ahead, through what seemed an immeasurable void, danced a low-lying line of glow-worms, like fairy footlights before a vast gray curtain. As they sped onward through the cool air, the curtain, instead of rising, was pierced here and there with twinkling incandescent eyes which clustered slowly into constellations.

Soon the curtain became but a gauzy screen of distance, behind which loomed scarcely discernible towering shapes. Between and behind them shot up boreal pencils of unearthly light. In the midst, like the outline of a canyon riven between great cliffs, a blunt, glowing wedge of radiance stood out distinctly.

"See how old Broadway, right in the middle, stares you in the face, even down here," said The Boy, so gently that her voice seemed a part of the spell.

"Yes, like the fire of Moloch," said Kouenhoven, looking away to right and left where the shore lights of Brooklyn and New Jersey formed and reformed themselves fantastically.

Suddenly they swung past the point of old Castle William. The long lines of the East River bridges stretched their lamps before them; the upper harbor was alive with moving lights; the huge mass of the city rose over them, impending, minatory, awful, scintillating with myriad lights. Then slowly it sank behind the blackness of the pier.

"Wasn't it great!" sighed The Boy. "But it's only like being at a kind of show, after all. You know how all the effects are produced. Out where I come from, you can't get onto the scenery so easily. Nature's a lot more mysterious than art, anyway."

"How did you find that out?" exclaimed Kouenhoven earnestly.

"Oh, I don't know; just by looking at things, I guess — out there in Colorado where I was born."

"What part?"

"Denver; but I've been around a good bit out there. I was a funny, wild sort of kid. That's why they called me The Boy."

"And why did you come East?"

"Just got a notion to go on the stage, one

time. I got in a company in Denver, and it was headed this way, so here I am."

"And what next?"

"Oh, just try my luck; that's all any of them can do. I'm only twenty, but I guess I can learn."

Kouenhoven began to wonder again.

"Let's go and dine somewhere," he said; "I want to talk to you."

"All right," said The Boy; "if you're sure you won't get bored again."

Kouenhoven deprecated the suggestion. But throughout the meal he was pensive. The Boy, too, had lost her gaiety and seemed to wish to be in accord with his mood as a return for his entering into hers of the afternoon.

"You were awfully good to me to-day," she said; "and did just as I wanted you to, without getting cross."

Kouenhoven smiled at the realization of how involuntary had been his acquiescence.

"I'll be good now," she continued, "and not try to make you do silly things any more."

"You must come and see me when you're lonely or want advice," said he, throwing away his cigar and giving her his card. "I may be able to help you, and, where I live, you needn't hesitate about the propriety of it."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she answered; "I know you're not one of the fresh kind."

He laughed at the earnest way in which she said it. Then he escorted her to the theatrical boarding-house where she lodged.

III

"But, my dear child, suppose things don't come out as well as you expect?" said Kouenhoven.

"Oh, well, that's all right," said The Boy. "They never do anyway. But there's always some way to get around them. I'm not afraid to take a chance."

Lounging at his desk, Kouenhoven studied her as she sat in his favorite easy chair. He marveled at her fearlessness. The thought smote him that he, a man, had never been so simply courageous toward life as was this girl of twenty.

But was it courage? Pshaw! it could not be aught but the temerity of youth. In the nature of things, she could not know or even vaguely apprehend the dire possibilities that gave him pause when he tried to analyze her situation. And yet her sincere, confident little personality seemed to transcend logic and the law of averages and most of the foundation stones on which his materialism rested.

He had come to know her intimately in the last three months. She made no secret of her

impressions — least of all to him, in whose disinterested friendliness she had implicit confidence. She regarded everything, herself included, as phenomena to be wondered at, experienced, enjoyed — but never reasoned about. She came to him freely upon all occasions with a remarkably boyish assumption of fellowship, which Kouenhoven could not match in all his experience of women. But, he reminded himself, this was a child, not a woman, and the inviolate appeal of childhood hedged her round, even from natures less sensitive than his own.

Why should he worry about her, after all? She had got along quite well enough before he met her. He himself was but part of the general material scheme of things that ministered to her welfare. She was "The Boy," unique perhaps, a peculiar natural product, able to appropriate from the cosmos — even the cosmos of Broadway — so much as she required for her own development, without any harm to herself. He told himself there was absolutely nothing feminine about her, that she was incapable of the arts of her sex, that she did not appeal to him as a woman at all. He knew he lied to himself about this, but he could not catch himself in the lie.

He paused in his work, conscious that he was thinking more of her than of it. Yet he knew that was not her fault. No, she had never obtruded her self-contained little personality upon him. She had always been quite content to take what he gave her of himself, and to give no more than was asked in return. She had been sitting very quiet, her hands folded in her lap, since her reply to his last question. He leaned back, blowing a cloud of smoke, and pretended to think, while he studied her profile and wondered what would be the end of it all. And the wonder had an indefinable personal tinge.

Kouenhoven straightened up to his work again, but the half blank sheet, with his scrawly characters on it staring up at him, filled him with sudden disgust. He looked up furtively — and caught the amber eyes of The Boy full upon his own — caught them brimming with a forlorn little appeal, like those of a child who looks on that for which it has been forbidden to ask again.

Quick solicitous words rose to Kouenhoven's lips, but ere he could utter them she was upon her feet and jauntily pinning on her hat, with no thought of a mirror.

"I'll be running right along now and not bother you any more," she said.

"But, child, you know you never do bother me," he said, searching for better words to clothe the thought behind the reply.

"It's awfully good of you to say so; and it's

good of you to let me come here and treat me so bully. I hope you don't think I'll forget it in a hurry. It makes me feel awfully foolish, because I can't do anything for you. But I'd only be a nuisance if I tried; I'm such a silly kid."

"Well, don't you worry about that for a minute, my dear," said Kouenhoven, patting her shoulder. "You've done several things for me that you don't know about, and any one that wouldn't be nice to you ought to be horse-whipped. You know I'd do anything on earth I could for you; and I'll be offended, mind you, if you don't let me know in case you need me for anything. I'm just a bit anxious lest something should happen to you going on the road alone with that company."

For a moment they stood facing each other, looking frankly into each other's eyes, frankly conscious that it was blessed both to give and to receive, and not questioning which was more of a beatitude.

"Oh, I'll be all right," she said, suddenly moving to the desk and straightening things about on it. "There can't much happen to me; I'm onto about all the games there are. I can take care of myself. Nobody starves nowadays, and there's just as many accidents right here in town as on any railroad. I may get lonely sometimes around those dinky country hotels. I can't always stand for the girls, and the men have always got some game they're trying on you. Sometimes I have to cut 'em all out and go off by myself. I may want to write to you then if you don't mind."

"By all means do," said Kouenhoven, "and I promise I'll do my best by way of reply."

"You're awfully good to me," said The Boy; and then added in a tone from which the emotion of the last words had been wrung out: "Well, bye-bye! I won't see you again before we start to-morrow afternoon. Good luck with the play. You ought to put a kid part in it for me. Wouldn't that be the limit?"

With a laugh she was out of the room, leaving Kouenhoven to his pipe, his play, and a set of conflicting reflections, very few of which had anything to do with the philosophy he had cherished for the consolation of this mature period of his existence.

IV

It was one of those bad nights in the middle of March, which sweep humanity off the streets with squalls of rain. Kouenhoven sat within, comfortable in everything but mind. It had been a particularly active season. The winter had produced a tremendous crop of indifferently bad plays, and Kouenhoven had treated them

with unwonted acerbity. He excused the absence of his customary tolerance on the ground that he was tired of digging about the barren fig tree.

To-night he confessed to himself that he was tired of a great many things. In fact, he had been thinking a good deal all winter of the futility of his own existence. He could justify it, to be sure, on every ground but that of personal satisfaction.

"I'm getting stale," he said to himself. "I live altogether too much alone. Not that I don't see people enough, but what I call my life is lived all to myself. There's absolutely no one with whom I seem able to share the things I really care about.

"Why, that queer little kid, last summer, was better worth wasting time on than all the rest of them put together; and I believe she was a better comrade than any of them. It's funny I haven't heard from her since last year. Fancy her spending Christmas as she described it—cleverly, too—'way out there in Carson City. Wrote as if she'd run across a man that interested her. Hope he's decent. I should have looked up her route and written her anyway, I suppose. Pshaw, I *am* getting stale!"

He flung himself down at his desk, lit a pipe savagely, and tried to work. A vague restlessness possessed him—an impulse to go out into the street and battle with the gusty rain in a long walk. He rose after an hour, about to yield to it, when the telephone rang suddenly.

"Yes, this is Mr. Kouenhoven," he answered. "Bellevue Hospital? Gave you my name? Oh—! Not expected to live through the night, you say! Yes, yes—I'll come at once—thank you," he stammered.

It was a very pale, drawn, pitiful little face that tried to smile up at Kouenhoven as he stood beside her bed.

"It's awfully good of you to come," her lips formed the words; "I guess I'm all in, after all."

Kouenhoven, his eyes suddenly brimming, bent and kissed her tenderly upon the lips. In after years he told himself he would give half his life for even a brief season of such simple yielding to impulse. The nurse placed a chair, and he sank into it. The Boy, curled up into a pathetic little knot of pain, lay awhile very still with closed eyes.

She opened them at last, sought and found his face close beside her own, and her wide, frightened stare softened into contented recognition.

"You didn't mind my giving them your name, did you?" she whispered. "You see, I didn't know it all as well as I thought I did. I was

such an awful kid. You're sure you don't mind?"

He could only kiss her again and possess himself of her hand in both of his.

"You see, you're the only real man I ever met," she went on weakly; "the only one I could feel comfortable with. And you were awfully good to me. Maybe I'd been better off if I'd stayed in New York. But what's the use! You can't have what you want, anyway, and I got what was coming to me, I guess."

Her eyes closed again wearily. When they reopened, they were preternaturally bright with final incandescence. They fixed themselves on his. She turned her face weakly toward him and put all her ebbing strength into an ineffectual effort to reach his lips. They were upon hers instantly.

"You're awfully good to me," she murmured. And there, clinging tightly to his hand, The Boy passed forever into that region of Kouenhoven's life where only "thinking makes it so."

GIFT OF THE GODS—THE AIR

BY MILDRED McNEAL SWEENEY

LIKE the hand of one dear child
 Now grown and gone,
 Like the white leaf of a rose,
 Like the happy breath of a happy heart that knows
 'Tis she love looks upon,—
 So, often, after a rain,
 The faithful air again
 To the wet cheek out of the evening blows.

And like an untired heart
 It stays: and tends
 Upon our troubled sleep.
 The cool of all the stars in the purple steep
 Freely it spends:
 And lingers still to brood
 Like a mother in the burning summer of our blood,
 Where pain and desire the old long vigil keep.

And when, in some fair field,
 The eager morn
 Hath set the lists for us,
 And marked the many places, thus and thus,—
 Like a far-off summoning horn
 By the tall herald blown,
 To bid us arm and ride and prove our own,
 We hear the loud-calling wind, the swift, the valorous.

The waste and untilled sea,
 The barren height
 Beyond man's sowing, where
 No briar roots, and steeper than a stair,—
 These for the free wind's bright
 Invisible harvesting!
 And over the bounty all the gatherers sing:—
 Praises! Praise to the Gods! For the gift of the Gods — the Air.



JIM'S DUDE

BY

CAROLINE LOCKHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

RATTLESNAKE MOUNTAIN goes up to a peak which pierces the blue at an altitude of 10,323 feet, as the mark of the U. S. G. S. states with commendable accuracy. The topmost pinnacle is a granite boulder, and on this boulder, on a certain August day, sat James Whitmire, looking over his past, and a greater part of the world — as it seemed to him — at one and the same time.

His thoughts, as his eyes sought the Bighorn Range, away off there on the edge of the world, were dark and pessimistic. Self-dissatisfaction was stamped upon his face with the distinctness of a red stencil. When a man is brought to a realization of the fact that he is retrograding, deteriorating, slipping down the social scale, it is a black moment in his life. This somber hour had come to James Whitmire.

Once, in the palmy days on the range, he had been a top cow-puncher. His twenty-

two-inch "taps" all but swept the ground; his angora "chaps" were the best made. He "rode 'em straight up," and he could rope anything that wore hair. Thousands of bleating sheep pushed the cattle off their range, and he became that despised thing, a sheep-herder — at sixty dollars a month. Then "Dagos" came at thirty, thirty-five, and forty dollars, and "lungers" from the East, who herded for their health, and all combined to crowd him to the lowest depths — a dude-wrangler at forty dollars per! For, be it known, a new industry is springing up in the far West, which same is known as "dude-wrangling."

In the East the word "dude" is applied to a foppish, somewhat overdressed person; in the far West it has a significance all its own. The "dude" is the "rusticator" of the New England coast, the "summer boarder" of the country and inland towns. Any person, male or female, who comes from east of the Da-

kotas or Nebraska, and pays money to ride a cayuse and a cow-saddle, is a "dude." A dude-wrangler is one whose business it is to ride herd on dudes; to see that they do not kill their horses, or fall over precipices, or set the woods on fire, or shoot long-range rifles into herds of cattle, or do any of the hundred and one things peculiar to the unrestricted and unguarded dude. A vital, inquiring, and fertile-minded dude is as dangerous in the peace-loving West as an anarchist in Haymarket Square.

James, on this August day, was hunting a mare which was presumed to be suited to the capabilities of an incoming dude from Malden, Massachusetts, who signed himself S. H. Gates when applying for accommodations at the Jamison dude ranch, in Wyoming.

"If it hadn't 'a' been for sheep and barb-wire fences, I'd 'a' been punchin' cattle yet," lamented James bitterly. "Next thing I know, I'll be making beds in some hotel. Gord!—I wisht I could kick up a gold mine. Huh!—there is that buzzard-head down in the draw, now." He sighed resignedly and, picking up his horse's bridle-reins, slipped and slid down the steep mountain-side to the gulch where S. H. Gates' prospective mount was pasturing on an occasional spear of grass.

James took no interest in the coming of S. H. Gates. Dudes were dudes. Some, of course, were mild and gentle; others were "onery" and had to be "worked over"—sometimes with the butt of a six-shooter, sometimes with fists; but always James did his duty without passion, calmly, as a good disciplinarian punishes a child.

It was a dude who had knocked out his two front teeth. He was from New York City, that dude, and had boxed some. It took a wagon-spoke to break his spirit. And so, ruminating upon dudes and his own wasted life, his thoughts a patch-work of episodes, incidents, and sour philosophy, he ambled home at sunset to find Bill Barnett fumbling excitedly at the wire gate that opened into the yard of the dude-ranch.

"S. H. Gates has come." Bill's wide eyes seemed mostly whites.

"What if he has?" Evidences of Bill's excitable temperament always irritated James.

"It ain't a he — she's a *she*!"

"A female!" James' dismay was all that Bill had anticipated. "Wonder if I could get a job breaking colts for Edwardses."

"What for?"

"I can't ride herd on no lady-dude."

"Why not?"

"I didn't hire out to handle females — it wa'n't in the agreement."

"Somebody's got to do it. I'm diggin' post-holes. I gotta git to work and git that south forty fenced by fall. What's your prejudice ag'in' 'em?"

"You never can tell what they're goin' to ast you to do. There was a feller took one on a huntin' trip, and he told me he had to button her waist up the back every mornin'. But," he added, "he married her afterward, and she bought him a sheep-ranch — they're doin' well."

"You wouldn't be bad-lookin', Jim, if you had teeth." Bill eyed him critically.

"I've had hard luck with my teeth. First that pinto that Jamison rides kicked a bunch of 'em out on the upper row. Then a dude comes along and knocks out the two front ones. One on the other side got to achin', and a travelin' dentist hauls several before he gets the right one. Take it all in all, they're skerce on the upper goom."

"I b'lieve I'd git me a set, if I was you," urged Bill kindly. "Women notices things like that."

"Hell! What am I a-needin' of teeth for? I got two that hit."

"I has a notion," said Bill to Jamison, confidentially, "that you'll have trouble with Jim over the she-dude. I b'lieve he'll quit on you."

The next morning, it was, that Jamison requested James to saddle Miss Gates' horse and ride with her to the Hanging Rock. James opened his mouth to refuse; then some unaccountable impulse prompted him curtly to acquiesce.

"She can't talk me to death in five miles," he told himself, "and I won't have to button her dress, or shorten her sturrups, or tighten her cinch more'n once a mile, so I reckon I can stand one trip."

Miss Gates was not pretty, nor was she too young. She had big, pale blue eyes which popped a little, as though something under her high collar were strangling her. She was sal-low and thin, with a wide smile that appeared to disclose each of her thirty-two teeth, and her high voice had a minor note in it which gave it a plaintive sound like the cry of a night-bird. She wore a felt hat with an inch-wide brim, which looked like a patty-tin, though Miss Gates had fancied herself acquiring a sombrero when she purchased it in Boston. She had a modest divided skirt which touched the ground, but, as a double precaution lest some flippant breeze take liberties, she had leaded the hem and sewed wide elastic to each side, over which she slipped the heel of her riding-boot before mounting. But that which caught James' apparently unobservant

eye was her hand. It was little, and thin, and bloodless, like the hand of a person who has had a serious illness. She rode without gloves, and the hand that clutched the pommel in a nervous grip fascinated him. It kept him from feeling annoyance when she screamed because her shuffling pony stumbled.

"It's no kind of a hand for a grown woman to have," he told himself.

"I've been ill," explained Miss Gates, "and little things frighten me."

"It's hell to be sick," said James reflectively. "Pardon me?"

"I say it must be turrible."

Not once during the five-mile ride did she ask him to change her stirrups or tighten her cinch; there was no eruption of adjectives at the Hanging Rock. Miss Gates only looked about her with shining eyes and drew a deep, deep breath of contentment as she said simply:

"It's nice to be here."

Over the evening meal, Bill inquired humorously:

"How did you git on with the lady skilligan?"

"She's been ill," James replied shortly.

"Is that worse norsick? I hopes I never gits a spell of illness if it ga'n'ts me up like that. She's so thin you can see her heart beat."

After James took Miss Gates to see the "Chinese Wall," she came to be known on the ranch as "Jim's dude," and Bill made the statement, which nobody believed, that he caught Jim scaring the lady-dude's cayuse to death with a curry-comb.

It was obvious that James did not relish Bill's jocose remarks as to Miss Gates' attenuated appearance, and when Bill declared humorously that the long rides were "wearin' the

fat off'n the lady," James told him to "shut up," in a voice whose meaning was unmistakable.

He took to watching her hand, the one that clutched the pommel, and regarded it as a personal triumph when he noted that it was growing brown and less claw-like in appearance.

"It's the rides, and followin' my advice about grub," he told himself.

"She don't look so much like a 'cut-back' as she did," Bill admitted, when he heard that the lady-dude had gained eight pounds.

"Speakin' of teeth," inquired James casually, "how do you get to work to get a set of teeth?"

"They's two ways," said Bill, who always had an unlimited supply of misinformation at his tongue's end. "You can send to Mungumery Ward's and git a crate sent out on approval and keep a-tryin' until you finds a set that fits, or you can take a cast off'n your gooms yourself and send it on and have 'em hammer out a set to order."

"What kind of stuff does they generally

use to take that there cast?"

"Some uses putty, some uses clay, but I b'lieve they generally recommends plaster o' Paris. It's cheap and it's hard, and it stays where it's put."

James went to the bunk-house and regarded himself steadfastly in a triangular bit of mirror that had been thrust between the logs where the chinking had dropped out.

"I ain't no prize baby," he admitted after a critical scrutiny, "but if I had teeth——" He continued aloud after another silence, "There's nothin' in signs; if they was, I ought to be tur-



"IT AIN'T A HE—SHE'S A SHE!"



"IT'S NO KIND OF A HAND FOR A GROWN WOMAN TO HAVE," HE TOLD HIMSELF"

rible jealous. Look at them eyebrows, will you?—growin' halfway down my nose. But I ain't no idea what the feelin' is, never was jealous of nothin' or nobody—never had nothin' or nobody to be jealous of. Look at them ears, too,—according to them ears I ought to be too mean to give a starvin' man a quarter,— and that line around my neck means hangin'. Shucks, there's nothin' to signs. No, sir, you're not what would be called a pretty man, Jim, or even handsome, but if you had teeth —"

James thrust the mirror back between the

logs, and the expression upon his face was not all of dissatisfaction as he wrote out an order for a pound of plaster of Paris to be sent to town by the next passer-by.

Only that day his dude had clung trembling to his arm, after he had fished her out with an alder from the trout pool at the foot of the big waterfall, and had declared:

"I owe my life to you."

"I don't think it," James had replied prosaically. "You'd 'a' washed down and ketched on something."

"Oh, you men of the West are so brave!"

she had cried. "I have grown to love you all!"

James had glowed for a moment — for one brief, transported second — until he recalled the fact that she had said "all." "All" meant the only men she knew — Jamison, John Oleson, and Bill Barnett; but, anyway, he told himself, she loved him at least as *much* as she did them, and Jamison was married, and Oleson was a Swede, and Bill Barnett was a fresh guy. Pshaw! — if he just had teeth!

Every day "Jim's dude" improved in appearance. Her skin had cleared, and when they scampered over the sage-brush, the ride left roses in her cheeks. There was a growing sweetness in her smile, and her high voice was no longer plaintive.

As Bill traveled to and from his work on the south forty, he began to look for moss-agates to lay at the feet of "Jim's dude." The evening he returned with almost a handful, Jim said disagreeably:

"Looks to me like you'd work a little, instead of packin' home them cheap rocks — looks to me."

The relations, hitherto pleasant, between James and Bill became perceptibly strained. It was conceded by impartial observers that the amiable Bill was ingratiating himself with a rapidity impossible to the shy and taciturn James. That James realized something of this fact was evidenced by his depression, his loss of appetite, the fondness he developed for sitting on the creek-bank, where the mosquitos were thicker than anything, mournfully regarding the moon.

The spectators

of the affair began to feel a faint contempt for him because he did not "do something."

James returned one morning from an errand on which he had been sent by Jamison, to learn that Bill Barnett had taken his dude to see an eagle's nest up the White Mountain Gulch! His dude! — Bill Barnett, sneak, coward, ingrate, viper, had surreptitiously, like a thieving coyote, taken his dude! James gnashed his teeth that hit and glared suspiciously at Jamison. Was it a conspiracy? There is a limit to human self-control.

"It looks to me," he said to Jamison, with incredible ferocity, "as if it was my place to have showed her that eagle's nest. What business has Bill Barnett got a-huntin' out eagles' nests if he's diggin' post-holes? Is he a duder, or is he a hired man? Am I a dude-wrangler, or am I a errand-boy? Shall I run and open the gate when they rides in, or shall I merely hold their horses?"

The light of understanding grew on Jamison's face after the first amazed stare.

"Jim, you're jealous!"

"Jealous? Me jealous? Who'd I be jealous of? — that fresh guy of a Bill Barnett? Say, he don't know enough to make a mark in the road. Ha! ha! Jealous!" Unconsciously James' hand sought his eyebrows. "Don't you get it into your head I'm jealous. I don't have to work for wages. I've took up a homestead — I've got a bunch of cattle, if you want to know!" And with this final fling to establish his independence, James strode into the bunkhouse and slammed the door.

"Eagles'



"I AIN'T NO PRIZE BABY," HE ADMITTED, "BUT IF I HAD TEETH——"

nests!" he raged. "I know where there is a barrel of eagles' nests. Who'd ever suppose she'd want to see eagles' nests! I know where there's a rattlesnake's den and a petrified stump. I could 'a' showed her something worth lookin' at!

"Bill thinks she's a millionaire. If he marries her, I hope she ain't. I hope she ain't anyhow! If I just had teeth ——" His eye fell upon a package beside the lamp on the shelf.

James was not in the yard when his dude returned; he did not appear when the gong rang for dinner, nor did he come to the table later, which was more than passing strange, since punctuality at meal-time was a marked characteristic of his.

They called him in vain. Then Jamison, in some alarm, hinted at the frame of mind in which he had last seen him.

"Jealous," declared Bill with conviction. "Did you ever notice his eyebrows? Mebby he's done away with hisself. I'll go down and see if I can notice his legs stickin' out of the creek."

"More likely he would blow his brains out," said Jamison thoughtfully. "He's handy with a gun."

Miss Gates, who had been crying softly, burst into tears.

"Perhaps," she sobbed, "he's ill — in the bunk-house. The door is closed."

"Sure enough. That's the last place I saw him, too."

They all started on a run.

The door was bolted, and everything was still within. There was no response to Bill's thunderous knock.

"Look through the window," urged Miss Gates.

A handkerchief had been tacked across the two small panes.

"He's dead, all right," said Bill solemnly, and Miss Gates, half fainting, leaned against the door-jamb for support. "I guess I'll have to bust in the door."

He put his shoulder against it for that purpose, and an immediate commotion was heard, the scuffling of feet, and a sound as though a shoulder were being braced against the door on the inside for purposes of resistance.

"Hi — Jim! — let us in!" yelled Jamison.

He was answered by an inarticulate, gurgling sound.

"He's cut his wind-pipe and is gagglin' his last!" Bill made a frenzied attack on the door.

The resistance displayed by the man on the inside seemed incredible in one whose head must be nearly severed from his body.

"He's fightin' crazy!" panted Bill. "That's what love'll do for a feller. Git the ax!"

Jamison brought an ax.

"Stand back, Jim, I'm comin'."

The door gave way under his powerful blows. As it crashed in, Miss Gates gave a haunting shriek. James' eyes were the glaring eyes of a wild man, and a white substance was issuing from between his wide-open jaws!

"My Gawd!" yelled Bill, "he's frothin' at the mouth! He's got hydrophoby! Who bit you, Jim?"

"G-gg-gg-ough! G-gg-gg-ough!" gurgled James.

"Where does it hurt you?"

"G-g-gg-ough!"

"We ort to throw and hog-tie him," urged Bill excitedly. "Don't let him snap at you. If he bites us, we're goners!"

Jamison was already coming with a rope.

It was only a second's work to throw the loop about James' body and jerk him off his feet, though he had retreated to the farther-most corner of the bunk-house and was fighting like the madman he undoubtedly was.

"It's funny about that froth," observed Bill, advancing cautiously, preparatory to sitting on James' heaving chest. "Wait till I git a stick and poke it. Say! — it's hard!"

Then Bill had one of those rare flashes of which we read — inspiration, genius, what you will.

"It's plaster o' Paris! He's takin' a cast of his gums."

A look of relief came into James' suffering eyes.

"How are we going to get it out?" demanded Jamison.

"I dunno"; Bill shook his head in perplexity. "Wait till I pull at it." He rolled up his sleeve and bared his arm, while James writhed during his well-meant efforts.

"It's bigger'n his mouth," he said despondently. "I wonder if we could push it down and make him swaller it."

"Could we soak it soft?" suggested Jamison.

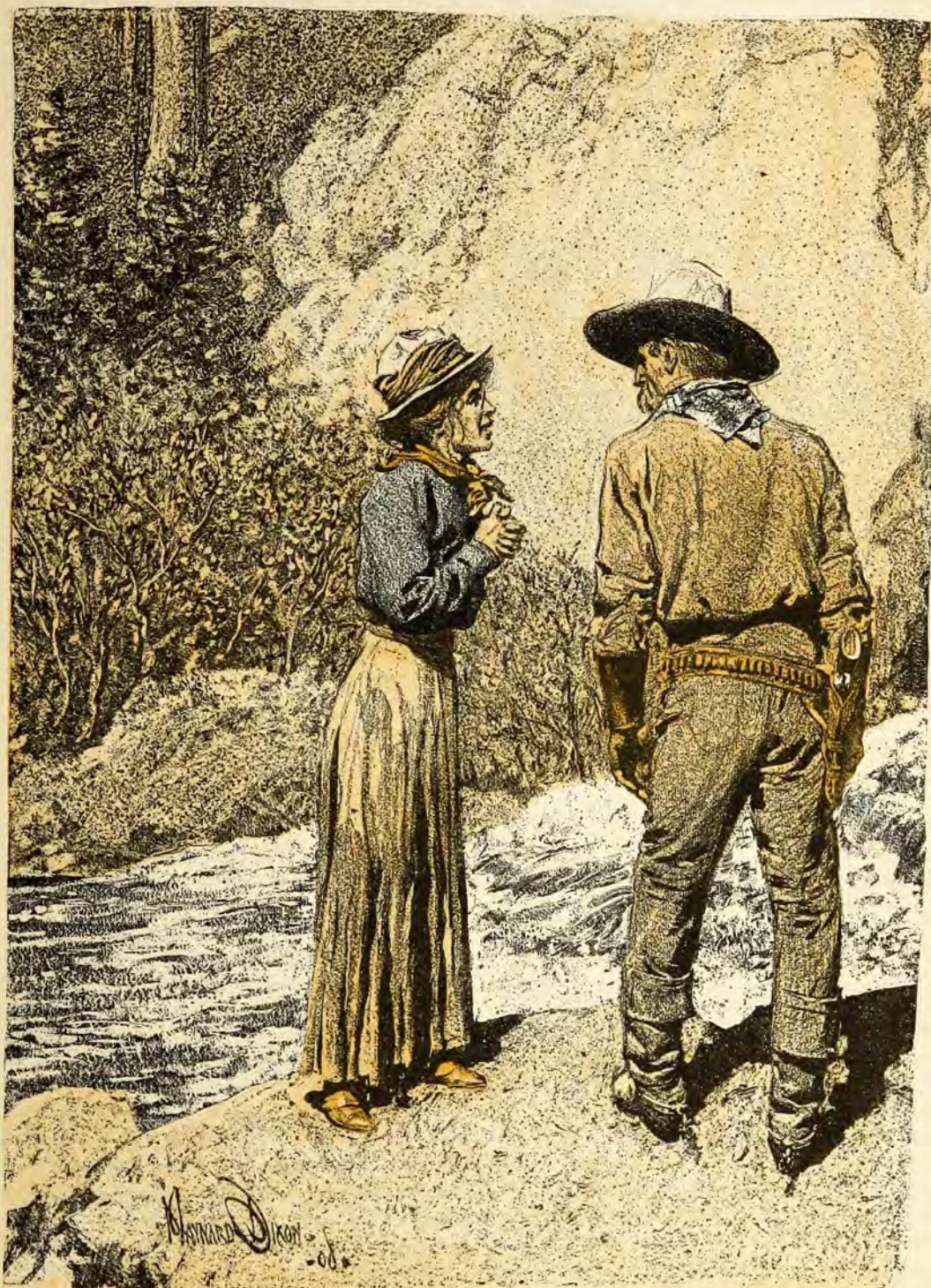
"Cracky, no, it's hard as rock. Looks to me as if we'd have to slit his mouth pretty nigh back to his ears — like takin' a hook out of a catfish."

"Oh, please, don't do that," pleaded Miss Gates. "Couldn't we crack it?"

"Mebby we could," Bill replied hopefully. "Where's the ax?"

"Oh, my, that's too big!" Miss Gates protested. "A hammer will do."

"I didn't aim to cave his face in," said Bill, with some resentment. "If I could jest git my fist up in his roof, I'd have something to



“OH, YOU MEN OF THE WEST ARE SO BRAVE!” SHE CRIED”



"IT'S BIGGER'N HIS MOUTH," HE SAID DESPONDENTLY

pound against. Say, could you open your mouth any wider?"

James shook his head emphatically.

"Oh, there it comes!" cried Miss Gates joyfully. "Just a little at a time, now, and it won't hurt so much. It's going to come out beautifully. I'm so glad!"

"So's Jim," Bill replied laconically, as he pried away the last piece of the plaster and helped James to his feet.

That person felt his stretched mouth and the split corners tenderly with his thumb and finger; then, while the smile of self-congratulation was still on Bill's face, he shot out his fist, and as Bill spun around from a blow under the ear, he kicked him through the bunk-house door.

"He said it was cheap, and it was hard, and would stay where it was put," he explained in white anger. "He done it to make me ridic'lous."

"But whatever made you try it?" Miss Gates' voice was agitated yet sympathetic.

"I done it for you," declared James boldly, too excited to finesse, "but I know you wouldn't look at me. I suppose you're some millionaire."

"No, I'm not, Jim," replied Miss Gates, blushing deeply. "I'm only the salaried secretary of a woman's club in Malden, Massachusetts, and"—still blushing, she flipped a speck of plaster of Paris from Jim's coat sleeve—"I never want to see it again."

OUR NAVY ON THE LAND
 THE GREATEST WASTE OF NATIONAL
 FUNDS IN THE HISTORY OF
 THE UNITED STATES
 BY
 GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

“IF THERE IS A SINGLE DANGER TO THE NAVY AT THE PRESENT TIME, IT IS THAT TOO MUCH OF IT WILL GET ON THE LAND.”—REPRESENTATIVE A. G. DAYTON, ON THE FLOOR OF CONGRESS, FEBRUARY 18, 1903.

THE United States Navy will cost us \$122,000,000 this year—twice what it cost to run the whole federal government just before the Civil War. In ten years the naval appropriation has doubled; in fifteen years it has quadrupled. If it keeps on at this rate for twenty-five years more, it will cost as much as the federal government does now—two-thirds of a billion dollars a year. But the matter to be considered now is the \$122,000,000, and the fact that a third of that is wasted. The cry for national economy is abroad. If Congress so desires, here is a chance to save \$40,000,000.

This cannot be proved by exact figures, for the simple reason that the navy department books do not furnish the exact figures that are needed. But it can be proved just the same. Here are the figures for running a fighting navy that is at least twice as strong for actual warfare as ours is at the present time. These figures are liberal; they are taken from the Navy Department's own estimates; and they can easily be

verified. I will print them in detail so that any one who chooses can do so:

ANNUAL APPROPRIATIONS FOR A STRONG FIGHTING NAVY	
For Maintenance and Repairs	
20 Dreadnought battleships	\$15,000,000
10 First-class cruisers, and other ships	10,000,000
4 First-class navy-yards	7,000,000
Remaining shore establishments	15,000,000
Increase of Navy	
Two new Dreadnoughts (complete)	18,000,000
One first-class cruiser, and other ships	12,000,000
Total	\$77,000,000

This navy, personnel being equal, could annihilate ours in a couple of hours of fighting. Making every allowance for the extraordinary expenses of our navy in the present year, it can be operated for \$40,000,000 less annually than ours costs at the present time. Why? Simply because the management of the present naval establishment is not military; it is political.

“*The Owner of the United States Navy*”

Forty million dollars a year is more than the average of all the public building bills and the rivers and harbors bills fixed by Congress. It

would put up a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar public building in every city of over thirty thousand persons in the United States. Or it would give a forty-foot ship channel into every big seaport on the Atlantic coast. The enthusiasm of individual congressmen to swell the totals of the bills for these purposes — as every one knows — has set a classic standard for political activity in Congress. But in the past ten years there has developed in the naval appropriations bill a vehicle for the distribution of public money to localities, which has totally overshadowed all these, or anything else that has preceded it in the history of the United States. It is unnecessary to say that there are high sources of political power behind this bill.

This power is peculiarly concentrated. The real determination of appropriations is, of course, in the hands of the committees of the upper and lower houses of Congress. For some years Speaker Cannon has refused, in the interests of national economy, to appoint members to the House Committee on Naval Affairs, who have a navy-yard in their State to take care of. The net result of this has been that the House Naval Committee is largely composed of inlanders, and that all the interest and power in naval affairs has come into the hands of the Senate Committee, eight out of ten of whom in the last Congress had their own navy-yards to look out for. They are old-line senators, with strong political connections, representing old and powerful States. They look to secure proper recognition for those States in the distribution of the naval appropriation. But, according to methods familiar in the Senate, they pass the active direction of naval affairs into the hands of their chairman, Senator Hale of Maine — the man who is known everywhere in naval circles as "The Owner of the Navy."

Eugene Hale is now either the first or second most powerful member of the United States Senate. The precedence lies between him and Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island. For years he has been one of the three members of the "steering committee," which directs the business of the Senate; for years he has been chairman of the naval committee; for years he has been the second man on the big appropriations committee, and for a year or two past he has been its acting head. In these two committees he has his hands on two-thirds of the financial patronage that goes out of Congress. Sooner or later every one must come to him for something. Naturally, when Senator Hale wants anything, he takes it. One thing that he has wanted and taken has been the chief control of the great naval appropriation. He has had this

power during the whole period of expansion of the American navy.

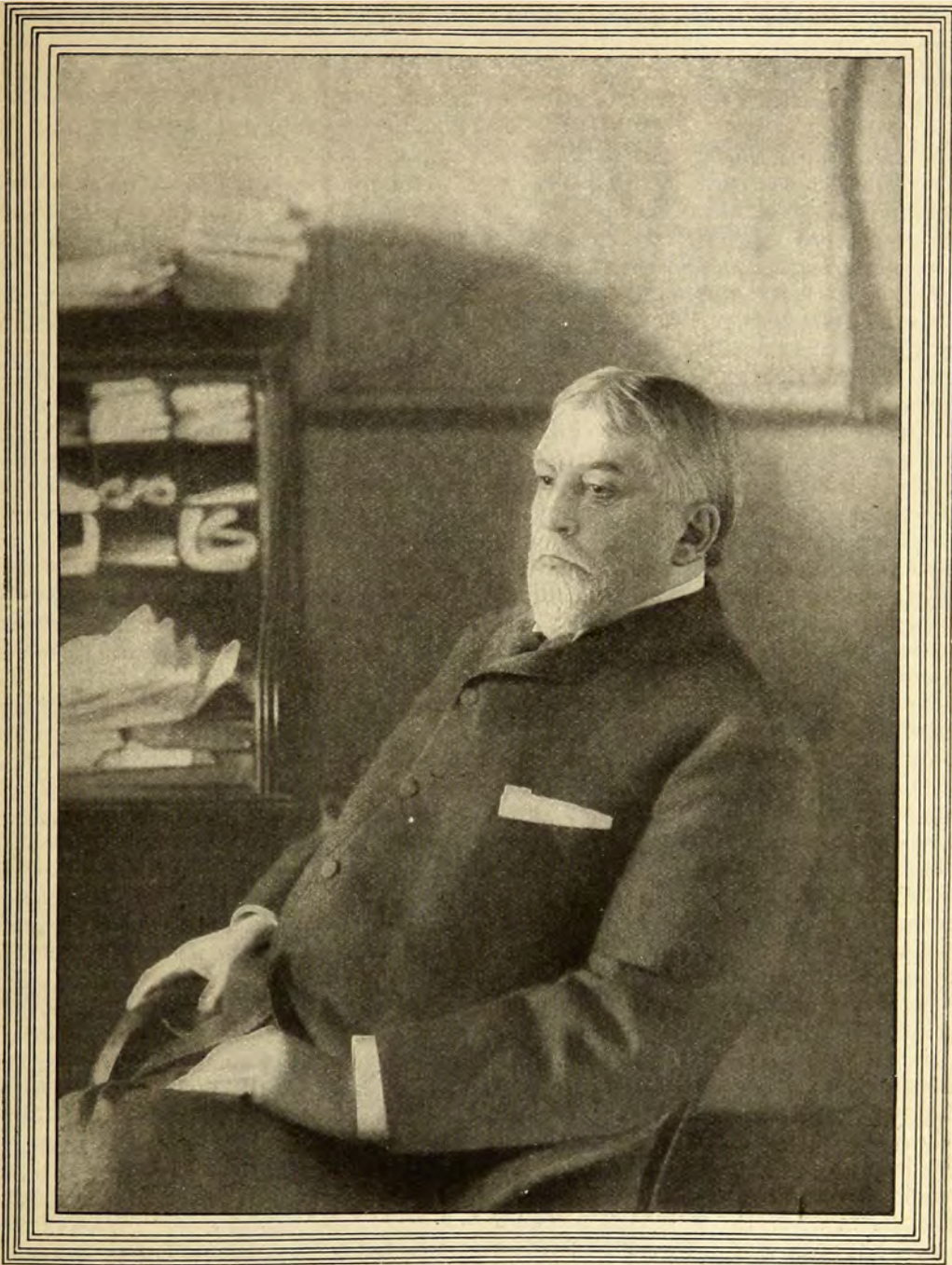
What a Fighting Navy Needs on Land

In 1898, when the Spanish War came on, we found ourselves with a minor navy — a small fleet and decaying navy-yards. But the navy was itself beginning to develop the shore plant needed for a fighting navy. The requirements of this are very simple and concrete. They are included in one or more first-class naval bases — that is, big naval repair shops. The one primary purpose of any naval base must be the repair of battleships. Each base must contain as a nucleus several dry docks, capable of holding the largest battleships. Without these, a navy-yard is an absurdity. A fleet fights together, and must repair together; it cannot scatter in time of war for repairs in small navy-yards up and down a coast line. The approaches to a naval base must have thirty feet of water at low tide; thirty-five if possible, for our largest battleships draw twenty-seven feet and over, when they go to sea; injured in battle, they might draw thirty-five. And a fleet of crippled battleships waiting for the tide outside a harbor bar in war time may easily spell national disaster. The third requirement of an active navy-yard is proximity to a large labor market — a reservoir of skilled labor, to be drawn upon in the great and sudden emergency of war.

In 1899 the Navy Department was well on the way toward concentrating its Atlantic coast navy-yards, and forming two strong naval bases at New York and Norfolk, Virginia. When the flood of money for the new navy was first loosed in that year, this development of a naval shore establishment immediately stopped; and Congress started reopening old yards, and building that extraordinary existing structure — our navy on the land.

Senator Hale—His Yard

One of the first of the abandoned yards to be reopened was Senator Hale's home navy-yard at Kittery, Maine, which was closed by W. E. Chandler of New Hampshire when he was Secretary of the Navy. This was an ancient station for sailing ships, on the shore of the narrow tidal river that leads to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. As a location for a navy-yard it is something like Hell Gate, from a navigator's standpoint. The tide runs a little swifter at the Kittery, or Portsmouth yard, and the shores are rockier and narrower than at Hell Gate, but there is a small cove of slack water leading out of the main current to the docks of the yard. Among the first things done by Congress for the new navy after the Spanish War was the authorization of a half-



Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR EUGENE HALE

"THE OWNER OF THE NAVY"

dozen million-and-a-quarter-dollar dry docks. One of these was placed at Portsmouth — in a position that was practically inland, because no battleship-captain dared to go up to it. Soon after, however, nearly a million dollars more was secured to connect this dock with the sea by blowing out a rock, known locally as "Pull-and-b-damned Point," in recognition of the tide, which

boiled by it. The first battleship reached the Portsmouth dock last fall. Last spring the Secretary of the Navy delegated Admiral C. F. Goodrich to visit the principal navy-yards on the Atlantic coast, and to make recommendations concerning their economical operation. His first recommendation was that the Portsmouth navy-yard, being useless to the navy, be

abandoned. This plant, aside from the money spent in work there, has cost the United States in the past ten years \$10,000,000 for maintenance and development.

Senator Perkins' Inland Navy-Yard

While this expenditure of money at Portsmouth stands as the largest individual political achievement, some of the larger yards have received greater aggregate sums. Mr. Perkins of California has secured \$13,000,000 for the maintenance and improvement of the Mare Island yard in the past ten years, including the cost of an excellent dry dock, capable of holding the largest battleship in the world. Unfortunately, it is impossible to bring a battleship to this yard—some six feet of water being lacking. It is hoped, following Mr. Hale's precedent at Portsmouth, ultimately to connect this dock with the sea. About three-quarters of a million dollars has already been spent in this project without success. A plan to spend some \$2,000,000 more, with \$150,000 a year for dredging, is now before Congress. Whether or not this last plan will keep open a channel deep enough to make this yard useful to battleships is a disputed engineering question, which can only be settled finally by trial. So far the great mass of soft mud in the approaches has slipped back almost immediately after dredging has been completed.

Senator Penrose of the committee has also received about \$13,000,000 for the improvement and maintenance of the League Island yard at Philadelphia during these last ten years—this money also including an excellent dry dock, with thirty feet of water over its sill. The League Island yard is more fortunately situated than that at Mare Island. Battleships—at ordinary draft—can reach this yard at high water. In case they were heavy with water after a naval battle, they would have to remain permanently outside, since twenty-nine feet of water is the most given at any tide in the channels to League Island.

The yards in other Republican States also fared well. The great yard at New York has had \$25,000,000 for maintenance and improvement in the last ten years; Boston has had \$14,000,000, and Puget Sound, Washington, \$6,000,000. It would have been of large financial advantage to the United States if the Republican members of the Senate Naval Committee had been able to confine this distribution of Congressional money to strictly Republican States. But unfortunately they were not strong enough.

Mr. Tillman "Steals for His Orphan Station"

Senator Tillman of South Carolina went on the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs in 1895.

On March 1, 1899, he arose and said very candidly concerning the naval appropriation bill:

"This bill is loaded down with expansion in every navy-yard. I am trying to get a little for Port Royal; because, if you are going to steal, I want my share."

A few minutes later he went on as follows: "I will say to the Senator right here that we have a little orphan of a naval station down in South Carolina for which I am trying to get a few crumbs of this money which is being wasted."

This was spoken concerning the old naval station at Port Royal, South Carolina. About \$2,000,000 were spent in building and maintaining this yard in the '90's. In 1901 it was ostensibly given up in favor of a yard at Charleston. Senator Tillman stated his desires relative to navy-yards explicitly in that year. It was not largely material to him whether the yard was at Port Royal or Charleston.

"My main object in all this matter," he said, "is to endeavor to get a first-class navy-yard, not a station, at some eligible point on the South Atlantic, and to have the South receive some recognition in naval affairs."

Mr. Tillman is a forceful and aggressive man; he has been for years a fellow member with Mr. Hale on both the naval and appropriations committees. He received his plant for a first-class navy-yard, in spite of the reluctant report of the board of naval experts considering the matter, that neither Port Royal nor Charleston could be made a first-class naval station. The plant of a first-class navy-yard (according to present American standards) is now nearly finished at Charleston. It has cost up to date some \$3,000,000. The department, realizing the futility of trying to use it for the purpose for which it was designed, has now turned it into a station for torpedo boats. It contains a dry dock intended to take in the largest battleships. A machine-shop, costing nearly \$300,000—perhaps the handsomest in the navy—has been turned into a storehouse, without ever being used for the purpose it was built for.

But South Carolina was not to remain alone in advancing itself to a leading position in the distribution of the naval appropriation. In 1900 the South received further recognition in the establishing of the yard at New Orleans. S. D. McEnery looks out in the Senate Committee for the interests of this yard, and the late General Adolph Meyer, for many years the senior Democratic member on the House Committee, was an earnest worker in securing it, and providing it with appropriations. Some \$3,000,000 has now been spent here, and \$10,000,000's worth of work turned out. This is not because it has been unprepared to do work; it has been equipped

sufficiently for some years. But as it is seventy-five miles up the swift current of the Mississippi from a part of the Gulf Coast where our battleships seldom go, there is small demand for its services. It, however, continues to grow. The Secretary of the Navy, in last winter's hearings before the House Committee on Naval Affairs, recommended that no more money be spent here. Congress then appropriated \$76,000 for extending the plant — this sum including, in the minor items of sewers and conduits, more money than all of the work ever done in the plant.

\$110,000,000 Spent and No Base for the Navy

We have gone along ten years now like this, since we started the new navy, and we have spent \$110,000,000 building and keeping up navy-yards according to the State's rights principle of distributing the naval appropriations. We have twelve navy-yards — not counting other naval stations — apportioned between ten States, quite equally divided along five thousand miles of sea-coast from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Puget Sound, Washington. Five of them — including the best and biggest plant of all — haven't the principal thing a navy-yard is built for — that is, a dry dock big enough to hold the battleships we are now completing. Two of them have one fine dock apiece, which no battleship can reach at any tide; and three of them one costly dock apiece, cut off from the sea by shoal water which battleships can only cross at certain times in the tide; and which, if they were water-logged in time of war, they could not cross at all.

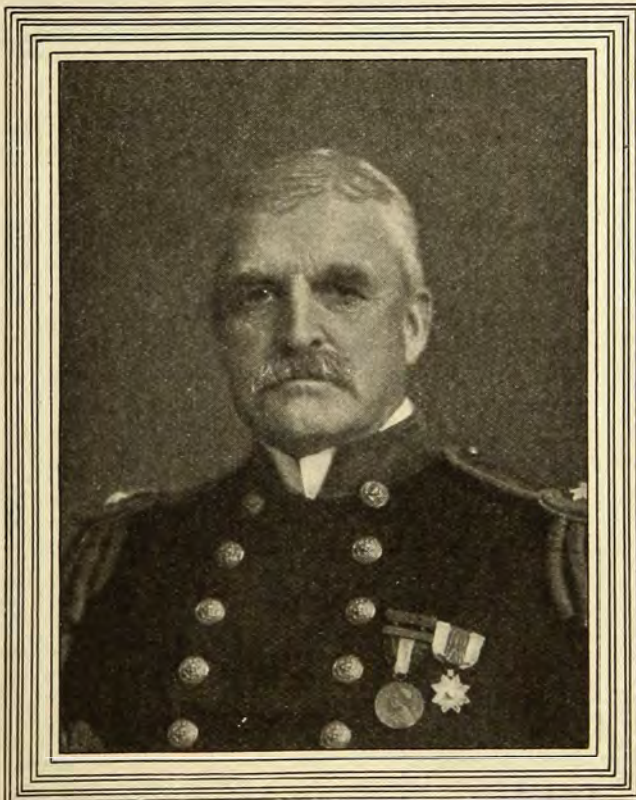
From a military standpoint this is about as bad as it could be. If war should break out to-morrow, there would be no place in the United States where a fleet of modern ships could be repaired after a naval battle. The fortunes of a great

war might depend on this fact. But much worse than that, there is no probability, from present appearances, that we shall have this first necessity of a shore plant in the next ten years. The State's rights navy-yards will absorb all the money Congress can give them for an indefinite period. They are always approaching completion, but they will never be completed — as any one who has seen their plants knows well. In the meanwhile, the great New York yard — a plant inventorying close to \$30,000,000; more than the two largest private ship-building plants in the United States together — stands without one dry dock capable of holding the Dreadnought battleships which will from this time on form the nucleus of our fleet. The only two docks which will hold other battleships are in bad condition, one exceedingly bad.

The Naval Bases We Should Have

If the navy department had been allowed to develop, as it wished, along military lines, there would be now three great naval bases on the Atlantic — one at New York to take care of the upper coast; one at Norfolk to care for the center; and one at Guantanamo, Cuba — the key to the waters around the Panama Canal, as Gibraltar is the key to the Mediterranean — to care for the fleet when it was in the South. There is now one dock in these three stations capable of holding the largest battleships — the one at Norfolk. At Guantanamo, works started with \$250,000 appropriated by Congress in 1904 for a dock lie rotting in the ground, because there has been no money left for it in succeeding years after the division among the yards on the mainland.

The cost of developing a military system of this kind would have been not much more than half what has been spent upon the present chain



Photograph by Pach Brothers

ADMIRAL C. F. GOODRICH

MR. NEWBERRY'S RIGHT-HAND MAN IN NAVY-YARD REFORMS



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SENATOR TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA

WHEN THE NAVAL APPROPRIATIONS BILL CAME UP, SENATOR TILLMAN SAID: "IF YOU ARE GOING TO STEAL, I WANT MY SHARE"

of yards in improvements and maintenance. England in the past decade has built the two greatest modern naval bases in the world — at North Devonport and Gibraltar — at a cost of considerably less than half of these expenditures of ours.

The Vacant Navy-Yards of the South

However, our ten States have their twelve navy-yards, and, having them, very naturally desire to develop them. So, very naturally, the influence of ten of the strongest States in the Union is exerted, first, toward a stimulation of the naval appropriation, and second toward the taking away by each of as large a segment as possible from the military branch for its own use.

The chief and final motive in any State in this matter is the largest possible distribution of wages to its citizens through its navy-yard. The demands of the navy having a limit, some States must be disappointed. Naturally, these are the Southern States, whose navy-yards have the double misfortune of being in Democratic territory, and in a geographical position un-

sued for navy-yards. Some very curious situations result from this condition.

New Orleans, for example, was so unfortunate as to secure but \$1,040.01's worth of work in the naval year of 1907. The cost of maintaining this station during that year was \$97,178.49; while \$308,332.35 more was expended, with rare optimism, on improvements. There were \$41,644.37's worth of naval officers and enlisted men stationed about this establishment during that uneventful year; while \$20,000's worth of marines guarded it day and night.

Key West in 1907 had an unusually busy year. It did \$7,126.18's worth of work, against \$3,109.94 the year before. Its maintenance charges amounted to \$139,908.32, but it secured only \$40,109.75 for improvements. It was, however, cared for by \$48,882.36's worth of naval officers and sailors, and guarded by \$12,000's worth of marines.

Charleston — established in 1901 — was not prepared to work in 1907. It cost \$113,671.82 to maintain it in the latter year and \$323,773.74



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TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY

THE PRESENT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WHO IS APPLYING HIS EXPERIENCE AS A PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER TO THE REFORM OF THE NAVY-YARDS

to improve it. There were \$36,493.46's worth of officers and \$25,000's-worth of marines on the grounds.

Port Royal, which is ostensibly abandoned, contributed \$787.89's worth of work. The cost of maintaining this former navy-yard in 1907 was \$30,068.93, and \$8,556.31 was spent in improving it. There were \$7,547.77's worth of services from naval officers and men and \$3,000's worth from the marines charged against it.

The fifth Southern yard made a much handsomer showing. In 1907 it accomplished \$214,126.32's worth of work; while it cost only \$488,946.71 extra to maintain it, with \$128,709.94 more for improvement. About \$112,000's worth of officers, sailors, and marines looked after it. This yard, it will be seen, was the only one which produced more than a dollar's worth of work for every \$25 spent upon it. Pensacola did a dollar's worth of work for every \$3 expended on keeping it up.

It may be said further that the work furnished these Southern yards in 1907 was larger

than usual, and there is practically no chance of its being increased.

The Navy-Yard — A Medieval Industrial Plant

The situation in these Southern yards is somewhat fantastic, it is true; but from an economic standpoint, it is far less serious than in the Northern yards. The total waste upon these establishments does not greatly exceed a million and a half dollars a year. And the maintenance of half a dozen idle and useless yards is a minor matter in a gross total of naval expenditures. It is only when a navy-yard is set working that its wastes become alarming from the standpoint of a nation so strong financially as the United States.

The repairing and building of modern steel ships is one branch of mechanical engineering. A private ship-building plant is simply a machine shop of a peculiar kind — equipped to furnish a great variety of products, but no greater than many other commercial machine shops.



CHART SHOWING "OUR NAVY ON THE LAND"

THE ANCHOR SHOWS THE TWELVE EXISTING NAVY-YARDS
 THE SQUARE SHOWS THE THREE NAVAL BASES WHICH ARE ALL THAT ARE NECESSARY FOR MILITARY
 PURPOSES ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

Its working machinery is placed in the logical order to make and assemble material and equipment upon the building ship with the least possible waste of energy; and the fundamental processes of iron-working performed in foundries, machine-shops, and blacksmith-shops, being common to all the work, from the great pieces of the hull to delicate electrical machinery, are used to a great extent in common. It is unnecessary to say that the plant, like every other commercial plant, is operated under a single responsible head.

The organization and arrangement of a government navy-yard still assumes the principle on which it was founded and developed — that we are making wooden ships, and equipping them with steam machinery and the other new mechanical devices which civilization has put into use since this system was established seventy years ago. When it began in 1842, the building, repairing, and equipping of wooden ships in our navy-yards were in charge of one manufacturing bureau. Then steam came, and a bureau of steam engineering was established to put boilers into the wooden hulls. A bureau of

equipment took charge of equipment at the same time. A civil engineering department has charge of the yards and docks; an ordnance department not only makes guns, but has charge of fastening them to the ship. A bureau of supplies and accounts keeps the stores and books, and a high officer represents the military authority of the bureau of navigation.

The results secured from this system of manufacture would be about paralleled if six independent sixteenth century trade guilds were put in charge of the United States Steel Company, under the command of a major-general. Each bureau takes the best it can get in the way of buildings and equipment; it makes its own plans, which may or may not fit into the plans of its neighbor, whose work is dependent on it; in many cases it has independent control of the principal tools the other bureau has to work with. Instead of a plant arranged to repair ships, a navy-yard is a half dozen different plants scattered over acres of ground, not only without logical relation to ship-repairing, but each one split up without any proper relation to its own work.

There are millions of dollars' worth of wasted buildings and duplicated machinery in these plants. An inventory of the New York yard a few years ago showed seventy-two separate mechanical plants, forty-five storehouses and sheds, and fifty out-door stores of material. In the Puget Sound yard one man was discovered working by himself in fine, modern machine shops. In another yard one building occupied by three different bureaus had three separate heating and lighting plants installed in it. But the capital cost is only a part of the expense of this system. Every million dollars spent adds its tens of thousands to the annual cost of operation.

These industrial plants, with this organization, are put under the management of naval officers — trained specialists in the art of making war. The commands of the important yards are given to a senior sea-officer — a captain or admiral — as a comfortable and desirable post, and often as a last high honor before his retirement under the age limit. The various departments of the yard are placed in the hands of mature officers — of rank and experience as seamen. Clean-cut, punctilious men, with the training, interests, and ambitions of a professional fighting class — as far removed from the interests of modern commercialism as the eighteenth century from the twentieth — are taken out of the main current of their life, and made the directors of great factories. The organization of a navy-yard is then complete.

The Fortunate Navy-Yard Workman

The development of our navy on the land to its present proportions has been a matter of compound multiplication. National politics multiplied the necessary navy-yards by three; an antique bureaucracy multiplies the investment

and labor in each yard again. And now comes the local politician and labor union for another multiplication applied to the wages of the individual workman.

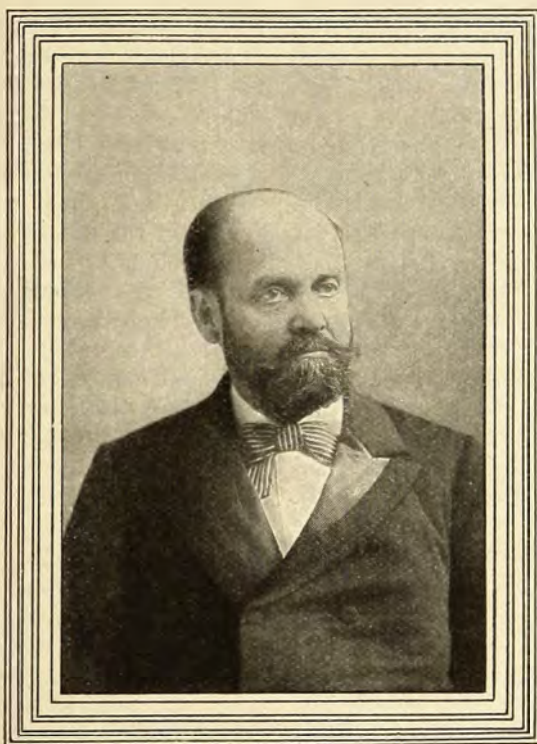
By means of their efforts and influence the navy-yard workman is in a most fortunate position. He has, to start with, the government eight-hour day. To this has been added fifteen days' vacation, all legal holidays, Saturday half holidays in the summer, and pay time during regular working hours — in all a month of full pay without work in every year. Disregarding any loss by the eight-hour day, labor in government navy-yards costs by this process alone twelve and a half per cent more than work in private plants.

In addition to this comes the fact that, with rare exceptions, it has been found impossible to introduce piece-work into the ordinary operations of the yards. The big Boston chain and anchor works, and the new Washington gun shops, are extreme examples of this thing. No private manufacturer would be considered sane who conducted a business of this kind without a system of piece-work pay. Another enormous extra expense comes in the machine-shop. Not a machine in a navy-yard is speeded to its full capacity. In one of the best, if not the best managed yard in the country, a commercial expert, who was visiting it re-

cently, stated that the apparatus of the machine-shops should be speeded up three times to give its proper output.

A Few Specimen Million-Dollar Losses

It would be impossible to estimate the abnormal cost of work in an establishment of this kind. It can, perhaps, be best shown by example, in considering the fourth and final process of the inflation of our land navy — the multiplication of work for distribution



SENATOR PERKINS OF CALIFORNIA
WHO HAS SECURED \$13,000,000 FOR THE IMPROVEMENT AND MAINTENANCE OF THE MARE ISLAND NAVY-YARD IN THE PAST TEN YEARS. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO BRING A BATTLESHIP INTO THIS YARD

among these plants. All classes of politicians, local and national, direct their efforts toward this.

The greatest single piece of work which can be given to a navy-yard is the building of a battleship. It has been learned from hard experience that these ships cost from twenty-five to sixty per cent more when built by the government than they do when built by contract in private yards. That is, there is a loss to the government of from \$500,000 to \$1,500,000 on every one that they build. This is perfectly well known to the naval committees of Congress. The last naval bill specified two six-million-dollar ships — one of which must be built in a government navy-yard, while the other one might be. The men on the naval committees of Congress, who were in charge of making this appropriation, knew that the passing of that bill would mean from a million to three million dollars of loss to the United States.

In the same bill were two successive items — one providing \$1,800,000 each for the building of two colliers of fourteen knots speed and 12,500 tons of cargo and bunker capacity—at least one of them to be built in a Pacific coast navy-yard; the other providing \$1,575,000 to buy three colliers from private concerns carrying 7,200 tons each. The last three colliers, capable of twelve knots an hour, have since been contracted for. They carry altogether 21,600 tons of coal, against 25,000 tons to be carried in the government-built boats; and they cost less than fifty per cent as much. There are now two colliers being built by the government — one at the New York yard and the other at the Mare Island yard in California. One million, five hundred and fifty thousand dollars was appropriated for each of these; but both are now waiting for an additional appropriation of some hundreds of thousands to put machinery into them. Each will carry practically the same amount of cargo coal as the craft the government has just bought and will cost considerably more than three times as much. It is true that these government-built "fleet" colliers are more expensive to build; they are planned to give accommodation to two hundred and thirty-two seamen and officers, and to go sixteen knots an hour. But it is also true that both these facts, as every naval officer knows, make them less desirable as colliers. Their extra crew and speed are useless for any practical purpose, and make the cost of operation double what it would otherwise be. The only practical use served by these extra large sums of money is, as is perfectly well known, to give work to the navy-yards. The colliers now being built in our yards were author-

ized April 27, 1904. It is impossible to tell when they will be ready; this depends on when Congress appropriates more money for their machinery. Commercial builders have completed colliers of larger capacity than these in four months' time.

Boat Tillers from \$1 to \$3

These losses of half a million and upward are spectacular in themselves, but they do not represent so large an aggregate as the smaller work and repair, which constitute the routine work of navy-yards. The Boston navy-yard, for instance, devotes itself largely to the manufacture of chains, anchors, and cables. On May 9, 1906, George A. Loud, of the House Naval Committee, presented to Congress a report showing that out of its total product of \$925,000 there was a loss of \$325,000 over the cost of the same articles at ruling commercial prices. The Boston yard claimed later that a mistake in bookkeeping made the loss appear larger than it really was, but at the end of the debate there was every reason to believe that the loss reached into the hundreds of thousands a year.

The heads of the various Bureaus in Washington are now investigating — by special order of the Secretary — the question of the cost of making small wares in government yards, in connection with other questions raised by Pay-Inspector John A. Mudd — one of the foremost officers in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts — in a prize paper, which received first honorable mention from the Naval Institute last spring.

Some very striking facts were shown in this paper. The cost of a boat tiller — a plain piece of wood about a foot long — varied from one dollar to three dollars in the three yards made the subject of special investigation. "Only the other day," says the paper, "the writer bought over the retail counter, for his own use, a pick-handle. It is a handsome piece of finished wood, made of hickory; it cost twenty cents. Cut in half, with a little whittling, it would make two fine tillers."

Almost all navy-yards now manufacture small boats of some kind. In one of the yards examined by Mr. Mudd, a simple 14-foot punt cost \$63.73; in another yard the same article cost \$95.12. A 16-foot dinghy cost \$104.17 at one yard, and \$196.34 at another. And a 30-foot steam cutter varied from \$1,890.63 to \$2,684.62. Common boat rudders ran from \$6 to \$10; plain chopping blocks from \$3 at one yard to \$25 at another.

It is not necessary to make a catalogue of the scores of small wares turned out in our

naval factories. These specimens are enough to show the economy of their manufacture. It need only be added that in none of these prices, from battleships to tillers, is any adequate allowance made for the over-head charges of the manufacturing establishments. There is no attempt to do so except in the case of battleships.

\$20,000,000 a Year Distributed in Wages

The time-worn political argument for distributing this great volume of work in the Northern navy-yards is that by this means a corps of workmen is trained in peace for efficiency in time of war. As a matter of fact, not ten per cent of the men at work in our present navy-yards are needed as a nucleus for the one manufacturing necessity of war — the repairing of ships. An examination of the big New York yard shows this clearly. In case of war, when a wounded fleet came in, the cask makers and the flag makers and the boathook makers would be the first to be pushed aside for the one real work of a navy-yard — the repairing of ships. The necessary mechanics, required in addition to the small nucleus of expert ship workers, which would always exist in any active yard, could be secured in twenty-four hours.

There is one chief motive back of this whole process of inflation — the distribution of government wages among the ten States that have navy-yards, and the five or six States that have other naval stations — of which much might be said, if I had space to treat anything but the great main items of this national waste. These wages, distributed directly or indirectly to local labor, have now reached the aggregate of over \$20,000,000 a year. Between 30,000 and 40,000 men are employed in this way. Nearly \$5,000,000 more is distributed to officers, sailors, and marines at these stations. The distributing of this money to localities has constantly drawn the navy from the sea to the land.

The Navy on the Land

The American navy on the land employs from twenty-five to fifty per cent more men than the navy on the sea. Directly and indirectly it pays nearly twice as much in wages. It costs as much to maintain it, before a stroke of work is done, as to maintain the whole fleet at sea. Twice as many admirals, twice as many captains, three times as many commanders work for it. Many of these, of course, are required for important military posts ashore; but a great and growing number merely for the manufacturing plants of the navy-yards. These military

officers — trained at high expense for one of the most important and delicate of national services (a duty requiring in peace the qualities of a diplomat and an international lawyer, and in war the highest qualities of character and personal skill) are withdrawn from the practice of their difficult profession for the manufacture of chains and boats and spittoons, and the signing of reams of the dullest of routine papers. Of the \$25,000,000 spent to maintain and extend this system every year, one-half would be more economically spent if it were spilled into the sea. For every dollar wasted here invites the wasting of another. Of the \$20,000,000 or \$25,000,000 of manufacturing it does, a good third is excess over the value of the product. And when it is all done, the military navy is left with its one and only great necessity on shore — a repair shop for its fleet — absolutely unfulfilled.

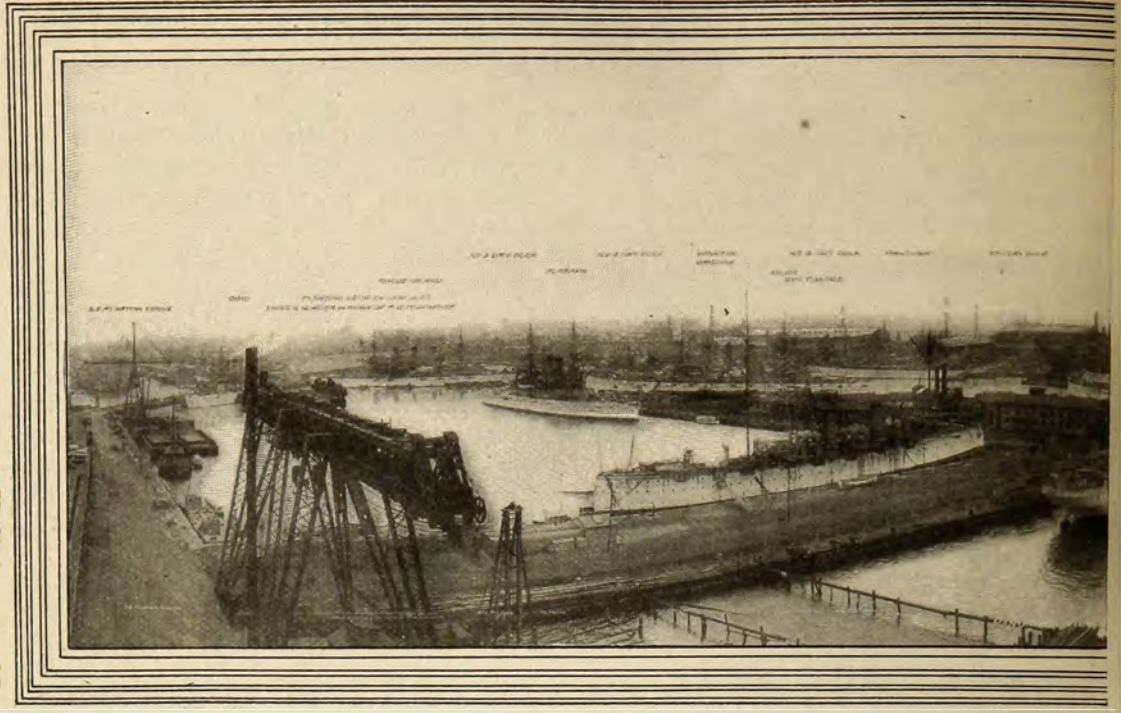
A Navy of Little Ships

But it would be false to leave the impression that the only waste of the naval appropriation was in this one place — although this is far the greatest. The fleet at sea is suffering from a similar trouble, for which the same interests are largely responsible. We have in commission now — outside of torpedo boats and colliers — some one hundred and ten vessels. Of these, according to the most generous estimate, not more than thirty would be of the slightest consequence in a naval battle. Of the remaining eighty vessels, at least one-third could be dispensed with. They are not only a useless expense for maintenance, but more than any others they haunt the navy-yards, breeding valueless repair work. At least \$3,000,000 a year would be saved if a selected fleet of these craft were taken out into deep water and sunk.

The responsibility for this condition lies to a great extent with the persons and interests that for ten years have been crying for the false economy of small ships. At the head of these has always been Senator Hale. On the floor of the Senate on March 3, 1899, he prophesied that the nations would not be making the largest warships in five years. "It is very certain they will not arm them with big guns," he said. "They have all passed into desuetude."

The Fight Against the Battleship

In 1903 Senator Hale was mainly responsible for the movement to save some \$4,000,000 by cutting down the speed and tonnage of the Idaho and Mississippi. For the remaining \$10,000,000 in the appropriation, we have received during the past year two new ships too low for fighting, too slow for the fleet — ves-



THE BIG NEW

A \$30,000,000 PLANT, THAT CONTAINS NO DRY-DOCK

sels obsolete not only now, but on the day their plans were drawn.

On February 27, 1905, in the debate over the naval appropriations bill, the chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, after expressing the belief that a navy with nothing but small ships would have an equal chance with one containing battleships, said: "Up to this time England has never adopted the turreted ships. To-day the only ship that England is laying down is the barbette ship . . . a barbette and not a single turreted ship."

This is equivalent to the statement that a man wears a vest but no waistcoat. The English barbed ship is a turreted ship. In 1905 England had been building turreted ships for twenty years.

The logic of events soon after closed this long debate. President Roosevelt — who has always stood for a military and not a political navy — got the big ships he was championing. But the delay was costly. At the present time, in all discussions of naval affairs and naval programs, but one unit is considered — the great battleship of the Dreadnought type. Our first ship of this type is not yet in commission.

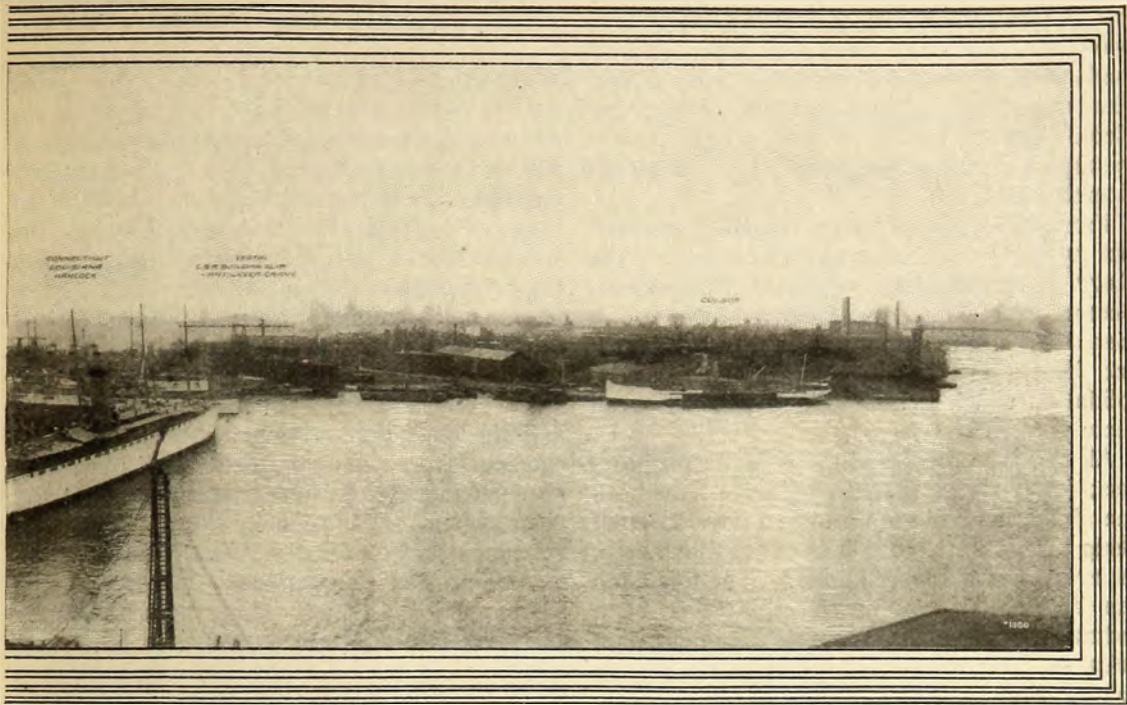
The Navy's Own Move Toward Reform

Now, every dollar taken by the political navy takes a dollar and more from the military navy. The officers of our ships know this per-

fectly well. And many of them see that unless this conscienceless waste of money is stopped there will be a great reaction, and the American people will shut down indiscriminately on naval appropriations as a whole. There is a general pessimism in the service about getting the control of naval matters out of the hands of politicians. But within its own province the navy has been working hard the last few years to control the preposterous waste of the old bureau system of manufacturing in navy-yards.

Two years ago hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of duplicated supplies lay about navy-yards in the separate hoards of different bureaus. In the past year and a half the buying and storing of all materials has been entirely consolidated, through the ingenuity and hard work of the efficient and ambitious management of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. To-day no one buys material more cheaply, or pays bills more promptly, than the Navy Department.

A still greater consolidation is under way, affecting all the manufacturing processes. Mr. Paul Morton, when Secretary of the Navy, inaugurated a movement toward doing away with the absurdity of separate and distinct electrical power plants for the half dozen bureaus in each yard. But it remained for the present Secretary, Truman H. Newberry, to be the active promoter of a general consolida-



YORK NAVY-YARD

CAPABLE OF HOLDING BATTLESHIPS OF THE PRESENT DESIGN

tion of the manufacturing processes of the yards. Mr. Newberry is a practical manufacturer, and his experience and interest made this great improvement possible.

Unsnarling a Great Yard from "Red Tape"

This most important service was put in charge of Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, one of the recognized leaders of the navy, who had displayed a marked power of initiative in the improvement of conditions in the New York navy-yard, following his appointment as its commandant in 1907.

Admiral Goodrich found a most extraordinary condition of affairs in the New York yard. His own duty — and, as he found later, the duties of the men who had preceded him — consisted chiefly in the signing of routine papers. There were from three hundred to one thousand of these every day, and they must all be signed by the commandant's own hand. He found that the vast majority were routine communications from one bureau head in the yard to another, giving information concerning small details of the yard work. They could not speak to one another on these subjects, for the regulations forbade; they must write. Admiral Goodrich ordered the yard bureaus to communicate with each other directly and in the speediest possible manner on minor matters. He laid the matter before

the Department, which has so recast its regulations concerning correspondence that they now enjoin the quickest and shortest routes for letters on any authorized matter. From two to seven days' time was saved in the progress of the work discussed in each letter. And Admiral Goodrich, dealing now only with the matters of chief importance, had rarely to write as many as forty signatures a day. He could give his time to the study of the main operations of the yard.

He found a great industrial plant with some one hundred and twenty-five different buildings divided among six autonomous bureaus. Every building faced wrongly in regard to the work on the water front, and all were placed and divided between the bureaus without regard to the logical order of the work. He found from four to half a dozen each of machine-shops, foundries, and paint-shops — some of them immense and costly buildings; and dozens of small stores of materials, containing tens of thousands of dollars' worth of unnecessary stock — tons of metal and acres of cloth.

The new commandant immediately started the movement for general consolidation in the New York yard. The bureau's private stores were at once put back into the general storehouse. After this a plan was developed and put through by Assistant Secretary Newberry, under which one joiner-shop, one paintshop,

one pattern-shop, one blacksmith-shop, and two foundries each now do the work formerly done by from four to half a dozen plants. The experiment cannot be considered completed, but the saving in superintendence and in surplus workmen has already been very considerable.

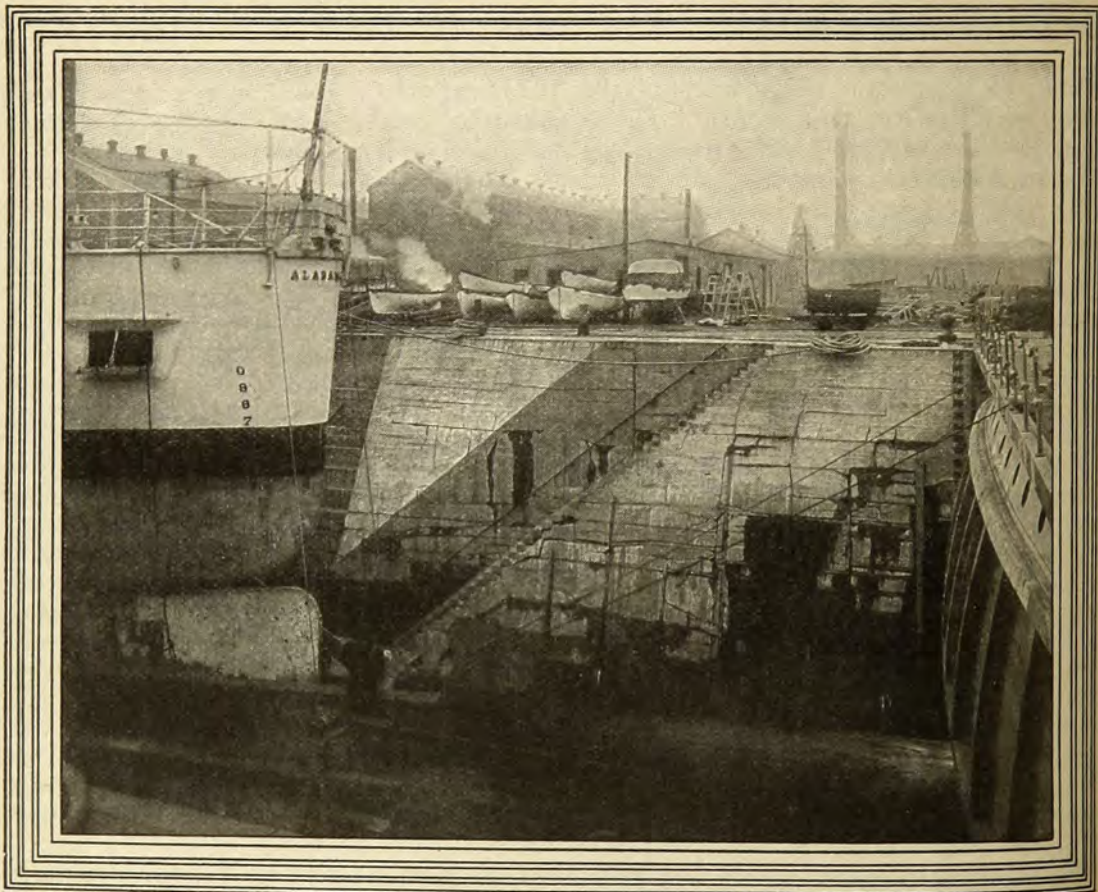
From New York Admiral Goodrich was sent last spring by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to inspect the yards at Portsmouth, Boston, League Island, and Norfolk. He recommended the entire abolition of the first yard; and for the rest he laid out a scheme of consolidation which is now well under way at all these yards.

All this is progress, and most significant progress; for it shows that the navy contains both the ability and the ambition to develop itself along proper lines. But it is not the final step, as every naval officer knows. The final step can be no half-way measure; it must be a radical reorganization. What this reorganization must be can be appreciated only by getting back to first principles.

Our First Necessity—A Fighting Navy

What the United States, or any other nation, wants in its navy is a clean-cut military instrument. It is paying and overpaying for two things—a strong fighting fleet, and a shore plant capable of fitting it to fight. The first it is now on the way to secure; of the second it has scarcely the beginnings.

The main trouble with the present United States Navy is that too much of it has got on the land. The great bulk of its expenditures has been transferred from the sea to the shore; and the chief determining factors in its management are a political system and a subordinate bureaucracy, which find their main and nearest personal motive in the abnormal development of a series of national plants for the manufacture of naval stores. The reason this has happened is that there has been no agency with any responsibility or power in our naval organization to represent the one thing it exists for—its military purpose. Its develop-



THE DECAYING CONCRETE DRY-DOCK OF THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD
THE BAD CONDITION OF THE WALLS IS SHOWN HERE; IN THE BOTTOM OF THE DOCK IS A LARGE LEAK

ment, consequently, could not escape becoming political and bureaucratic.

The Organization for a Military Navy

The first principle of the reorganization of our navy must furnish some responsible and capable military body to direct it as a military department. This body should not be large, or diffuse, or a place for the pleasant semi-retirement of aged officers. It should be small, compact, and responsible; the highest honor in the service, and composed of the most vigorous and capable minds it affords. It goes without saying that this board should not overshadow the Secretary of the Navy. It might well be of his appointment; but its recommendations on the great military questions of the navy should be definite, written documents. The Secretary would act or refuse to act upon them, as he chose; but the responsibility could be definitely and finally fixed.

Such a board would demand in the first place a fighting fleet — as strong as the country could afford. It would cut out the expense of useless vessels.

It would map out the shore stations demanded from a strictly military standpoint. As there is no other need of naval stations, two-thirds of our navy-yards would be abolished.

It would secure the development of the navy-yards toward the purposes for which they exist; that is, as naval bases.

It should not have charge of what manufacturing processes were found to be advantageous to be left in our navy-yards. But its continual representation of the acknowledged main purpose of a navy — its military development — would be, by its negative influence, the greatest guarantee that those processes would be reduced to a minimum, for every unnecessary piece of manufacturing by the navy means a loss to its military establishment.

Beyond this, but of less importance, stands the question of the reorganization of the bureau management of the navy-yards. By the double process of elimination of useless yards, and of all work not absolutely necessary in remaining yards, this problem would be greatly simplified. The physical plants of the navy-yards should be reformed in accordance with their main functions — first, the repairing, and second, the fitting out of ships. The organization should then be fitted to the process; not the process to the organization, as now. And the best mechanical talent the navy possesses should be placed in charge of a unified system of manufacture. To a layman it would seem that the best talent would naturally reside in the corps of naval constructors, with the

strictly military officers in military charge of the yard, and with powers of inspection of the work.

Sir Cyprian Bridge States a Naval Axiom

But that is a technical question for the reorganizers of the navy to decide. The main thing to remember about the problem of navy-yards is clearly and concisely stated by Admiral Cyprian Bridge, the great authority of the British Navy, in his recent book, "The Art of Naval Warfare":

The general principle to be followed in the case of dockyards and similar Government establishments is to form and keep them on the smallest scale compatible with real requirements. No portion of the naval expenditure of a country should be scrutinised more closely or incurred with greater reluctance than that devoted to their creation and expansion . . . The number of Government establishments of the kind in question should be kept as small as possible. What is wanted is, not the most we can get, but the fewest that we can manage to do with. This should be regarded as axiomatic.

Not Less Money; Less Waste

There are many close students of the American navy who believe that the political control of its operations is so strong and secure that it will be impossible properly to reorganize it. This may be true. The simple facts are these: We are paying a tax of \$115,000,000 or \$120,000,000 a year, for the national insurance of a fighting navy. A third of this money is wasted; and so wasted that it continuously breeds further waste. It may be that in time of peace no concern for the mere military dangers of the situation will compel a change. But in a country that showed a national deficit of \$60,000,000 in the past fiscal year, and promises one of over \$100,000,000 the current year, economic reasons would seem to invite action on the question. The saving of a few tens of millions of dollars would seem to have an especial appeal for Congress at this time.

But this is no plea for a smaller navy; it is an appeal for a fighting navy, free from the incubus of politics and false organization which now weighs it down. If there should be an immediate saving in the work of naval administration, there could be no better investment of the money saved than its use as a capital account in building up a proper shore establishment for the caring for our fleets. If the navy were a private institution, like a great run-down railway system, this would be the first action of a new and competent management. With a proper plant and a proper fleet the growth of the war tax for the navy would cease to be the source of alarm that it now is.



JACK DID IT

BY

HUGH WAKEFIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

JACK was only second son, but he was Papa's pet, and Papa was a peer of wide influence. Jack was a sailor born, but Papa was afraid of the water and wouldn't hear of the Navy. Papa was afraid of firearms, too, but Jack was too inclined to mischief for the Church.

Firearms alone were better than firearms and water combined, so Papa compromised on the Army, but had his Jack sent to India, where fighting was obsolete and water to be had only in *cuchies*, on the head of *bhisti*. Jack was the most popular officer in our mess, but it was only his popularity and Papa's wide influence that saved him many a time from being relieved of duty; for there was nothing in the humdrum of playing soldier on the still to fill an aching void for action in him.

If anything went wrong within ten miles, it was obvious without inquiry that Jack did it. "Jack did it," soon became a byword throughout the division. We all understood it, but we didn't at all understand when Jack suddenly developed a liking for telegraphy, presently passed the exams, and applied for transfer to the Telegraph and Signal Corps, operating on the northern boundary, 'way up the Indian Ocean, beyond Bushire.

The social possibilities into which he plunged consisted of a dozen English officers, two companies of *sepoys*, and innumerable Arab residents and laborers. But Jack did it. We lost him from our mess, and before he had been a

month in his new position we learned that he was talking Arabic like a native and was the best officer on the construction force.

Six months later I made the trip to Bushire on health leave, hoping for a glimpse of Jack. I wired him I was there, and he came down the coast in an open boat—as much of a yacht as floated in those waters. I was out on the landing-stage when he hove in sight, watching the Bombay Mail depart for the Tigris and Bagdad.

Jack ran alongside the Mail and shouted to a broad-shouldered Mussulman in native dress, on deck: "Hi, Hiptala! Idherao?"

The man did not seem disposed to respond to Hindustani, so Jack called again, in English: "I say, old man. This tub is heading north. You've lost your way." To which the Mussulman solemnly replied:

"I go to Bassora and cross the desert on a pilgrimage to Mecca, returning by the Red Sea."

He disappeared, the steamer moved away, and Jack swung to the stage.

"Hello, Jack," I called. "Who was that you struck? You have too many friends for a soldier."

"Soldier be blowed!" Jack replied, throwing me his line. "I'm on a three weeks' leave for valiant conduct! Doomed to promotion and a V. C., by Jove! At this moment, however, I'm a jolly tar! His nibs on the steamer was the great and only Hiptala, a Hindu-Moham-



"THEY HAD ME OFF THAT DONKEY, BOUND HAND AND FOOT"

medan-Jew. The richest banker and the biggest rascal in Bombay, blarst his eyes."

"His pilgrimage to Mecca will bring him down the Red Sea a saint, I presume," I remarked, making fast; but Jack leaped to the stage, exclaiming:

"Dear me, what a lamb, for a man who's been handling natives ever since I was a kid. It's forty shillin' to a quid, man, that old Hip is not on a pilgrimage to Mecca, does not leave the steamer at Bassora, or sail the Red Sea."

One of the officers had recognized Jack and came down the stage, calling: "You're a god-send, by Jove! Our telegraph operator is off shooting. His assistant was pulled by the fever, bad, last night, and some one has been whacking at our machine for hours."

"I'm your man," Jack replied, turning toward the signal bungalow. He threw himself into the chair, turned the switch, and smiled as he remarked: "It's Bombay, cursing you fellows for keeping him waiting with a—h'm—a gov. rush! Oh, come off now, and give it to us."

He caught his pencil and wrote for dear life till the clicking suddenly ceased. Slipping the switch, he called for a repeat, but there was no answer. "Gone," he muttered, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "And he was so mad he fired the thing faster than I could take it. What is that tooting?"

"It's only the Aden freighter for Bagdad, so sour because the Mail got ahead and stole her freight that she won't come in unless we signal her."

"Well, signal, for heaven's sake!" Jack cried. "If I don't catch her, I've got to swim the whole bally way. Is the Colonel up at headquarters? Why isn't he down here when I'm liable to want him? Give him that. Tell him Jack did it, and he'll know why it's not well done."

Jack was gone, and we had but the fragmentary message by way of explanation. It indicated a government order to hold Hiptala, all his party and possessions, and return them under military guard to Bombay.

"Jack's a jolly rattle-brain," remarked one of the officers. "What does he expect to accomplish without any papers, and when the very next stop is beyond British jurisdiction?"

The verdict was that Jack couldn't do anything, but I had known him longer than the rest of them and remarked: "If he's after Hiptala, in line with that order, I'm ready to bet that he succeeds. How much am I up?"

A dozen five-pound wagers almost staggered me, but some time later, in a moment of reciprocal generosity for having so strenuously indorsed him, Jack himself continued the history:

"The Mail was ahead of us and got every-

thing. Only a hadj with a single servant just off the desert came aboard at Bassora. He wore a big desert bournuse over everything else, and was so completely covered up that you couldn't see a thing but two eyes, like sparks of fire, and a bally lot of swords and daggers and firearms.

"He wasn't the kind of arsenal you'd naturally coddle to, but when he spoke to me in king's English and offered me a cigarette, I attempted to find out from him if Hiptala had by any possibility spoken the truth and gone out over the desert.

"In a very few minutes he had me down fine. He had read me, advertisements and all, while I was not a single item wiser. He didn't show himself after that, but his servant was forever ambling about. He had a most peculiar waddle when he walked, that was worth watching.

"'Twas the rainy season, you know. The Tigris was rising rapidly and roaring. Our old tub creaked and strained, and when night was coming on us, still miles below Bagdad, the captain worked up inshore and made fast to wait till morning, when the river would be over its banks and running easier.

"It was the soggiest blackness, that night, that I ever knew. I couldn't see my own hand, but I declare, when the hadj came up and spoke again I distinctly saw his eyes, like two stars. By some occult means he had discovered donkey boys in the darkness on shore and engaged them to carry him to Bagdad, and politely suggested that I accompany him unless I preferred another night in the misery of the foul freight steamer.

"We were off in no time, but fancy riding through pitch blackness on a donkey you can

only feel, with a fellow yelling and whacking it whom you can only hear, and you'll understand how it was that I fell sound asleep.

"I woke up quite too suddenly for comfort, and before my eyes were open they had me off that donkey, bound hand and foot, then rolled head and all in cloth and bound again, for all the world like a mummy. I knew by the sounds that they were lighting torches. Presently the voice of my star-eyed hadj exclaimed, in Hindustani:

"'Why, he looks like an Arab corpse. Let's bury him in this tomb.' There was a hoarse laugh, followed by another voice remarking: 'It is well. Obey.' That was Hiptala. There was no mistaking it, and the awful suspicion dawned on me, which I confirmed later on, that my star-eyed hadj of the steamer was nothing less than old Hip's wife, left at Bassora in case I followed them, to do me just as she had done. And I was done, done to a turn, by a Moham-medan woman. Bah!

"They laid me down, rolled me over, gave me a push, and I fell — a mile, more or less, judging from the concussion at the terminal, which jarred the vital principle out of me for an indefinite period; when vague intimations of latent personality crept back, I was too disgusted with myself even to try if I was all there.

"But there was one disturbing condition. I was beastly thirsty, and the sound of water trickling somewhere drove me almost crazy. I was willing to get back into the bandages and die there as I deserved; but I must have a drink of water first. So I wriggled myself out and crawled over to where it spurted through a crack in the stone wall of my tomb.

"Do you know, I think I fell asleep there.



"I REGISTERED A VOW OF VENGEANCE AGAINST OLD HIP AND ALL OF HIS"

At any rate, the first I knew I was sitting in water ankle deep. Then I found that the whole place was a bally pond, and by the time it was knee deep it dawned on me that the river was over its banks and flooding my cellar. A brief investigation resulted in the conviction that the roof was the only legitimate exit, was hopelessly out of my reach, and that where the water was coming in, I must get out, if I got out at all.

"By then the water was above my waist, and I went at the crack like the Arabs on our construction force. I must have loosened something, for there was a grand slump which threw me on my back, and by the time that I got my precious head out of the mush, that bally hole had let the water in so much faster that it was near my shoulders. That was the last straw. I took a tremendous breath, felt for the opening, shut my eyes, and pitched in, kicking and wallowing.

"I've only dreamy fictions floating in my mind of events immediately following. The first thing I could conscientiously swear to was waking out of sound sleep, in broad daylight, up on top of a ruin. There was water and ruins and sand everywhere, and far away I saw the dirty old steamer calmly puffing away up-stream toward a mass of green and masonry which of course must be Bagdad. I felt for my belt, with three months' pay in it, and when I found that was all right I was ready for a whisky-and-soda with any fellow who'd ask me out. But the indignity of having been buried alive and drowned in such a ramshackle old tomb was something no self-respecting Englishman could overlook, and up on the top of it I registered a vow of vengeance against old Hip and all of his.

"As the first steps toward it I began wading to Bagdad; but I wasn't feeling very fit, that day, and stopped so often and rested so long that it was night when I reached the city, and the gates were closed. I was forced to find shelter in the charming, vermin-haunted, rotten-dirty suburb outside the walls; but it proved the most fortunate arrangement possible. When I finally left, the fellow who had taken me in was my friend for life, unless he changed his mind.

"He was a renegade Arab, a converted Musliman; a rascal of the first water if I ever saw one. We hit it off together gloriously.

"Now, about those days a Bedouin mendi-



"WE HIT IT OFF TOGETHER GLORIOUSLY"

cant wandered through the narrow, windowless streets of old Bagdad, on one side of the Tigris, and over the bridge of boats and through the crowded market-places and bazaars of New Bagdad — crumbling old for centuries — mumbling his talismanic prayers and sacred maxims, and holding his copper alms-basin for those who were anxious to donate. He hadn't long been off the burning sand, for he was dark, even for a Bedouin. A sand-browned effie was bound about his head with a camel thong. His white-and-black goat's hair abba was foul and frayed. His bournuse clung to him only by the help of many knots.

"Those mendicant fellows are sacred, you know. They never ask for alms, but when voluntary contributions are thrust upon them, they acknowledge them with the formula: 'A beggar's prayers for a meal of rice,' or some other old thing that comes handy, and beyond that they are always left strictly alone.

"An elaborate palanquin appeared in the bazaar, one day, carried by four bearers in private uniform and led by a eunuch with a most peculiar wobbling gait. It was set down, and a Mohammedan woman, richly dressed and veiled, emerged and proceeded to make

purchases. When she returned, the mendicant, lost in solemn contemplation of sacred things, was standing so that she couldn't enter. The eunuch didn't dare to strike him with his whip as he would an ordinary mortal, which made the woman only more angry, and she showed it in her eyes and voice, as she tossed a coin into the copper basin and warned the beggar to stand to one side for her.

"First he looked at the coin in the basin, then into her eyes, and stood still, while he slowly turned the basin till the coin fell clinking on the pavement. Then he moved and let her pass. She was justly punished for being rude to one of the elect. She knew it. The eunuch knew it. The bearers knew it.

"The palanquin moved away, with the mendicant not far behind, across the pontoon bridge and into the gloom of Old Bagdad, where it left its burden at one of the miserable low doorways, all alike, giving no sign that within is such magnificence as can be found in but two places on this earth — between the covers of 'Arabian Nights' and beyond those dirty doorways of Old Bagdad.

"All that afternoon the old Bedouin of the bazaar was clanking his staff through back alleys, narrow even when compared with the narrow streets, slippery with the slime of ages, where the sun has not shone since the caliphs built those walls, and never will till that solid masonry is gone.

"Therefore the palanquin betrays the front,' the mendicant muttered as he wandered on, his eyes apparently seeing nothing but the yellow gleam of his copper basin. 'But the wise hare has more than one burrow!' Then he stopped, making some kind of calculation, and wrote a cabalistic mark upon a certain door. After that he traversed a network of alleys leading to the river, where the Aden freight steamer was belching smoke, preparing to pull out into the stream before dark, in order to start with the first daylight, a good day ahead of the Mail. The mendicant took up quite a collection on board, for sailors are always on the hunt for other people's prayers. Then he talked with sleepy boatmen, owning a large goods barge, and gave them what he had received from the sailors.

"Tired out at last, he retraced his steps and crouched between the walls of an alley almost opposite the gate which bore his cabalistic sign. His arms embraced his knees and held his head. Even the clink of the coin did not rouse him when some one, forced to step over him, by way of apology dropped into his basin the smallest part of nothing obtainable in that land of small present and gigantic past.

"However, when the shades of night sank sullenly into the eternal gloom, and fainter far than the clink of the coin there sounded the slipping of a bolt behind the cabalistic sign, the beggar's bournuse hitched a bit, and the effie and abba shifted till one eye peered between the folds and an ear caught the parting words: 'To the mosque for Muezzin, then to Ahmad. I return by nine.'

"It happened that it was Hiptala whose voice roused the mendicant, and mention of the Muezzin warned him that it was high time that he too was at the mosque. He knelt almost behind Hiptala as with all the faithful they bowed to Mecca and repeated 'Inshallah t'Allah cho chahetso kyrey Allah! Bismillah hey Ramah ney raheem.'

"Hiptala was always devout, you know. He had to be. His name (Hip-t' Allah, Friend-of-God) implied it, and his business and rascality demanded it. But the mendicant smiled as the Friend-of-God rose from his knees, put on his sandals, and shook himself as though to dust off any lingering crumbs of religion before visiting his friend Ahmad. It roused the beggar's curiosity, and he determined to follow and investigate.

"Fortune favored him, and he found out more than he had dreamed. He became so interested that he could not let the matter drop, and even as late as nine o'clock he was creep-



"THROUGH THE NARROW, WINDOWLESS STREETS OF OLD BAGDAD"

ing stealthily through those slimy alleys behind the Friend-of-God.

"Ahmad had given news that was most disquieting, for Hiptala moved timidly, shrinking from shadows and starting at the sound of his own sandal in the slippery mush. He carried in his hand an ugly dagger, with needle point and razor edge, which occasionally gleamed as some faint light fell over them.

"When they had almost reached his own rear door, the mendicant hurried, laid his hand gently on Hiptala's arm and spoke his name. To such pathetic extremity had the poor man come that he actually jumped his entire self into the air and uttered a barbaric grunt which would have done credit to his ancestors. The ugly knife came up, too. The beggar was watching it better than anything else and spoke quickly, in Arabic, the Arabic proverb: 'Strike in the dark and cut a shadow. Cut a shadow and the substance slays.'

"Of course, Hiptala understood Arabic, just as a Jew pawnbroker of Paris understands

Faithful stand together against the world inside the wall, I fancy there is much of the rottenness characteristic of all humanity when there are no witnesses. So Hip put his question more to the point and asked the beggar: 'What have you to do with me, Shadow-in-the-Night?'

"The mendicant replied in the usual Arabic formula: 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. I bring bad tidings from Bombay and worse from Bagdad, for the Friend-of-Allah and his friend Ahmad the money-lender.' Hiptala started and muttered: 'Silence! Pass on before me to the second door. Knock twice and it shall be opened unto you. Enter that I may look before I listen, Mystery-in-the-Dark!'

"They entered a long, narrow hall, crossed a dimly lighted court, and climbed a broad flight of stairs, admitting them to a brilliant chamber fitted as became the reception hall of the prince of untold wealth and evil.

"In the first dazzling glare Hiptala turned like a cat on his companion, and his fierce eyes seemed to pierce every foul rag clinging to the mendicant and every secret that they covered.

"Without formality, indeed with almost precipitous haste, the mendicant dropped upon the nearest rug and bending low over his begging pan began tracing mysterious signs upon the polished copper with his finger.

"Whatever Hiptala thought or intended, he was cowed, as every unworthy Mussulman is, in the presence of sacerdotal mysteries, and stood there patiently waiting till the beggar had finished his prayers, not daring to interrupt his devotions. The effect was salutary for both of them.

"At last the incoherent mumbling began to assume intelligible form, and still tracing designs the mendicant said slowly: 'An Englishman was missed from the sands of earth. His body was found in a ruin below Bagdad, where it had been bound, alive, and left to drown. The dead man told a tale. There was evidence that Hiptala and his friend Ahmad had done it. Hiptala is missed in Bombay. The British government wants him back, but before it could not speak in a voice that he must hear. Now it is different. A British subject has murdered a British subject, and Bagdad has arranged to give him up. A British officer is in the city to-night, to take Hiptala back and all that pertains to him. The Street of Light, past the front of the house, has been carefully guarded. The ways to Teheran and Damascus are closed lest he fly by them. The Port of Bassora is under guard lest he return there. The British officer himself searched the freight steamer for Aden, this afternoon, to be sure



"A CERTAIN DOOR"

English. No more. He asked: 'Who spoke my name?' and received the invariable answer of a Mussulman, the opening line of the creed. He was only partially reassured, for while the

that Hiptala had not taken passage on her. Thus the trap is set, and to-morrow the house of Hiptala will be deserted, and he and all of his placed under guard upon the Bombay Mail. That is my errand to the Friend-of-God, and I go now to Ahmad.'

"As the mendicant pulled himself slowly to his feet, Hiptala asked: 'Who pays the messenger?' The mendicant hadn't suggested pay, but when Hiptala made a point of it he replied: 'Hiptala pays me, from one or the other of those two hands; either with the knife, sending me on the long journey, or with the diamond on his finger.' The copper basin shifted a bit, suggesting the diamond, by preference, but the tail of the mendicant's eye never left the dagger.

"Hiptala shook his head, and, leaning back against the door, remarked:

"'You will have neither, neither will you go hence, till I know who you are, whence you came, and how you learned what you have spoken.'

"The mendicant might have given him a straight answer, but you know it is against all mendicant principles, and he said: 'I am a handful of dust blown by the wind to the deck of a steamer for Bagdad. The English officer who is waiting for Hiptala was on board. I have followed him about Bagdad since then. My eyes were given me to see, my ears to hear. Hiptala knows if I have stated facts.'

"Hip thought for a moment and repeated: 'You say the Aden freight was searched before she anchored in the river, and that she starts with daylight. Is the way from the rear to the river guarded?' The mendicant shook his head. 'Will you serve me?' Hiptala asked. The mendicant only repeated the first line of the creed, but this time it was sufficient.

"Hiptala slipped the ring from his finger, laying it gently in the basin, and beside it placed a bag of gold, saying: 'Send me carriers to the rear gate. Have me a river barge where the Way of Joy reaches the water. Bind the captain of the freight steamer to secrecy with promise that he shall be well paid the moment I am on board. Watch the approaches well and warn me if danger threatens. Who serves Hiptala faithfully serves a good paymaster. Who deceives him——' Old Hip touched the point of his dagger, and the mendicant went out.

"Oh, but I tell you, old man, it was good to breathe the free air again, even the fetid free air of those foul alleys, and when the arrange-



"'ONE EYE PEERED BETWEEN THE FOLDS'"

ments were fully made and carried out, and Hip and his all safely started, it was good to fly to my renegade Arab outside the walls for a pungent bath and a whisky-and-soda too, by Jove! It was good to see his eyes shine when I settled with him for just double what he asked, and it was good to be a passenger on the Bombay Mail.

"It was good when we reached Bassora, cabling Bombay and Bushire to watch out for old Hip on the freight. It was all good up to the minute when we anchored at Bushire and the poor fellow was brought on board the Mail in irons, with his household and his traps.

"I suppose I'm a blooming fool, anyway. I've often cause to think so, but upon my word I couldn't keep back the tears. I had no great personal grievance against old Hip himself, you know. My individual animosity focused on his wife, as the instigator of my ignoble obsequies.

"I had spent his gold because I had to, but I sent him back his diamond, incognito, and slunk away, without the grand finale I had plotted as the climax of my revenge; without his even seeing me; sorry, as usual, that Jack did it."

THE SCIENTIFIC SOLUTION OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM

BY

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

TWO earlier papers* have been devoted to an examination of the evidence as to the effects of alcohol upon the individual organism, and upon the community. There was ample testimony from the field of experimental science to show the highly deleterious influence that even moderate drinking may exercise on all the vital organs of the body. There were abundant statistics of asylums, prisons, and eleemosynary institutions to suggest how largely alcohol interferes with the orderly development of the social organism. It is impossible to consider thoughtfully the array of facts thus presented without extending the view from the individual and the community to the race of which they form a part. Involuntarily the question rises:

If alcohol affects individual and community thus harmfully, must it not, as a natural consequence, exert a most deleterious influence upon the evolution of the race?

It is not my purpose to answer this question here except in the most summary way. It is axiomatic to say that an agent that harms individuals must harm the body politic, unless there be some compensating factor more than balancing the evil. So far as I am aware, only one such compensating factor has ever been suggested, in defense of alcohol, that need be seriously considered. This is presented in the theory that alcohol tends generation after generation to kill off the more susceptible and weakly portion of the community prematurely, thus becoming a factor in natural selection through the survival of the fittest.

The fatal objection to this theory is found in the fact that alcohol does not, for the most part, render its victims incapable of propagating the species. The alcoholic subject is generally not debarred from producing offspring; he is only menaced with the extreme probability that the offspring will not be normal. The effect of alcohol upon the progress of the race, considered from the standpoint of heredity and evolution,

would thus appear to be exactly the reverse of what the suggested theory proposes.

Even were the fact otherwise, however, the argument for alcohol as a means of eliminating the weakly and undesirable elements of society would ill accord with the modern conception of public polity. For precisely the same argument might with equal logic be applied in favor, for example, of contagious diseases. Only the weaker tenth of humanity, it might be said, succumbs to tuberculosis; ergo, tuberculosis is an excellent agency for the strengthening of the race.

It being thus made obvious where such a line of argument would lead us, we may be content to dismiss the paradoxical view that an agent known to be destructive to individual health and happiness is likely to be advantageous to the race. In its place stands the common-sense induction that alcohol exerts a powerful retarding influence on the progress of humanity; that it is, therefore, an agency which should fall within the surveillance of the State.

This common-sense view of the matter is one that all modern governments have followed in actual practice. Everywhere the liquor traffic is subject to governmental control, and the legitimacy of laws that put restrictions upon the traffic in alcohol has been sustained by the highest courts. The opponents of such laws have had much to say about the infringement of personal liberties; but such arguments may be dismissed very briefly by any one who has a clear idea of the principles underlying the legislative policy upon which modern civilization is conditioned.

The only really debatable question is what particular line of social or legislative activity is most likely to prove effective in controlling an acknowledged evil. It is this question that I purpose now to consider.

At the outset, it is desirable to get a clear notion of the magnitude of the social and economic problems involved. In so doing we shall be led to realize how enormously the problem is complicated by the gigantic financial interests en-

* See McCURE'S MAGAZINE for October and December, 1908.

countered on every hand. We must reflect also that political interests of a very fundamental character afford additional complications. Merely as a problem in economics the subject is thus enormously complex, even if it were not hedged about everywhere by prejudice and misconception. Nevertheless, it will be possible, I think, by separating essentials from non-essentials, to deal with it clearly and simply.

America's Enormous Liquor Traffic

The magnitude of the liquor traffic, as a mere commercial enterprise, is suggested by the bald statistics of production of the various alcoholic beverages. So long ago as 1891 the consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United States rose to the billion gallon mark. In 1896, the year covered by an important report of the United States Bureau of Statistics, the amount consumed was 1,170,000,000 gallons. At that time, according to the official report, the total capital invested in the liquor interests in this country was \$957,000,000, of which fifty-nine per cent was represented in retail trade exclusively devoted to alcoholics, and an additional fifteen per cent in retail trade combined with other business.

The total government revenue from alcoholic liquors for the year 1896 was more than \$183,000,000.

There were 191,519 proprietors of establishments interested in different forms of the liquor traffic, and their employees numbered 241,755 persons. Some of these were not exclusively occupied in dealing with alcoholics; but an estimate was made of the number of persons that would be required for the traffic if so occupied. The aggregate was 364,000 persons. If each one of these were supposed to maintain an average family of four, it follows that 1,800,000 persons received their exclusive support from the liquor traffic. And this took no account of the individuals engaged in producing the materials from which alcoholic liquors are made, nor of those engaged in the transportation of these materials and of the finished products. If these were added, the total of persons supported by the liquor traffic in the United States in the year 1896 would doubtless include more than two million individuals.

Since the time when these statistics were compiled, the liquor traffic has increased at an astounding rate. In the year 1900, according to the Census Report, the total consumption of liquor was in excess of 1,322,000,000 gallons. Three years later it rose above 1,600,000,000 gallons. In 1900 the capital invested in liquor manufacturing establishments was more than \$457,000,000. The cost of materials used in

these manufactories (farm products, etc.) was \$70,000,000, and the wholesale value of the product exceeded \$340,000,000.

Such figures are confusing — in a sense, ineffective — from their very magnitude. A realization of their import must, however, be gained by any one who hopes to have an intelligent comprehension of the liquor problem. Perhaps the facts of the case will be a little clearer if we interpret them in the light of what we have previously seen of the effects of alcohol. Let us, for example, recall the experiment with the printers, made by Professor Aschaffenburg, in which experiment thirty-five grams of alcohol proved sufficient to decrease markedly the working efficiency of the type-setters, — the decrease amounting in one case to ten per cent. From this experiment we are justified in regarding thirty-five grams of alcohol as a quantity capable of producing a distinctly harmful effect upon an average adult. Now, if we analyze the report of the United States Census for 1900, we find that the seventeen and one-third gallons of intoxicating beverages credited to every man, woman, and child in this country represent a sufficient quantity of absolute alcohol to supply every adult — women as well as men, with no allowance for teetotalers of either sex — with this thirty-five gram dose of alcohol on each week day of the year, and with a double dose on every Sunday. It would suffice, in other words, to keep every adult in America permanently alcoholized to a scientifically measurable extent.

Of course, every one is aware that there are large numbers of individuals — some millions of them in the aggregate — who choose not to consume their share of the alcohol thus allotted, nor any portion thereof; but it follows, as a simple matter of mathematics, that the remaining millions who are not abstainers consume just so much the more. By the simple logic of unchallenged figures, then, we are forced to conclude that the millions of non-abstainers consume, on the average, a daily quantity of alcohol very markedly in excess of the quantity which has been proved by rigidly conducted experiments to be highly injurious.

In other words, it is thus demonstrable that it is not merely the exceptional person, but the average drinker, who is taking alcohol in toxic quantities. And this, surely, demonstrates that the alcohol problem, as presented to today's civilization, is a veritable race problem of appalling magnitude. It is a vital, living problem, the bearings of which impinge, directly or indirectly, upon the practical interests of every citizen, in whatever walk of life.

The Value of Alcohol as a Food

If we were able to consider the problem solely from the isolated standpoint of the physiologist, its solution would be relatively simple. We behold the race menaced by the use of a certain drug. Let us, then, prohibit the manufacture and sale of that drug. Alcohol removed, there ceases to be an alcohol problem, and the race can go on its evolutionary way unhampered.

It has been suggested, to be sure, that the sudden withdrawal from humanity of a drug which has long been consumed in such stupendous quantities would result in physical and mental disaster to the generation. But there is no physiological warrant for solicitude on this score. The experiment of withholding alcohol from persons habituated to its excessive use is made hundreds of times every day in the case of individuals committed to our jails or to institutions for the treatment of inebriety. The individuals do not always find the experience a pleasant one at first; but in due course they usually go out into the world, not wrecked in health, but rejuvenated. If this is true of the dipsomaniac, it can hardly be argued that the more abstemious user of alcohol would be a greater sufferer.

The suggestion that the underfed portion of the community would suffer from the withdrawal of the alcohol with which they eke out their meager supply of food is even more specious. Waiving, for the sake of argument, all consideration of the ulterior effects that render alcohol an undesirable foodstuff, it remains undeniably true that no alcoholic beverage contains any food principle that it did not derive from the grain or fruit or other vegetable product from which it was manufactured. No one pretends that the heat value of alcohol burned in the system is greater than that of the starches or sugars from which it is derived. Meanwhile, it is simply a commercial matter of fact that the alcohol of even the cheapest beverage is very expensive as compared with an equivalent quantity of starch or sugar supplied by an ordinary foodstuff. Considered as an "economical" food, alcohol is in a class quite by itself, its nearest competitors being, perhaps, reed-birds, woodcock, frog's legs, and terrapin. A five-cent loaf of bread contains (unassociated with poisonous principles) several times as much oxidizable matter as a five-cent glass of beer.

Thus the most elementary knowledge of chemistry suffices to dispel the somewhat prevalent notion that beer and whisky are cheap foods, deprivation of which would work hardship, on physiological grounds, to the underfed

masses of the "submerged tenth." The truth is that these masses would enter upon the road to physical regeneration could they be induced to spend their money — meager pittance though it be — for wholesome foods instead of for alcoholic beverages.

Why Total Prohibition is Impracticable

On purely physiological grounds, then, there would seem to be no valid objection to the total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages for popular consumption. But unfortunately the philosophical inquirer is not permitted to view the subject from this single standpoint. The problem is enormously complicated by its economic bearings. Considered merely as a commercial industry, the liquor traffic ranks, as we have seen, among the most important of business enterprises. Its diversified threads are woven everywhere into the fabric of modern social and industrial life. To remove them suddenly must result in serious injury to the fabric itself.

Metaphors aside, it requires no wide grasp of economic principles to comprehend that a business enterprise representing invested capital to the amount of more than a billion dollars, supplying government revenue by hundreds of millions, and furnishing the exclusive means of support to more than two million persons in America alone, could not be suddenly legislated out of existence without entailing the most serious and far-reaching financial consequences. The direct and obvious result would be that some thousands of costly factories would become valueless; that some hundreds of thousands of workmen would be suddenly thrown out of employment; and that new and exceptional means of taxation would have to be at once resorted to for the repletion of the national and local treasuries.

But this is only the beginning. The indirect but no less inevitable result of such sumptuary legislation would be that within a few months of the abolition of the distilleries and breweries, there would be scores of small illicit stills where now there is one legalized one. Within a few months of the abolition of the saloons, there would be scores of secret bars where now there is a single public one. Within a few months liquor of bad quality would be flooding across our borders through a thousand channels, despite the efforts of a legion of revenue officers. Meanwhile hosts of hitherto law-abiding citizens would have become habitual law-breakers, and a vastly elaborated constabulary, judiciary, and correctional system would be at once required to render the new measures of repression other than openly farcical.

And in the end the liquor problem would still be with us.

Such, at least, seems the only justifiable inference from a study of the results attained by sumptuary laws in general in the past, and by prohibitory laws aimed at the liquor traffic in particular in the widest application by which they have anywhere been tested. The disappointing results of such laws, when applied beyond the bounds of local communities, are, indeed, no different from what might be expected. For, even if the economic difficulties just suggested could be overcome, there would still remain two seemingly insurmountable obstacles to the success of drastic prohibitory measures. These are, (1) the existence of a widely diffused appetite for intoxicants, amounting in thousands of individual cases to an imperative craving; and (2) the fact that the saloon, as it exists, is a highly developed institution catering to an all but universal social need.

The ostensible object of the saloon is to quench the thirst of its patrons; but the prime secret of its success is that it supplies companionship and promotes sociability in so doing. We cannot hope suddenly to legislate out of existence either the physical thirst or the social yearnings of the saloon patrons. And when we reflect that the daily visitants to the saloon have been proved by careful computation to exceed half the total population in the case of such widely different communities as Boston and Chicago, the share played by the "poor man's club" in the daily life of the people becomes clearly appreciable. Such an institution cannot be annihilated by the wave of a legislative wand. Human nature, and slowly evolved social conditions, which lie at the foundation of the problem, are not to be metamorphosed in that facile and pleasing way.

Sweden's Experiment in Controlling the Sale of Liquor

But if sweeping prohibitory measures fail us in dealing with the saloon, what, then, is the alternative?

Many earnest students of the subject believe that a thoroughly scientific and a fairly satisfactory answer to that question can be deduced from a study of the conditions upon which the success of the liquor traffic is based.

The fundamental assumptions upon which the argument rests are these:

(1) That the liquor traffic cannot be suppressed so long as it constitutes a source of large pecuniary gain to private individuals.

(2) That the saloon cannot advantageously be abolished except as social and recreative centers of another kind are substituted for it.

A clear recognition of these principles led to

the legislation through which, in the year 1855 — more than half a century ago, be it noted — the kingdom of Sweden began a very remarkable experiment in the official control of the liquor traffic, and in so doing introduced the system which, in its developed form, has been declared by impartial witnesses to "contain the essence of scientific modern liquor legislation."

The novel features of the new law consisted in the provision that local Companies or Committees might be formed in various communities, to conduct the liquor traffic in such a way as to eliminate all private profit; any gain that might result from the traffic being directly applied to the promotion of public utilities calculated to serve as counter attractions to the saloon. Thus was laid the foundation of what is believed by many competent observers to be the scientific solution of the liquor problem.

Writing just forty years after this experiment was inaugurated, the Reverend Raymond Calkins, acting as spokesman for the Committee of Fifty, characterizes the present-day working of the now famous "Company" system as follows: "The workings of the system are by no means perfect, the results by no means all that could be desired; but the cardinal principle of the removal of profit either for the State or for the individual has been incorporated in what is today without doubt the best existing system of liquor legislation. The saloons [of Scandinavia] are no longer attractive places of resort. The bar-keeper has no personal interest in his sales; on the contrary, his salary is dependent on his observance of the conditions under which liquor shall be sold. The State is not interested in the amount of the returns, for these are not applied to the tax rate, but are applied, after the payment of costs, to the establishment of social resorts, educational enterprises, and for purposes of public improvement.

"Such a system," Mr. Calkins adds, "is available in our own country at any time that enlightened public sentiment demands it."

Sweden's 23,000 Distilleries Reduced to 132

As has been said, the workings of the system are by no means perfect. Nevertheless it has had some very striking results. At the time when the new method was inaugurated, there were more than twenty-three thousand distilleries in Sweden, and it was said that liquor could be purchased in almost every hut in the kingdom. When the new law had been in force six years, the number of distilleries had dropped to less than six hundred. In 1896 there remained but 132. Meanwhile the saloons shrank away so rapidly that in 1869 there was but one for 8,028 of the population; and eleven years later only

one for 13,450 inhabitants, — figures that gain clearer significance if we reflect, by way of contrast, that Jersey City, for example, has a saloon for every thirty-five voters. The per capita consumption of spirituous liquors decreased in Sweden from 22 liters in 1851 to 7.2 liters in 1896.

The system that contributed to these remarkable results was first put into operation, in its developed form, in the city of Gothenburg, and hence came to be generally known as the Gothenburg system. It was adopted in due course by all the chief cities and by many of the smaller ones in Sweden, and it met a similarly favorable reception in Norway and in Finland. For a long time it spread no farther. Yet it furnished an object lesson that could not be indefinitely ignored. Thoughtful Germans, for example, came in time to ask themselves why it was that the kingdom of Sweden, with five million inhabitants, has fewer places for the sale of spirituous liquors than are to be found in the single city of Königsburg, with 180,000 inhabitants, or in Bremen with its 150,000. Thoughtful Englishmen asked why they must needs have a drinkshop for every 243 inhabitants, while one for 13,000 sufficed in Sweden. Friends of temperance everywhere found it a thought-provocative fact that a system not explicitly aimed at the abolition of the saloon had resulted in banishing saloons from three-fourths of the official communities of a kingdom.

The Gothenburg System Succeeds in England

At last — more than thirty years after the inauguration of the system — a specific effort was made to imitate it outside Scandinavia. The seat of the new enterprise was a small English village. Its promoters were a company of philanthropic British gentlemen, with Lord Grey and the Bishop of Chester at their head. The "People's Refreshment House Association" which they organized is virtually a trust company, conducted on strict business principles. Unlike the Scandinavian model upon which it is founded, it has not the support of any special legislation whatever; but its objects and methods are practically those of the most developed "Company" system of Norway; the prime objects being, in one case as in the other, to reform the liquor traffic in accordance with scientific principles above cited, namely, (1) the abolition of private profits, and (2) the development of substitutes for the saloon.

In pursuance of these objects the British Refreshment Association takes out regular saloon licenses, and conducts a regular saloon business in strict accordance with the laws governing public houses in England. Its distin-

guished patrons, though avowed temperance reformers, thus become saloon proprietors. Nor are their saloons "temperance" houses, in the usual acceptance of the term. They supply alcoholic beverages of the usual varieties and at the usual prices. They differ from ordinary saloons, however, in that they give at least equal prominence to the display of non-alcoholic beverages, and in dispensing tea, coffee, cocoa, and light refreshments. The actual manager of the establishment receives a salary in no wise contingent upon his sales of alcoholic beverages; but — and this point has obvious importance — he is given a percentage upon all sales of non-alcoholic refreshments.

All profits of the business thus conducted (after payment of interest and the reservation of a percentage for the redemption of capital) are devoted to the establishment of counter attractions to the saloon, such as public reading-rooms, libraries, concerts, etc.

The enterprise proved so successful in practice that within three years of its inauguration the Association controlled twelve saloons, running at an actual, even if not a large profit. What the outcome will be it is still too early to predict; but at least the experiment offers an interesting illustration of the possibility of applying right principles to the solution of the liquor problem without the assistance of any legislative action whatever.

Transplanting the System to America

Personally, I should like to see the experiment tried here in America in precisely the same way; — conducted, that is to say, by "Benevolent Corporations," similar to those that control so many of our hospitals and charitable organizations. The problem presents enormous and obvious difficulties, to be sure; but there is reason to hope that these would not prove insuperable; and the idea of making the saloon a chief center for the practical inculcation of temperance is certainly alluring. It will not appeal to those enthusiasts who prefer no bread to a half loaf. It should appeal very tellingly to the would-be reformer who believes that social evolution must be a gradual process, taking account at all stages of existing conditions of human nature.

I shall not attempt here even to outline the difficulties that such a reformatory measure will encounter, nor the lines along which, as I believe, they could be met; but it may be well to cite the general rules of action which, in the opinion of the investigators of the Committee of Fifty, must govern legislative procedure, should the plan ultimately be taken up by the State, as it was from the beginning in Sweden. What-

ever special developments may be required to meet varying conditions, the following are regarded as essential features:—

“First: The local option principle will remain in full force; it will not be obligatory upon any town or community to have a dispensary [saloon]; the dispensary will exist by vote of the separate communities themselves.

“Second: There will be absolutely no private profit. No inducement will be offered to any liquor dealer or bar-keeper to retail more liquor rather than less.

“Third: All profits will go to the State, but no profits will be applied to the tax rate.

“Fourth: All profits, after payment of expenses, will be redistributed to communities for the purposes of public betterment.

“Fifth: All profits will be distributed irrespective of whether the community had voted for or against the dispensary, thus putting no premium upon the existence of the dispensary.”

Creating Substitutes for the Saloon

Such, then, is the line of action that, in the opinion of many very careful students of the subject, offers the best chance of eventually undermining the existing saloon system, which confessedly is the mainstay of the drink evil. Let no one suppose, however, that any profound student of the subject imagines that the mere putting into operation of such a system, with or without legislative support, would in itself suffice to bring about a solution of the liquor problem in its widest aspects. To accomplish this, the education of the masses must be carried forward along many collateral lines, physical, mental, and moral, some of them aimed directly and explicitly at the drink evil, others only indirectly or by implication.

Many of these educative measures are already in a more or less satisfactory state of operation. Public schools, libraries, and reading rooms, working men's clubs, the work of churches, missions, and settlements, plans for the better housing of the people, for public play-grounds, and the like — all these have their place in the great scheme of popular education which, in the last analysis, must underlie and support every rational effort to combat alcoholism. To discuss the influence of any of these important institutions and movements lies obviously beyond the scope of the present paper. I desire, however, to refer very briefly to two or three specifically educative opportunities of the Gothenburg system; in particular with reference to its possible influence over the boys and young men of the generation. For by that standard, let it be clearly understood, this system and every other must ultimately be judged.

The Drinking Habit Nearly Always Formed in Youth

If there is one subject more than another within the entire scope of the liquor problem upon which all observers are in gratifying accord, it is in regard to the dangers of allowing alcohol in any quantity to children and adolescents. During youth the habits of the body are formed, and the growing organism has peculiar susceptibility to narcotic poisons. Dr. Alexander Lambert made a study of a certain number of alcohol cases in Bellevue Hospital, with reference to the age at which the use of the drug began. Here are the rather startling and highly suggestive facts:

“Of 259 instances where the age of beginning to drink was known, four began before 6 years of age; thirteen between 6 and 12 years; sixty between 12 and 16; one hundred and two between 16 and 21; seventy-one between 21 and 30; and eight only after 30 years of age. Thus, nearly seven per cent began before 12 years of age, or the seventh school year; thirty per cent began before the age of 16; and over two-thirds — that is, sixty-eight per cent — began before 21 years of age.”

In the light of such facts, it is clear that the drink problem is essentially a problem of adolescence. The cumulative effects of alcoholic poisoning frequently fail to declare themselves fully until later in life; but the youth who does not taste liquor till his majority minimizes the danger of acquiring the habit in its most insistent form; and the man who does not drink till he is thirty is in no great danger of ever becoming a drunkard. As to the man who has passed forty — well, according to the old saw, he must be either a fool or his own physician. His habits of mind and body are formed, and if he becomes a drinker now he can at most curtail by a few years a life that is already entering upon the reminiscent stage. As factors in racial evolution, the youth of each successive generation, not its quadragenarians, are of interest and importance.

Sociability the Commonest Motive for Drinking

No less significant are Dr. Lambert's conclusions as to the causes (aside from inherited weakness or acquired instability) that led the patient in the beginning to enter upon the practice that was ultimately to develop an imperative appetite for alcoholics. It was concluded that “false social ideas led to drinking for the sake of sociability in fifty-three per cent of the cases; a desire to dull the sense of misery in twelve per cent; the use of alcohol as medicine

in nine per cent; parental example or influence in five per cent." When finally the appetite for liquor has been fully developed, its victim drinks in response to an irresistible craving, or with the voluntary intent to render himself indifferent to or oblivious of his environment — to "drown his sorrow" as the familiar phrase has it. But it is all-important to remember that in the beginning most youths have no such craving. In the majority of cases they begin drinking in a merely imitative way, because they see their companions and associates drinking, and because they suppose it to be a "manly" thing to follow the example of their elders. The sentiment, current among the masses, and fostered by the saloon interests, to the effect that it is an effeminate, not to say ridiculous thing to take "soft" drinks, is responsible for an incalculable amount of drunkenness.

Precisely along the lines of the two sets of facts just presented would lie the most immediate and direct influence for good of the reformed saloon of the type above described. The manager of such an establishment could be depended upon to enforce rigorously the law, which is now virtually a dead letter upon most statute books, prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to any minor. He could be depended upon to enforce this regulation because he could gain nothing by violating it, but, on the contrary, would run the risk of losing his position by so doing. His pecuniary interests would all lie in the direction of inducing young men, in so far as they came under his influence at all, to drink the non-intoxicants, upon the sales of which he would receive a bonus. Therefore he would very willingly become the distributor of literature dealing with the alcohol question. He would post on his bulletin boards, along with the records of sundry matters of current interest in the political, social, and athletic worlds, such epitomes of the effects of alcohol as are distributed by many English municipalities officially, and such abstracts of recent progress in the study of alcoholism as, for example, those sent out by the Scientific Temperance Federation of Boston. In a word, all the resources at his command could be made to count for temperance.

The Plan of the "Reformed" Saloon

Does all this seem Utopian? It but outlines conditions as they exist today, and as they have existed for ten years past, in the saloons of the People's Refreshment House Association of Great Britain. These saloons, conducted on a paying basis, furnish no liquor to any minor, nor to any person intoxicated or known to be a drunkard. To others they sell moderate quantities of alco-

holic liquors if desired; but even while so doing they exert an influence against alcohol that reaches a class of people many of whom doubtless come in no other wise within the scope of the temperance movement.

But while our reformed saloon will thus withhold alcoholic beverages absolutely from every person not arrived at legal maturity, it will not content itself with this merely negative influence, important though it be; nor yet with such influence as its managers may exert through mere precept and example. Its promoters will have no intention to slam the door of the saloon in the young man's face, with the virtuous admonition to slake his thirst at the nearest water fountain or to amuse himself reading a scientific tract as he loafs on the nearest corner. On the contrary, recognizing that the saloon holds a distinct place in the social order, they will not close its doors against any man without providing him with a social rendezvous in many ways more inviting, in its stead. Indeed, to provide such a substitute for the saloon is, as I have all along pointed out, one of the cardinal features of the enterprise. All the profits of the saloon, after the payment of fair interest on the investment, are, it will be recalled, to be used for this purpose.

The exact form which the alternative social centers thus developed will take must vary, no doubt, with the peculiar needs of different communities. A club with refreshment room, reading room, debating and lecture hall, and billiard and pool room would meet obvious needs — particularly when it is recalled that young men's social clubs maintain a precarious existence in the slums of all our large cities in about the proportion of one for every one hundred young men of the local population.

Perhaps the most important single feature of such a proposed social center would be its gymnasium. The educative value of a properly equipped gymnasium cannot well be overestimated. Vigorous physical exercise — competitive exercise in particular — affords the most wholesome outlet for the pent-up energies of youth. The gymnasium, aside from its indirect influence, supplies direct object lessons in the value of temperance, and — what is perhaps still more important — tends to establish new ideals of manliness.

The Future of the Liquor Crusade

I have emphasized this aspect of a many-sided subject because the fact is too often overlooked that physical education must form the most logical foundation for combating an evil that has its origin in a physical appetite. Let me hasten to repeat, however, that no one line of

attack can be availing against a social evil of such magnitude. All the educational forces must coöperate, each advancing along its own special lines.

Thanks to the scientific investigations of recent years, the main facts regarding the baleful influence of alcohol are no longer matters of dispute. Let us, then, unite to disseminate knowledge as to the essentials, and not waste time and energy quibbling over non-essentials. Transcendental hair-splitting as to whether a drug oxidizable in small quantities in the body is or is not therefore a "food"; as to whether a drug not immediately and demonstrably toxic in minute quantities is or is not to be labeled "poison"—such questions properly concern the physiologist alone. They have no practical significance from the standpoint of any one but the physician.

One final word as to the proposed scheme for the scientific elimination of the saloon evil, which the foregoing pages have outlined. Let its critics recall that the proposed scheme of substitution is no dream of mere theorists. It has stood the test of forty years' trial in

Sweden and of ten years' trial in England on a small scale; and unprejudiced witnesses declare that it has found justification in its results. The members of the sub-committee of the Committee of Fifty, which reported upon the system in such flattering terms, were Professor Francis G. Peabody of Cambridge, Dr. Elgin R. L. Gould of New York, and Professor William M. Sloane, late of Columbia. It is inconceivable that a system which offers such possibilities and has such sponsors should not be given an adequate trial here in America at some time in the future.

We as a people are perhaps unduly conservative as to the acceptance of new ideas; but we are prone to move rapidly when once the mood seizes us. So we shall probably decide, one of these days, to test the Gothenburg experiment on a colossal scale. Let us hope that the result will furnish justification for Mr. Calkins' wisely vague but none the less optimistic prediction that, thanks to the Scandinavian initiative, "the ultimate solution of the liquor problem may not be as distant as we have sometimes been accustomed to believe."

A LITTLE SPECULATION OF THE U. P. A.

BY

ADÈLE MARIE SHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"YOUR father is sick and can't send you another cent, and that is what is breaking both our hearts, dear boy."

"Can't send another cent"—"breaking both our hearts." The words hammered in the boy's head. He skated in straight, hard strokes; no "grape-vine" swirls, no curving "outer edge" kept time to words like these. "Poor Mother! Poor Father!" said the boy aloud. No one could hear him; he was alone, and the wind was boisterous.

From senior to freshman, all Jarvis University was on the lake. The boy's face, gaunt and big-featured, had distinction among faces whose effect was not that of weakness. The grapple with problems of food and shelter puts an edge on individuality. Half the boys, and at least as many of the girls, were doing some-

thing to "help put themselves through." There was about them less of the indefinite roundness of youth and more of the shaped vigor of maturity than their years would warrant.

Eleanor Gratz, new-comer and belle of the lake, studied the faces about her with the interest of youth in youth.

"Who is that splendid-looking man over there all alone?" she asked, indicating the boy with a wave of her muff.

"That?" repeated her escort. "That's Hubbard. He's splendid, all right, though maybe you're joshing. Want to meet him?"

"Yes, I should like to meet him," said the girl decisively. "Bring him, won't you?"

A new interest, above all a new interest in a person, is powerful to obliterate pain, but youth is never so young that disappointment like the boy's can be long silenced. The certainty that

it was no nightmare, no ephemeral trial, but the laying down of life and all life meant, overtook him as he left Eleanor Gratz, and reached his lodging. He climbed the oilcloth stairway of the Widow Wiric's cottage and opened his door slowly, as if the thing he dreaded waited him there in visible shape.

The place was cold. Involuntarily he went down on his knees before the small stove, thrust the shaker upon the handle of the grate, and sent the ashes flying in a cloud over himself and the bare room; bare enough, but beloved beyond other men's luxury; his "university room."

In the closet beside the stove were bread and eggs, his supper, but he could not eat. In time, the tin kettle that topped the rusty stove cylinder thrummed seductively, and the stuffy chill of the place changed to greater closeness and an oppressive warmth, but the coal wasted, the solder of the kettle melted, and still John Hubbard sat on the edge of the wooden bed, his ash-whitened overcoat covering his stooped shoulders, his hands clenched on his knees.

All the labor, all the economy, all the struggle in the world could not keep him alive in this university town on anything less than he was now spending. He pulled at the red muffler as if it choked him, but took no thought to remove it. What work was obtainable that he had not already obtained? What activities that he could offer might create a new demand? Not one. Already he rose at four to rouse the furnaces of the Agricultural College; already he was excused from Saturday's recitations to perform the weekly cleaning of the sheds and stables at the "mansion"; already he shoveled all the snow, dug all the gardens that he could wrest from competition, and found food, fire, and books the desperate attainment of an increasing warfare. He could neither retrench where retrenchment had been reduced to a scientific exactitude of deprivation, nor acquire where acquirement had reached the limit of his grasp. There was but so much work, and there were many who needed it. "If only we had something we could sell," his mother had said at the end of her letter. "I shall pray the way may open." On her knees at that very moment, in the room he knew so well, her worn and overworked body too tired to rise from the prayer it painfully knelt to offer, he could see her. He must think of a way.

All night he tried, turning over in an inventive mind every possibility, threshing out from circumstance and place every hope, and all night he came back to the blank wall before the forbidden path.

The familiar alarm woke him from a doze. He took off his overcoat, broke the ice formed in his pitcher since the fire had died, washed his face and hands, and set forth to his furnaces. On the cellar stairs of Agricultural Hall he dozed again, and woke wondering where he was and what terrible thing had happened. When he remembered, he paid his final visit to the draughts, mounted the stairs, and shut the great door behind him. The air cut spikily into his lungs. Pulling his muffler over his mouth, he marched facing the sunrise the length of the campus.

It was late. He had dozed longer than he knew. In an hour it would be time for chapel. He turned into Vermont Street and rang Professor Wagram's bell. Before the professor's own fire, with the professor's thin, scholarly face bent upon him in sympathetic trouble, he told his story.

"It's so late in the year — the college has used every cent that its friends and its funds allow. And I — I have been using all we could spare of our salary" (the professor always spoke of *our* salary, meaning the salary that provided daily bread for himself, his wife, and two children) "for a poor girl who — Now I don't know of a soul, not a soul — If —" The professor was off on a new train of thought — "If you go home for this year, how about next? Couldn't you —"

"No; we have no money to buy machines for the farm. It doesn't pay. My father'll never be able to get again from it what he has up to now. And I'm afraid my going home will — I'm afraid it will kill my mother. She has gone without and gone without and scrimped and saved and been so happy because I was having —"

"Don't you give up. Oh, don't give up!" broke in the professor. "If you'll just stay and talk it over with my wife —"

But the boy was shy, and his eyes ached with tears that he mustn't show, and he wrung the professor's hand with thanks so inarticulate that they came to no similitude of words in sound.

The temperature outside was thirty below, cold even for Markham. The boy shuddered as he reopened the door of his room; the dead fire seemed emblematic. His visit to Professor Wagram had been his last hope. Shivering, he set himself with inward nausea to his task. He must eat, he must pack, he must go away. He had the fare to Wyandotte. His cousin worked in the Wyandotte freight yards; there might be a chance of a ride from Wyandotte to Gore, the little station farther north.

He pulled his trunk from a corner and an

armful of books from a shelf. His *Odyssey* fell open at the title page where he had written in his heavy, uneven hand:

And hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*.

Professor Wagram had quoted it on a day when the boy's unheeding soul had been waked to its first response to English poetry, waked only far enough to long for more and not know how to find it. Who would now help him make the magnetic connection between longing and satisfaction? Hewing wood and chopping faggots with bleeding fingers, milking, mending harness, driving to Gore for sugar and salt — where in all the grim, short-summered year would be any more time for *this*? And the girl with the dark eyes, Eleanor Gratz — Eleanor! He repeated the name as if it struck a sharper note through benumbing hopelessness. Strange that this great longing, this solemn sense of a beautiful land beyond gates new found should have come to him now, now when he must turn his back on it! His hand lay on the page of the *Odyssey* in a gesture that might have been a leave-taking of the beloved dead.

He did not answer the knock that rattled its loud demand in a gay tattoo upon the door. But the door opened. The figure that filled its opening was the obvious antithesis to hard luck and disappointment. It was a sleek and dapper-coated figure, middle-aged and plump; it was a prosperous and hearty figure, and the face under the well-brushed hat was a prosperous, hearty face, and sleek. This was Theophilus Barden, active agent of the Universal Publishing Association, known to all and beloved by many as Tad Barden, beloved as thoroughly by his friends as he was loathed by his enemies, to whom his name was Apollyon and accursed. The enemies were not the minority, but few of them were openly declared; of them the boy had never heard.

"What the infernal — They say you're going away!" Mr. Barden laid a compelling and sympathetic hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"I am." The boy put down the *Odyssey* and pushed forward a chair.

"Well, I guess not, Johnnie." Mr. Barden closed the door and made himself at home in the chair. He was using one of his best manners, the hail-fellow-well-met and not-too-well-educated manner. "What's the reason?" he began in a voice that astuter men than John Hubbard of Gore had found it impossible to withstand.

"I haven't money enough to stay." The

words struck in short blows, and the older man's gaze took on a serious comprehension.

"That was what I was afraid," he said. "I saw you come out of Wagram's, and I asked him — Now see here, Johnnie, don't let's beat about the bush. I like you and I'm going to help you. I've always liked you ever since the first time I saw you in to Jaquith's. 'He ain't ashamed to sell lead pencils, and he'll get on,' I said. You're going to be one of the rising men when you get out of here. You'll be a power yet, and I'm ready to invest a few loose dollars in a power. You can draw on Tad Barden for three hundred dollars, and if that don't pull you through, come again, come again. No, no; don't say a word. You'll pay it all back; it's a sure thing. Don't let that worry you; it won't me. I've put good money into lots of things not half so safe, and here's the first fifty, all I had about me, and I'll get the rest around in a week's time. Now start a fire going here and scoot for the campus. You've missed one recitation already."

"Mr. Barden," — John thrust himself by sheer force into the current — "you — you're too good — You told me your salary didn't —"

"The U. P. A. treats its agents pretty white; I've been raised, only that isn't for general consumption. There are one or two other agents that haven't been quite so lucky, who'd make trouble if they knew the Universal Publishing Association had invested a few more hundreds in Tad Barden. I'm just passing on the investment, a human investment every time for me. Now, none o' that, none o' that; I can forgive anything but a thank-you. Good-by, Johnnie, good-by."

Hubbard looked at the closed door and at the fallen books. His body trembled. "God," he said, his big hands clasped, his knees bent upon the pile of books, his face upturned, "I thank Thee, God."

And having said this, he pulled himself vigorously to his feet, built his fire, wrote a letter, made a detour to the post-office to post the letter, and trod upon dreams and clouds of glory to Wagram Hall. John Hubbard had mounted from Hell to Heaven with no intermediate purgatory.

In the year 1904 the high school at Bailey's Falls was large. Graduates were beginning to make a good showing at the State University; surrounding villages were sending their young people in increasing numbers to board in Bailey's Falls and go to school. There were fifty of these boarders.

"By a moderate estimate, sir, very moderate, they add already six thousand dollars a year to

the income of this city," announced the druggist, whose school stationery department had prospered. The Board listened to the repetition of this statement at its first spring meeting, figured in silence for some minutes on the backs of envelopes, and passed a resolution of commendation of the Principal — John Hubbard.

Some of the tributes to his growing importance, John Hubbard was unable to appreciate. He refused to advocate the introduction of the Lightwell Music Series, when his aid toward that introduction would have brought him a block of Lightwell stock at next to nothing; an offer, as the Lightwell agent explained confidentially, that the publishing company was making to a "few good friends."

To Barden, still active agent of the U. P. A., John retailed the offer.

"Did you take it?" asked the representative of the Universal Publishing Association, with a glance more concentrated than usual.

"Of course not. The series isn't as good as the one we have, Craigley's. The Craigleys are square people; but these Lightwells! Why should I have their stock without paying for it? What kind of people are they, anyway?"

"Oh, they're good enough, and their stock's all right. Don't get suspicious, John, in your old age." Barden held out his hand as they parted, and John yielded to the charm of his open manner and his smile, and forgot the Lightwells.

"He's too generous to say anything against a business rival," John commented later to his wife. "All the same, it was a bribe."

"You don't owe anything to Mr. Barden now, do you?" Eleanor Hubbard asked the question as if it had long waited near her lips.

"Yes, and always shall." John spoke quickly. "I owe you to him, and my education, my —"

"But the money? It's all paid, principal and interest?"

"The money's paid, interest and all, but not — Why, Eleanor, what could I ever do to —"

"I think he'll let you know some day — but we'll hope I'm an evil-minded croaker," she answered, and fell back among her pillows. John saw how fast her breath came after her words and gave his protest no utterance. The last two years of his college course had known but two drawbacks to happiness, the strange apathy of Professor Wagram over the announcement of the good fortune that permitted him to stay, and the aversion his dearest idol openly expressed for his ideal of all manly virtue. Eleanor Gratz had not liked Tad Bar-

den; Eleanor Hubbard did not like him now.

On this day she forgot him in planning her garden. On her couch by the study window, she looked lovingly upon the sprouting earth and thought of many things. Outside, April was unfolding itself in a fine progression of miracles; overhead, little Eleanor was toddling, noisily content. A tinge of the girl's color came into the woman's cheeks as she rested propped on her pillows. Her eyes met John's, and in the man's happiness the seven years since Theophilus Barden had come to his rescue went before his vision in a dazzling panorama. He saw himself crossing the campus that morning of hope restored, a boy with a wind-tanned face that glowed like the open door of a furnace; he saw himself in the classroom muddling the accents of his Greek prose and giving but a futile account of the hypothetical relative, yet with his soul still uplifted. And seeing himself as he had been, he wondered again, humbly, how out of the many that swarmed about her, Eleanor had chosen him!

It was on this April day of cheerful reminiscence that Tad Barden came up the Principal's walk. He was the same jovial, sleek, and happy Tad. At the sight of the visitor Eleanor slipped away, but Hubbard's blue eyes smiled a welcome, the gratitude in his loyal soul roused to an intensity almost painful. Mr. Barden, glad to meet the smile, appraised it in dollars and cents for the U. P. A. With the frankness of a friend who asks with no doubt, he plunged genially into his subject.

"Johnnie, I've come to ask a favor," he said.

John's face glowed as if it acknowledged a gift. It was the moment of more than one day-dream. "You don't have to ask; just order," he laughed in the boy's laugh he had learned late. "What is it? You know it's yours," he added quietly. "It can't be half enough."

Barden's round face took on a still more open, still more jovial cast. "'Deed and I know it, Johnnie," he answered, "and it will be a regular boost to me, and not much bother to you. I want you to hurry up the adoption of those physical geographies. I need Bailey's Falls to set the other towns moving; they'll go like a row of blocks after this one is down in black and white."

"You mean — Menhall's?" John's look said more of surprise than his words.

"Yes, yes. Our new one. I know you like the one you're using, but you wouldn't turn me down for Broadhurst, now, would you? I tell you, Johnnie, your blood would boil if you knew how the Craigley people and all their

agents, from Broadhurst down, had treated me."

"But"—John seemed to be collecting himself in cruel consternation—"I thought I told you, the Menhall book isn't accurate. You haven't looked it over."

"I've looked it over enough. Why, man, it's a thousand times more attractive than your Craigley book. Look at the pictures. If your eagle eye has spotted an error, put your teacher onto it. What's the text-book anyway? It's the teacher does the thing."

"That's true enough, but ——" John paused before completing his sentence, and Barden seized the pause.

"You see, Johnnie, I've let you alone and not nagged you much about business. Now isn't that so?" Since John no longer said *ain't*, the chameleon Tad no longer said it to him.

"You have; you've been good about it. I know you haven't wanted people to think I would be influenced — and you know I've done what I could. I got the Board to put the drawing into the grammar schools partly because I wanted you to get in the U. P. A. drawing series. They're good books, and I believe in drawing."

"Don't you believe in geography?" Tad smiled his most winning smile, and John's eyes answered pleasantly. "If you do, why should you insist on this old-fogy Craigley set when ours is newer and — see here, Johnnie, I'll tell you something. This physical geography means a whole series to us. The thing's been fixed up so the listing of this book will list a regular geography set from the primary up. They aren't ready yet, but they will be in another month, and they're the best thing ever done in geographies. Once the Board lists 'em and you back 'em, they go in. You can take my word for it, they're a good thing ——"

"How can you know that, Theo?" (John had never been betrayed into the disrespect of "Tad.") "Who has written the books? Some one's deceived you about Menhall's. I don't believe Menhall ever wrote it. I don't believe he ever *read it!*"

"Of course he didn't. He was just starting for South America, and we caught him on the dock. He looked it through, sold us his name, and pocketed the cash, in less than ten minutes. It was mutual accommodation. An extra two or three hundred comes in very handy for a traveler."

"I don't think it's honest. His name is on statements that are falsehoods."

"What if they are! Good Lord, Johnnie, do you mean to tell me that it is a matter of very great importance whether those bull-headed

kids get the dimensions of a crater a little off or on? — they won't remember them after their examination, not one of 'em. But if the book interests them they may go on — study for themselves. Don't lose sight of the main objects of education and go to splitting hairs."

"The principle is wrong; if one book is better than another, the public money ought to go to buy that book. The children have a right to it. It isn't this one book, or one author. What's to become of honesty, not scholarship, just plain honesty, if we bring up children on slovenly stuff — Why, see here, Mr. Barden" (John relapsed into the more formal address), "let me show you. I've got it right here; I made notes on the fly leaf. Look at that list of errors. And the whole plan is illogical, bound to teach shiftless ways of thinking. It's hack work done by a man or a woman who knows nothing of the subject but what he has compiled. And half the pictures haven't anything more to do with physical geography than they have with theology." John laid the book, open at the bewritten fly leaf, upon the agent's knees.

Barden shifted it impatiently to the nearest chair. "You blessed old hayseed," he began, still jovial, "for heaven's sake, listen to reason. Here it is in a nutshell. I'm up against it. The Craigley crowd have done me in two towns this week. I've got to put Menhall's book into Bailey's Falls. I expect you to help me. Now, will you do it?"

"You've got plenty of good books," began John impatiently. "I'll work for those day and night. Don't you see ——"

"I don't see, Johnnie. It's a plain question — yes or no. If I'd ever thought ——" Barden rose. He turned his back and contemplated a picture. It happened to be his own wedding present to his "friend, John Hubbard, with best wishes for health, peace, and prosperity for him and his."

John's face, grown more and more distressed, fell into a suffering blankness. He, too, stood up and, as the other man moved to confront him, fixed on his friend a look of shamed and startled inquiry. For the first time in the years since he had known Theophilus Barden, he saw the coarseness underlying the sleek, high-colored features.

"You can't see?" John put the question incredulously. "You want me to urge them to put in a book I know is bad when it means throwing out a book I know is good?"

"Now, now, Johnnie — Johnnie man," the other broke in. "It's a bit late for the high and mighty. The U. P. A. have been interested in you. They like you. They've pushed



"'I THANK THEE, GOD,' HE SAID"

you right along. Now, what are you going to do for them? You've talked gratitude and written it — now's the time to act it. You've said a thousand times you owe all ——"

"Not to the U. P. A., to *you*," burst from John. He had come a step nearer; his ruddy face was growing white.

"To *me!* What in hell could I have done for you? When I first knew you I was working like a dog and poor as Job's turkey. To *me!* Did you suppose I lent you money? It was the U. P. A. You aren't the only one they've backed to win in a tight place. And all they ask is decent treatment, no gush, just a fair exchange of favors."

"But you told me ——"

"Of course I 'told you'; you were young and green, and you'd have gone over to Wagram and — I wanted you to stay in college. Of course I fathered the loan." The agent was studying John's face through lids a little narrowed from their wide and hospitable stare. "I supposed you'd rather deal with a friend and not be bound hard and fast to a corporation, signing notes and ——" Barden stopped abruptly. The plain horror, the incredulity in John's face struck home to him the possible failure of his task.

"Now, see here," he went on in a tone carefully softened to gentleness. "Johnnie, I don't want to remind you, but you've got a good position, with a chance of going higher. You don't suppose you'd ever have had that without the U. P. A.? Why, you blind bat, the U. P. A. owned the Board here when you were appointed. That was before the Blakes and Lightwells got so busy in this region — I tell you, I need you, Johnnie; don't say you're going to throw me down." He laid his hand on the younger man's arm; the whole force of a "magnetic" personality appealed in the gesture to an affection that would hope to preserve an idol till that idol was not only shattered but annihilated.

"You're doing this to test me," John answered mechanically. Then he grasped the hand on his arm and wrung it. "I want you should listen." All the eloquence of straight, clean speech, the eloquence of a man fighting for his faith in another, strove in the words. When he stopped, at last, he was confident. Theophilus Barden, kindest, noblest of men, would respond and say the past hour had been all a joke.

"Are you talked out?" John, the blood beating in his big frame to the measure of his words, felt the empty distance of the sneer. His mightiest effort, which had wrestled against conviction, had been wasted. What was be-

hind it? Perhaps Theo was hard up. He would help his friend borrow money of Sam Beard — if Eleanor would consent — but Eleanor had always distrusted — Could it be that Eleanor, not he, had been right?

The room was the same room — vines hanging from the window brackets warmed with the afternoon sun; coals red in the grate; Jingle, the cat, stirring with a soft ringing of her silver bell among the cushions of the Morris chair; Eleanor's book open on the couch where she had left it. It did not look the same!

The growing haggardness on John Hubbard's face Theophilus Barden did not understand. He had passed the stage where he might have guessed the desolation that follows the loss of faith.

"You begin to realize it, eh? You see where you stand. And what profession can you go into at your age? There'll be no U. P. A. to pull you out of the mud next time."

"I intend to stay in the profession I am in." John spoke deliberately and waited.

"You do." The words were hardly a sneer this time; they were worse. Their entire certainty crept upon John's mind as a serpent might creep upon a sleeping man, annoying but not rousing.

"Of course I do."

"You fool." The Tad Barden, known only to those intimates who sat late with him at banquetings of his peers, showed undisguised. "And where do you suppose you'll get another position when the U. P. A. has turned you down?"

"I don't want another; I intend to stay here." John's attitude had hardened, but the horror remained.

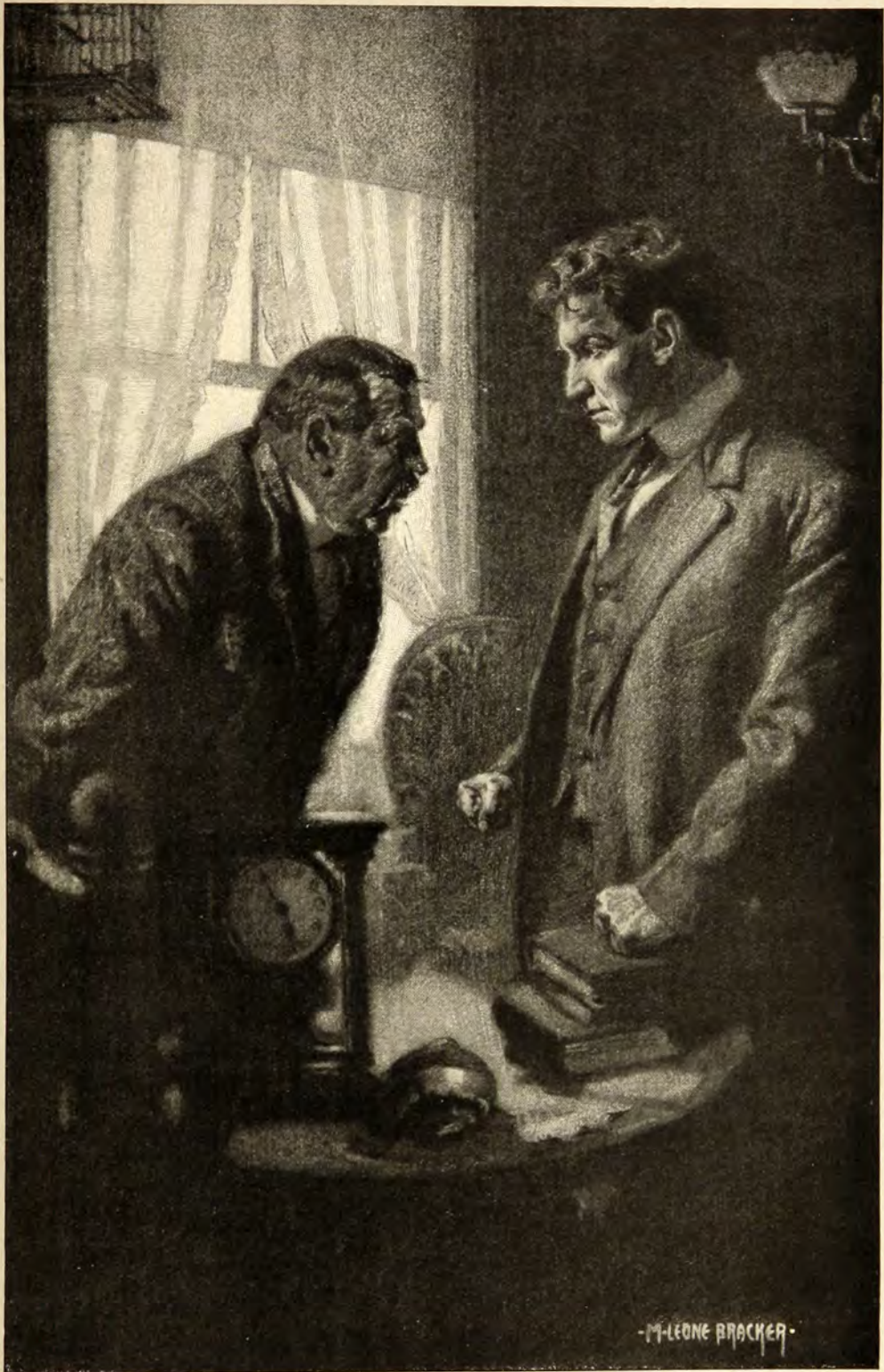
"Not long you won't stay here. The men who put you here will ——"

"The men on the Board are my friends. The papers know me. If you threaten me, I shall publish ——"

"Not on your pious fintype you won't 'publish'! There isn't a newspaper this side Densville dare publish a word if the U. P. A. objects. You'll see what the newspapers will publish. The 'men on the Board' — how long do you suppose they'll hang to you after we've dropped you? The U. P. A. don't get cheated in their investments without some one's paying the price. This time it won't be so much you — as your wife."

"We won't bring my wife into this." Hubbard shook his shoulders as if he sloughed off visibly the confidence born of boyishness.

"Other people won't leave her out. When she's dead and buried on that farm up there in



-M. LEONE BRACHER-

“THE BOOK’S GOING IN HERE; THE ONLY QUESTION IS,
ARE YOU GOING OUT?”

Gore, they'll say you killed her. You self-righteous prigs will murder your whole family to save your little tuppenny souls. You'll take a sick woman out of this steam-heated house in a decent town among refined people and cart her off, like a bale of hay, to cold floors and dingy rooms, and a neighborhood of miserable clods. Doctor Dean told me yesterday, for I asked him, that your wife *couldn't live in the climate of Gore.*"

John's face had taken on a look before which the stream of accusation failed. He no longer heard. He knew now, interpreting the knowledge of the past by this sudden light, that the agent told the truth. The U. P. A. could make the farm at Gore their only refuge. Was he saving himself at the risk of Eleanor's life? Grief laid hold on the roots of his soul and tore them loose. In its grip he was conscious of the failing of all supports. An awful appeal looked out of his dazed blue eyes. Triumph shone in uncontrolled answer in the face of the watcher. The jovial roundness had left that face; it was hard, calculating, evil. A smile fleered in the corners of lips and eyes. Then the smile was wiped out; the puffy lids drooped. Eleanor Hubbard was in the room.

The agent waited as if to discover whether or not she meant to speak. Malice gleamed in his roving eyes. "The U. P. A. won't go out of commission because one of its friends——" he began afresh.

"I was never its friend." The dazed look was going out of John's eyes. "I was never a friend of the Association."

"Cut it out." Barden's accents coarsened as he grew more nearly convinced of failure. Then, with an effort so obvious that the two listening gave it involuntary admiration, he controlled a trembling fury.

He smiled; his face grew fuller, resumed its look of suave attention. He waved an indulgent hand toward the wife, and confronted the man. "Come now, Johnnie," he begged, "reward this brave girl as she deserves. She would go to the stake with you, but you won't let it come to that. The book's going in here; I can prove that to you. The only question is, are you going out?"

The appeal had lost its power. Whatever

Eleanor might suffer if he did not yield — John Hubbard knew this all at once — it would be no shadow of what she must endure if he failed in honor. One blow might strike at the body; the other would cut into the very intimate source of life itself.

"Once more, John Hubbard, are you going to turn me down or are you not? Say *go* and I go, but if I go——"

"Go." The word did not thunder upon the air, but it charged the sun-lighted room with a force nothing could dispute. It ended the agent's talk as a flood drowns out futile rills. John moved as he spoke, and the door he held open was replaced for an instant by the bulk of the visitor. The outer door clanged. The figure of Theophilus Barden advanced, dapper and dignified, to the gate. It, too, closed.

"John"—Eleanor's hands rested on John's arms; she faced him, her eyes on his in a shining tenderness; her voice held the passion of a mother for a grieved child—"John, don't miss him too much, when you have me, have us."

"*Him!* Eleanor—Eleanor—if you die—if my stupidity——" John's voice broke and lost itself. In the misery of his look Eleanor knew there was no thought of Theophilus Barden. The look was hers. "Stay with me—stay with me," he whispered.

"Of course I shall stay with you." She strangled the cough that came upon her, and he caught her in an aching, miserable grasp. "John, I will *not* leave you—I'm much stronger, and I love the country—I shall love to show what I know about a farm. Ask your mother. She's on her knees at this minute praying that you may resist this temptation—we couldn't help hearing. We're the proudest women in the world—John, if only you are happy," and Eleanor gave her weight entirely into his arms, and smiled.

June came, and the Bailey's Falls *Clarion* announced John's departure with a mitigated regret suggestive of "more behind." The county institute convened, and John was not on the list of speakers. But Mr. Barden was. He spoke on the adaptation of the text-book to the child, and he spoke well.

"MARRIAGE A LA MODE"

BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

III

"IS Miss Floyd at home?"

The questioner was Mrs. Verrier, who had just alighted from her carriage at the door of the house in Columbia Avenue inhabited by Miss Floyd and her chaperon. The maid replied that Miss Floyd had not yet returned, but had left a message begging Mrs. Verrier to wait for her. The visitor was accordingly ushered to the drawing-room on the first floor.

This room, the staircase, the maid, all bore witness to Miss Floyd's simplicity—like the Romney dress of Mount Vernon. The colour of the walls and the hangings, the lines of the furniture, were all subdued, even a little austere. Quiet greens and blues, mingled with white, showed the artistic mind; the chairs and sofas were a trifle stiff and straight-legged; the electric fittings were of a Georgian plainness to match the Colonial architecture of the house; the beautiful self-coloured carpet was indeed Persian and costly, but it betrayed its costliness only to the expert. Altogether, the room, one would have said, of any *bourse moyenne* with an eye for beauty. Fine photographs also, of Italian and Dutch pictures, suggested travel, and struck the cultivated cosmopolitan note.

Mrs. Verrier looked round it with a smile. It was all as unpretending as the maid who ushered her upstairs. Daphne would have no men-servants in her employ. What did two ladies want with them, in a democratic country? But Mrs. Verrier happened to know that Daphne's maid-servants were just as costly in their degree as the drawing-room carpet. Chosen for her in London with great care, attracted to Washington by enormous wages, these numerous damsels played their part in the general "simplicity" effect; but on the whole Mrs. Verrier believed that Daphne's household was rather more expensive than that of other rich people who employed men.

She walked through the room, looking absently at the various photographs and engravings, till her attention was excited by an easel and a picture upon it, in the back drawing-room. She went up to it with a muttered exclamation.

"So *she* bought it! Daphne's amazing! Thirty thousand pounds, at least—probably without the duty."

For what she saw before her was a masterpiece of the Florentine school, smuggled out of Italy, to the wrath of the Italian Government, some six months before this date, and since then lost to general knowledge. Rumor had given it first to a well-known collection at Boston; then to another at Philadelphia; yet here it was, in the possession of a girl of two-and-twenty, of whom the great world was just—but only just—beginning to talk.

"How like Daphne!" thought her friend, with malice,—the "simple" room, and the priceless picture, carelessly placed in a corner of it, lest any one should really suppose that Daphne Floyd was an ordinary mortal.

Mrs. Verrier sat down at last in a chair fronting the picture and let herself fall into a reverie. On this occasion she was dressed in black. The lace strings of a hat crowned with black ostrich feathers were fastened under her chin by a diamond that sparkled in the dim greenish light of the drawing-room; the feathers of the hat were unusually large and drooping; they curled heavily round the thin neck, and long, hollow-eyed face, so that its ivory whiteness, its fatigue, its fretful beauty were framed in and emphasized by them; her bloodless hands lay upon her lap, and the folds of the sweeping dress drawn round her showed her slenderness, or rather her emaciation. Two years before this date Madeleine Verrier had been a great beauty, and she had never yet reconciled herself to physical losses which were but the outward and visible sign of losses "far more deeply interfused." As she sat, apparently absorbed in thought before the picture, she moved, half consciously, so that

she could no longer see herself in a mirror opposite.

Yet her thoughts were in truth much engaged with Daphne and Daphne's proceedings. It was now nearly three weeks since Roger Barnes had appeared on the horizon. General Hobson had twice postponed his departure for England, and was still "enduring hardness" in a Washington hotel. Why his nephew should not be allowed to manage his courtship, if it was a courtship, for himself, Mrs. Verrier did not understand. There was no love lost between herself and the General, and she made much mock of him in her talks with Daphne. However, there he was; and she could only suppose that he took the situation seriously and felt bound to watch it in the interests of the young man's absent mother.

Was it serious? Certainly Daphne had been committing herself a good deal. The question was whether she had not been committing herself more than the young man had been doing, on his side. That was the astonishing part of it. Mrs. Verrier could not sufficiently admire the skill with which Roger Barnes had so far played his part; could not sufficiently ridicule her own lack of insight which at her first meeting with him had pronounced him stupid. Stupid he might be, in the sense that it was of no use to expect from him the kind of talk on books, pictures, and first principles which prevailed in Daphne's circle. But Mrs. Verrier thought she had seldom come across a finer sense of tactics than young Barnes had so far displayed in his dealings with Daphne. If he went on as he had begun, the probability was that he would succeed.

Did she, Madeleine Verrier, wish him to succeed?

For Daphne had grown tragically necessary to her, in this world of American society — that section of it, at any rate, in which she desired to move — where the widow of Simon Verrier was always conscious of the blowing of a cold and hostile breath. She was not excluded, but she was not welcome; she was not ostracized, but she had lost consideration. There had been something picturesque and appealing in her husband; something unbearably tragic in the manner of his death. She had braved it out by staying in America, instead of losing herself in foreign towns; and she had thereby proclaimed that she had no guilty sense of responsibility, no burden on her conscience — that she had only behaved as a thousand other women would have behaved, and without any cruel intention at all. But she knew, all the same, that the spectators of what had happened held her for a cruel woman, and that there were many, and those the best,

who saw her come with distaste, and go without regret; and it was under that knowledge, in spite of indomitable pride, that her beauty had withered in a year.

Now, as she sat in her usual drooping attitude, wondering what Washington would be like for her when even Daphne Floyd was gone from it, the afternoon sun stole through the curtains of the window on the street, and touched some of the furniture and engravings in the inner drawing-room. Suddenly Mrs. Verrier started in her chair. A face had emerged, thrown out upon the shadows by the sun-finger — the countenance of a handsome young Jew, as Rembrandt had once conceived it. Rare and high intelligence, melancholy, and premonition, — they were there embodied, so long as the apparition lasted.

The effect on Mrs. Verrier was apparently profound. She closed her eyes; her lips quivered; she leant back feebly in her chair, breathing a name. The crisis lasted a few minutes, while the momentary vision faded and the sunlight crept on. The eyelids unclosed at last, slowly and painfully, as though shrinking from what might greet the eyes beneath them. But the farther wall was now in deep shade. Mrs. Verrier sat up; the emotion which had mastered her like a possession passed away; and rising hurriedly, she went back to the front drawing-room. She had hardly reached it when Miss Floyd's voice was heard upon the stairs.

Daphne entered the room in what appeared to be a fit of irritation. She was scolding the parlour-maid, whose high colour and dignified silence proclaimed her both blameless and long-suffering. At the sight of Mrs. Verrier, Daphne checked herself with an effort and kissed her friend rather absently.

"Dear Madeleine! — very good of you to wait. Have they given you tea? I suppose not. My household seems to have gone mad this afternoon. Sit down. Some tea, Blount, at once."

Mrs. Verrier sank into a corner of the sofa, while Daphne, with an "ouf!" of fatigue, took off her hat, and threw herself down at the other end, her small feet curled up beneath her. Her half-frowning eyes gave the impression that she was still out of temper and on edge.

"Where have you been?" asked her companion quietly.

"Listening to a stuffy debate in the Senate," said Daphne, without a smile.

"The Senate. What on earth took you there?"

"Well, why shouldn't I go? — why does one do anything? It was just a debate — horribly dull — trusts or something of that kind. But there was a man attacking the President — and



"HE TOOK HER HAND AND KISSED IT AS HE SPOKE"

the place was crowded. Ugh! the heat was intolerable!"

"Who took you?"

Daphne named an under-secretary — an agreeable and ambitious man, who had been very much in her train during the preceding winter, and until Roger Barnes appeared upon the scene.

"I thought until I got your message that you were going to take Mr. Barnes motoring up the river."

"Mr. Barnes was engaged." Daphne gave the information tersely, rousing herself afterwards to make tea, which appeared at that moment.

"He seems to have been a good deal engaged this week," said Mrs. Verrier, when they were alone again.

Daphne made no reply. And Mrs. Verrier, after observing her for a moment, resumed:

"I suppose it was the Bostonians?"

"I suppose so. What does it matter?" The tone was dry and sharp.

"Daphne, you goose!" laughed Mrs. Verrier, "I believe this is the very first invitation of theirs he has accepted at all. He was written to about them by an old friend — his Eton master, or somebody of that sort. And as they turned up here on a visit, instead of his having to go and look for them at Boston, of course he had to call upon them."

"I daresay. And of course he had to go to tea with them yesterday, and he had to take them to Arlington this afternoon! I suppose I'd better tell you — we had a quarrel on the subject last night."

"Daphne! — don't, for heaven's sake, make him think himself too important!" cried Mrs. Verrier.

Daphne, with both elbows on the table, was slowly crunching a morsel of toast in her small white teeth. She had a look of concentrated energy — as of a person charged and overcharged with force of some kind, impatient to be let loose. Her black eyes sparkled; impetuosity and will shone from them; although they showed also rims of fatigue, as if Miss Daphne's nights had not of late been all they should be. Mrs. Verrier was chiefly struck, however, by the perception that for the first time Daphne was not having altogether her own way with the world. Madeleine had not observed anything of the same kind in her before. In general she was in entire command both of herself and of the men who surrounded her. She made a little court out of them, and treated them *en despote*. But Roger Barnes had not lent himself to the process; he had not played the game properly; and Daphne's sleep had been disturbed for the first time in history.

It had been admitted very soon between the two friends — without putting it very precisely — that Daphne was interested in Roger Barnes. Mrs. Verrier believed that the girl had been originally carried off her feet by the young man's superb good looks, and by the natural distinction — evident in all societies — which they conferred upon him. Then, no doubt, she had been piqued by his good-humored, easy way — the absence of any doubt of himself, of tremor, of insistence. Mrs. Verrier said to herself — not altogether shrewdly — that he had no nerves, or no heart; and Daphne had not yet come across the genus. Her lovers had either possessed too much heart — like Captain Boyson — or a lack of coolness, when it really came to the point of grappling with Daphne and her millions, as in the case of a dozen she could name. Whereby it had come about that Daphne's attention had been first provoked, then peremptorily seized by the Englishman; and Mrs. Verrier began now to suspect that deeper things were really involved.

Certainly there was a good deal to puzzle the spectator. That the English are a fortune-hunting race may be a popular axiom; but it was quite possible, after all, that Roger Barnes was not the latest illustration of it. It was quite possible, also, that he had a sweetheart at home, some quiet, Quakerish girl who would never wave in his face the red flags that Daphne was fond of brandishing. It was equally possible that he was merely fooling with Daphne, that he had seen girls he liked better in New York, and was simply killing time, till a sportsman friend of whom he talked should appear on the scene and take him off to shoot moose and catch trout in the province of Quebec. Mrs. Verrier realized that, for all his lack of subtlety and the higher conversation, young Barnes had managed astonishingly to keep his counsel. His "simplicity," like Daphne's, seemed to be of a special type.

And yet — there was no doubt that he had devoted himself a great deal. Washington society had quickly found him out; he had been invited to all the most fastidious houses, and was immensely in request for picnics and expeditions. But he had contrived, on the whole, to make all these opportunities promote the flirtation with Daphne. He had, in fact, been enough at her beck and call to make her the envy of a young society with whom the splendid Englishman promised to become the rage, and not enough to silence or wholly discourage other claimants on his time.

This, no doubt, accounted for the fact that the two charming Bostonians, Mrs. Maddison and her daughter, who had but lately arrived in Washington and made acquaintance with

Roger Barnes, were still evidently in ignorance of what was going on. They were not initiated. They had invited young Barnes in the innocence of their hearts, without inviting Daphne Floyd, whom they did not previously know. And the young man had seen fit to accept their invitation. Hence the jealousy that was clearly burning in Daphne, that she was not indeed even trying to hide from the shrewd eyes of her friend.

Mrs. Verrier's advice not to make Roger Barnes "too important" had called up a flash of colour in the girl's cheeks. But she did not resent it in words; rather, her silence deepened, till Mrs. Verrier stretched out a hand and laughingly turned the small face towards her that she might see what was in it.

"Daphne! I really believe you're in love with him!"

"Not at all," said Daphne, her eyelids flickering; "I never know what to talk to him about."

"As if that mattered!"

"Elsie Maddison always knows what to talk to him about, and he chatters to her the whole time."

Mrs. Verrier paused a moment, then said: "Do you suppose he came to America to marry money?"

"I haven't an idea."

"Do you suppose he knows that you—are not exactly a pauper?"

Daphne drew herself away impatiently. "I really don't suppose anything, Madeleine. He never talks about money, and I should think he had plenty himself."

Mrs. Verrier replied by giving an outline of the financial misfortunes of Mr. Barnes *père*, as they had been described to her by another English traveller in Washington.

Daphne listened indifferently. "He can't be very poor, or he wouldn't behave as he does. And he is to inherit the General's property. He told me so."

"And it wouldn't matter to you, Daphne, if you did think a man had married you for money?"

Daphne had risen, and was pacing the drawing-room floor, her hands clasped behind her back. She turned a cloudy face upon her questioner. "It would matter a great deal, if I thought it had been only for money. But then, I hope I shouldn't have been such a fool as to marry him."

"But you could bear it, if the money counted for something?"

"I'm not an idiot!" said the girl, with energy. "With whom doesn't money count for something? Of course a man must take money into consideration." There was a curious touch of

arrogance in the gesture which accompanied the words.

"How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!—How pleasant it is to have money," said Mrs. Verrier, quoting, with a laugh. "Yes, I daresay you'd be very reasonable, Daphne, about that kind of thing. But I don't think you'd be a comfortable wife, dear, all the same."

"What do you mean?"

"You might allow your husband to spare a little love to your money; you would be for killing him if he ever looked at another woman!"

"You mean I should be jealous?" asked Daphne, almost with violence. "You are quite right there. I should be very easily jealous. On that point I should 'find quarrel in a straw.'"

Her cheeks had flushed a passionate red. The eyes which she had inherited from her Spanish grandmother blazed above them. She had become suddenly a woman of Andalusia and the South, moved by certain primitive forces in the blood.

Madeleine Verrier held out her hands, smiling.

"Come here, little wildcat. I believe you are jealous of Elsie Maddison."

Daphne approached her slowly, and slowly dropped into a seat beside her friend, her eyes still fixed and splendid. But as she looked into them Madeleine Verrier saw them suddenly dimmed.

"Daphne! you *are* in love with him!"

The girl recovered herself, clenching her small hands. "If I am," she said resolutely, "it is strange how like the other thing it is! I don't know whether I shall speak to him to-night."

"To-night?" Mrs. Verrier looked a little puzzled.

"At the White House. You're going, of course."

"No, I am not going." The voice was quiet and cold. "I am not asked."

Daphne, vexed with herself, touched her friend's hand caressingly. "It will be just a crush, dear. But I promised various people to go."

"And he will be there?"

"I suppose so." Daphne turned her head away, and then sprang up. "Have you seen the picture?"

Mrs. Verrier followed her into the inner room, where the girl gave a laughing and triumphant account of her acquisition, the agents she had employed, the skill with which it had been conveyed out of Italy, the wrath of various famous collectors, who had imagined that the fight lay between them alone, when they found the prize had been ravished from them. Madeleine Verrier was very intelligent, and the contrast which the story brought out between the girl's fragile

youth and the strange and passionate sense of power which breathed from her whenever it became a question of wealth and the use of it, was at no point lost upon her companion.

Daphne would not allow any further talk of Roger Barnes. Her chaperon, Mrs. Phillips, presently appeared, and passed through rather a bad quarter of an hour while the imperious mistress of the house inquired into certain invitations and card-leavings that had not been managed to her liking. Then Daphne sat down to write a letter to a Girls' Club in New York of which she was president—where, in fact, she occasionally took the singing class, with which she had made so much play at her first meeting with Roger Barnes. She had to tell them that she had just engaged a holiday house for them, to which they might go in instalments throughout the summer. She would pay the rent, provide a lady-superintendent, and make herself responsible for all but food expenses. Her small face relaxed—became quite soft and charming—as she wrote.

"But, my dear," cried Mrs. Phillips in dismay, as Daphne handed her the letter to read, "you have taken the house on Lake George, and you know the girls had all set their hearts on that place in the White Mountains!"

Daphne's mouth tightened. "Certainly I have taken the house on Lake George," she said, as she carefully wiped her pen, "I told them I should."

"But, my dear, they are so tired of Lake George! They have been there three years running. And you know they subscribe a good deal themselves."

"Very well!—then let them do without my help. I have inquired into the matter. The house on Lake George is much more suitable than the White Mountains farm, and I have written to the agent. The thing's done."

Mrs. Phillips argued a little more, but Daphne was immovable.

Mrs. Verrier, watching the two, reflected, as she had often done before, that Mrs. Phillips' post was not particularly enviable. Daphne treated her in many ways with great generosity, paid her highly, grudged her no luxury, and was always courteous to her in public. But in private Daphne's will was law, and she had an abrupt and dictatorial way of asserting it that brought the life back into Mrs. Phillips' faded cheeks. Mrs. Verrier had often expected her to throw up her post. But there was no doubt something in Daphne's personality which made life beside her too full of colour to be lightly abandoned.

Daphne presently went up-stairs to take off her walking dress, and Mrs. Phillips, with a

rather troubled face, began to tidy the confusion of letters she had left behind her.

"I daresay the girls won't mind," said Madeleine Verrier, kindly.

Mrs. Phillips started, and her mild lips quivered a little. Daphne's charities were for Daphne an amusement; for this gentle, faded woman who bore all the drudgery of them, they were the chief attraction of life in Daphne's house. Mrs. Phillips loved the club-girls, and the thought of their disappointment pained her.

"I must try and put it to them," she answered patiently.

"Daphne must have her way," said Madeleine smiling. "I wonder what she'll do when she marries."

Mrs. Phillips looked up quickly.

"I hope it'll be the right man, Mrs. Verrier," she said with emphasis. "Of course, with anyone so—so clever—and so used to managing everything for herself—one would be a little anxious."

Mrs. Verrier's expression changed. A kind of wildness—fanaticism—invaded it, as of one recalling a mission. "Oh, well, nothing is irrevocable nowadays," she said, with violence almost. "Still, I hope Daphne won't make a mistake."

Mrs. Phillips looked at her companion, at first in astonishment. Then a change passed over her face. With a cold excuse she left Mrs. Verrier alone.

IV

The reception at the White House was being given in honor of the delegates to a Peace Congress. The rooms were full without being inconveniently crowded, and the charming house opened its friendly doors to a society more congruous and organic, richer, also, in the nobler kind of variety than America, perhaps, can offer to her guests elsewhere. What the opera and international finance are to New York, politics and administration are, as we all know, to Washington. And the visitor from Europe, conversationally starved for want of what seem to him the only topics worth discussing, finds himself within hearing once more of ministers, cabinets, embassies, and parliamentary gossip. Even General Hobson had come to admit that—especially for the middle-aged—Washington parties were extremely agreeable. The young and foolish might sigh for the flesh-pots of New York; those on whom "the black ox had trodden," who were at all aware what a vast, tormenting, multitudinous, and headstrong world man has been given to inhabit; those who were engaged in governing any part of that world, or meant some day to be thus engaged:—for them

Washington was indispensable, and New York a mere entertainment.

Moreover Washington, at this time of the world's history, was the scene of one of those episodes—those brisker moments in the human comedy—which every now and then revive among us an almost forgotten belief in personality, an almost forgotten respect for the mysteries behind it. The guests streaming through the White House defiled past a man who, in a level and docketed world, appeared to his generation as the reincarnation of forces primitive, over-mastering, and heroic. An honest Odysseus!—toil-worn and storm-beaten, yet still with the spirit and strength, the many devices, of a boy; capable like his prototype in one short day of crushing his enemies, upholding his friends, purifying his house; and then, with the heat of righteous battle still upon him, with its gore, so to speak, still upon his hands, of turning his mind, without a pause and without hypocrisy, to things intimate and soft and pure—the domestic sweetness of Penelope, the young promise of Telemachus. The President stood, a rugged figure, amid the cosmopolitan crowd, breathing the modern world, like some ocean headland, yet not truly of it, one of the great fighters and workers of mankind, with a laugh that pealed above the noise, blue eyes that seemed to pursue some converse of their own, and a hand that grasped and cheered, where other hands withdrew and repelled. This one man's will had now, for some years, made the pivot on which vast issues turned—issues of peace and war, of policy embracing the civilized world; and, here, one saw him in drawing-rooms, discussing Alaric's campaigns with an Oxford professor, or chatting with a young mother about her children.

Beside him, the human waves, as they met and parted, disclosed a woman's face, modeled by nature in one of her lightest and deftest moods, a trifle detached, humorous also, as though the world's strange sights stirred a gentle and kindly mirth behind its sweet composure. The dignity of the President's wife was complete, yet it had not extinguished the personality it clothed; and where royalty, as the European knows it, would have donned its mask and stood on its defence, Republican royalty dared to be its amused, confiding, natural self.

All around,—the political, diplomatic world of Washington. General Hobson, as he passed through it, greeted by what was now a large acquaintance, found himself driven once more to the inward confession—the grudging confession, as though Providence had not played him fair in extorting it—that American politicians were of a vastly finer stamp than he had expected to

find them. The American press was all—he vowed—that fancy had painted it, and more. But, as he looked about him at the members of the President's administration—at this tall, black-haired man, for instance, with the mild and meditative eye, the equal, social or intellectual, of any Foreign Minister that Europe might pit against him, or any diplomat that might be sent to handle him; or this younger man, sparsely built, with the sane, handsome face, son of a famous father, modest, amiable, efficient; or this other, of huge bulk and height, the sport of caricature, the hope of a party, smiling already a presidential smile as he passed, observed and beset, through the crowded rooms; or these naval and military men, with their hard, serviceable looks, and the curt good manners of their kind:—the General saw, as clearly as anybody else, that America need make no excuses whatever for her best men, that she has evolved the leaders she wants, and Europe has nothing to teach them.

He could only console himself by the remembrance of a speech, made by a well-known man, at a military function which the General had attended as a guest of honor the day before. There at last was the real thing!—the real, Yankee, spread-eagle thing! The General positively hugged the thought of it.

"The American soldier," said the speaker, standing among the ambassadors, the naval and military attachés, of all the European nations, "is the superior of all other soldiers in three respects—bravery, discipline, intelligence."

That was good! *Bravery, discipline, intelligence!* Just those—the merest trifle! The General had found himself chuckling over it in the visions of the night.

Tired at last of these various impressions, acting on a mind not quite alert enough to deal with them, the General went in search of his nephew. Roger had been absent all day, and the General had left the hotel before his return. But the uncle was sure that he would sooner or later put in an appearance.

It was, of course, entirely on Roger's account that this unwilling guest of America was her guest still. For three weeks now had the General been watching the affair between Roger and Daphne Floyd. It had gone with such a rush at first, such a swing and fervour, that the General had felt that any day might bring the *dénouement*. It was really impossible to desert the lad at such a crisis, especially as Laura was so excitable and anxious, and so sure to make her brother pay for it, if he failed to support her views and ambitions at the right moment. The General, moreover, felt the absolute necessity of getting to know something more about Miss

Floyd, her character, the details of her fortune and antecedents; so that when the great moment came he might be prepared.

But the astonishing thing was that of late the whole affair seemed to have come to some stupid hitch! Roger had been behaving like a very cool hand—too cool by half in the General's opinion. What the deuce did he mean by hanging about these Boston ladies, if his affections were really fixed on Miss Daphne?—or his ambitions, which to the uncle seemed nearer the truth.

"Well, where is the nephew?" said Cecilia Boyson's voice in his ear.

The General turned. He saw a sharp, though still young face, a thin and willowy figure, attired in white silk, a pince-nez on the high-pitched nose, and a cool smile. Unconsciously his back stiffened. Miss Boyson invariably roused in him a certain masculine antagonism.

"I should be glad if you would tell me," he said, with some formality. "There are two or three people here to whom he should be introduced."

"Has he been picnicking with the Maddisons?" The voice was shrill, perhaps malicious.

"I believe they took him to Arlington, and somewhere else afterwards."

"Ah," said Cecilia—"there they are."

The General looked towards the door, and saw his nephew enter, behind a mother and daughter whom, as it seemed to him, their acquaintances in the crowd around them greeted with a peculiar cordiality; the mother, still young, with a stag-like carriage of the head, a long throat, swathed in white tulle, and grizzled hair, on which shone a spray of diamonds; the daughter, equally tall and straight, repeating her mother's beauty with a bloom and radiance of her own. Innocent and happy, with dark eyes and a soft mouth, Miss Maddison dropped a little curtsy to the presidential pair, and the room turned to look at her as she did so.

"A very sweet-looking girl," said the General warmly. "Her father is, I think, a professor."

"He was. He is now just a writer of books. But Elsie was brought up in Cambridge. How did Mr. Roger know them?"

"His Eton tutor told him to go and see them."

"I thought Miss Floyd expected him to-day?" said Miss Boyson carelessly, adjusting her eyeglass.

"It was a mistake, a misunderstanding," replied the General hurriedly. "Miss Floyd's party is put off till next week."

"Daphne is just coming in," said Miss Boyson.

The General turned again. The watchful Cecilia was certain that *he* was not in love with Daphne. But the nephew—the inordinately handsome and by now much-courted young man—what was the real truth about him?

Cecilia recognized—with Mrs. Verrier—that merely to put the question involved a certain tribute to young Barnes. He had at any rate done his fortune-hunting, if fortune-hunting it were, with decorum.

"Miss Floyd is looking well to-night," remarked the General.

Cecilia did not reply. She and a great part of the room were engaged in watching Roger Barnes and Miss Maddison walking together through a space which seemed to have been cleared on purpose for them, but was really the result of a move towards the supper-room.

"Was there ever such a pair?" said an enthusiastic voice behind the General. "Athene and Apollo take the floor!" A gray-haired journalist with a small, be-wrinkled face, buried in whiskers and beard, laid a hand on the General's arm as he spoke.

The General smiled vaguely. "Do you know Mrs. and Miss Maddison?"

"Rather!" said the little man. "Miss Elsie's a wonder! As pretty and soft as they make them, and a Greek scholar besides—took all sorts of honors at Radcliffe last year. I've known her from her cradle."

"What a number of your girls go to college!" said the General, but ungraciously, in the tones of one who no sooner saw an American custom emerging than his instinct was to hit it.

"Yes; it's a feature of our modern life—the life of our women. But not the most significant one, by a long way."

The General could not help a look of inquiry.

The journalist's face changed from gay to grave. "The most significant thing in American life just now——"

"I know!" interrupted the General. "Your divorce laws!"

The journalist shook his head. "It goes deeper than that. What we're looking on at is a complete transformation of the idea of marriage——"

A movement in the crowd bore the speaker away. The General was left watching the beautiful pair in the distance. They were apparently quite unconscious that they roused any special attention. Laughing and chatting like two children, they passed into the supper-room and disappeared.

Ten minutes later, in the supper-room, Barnes deserted the two ladies with whom he had entered and went in pursuit of a girl in white, whose necklace of star sapphires, set in a Spanish set-

ting of the seventeenth century, had at once caught the eye of the judicious. Roger, however, knew nothing of jewels, and was only conscious as he approached Miss Floyd, first, of the mingling in his own mind of something like embarrassment with something like defiance, and then, of the glitter in the girl's dark eyes.

"I hope you had an interesting debate," he said. "Mrs. Phillips tells me you went to the Senate."

Daphne looked him up and down. "Did I?" she said slowly. "I've forgotten. Will you move, please. There's some one bringing me an ice." And turning her back on Roger, she smiled and beckoned to the Under-Secretary, who with a triumphant face was making his way to her through the crowd.

Roger coloured hotly. "May I bring Mrs. Maddison?" he said, passing her; "she would like to talk to you about a party for next week——"

"Thank you. I am just going home." And with an energetic movement she freed herself from him, and was soon in the gayest of talk with the Under-Secretary.

The reception broke up some time after midnight, and on the way home General Hobson attempted a raid upon his nephew's intentions.

"I don't wish to seem an intrusive person, my dear Roger, but may I ask how much longer you mean to stay in Washington?"

The tone was short, and the look which accompanied the words not without sarcasm. Roger, who had been walking beside his companion, still deeply flushed, in complete silence, gave an awkward laugh.

"And as for you, Uncle Archie, I thought you meant to sail a fortnight ago. If you've been staying on like this on my account——"

"Don't make a fool either of me or yourself, Roger!" said the General hastily, roused at last to speech by the annoyance of the situation. "Of course it was on your account that I have stayed on. But what on earth it all means, and where your affairs are—I'm hanged if I have the glimmer of an idea!"

Roger's smile was perfectly good-humoured.

"I haven't much myself," he said quietly.

"Do you—or do you not—mean to propose to Miss Floyd?" cried the General, pausing in the center of Lafayette Square, now all but deserted, and apostrophizing with his umbrella—for the night was soft and rainy—the presidential statue above his head.

"Have I given you reason to suppose that I was going to do so?" said Roger slowly.

"Given me?—given everybody reason?—of course you have!—a dozen times over. I don't

like interfering with your affairs, Roger—with any young man's affairs—but you must know that you have set Washington talking, and it's not fair to a girl—by George, it isn't!—when she has given you encouragement, and you have made her conspicuous, to begin the same story, in the same place, immediately, with some one else! As you say, I ought to have taken myself off long ago."

"I didn't say anything of the kind," said Roger hotly; "you shouldn't put words into my mouth, Uncle Archie. And I really don't see why you attack me like this. My tutor particularly asked me, if I came across them, to be civil to Mrs. Maddison and her daughter, and I have done nothing but pay them the most ordinary attentions."

"When a man is in love, he pays no ordinary attentions. He has eyes for no one but the lady!" The General's umbrella, as it descended from the face of Andrew Jackson and rattled on the flagged path, supplied each word with emphasis. "However, it is no good talking, and I don't exactly know why I should put my old oar in. But the fact is, I feel a certain responsibility. People here have been uncommonly civil. Well, well!—I've wired to-day to ask if there is a berth left in the *Adriatic* for Saturday. And you, I suppose,"—the inquiry was somewhat peremptory—"will be going back to New York?"

"I have no intention of leaving Washington just yet," said Roger, with decision.

"And may I ask what you intend to do here?"

Roger laughed. "I really think that's my business. However, you've been an awful brick, Uncle Archie, to stay on like this. I assure you, if I don't say much, I think it."

By this time they had reached the hotel, the steps and hall of which were full of people.

"That's how you put me off." The General's tone was resentful. "And you won't give me any idea of the line I am to take with your mother."

The young man smiled again, and waved an evasive hand.

"If you'll only be patient a little longer, Uncle Archie——"

At this point an acquaintance of the General's who was smoking in the hall came forward to greet him, and Roger made his escape.

"Well, what the deuce *do* I mean to do?"

Barnes asked himself the question deliberately. He was hanging out of the window, in his bedroom, smoking and pondering.

It was a mild and rainy night. Washington was full of the earth and leaf odors of the spring,

which rose in gusts from its trees and gardens; and ragged, swiftly moving clouds disclosed every now and then what looked like hurrying stars.

The young man was excited and on edge. Daphne Floyd—and the thought of Daphne Floyd—had set his pulses hammering; they challenged in him the aggressive, self-assertive, masculine force. The history of the preceding three weeks was far from simple. He had first paid a determined court to her, conducting it in an orthodox, English, conspicuous way. His mother, and her necessities—his own also—imposed it on him; and he flung himself into it, setting his teeth. Then, to his astonishment, one may almost say to his disconcerting, he found the prey all at once, and, as it were, without a struggle, fluttering to his lure, and practically within his grasp. There was an evening when Daphne's sudden softness, the look in her eyes, the inflection in her voice, had fairly thrown him off his balance. For the first time he had shown a lack of self-command and self-possession. Then, in a flash, a new and strange Daphne had developed, imperious, difficult, incalculable. The more he gave, the more she claimed. Nor was it mere girlish caprice. The young Englishman, invited to a game that he had never yet played, felt in it something sinister and bewildering. Gropingly, he divined in front of him a future of tyranny on her side, of expected submission on his. The Northern character in him, with its reserve, its phlegm, its general sanity, began to shrink from the Southern elements in her. He became aware of the depths in her nature, of things volcanic and primitive, and the English stuff in him recoiled; since he was not in love with her, and did not pretend to himself that he was.

Yet he was to be bitted and bridled, it seemed, in the future. Daphne Floyd would have bought him with her dollars, and he would have to pay the price.

Something natural and wild in him said, No! If he married this girl he would be master, in spite of her money. He realized vaguely, at any rate, the strength of her will, and the way in which it had been tempered and steeled by circumstance. But the perception only roused in himself some slumbering tenacities and vehemence of which he had been scarcely aware. So that, almost immediately—since there was no glamour of passion on his side—he began to resent her small tyrannies, to draw in, and draw back. A few quarrels—not ordinary lovers' quarrels, but representing a true grapple of personalities—sprang up behind a screen of trifles. Daphne was provoking, Roger cool and apparently indifferent. This was the stage

when Mrs. Verrier had become an admiring observer of what she supposed to be his "tactics." But she knew nothing of the curious little crisis which had preceded them.

Then the Maddisons, mother and daughter, "my tutor's" friends, had appeared upon the scene—charming people! Of course, civilities were due to them, and had to be paid them. Next to his mother—and to the girl of the orchard—the affection of this youth, who was morally backward and immature, but neither callous nor fundamentally selfish, had been chiefly given to a certain Eton master, of a type happily not uncommon in English public schools. Herbert French had been Roger's earliest and best friend. What Roger had owed him at school, only he knew. Since school-days, they had been constant correspondents, and French's influence on his pupil's early manhood had done much, for all Roger's laziness and self-indulgence, to keep him from serious lapses.

Neglect any friends of his—and such jolly friends? Rather not! But as soon as Daphne had seen Elsie Maddison, and he had begged an afternoon to go an expedition with them, Daphne had become intolerable. She had shown her English friend and his acquaintances a manner so insulting that the young man's blood had boiled.

If he were in love with her—well and good! She might, no doubt, have tamed him by these stripes. But she was no goddess to him; no golden cloud enveloped her; he saw her under a common daylight. At the same time, she attracted him; he was vain of what had seemed his conquest, and uneasily exultant in the thought of her immense fortune. "I'll make her an excellent husband if she marries me," he said to himself stubbornly; "I can, and I will."

But meanwhile how was this first stage to end? At the White House that night Daphne had treated him with contumely, and before spectators. He must either go, or bring her to the point.

He withdrew suddenly from the window, flinging out the end of his cigarette. "I'll propose to her to-morrow—and she may either take me or leave me!"

He paced up and down his room, conscious of relief and fresh energy. As he did so, his eyes were drawn to a letter from Herbert French lying on the table. He took it up, and read it again—smiling over it broadly, in a boyish and kindly amusement. "By Jove! he's happy."

Then, as he put it down, his face darkened. There was something in the letter, in its manliness and humour, its unconscious revelation of ideals wholly independent of dollars, that made

Roger for the moment loathe his own position. But he pulled himself together.

"I shall make her a good husband," he repeated, frowning. "She'll have nothing to complain of."

On the following day a picnic among the woods of the Upper Potomac brought together most of the personages in this history. The day was beautiful; the woods fragrant with spring leaf and blossom; and the stream, swollen with rain, ran seaward in a turbid, rejoicing strength.

The General, having secured his passage home, was in good spirits as far as his own prospects were concerned, though still irritable on the score of his nephew's. Since the abortive attempt on his confidence of the night before, Roger had avoided all private conversation with his uncle; and for once the old had to learn the patience of the young.

The party was given by the wife of one of the staff of the French Embassy—a young Frenchwoman, as gay and frank as her babies, and possessed, none the less, of all the social arts of her nation. She had taken a shrewd interest in the matter of Daphne Floyd and the Englishman. Daphne, according to her, should be promptly married, and her millions taken care of; and the handsome, broad-shouldered fellow impressed the little Frenchwoman's imagination as a proper and capable watch-dog. She had indeed become aware that something was wrong; but her acuteness entirely refused to believe that it had any vital connection with the advent of pretty Elsie Maddison. Meanwhile, to please Daphne, whom she liked, while conscious of a strong and frequent desire to smite her, Madame de Fronsac had invited Mrs. Verrier, treating her with a cold and punctilious courtesy that, as applied to any other guest, would have seemed an affront.

In vain, however, did the hostess, in vain did other kindly bystanders, endeavour to play the game of Daphne Floyd. In the first place, Daphne herself, though piped unto, refused to dance. She avoided the society of Roger Barnes in a pointed and public way, bright colour on her cheeks, and a wild light in her eyes; the Under-Secretary escorted her, and carried her wrap. Washington did not know what to think. For, owing to this conduct of Daphne's, the charming Boston girl, the other *ingénue* of the party, fell constantly to the care of young Barnes; and to see them stepping along the green ways together, matched almost in height, and clearly of the same English ancestry and race, pleased while it puzzled the spectators.

The party lunched at a little inn beside the

river, and then scattered again along woodland paths. Daphne and the Under-Secretary wandered on ahead, and were some distance from the rest of the party, when that gentleman suddenly looked at his watch in dismay. An appointment had to be kept with the President at a certain hour, and the Under-Secretary's wits had been wandering. There was nothing for it but to take a short cut through the woods to a local station, and make at once for Washington.

Daphne quickened his uneasiness and hastened his departure. She assured him that the others were close behind, and that nothing could suit her better than to rest on a mossy stone that happily presented itself, till they arrived.

The Under-Secretary, transformed into the anxious and ambitious politician, abruptly left her.

Daphne, as soon as he was gone, allowed herself the natural attitude that fitted her thoughts. She was furiously in love, and torn with jealousy; and that love and jealousy could smart so, and cling so, was a strange revelation to one accustomed to make a world entirely to her liking. Her dark eyes were hollow, her small mouth had lost its colour; and she showed that touch of something wasting and withering that Theocritean shepherds knew in old Sicilian days. It was as though she had defied a god—and the god had avenged himself.

Suddenly he appeared—the teasing divinity—in human shape. There was a rustling among the brushwood fringing the river. Roger Barnes emerged, and made his way up towards her.

"I've been stalking you all this time," he said, breathless, as he reached her, "and now I have caught you."

Daphne rose furiously. "What right have you to stalk me, as you call it, to follow me—to speak to me even? I wish to avoid you—and I have shown it."

Roger looked at her. He had thrown down his hat, and she saw him against the background of sunny wood, as the magnificent embodiment of its youth and force. "And why have you avoided me?" There was a warning tremor of excitement in his voice. "I haven't deserved it! You've been awfully unkind to me."

"I won't discuss it with you," she cried passionately. "You are in my way, Mr. Barnes. Let me go back to the others!" And stretching out a small hand, she tried to put him aside.

Roger hesitated, but only for a moment. He caught the hand, he gathered its owner into a pair of strong arms, and bending over her, he kissed her. Daphne, suffocated with anger and emotion, broke from him—tottering. Then,

sinking on the ground beneath a tree, she burst into sobbing. Roger, scarlet, with sparkling eyes, dropped on one knee beside her.

"Daphne, I'm a ruffian! forgive me! You must, Daphne! Look here, I want you to marry me. I've nothing to offer you, of course; I'm a poor man, and you've all this horrible money! But I'll make you a good husband, Daphne, that I'll swear. If you'll take me, you shall never be sorry for it."

He looked at her again, sorely embarrassed, and hating himself. Her small frame shook with weeping. And presently she turned from him, and said in a fierce voice:

"Go and tell all that to Elsie Maddison."

Infinitely relieved, Roger gave a quick, excited laugh.

"She'd soon send me about my business! I should be a day too late for the fair, in *that* quarter. What do you think she and I have been talking about all this time, Daphne?"

"I don't care," said Daphne hastily, with face still averted.

"I'm going to tell you, all the same," said Roger triumphantly; and diving into his coat pocket, he produced "my tutor's" letter. Daphne sat immovable, and he had to read it aloud himself. It contained the rapturous account of Herbert French's engagement to Miss Maddison, a happy event which had taken place in England during the Eton holidays, about a month before this date.

"There!" cried the young man, as he finished it. "And she's talked about nothing all the time, nothing at all—but old Herbert—and how good he is—and how good-looking, and the Lord knows what! I got precious sick of it, though I think he's a trump, too. Oh, Daphne! you were a little fool!"

"All the same you have behaved abominably!" Daphne said, still choking.

"No, I haven't," was Roger's firm reply. "It was you who were so cross. I couldn't tell

you anything. I say! you do know how to stick pins into people."

But he took up her hand, and kissed it as he spoke.

Daphne allowed it. Her breast heaved as the storm departed. And she looked so charming, so soft, so desirable, as she sat there in her white dress, with her great tear-washed eyes and fluttering breath, that the youth was really touched and carried off his feet; and the rest of his task was quite easy. All the familiar things that had to be said were said, and with all the proper emphasis and spirit. He played his part; the spring woods played theirs; and Daphne, worn out by emotion, and conquered by passion, gradually betrayed herself wholly. And so much at least may be said to the man's credit, that there were certainly moments in the half-hour between them when, amid the rush of talk, laughter, and caresses, that conscience which he owed so greatly to the exertions of "my tutor" pricked him not a little.

After losing themselves deliberately in the woods, they strolled back to join the rest of the party. The sounds of conversation were already audible through the trees in front of them, when they saw Mrs. Verrier coming towards them. She was walking alone, and did not perceive them. Her eyes were raised and fixed, as though on some sight in front of them. The bitterness, the anguish one might almost call it, of her expression, the horror in the eyes, as of one ghost-led, ghost-driven, drew an exclamation from Roger.

"There's Mrs. Verrier! Why, how ill she looks!"

Daphne paused, gazed, and shrank. She drew him aside through the trees.

"Let's go another way. Madeleine's often strange." And with a superstitious pang she wished that Madeleine Verrier's face had not been the first to meet her in this hour of her betrothal.

IDEALS

BY WINIFRED WEBB

WATCH well the building of thy dream!
 However hopeless it may seem,
 The time will come when it shall be
 A prison or a home for thee.

AN AUDIENCE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY T. B. BANCROFT

IT was at the time when the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, was lying at Yorktown, that my friend John conceived the idea of visiting his son, who was a private in the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry and in camp on the Peninsula. John was a modest man and felt timid about the difficulties that he might encounter in getting permission to visit McClellan's camp; and in his perplexity he asked me to go with him. To this I finally consented, and by consenting I was brought for the space of an hour face to face with the immortal President.

At that time almost every county in the North had its provost marshal and his guard. They looked up deserters and attended to bounty jumpers, enlistments, etc., and, thinking it might be a good thing to have, I got from our marshal a certificate, stating that John and I were good, loyal citizens and entitled to all the rights and privileges of such. Armed with this document, we set out for Washington, where we arrived on the evening of the same day.

The following morning we called at the War Department, were allowed to state our case briefly, and were very expeditiously thrust out again, with an overwhelming conviction that nothing short of our own enlistment would enable us to see the boy, or get anywhere near the Army of the Potomac.

As we left the War Department and walked down the street, we were very near deciding to take the next train for home, when it occurred to us to go to the White House and lay the case before the President. This was a common custom, and, although we were not aware of it at the time, Mr. Lincoln had set apart an hour or two twice each week for meeting the public, and this day happened to be one of those selected by him. Sometimes people spent weeks in Washington before they were able to put their cases before him, but, as will be seen, we were more fortunate.

To the White House we went, passed the single sentry on guard at the front entrance, and going in, proceeded to the "Blue Room,"

where we sat down among some fifty others, all bent on similar missions. After about half an hour, a colored servant came down the stairs and announced that the President was ready to receive, whereupon the whole crowd rushed tumultuously upstairs and crowded into the little office, filling every available seat. The crowd behind pushed John and myself forward and forced us up against the railing protecting the desk, behind which and within three feet of us, sat Abraham Lincoln. For more than an hour I stood there and studied his face and listened to the conversations between him and the petitioners who came to offer their cases for his patient hearing and final decision. The railing at which I stood ran almost across the room, with a gate at one end, through which the applicants were admitted, one at a time. Mr. Lincoln sat at the back end of the enclosure, and his secretary at the end nearest the gate. Between them stood a chair in which the applicant sat while his case was under consideration. Except for the guard at the front door, I had seen no evidence of any special care being taken for the President's protection, and it seemed to me that it would be easy for any one to get in with the throng, assassinate him while presenting papers to him, and escape in the confusion. The latter part of this narrative will show how greatly I was in error as to the measures taken for his safety.

The President had just come from a cabinet meeting and looked worn and wearied. His hair stood up all over his head as though he had been running his hands through it, and in this respect he looked not unlike the pictures of Andrew Jackson that we often see — homely of face, large-boned, angular, and loosely put together. His appearance almost justified the gibes and jeers with which his enemies were accustomed to describe him — all but his eyes; here his soul looked forth, — clear, calm, and honest, yet piercing and searching; not to be deceived, yet practising no guile.

There was a manhood in his look
No murderer could kill.

Cover the lower part of his face, and the expression of the upper part was one of pathetic sadness — then you saw the burden and the care that were laid upon him; reverse the process and look upon the lower half of his face, and the expression was humorous and kindly. He sat in his chair loungingly, giving no evidence of his unusual height; a pair of short-shanked gold spectacles sat low down upon his nose, the shanks catching his temples, and he could easily look over them if he so desired. As I came up to the railing in front of him, he was reading a paper that had just been presented to him by a man who sat in the chair opposite him and who seemed, by his restlessness and his unsteady eyes, to be of a nervous disposition, or under great excitement.

Mr. Lincoln, still holding the paper up and without movement of any kind, paused and, raising his eyes, looked for a long time at this man's face and seemed to be looking down into his very soul. Then, resuming his reading for a few moments, he again paused and cast the same piercing look upon his visitor.

Suddenly, without warning, he dropped the paper and stretching out his long arm he pointed his finger directly in the face of his vis-à-vis and said, "What's the matter with you?"

The man stammered and finally replied, "Nothing."

"Yes, there is," said Lincoln. "You can't look me in the face! You have not looked me in the face since you sat there! Even now you are looking out that window and cannot look me in the eye!"

Then, flinging the paper in the man's lap, he cried, "Take it back! There is something wrong about this! I will have nothing to do with it!" — and the discomfited individual retired. I have often regretted that I was unable to discover the nature of this case.

Next came before him a young man whose brother had been in the army and had been taken prisoner, but had managed to escape. Instead of going to the first proper officer he met and reporting himself for duty, he went to his home in the North, and there was arrested by the provost guard and sent back to his regiment, where he was tried for desertion, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

His brother, seeking his pardon, had been to the War Department without effect and came to the President as a last resource. Mr. Lincoln took his papers (which consisted of statements and suggestions endorsed by many adjutants and officers, from his corps commander down to his captain), read the whole mass over slowly, then, taking up the last one and reading from the endorsements on the back, said

slowly, "Hm — hm — hm — 'Approved and respectfully forwarded with the suggestion that if the said J. L. will re-enlist for three years or during the war, a pardon be granted. — Signed, Gen'l A——, John Doe, Adjutant.'

"I don't know but what I agree with General A——, and if the young man will re-enlist for three years or during the war, I will pardon him."

To this the brother very promptly agreed, whereupon Mr. Lincoln (who had been sunk down in his big chair up to this time) began to rise, and as I looked, he went up and up and up until I began to think he would reach the ceiling; but presently he bent over and reached to a pigeon-hole in the desk before him, took out a card, wrote upon it, and signing it "A. Lincoln," gave it to the brother, saying, "Take that to the War Department, and I guess it will be all right"; and, with his brother's pardon assured him, the young man, smiling all over, left the room.

"The next comer was an Irishman of perhaps sixty years, who was employed as night watchman in Washington, and on account of his health desired to get a position as day watchman in the Treasury. Unfortunately, he had nothing in writing to show, and Mr. Lincoln had said that he would not listen to verbal petitions, but must have something in the nature of a brief that he could read, and thus become conversant with the main points in the matter presented to him.

As he seated himself, Mr. Lincoln turned to him and said, "My friend, what can I do for you?"

"Well, your Excellency, I am a night watchman at Mr. Gardner's in the city, and I do be sick all the time, and I think 'tis the night work that doesn't agree with me, and I was thinking if your Excellency could give me a job in the Treasury —"

"Stop! Stop!" cried Lincoln. "Have you any brief to show me?"

"Fwat's that?" said Michael.

"Give me something I can read," said Lincoln. "Have you nothing in writing to show me?"

"Sir," says Michael, diving into his breast pocket and bringing up two worn and torn envelopes whose thickness showed no lack of reading matter, "I have two letters from me byes in the army," at the same time thrusting them into the President's hands.

Lincoln looked at them, but did not venture to open them, and forced them back upon the reluctant Michael, saying, "Tut, tut, I haven't time to read a book." Michael returned to the

charge and with many "Your Excellency's" pressed his case so fluently and so rapidly that the President found no chance whatever to take part in the conversation for some time, until Michael, from want of breath or argument, paused.

Then Lincoln, "My friend, I don't know you, nor do I know that I ever saw you. I cannot put you in the Treasury without some reference. Suppose that I should put you there and you should prove to be a thief and should steal the money——"

"Sir," interrupted the indignant Michael, "I'm an honest man."

"I believe you are," said Lincoln, "but I know nothing about you. Do you not know some one in the city that I also know and who can speak for you?"

"Well, your Excellency, I know Mr. Graham, beyond on C Street, and Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, and ——"

"Stop!" cried Lincoln, "I know Mr. Swayne, and if you will bring me a letter from him, stating what he knows about you, I will see what can be done for you."

Exit Michael, trying to get his boys' letters back again into the pocket they came from.

And now a boy in army blue takes the vacant chair and handing his papers to Mr. Lincoln sits silently waiting their perusal. Having read the packet, the President turns to him and says, "And you want to be a captain?"

Boy — "Yes, sir."

LINCOLN — "And what do you want to be captain of? Have you got a company?"

Boy — "No, sir, but my officers told me that I could get a captain's commission if I were to present my case to you."

LINCOLN — "My boy,—excuse my calling you a boy,—how old are you?"

Boy — "Sixteen."

LINCOLN — "Yes, you are a boy, and from what your officers say of you, a worthy boy and a good soldier, but commissions as captains are generally given by the governors of the States."

Boy — "My officers said *you* could give me a commission."

LINCOLN — "And so I could, but to be a captain you should have a company or something to be captain of. You know a man is not a husband until he gets a wife — neither is a woman a wife until she gets a husband. I might give you a commission as captain and send you back to the Army of the Potomac, where you would have nothing to be captain of, and you would be like a loose horse down there with noth-

ing to do and no one having any use for you."

At this point the boy who had come to Washington full of hope, finding his castle toppling about his head, broke down, and his eyes filled with tears. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand affectionately upon his shoulder and patting him while he spoke, said, "My son, go back to the army, continue to do your duty as you find it to do, and, with the zeal you have hitherto shown, you will not have to ask for promotion, it will seek *you*. I may say that had we more like you in the army, my hopes of the successful outcome of this war would be far stronger than they are at present. Shake hands with me, and go back the little man and brave soldier that you came."

And now came the writer's turn; and, remembering the tribulations of Michael, I pulled out my provost marshal's certificate and presented it as an introduction. Mr. Lincoln read it and handing it back to me said, "And what can I do for you?"

I told him of our desire to go through to the Army of the Potomac, and he asked, "Have you applied to the War Department?" and being answered affirmatively, he replied, "Well, I must refuse you for the same reason that the War Department did. If we were to allow all to go through that wish to do so, we would not have boats enough to carry them. They would get down there and be in the way, and" (looking me over) "I judge by your appearance you know what it means to have people in the way." At this somewhat equivocal dismissal, I shook his hand and went out.

Ruminating on the annoyance that came to him from people who, like myself, took up his time mainly for the opportunity of seeing him, and reflecting that his kindly heart prompted him, in addition to his other burdens, to devote two hours twice a week to listening to the common people, who could thus reach him without influence, I marveled at the simple greatness of the man, and the kindly, gentle patience with which he listened to each one, always smoothing over a refusal that his duty imposed upon him, or, by advice or counsel, mitigating the blow that he had to deal. I passed the sentinel at the door, and when next I saw Lincoln, it was as he lay dead in his coffin under the dome of the Cradle of Liberty, Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

On leaving the White House, my friend John went to our hotel, while I walked over to the Long Bridge, intending to go out upon it for the view up and down the river; but as I approached it, a sentry stepped out and, halting me, asked for my pass allowing me to go

across the bridge. When I told him that I had no pass, he blocked my way, and refused to let me go any farther.

Next morning we went to the depot to take the train home. I bought my ticket, and was hastening to the cars, when I was stopped by a man whom, from his appearance, I took to be a well-to-do farmer. He asked if I lived in the city.

I replied "Yes," but recollecting that I was in Washington and not in Philadelphia, I amended my answer by substituting "No." He then asked me my name, which I gave him, and went on to inquire what my business was. At this question, I took umbrage, and retorted, "What business of *yours* is it what *my* business is?" Upon which he turned up the lapel of his coat and exposed the badge of a government detective.

Like Crockett's coon, I came down and told him to ask his questions and ask them quickly, so that I might not miss my train. He soon got through, and when I was satisfied that I was

all right (my provost marshal's certificate came in nicely here), I asked him why he had stopped me. He said, "You and a companion came to Washington the day before yesterday. You both stopped at the National Hotel, and yesterday you were at the War Department, endeavoring to get through to the Army of the Potomac; being refused there, you went to the White House and tried to get Mr. Lincoln to pass you through; being unsuccessful with him, you were next found trying to cross the Long Bridge —"

Here I interrupted him by asking what he took me for, to which he replied, "I took you for a blockade runner."

I managed to catch the train by running for it, and once seated, with the great dome of the Capitol fast receding from view, I bethought me that, after all, a single sentry at the door of the White House was perhaps sufficient for the protection of the President, and that possibly all who attended the semi-weekly public receptions were not suppliants by any means.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET

HOW THE HYPOTHESIS OF PANSPERMY ACCOUNTS FOR IT

BY

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

SOMEWHERE in the vast depths of space, wheeling about a sun so ineffably distant that its light touches the earth only after the lapse of millenniums, imagine a planet that has at last reached a stage in its age-long development when its outer gaseous casing has chilled into a crust, and when that cool crust has gathered to itself oceans of water and a great sea of air, — in a word, a planet that has so far ripened that, given a single living reproductive unit, it will cease to be a revolving, inert, spherical mass, and blossom forth a green, living world. Millions of years ago, how many we cannot even roughly determine, our earth must have been such a planet — a world hungering for life. Whence came the primeval living unit that changed its aspect and fulfilled its destiny? Clearly, either that unit must have been spontaneously generated by some occult process from the earth's own lifeless self, or it

must have bridged the shoreless gulf that separates the earth from some neighboring and living world.

If there is one theory abhorred by the modern biologist above all others, it is that of the spontaneous generation of life. Lord Kelvin, perhaps the greatest physicist of his time, laid it down as an immutable law that lifeless matter cannot be transformed into living matter without the aid of a living substance, and to that authoritative dictum every follower of Darwin will cheerfully assent. Yet, hardly a year passes but some biological enthusiast announces that he has at last discovered the secret of spontaneous generation. Not so long ago, when the bewildering phenomena of radium were the chief topic of scientific discussion, Dr. Burke asserted that radium had the wonderful property of imbuing gelatine solutions with life. Sir William Ramsay, the brilliant English chemist, promptly demolished the claim

and placed the discovery where it properly belonged — in the domain of chemistry. More recently a French scientist, Stephane Leduc, produced what he called artificial cells and plants by means of a solution of cane sugar, copper sulphate, and potassium ferrocyanide. But his miniature "plants" are no more like actual plants than paper flowers are like real flowers.

If spontaneous generation is impossible, the primal unit from which all terrestrial life evolved must have journeyed hither from some other world — an alternative conception which seems more like a poetic rhapsody than a sober scientific reflection. It is as old as mankind, this notion of the transmission of life from star to star, but it has remained for a very distinguished Swedish physicist, Professor Svante Arrhenius, to place "panspermy" — the name with which he has christened the alternative theory — upon the sure footing of a satisfactory physical and mathematical exposition.

The First Germ Carried Billions of Miles by Light-Pressure

Given the primal unit of living matter that is to be transplanted to a waiting globe, what propelling machinery is sufficiently powerful to wrench it from the clutch of planetary gravitation and convey it through the infinite wastes of the universe? Assuming that the hypothetical unit were propelled from the earth at a speed of sixty miles an hour (the speed of an express train), it would reach Mars only after sixty-seven years, and Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, in 42,920 million years. Evidently a motive force more efficient than that of a steam locomotive must be provided, a force not only able to break the relentless grip of gravitation, but also able to impart to the living unit a velocity so great that the unit may not die of old age before arriving at its goal. That terrific, overwhelming force Arrhenius has found in the pressure of light.

To the man who has not closely followed the wonderful investigations that have been made by the physicist of late years, and who knows little of the newer conceptions of matter and energy, the assertion that a moonbeam, a luminous nothing, a shaft of diaphanous immateriality, actually presses upon the waters and the fields of the earth with a force that is calculable, must seem superbly fantastic. Yet a Russian, Lebedev, and two Americans, Nichols and Hull, have carefully measured the light pressure exerted on this earth and have ascertained, not only that it is appreciable, but that

on the entire terrestrial surface it amounts to the respectable total of seventy-five thousand tons.

To Arrhenius we owe the theoretical explanation of the cosmical effect of radiation pressure. He has taught us not to expect startling results when light impinges on very large bodies. No one has ever seen an elephant lifted off his feet and tossed into space by mere light. But when we calculate the impact of light on exceedingly small masses, and the relation between light pressure and weight (gravitational pull), the mechanical possibilities of a shimmering ray become stupendous. Pressure acts superficially; it is proportional in amount to the surface upon which it is applied. On the other hand, weight or gravitation affects the entire mass. That distinction is most important, as we shall see if we take a concrete example.

How Light May Move a Cannon Ball

Consider the case of a cannon ball weighing one thousand pounds. Divide that ball into ten balls of one hundred pounds each. The total weight still remains the same; but the surface of the ten balls is greater than the surface of the original ball. In other words, a greater area is presented to the pressure of light. If this process of subdivision be continued until many little balls no larger than buckshot are produced, an enormous superficial area is obtained. Yet the total weight still remains the same. While the gravitational pull on the entire mass of little balls remains proportionally unchanged, the effect of radiation pressure is proportionally increased. Arrhenius has computed that by minute subdivision a point is finally reached where the balls obtained are so small that the light pressure exactly counterbalances the pull of gravitation. In other words, the globules obtained will remain suspended wherever they may happen to be placed — pulled by solar gravitation and pushed by light with equal strength in opposite directions, perfectly balanced in the great scales of cosmic forces.

A painstaking German mathematician named Schwarzschild has applied his mathematical calipers to these globules and has found that if the pressure of sunlight is to overcome the gravitational pull of the sun so as to thrust the globules into space, they must be invisibly small. Figures beyond a certain point convey so little to the mind that only with some trepidation may we set down the exceeding littleness of these particles. Laid side by side, 62,976,000,000 measure an inch. In a vessel of exactly one cubic inch capacity, approximately 7,700,000,000,000 such particles can be

packed. Perhaps their staggering number will be more comprehensible when it is stated that if these seven odd trillions of particles are allowed to escape at the rate of one thousand a second from their cubic-inch confinement, over two centuries will elapse before the last particle is released.

At the outset Arrhenius was naturally constrained to cast about for a living germ small enough to meet Schwarzschild's exacting requirements. The minutest bacteria thus far discovered have a diameter of 0.000011808 inch. Compared with the 0.000062976 inch demanded by Schwarzschild, this is positively gigantic. But Arrhenius argues plausibly, and bacteriologists reinforce him in his argument, that our search is limited by our instruments. Each improvement of the microscope has revealed new organisms previously unsuspected. If we had means of magnifying the bacterial forms of life to a visible size, we should in all probability discover microbes sufficiently minute for the requirements of Arrhenius.

Arrhenius Solves the Puzzle of Zodiacal Light

It happens that the pressure of light is exerted with most force, not at the surface of a planet, but in the upper and rarer regions of its atmosphere. There the zodiacal light, which we see occasionally painted as a faint glow on the western horizon during a clear winter or spring evening, is an ever-present phenomenon. Long an astronomical puzzle, it remained for Arrhenius to reveal the secret of its origin. Astronomers now agree with him that the luster is caused by corpuscular dust incessantly projected from the sun by the pressure of light. Each corpuscle is charged with negative electricity which is imparted to the earth's atmosphere. Every schoolboy knows that two charges of positive or two charges of negative electricity repel each other. After the earth's atmosphere has been negatively electrified up to a certain point, it will repel the current of light-driven, negatively-charged solar dust or corpuscles. As a result, the solar dust is turned aside and sweeps past the earth. That stream of luminous dust shot from the sun by the pressure of solar radiance is the zodiacal light. Each of the negatively-charged corpuscles constituting this effulgent stream has the marvelous property of collecting various atoms after the stream has rushed past the earth. Should any corpuscles be thus freighted, they will exceed the critical size prescribed by Schwarzschild. Accordingly, solar gravitation once more becomes effective, and the laden corpuscles are jerked back to the sun with a

constantly increasing swiftness. The luminous stream which thus drifts back to its source is manifest to us in that part of the zodiacal light which astronomers call by the German name "Gegenschein" (counter-glow) and which is often seen in the tropics. If a man could station himself on the moon, the earth would appear to him as a marvelously beautiful planet with two long, dazzling streamers, the one directed away from the sun, the other toward the sun.

Because the stream of light from the sun is deflected by the electrified atmosphere of a planet, radiation pressure is least effective on the surface of the planet. Evidently it is necessary to elevate the microscopic germ to the upper regions of the air where it may be ejected into space. How is the germ to reach that pearly river of zodiacal light that flows unceasingly past us? Simply by the action of an upwardly moving air-current. Every balloonist can testify to the efficacy of that vehicle, and a minute germ would surely present no irresistible obstacle to elevation. Once in the tenuous electrified regions of the upper atmosphere, sixty miles above the planetary surface, in the case of the earth, the germ becomes itself negatively electrified and is repelled either into the swift current of solar corpuscles rushing away from the sun and constituting the zodiacal light, or into the current of heavier particles speeding toward the sun in the "Gegenschein." In either case its translation into the abysmal interstellar regions will be startlingly swift.

The Time-Tables of Interstellar Travel

If it is plunged in the torrent of zodiacal light, the infinitesimal wanderer is cast away from the sun toward the outer planets. At a speed of several thousand miles a minute, it pierces space. In twenty breathless days it is flashed to the orbit of Mars — in eighty to that of Jupiter; in fourteen months to the remote orbit of Neptune, 2,800,000,000 miles from the sun. Eventually flung out far beyond the confines of our solar system, a weary journey of 9,000 years will bring it to Alpha Centauri, the central luminary of the nearest solar system, a star so remote that we see it, not with its present radiance, but with the light that it shed when Egypt was young and Rome was but seven frameless, uninhabited hills on the banks of the Tiber.

If, instead of entering the stream of zodiacal light, the germ should enter the "Gegenschein" flowing toward the sun, it is not improbable that it may collide with one of the laden corpuscles which gravitation is pulling back to its solar source. In that case the corpuscle be-

comes a luminous chariot in which the germ rides swiftly toward the inner planets (Venus and Mercury), with a chance of alighting on their surfaces. On Venus the germ may possibly find a habitable resting place. On Mercury it must perish because that planet always turns the same face toward the sun. Starting from rest from the chilled and perhaps living satellite of Neptune (for Neptune as well as Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter has hardly cooled sufficiently to sustain life) such a corpuscle would be pulled by the sun to the orbit of Uranus in twenty-one years, and to the orbit of Mercury in twenty-nine years. If it began its flight on Mars, it would be drawn to the earth in eighty-four days. From the earth to Venus it would speed in forty days.

Germs Might Survive for Centuries in the Cold of Liquid Hydrogen

The times of transmission from planet to planet in our solar system, measured as they are by days and at the most by months, are sufficiently short for the maintenance of a germ's vitality. A flight of years and centuries, however, must give us pause. Yet, such is the tenacity of life in the lower forms that even the awful chasm that yawns between the earth and Alpha Centauri may be bridged and the germ still live. The reasons are simple and forcible. Interstellar space is airless, absolutely dry, and bitterly cold, — all conditions which would seem fatal to a living creature's continued existence, but which Arrhenius considers positively helpful to his cause. At the orbit of Neptune, the temperature of interplanetary space has been estimated at 364 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. Beyond that orbit the cold is still more intense. What living chance has a microbe against that more than glacial fridity? Incredible as it may seem, the spores of some bacteria survived the fearful cold of liquid hydrogen (412 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero) in certain experiments conducted at the Jenner Institute in London. Still more striking were the tests of Professor Macfayden. For six months he kept microorganisms at the temperature of liquid air (338 degrees Fahrenheit); yet they lived. Such experiments have been conducted for still longer periods; always with the same result.

The diminution and ultimate loss of germinative power is certainly due to slow chemical changes. Arrest these changes, and life should be maintained almost indefinitely. Increase your heat, and you accelerate chemical processes. Witness the activity of hothouse plants and the dank luxury of tropical vegetation. A rise in temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit

means an increase in functional activity of from 1 to 2.5. In the lower organisms, at least, intense cold, therefore wards off death, acts as a preservative, and accordingly renders possible even flights of millenniums in duration. Similarly, the absolute dryness that prevails in the airless spaces of the universe proves an advantage. Schroeder, a well-known bacteriologist, has proved that two algæ containing much water, *Pleurococcus*, which grows on trees, and *Scenedesmus*, which lives in water, are not killed by being kept for twenty and sixteen weeks, respectively, in as dry a condition as modern chemical ingenuity can devise. These, moreover, are vegetative organisms. Spores, seeds, and bacteria will survive much longer desiccation.

It may be urged that the germ will lose its water by evaporation and thus perish. The intense cold will prevent that. Arrhenius has calculated that at 364 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero a spore will lose no more water in 3,000,000 years than in a single day at 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Light kills many bacteria, but kills them because it causes oxidation through the medium of the surrounding air. Interplanetary space is airless, for which reason oxidation can hardly occur. Moreover, the intensity of the sun's light at Neptune is nine hundred times less than on the earth, and half way on the road to Alpha Centauri twenty million times less than on the earth. Light in space is innocuous.

The Sowing of the First Seed on a Living Planet

Whether it reaches a living world either by the propulsive force manifested in zodiacal light, or by the drag of solar gravitation manifested in the "Gegenschein," the germ must still survive the frictional effect of a planet's atmosphere. Rub two sticks of wood together, and they will smoke, and even burn, with the frictional heat. A large body moving swiftly through the atmosphere would be similarly consumed by heat. A fiery death at the close of a journey of a thousand years would be tragically inept. Arrhenius has reassuringly declared that even if checked in the first second of its fall so that much heat would be developed, the temperature of the germ would not be raised more than 212 degrees Fahrenheit above the surrounding atmosphere, because of the small mass involved. Many bacteria withstand more violent heat for more protracted periods than a second. Arrested in the atmosphere, the germ slides down gently on some downwardly flowing current of air, to fertilize an anticipating world, and to become the infinitesimal, invis-

ble ancestor of all that may there be brought forth.

Even as of the billions of pollen grains that may be wafted by the wind over the meadows of the earth only one may germinate and flourish into a tree, so of the incalculable germs with which each living world prodigally sows the unfathomable depths of space, only a single spore may swim into the embrace of a fallow world.

The impressive conclusion to be drawn from this beautiful conception of the transmission of life from star to star is that of the unity of all living creatures. Granted that the universe is studded with planets in all stages of evolution, from gaseous incandescence to ripe and dying spheres, organic life must be as eternal as matter and energy. Somewhere a world is always waiting for a primal, living unit. Life has ever existed and will ever exist. Whence sprang

that first germ which fertilized the first cold planet, we shall never know. We have long since abandoned all search for the origin of energy; so must we abandon the hopeless task of tracing to its source the river of universal life. Finally, the theory of panspermy links in the bonds of Darwinian evolution the organic life of the entire universe. All living organisms, wherever they may be found, are built up of the same cells and composed of the same chemical elements. Worlds are so nicely attuned to one another that the very harmony of their constitution will prevent a positive experimental proof of panspermy; for even should some master-mind devise some way of releasing the minute organisms which a living planet flings far into space, never shall we know whence they came, so exactly similar must they be to our terrestrial forms.

EDITORIAL

“NAVAL INCREDIBILITIES”

THE article in this number by Mr. George Kibbe Turner entitled “Our Navy on the Land” is one of a series published by this magazine in the last year, showing conditions past and present in the United States Navy, which would appear incredible, if they were not proved absolutely true by testimony that is indisputable. It is worth while to recapitulate the most remarkable of these conditions in a plain statement, which might well be given the title “Naval Incredibilities.”

It seems incredible that the management of a navy should build war-ships, arm them with great rifled guns, and then not only fail to train any one to shoot them, but consistently block the men who wished to do so. That this was the fact until reform was forced is proved by the official records of the shooting of the navy now and ten years ago, and by the documents in official files resisting any practical attempt to improve gunnery.

It seems incredible that a navy should so plan battle-ships that the most important armor plate protecting them would be practically under water when these ships went to sea to fight an enemy. That this is the fact concerning our present fleet is shown by the records of the General Board of the Navy and by two separate measurements of the vessels of the fleet during the past year.

It seems incredible that the principal guns of battle-ships should be so placed that, in

case of accident, burning powder would fall directly down into a chamber for handling powder connected by open doors with the main magazines of the ship. That this is the fact in our battle-ships now afloat is shown by three separate accidents in which it happened.

It seems incredible that a large percentage of the guns of a seagoing battle-ship should be so low that they could not be used in weather ordinarily encountered at sea. That this is a fact was shown by Admiral Evans' official reports covering the cruise of our fleet about South America.

It seems incredible that the shore establishment to repair, supply, and take care of our fleet of ships should be larger and cost much more to maintain than the fleet itself. That this is the fact is shown by any annual statement of the Paymaster of the Navy.

Finally, it seems incredible that a great national department of the government should be so organized that it not only allows all these unnatural and absurd conditions to grow, but actually fights to have them continued.

The series of incredible mistakes in our navy will be finally stopped by one means only: the recognition that a navy is a military body, and its organization as such. So long as it is managed by a political system, and operated by an outworn bureaucracy, as it is now, they will continue.

PEARS



Safest for the Nursery

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."



COPYRIGHT DUPONT
SCHUMANN-HEINK

Which
is
which?



Victor V
\$60

You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the *Victor*. But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from *Rigoletto* was sung by Caruso, Abott, Homer and Scotti on the *Victor*, and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

Every day at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the grand-opera stars sing, accompanied by the hotel orchestra of sixteen pieces. The diners listen with rapt attention, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the singer. But it is a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

Even in the *Victor* laboratory, employes often imagine they are listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the *Victor*.

Why not hear the *Victor* for yourself? Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor Records* you want to hear.

COPYRIGHT 1908 VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

New Victor Records for February on sale throughout America on January 28

Accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

10-inch—60 cents

- | | |
|---|--|
| Under the Double Eagle March No. 5639. Sousa's Band | That Wasn't All (from "The Soul Kiss") No. 5654 |
| Angel's Serenade No. 5634 (Violin-Cello Duet) | Ralph C. Herz |
| Rattay and Heine | Very Well, Then! (from "The Soul Kiss") No. 5661 |
| Mexican Dance (Habaneras) No. 5662 (Guitar Solo) | Ralph C. Herz |
| Octaviano Yanes | I Use to be Afraid to go Home in the Dark (from |
| An Evening in Naples No. 5651 (Clarinet-Flute Duet) | "Miss Innocence") No. 5640 |
| Christie and Lyons | Billy Murray |
| "Joys of Spring" (Intermezzo) No. 52011 Whistling Solo | When a Fellow's on the Level with a Girl that's |
| Guido Giardini | on the Square (from "Talk of New York") No. 5626 |
| Carnival of Venice No. 52903 (Xylophone Solo). Albert Muller | Billy Murray |
| Intermezzo—Cavalleria Rusticana No. 5663 (Violin | Pet Names (from "American Idea") No. 5642 |
| Imitation)..... Edith Helena | Miss Jones and Mr. Murray |
| Hall Smiling Morn (Old English Glee) No. 5635 | Old Oaken Bucket—Parody No. 5659..... Nat M. Willis |
| Whitney Brothers Quartet | Pauline, Otto and Fido No. 5637 (Descriptive Specialty) |
| The Song that Reached My Heart No. 5643. Henry Evans | Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer |
| Kathleen Mavourneen No. 5658..... Alan Turner | Rainbow Medley—"Roses Bring Dreams of You," |
| Brown Eyes, Good Bye (March Ballad) No. 5650 | "Grandma's Days," and "Rainbow" No. 5652 |
| Harry Macdonough and Haydn Quartet | Peerless Quartet |
| Arab Love Song (from Marie Cahill's "Betty and the Boys") | The Darky and the Boys (The Walnut Story) No. 5636 |
| No. 5653..... Harry Macdonough | Humorous Talk Edwin M. Whitney |
| The Glow Worm No. 5657..... Elise Stevenson | Uncle Josh and the Photographer No. 5638 (Yankee |
| Frieda (from "Girls of Gottenberg") No. 5641 | Talk)..... Cal Stewart |
| Elise Stevenson and Chorus | The Liars, or My Uncle's Farm No. 5664 (Comic |
| I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie No. 5655 | Dialogue)..... Golden and Hughes |
| Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley | |

12-inch—\$1

- | | |
|--|--|
| Rose of Schiras Waltz (Valse Rosen) No. 31726. Sousa's Band | The Cheerful Wanderer (Mendelssohn) No. 31724 |
| La Paloma No. 31727..... Sousa's Band | Whitney Brothers Quartet |

New Victor Red Seal Records

Five New Farrar Records

- Geraldine Farrar, Soprano**
- Robin Adair** (Burns) No. 87024 10-inch, \$2.00—In English.
- Manon—Gavotte, "Obelissions, quand leur voix appelle"** (Hear the Voice of Youth) (Massenet) No. 87023 10-inch, \$2.00—In French.
- Manon—Adieu, notre petite table** (Farewell, Our Little Table) (Massenet) No. 88146 12-inch, \$3.00—In French.
- Carmen—Je dis que rien ne me pouvanle** (Micaela's Air, "I Am Not Faint Hearted") (Bizet) No. 88144 12-inch, \$3.00—In French.
- Nozze di Figaro—Vol che sapete** (What Is This Feeling) (Mozart) No. 88145 12-inch, \$3.00—In Italian.

The Great Ernani Finale, with Battistini

- Mattia Battistini—Emilia Corsi—Luigi Colazza—Aristodemo Sillich—with La Scala Chorus and Orchestra**
- Ernani—O sommo Carlo** (Oh, Noble Carlos) (Verdi) No. 92046 12-inch, \$3.00—In Italian.

Three Records by Ruffo, Italy's Greatest Baritone

- Titta Ruffo, Baritone**
- Hamlet—Brindisi** (Drinking Song) (Thomas) No. 92037 12-inch, \$3.00—In Italian.
- Barbiere di Siviglia—Largo al factotum** (Room for the Factotum) (Rossini) No. 92039 12-inch, \$3.00—In Italian.
- Maria Galvany—Titta Ruffo**
- Hamlet—Nega se puoi la luce** (Love Duet) (Thomas) No. 92500 12-inch, \$4.00—In Italian.

Two New Records by Williams

- Evan Williams, Tenor**
- Messiah—(a) Recitative—Thy Rebuke; (b) Air—Behold and See** (Handel) No. 74126 12-inch, \$1.50—In English.
- Martha—Like a Dream** (Flotow) No. 74128 12-inch, \$1.50—In English.

Victor Double-faced Records. 10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch \$1.25.

The superiority of *Victor Records* is universally acknowledged. They are records of quality—works of art—and are worth every cent of their cost.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors



Victor

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

C O L U

Double-Disc Records 65c

Fit any Disc Machine
and Double its Value



*Music on
both sides!*

*Two records at
a single price!*



To owners of
disc machines, of every
make — Columbia and
others:

We guarantee you a better
record, on *each* side of the
Columbia Double-Disc Record
than you ever bought before under
any name at any price—better in sur-
face, tone and durability. Be sure you see a
Columbia dealer, hear the records played,
and get a catalog.

If your dealer does not carry Columbia
Double-Disc Records, we will send you a
sample, postage paid, for 65 cents, and a
catalog with it.

Columbia Disc Graphophones

No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for
so long a time, at so little cost, as a Columbia Graphophone—\$20
to \$200. Catalog free.

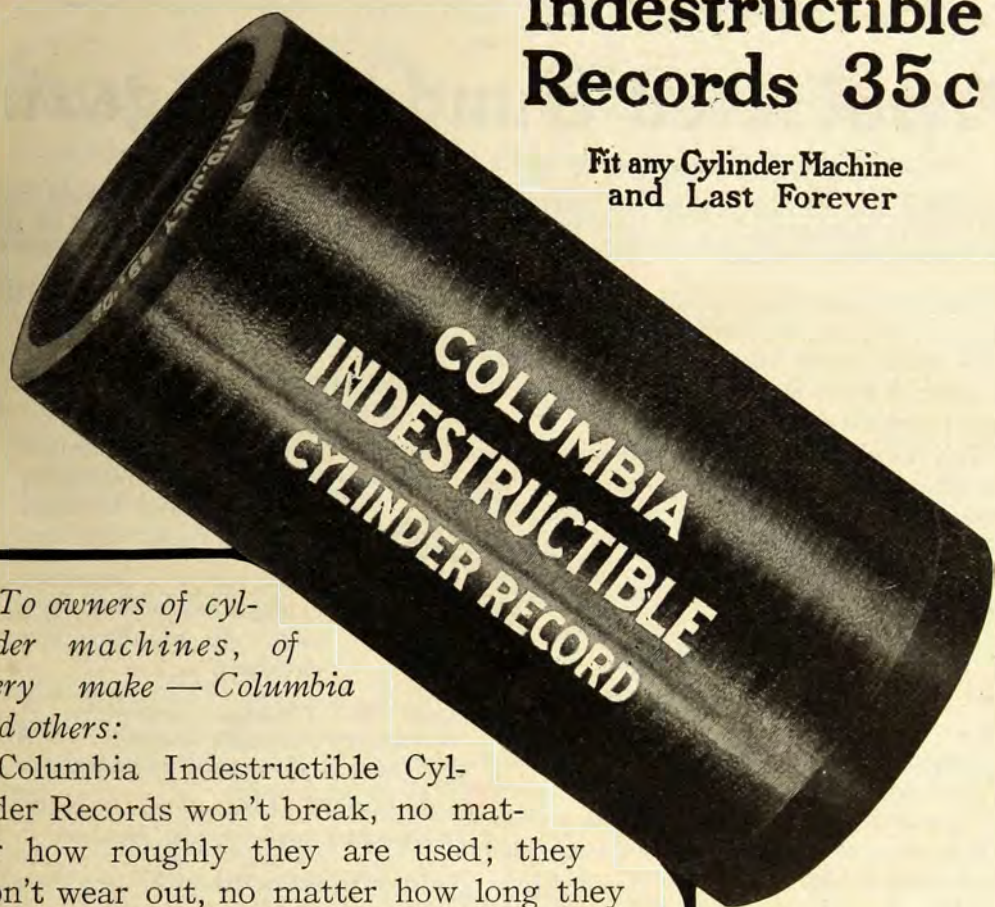
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L

MAIN STORES: 35 West 23d St., New York; 88 Wabash Ave., Chicago;
953 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco; 164 Tremont St., Boston.
HEADQUARTERS FOR CANADA: 107 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

COLUMBIA

Indestructible Records 35c

Fit any Cylinder Machine
and Last Forever



To owners of cylinder machines, of every make — Columbia and others:

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records won't break, no matter how roughly they are used; they won't wear out, no matter how long they are played. Moreover, their tone is far purer, clearer and more brilliant than that of any other cylinder record made.

If your dealer does not carry Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, send us 35 cents and we will send you a sample by return mail, postage paid—with a catalog.



TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK

STORES OR DEALERS IN ALL CITIES.

Dealers Wanted—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented.

Jobbers Wanted—Exclusive Columbia jobbing rights open in choice territory.

Columbia Cylinder Graphophones

No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as a Columbia Graphophone—\$20 to \$200. Catalog free.



Associated Sunday Magazines

Issued co-operatively by and a part of the Sunday issues of the

CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD
ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC
PHILADELPHIA PRESS

PITTSBURGH POST
NEW-YORK TRIBUNE
BOSTON POST

WASHINGTON STAR
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL
DENVER NEWS-TIMES

Each of the nine newspapers covers a wide territory, and as a result in hundreds of cases two or three of the papers have circulation in the same territory; in many instances four and five of the papers have circulation in a given city.

This "overlapping" gives the Associated Sunday Magazines, co-operatively issued, two or three times as much circulation in competitive territory as is possessed by any one of the nine newspapers that includes the magazine as a part of its Sunday edition.

For example, Buffalo is served by five of the nine newspapers, Baltimore by four, Wheeling by four, Altoona by four, Dayton by four.

Atlantic City, New Haven, Newport, Detroit, Toledo, and many other cities get their copies of the Associated Sunday Magazines as a part of four or more of the nine newspapers issuing the Associated Sunday Magazines.

Milwaukee takes more than 2500 copies of the Chicago Record-Herald and smaller lots from two other papers; Kansas City, 2305 from the St. Louis Republic and more than 500 from three other papers; Providence, 5115 from the Boston Post and more than 250 from three other papers.

Exact figures have been tabulated showing circulation in every town and city in the United States having twenty-five or more regular readers.

The statement shows 1208 different cities, towns, and villages in Illinois, 570 in New York State, 1097 in Pennsylvania, 355 in Michigan, 324 in Massachusetts, 598 in Wisconsin, 517 in Missouri, 378 in Indiana, and so on through all the States.

Below is Shown the Distribution by Cities

In the nine cities, the nine publishing points, copies circulated	388,795
In thirty-two cities (outside of the nine issuing points) having a population of one hundred thousand and over, copies circulated	35,722
In cities having a population of fifty to one hundred thousand,—46 in all,—copies circulated	58,371
In cities having a population of twenty-five to fifty thousand,—104 cities in all,—copies circulated	74,787
In cities of five to twenty-five thousand,—715 in all,—copies circulated	150,437
In towns of one thousand to five thousand—2574 in all,—copies circulated	130,744
In towns and villages of less than one thousand population,—7864 in all,—copies circulated	96,401
Scattering circulation of single copies, but listed by the nine papers, without indicating postoffice or town address of subscribers	88,968



The careful reader will observe that about 8% of the total circulation (about ninety thousand copies) is not apportioned in this exact distribution. The nine newspapers furnish their circulation figures in a large number of towns, and add footnotes that the remainders of their circulations are distributed in such and such wide territories.



More than One Million Copies

Each week—circulated in more than eleven thousand cities, towns, and villages

BY CARRIERS, NEWSDEALERS, POST, AND EXPRESS THE MAGAZINES ARE DELIVERED
 NINE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENTS MANAGE THE GREAT WEEKLY DISTRIBUTION
 ISSUE OF DEC. 13th (LATEST OBTAINABLE FIGURES), 1,024,225

Below Is Shown the Distribution by States

The attention of advertisers is especially called to the fact that 92% of the circulation is in the first group of States, which are the Eastern, the Central, the Northern, the Middle Western, and the Western,—the great buying States.

2% is distributed in the Southern and far Western States comprising the second group.

The scattering or unclassified circulation amounts to 69,373 copies.



GROUP 1

Maine	14,828	Ohio	11,110
New Hampshire	14,335	Michigan	10,718
Vermont	1,680	Indiana	14,674
Massachusetts	182,393	Illinois	136,891
Rhode Island	9,500	Wisconsin	19,008
Connecticut	7,950	Minnesota	58,999
New York	39,972	Iowa	25,074
New Jersey	20,253	Missouri	78,357
Pennsylvania	163,286	Arkansas	5,369
Delaware	1,621	Oklahoma	6,508
District of Columbia	31,796	Kansas	4,373
Maryland	3,962	Nebraska	3,933
Virginia	3,209	South Dakota	5,336
West Virginia	4,726	North Dakota	8,246
		Colorado	47,028

GROUP 2

Kentucky	1,704	Arizona	1,500
Tennessee	1,112	Utah	100
North Carolina	505	Wyoming	3,047
South Carolina	115	Montana	993
Georgia	328	Idaho	133
Florida	482	Washington	313
Alabama	719	Oregon	96
Mississippi	556	Nevada	43
Louisiana	1,326	California	637
Texas	2,990	Alaska	20
Indian Territory	13	Canada	614
New Mexico	2,006	Foreign	365
Unclassified			69,373 copies

As this is a "direct statement" advertisement of the most serious kind, estimates and guesses cannot appear in it. You may, if you will, figure three or five readers for each copy of the magazine. It is the usual basis.

We know that as a part of the Chicago Record-Herald,—the New-York Tribune or the Rocky Mountain News and Denver Times,—the Washington Star or the Minneapolis Journal,—the Boston Post or the St. Louis Republic,—the Philadelphia Press or the Pittsburgh Post,—the magazine is an institution beloved by its millions of readers.

The advertising patronage now amounts to more than half a million dollars a year and is rapidly growing.

No wonder the advertising is constantly increasing. Advertisers reach buyers more effectively in the richest commercial territory in the world, and for less cost, through the Associated Sunday Magazines than they can through any standard independent magazine published.

On request the advertising department will be glad to send advertisers, free of charge, copies of the magazines, together with the complete circulation statement showing exact distribution in more than eleven thousand cities, towns, and villages in the "area of profit." Each town having twenty-five or more regular subscribers is listed.

WALTER P. WHEELER, Advertising Manager,
 Associated Sunday Magazines, 1 Madison Ave., New York City
 or RUFUS T. FRENCH, Western Advertising Manager,
 309 Record-Herald Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send, without charge, copies of the A. S. M., together with the complete circulation statement as advertised in McClure's Magazine.

Name.....
 Street.....
 Town.....
 State.....

Where There's Suds,
There's Soap.



Pearline Suds



MANY WASHING POWDERS CONTAIN NO SOAP—THEY OUGHT TO.

¶ Most Women use a Powder of some sort. Some use Soap with Soap Powders or Washing Powders; how can they tell the value of either? USE PEARLINE ALONE; all the Soap that's necessary is there. Richer Suds, Better, Safer, more Effective than any mixed product. Soap with PEARLINE is Waste, for PEARLINE will have done the work before the Soap begins to take hold.

¶ TRY PEARLINE without Soap, Soda, Borax, Naphtha, Kerosene; TRY IT without help of any sort and as directed on each package: then you will be Washing and Cleaning Scientifically, Safely, Quickly, Thoroughly, Economically and Healthily.

¶ PEARLINE saves Women, Fabrics, Colors—saves everything but the Dirt.



Bull
Dog

50¢

SUSPENDERS

STRETCH THEM—test them vigorously, note the incomparable elasticity. **TRY A PAIR** and you'll be surprised how long **BULL DOG SUSPENDERS** will remain good, comfortable and shoulder easy

Positively Guaranteed to Outwear Three Ordinary Kinds

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS are made in light and heavy weights, medium or extra long, as desired. The metal parts are gold-gilt guaranteed not to rust or tarnish, and the **BULL DOG ENDS** will not wear through or pull out at the button holes

¶ For your own protection refuse substitutes. The genuine have **BULL DOG** on buckles, and are the best suspenders made

50c. AT YOUR DEALER or by mail, postpaid, if he cannot supply you

Hewes & Potter, Dept. 4, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

The "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book and Samples are FREE

One copy of this Style Book is ready for YOU and will be sent you FREE with the Samples of the new Spring Suitings, if you write for them TO-DAY.

This "NATIONAL" Style Book is the greatest book of fashions ever issued. The "Christy Girl" cover was drawn expressly for the "NATIONAL" by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy and every page is equally as interesting. It is the most beautifully illustrated and fascinating work of fashion ever published. And remember, one copy is for YOU—FREE.

New York Styles are Greatly Changed

The "NATIONAL" Style Book (sent free) shows ALL the desirable New York Styles—gives you complete, all the changes in fashion for the Spring Season. The complete edition of this Style Book cost \$214,782; no expense being spared to make it the most attractive, complete and valuable fashion work in America. One copy of this Style Book is intended for YOU—FREE, only YOU must write for it to-day. We will send it to you postpaid, gladly, but YOU must say it is welcome.

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits
Made-to-Measure \$7.50 to \$35 Expressage
New York Styles Prepaid

Style Book and Samples FREE

This "NATIONAL" Style Book pictured above illustrates all the New Suits and Skirts for Spring. And any of these handsome Suits and Skirts will be Made To Your Measure in your choice of our 400 New Spring Suitings. A liberal assortment of these Samples will be sent you FREE with the Style Book.

You select your Material from the Samples. You select your Suit from the Style Book. We make the Suit to your measure, send it to you with a signed guarantee that it will fit you and please you, or we will refund your money. But more than this. Each "NATIONAL" Suit is made and sold according to

The "NATIONAL" Policy

Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached. This tag says: "Your money back if you ask for it."

We prepay all the postage and express charges on all "NATIONAL" Garments to every part of the United States.

In addition to the Made-to-Measure Suits, this "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book shows the following

"NATIONAL" Ready-Made Garments

Millinery	Tub Suits	Petticoats	Corsets
Waists	House Dresses	Jackets	Hosiery
Skirts	Kimonos	Rain Coats	Neckwear
Silk Dresses	Plumes	Muslin Underwear	Sweaters
Lingerie Dresses	Belts	Knit Underwear	Boys' Clothing
	Misses', Girls' and Infants' Wear		

One copy of this Great "NATIONAL" Style Book is intended for YOU. One copy IS yours—FREE. Will you write for it TO-DAY?

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

237 W. 24th St., New York City

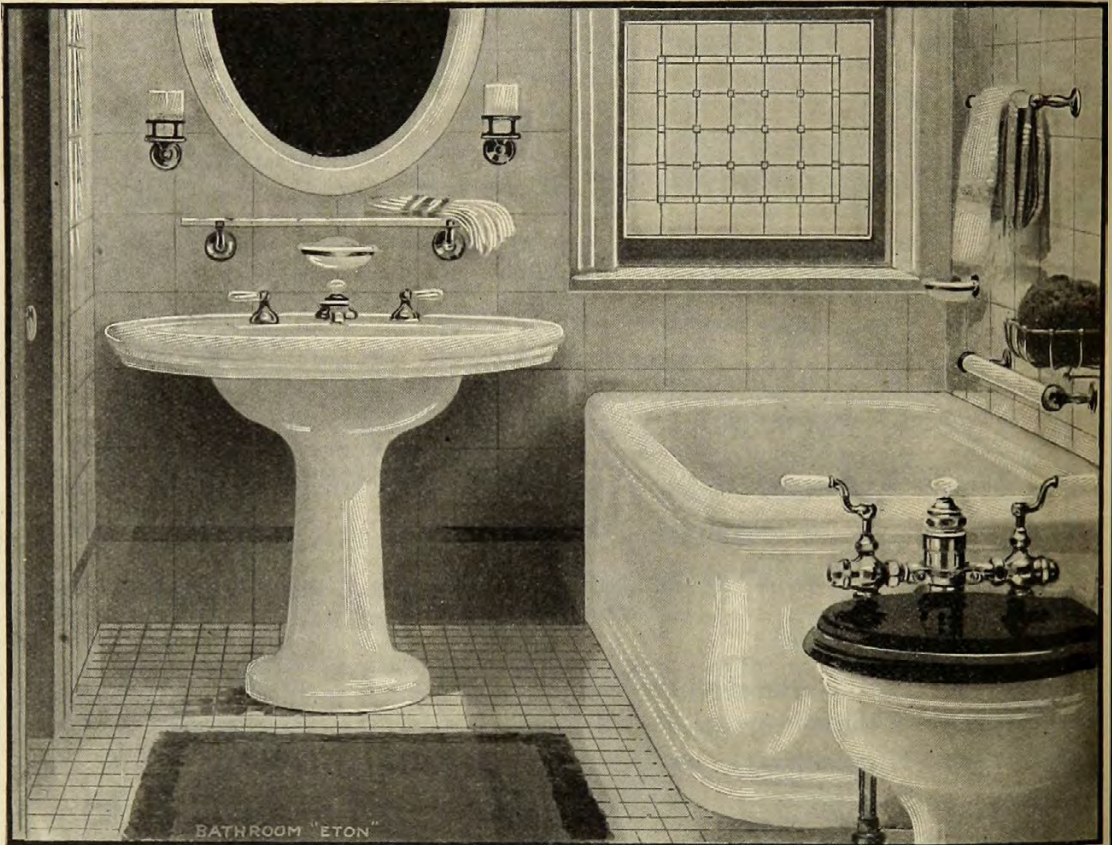


MOTT'S PLUMBING

THE beauty, purity and substantial character of this bathroom are due to the fact that the fixtures are of Mott's Solid Porcelain. The "La Salle" bath is glazed outside—a notable advantage and an achievement in the potter's art.

"MODERN PLUMBING" is a valuable booklet to those planning bathroom equipment. The most advanced types of fixtures in Imperial and Vitreous Solid Porcelain and Porcelain Enameled Iron are shown in 24 model interiors that range in cost from \$85 to \$3,000. Description and price of each fixture is given, also information regarding decoration and tiling.

The booklet will be sent on receipt of 4 cents to cover postage.



THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS
1828 EIGHTY YEARS OF SUPREMACY 1908
FIFTH AVENUE AND 17TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

BRANCHES
Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh
Detroit, Washington, St. Louis, New
Orleans, San Francisco and San Antonio
Canada: 83 Bleury Street, Montreal



The Day's Work

What Does It Mean To You?

What thoughts beset you as you leave the house each morning for the day's work? Is it "the same old grind at the same old wage" or is the outlook bright?

There is no reason in the world why the prospect should not be bright. With a training such as the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton can give you, you need never anticipate the day's work with misgiving. You will *know* that whatever task the day brings, you will be well able to perform it. That whatever information may be required about your work, you will be qualified to furnish it. That if promotions are in order you will be one of the first considered. That if expenses are to be reduced your knowledge protects you and insures the holding of your position.

Mark the Coupon For a Better Position.

The I. C. S. will then tell you how you can easily become an expert in your chosen line of work. Without leaving home—Without encroaching on your working hours. Regardless of your age—Or where you live—Or what you do. If you can read and write there's an I. C. S. way for you. **Marking the coupon costs nothing.** Places you under no obligation.

On an average, 300 students every month **VOLUNTARILY** report advancement received as the direct result of I. C. S. training. During November the number was 302.

Let the day's work mean *more* than just so much money earned. Let it mean comfort and independence—the heritage of every man—the life-long possession of the *trained* man. Mark the coupon **NOW!**

SALARY-RAISING COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 814, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Mechan. Draughtsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mech. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect Draughtsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Banking
	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

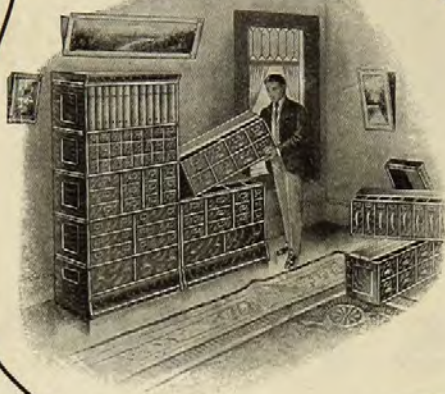
City _____ State _____

Globe-Wernicke "ELASTIC"

FILING CABINETS



BOOK-CASES



For the Office.

If you wish a copy of
The Latest Reference Work
on
Modern Office Equipment
in
Wood and Steel

Write for Our New Catalogue
809-M.

The largest and most comprehensive
publication of the kind ever issued
by any company.

(Globe-Wernicke Steel Sectional Filing Cabinets
are made to match oak and mahogany wood fur-
niture. You can only detect the difference through
the sense of touch.)

For the Home.

If interested in
Modern Home Libraries
And ways of
properly arranging books that come in
pocket size editions, as well as those
that are inconveniently heavy and cum-
bersome write

Department M.

For information on graded sizes of
our book-case sections.

Also catalogue containing twenty-five
model library interiors.

(Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" book-cases can be ob-
tained in 12 different finishes of oak and mahogany
and in three distinct styles.)

Where not represented, we ship on approval, freight paid. Prices uniform everywhere.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., CINCINNATI.

BRANCH STORES: New York, 380-382 Broadway. Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave. Boston, 91-93 Federal St.



The Howard Watch

“Arrived on HOWARD time.” You can’t do better than that. Every HOWARD owner knows what *Howard Time* is. Men who carry HOWARDS are almost a class by themselves. They are men whose time is valuable and who expect accuracy in others. They like precision for its own sake. Punctuality is the politeness of kings. It is also a quality of the

successful business man. A man finds that a HOWARD helps him to form habits of decision and exactness. Unconsciously he begins to live up to his watch. You must *know* the time before you can *save* it.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-kt. solid gold case at \$150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. B, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

**E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.**



To Our Fair Competitors

You housewives who bake your own beans are about our only competitors. Those who buy ready-baked beans naturally choose Van Camp's. So let us discuss home baking.

First, think of the trouble, the time and the fuel. Think how convenient it is to have Van Camp's in the house, ready for instant serving.

Then the digestibility. Your beans are heavy food. They ferment and form gas. For, in a dry oven, you can't apply enough heat.

We bake in live steam—in ovens heated to 245 degrees. We bake in small parcels, so the full heat goes through. Van Camp's beans digest; they don't form gas. You get the whole of their food value.

Then the goodness. Van Camp's beans are mealy, nutty and whole. Steam baking breaks no skins. And Van Camp's are baked with the tomato sauce, so we get a delicious blend.

Thus we give you beans that are better than home-baked, and beans that are better for you.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

Here is Nature's choicest food—84% nutriment. You can't afford to spoil it.

Here is a dish with the food value of meat, at a third the cost of meat. Surely you want your people to like it, and to eat it often.

Here are meals always ready—always fresh and savory.

Please compare your beans with Van Camp's. See which your people like best. See which best digest. After a test you'll never bake beans at home.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 Indianapolis, Indiana

Don't Pay \$3.00

For What We Give You Free

The fad today is Silver Butter-Spreaders. Every housewife wants a set. Sooner or later she'll have one.

But she doesn't need to buy them if she'll act at once.

For we are giving for a little time an elegant set of these Spreaders—free.

These beautiful Butter-Spreaders are of the stylish Lily pattern in Wm. Rogers & Son AA triple plate.

The price, if you could buy them, would be \$3 or more for the six.

We are going to supply to our customers, for a little time, six of these Spreaders free.

Simply Do This:

Send either the metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef or the paper certificate under the

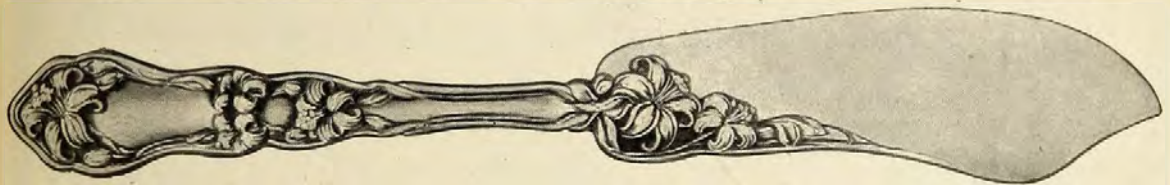
top, with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing, and we'll send you one of these Spreaders.

For six tops or certificates from six jars, we'll send you six of these Spreaders, making a beautiful silver set—fit to grace any table. The Lily pattern is one of the daintiest designs in silver today. But as glad as you'll be to get these Spreaders, you'll be more pleased to know of the "Extract."

For you'll find it will make all of your meats and soups and gravies even more savory than ever. You'll never know till you try it just what it adds and saves.

The saving is in adding new flavor to left-overs and cold meats.

It imparts a deliciousness to fresh meats and soups that tempts the most jaded of palates.



Armour's Extract of Beef

As an instance:

Try making a rich, brown gravy with Armour's Extract of Beef.

See if it doesn't improve it greatly—doesn't add a superlative zest.

The Germans and French, who are famous as cooks, make all their gravies this way.

Judge if you ever tasted a gravy even one-half so delicious.

Serve a gravy made this way tomorrow night. See what your husband says. Give the "little ones" such "bread and gravy" as they never knew could exist.

Don't Be Mistaken

Don't think of Armour's Extract of Beef as only for use in the sick-room.

Those who think that don't know what they miss. That is the *least* of its uses.

Its *real* value is for use in the kitchen. And it should be used *every day*. There are a hundred ways to use it.

After six jars you will use hundreds and better every dish. You'll never again be without a jar ready in the kitchen.

Four Times the Best

But please don't forget to get "Armour's," for Armour's goes four times as far. The directions read, "Use one-fourth as much," for our extract is concentrated.

We would like to give you a jar—free—to prove its advantages. We don't, because that would cheapen it. But we want you to have it.

That is why we return, for a little time, more than you pay for the extract, by giving you one of these Butter-Spreaders for the metal top or certificate—or as many as you need to make up a beautiful set.

So order the first jar of your grocer or druggist today, and begin to receive the Spreaders, at the same time begin the use of the extract and learn what that use means.

Judge by the first jar of the extract if you'll ever again go without it. Simply hear what your people say when they taste that dainty new flavor.

When sending the tops or certificates for the Butter-Spreaders, address Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. I.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY



The "AJAX" for Factories and private use of all kinds

Have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises"

EXTINGUISH a fire within a few moments of the start; without the usual water damage; and without the loss of valuable time in waiting for the arrival of your City Fire Department.

This you can do if you have *adequate* fire apparatus at hand for immediate use. Apparatus which does not require flooding the premises in order to extinguish a fire.

**FIRE FIGHTING
EFFICIENCY
EQUAL TO
9000 PAILS OF
WATER**

A small sum will enable you to have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises." Will enable you to purchase a powerful fire fighting machine which instantly throws a **CHEMICAL** solution 80 feet, with an efficiency equivalent to thousands of pails of water.

The

AJAX CHEMICAL FIRE ENGINE

for Towns, Mills, Factories, Country Homes, Public Institutions, Stores, Etc.

As you know, nearly every large Fire Department in the Country has been using Chemical Fire Engines for many years. 40 to 90 per cent. of all fires are extinguished by them. (Official statistics by Cities in our catalogue.) We now manufacture the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine for private use at buildings and plants of all kinds, and these machines are just like the City Department machines, except that they are mounted on a small frame, so they can be wheeled through narrow aisles, doorways, paths, etc. Has about $\frac{2}{3}$ the capacity of a City Fire Department Chemical Engine, and will therefore extinguish nearly as large a fire—yet the cost of the private machine is only a very small fraction of the cost of the City Department machines.



Whether your premises are located in a large City or a small Town, you should have one of our private machines (shown in upper corner) on hand for instant use. And if you are located in a small Town, with little or no fire protection, you should recommend to your Town Council that they order one of our Town machines (shown in lower corner) for use throughout the Town in addition to the private machine you should have on your own premises. As the AJAX throws a powerful *chemical* stream about 80 feet, it will readily extinguish fires of oil, tar, paint, celluloid, alcohol, turpentine, etc., on which water has little or no effect; it is operated instantly by one man; requires no attention when not in use and costs practically nothing to maintain. Among the purchasers of the AJAX are the Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, United States Government, Mexican Government, etc.

The "AJAX" for Towns and Cities and Volunteer Fire Departments

Free Trial Offer:

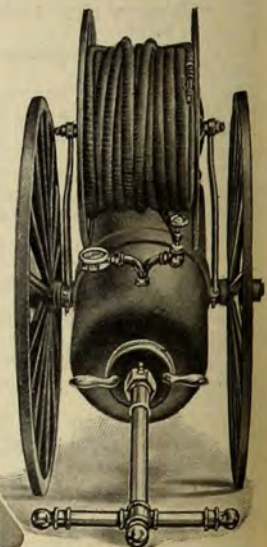
We prepay freight charges and allow 30 days' approval. If machine is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it at our expense. This gives you an opportunity to build a big test fire—as big as you like—and note how easily, quickly, and effectively the AJAX will extinguish same.

Write us a note, or fill in and mail us the coupon below, and we will send you complete descriptive pamphlet, price and particulars as to our free trial offer. Write *now* before you forget it.

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS 95 W. Liberty St. NEW YORK CITY

Ajax Fire Engine Works, 95 West Liberty Street, New York
Send the undersigned your pamphlet giving full facts regarding the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine, and quote price and free trial offer.

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





PAINT TALKS

No. 1—Paint for Exterior Work

who want reasons, explanations, fuller information, etc., need only write National Lead Company.

Exterior paint is exposed to the weather, hot—cold—rainy—freezing. No risk should be run with faulty materials or faulty methods. The priming coat should not be ochre. It is cheap but fatal. The best primer—our pure White Lead mixed with linseed oil, some turpentine (enough to drive the paint into the pores of the wood) and a bit of Japan drier. The body and finishing coats need exactly the same materials but they should be mixed thicker.

Points to Avoid—(a) adulteration in pigment (a guaranty of absolute purity goes with our White Lead)—(b) adulteration in oil—(c) too much turpentine—(d) inferior drier—(e) also stale paint should not be used. Have your painter mix the ingredients fresh for each job.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Company) Pittsburgh (National Lead and Oil Company)

Painting Outfit Free

We have prepared a little package of things bearing on the subject of painting which we call House-owners' Painting Outfit D. It includes:

- 1—Book of color schemes (state whether you wish interior or exterior schemes).
- 2—Specifications for all kinds of painting.
- 3—Instrument for detecting adulteration in paint material, with directions for using it.

Free on request to any reader who asks for House-owners' Painting Outfit D.

ANNUAL SPECIAL SALE

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS

EXTRA THICK FRENCH EDGE

SPECIAL PRICE

\$18.50

Delivered

REGULAR PRICE

\$30.00



These Mattresses are the very softest and most luxurious we can make, built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists; represent in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence, and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

Mattresses all full size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 4 in. long, *in one or two parts*, round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, as illustrated.

Filling is especially selected Ostermoor Sheets, all hand-laid, closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing.

Weight, full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

Coverings, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills—finest quality, pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect, or the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Price \$18.50 Each

From Your Ostermoor Dealer

Or if he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received by us.

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States.

Offered only while they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited.

Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.

When ordering, please state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence.

Regular Ostermoor Mattress, 4-inch border, 4 ft. 6 in. size, in two parts, costs \$15.50. The \$30. French Edge Mattress is two inches thicker, weighs 15 lbs. more, has round corners—soft Rolled Edges—closer tufts, finer covering, and is much softer and far more resilient.

Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated; it's well worth while.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 112 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal



TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
U.S. PAT. OFF.

Washes without Ironing

Serpentine Crêpe

THE dainty equivalent
of Japanese fabrics in a
more pronounced, crinkly texture,
rich in design and coloring.

Printed patterns of exquisite variety, and plain
shades covering everything that is modish.

It retails at not over 20c. per yard. Ask your
retailer for it, or send to us to-day for beautiful
sample book. Please mention this magazine.

PACIFIC MILLS, BOSTON

PAPE'S

Diapepsin

— for indigestion.

Relieves dyspepsia and all distress from a disordered stomach.

FORMULA
Each 22 Gr. Triangle contains
Pepsin—Pure Aseptic
Papain
Dias tase
Calcium Carbon Precip.
Casca rã Sagrada
Powd. Ginger
Powd. Cardamon
Sugar q. s.
Oil Canada Snake Root.

Large 50-cent Cases from any Drug Store.

Pape, Thompson & Pape
Cincinnati, Ohio

Candy-like Triangles.



Makes Beautiful Human Hair Grow, Live and Thrive on Human Heads

You can't grow hair on a pebble. A plant bulb will grow and blossom in a saucer of stones if kept properly moist with pure water.

The "bulb," which is the root of each hair in the human head, is as different a proposition, and needs as different and scientific care as Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is different and genuinely scientific from the many other so-called hair tonics,

It's the Choice of Particular People

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is a pleasant, fragrant, clean hair requisite — a preservative and invigorant that nourishes and promotes the growth of lustrous, luxuriant hair. It keeps the scalp clean and free from dandruff—prevents premature loss of hair. It will even grow hair on bald heads if there is any life in the hair roots or bulbs.

Your money back if it doesn't do as we claim

Rexall
TRADE NAME
"NINETY-THREE"



HAIR TONIC

One of the 300²

The attached coupon when presented at time of purchase of a \$1.00 bottle of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will entitle you to a 25c. jar of Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste—

Free

If there is no Rexall Store where you live, we will deliver Hair Tonic and Shampoo Paste upon receipt of coupon and \$1.00 — all charges prepaid.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is sold only by one druggist in any one town or city. These stores are known as

The **Rexall** Stores

They are located in over 2000 towns and cities in the United States. You cannot obtain Rexall "93" Hair Tonic elsewhere. We urge you to remember this.

We prove our faith in the superior qualities of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic by printing this guarantee on each bottle:

"This preparation is guaranteed to give satisfaction. If it does not, come back and get your money — it belongs to you and we want you to have it."

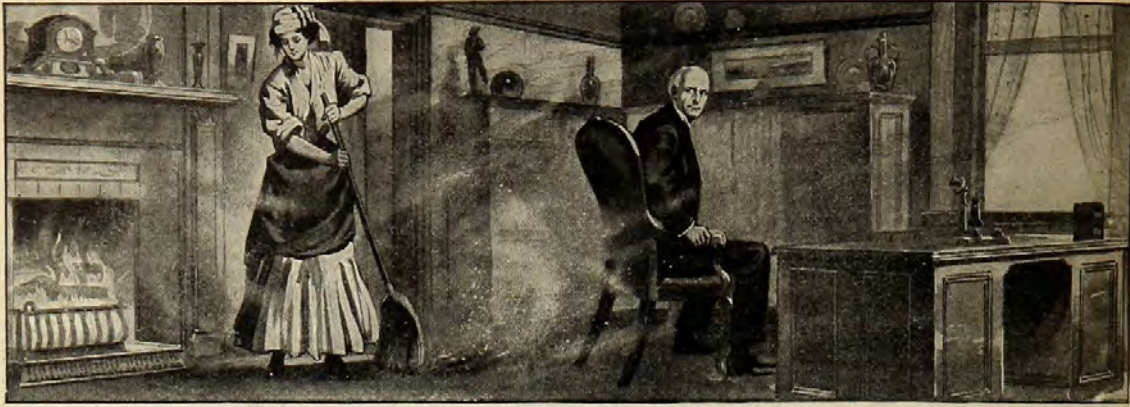
Rexall "93" Hair Tonic comes in two sizes, 50c. & \$1. Write for free booklet, "Treatise on Care of the Hair."

FREE — This coupon when filled in with name and address and presented with \$1.00 at any Rexall Store, or sent direct to us, will entitle you to a \$1.00 bottle of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic and a 25c. jar of Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste, without any extra cost to you. This offer is limited. Present coupon to-day.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY,
51 Leon Street, Boston, Mass.

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

Why stir up the Dust Demon to Frenzy like this?



Which Do You Do in Your House—

PACK DIRT IN?

When you use broom or carpet-sweeper, you scatter a large part of the dirt over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again; but that is not all of the evil.

Another large part of the dirt you work deep down into the carpet, there to decompose and putrify, to become the breeding place of germs and insects and to fill the house with musty and sour odors.

With such primitive implements, you simply can't help it; for that is their **constant tendency**, the absolutely necessary result of the **downward pressure** exerted by their every stroke.

Every time you use broom or carpet-sweeper, your every effort drives dirt down into the carpet deeper and deeper, and steadily adds new layers, until the fabric is **packed**.
 And that is why you have to renovate.

OR LIFT IT OUT?

It is true that the Vacuum System of cleaning is the only absolutely dustless system; but a large part of its remarkable efficiency is due to the fact that its **constant tendency** is **exactly opposite** to that of broom and carpet-sweeper.

Whereas broom and carpet-sweeper **pack** in the dirt even more solidly, the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner **lifts out**, by its suction force, more and more dirt from lower and lower depths. This it does constantly and always.

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which lies loosely on the surface, undoing with every application the evil of broom and carpet-sweeper.

And that is why the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner renovates every time it cleans.

THE IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER

(Fully Protected by Patents)

OPERATED BY **“IT EATS UP THE DIRT”** OR ELECTRIC MOTOR
 HAND

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is the great Vacuum Cleaning principle brought to its ideal state of economy and efficiency and **made practical and possible for all**. Weighing only 20 pounds, it is easily carried about. Operated either by



hand or little motor connected with any electric light fixture, it requires neither skill nor strength. Compared with sweeping it is no work at all.

There in your home the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER stands working for you—raising absolutely no dust, scarcely making a sound. And yet, under the magic of its work, carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstery, etc., are made clean, wholesome and sweet **through and through**. Mysterious odors disappear, the breeding places of pests are removed, the destruction of fabrics is arrested, and the causes of disease are banished.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER—in money, time, labor, health and strength—that it quickly pays for itself many times over. It is absurd to think that you cannot afford its small price. **How can you afford to be without it?** Try it and you will be ashamed of the conditions you have been living in.

Every machine is guaranteed.
 Send today for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It tells a remarkable story that will mean a **new era** in your home.



THE AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



*This Mark
Identifies the Best American Furniture*

TWO generations of Mayhews have brought American furniture to the point of historic excellence reached many years ago by American pianofortes through the devoted skill of the early American "piano families."

The furniture industry, like the piano industry and others in which art is an important element, has suffered the penalties of an age of haste and exploitation. Old ideals in the *making* of things too often have given way to haste in the *selling* of things.

The Mayhews have held to those ideals which always make the industries to which they are applied, sources of national pride as well as of family fortune. They have built Mayhew furniture as a contribution to furniture history.

The Mayhew mark is a pledge of quality. It is as essential to your final satisfaction as the right name on your piano or your silver.

See Mayhew Furniture at your Dealer's

The Mayhew method of presenting its lines for your inspection is as superior as Mayhew furniture. Leading dealers in the important American cities have examples of Mayhew furniture on their floors. They understand it—and will show it to you intelligently. They have also the **MAYHEW BOOK OF CARBON PRINTS**—a book which costs *more than fifty dollars a copy*—by which to show you the various styles they do not carry in stock.

Every Mayhew dealer, therefore, is able to show you *the entire Mayhew line* of more than a thousand patterns—representative examples on the floor, and supplementary pieces by photograph. It is a most satisfying way of securing the widest choice.

The Mayhew line includes a wide range of perfect examples in the Adams, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Elizabethan—all the important English periods—also American Colonial and luxurious upholstered furniture in Morocco and fabric coverings.

We do not distribute any conventional "booklets," because the finest of illustrations are constantly used to advertise inferior furniture, and therefore cannot do justice to Mayhew furniture. For this reason it is to *your advantage* to

See the Mayhew Book at your Dealer's

The UNDERFEED Heating System } Burns Smoke Saves Coal

WARM AIR — STEAM — HOT WATER

IN THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY UNDERFEED SYSTEM OF HEATING—applied either to warm-air furnaces, steam or hot water plants—two of the greatest problems of heating are solved. Unequalled *economy* in coal and consumption of smoke are happy results of the Underfeed plan. This means *smaller* coal bills and *healthier, cleaner* homes. The Underfeed stoking system applied in the Peck-Williamson line of heaters, has municipal indorsement in hundreds of cities. It is the solution of the smoke problem, officially approved. In the Underfeed, *cheapest* slack yields as much clean, even heat as *highest priced* anthracite. YOU save the big difference in cost.

Peck-Williamson } Furnaces—Warm Air UNDERFEED } Boilers—Steam & Water

Save 1/2 to 2/3 on Coal Bills

With coal fed from below and *all fire on top*, smoke and gases must pass through the flame and are consumed. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

Cincinnati is waging a campaign for a cleaner city. In a TIMES-STAR interview, W. E. Rowland, engineer at the Big Power Building, declared:

“Not only does Underfeed stoking prevent smoke, but it saves us coal and money. To prevent smoke requires perfect combustion and perfect combustion means greatest heat. Smoke going up the stack means loss of heat and waste of coal. We have proved this by our experience. The saving is about \$5 a day.”

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.

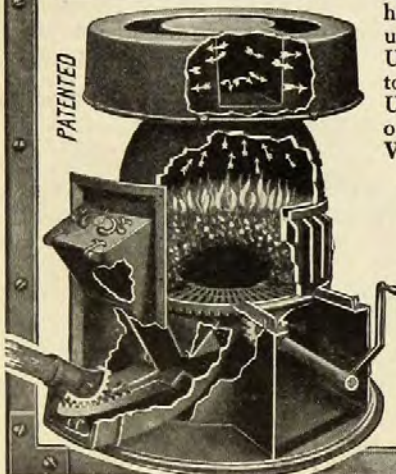
The same proportionate saving results are offered in the Peck-Williamson Underfeed Heating System for all classes of buildings and more particularly for residences. We've hundreds of testimonials from Underfeed users, giving figures which show that the Underfeed soon *pays for itself*. We'd like to send a lot of fac-simile letters and our Underfeed Booklet for warm air heating or our Special Catalogue of Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—**ALL FREE**. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

The Peck-Williamson Co.,
426 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

Our 1909 Selling Plans are Valuable to All Furnace and Hardware Men and Plumbers. Write for them.

This shows the Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boiler.



Official Recognition of The Pianola By Emperor William

His Majesty Issues a Royal Warrant of Appointment to the President of The Aeolian Company

THIS distinguished honor follows the purchase of a Weber Pianola Piano by Emperor William two years ago. The instrument was installed in the Royal Palace in Berlin upon His Majesty's express command. A few days later word was received that he desired to retain the Pianola Piano permanently and had ordered that a bill be sent.

The Court of Prussia is one of the most conservative in all Europe in respect to the issuing of Royal Appointments. It is altogether impossible for a firm which does not actually deserve this honor to obtain it. His Majesty's action is therefore a most important and signal recognition of the Pianola's merits.

It is known that the Kaiser is accustomed to play the Pianola Piano with much enthusiasm and delight, and that furthermore his appreciation is shared by the other members of the Royal Household. It is customary not to issue an Appointment sooner than five years after a purchase. That the President of The Aeolian Company was accorded this honor within two years after a Pianola Piano had passed into His Majesty's possession is the best evidence of the complete satisfaction which it has given to its eminent owner.

Always, it is The Pianola

Whenever you hear of important honors being awarded to a Piano-player, whether by Royalty, by great musicians or by leading educational institutions, you will find upon investigation it is *always the Pianola* that is so distinguished. The reason lies in the pronounced superiority of the Pianola, both musically and mechanically, a condition which causes it to be recognized throughout the entire world as *the standard* instrument of its kind.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Ave., New York

CUTICURA COMFORT



FOR LITTLE FAT FOLKS

Most grateful and comforting is a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura. This pure, sweet, economical treatment brings immediate relief and refreshing sleep to skin-tortured and disfigured little ones and rest to tired, fretted mothers. For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are worth their weight in gold.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.



for Whooping Cough
Croup, Sore Throat
Coughs, Bronchitis
Colds, Diphtheria
Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep"

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP



Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

Antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—a leading dentifrice for a

Third of a Century

The metal package is the most convenient for travel or the home—no liquid or powder to spill or waste.

Preserves
while it
Beautifies

**ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP**

25c

At All

Druggists

(Sent post-paid if yours hasn't it.)

STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY

Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent post-paid for **25 Cents.**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612,

C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.



What Will You Give to Be Well

I CANNOT tell you *how happy I am* that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty. If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness, which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the vivacity which makes you

**A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter
Sweetheart**

You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced over 15,000 women. One pupil writes me as follows:

Too Fleshy?

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now. When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all so easy, I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

Too Thin?

I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman."

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel so well all the time."

Individual Instruction—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands.

Write me today telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.

SUSSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 95, 57 Washington Street, Chicago
Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," etc.

To Have **Good Figure,
Vibrant Health,
Rested Nerves?**

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

Arise to Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room, I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe, so that the blood is fully purified.

**You Can Be Well
Without Drugs**

And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as *Constipation, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Weaknesses, Catarrh, Dullness, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness or Weak Nerves* by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak. I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a buoyant, vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own home.

A CORSET IS NOT NEEDED FOR A GOOD FIGURE

My information and advice are entirely free.



Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.



BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES

\$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE.—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalog.

The E. T. Burrowes Co.
12 C Street, Portland, Maine

If interested in BURROWES RUSTLESS FLY SCREENS, write for catalog S.

Congress Cards.



Gold edges. 50c. per pack. 90 picture backs, dainty colors and gold.

Bicycle Cards.



40 regulation backs. Most durable 25c. card made. More sold than all others combined.

200-page book, "Card Games and How to Play Them," new edition revised; latest rules for all popular games. Sent prepaid for 6 flap ends from Bicycle tuck boxes, or 15c. in stamps. The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 13 Cincinnati, U. S. A.



A NOVELTY KNIFE is better than any other good knife.

One reason:—The Blades—the essential part of any knife are made of best razor steel, carefully tempered, fully warranted.

CUTS AND HOLDS ITS EDGE

Made up with name, address, photo or 1 edge emblems, etc. beneath indestructible, transparent handles, No. 118 (style 1 like cut) 3 1/2 inches long, 2 blades \$1.20, 3 blades \$1.60. Money refunded if not perfectly satisfied.

Agents Earn \$75 to \$250 a Month

We show you how. Write quick for terms and great special offer to agents. Exclusive territory. Catalog 2c.

Novelty Cutlery Company, 5 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio.

SLEEP OUTDOORS IN YOUR OWN ROOM

Of Course literally this is impossible but practically it is a fact. The Superior Window Tent is so made that while your body is enjoying the comforts of a warm bedroom, only the face comes in contact with the crisp, out-door air, which enables you to get all the benefits derived from out-door sleeping with none of the dangers and disadvantages of sleeping in tents, on roofs or porches; also shielded from rain, snow, drafts or any other exposures. Sleep in nature's pure, fresh air and arise invigorated, refreshed and robust. For full illustrated particulars of this inexpensive device, address **CABINET MFG. CO.** 312 Main St., Quincy, Ill. Mfrs. of Superior Bath Cabinets for Turkish and Vapor Baths.

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Who must, nevertheless, be particular about their personal appearance, find in our Challenge Brand, a perfect solution of the Collar problem, the problem of immaculate collars in all kinds of weather and under all conditions.

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

Combine extreme good taste and durability in a greater degree than any other collar ever manufactured. They are entirely different from any other waterproof collar—so perfect in finish that you can't tell them from linen.

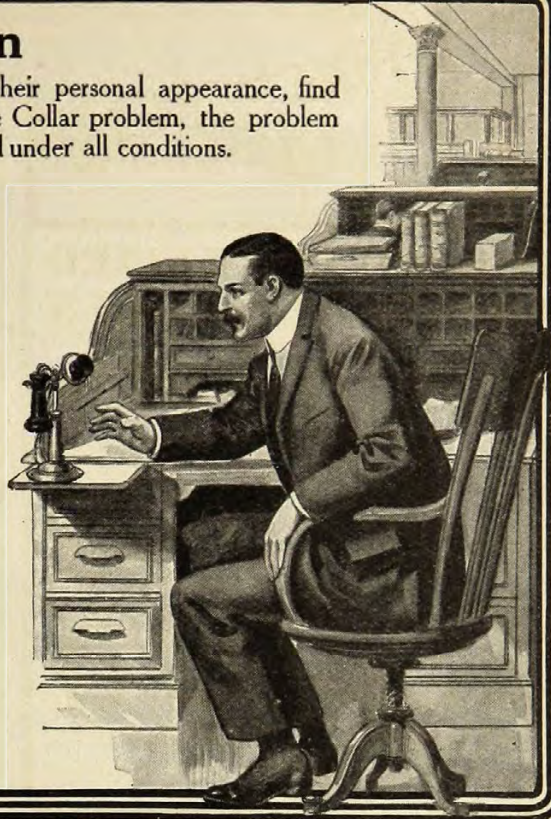
Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in all the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit, dull finish and dressy look of the best linen collars—our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water.

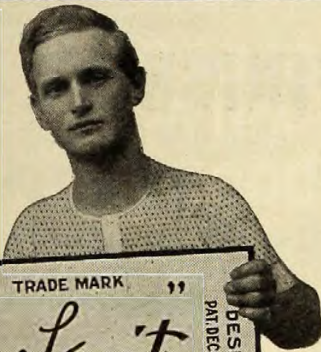
Sold by first-class haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs, send us 25 cents, stating size and style of collar you desire, or 50 cents per pair for cuffs, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our new booklet gives valuable pointers about New York customs—what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

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TIRES coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. **DO NOT BUY** till you get our catalogue and offer. Write now. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B 32 CHICAGO**



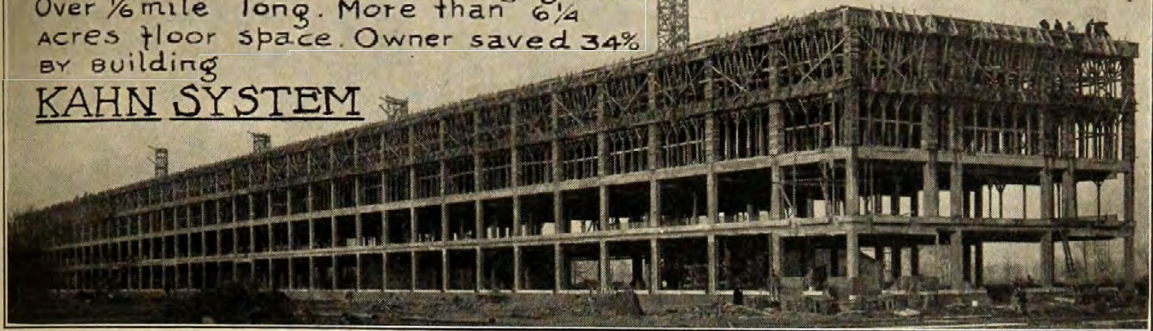
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Protects the light from the heavy, the clean from the soiled. Everything at your finger's end. No rummaging. No tray-lifting. Easy to pack. No need to unpack. No mussed garments. Nine compartments. Strongest, roomiest, most convenient trunk. Costs no more than old box style. Sent C. O. D. privilege of examination. Booklet sent for 2c stamp.

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Three Months After breaking ground
Over 1/2 mile long. More than 6 1/4
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by building

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Built **Kahn System Reinforced Concrete**, there is nothing about it that can burn—except the contents. It is enduring—grows stronger with age, assuring permanency without expense of repairs.

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- Stoddard-Dayton Co., Dayton, Ohio.
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- Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich.
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- Boldt Brothers Garage, New York City.
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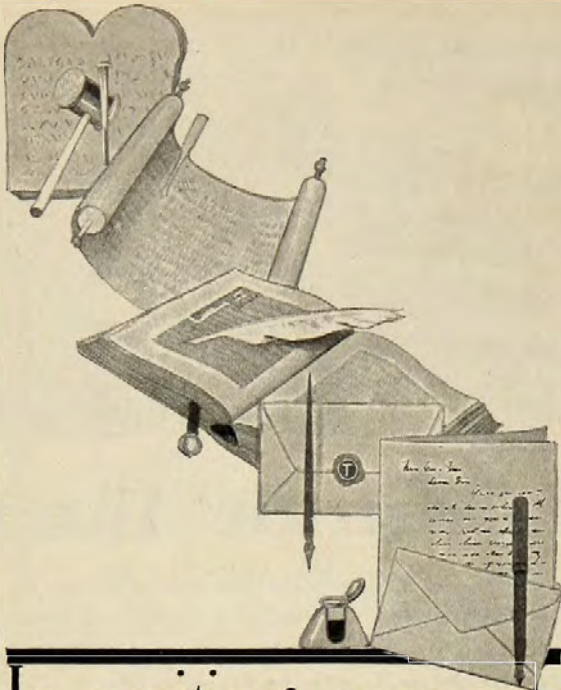
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Toronto, Canada





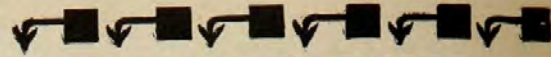
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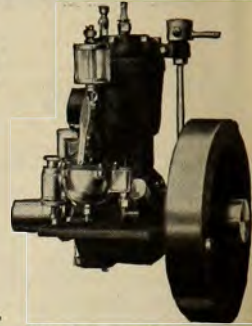
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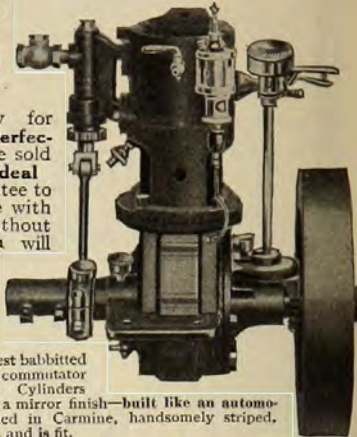
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NEW YORK

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Comparison proves this "Perfection" Engine better than those sold at \$65 and more—the most powerful, efficient, substantial, best looking Engine sold. In every essential feature equals the most expensive. Different only in price. Low price possible as result of economies due to large output.

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The town car you will eventually buy

Anyone in the Family can drive it

Cost of upkeep much less than horse and buggy; handsome—graceful in design, roomy and easy-riding; always ready.

You can stop the car *instantly* or jump at once into high speed—both *vitaly important* in a town car, both done with one lever, no foot pedals to bother with. It has three positive speeds and a coasting position.

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Soups, Fish, Roast Meats, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits and Salad Dressings are improved by its use.

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Stamped on every pair.

Every woman who knows “ONYX” Hosiery will have cause to rejoice and participate in the innovations of a practical nature which place the “ONYX” Brand in the front row of accomplished achievements for the coming year.

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Our new “DUB-L TOP”—not merely re-enforced, but double thickness and extremely elastic—will withstand the ravages of the garter clasp.

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Of course a Rubberset Shaving Brush will last 50 years, for there is no possible way for it to go to pieces.

Just think—the bristles are set in a solid bed

of hard, vulcanized rubber. Nothing will soften this setting—nothing can loosen a bristle—the setting and the bristles are one indivisible piece. If you don't throw it away or lose it or burn it up it will last a lifetime, and at the end of 50 years every bristle will be there, right on the job.



RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

can be used in the hottest water—can be *boiled out* and kept sweet and clean, without the slightest damage.

Do not accept other brushes claimed to be as good, but look for the name on every brush.

At all dealers' and barbers' in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to \$6.00.

If not at your dealer's, send for booklet from which to order BY MAIL.



To the average man we commend the \$1.00 brush.

The Healing Lather



BERASET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Cream Soap

Lather that contains no alkali to dry and pucker the skin. Lather that heals and soothes. Lather that clears out the pores and allays irritation. Lather composed of Glycerine and Coconut Oil—as good as a massage cream. Lather that makes shaving a pleasure and leaves the face smooth and soft.

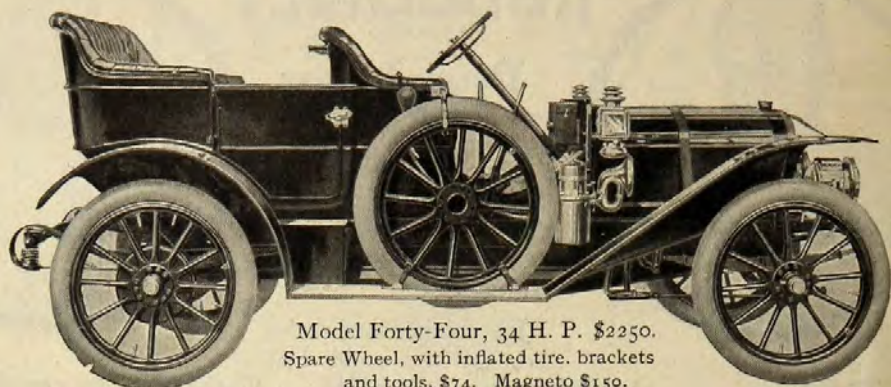
Send 4 cents in stamps for 10 cent sample tube. Price 25 cents for a large tube at all dealers'.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY,

Sales Office:
5208 Metropolitan Tower, New York City.

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory
82 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

Branch Offices—Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal.



Model Forty-Four, 34 H. P. \$2250.
Spare Wheel, with inflated tire, brackets
and tools, \$74. Magneto \$150.

The STRAIGHT-LINE-DRIVE

Power cannot be carried around a corner without great loss, due to friction. In the ordinary automobile much energy is wasted in transmitting the power from the engine to the rear axle through universal joints, or in other words, around corners.

In the Rambler the driving shaft, when the load is in the car, is in direct line with the crank shaft and the angle found at one of the universal joints in most other driving systems is eliminated. The drive is thus accomplished in a direct line.

The Rambler straight-line-drive delivers the maximum power—saves energy—prevents wear—reduces cost of upkeep.

Rambler

The Car with the Offset Crank Shaft



Seven passenger Model, forty-five horse power, with offset crank shaft, \$2500.
Other models \$1150 to \$2500. Write for catalog describing in detail
Rambler offset crank shaft, Spare Wheel, straight-line-drive and
other exclusive features of the new Rambler models

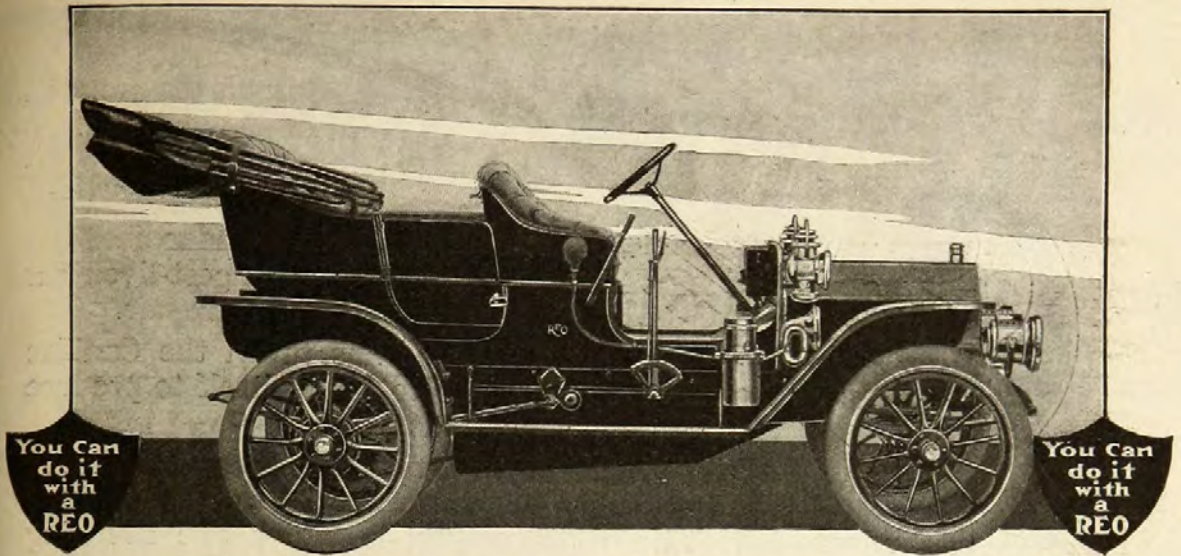
THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies

Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Boston, New York, San Francisco.

Representatives in all leading cities



Get the Real Thing!

Wasted power in a motor car is like bad temper in a man—wears it out, and doesn't do anybody any good.

Whatever you do, get the real thing. Get real power that does real things.

And, most of all, you want get-there-and-back ability.

Get the Reo—the car which, instead of making promises, has made good every day for years.

The Reo catalogue tells about this in detail. Send also for "Two Weeks—A Shocking Tale of the Glidden Tour."

R M Owen & Co, Lansing, Michigan, General Sales Agents for the Reo Motor Car Co.

Reo Touring Car \$1000

Reo Runabout \$500

Tops extra

Cadillac

THIRTY \$1400⁰⁰

Standardization is a plant of slow growth.

For five years you have heard of the Cadillac as the most perfectly standardized car in the world—the longest-lived car with the least liability to repair.

Nevertheless it has taken the Cadillac plant seven years to equip itself to produce the Cadillac Thirty at \$1400.

The Cadillac Thirty is not "almost standardized"—it is thoroughly so; to the extent that there isn't an unsound spot in its make-up, in which one ill-fitting part plays havoc with another.

This means a car in which friction is reduced to a minimum.

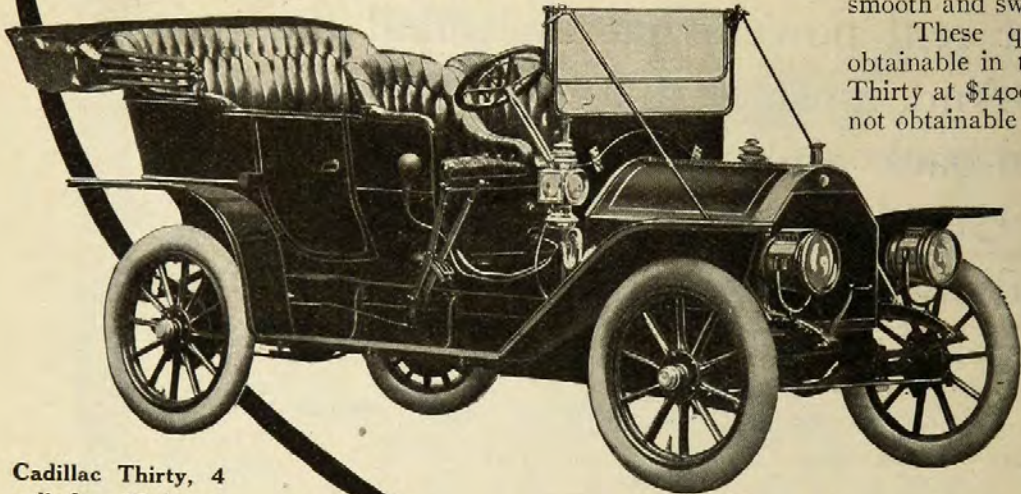
It means a manufactured car in toto. It means a car with no loose parts.

Friction is the canker-worm that gnaws at the vitals of any unstandardized automobile.

Friction attacks your engine; it wears, it grinds, it eats into your engine bearings; it cripples your transmission; your drive shaft, your gears, your differential, your wheel bearings.

Standardization which is absolute—as in the case of the Cadillac Thirty—means a car whose length of life is prolonged indefinitely. It means infinitely less wear, less vibration, less oil, less gasoline, and above all, it means a car whose running-temper is always smooth and sweet.

These qualities are obtainable in the Cadillac Thirty at \$1400. They are not obtainable in a greater degree in any other car at any price.



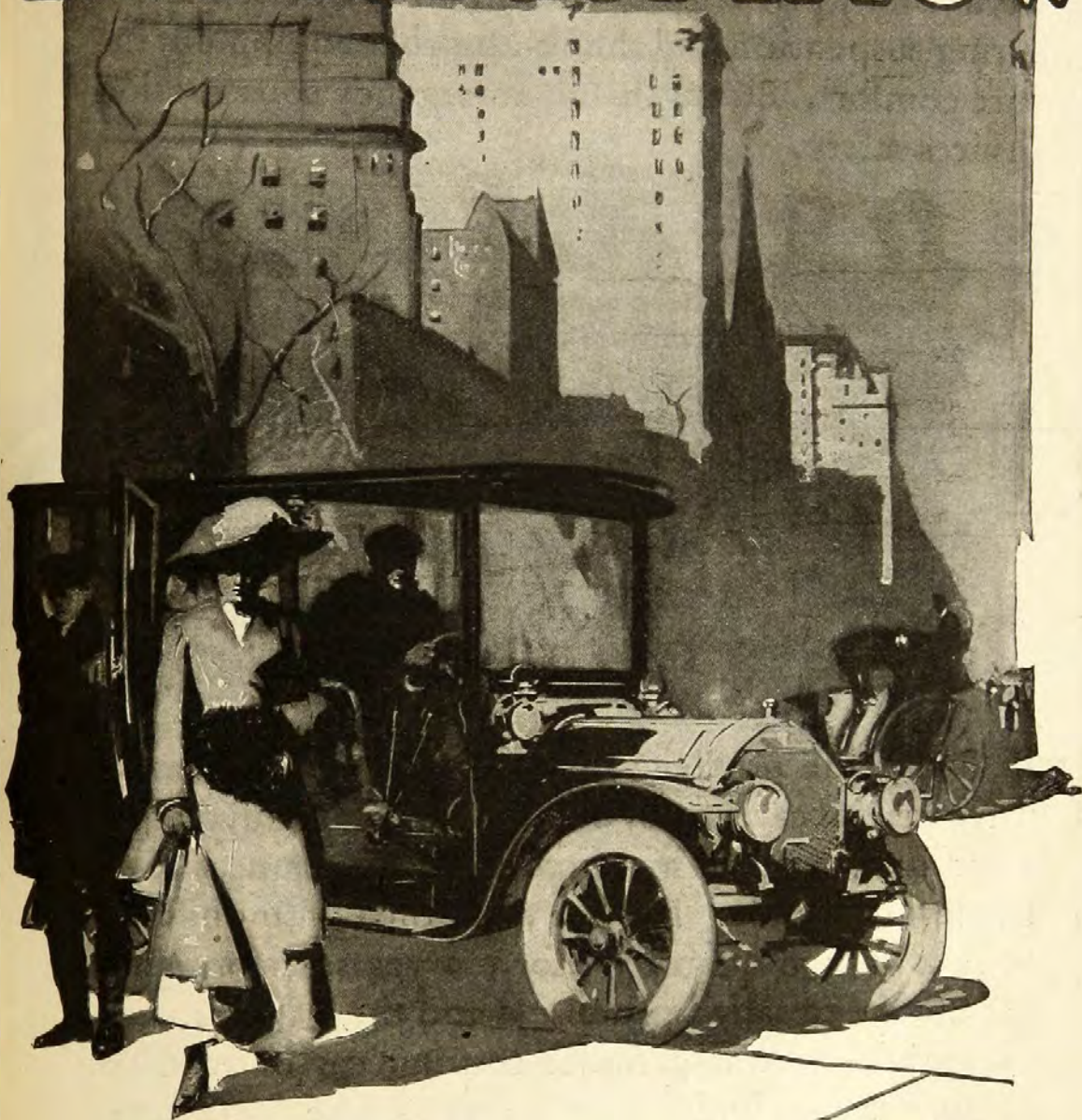
Cadillac Thirty, 4 cylinder, 30 h. p., shaft drive. Furnished as Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Roadster. \$1400, including 3 oil lamps and horn, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Detroit, Mich.

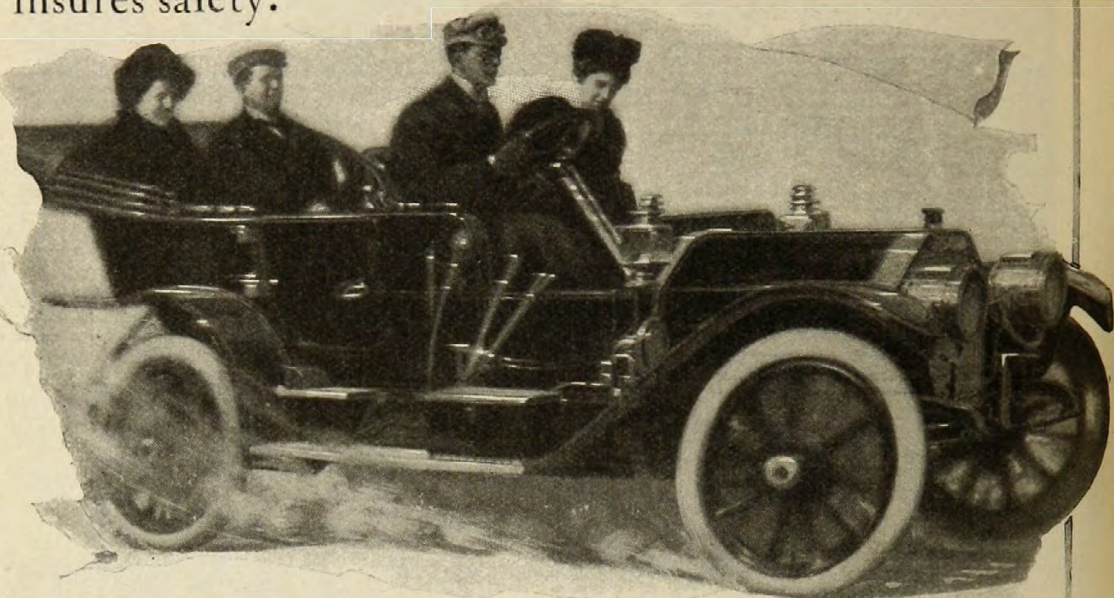
The Pierce Arrow



The Pierce Arrow is made this year in more styles than ever before, but every Pierce car is built on the chassis which has made the Pierce a synonym for the service sought by every automobile owner but obtained by only a few. The 1909 Pierce models include Runabouts, Touring Cars, Broughams, Suburbans, Landaus and Landauettes, 24 to 60 H. P., 4 and 6 Cylinder.

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE CO. (Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers) **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

TO enjoy the exhilaration of speed, with physical comfort and mental assurance of safety, is one of the many privileges of Oldsmobile owners. Perfect spring suspension and shock-absorber equipment insure comfort. Strength-for-emergency construction insures safety.



It is also the privilege of the Oldsmobile owner to drive a silent car, of easy control and beautiful design; a car just as ready for a cross-country run as for a boulevard parade. For ten years the Oldsmobile has been a known quantity—for ten years performance has always equalled promise—and the 1909 car is no exception. Four-cylinder touring car or roadster \$2750. Six-cylinder cars \$4200. The 1909 catalogue is off the press and will be sent on request.

Member Association
Licensed Automobile
Manufacturers

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Lansing, Michigan

Oldsmobile Co. of
Canada, Limited.
80 King St., E.
Toronto, Ont



Herreshoff Manufacturing Company

Providence, R. I. Dec. 3, 1908.

Mr. Harold O. Smith,
Premier Motor Mfg. Co.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sir:-

It gives me much pleasure to inform you that both the 6 cylinder launch motor and the 6 cylinder car that you sold me last May have proved to be in every way entirely satisfactory. The make and break system is particularly worthy of praise, as the motors are very flexible with it, and will respond instantly to any demand within their limit.

Disc. JEH--NBS

Respectfully,
John B. Herreshoff

Designers and builders of all the successful international cup defenders defeating Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord Dunraven and their predecessors, creators of fast motor boats. No higher authority is known.

What does such a letter mean to you from so eminent an authority. All Premier drivers are motor enthusiasts and we can give you the reasons.

“The Quality Car”

“Its Record Proves its Worth”

Premier Motor Mfg. Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

R. M. Owen & Co.
Distributors East, North
and Northwest

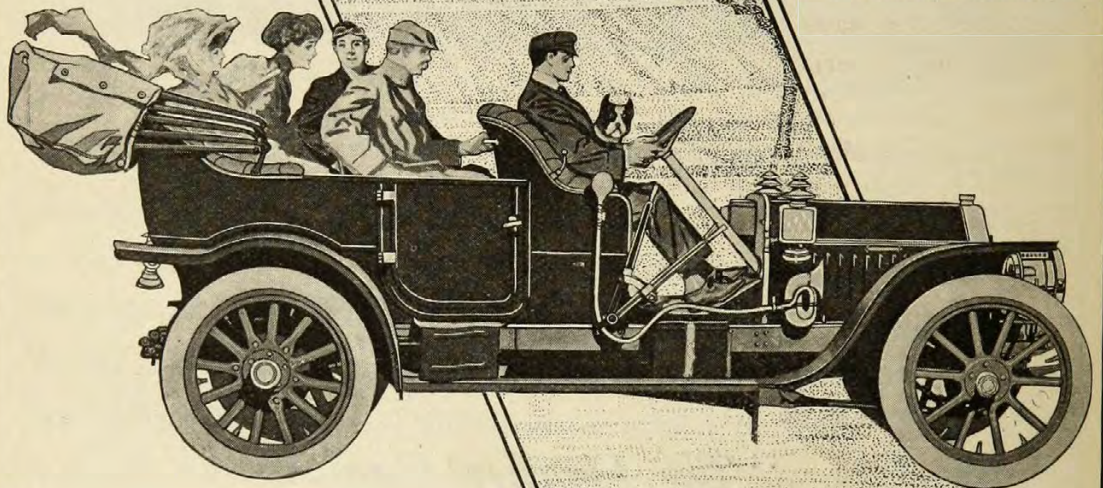


Peerless

All That The Name Implies

Silence
Comfort

¶ These qualities are distinctive Peerless features.



¶ Write to-day for our Catalogue "L" which fully describes the 1909 Peerless Models.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO.

2439 Oakdale Street

Cleveland, Ohio

Members A. L. A. M.

Do you realize the great and distinct advantages of the Franklin automobile?

The Franklin is not complicated nor heavy. It is not hard on tires. It does not strain and rack itself. It does not jar and jolt the passengers.

The Franklin has full-elliptic springs, front and back—the only spring suspension that gives perfect riding qualities. The wheels are large, giving road smoothness. The chassis frame is wood, laminated—lighter and stronger than pressed steel, and it does not transmit shocks.

These features make the Franklin the most comfortable of automobiles—a supreme advantage.

The Franklin motor by using an auxiliary cylinder exhaust and sheet metal radiating flanges is cooled with air, without using water. This does away with the weight and complication of the water system—a distinct advantage.

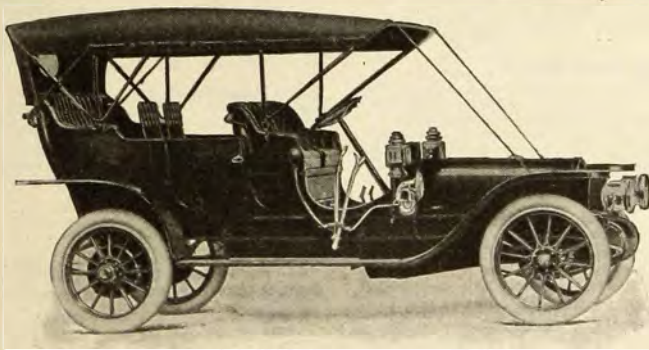
There is not anything in the Franklin cooling system to disable the motor, as does leakage, boiling, or freezing of the water system. There is nothing to fuss with nor worry over.

You can use the Franklin freely every day in any climate—a most important advantage.

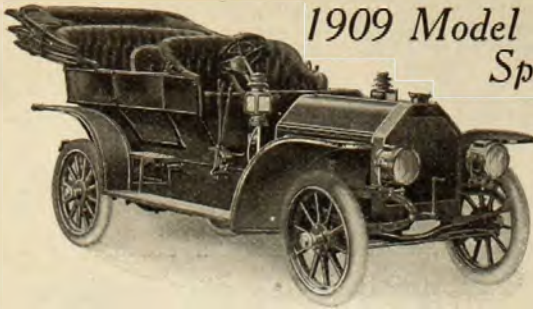
Then you have the advantage of high-grade construction—the best steel and the best materials. And with a motor that gives continuous power, with plenty of reserve ability, you can go anywhere you want to with comfort and safety. That is what you want.

Weigh and examine different makes of automobiles. Ride in them. Then weigh and examine a Franklin. Ride in it over the same road. You will realize the advantages of the Franklin as you cannot in any other way.

Our new 40-page catalogue de luxe shows all Franklin models—their graceful design and high character. It is the most informing automobile book ever printed. It is sent (on request only) to all interested.



H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING CO., Syracuse N Y



1909 Model "G"
Special

**What You
Get — Not
What You Pay
— is the Basis of
Automobile Values.**

WHEN you feel wealthy or charitable, pay \$4,000 or \$5,000 for an automobile no better than the GLIDE.

When you approach the automobile buying problem as you would any other business investment, pay \$2,000 for a GLIDE Roadster or \$2,500 for a GLIDE Touring Car. The only difference in the two transactions will be, that you have a good car and a couple of extra thousand dollars in your pocket.

If it pleases you to make some automobile manufacturer a present of \$2,000 or \$3,000, do so, and change your mind next season. Every GLIDE agent knows that his strongest competition comes from cars which have the same features as the GLIDE Roadster and Touring Car, and which sell at from \$2,000 to \$3,000 more than any GLIDE Model.

The GLIDE is the first car perfect in size, in mechanism, and in action that has ever been offered to the public at a correct price.

Many years of automobile building are back of every GLIDE. Years of fruitful experience that have added to the merits and popularity of GLIDE cars.

The power plant is a 4-cylinder (cast separately) 45 actual H. P. motor. The crank shaft has 5 bearings not 2 or 3.

A constant level oiling system, eliminating piping and automatically maintaining the proper level of oil in the crank case at all times.

An improved form of selective type of transmission, located just forward of the rear axle, reducing the angularity of the propeller shaft.

A rear axle with liberal proportioned parts, and of a construction that gives an absolute assurance of perfect work.

A multiple disc clutch with discs of large diameter.

Double set of brakes—internal expanding and external contracting. Brake drums are 16 inches in diameter, 3-inch face—will hold the car on a mountain grade. Absolute confidence in ability to slow down or halt at will is established when GLIDE brake equipment is examined. No brake system on any American or Foreign car has ever before been so comprehensively treated.

One Universal Joint only in GLIDE cars, located between the motor and the transmission. Remember there are not two Joints or three Joints, or even four, as in other constructions.

Timken Roller Bearings throughout, all gears of the best Alloy Steel. 34 x 4 1/2-in. tires all around—Wheel base 120 inches. Remember, tires are all alike, not 34x4-in. in front and 34x4 1/2-in. in the rear, thus obviating the ridiculous necessity of carrying two sizes of spare casings and tubes.

The GLIDE is not an assembled car. It is built in our own shops, the motor excepted.

There is no more graceful car made. Its appearance suggests strength, reliability and that quiet, purposeful performance which gives it the name—GLIDE.

If you are seeking a standard car of the best type, and at a price that is right, our catalog, containing much detailed information, will be of considerable interest to you. Write us to-day.

Glide Roadster Model "R"—same chassis—wheel base 106 inches. 36x4-in. tires all around, with either close coupled body seating four or Runabout body seating two—\$2,000

THE BARTHOLOMEW CO. STANDARD MANUFACTURERS A. M. C. M. A.
607 GLIDE STREET, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Glide Cars will be exhibited at the Chicago Show. Floor space H-1—immediately at the right of the main entrance—Wabash Avenue



**Don't Look at the
People — Think of**

Taken from an actual photograph—12 passengers, \$1 apiece, \$12—eight loads a day, \$96 cash—6 days in the week, \$576. Throw in Sundays for good measure. Sunday is always a big day for sight-seeing and pleasure-riding. Now can you figure out how the owner of the Rapid Car can make a small fortune every year running a cash business of his own!

Why Not You?

There is an opportunity everywhere—scarcely a city, town or village in the United States where a Rapid Pullman Sight-Seeing Car cannot be run at a great profit.

Sight-seeing, carrying passengers to resorts, depot work, country club work, regular stage routes—passengers, baggage and mail. You can ship a car from summer to winter resorts at small expense—keep going the year around. Hundreds of owners are earning these big profits. Why not you!

Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars are Perfected

Have no hesitancy in writing us fully your condition, tell us what your previous occupation has been. You will be surprised to learn how reasonable our prices are for these wonderful money-making cars and how simple and

NOTE—We manufacture a complete line of heavy trucks, merchants' delivery wagons, police, hospital and fire department wagons, and invite manufacturers and others using trucks to correspond with us; we will be glad to take up with you the question of what kind of trucks will be practicable and profitable in your business. This service without obligation.

**What the
Owner of the
Car is Making—\$12 per Hour**

easy it is for you to make money, owning one. Rapid Cars are fully guaranteed as to construction, workmanship and material. They will do all we claim for them. They are way past the experimental stage. Over \$250,000 has been expended by us in perfecting them. Be the first one to own a Rapid in your community and get the cash profits. Someone is going to reap them soon. Will it be you! Fill out coupon below and mail it to us at the factory.

Rapid Motor Vehicle Co., 25 Rapid St., Pontiac, Michigan

Please fill out this coupon for our information.

Rapid Motor Vehicle Co., 25 Rapid St., Pontiac, Michigan

Send me the Rapid Catalog and facts showing prices and possibilities of profits.

Name

Address

Present Occupation Age.....

Can you command a few hundred dollars to make the start, if convinced that it will pay you?.....

CHALMERS-DETROIT DOINGS

MAGAZINE EDITION

NUMBER ONE

TWO-BEARING CRANK-SHAFTS ARE PERFECT

**Right in Design and Material,
None of These Shafts Has
Broken and None
Will Break.**

People who want to sell other cars talk about our two-bearing crank-shaft. They are anxiously watching for one to give out.

They will be disappointed. It has been tested at the University of Michigan under **eight** times the load that it gets in the car.

No amount of talk against the two-bearing crank-shaft by persons whose self interest leads them into prejudice can offset the fact that this shaft withstands every test of experiment and use. Some people may have a theory that our two-bearing crank-shafts will break. But the fact is, they don't—and won't. 1000 of these crank-shafts are in use and are giving entire satisfaction. Not one has broken.

You can't break them. We will let any buyer write his own guarantee on our two-bearing crank-shaft.

20,800 MILES IN 100 DAYS

**A Chalmers-Detroit "30" 1909
Model Did It; 208 Miles a Day
for 100 Consecutive Days—
No Other Automobile Ever
Ran so Far in the Same
Length of Time.**

On August 9, 1908, we assigned to one of our 1909 model "30's" the stupendous task of going 208 miles a day for 100 consecutive days. There were many who said the task was too big. They did not know the car that had undertaken the task.

On Tuesday, November 17, 1908, the now famous car completed its one hundredth Double Century run in as many days, thereby establishing a record that has never been equalled and probably will never be surpassed.

The "20,000 Mile Car" made its long journey without faltering at any stage. There were no mechanical troubles.

The car made an average of 18.06 miles per gallon of gasoline—a splendid showing.

The "20,000 Mile Car" was the second of our 1909 "30" cars to be finished.

It had been driven for more than 6,000 miles through middle western states before it undertook the 20,000 mile test.

It has, therefore, been driven further than the average automobile would be driven in five seasons.

Five years of service in a \$1500 car!

OVER 1000 '09 MODELS NOW IN USE

**People Who Pay for Motor Cars
and Use Them Are Best
Judges of Their Worth.**

Our 1909 model "30" was ready for delivery July 1, 1908. Since then we have sold and delivered more than 1000 of these cars. They are now in daily use on the streets and roads of this country.

The time for argument is past. We invite you now to judge this car by performance.

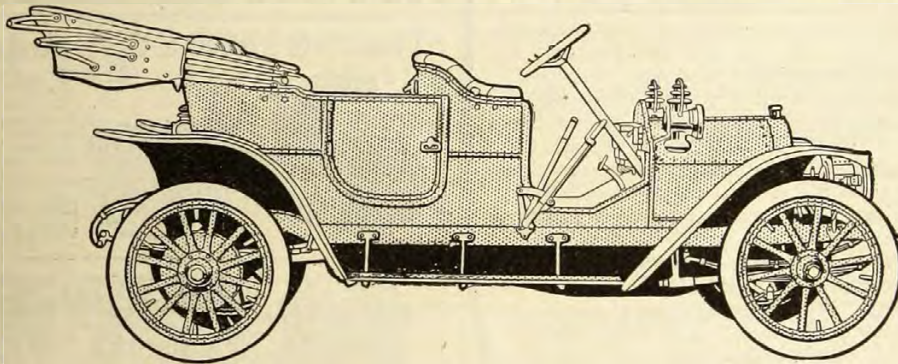
More than 1000 owners—everywhere—are now running these cars. They'll say what the cars can do.

Praise or attack are immaterial now. Facts speak louder than theories when a thousand cars are running.

Performance is the only true test of a car's worth. We want you to judge our cars by the proved standard of use.

Last June when we first announced this astounding car, the facts seemed too good to be true. One could scarcely believe that such a car—the most up-to-date car on the market—could be sold for \$1500.

Now more than one-third of our possible output is in actual use. Our dealers are asking for more cars than we can make. Please don't wait too long if you want one.



FOUR CYLINDERS CAST EN BLOC

Rivals who still cling to separate cylinders denounce the fact that ours are cast together.

Many of the most successful foreign makers have used the en bloc cylinders for years in their light cars. They are used in the Hotchkiss, Mors, Fiat, Unic, Beatrix, Delahaye, Aster and other great European cars. A number of American builders are now following our lead in cylinder casting for light cars.

Separate cylinders waste room—make the short hood impossible, and every extra inch in the hood means an inch less in the tonneau.

Cylinders en bloc are light and compact. They are rigid. They allow ample water space and aid circulation.

But rivals say, "Think of the cost of replacement." That's too rare to consider. But we will sell you four new cylinders, if you ever need them, for \$35. That answers all.

On Election Day, November 3rd, more than 100 Chalmers-Detroit "30" cars in all sections of the United States covered each a distance of 200 miles without a stop of the engine. The average of all the cars in this Election Day Non-Stop run was 18.2 miles to one gallon of gasoline, a very remarkable showing considering that it is an average for the entire country.

In the Jericho Sweepstakes held on the Long Island Motor Parkway, Chalmers-Detroit "30's" won first and second, lapping all other contestants and averaging 48 miles an hour for 150 miles.

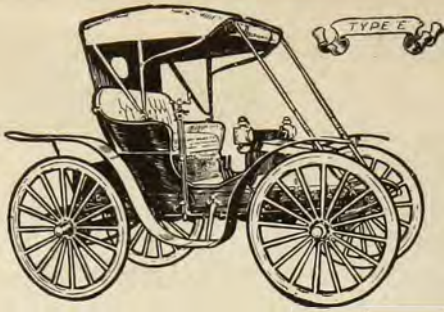
The "30" has many victories in hill climbs and endurance contests to its credit—too many to record here.

Our "Forty" Special Speed Roadster deserves an unqualified statement, so we say it is the classiest roadster made at any price. \$2750.

We make the "Forty" also as a touring car and runabout.

You will find all of our cars fully described in the catalog "F" we will send you on request. Please write for it today.

CHALMERS-DETROIT MOTOR CO.
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.



\$800 (Without Top)

RELIABLE DAYTON MOTOR CAR

"THE FIRST REAL SUCCESSOR TO THE HORSE"

REGARDLESS of what one pays for a Motor car, if the fundamental principles of the car are expensive to maintain, the cost per mile, as well as the depreciation, is abnormal. And this is true whether the car is constructed to humor expensive tastes, or to sell on the attractiveness of its price.

As you read in the evening, you do not light every room in the house, nor do you huddle up to a candle. The former would be needless expense for the light you want. The latter would be insufficient and inefficient—you provide a light which is efficient for the comfort and service you require.

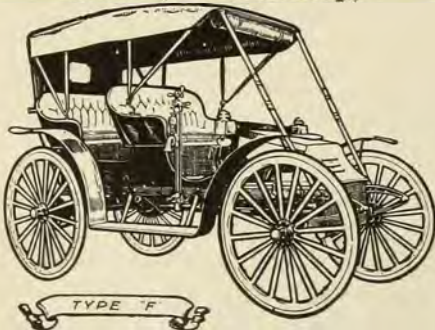
For the same reasons you should not buy a many-cylindered pneumatic-tired motor car, which creates excessive expense for the actual service rendered. Nor should you purchase a flimsy, crudely constructed carriage motor car, which has neither the efficiency nor durability to be truly economical. The Reliable Dayton corresponds to the light you read by. It supplies the efficiency and service you want without creating unnecessary expense. It is the product of brains, skill and experience combined with reliable materials and workmanship; it is cheapest in the end because built on fundamental principles which are economically maintained.

Our catalogue is an unusual piece of motor car literature. It tells how the Reliable Dayton is constructed and why it is not constructed otherwise. It contains much valuable and instructive data regarding motor cars in general; is worth writing for; will be sent on request.

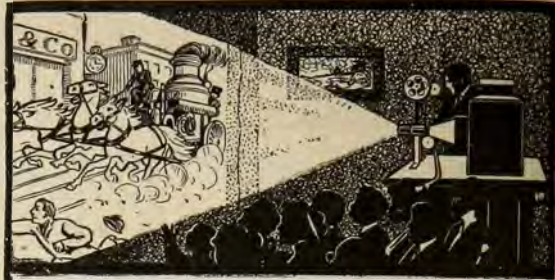
RELIABLE DAYTON MOTOR CAR CO.

Dept. 22, CHICAGO, ILL.

\$925 (Without Top)



TYPE 'F'



Moving Pictures Now in Your Own Home

The Ikonograph is the latest sensation in moving picture machines. It is a small machine for the home, built like the big professional machines, but so simple that anyone can operate it, and cheap enough to be in every home. It projects clear, life-like pictures, interesting and instructive to both young and old. Just the thing to assure a good time at parties. The guests will appreciate and enjoy the many scenes—amusing or otherwise. The cost to operate is practically nothing, and as

We Exchange Films

you can always have new and interesting subjects to show. We have no films that cannot be shown in the best homes. The Ikonograph is the only home moving picture machine that can be rolled upon to always work right and project pictures just as life-like as those you see in the theatres.

Make Money with the Ikonograph

Besides furnishing the best home amusement, anyone can make money giving shows in halls, churches, schools, lodges, etc. With the Ikonograph you can get a start in the moving picture show business, a business that is exceedingly profitable. Write for booklet telling about the Ikonograph.

Home Merchandise Co., 909 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

The "SIMPLO" Automobile

Solid or pneumatic tires. High or low wheels. The one Automobile at a Low Price that is always ready to run. Handsome, Stylish, Simple, Reliable; Economical to operate. Safe and Sure. A Hill Climber. Biggest Automobile Value in America. 1909 Catalog FREE. COOK MOTOR VEHICLE CO. 1026 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES REBUILT at 1/4 to 1/2 manufacturers prices. Rented anywhere or sold on 3 months approval. Write for our money back guarantee, also Catalogue and Special Price List.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 713 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Ill

OVER 300 AUTOS ON SALE

We have 300 new and used on our floors here now, \$150 up to \$5,000.

BE SURE TO SEE THEM

As the largest dealers in new and used Autos in the world, our prices are such that you often save 25% on new cars and get used cars from 50% to 75% off original cost.

GET OUR BIG BARGAIN BULLETIN

Number 110, 32 pages, illustrated, and post free. Write for it.

TIMES SQUARE AUTOMOBILE CO.

215 & 217 WEST 48th STREET, N. Y. CONNECTING WITH 1597-1598-1601 BROADWAY

REVOLVERS **H & R** SINGLE GUNS

TRADE MARK



TRADE MARK



**WE WANT
YOU TO
HAVE OUR
= NEW =
CATALOG**



**A BEAUTIFUL
40 PAGE BOOK
OF FIREARMS
INFORMATION
SEND FOR IT NOW.**

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS COMPANY
530 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

VIOLIN OF SMOOTH, FINE TONE

The purchase of a violin is an important thing. Why not get the best musical value to be had? The Lyon & Healy Cremonatone Violin is world-famous, and if you will read its history you will understand why it excels all imitations and why so gladly pay its price, which is \$100. The Student Violin is also the leader in its class—price \$15. Let us send you our Musical Handbook, which tells all about violins and all other musical instruments. 312 pages, 1100 illustrations.

FROM

LYON & HEALY

84 Adams Street, CHICAGO

Fowler's Florimel Lotion

gives a clear, fresh, youthful complexion; banishes redness, roughness, tan and sunburn; quickly heals chapped hands, face and lips. Its purifying and emollient properties make the skin exquisitely soft, smooth, white, and in its natural healthy condition. A fragrant, enjoyable toilet necessity of felicitous combination, appearance and quality, giving pleasing results and rare satisfaction. Ask for it, and take no substitute. There is nothing "just as good." Artistic booklet and generous sized sample bottle free by mail. Address FOWLER, MANF'G CHEMIST, New London, Conn.

PATENTS

SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free opinion as to patentability. Guide Book, List of Inventions Wanted, and 100 Mechanical Movements free to any address. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress. Sample copy free. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 845 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Nothing but over-conservatism and non-appreciation of the facts can hinder you from getting

6% AND MORE

on your money just as easily and surely as the 4½ per cent. offered you by mortgage investment institutions.

NEW YORK REAL ESTATE

cannot help rising in value unless it sinks beneath the sea. New York is destined to become the

QUEEN CITY OF THE WORLD

and as its commercial and financial supremacy increases, its population must grow too. Land areas being restricted, both for business and residence, realty prices are bound to rise and rentals to advance.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE INVESTMENT AND SYSTEMATIC SAVING

are combined in our easily carried, non-forfeitable, \$10.00 contracts, which pay 6% annually in cash, and paid in full in cash at maturity. For ten of these contracts we exchange a \$100, 6% annual interest bearing certificate which insures you a share in the profits of this active, aggressive, yet conservative company.

Write Dept. P for "Real Realty Booklet"

Monaton Realty Investing Corporation

Dealing SOLELY in Income-Producing NEW YORK CITY Real Estate
Times Building, Broadway and 42d Street, New York City

The Tone the Hardware Trimmings Impart

Tastefully designed hardware fittings in full sympathy with the style of architecture add a tone to any home.

Secure this tone, whatever the woodwork or finish, by choosing the particular design to harmonize, in

Sargent's Artistic Hardware

Combines beauty with the highest quality, art with durability. A complete line of each design.

**FREE—
Sargent's
Book of
Designs**

Shows over seventy beautiful designs and is a guide to the selection of hardware. Free on request, also, our *Colonial Book*, in which we illustrate Cut Glass Knobs, Front Door Handles, Door Knockers, and other fittings particularly appropriate for colonial houses.

Sargent & Co.,
159 Leonard St.,
New York.



It's the **FILM** that's important.

Lens and shutter and camera all play their part, but upon the film depends the picture. Insist upon Kodak N. C. Film, the film that has twenty-five years experience behind it—the film that is *not* in the experimental stage.

LOOK FOR KODAK



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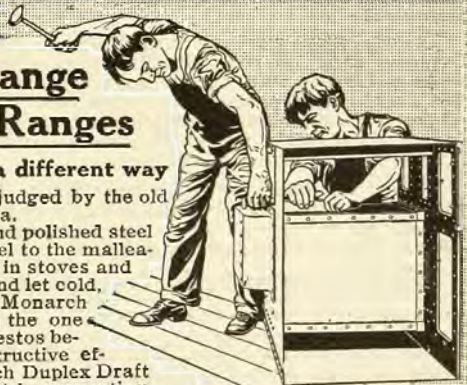
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It is the smallest practical magnifying telephone ever produced. It is the best instrument devised to assist the hearing. There is a reason for this.

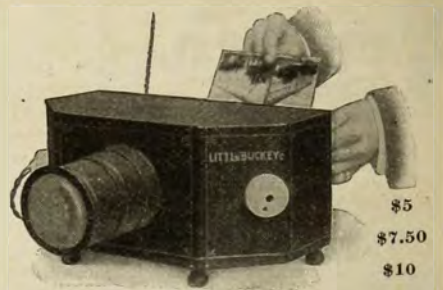
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Call if you can at one of our offices and we will be pleased to demonstrate the benefits of this little instrument. If you cannot call write for full particulars and booklet describing the Baker Microphone.

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The twenty best letters with names of prize-winners will be published in a booklet, which we will mail to all participants. It costs nothing to compete in this contest. There is nothing to buy. Machines will be shipped to winners, express prepaid. The LITTLEBUCKEYE is a machine with a powerful light and strong lens which reflects post cards, photographs, clippings from newspapers, magazines or books, pen and ink drawings on plain paper, colored pictures from the comic papers, showing them on a sheet, magnified one hundred and sixty times.

All machines are complete with lamps and connections to attach to gas jet or electric light fixture, or for homes without either, we furnish machines with improved acetylene generator. To aid contestants, we will send our free booklet "R" upon request. The LITTLEBUCKEYE is sold by leading photo supply houses, department stores, toy stores and hardware dealers almost everywhere. Where dealers do not handle them, we ship direct, prepaying express charges.

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long, and not a moment longer, than may be required, hence there is no waste of power. These pumps may be installed wherever a trolley line runs and, of course, wherever there is a public or private electric lighting plant. In point of simplicity, convenience, and labor-saving qualities, the "Reeco" Electric Pump is a marvel; it is a wonderful demonstration of one of the many and varied applications of electricity to practical every-day uses. Is the electric light more convenient in your home than the lamp or candle? You will find that the "Reeco" Electric Pump bears the same relation to the hand pump and "old oaken bucket," in its convenience and the additional household comfort which it supplies.

Be sure that the name **"REECO"-ELECTRIC** appears upon the pump you purchase. This name protects you against worthless imitations. When so situated that you cannot personally inspect the pump before ordering, write to our nearest office (see list below) for the name of a reputable dealer in your locality, who will sell you only the genuine pump.

RIDER-ERICSSON
ENGINE Co.

Write for Catalogue G.

35 Warren Street, New York
239 Franklin Street, Boston.
40 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
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What?—You can't hear well?
Then why not try the

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A small compact aid to hearing that is held against the ear and not inserted. Reproduces natural voice tones very effectively and there is no "buzzing." Weight 3 oz. Manufactured in our surgical instrument department.

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It will pump water just where you want it. No cost for power or repairs, either. Write for catalogue W and estimate. We furnish Caldwell Tanks and Towers.

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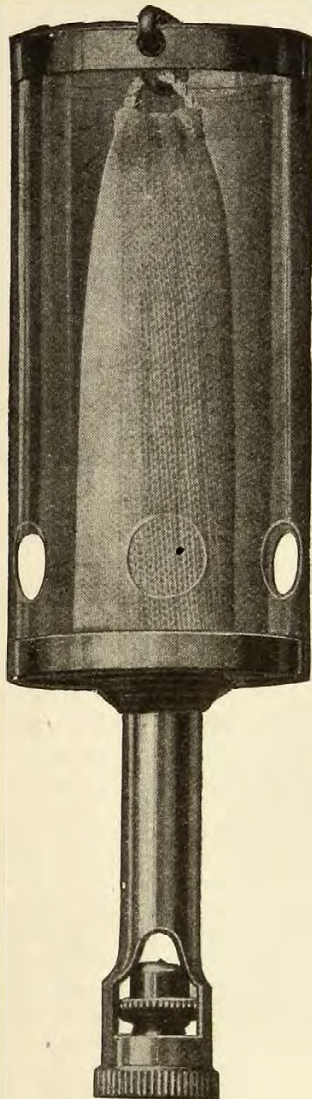
Improves Light

This is a picture of the Welsbach Junior Light actual size—5 inches high.

Simplicity itself in attaching to gas fixture. Screw off the old, extravagant open tip—screw on the economical Junior—takes one minute to do it.

Mantle and chimney in one piece—renewals are made with the same ease as you would screw on an electric light bulb.

An open tip burner uses 8 feet of gas per hour—a Welsbach Junior uses but 2 feet—just one-quarter as much.



Actual Size.

Saves Gas

An open tip burner gives a 25 candle-power light of a sickly yellow—the Welsbach Junior gives a 50 candle power, white soft, mellow light.

Use your own globes with the Welsbach Junior—the Junior is completely hidden from view by the ordinary gas globe.

A Welsbach Junior should be used in every room in the house—parlor, bathroom, bedroom, kitchen—anywhere. The more of them you use, the more marked the decrease in your gas bill.

Made of the best materials and in the best possible way—the Welsbach way.

Burns 5 hours for one cent's worth of gas

Economy—Quality—Simplicity.

PRICE, COMPLETE IN A BOX, 35 CENTS EACH

For sale by all gas companies, dealers and the Welsbach Stores.

"Orange Blossom"

ALVIN
MFG CO.

SUGAR SHELL

OAG TRADE MARK Sterling Silver

Can you think of a more appropriate and satisfactory wedding gift than a selected chest or single dozen forks or spoons in the Orange Blossom design? Even a single piece of this rich and graceful pattern makes a very acceptable present. Ask your jeweler for the list of pieces or send for pamphlet to

ALVIN MFG. CO.
52 Maiden Lane, New York

"THEY FIT ROYALLY"



TRADE MARK
Emperor
MARK
Shirts, \$1.00 and up

THE PRINCELY
TRADE MARK
Shirts, 50¢ and 75¢

FOR sports of all sorts no shirt equals the "EMPEROR" and the "PRINCELY." They are cut with a breezy fullness that brings Comfort at the nets or on the links. Free of chest, roomy of back, loose of sleeve, correct in style, accurate in size, and denoting throughout "the custom touch."

Not alone in the essentials of Fit and Quality, but also in the details of finish are "EMPEROR" and "PRINCELY" Shirts apart from the generality of garments.

The fabrics are color-permanent; the patterns are exclusive; the buttons are rip-proof; the stitching is true; the arm holes are carefully and correctly shaped. Little things, maybe, but each contributing to make shirts that "fit royally."

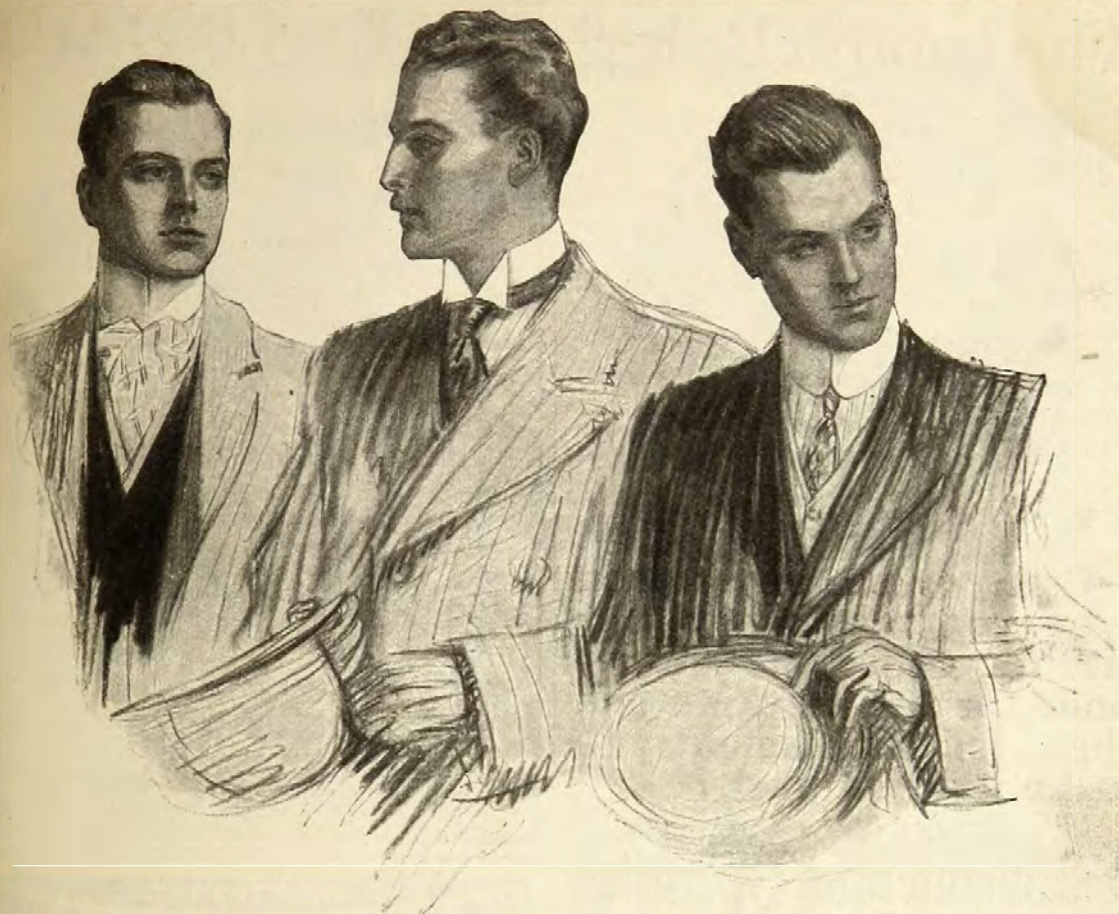
Your dealer sells them. More than 900 modish and exclusive designs to choose from. Insist on getting "EMPEROR" or "PRINCELY" Shirts, and be sure to look for either of the labels shown above. None genuine without them. Beautiful Style-Panorama "H" in colors sent free. Write for it.

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY

502-504 Broadway, New York

Also Makers of "Jack-Rabbit" Work Shirts.

Largest Shirt Manufacturers in the United States.
Established 1862.



A 3-ply collar costs you just as much as a 4-ply, but it cannot be more than three-quarters as good. The

ARROW

is 4 sizes to the inch
and 4 plies to the

COLLAR

Made only under the ARROW label.

15 cents each, 2 for 25c. In Canada 20 cents each, 3 for 50c.

ARROW CUFFS 25c. a pair. Send for booklet, "Proper Dress."

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers of Cluett Shirts, 449 River St., Troy, N.Y.

The Inbuilt Biller!



—Can you see any reason why you should pay *twice over* for your typewriter—once for the machine and then for attachments to make it do its work?—

Every NEW MODEL

L.C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

we are now turning out is built with
*Pressure Roll Lock-and-Release
Paper Gauge and
Back Spacer*

making it *also* a complete Condensed-Billing Machine and Decimal Tabulator **AT NO EXTRA COST!**

—You pay but one cost—the price of an ordinary typewriter.

Write for Free Demonstration.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.
Branches in all Large Cities.

Head Office for Europe, Asia and Africa:
49 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.



ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight

Auto-Strop SAFETY Razor

Strops Itself

NO CONSTANT EXPENSE FOR BLADES

RENEWS KEEN EDGE WITHOUT TROUBLE OR EXPENSE

NOT TAKEN APART TO STROP OR CLEAN

Standard Outfit Complete, including 12 blades and strop, . . . \$5.00

At all Dealers

Auto-Strop Safety Razor Co.
345 Fifth Avenue, New York

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" TRADE FURNITURE MARK

You Can't Be Fooled

"Come-packt" Sectional Furniture comes "in the white" and the finished sections are ready to put together. You see just what you get—and you get QUARTER-sawn WHITE Oak every time. No chance to disguise defects or substitute cheap woods. A few minutes only needed to fasten the sections and apply whatever stain you select—we include it free. It's a pleasure and a satisfaction to KNOW you have the best obtainable.



And You Save OVER HALF

We manufacture and ship direct to you at lower prices than dealers pay. Why pay middlemen's profits, store rents, clerks' wages, etc., as well as high freights and costly packing—two more items that add to the PRICE not the VALUE of store furniture. Try our way ONCE—that's the proof. "Your money back if you say so." **WRITE TODAY** for free catalogue of other handsome Library and Dining-room furniture.

"It comes in SECTIONS, not in pieces."

International Mfg. Co., 205 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The "Last Word"
IN
Binder Construction



New Sectional Post Binder

BESIDES its beauty and solidity several recent exclusive improvements make this the only binder to buy.

Aluminum Bars give lightness and strength.

Hinges of Metal instead of short-lived leather.

Rubber Cushions and Rubber Ball Caps to preserve the desk from scratches and the binding from direct wear.

A **Best-value** in fact—not merely in name—and demonstrable. Someone had to make the **best** loose-leaf devices—it happens naturally to be "the house of longest experience." We have three of the finest equipped loose-leaf factories in the world.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
New York Dept. 11 Chicago

A Trial Balance Every Day

is one of the many things made possible by the Comptometer—and as easily as you balance your cash-book. Comptometer figures any problem. No mental strain. Saves half to four-fifths of the time. Most rapid adding or calculating machine ever made. Holds all official and private records. Twenty-two years on the market. Thousands in use. Many customers use 100 or more.



ADDS MULTIPLIES **Comptometer** DIVIDES SUBTRACTS
"In A Class By Itself"

ADDS, MULTIPLIES, DIVIDES, SUBTRACTS by the simple touching of keys—nothing more. Duplex action permits adding whole items at a single touch. Performs multiplication faster than one can write the factors. Twenty minutes' practice on multiplication will make you expert. Think what a saving it effects in extending and checking bills, figuring pay-roll, estimates, interest, costs, etc.

Write for literature. Let us send a Comptometer on free trial, express paid, U. S. or Canada.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 868 No. Paulina St., Chicago

Automatically Cares for Your Glasses



Holder is attached to waist or vest and automatically winds up the chain when glasses are not in use.

The Automatic Eyeglass Holder

prevents mislaying, loss and breakage. Sold by jewelers and opticians or postpaid direct from us. 50c and up.

Our free catalog describes 36 styles

KETCHAM & McDOUGALL, 37 Maiden Lane, New York
Est. 1832

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

The Wonderful Beautifier

Has restored and preserved the complexions of thousands of women. Use **Lablache** as a protection against cold and wind, the cause of red, rough, chapped skin.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 19 125 Kingston St.
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"CASTELL"

Drawing, Copying and Ink Pencils

are the finest production of a house that has been manufacturing the highest grade lead pencils for **147 Years**; and has earned a reputation for excellence that has made the **A. W. FABER** famous all the world over. Sold by all name of stationers and dealers in artists' and drawing materials.

Samples worth double the money will be sent you on receipt of 10c.

A. W. FABER, 74 Hecker St., Newark, New Jersey



More Light!

Where more light is needed—that's what the Angle Lamp gives. Because its best brilliancy is not wasted on the ceiling but is thrown directly downward by the "Angle" at which the flame burns, to light your book or table brilliantly giving the reader a new pleasure and resting and relieving tired eyes.

The Angle Lamp

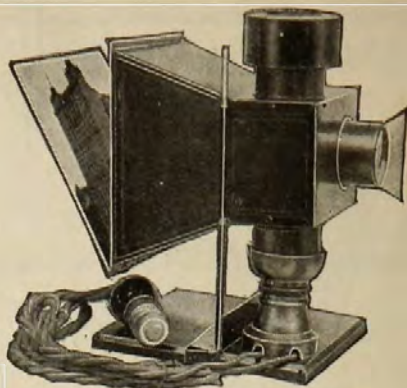
resembles a handsome gas chandelier both in its appearance and its freedom from the smoke and smell and bother of ordinary lamps. Like gas it is lighted by one turn of a button and the striking of a match. Like gas the light can be regulated and burned at full height or turned low without a trace of smoke or odor. Yet the Angle Lamp is more economical than even ordinary lamps—full $\frac{1}{4}$ more economical.

But let us show you what new methods have been done for Country Home lighting. Write for a descriptive catalog "D" explaining why this oil lamp is used by such particular people as Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the Rockefeller, Goulds, Carnegies, etc., for lighting their homes and estates in preference to any other system and explaining our offer of

30 DAYS' TRIAL

The Angle Lamp is made in 32 varieties from \$2.00 up, a lamp for every purpose. Send for our catalog "D" showing just the style to suit your taste.

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 159-161 West 24th St. New York City



PICTURE-POSTER PARTIES

By a method of reflection hitherto unused the Reflectoscope shows a brilliant 6-foot reproduction of anything printed or drawn. As a magic lantern shows picture-posters from glass slides so the Reflectoscope shows brilliant enlargements of Post Cards, pen or pencil sketches, clippings, etc. Even a bunch of keys may be shown on the screen in natural colors. Giving of Picture-Poster Parties with

THE REFLECTOSCOPE

THE POST CARD MAGIC LANTERN

is the latest fad in home-entertaining. Give one. "Personally conduct" your friends over some interesting trip you have taken with the assistance of brilliant 6-foot Reflectoscope Picture-Posters of common Post Cards or photographs. Or keep them in uproars of laughter over the fun of "Scrambled Animals" or self-drawn "Illustrated Quotations." The range of amusement is unlimited. Every mail brings new things to be shown while an evening with the machine will suggest a hundred amusements. Booklet of 24 suggestions sent with each machine (or free on request) called

"TWICE TWELVE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS"

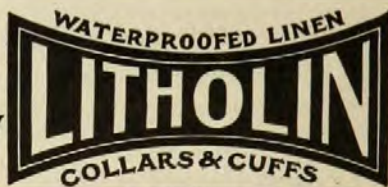
The price of the Reflectoscope handsomely japanned in Black and Red and fitted with gas, electric or alcohol burner—for city or country use—is \$5.00. Dealers in fine merchandise sell it or we will send it on receipt of the price. If you mention this magazine and your dealer's name we will prepay expressage anywhere in the U. S.

ALCO-GAS APPLIANCES DEPT., 159-171 West 24th St., New York City

YOU MISS HALF THE DANCES
CHANGING COLLARS SO OFTEN—WEAR—



STYLE
ECONOMY



FIT
COMFORT

Neatness counts with women,—as it does in business, or anywhere. A limp, soiled collar makes the best dressed man look untidy.

A LITHOLIN Collar

never loses its shape, cracks or frays. Indistinguishable from the ordinary collar, as it is **linen, waterproofed**. Stain is removed, and the whiteness of newness restored with a damp cloth. You cut out a daily expense, and are sure of a clean collar, in correct shape all the time. **LITHOLIN Cuffs** are equally serviceable, comfortable and economical. All fashionable shapes, in all sizes.

Collars 25c.

Cuffs 50c.

Always sold from a RED box. Avoid substitution.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail—postpaid. Styles booklet free on request.

DARTMOUTH

A poke collar cut on the latest and most fashionable lines. Being wilt-proof, it is ideal for evening dress, as dancing in hot rooms induces copious perspiration.

The Fiberloid Company

Dept. 17

7 Waverly Place, New York





BETTER THAN THE OLD WAY

To tear off an old-fashioned plaster is painful. Try the modern way. No blistering, no pain, no discomfort when you use

CAPSICUM VASELINE

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY, PURE TIN TUBES

(Contain No Lead)

This healing counter-irritant is far better than a mustard plaster. It has the remedial value of the old-fashioned plaster, but does not blister the tenderest skin. It is particularly valuable for rheumatism, croup and cramps, cold in the chest or throat. Apply externally only and dilute with White Vaseline for children.

Perhaps you never knew that there are twelve different Vaseline preparations, each one having many beneficial properties.

OUR FREE VASELINE BOOK

tells you all about

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| Capsicum Vaseline | Pomade Vaseline |
| Pure Vaseline | White Vaseline |
| Carbolated Vaseline | Camphorated Vaseline |
| Mentholated Vaseline | Borated Vaseline |
| Vaseline Oxide of Zinc | Perfumed White Vaseline |
| Vaseline Cold Cream | Vaseline Camphor Ice |

It tells you what each preparation is especially good for, and how they should be used to gain immediate relief.

Write for the **FREE BOOK TODAY**

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

Proprietors of Every "VASELINE" Product

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"Fresh Air Does You Little Good Without Deep Breathing"

—Prof. Chas. Munter

Nulife Compels Deep Breathing

Fresh air alone is not enough; it is only when combined with deep, natural breathing that fresh air confers its benefits. A man may stand in the pure atmosphere of a mountain top with his lungs closed and get no benefit. It is not until he begins to inhale deeply to the full depth of his lungs that he feels the vitalizing effect of the pure air about him.

Therefore I say that deep breathing is absolutely necessary to get the full benefits of fresh air.

Prof. Chas. Munter's



Nulife

Trade—PATENTED—Mark

For Man, Woman and Child

Every genuine Nulife has the name "Nulife" plainly stamped on the belt.



"Light weight; strong; washable"

is a device, in the form of a light, thin garment, invented and perfected to compel deep breathing, erect carriage and natural poise.

While Nulife is positive in its effects, it does not cause any discomfort to the wearer, nor restrain or hamper his movements. The reason for this is that Nulife is designed on strictly correct anatomical lines and the position it compels is an entirely natural one.



"Guarantees a Beautiful Figure"

NULIFE straightens round shoulders at once, expands the chest two to six inches, insures full, deep breathing, brings every organ into its proper position and gives the whole body symmetry and grace. It reduces the waist and abdomen, and brings the body up to its full height.

HERE IS MY GUARANTEE

to every Nulife Purchaser



Order a Nulife now and begin to enjoy it and get its benefits at once. I guarantee to fit you perfectly and to return the full purchase price if you do not find that Nulife straightens round shoulders, expands your chest 2 to 6 inches, increases your height, compels free, regular deep breathing to the full depth of your lungs. The price of Nulife is \$3.00, for which amount it will be sent postpaid to any address, subject to return of your money as above. In ordering give Chest Measure (close up under arms), Height, Weight, Age, Sex, Occupation.

"No Lacing Required"

Mail This Coupon for My FREE BOOK

Sign and mail it or write to me and I will send you free the Nulife booklet which tells all about Nulife, what it has done for others and will do for you. This booklet is illustrated with photographs and anatomical drawings that clearly demonstrate the efficiency of this wonderful garment. You ought to know these facts whether you ever expect to wear Nulife or not.

Prof. Chas. Munter
Dept. T. F.
13-15 W. 34th St.
New York

CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE. FILL IN AND MAIL TO-DAY

Name.....
Town.....
State.....

Prof. Chas. Munter
Dept. T. F.
13-15 W. 34th St.
New York

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of charge your illustrated Nulife booklet.

The Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic Tires for Automobiles

The best known carriage tire in the world and the one that has been best known for the longest time is the Kelly-Springfield Tire. The Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic is made by the same manufacturers. It has the same wear-resisting, resilient composition.

CONSOLIDATED RUBBER TIRE COMPANY
20 Vesey Street, New York, and Akron, Ohio
Branches: New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cincinnati and San Francisco



Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.



Price \$67.50

Two Year
Guarantee
with Every
Vehicle

FREE—Our Illustrated Catalog No. 121, free for the asking, shows our complete line of Buggies, Road Wagons, Stanhopes, Concords, Phaetons, Traps, Surreys, Carriages, Pony Vehicles, Grocery Wagons, Laundry Wagons, Passenger and Farm Wagons, Busses, Harness and Saddles.

WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

The first Derby made in America was a C&K

HATS for MEN



The first sign of Spring is a Knapp-Felt hat. The exclusive C&K designs in agreeable variety will be on sale throughout the United States at the first touch of

the new season. ¶ The soft lustre of the exquisite Vellum Finish of Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats is a true indication of the superb quality and the steadfast Cronap dye which distinguish these hats from all others.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Your newspaper probably has the advertisement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

Broadway, Corner of 13th St., New York

Feel-Fine Air Heels

For Men

and Women

Worn inside shoes. The "air channels" absorb all jar of running or walking. Relieve tired feet. Thousands of satisfied users. Here's a sample of letters received daily:

"Feel Fine" Air Heels are all right, and I value them greatly. Have sent a couple of people to the store of Howarth & Ballard after them. Do you have them for women? I be-

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., Sole Mfrs.
379 Asylum St.
Hartford, Conn.

25c

lieve they would be first class in many cases of women's diseases.—I. W. WILLARD, M.D., Utica, N. Y.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere, including all stores operated by Regal Shoe Co., Emerson Shoe Co., or mailed on receipt of price, if your dealer cannot supply you. State size of shoe.

THESE CHANNELS ARE FILLED WITH AIR.

Here's the Reason

No Three O'clock Fatigue

Monarch Light Touch is not a mere "talking point." It is a mechanical fact. Monarch Light Touch means "all day efficiency"—no mid-afternoon letting down of the operator's speed through muscular weariness.

Monarch Light Touch

increases the output—permits the production of more work in a day and therefore reduces the cost of typewriting to the employer.

Monarch Light Touch and other Monarch features are well worth learning about. Let us give you a demonstration. Write for illustrated descriptive literature.

The Monarch Typewriter Company

Executive Offices, Monarch Typewriter Building
300 Broadway, New York

Branches and dealers throughout the world.



FREE Gregory's

1909 Seed Book

Our new Seed Book is an invaluable guide to farmers and gardeners. It contains a lot of practical information gathered from our experience of over 50 years in the growing and selling of seeds. The knowledge gained from this book has been the means of turning many a supposed failure into a wonderful success. To make sure of good crops write for this great seed book—then plant

Gregory's Seeds

Better than many others because they are raised with greatest care from superior hand-selected stock, and are sold under three warrants covering all seed risks. They are pure, fresh and reliable. Our packages of vegetable seeds are larger this year, and as a further inducement we are offering special cash discounts. See our new catalogue for discounts.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON
Marblehead, Mass.

GREGORY'S
SEED
CATALOGUE
FOR 1909



ENDORSED BY THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

Bringing the Sanitarium Direct To You

You can't have good health without good blood. You can't have good blood if you don't eat right food. Nature works through the stomach. You are what you eat. Get the stomach right and everything is right.

Food Right! Blood Right! Health Right!

The Battle Creek Diet System has brought lasting health to half a million men and women. Battle Creek Sanitarium food did it. You, too, can regain your old-time snap and vigor by bringing the Battle Creek Sanitarium Diet System to your own home. Write to-day for free book "Healthful Living."

THE KELLOGG FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 1-7, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT
ON THE BRUSH

DELICIOUS—ANTISEPTIC

The dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste.

Trial tube sent for 4 cents in stamps

COLGATE & CO.,

Dept. G

55 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—*Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } No Samples
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) }
Specially prepared for the nursery. Sold only at Stores.



SKIN CLEAN-UP

is the vogue in New York. Cosmetics are passing away. It is now known that impurities in the pores infect the skin and cause bad complexions. Clean up the pores with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream on a hot wet cloth, use regularly to wipe the face instead of soap and water and you prevent infection, dryness, chapping and premature wrinkles.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream

is so delightfully cleansing, fragrant, creamy and refreshing, that if you form this new clean-up habit, you will be convinced that "skin cleanliness is skin health" and the best aid to lasting beauty. Of course you always have to look out for imitations, so speak the name plainly. Jars 35c. up; travelers tubes 10c. up; at best shops.

Sample Gratis by Post.
Daggett & Ramsdell

Dept. B
D. & R. Bldg., W. 14th St.
NEW YORK





THE BOATING SENSATION OF 1909

We announce for 1909 a complete line of remarkable new models designed by WHITTELSEY & WHITAKER OF NEW YORK, the most successful naval architects in the United States, embodying the most advanced ideas of this celebrated firm, in launch and motor boat designing.

THE NEW MULLINS 1909 MODELS

are trim, fast, safe and seaworthy. Built of steel like torpedo boats and fitted with large air chambers; like life boats they are speedy and absolutely safe. They have many new improvements—concealed machinery—one man control—Improved Reversible Engine (the simplest, most compact and powerful engines built), Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust, etc. Made of the best materials—perfect in mechanism, construction and finish, our 1909 Models are superior to any other craft built, whether of wood or steel. We want you to know the full specifications of these remarkable new models—what fast time they make—to understand their patented construction—in fact know all about them and "Why" they are better than any other launches built.

WE CAN GUARANTEE PROMPT DELIVERY NOW

but our capacity is limited even though it is larger than that of any boatbuilder in the World—and our prices are so reasonable that our output will be sold easily. When you want your boat, you will want it immediately—not three months later.

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR CATALOGUE

of Launches, Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats. Our 1909 Models offer exceptional value at very reasonable prices. You may not see this advertisement again—better write for catalogue "now." Will exhibit National Motor Boat Show, Madison Square Garden, New York, February 15-23.

W. H. MULLINS COMPANY,

101 Franklin Street, SALEM, OHIO

LARGEST BOATBUILDERS IN THE WORLD.



FOUR models, superb in construction and service:

Model 9-30—4 Cylinder, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ —\$2,750

Model 9-40—4 Cylinder, 5×5 —3,700

Model 9-50—6 Cylinder, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ —\$4,200

Model 9-60—6 Cylinder, 5×5 —5,000

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO.

1012 E. 22nd St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



This Famous Test of POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Has Convinced Millions

Pompeian Massage Cream promotes *facial* attractiveness through cleanliness, but you can make *the test* on your hand and see the result. We say that soap and water will take *off* the dirt, but won't take *out* the dirt. And it is the dirt *that is in*—not the dirt that is *on*—that makes the skin muddy and sallow; that keeps the rosy blood from the circulation it seeks.

Here is the Test: Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and with the best obtainable soap. Get your hands just as clean as old-time methods will permit, then apply Pompeian Massage Cream on the back of the hand as in the above illustration; rub it gently, but firmly. It is quickly absorbed, and a minute's more massage will bring it out of the pores, together with the dirt which has accumulated there. You'll be simply astonished at the result.



Preserves and beautifies

If this test does not convince you of the merit and desirability of Pompeian Massage Cream as the *complete* cleanser, we have nothing more to say. You should write to-day for a sample jar to make the test and discover how Pompeian Massage Cream imparts a clear, fresh, soft skin.

FREE BOOK AND SAMPLE JAR

with which to try out for yourself the wonderful pore-cleansing and skin-improving qualities of Pompeian Massage Cream. This sample is not for sale at stores. The illustrated booklet is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. Send 10 cents in silver or stamps (only U. S. stamps accepted) to cover cost of mailing. If your dealer doesn't keep it, we'll send a 50-cent or \$1.00 jar, postpaid, on receipt of price.



Overcomes shaving soreness

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 125 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package
CRESCO FLOUR DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS
 And Cases of
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES AND OBESITY
 Makes delicious foods for everybody.
 Unlike other goods. Ask grocers. For book or sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?
USE MENDETS
 A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 254, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Here's the Best Smoking Tobacco

It's Spilman Mixture—for 25 years the best blend of the world's finest tobaccos. Made by hand one pound at a time. Absolutely pure, natural flavor.



Spilman Mixture
 SMOKING TOBACCO

Without a bite or a regret.

Special Offer. If dealer will not supply you, send his name, this advertisement and 30 cts. (coin or stamps) for a 40c can of Spilman Mixture prepaid. **Money back if not satisfied.**
 1½ oz., 40c; 3½ oz., 75c; ½ lb., \$1.65; 1 lb., \$3.30 prepaid
 E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, Mfrs. • • 189 Madison Street, Chicago

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity),

With the Escharotic Method
 (without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
 NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



Caskets of Metal

The Springfield Metallic Caskets place within the reach of private families a tribute which before could be yielded only by entire nations to their saints and kings.

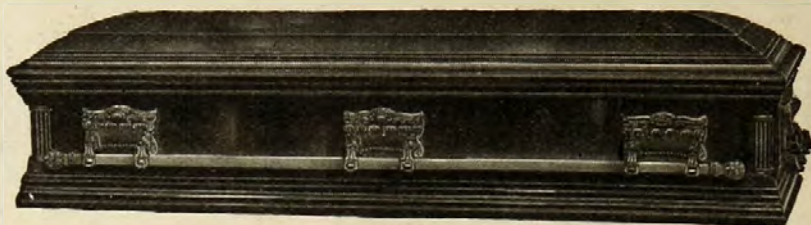
The Springfield Metallic Caskets are indestructible. They are made of bronze, of cast metal and of steel. They hold the remains in perfect protection from the despoilment of the earth,—keep the body

sacred forever. Their simple beauty is impressive and lends dignity to the last rites.

Make your final tribute worthy of your love.

To all who write we will send "The Final Tribute," telling of the efforts of all peoples, even savages, to preserve the bodies of their dead.

The Springfield Metallic Casket Co., Springfield, O.



The Springfield Bronze Casket, the most perfect burial receptacle known. U. S. Letters Patent, Sept. 13, 1898



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MIRACLE BLOCKS have become the world's standard for Artistic building of all kinds—homes, business blocks, churches—not alone because they require less material for the wall's carrying capacity, but because Miracle walls are frost proof and moisture proof by double air-spacing.

We sell Three Styles of Outfits, suited to capital you want to invest in the business—one of them so simple and inexpensive that if you build only one house, it will save you more than the outfit costs.

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World's largest manufacturers of Concrete Machinery for all purposes—Concrete Blocks, Paving and Drain Tile, Fence Posts, Sewer Pipe, Culverts, Burial Vaults and Monuments, Ornamental Concrete,—and mixers, engines, tools, everything in concrete.

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You Can Make **BIG MONEY**

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Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

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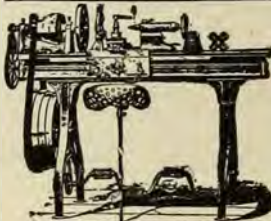


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LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
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—shingles, siding, half-timbers, trellises,
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Cabot's Shingle Stains

will give more appropriate and beautiful coloring effects, wear better, and cost less to buy or apply than any other colorings. The only Creosote stains, and "wood treated with Creosote is not subject to dry-rot or other decay."—*Century Dictionary.*

Send for samples on Wood and name of nearest Agent.

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House in New Jersey. F. T. Tubby, Jr., Architect, N. Y.
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The **tone, touch and magnificent wearing** qualities of the **vose** Piano are only explained by the exclusive patented features and the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **vose** is an ideal piano for the home. Over 60,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

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VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
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"Furniture of Character" is its title. It tells about the famous and favorably known

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Bed room, Dining room and Library Furniture of correct and pleasing design, honest and durable construction, elegant and lasting finish—an interesting story impossible to tell in any advertisement.

To partly defray the expense, it will be sent for 16 cents in United States stamps, which will be refunded on return of the booklet, if it does not satisfy.

Furniture described therein bears this shopmark which is your safeguard and our guarantee. It can be obtained at modest prices from leading dealers.



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Made of the best Bristles and Backs, by skilled brush-makers, in a clean and sanitary factory, the largest in the world.

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Outlast several ordinary brushes, but cost no more.

Hundreds of styles in natural Woods, real Ebony, Bone, Pearl, Ivory, etc., for the Hair, Teeth, Face, Hands, Clothes, etc.

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Stop for a moment and think of the convenience and satisfaction of being able to order anything and everything needed for outfitting boys, girls and infants at the same place, and you will understand why thousands of mothers buy all their children's clothes, hats, shoes, hosiery, underwear and furnishings, from this establishment, the largest and most complete of the kind in the United States.

Write for Descriptive Catalogue

A large and attractive selection of Children's and Infants' Wear including everything for their complete outfitting is illustrated, described and priced in our Winter Catalogue, which we mail to any address upon receipt of 4 cents (stamps) to cover cost of mailing.

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OUR IMPROVED MAIL ORDER SERVICE makes shopping by letter almost as satisfactory as a visit to our store. An experienced house shopper personally selects every order, and endeavors, in every way, to carry out the wishes of the distant patron. Our broad guarantee of satisfaction, or money refunded, is made a part of every purchase made in person, or by mail.

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Handsome Socks for Winter Wear



No. 400 is a beautiful black sock of all mercerized yarn, with a soft, silky finish. Has 2 ply legs, 3 ply natural white soles, 4 ply heels. Very comfortable and, like all IRON CLADS, they give unusual wear. Price 25c.

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This illustration is reproduced from our beautiful new catalogue, the handsomest guide to hosiery economy for the whole family ever published—shows a great variety of IRON CLADS in natural colors. Write for free copy today.

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Based On Actual Clinical Tests---Not On Theory

L. H. Warner, A. M., Ph. G., M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Experience fully demonstrates the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as a solvent of Uric Acid, and a valuable therapeutic value of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** agent in the treatment of Gout."

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Medical testimonials on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

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Build Your Own Boat By The Brooks System And Save Two-Thirds



My Guarantee

I absolutely guarantee that you will be perfectly satisfied with everything you purchase of me, or your money will be instantly refunded.

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ANYONE can put together my knock down boats; or build the boat from rough lumber by using my exact size printed paper patterns and illustrated instruction sheets.

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(No. 22) Mailed Free, which shows over 100 new models. It quotes you lowest prices on patterns, knock down boats, motors, boat hardware and fittings, knock down boat houses, and complete boats ready to run.

I can supply you with the framework for your boat,



shaped and machined, every piece fitted ready to put together, for less money than most

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Mission furniture shipped you flat in sections, not in pieces, so you save two-thirds. Ask for Catalogue No. 7 showing our full line.



On boats and furniture I can save you (1) the dealer's profit, (2) labor expense, (3) big selling expense, (4) three-fourths the freight—figure it out yourself. Write me personally stating which catalogue you want. Both mailed free.

C. C. BROOKS, President.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 902 Ship St., Saginaw, Mich. Estab. 1901

Originators of Knock Down System of Boat Building and Home Furnishing.

FAY & BOWEN Motor Boats



A LEADER FOR 1909 OUR 25 FT. "SPECIAL"

We sold more of our fine Launches in 1908 than in 1907.

Yet "they say" 1908 was a poor year.

Eighty per cent of them went where our boats were already in use and had made a reputation.

Not the cheapest—but utmost value for your money.

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Avoid Disappointment
by insisting that the under-
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GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS
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Now \$ 1.50
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EVERWEAR

is known everywhere as the
hose for wear, fit, style and com-
fort—"the hose with the real guar-
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And this guarantee means something.
Here it is:

New hose will be given free for any one, or
all, of six pairs that shows a hole, rip or tear,
within six months from date of purchase.

And Everwear is made to live the life of this guar-
antee—to retain its shape and hold its color—to give
absolute satisfaction in every way.

We give you proof of this by the fact that there are more
pairs of Everwear Hosiery sold today and there are fewer
pairs returned than any guaranteed hosiery on the market.

Prove the goodness of Everwear yourself. Read the descrip-
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cents. If he hasn't them, we will send them express paid to
any part of the United States.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY

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DESCRIPTIONS

Everwear for Men—
in boxes of 6 pairs only, one
size to a box, solid or assorted
colors as desired. *Egyptian
Cotton* two weights, light and medium
—\$1.50 a box. Colors—black, black with
white feet, blue, steel gray, light and
dark tan. *Silk Lisle*—\$3.00 a box. Colors—
black, blue, light and dark gray, tan, cham-
pagne, green and burgundy.
For Ladies—In boxes of 6 pairs only, one size to
a box, solid or assorted colors as desired. *Egyptian
Cotton*—\$2.00 a box. Colors—black, black with white
feet, and tan. *Silk Lisle*—light weight—\$3.00 a box.
Colors—black and tan.

Everwear
TRADE MARK
HOSIERY

For Men and Women

\$100,000,000 Wasted On Ads That Never Pay

We estimate that every year is wasted \$100,000,000 on ads that should never run.

That \$125,000,000 is being spent annually to accomplish what \$25,000,000 should do.

If such ads were put to comparative test, they would all be discarded. And each would teach a lesson which one never could forget.

That is why we pay such remarkable salaries to members of our Copy Staff. One of these writers receives \$1,000 per week.

Yet we have known these men to make, in one month, for one client, more than all of the writers make in a year.

The Many-Man Power

We employ on our Copy Staff the ablest men we know. We have picked them out, in the course of years, by the brilliant results we have seen them accomplish.

No one else pays for such talent what we pay. So we attract here the very best in the field.

Then, in this vortex of advertising—this school of a myriad experiences—these men multiply their powers.

Yet we never permit any one of these men to work out a campaign alone. There is too much at stake.

One man can't know all the pitfalls. One man has limited knowledge, limited ideas and experience. And no one man can average human nature.

Our Advisory Boards

So these men meet in Advisory Boards to work out the campaigns we take up.

Our two Boards—in New York and Chicago—consist of twenty-eight men. Each has a record of unusual success. Each is a master of advertising.

And all of them are learning, all the time, from scores of new undertakings.

This body of men forms the ablest advertising corps ever brought into existence.

One duty of these Boards is to pass judgment on advertising problems submitted. They are glad to consider, without charge or obligation, any question you desire to submit.

They will tell you what is possible and what is impossible so far as men can know.

Why We Succeed

Then these men in conference work out the campaigns of our clients. Methods, plans and copy—all the problems of selling and advertising—are all decided here.

Each brings to bear a wealth of experience. Each one contributes ideas. And they do not finish until the campaign appears to be irresistible.

That is why we succeed. That is why we have grown, through the growth of our clients, to our present enormous proportions.

Thus we make one dollar, often, do the work of ten. Thus we develop, for every client, all of his possibilities.

Back of these men we employ more than 200 people, each one of them skilled in some department of advertising.

No Extra Charge

This incomparable service costs the price of the commonplace. We handle advertising on the usual agent's commission.

We multiply results to multiply advertising. We create successes because successes expand. And our revenue comes through expansion.

We spend on copy what other great agencies spend on soliciting, and we consider it better spent.

Before we had Advisory Boards, too many campaigns failed to bring back their cost. Other agents have the same experience still.

Now our failures are so rare, and our successes so great, that our business has multiplied many times over.

So we need to charge nothing extra. We can better afford to keep accounts than to kill them.

The service which pays our clients best is the service that best pays us.

We have written a book about this New Way—a book that tells what it has done. Every man who spends a dollar in advertising owes to himself its perusal. The book itself is a brilliant example of our advertising powers. Please send this coupon for it.

A Reminder

To Send to Lord & Thomas, New York or Chicago, for their book, "The New Way in Advertising."

Please state name, address and business. Also the position that inquirer holds in the business.

LORD & THOMAS

NEW YORK
Second Nat'l Bank Bldg.
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NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
AND OUTDOOR

ADVERTISING

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The New, Compact, \$15 Portable, Standard, Visible-Writing Typewriter

Simple, strong, serviceable, compact, portable—meets all requirements at the remarkable price of \$15.

Standard two-hand keyboard, prints 84 characters, same size and style as big machines, takes same width paper, writes 80 words a minute.



Does Work Equal to Best \$100 Machines

YOU have never had a chance like this before. The Junior Typewriter is the first practical, portable, standard keyboard, serviceable typewriter ever sold at a price within the reach of all.

For only \$15 you can get this Junior Typewriter which does everything you would want the most expensive machines to do, as easily, quickly and neatly as you desire. So compact that it may be carried about in pocket or suitcase or slipped into desk drawer—yet big enough for every use.

Standard Keyboard

with 28 keys operated with both hands, printing 84 characters—same as \$100 machines.

Same Size and Style of Type

and any language you want. Writes single or double space. Takes all sizes of paper up to 9 inches wide.

Speed 80 Words a Minute

which is much faster than the average person operates any typewriter. Writing always in sight.

Built Entirely of Hardened Steel

Durable, made to stand severe usage. Every part thoroughly tested before leaving factory. Guaranteed for one year. Could not be better made at any price.

LET US SEND YOU ONE ON APPROVAL

Send your order for a Junior to-day, with money order or draft for \$15, and it will be shipped you express prepaid. Money back if you do not find it everything we claim for it. If you'd like to know more about the Junior before ordering WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET.

JUNIOR TYPEWRITER COMPANY

331 Broadway, Dept. 22, New York City

ACTIVE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED in every locality to sell the Junior. Hustlers earn big money. Write to-day for particulars.

The Unquestioned Superiority



MABIE, TODD & CO.'S
Swan
FOUNTAIN PEN

is based upon two vital points of difference:

The Gold Pen—

is the finest ever put into a Fountain Pen. 14 K. Gold with an Iridium point—strong and non-corrosive—smooth and easy in action.

The Feed—

is the only natural and practical feed, from both above and below the Gold Pen Point thus supplying the ink in an even, constant flow.

These points make the SWAN Fountain Pen unique and by far the best you can buy for every purpose. It always writes when you want it to write. There is a SWAN Fountain Pen for every hand; prices range from \$2.50 up

Our guarantee goes with every SWAN Fountain Pen. Write for our illustrated booklet.

MABIE, TODD & CO. Dept. R

Established 1843.

17 Maiden Lane, New York.

London.

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149 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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Manchester.

Real Homes for Real People



A sensible practical design that wears well and will sell readily if you should ever wish to. Very important sometimes. One of 1500 Modern Designs for you to select from in our various books of plans, as follows:

100 Cottages and Bungalows50	194 Costing \$2000 to \$2500	\$1.00
98 Costing \$800 to \$120050	174 " " \$2500 to \$3000	1.00
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THE KEITH CO., Architects, 1841 Hennepin Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

"GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

Our Mission Style (as shown) leads the

account of its artistic simplicity, and because it is lower in price than any other sectional bookcase of this style. Don't fail to get our prices before you buy—it means a saving to you. Besides you get a bookcase guaranteed by us and your furniture dealer that is not surpassed in workmanship, construction and finish.

Our Mission Desk Section is also the lowest in price of all desk sections—just like a desk, yet inexpensive and beautiful, and requires no extra floor space. Send for our big free catalog which explains clearly about the famous Gunn line in oak or mahogany, in any color desired. No unsightly iron bands, no sectional ear marks. Non-binding, roller-bearing doors that can be removed by simply unhooking. Dealers sell the Gunn line—or we ship direct.

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Michigan



THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

Any letter that is worth careful wording is worthy of fine paper.

Any letter that carries a hope ought to be on paper that wins a welcome. Any letter that pleads a chance for your goods or services demands a paper which makes friends with the reader's eyes and his sense of quality.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

is the business paper that does business. It is the proper finish for a well-built reason. The finish is the first thing seen. It has the convincing look, which is half the battle.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men. Prove this for yourself—let us give you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND



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Only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
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MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

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is the greatest magazine in the world—greatest circulation, over Two Million subscribers, greatest list of contributors and greatest reading value. The **Star Anniversary Issue** of the **WOMAN'S WORLD** contains the greatest list of contributors and interesting features **EVER PUBLISHED** in one issue of a magazine. We will send this great issue free in accordance with the free offer below.

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 HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD
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 MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

All of these famous Authors, Actors, Poets, Editors, Composers, Celebrities, Cause-workers and public officials are contributors **TO THIS ONE ISSUE** of the **WOMAN'S WORLD—The Star Anniversary Issue.**

SOME FEATURES IN STAR ISSUE

"**White Slave Trade of To-day,**" by Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the White Slave traffic of to-day by the official who has already obtained the conviction of many hundreds of the miserable creatures engaged in this "business," and who, Mr. Sims says, "Have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system." Mr. Sims was the government prosecuting attorney in the famous \$29,000,000.00 Standard Oil case.

"**The Sins of Society,**" by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, author of "A Little Brother of the Rich."

"**Homes and Near Homes in the Far North,**" by Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," etc.

"**How I Won First Prize in a \$10,000.00 Beauty Contest,**" By Miss Della Carson.

"**A Pot of Irish Porridge,**" by Chauncey Olcott.

"**Why Girls Go Astray,**" by Edwin W. Sims. Mr. Sims states he has received many letters from fathers and mothers, since he began writing for **Woman's World**, whose fears and suspicions "were aroused by the warning that the girl who left her home in the country, gone up to the city and does not come home to visit, needs to be looked up." These cases have been investigated and some of the results are published in his article, "Why Girls Go Astray."

"**Wolves That Prey on Women,**" by Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago.

"**The Stage Struck Girl,**" by Elsie Janis, the youngest star on the American stage.

"**A Word About Wayward Girls,**" by Mrs. Ophelia L. Amigh, Superintendent Illinois State Training School for Girls. "The girl who has once gone wrong will never go right; there's no use trying to bring her back into the straight and narrow path again." Mrs. Amigh writes this as what the world says, but she proves it is not the case.



Ella Wheeler Wilcox



Maud Ballington Booth



Clara Louise Burnham



George Ade



Chauncey Olcott

FREE TO INTRODUCE

"The Most Interesting Thing in the World," a fascinating symposium by George Ade, George Barr McCutcheon, Forrest Crissey and William Hodge.
 "Time's Defeat" and "The Empty Bowl," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
 "A Tear Vase," by Elia W. Peattie.
 "The Phantom Cab," by Elliott Flower.
 "On Watch," by John Kendrick Bangs.
 "Cupid Well Disguised," by Anne Warner, author of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."
 "The Old Homes and the New," by the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States.
 "Binding Up the Broken Hearted," by Maud Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. An original article telling some interesting facts and experiences of her work among the men and women in penitentiaries.
 "The Identity of Mary," by Maud Radford Warren.
 "Should Girls be Permitted to Marry Old Men?" by Rosetta.
 "The Christian Science Faith," by Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham.
 "The Sins of the Fathers," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "A Little Traitor to the South," "Richard the Brazen," etc.
 "The Belle of the Barber's Ball," new song, words and music complete, by Geo. M. Cohan, author of "Yankee Doodle Boy," "So Long, Mary," "Give My Regards to Broadway," etc.
 "The Stories That Mother Told Me," new song complete by Harry Von Tilzer, author of "Taffy," "All Aboard for Dreamland," "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows," etc.
 "The Warp and Woof of Romance," by Margaret E. Sangster.



Hon. Edwin W. Sims
U. S. District Attorney



Geo. Barr McCutcheon



Rex Beach



Joseph Medill Patterson

CONCERNING FUTURE ISSUES

Every issue of **Woman's World** during 1909 will be noteworthy. In the next few issues will appear "The Gloaming Ghost," a new two part serial, by **George Barr McCutcheon**. Three new short stories by **Cyrus Townsend Brady**; three new short stories by **Rex Beach**; "The Adventures of a Soldier of Fortune," three part serial, by **Roy Norton**, author of "The Vanishing Fleets."
 "Does the Modern Comic Opera Educate?" by **George M. Cohan**. "The Romance of the Cave Man," six completely related short stories, by **Stanley Waterloo**, author of "The Story of Ab." "New Arkansas Traveler Stories," each complete in itself, by **Opie Read**, the originator of the "Arkansas Traveler." "A Maid of Millions," by "One," and six related mystery love stories, by **Jacques Futrelle**. "One Path to Ruin," by **Hon. Edwin W. Sims**. "What is Sweeter than Irish Music?" new song, by **Chauncey Olcott**.
 "Education by Machinery," by **Robert B. Armstrong**, former Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. "The Story of a Simple Life," by **Maud Radford Warren**. Two thrilling boy stories, "The Phantom Wolf" and "From the Neck of the River Thing," by the famous Chicago boy author, **Dwight Mitchell Wiley**.
Woman's World is edited by Forrest Crissey, Stanley Waterloo and Geo. B. Forrest. Well printed, in colors, and illustrated. Excellent Departments, ably edited, on Embroidery, Novel Home Entertainments, Poultry, Garden, Beauty Culture, Children, Kitchen, Home Council, Dressmaking, with illustrations in colors, and Prof. Puzzler, with over 10,000 free cash and book prizes monthly. New musical hit by a well known composer in every issue. **Woman's World** is the greatest reading value of to-day.

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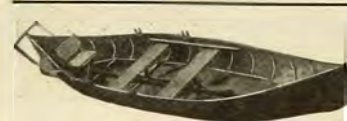


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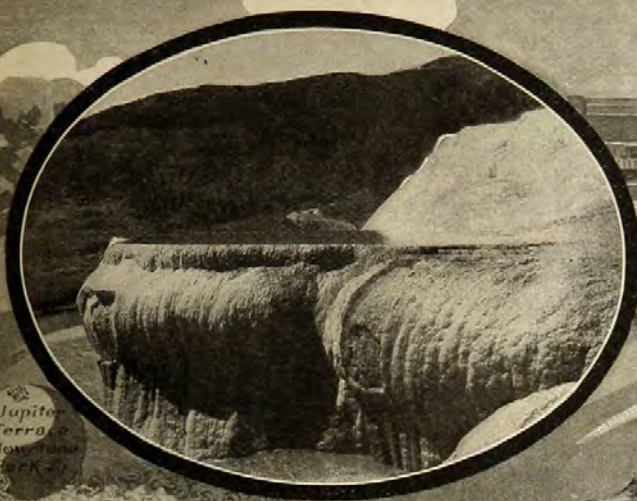


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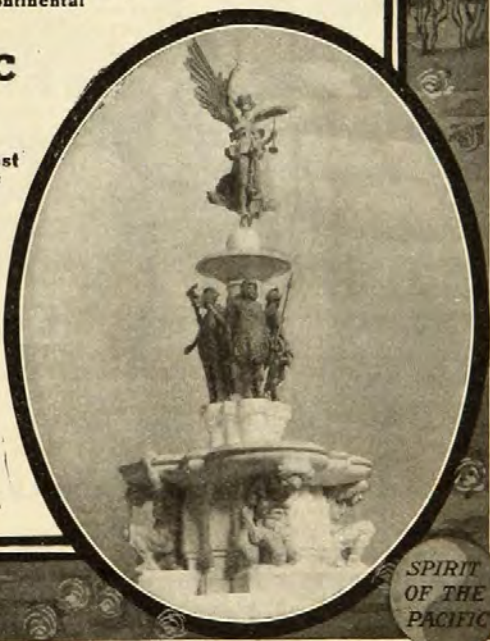
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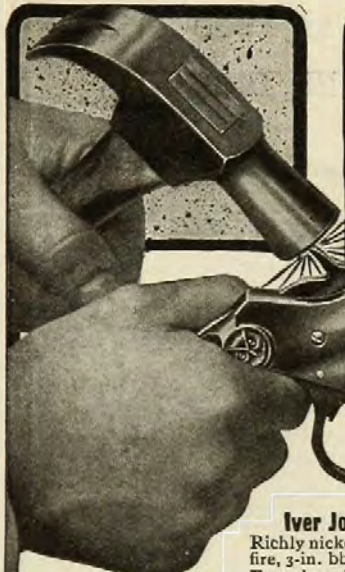
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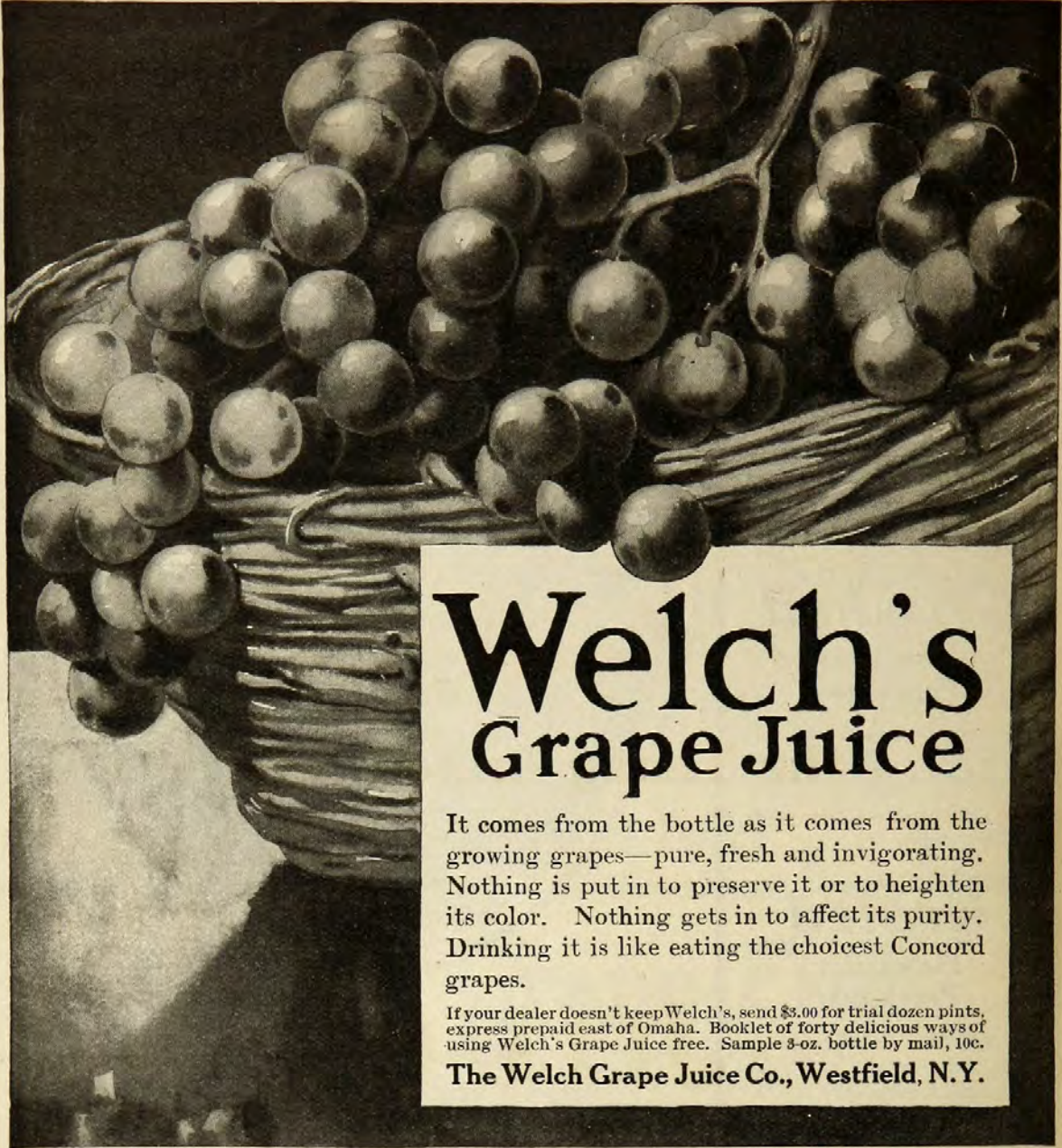
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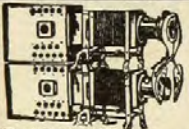


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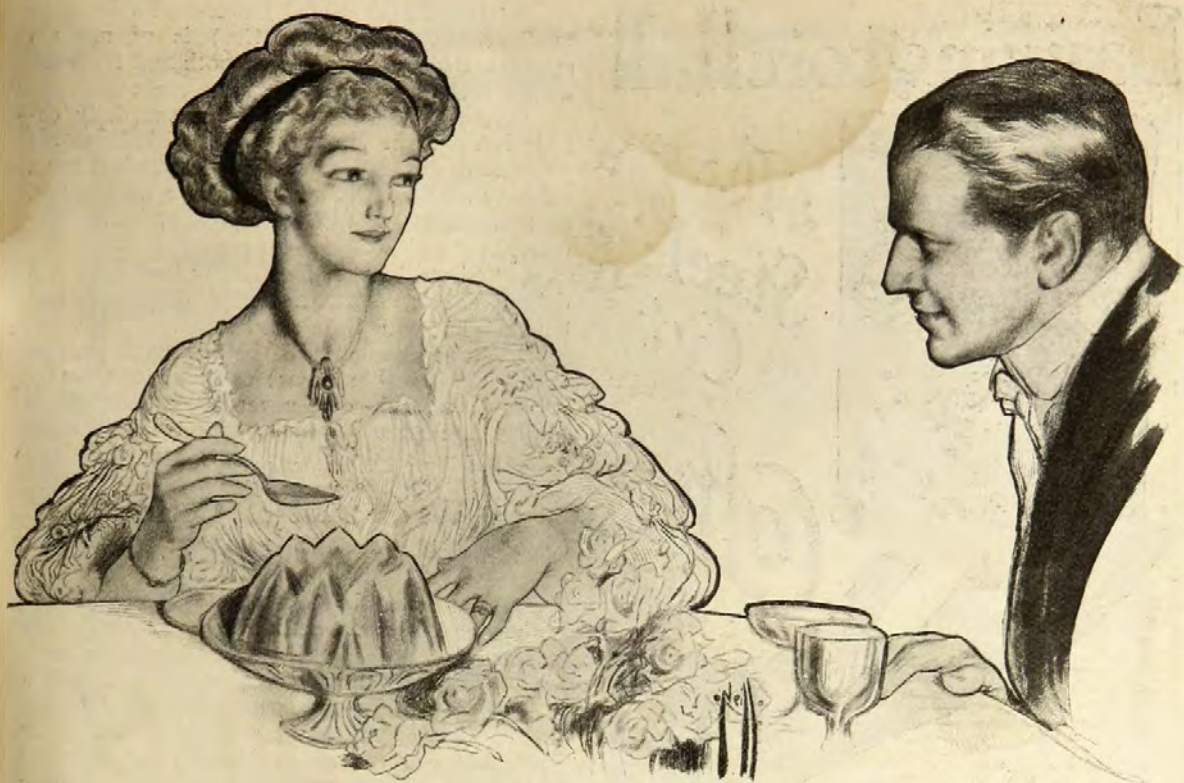
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RECIPE

Cut out a piece of plain cake, making each side the width of a Nabisco Sugar Wafer. Along one side of the wafers put a thin coating of Royal Icing—then place lengthwise against the cake. Remove center of cake. Chop fine two ounces of walnuts and add to one cupful of whipped cream with sugar and vanilla extract to taste—then fill up center. Decorate with two NABISCO Sugar Wafers and candied rose leaves. Serve with chopped lemon jelly and macaroons.

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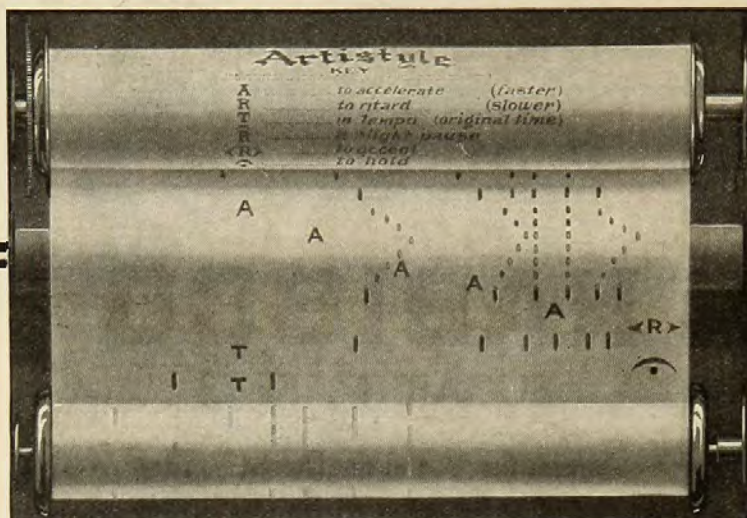
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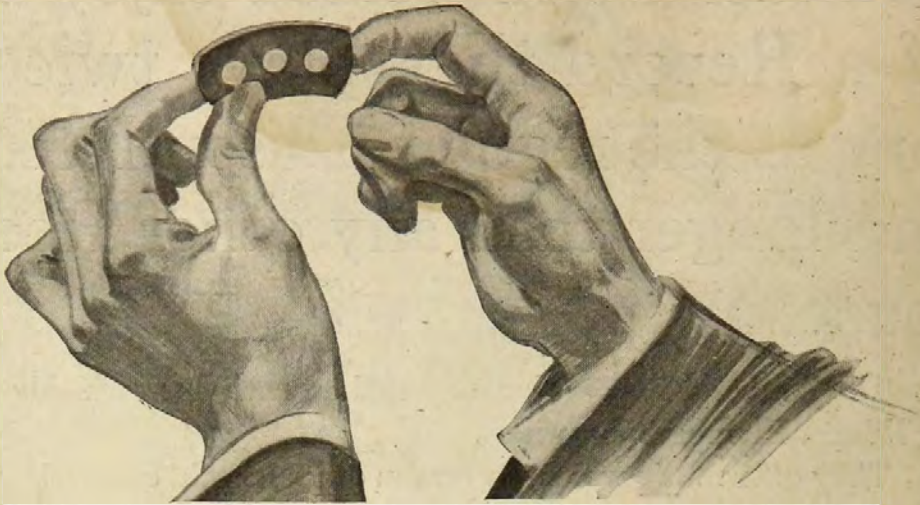
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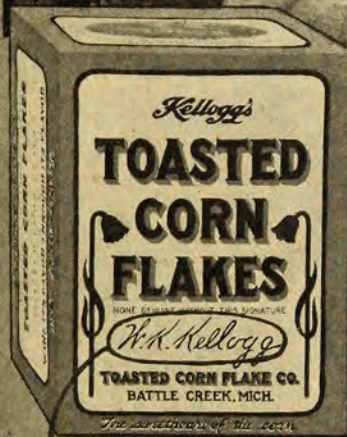
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