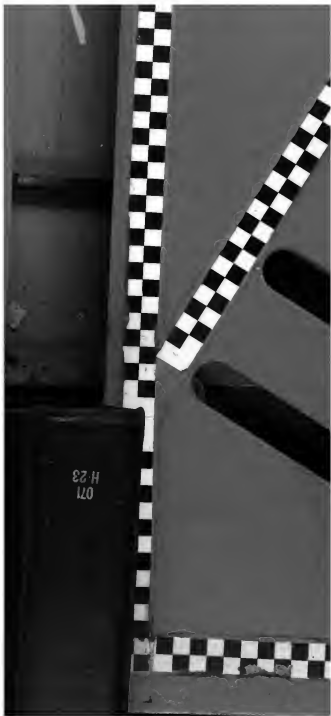


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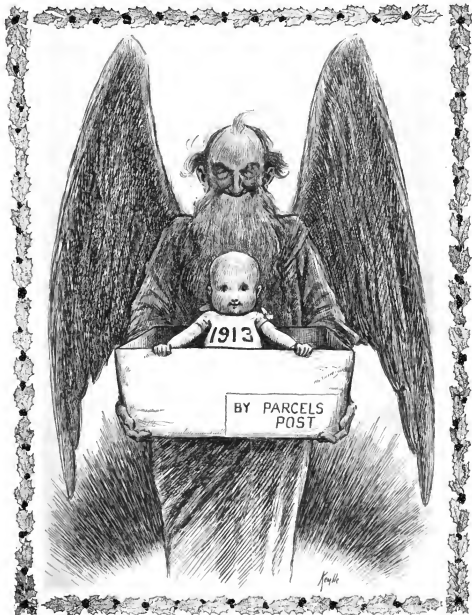
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1867









HERE AT LAST, BUT IT TOOK TIME TO BRING IT



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## HARPER &amp; BROTHERS

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## COMMENT

## Governor Fisher

It is interesting to know that \$1,422,000 is that there are always five candidates for Governor here, and, possibly, a sixth man, but very few with so constant a capacity for union.

If the right sort of political fuel is shovelled into him, he may make a very blazing Governor. And when you think of all the stuff there is that needs burning, that's rather a joyous thought.

Here's wishing him good luck, an honest success, and perpetual continuation through all this glad New Year.

## The Old Year Proposes

Whatever else he may be said about the year 1912, it was not a sluggish or indifferent or timid sort of year. It may not have settled many questions for humanity and civilization, but it certainly wasn't heedless about raising them. On the contrary, it was a pretty distinctly inquiring sort of year, and some may even call it a trifle reckless and irreverent.

On the other side, for instance, instead of sound the long-tried New Eastern stirred it up with a vengeance. While

Powers were using all the old methods, and perhaps some new ones, to keep it from raising itself, the continuous little Powers fit right into it unobtrusively—incidentally, at the same time, lighting into Turkey. Just what is going to be left of either the old Turkey does not yet appear, but it seems highly probable that there will be decidedly less of both, although, unfortunately, they will doubtless be left enough of both to cause more trouble, and at any rate to keep up apprehensions.

Over here there's simply no end to the questions that 1912 has either stirred up or stirred into unquiet beds, and which we can only hope that 1913 or some other future year will know how to settle or to drop with dignity and safety. Who would have thought, for instance, that such a question as that of the continued existence of the Republican party could have been seriously raised at all—let alone to the question of the future of its well-to-do success? Of course, most of us know now that some of the other questions we have been so warm over are not really new at all—the referendum and recall, for instance, which in a way are as old as ancient democracy—but the events that have made them so remarkable about 1912. It raised them quite as vigorously as if they had been new—and it left them thus unsettled. It raised, too, some mighty interesting and amusing questions about men, public characters, but as a rule they were not very pleasant questions, and it would be a good New Year's change if we could manage to drop them.

Let us hope that it has settled at least one old question: if not completely, at least substantially; in the main, if not in detail. Of course, we mean the tariff. Its action is yet to be taken, but maybe it will be taken well as reasonably definite as a legislative and controlling act to other years. It may help to make it so. Let us, if we can, surely it is time, so far as that

question is concerned, for this country to know its own mind.

## The Office-seeker—and "Friends"

Every sensible man deplores the way a new President's time and energy are taken up by office-seekers. Every man of decent instincts and breeding is disgusted at the selfishness and bad taste of the habit of "petitioning" that bears down upon a President-elect, the moment the fact of his election is known, oblivious of everything but their own personal claims to recognition. Every man of any standing in the victorious party, or of any imaginable influence, is, moreover, sure to be annoyed by appeals for help to this or that friend, or this or that friend's friend, who does not want a job.

But how many of us, when we receive such appeals, have the moral courage to turn them down as most of them deserve to be? How many of us—even those of us who most heartily inkorse the "merit system," and feel most strongly that nothing but fitness should be considered in the choosing of public officers—act on that principle when it comes to a question of signing some man's petition or adding on more letters to the lute-alike deal of mail a newly elected President or Governor has to struggle with? How many of us are in the least conscientious or even honest in our acknowledgments and recommendations?

It is a vexatious matter. The office-seekers, it is generally believed, killed one President by mere importunity. Another President, GARFIELD, was assassinated by a disappointed applicant. Even in 1901, in the presence of civil war, LOGAN had no respite from this quackish plague. He said that he was like a man so badly engaged in letting down the load of his horse that he had no time to get out the fire in the house that. The President is the busiest man in the world, and in the most responsible position; yet his strength is wasted, his temper is tried, his good nature is imposed on, worst of all, his time, which is all so well spent for the properly important duties of his office, is continually monopolized by place-hunters and their "friends."

The place-hunters themselves have not missed the impression that they merit, but at present it is the "friends" we are thinking about. The same are usually supposed to be friends also of the hard-earned success of enterprise. He has to be a friend, of course, but is importunity advice? And how much of the advice he gets is really honest, really of a nature to help him in his appalling responsibility? How much of it has even the semblance of patriotism, or is in the least determined by a consideration of the welfare of the country? How many of them, on the contrary, are making out a cowardly compromise with selfish requests, on personal grounds, that could never have been made?

But that isn't the worst of it, reader. To what extent are you and I figuring as the "friends" of those people who are willing to hold up everything till they are served? How many petitions have you signed, how many letters have you written—merely because you didn't like not to be?

New Year's is the time to make good resolutions. There's one that needs't last much beyond March 21st. Let's all resolve that we won't endorse or recommend a single applicant for public office unless we personally know him to be a fit man, and fully believe he is the fittest man, for the job he is after.

## As to a Department of Health

This journal has often enough confessed its uneasiness over the swift increase of the scope and functions of the government at Washington. We hardly need to refer to the various means and means of an inclination toward centralization or a fondness for bureaucracy. That is not our trouble. Still, we are quite unable to ignore the force of the argument for one new department, a department of health, as presented, say, in a recent article by Dr. JENNY A. WYETH of this city.

We hardly need to refer to the various means and means of an inclination toward centralization or a fondness for bureaucracy. That is not our trouble. Still, we are quite unable to ignore the force of the argument for one new department, a department of health, as presented, say, in a recent article by Dr. JENNY A. WYETH of this city. There is simply no denying the fact that the other departments of the general aim of such a department as compared with the aims of most of the departments already established. It is reasonable to have a Secretary of Agriculture to look after the condition of our farms and the health of our flocks, then it is equally reasonable to have a Secretary of Health to look after the health of our people. If the one's action is covered by the phrase "general" then surely the other is also. Neither can it be successfully argued that there is not enough in a Federal department to do for the public health. Dr. WYETH points out too many ways in which it could render simply invaluable service. It is the States, sitting sep-

arately, cannot render so well and do not render at all. He is quite logical in citing the example of the Panama Canal Zone and the conquest of yellow fever as indications of what we might expect from a properly constituted, properly headed, properly officered national health department.

But right there, as we see it, is the real difficulty. The real question is not of the desirability of the kind of a department of health, but of how to get it. It is a question of constructive legislation, and then, we are sorry to add, of politics; of framing a wise, sound law on the subject, and then of getting it through Congress.

Both jobs are troublesome. It is not a simple matter to decide precisely what shall be the functions of the proposed department and the powers and duties of the new Secretary. Even when these things are satisfactorily worked out, there is sure to be a powerful and resourceful opposition, an opposition quite likely to continue even after the passage of the law, just like the opposition to the pure-food law. Indeed, it will be in large measure the result of the passage of the law that it will all be intensely active in it. Does not Dr. WYETH himself admit that the OWENS bill, to establish the department he wants, is now a worthless compromise? Why?

Not that such opposition ought to prevail. By no means. Our point is merely that the best line for advocates of the department now to take is the constructive, practical line—not argument as to the theory of such a department, but work on a proper bill to establish it, and the hardest kind of work to overcome the opposition to it. In a word, the time has come in this matter for constructive statesmanship—and for practical politics.

## Dr. Morris' No Nisi Dossus

In a letter on page 6 Brother WILLIAM BARNES rhymes us for speaking disrespectfully of his platform in the late campaign. He would not have them disparaged merely because they did not prove victorious, since it was not so vain that they were made, but to perpetuate the American institutions that protect the individuality of the citizen.

We shall lay nothing but palms or ribbons wreaths on Brother BARNES' deceased platform hereafter.

## Mr. Melles and His Trials

To a reporter the other-day Mr. CHARLES MELLES described his manner of life. It is a life extended over all New England, spent mostly in railway trains, a sensible for meals, for work, for sleep; exposed daily to the perils of the system of transportation which he controls, and he is accompanied by brief calls at his nominal residence in the Berkshire. As he pictures it, it is a terrible life. He is sixty-two years old, and entitled, it would seem, to a form of existence that had breathing-spells in it. To be indicted, and have before him the possibility of a rest, even in jail, from this day's work is effort, ought to bring to him satisfaction not unlike those of the martyr who sees the fagots kindling for his release, and rejoices in the prospect of coming into his reward.

Certainly there could hardly be a tougher job than Mr. MELLES has imposed on to himself in the control of the railroads and water-ways of all New England. What does he want that he should go after it at such expenditure of energy and sacrifice of rest? Is he merely trying to earn his salary and acquire a proper rainy-day surplus?

## Of course not.

We do not think at all that the driving impulse back of all Mr. MELLES' exertions is the ambition to give to New England the very best and safest transportation system that its business can support. He goes at it like a captain in a war; has his plan of campaign and sticks to it, makes forced marches all day, and sleeps on the floor. This is his duty, and apparently he is doing his best for it, but for two things his forces are disheartened, and the country in which his operations proceed is almost universally hostile. He can't last long for all New England all by himself. He must have his operatives at his back and a better sentiment among the people his lines aspire to serve. His work will be a failure unless he can get on with his line of thought that would seem to be a defect not so much of mind as of spirit. Here is what the *Railway Age Gazette* has to say about him:

If you ask a New Englander what the New Haven long enough you will find that the real greatness of his indignation is not in the fact that the message was sent, but in the fact that it was sent so carelessly, but that it is not that it has caused the power of monopoly. Even so, it is not that it has caused the power in the rate. — *Railway Age Gazette*

per ton per mile—was 1.43 cents in 1908 and 1.37 cents in 1912—to average rate per passenger per mile in other years was 1.7 cents and in 1912 1.72 cents. In other words, since the wages the MEXICO management paid for its labor and the MEXICO management to pay for materials and equipment have gone up both its freight and passenger rates have declined. However, wherever there is a monopoly, there is a suspicion that it is being used for the sole benefit of the possessor. Therefore, to get along with their patrons, monopolists must treat their users more diplomatically than competing firms do. And Mr. MEXICO is exactly the man apt to do this.

He is an extraordinarily strong man and also a very shrewd one. In taking over the management of New Haven he assumed heavy responsibilities to his stockholders and undertook the operation of a property dependent on one enterprise, in one progressive movement. He was fully capable of doing the improvement work needed. His courage and his knowledge of what a monopoly would do after he failed. But his courage was of a kind that could not explain itself, or he did not want to. It is one of those men who should be made to learn a lesson or two. If he had been diplomatic, he would have made clear long ago to the people of New England not only that he was seeking to establish a transportation monopoly, but the reasons and what it would do for them, but the public might benefit by it. But Mr. MEXICO is seldom a talking man, and when he does talk he is apt to put a strong case for himself, but never rather than conclude. His curt manners and arbitrary methods have made him numerous enemies among those who would not do only the railway, but him. When he has felt that public changes should be made in the service of the road he often has not considered what other people might think about them, but has made them first and found out what other people thought afterward; and very commonly he has been so sure of his own right that he has not even considered that they might not be right. His management recently made a searching investigation of the New Haven affairs and gave the management a clear bill of health for integrity. If Mr. MEXICO had been a little less of an individualist and a little more of a diplomat in his attitude toward public opinion, the bill of health given by that investigation to the commonwealth would have been relatively less important.

It is a good deal to ask that the same men shall be a trained railroad expert, a highly efficient executive, and at the same time a philosopher with all attitudes, and with a gift for conciliation and persuasion. All those qualities are seldom put up in the same package, but Mr. MEXICO seems to need them all, and to be in danger of disaster for lack of them.

Perhaps as a substitute for an unlikely aggregation of virtues, the paper we have quoted recommends to him to learn the lesson that other eminent railroad presidents have had to learn, to take the public into his confidence, tell it what he is trying to do, and how, and "live absolutely up to his promise to do"—a thing the MEXICO management has not done.

The people of New England could be handled like sheep. They don't drive wild—never did. But they are so indignant a lot of people as there are in the world, so apt as to reason justly from facts if they can get the facts, as reasonably they can, and so likely to be so inefficient in treatment. They have in Mr. MEXICO a very able public servant. It will be a pity if they lose the benefit of his abilities for lack in him of the gift to make his abilities acceptable.

#### Mr. Fagan on Railway Wrecks

In the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission going over railway accidents, Mr. JAMES O. FAGAN, of West Cambridge, Massachusetts, has made a point which seems to be well taken. Mr. FAGAN is a writer of reputation, with a book or two and various Atlantic essays to his credit; but that is not the immediately important thing about him. He is a railroad yachtsman, and has been one for many years. In the course of his travels he has certainly seemed to rattle him on a hearing on the question of how to promote the safety of people on railway trains.

Substantially, Mr. FAGAN's point is that we are not paying enough attention to the choice and discipline of the men that run the railroad trains. He does not say that we are not using the best mechanical safety appliances, but he holds, and he gives good reasons for holding, that all the mechanical appliances conceivably will not prevent accidents and the loss of life if there are careless or otherwise unfit men on the train crews and in the signal-towers and dispatch-offices. He goes further and points out ways in which this human factor in the accidents can be better handled by being handled with the extreme care that ought to be given to it.

He doesn't put the blame all in one place. He wishes the Interstate Commerce Commission would take a "firmer and more aggressive stand in the matter."

He wishes the railroad managers and stockholders to be first in the matter, but he is a consistent opponent of existing practices. But he

seems to feel that the "labor machine," as he calls it, has a lot to do with the trouble, by the way it has been protected, instead of being checked or discharged from its ranks, men found guilty of negligence or carelessness of a nature dangerous to the traveling public.

As we say, Mr. FAGAN's point seems to us well taken. He has got a wide hearing, too, and we see no good reason why his timely word shouldn't have great effect. We can only say we had our own say for selecting it—reasons that in the long run would prove bad for the commission, for the railroads, and also for the "labor machine."

#### "A Divorced Giant"

Under the heading of "A Divorced Giant," Colonel WARRIAM contrasts the present estate of the Hon. JOHN C. SPOONER with that which was his when as Senator from Wisconsin he thundered in debate "while the admiring galleries rejoiced." The Colonel scoffs at a Wisconsin politician with other qualifications of the same profession he lately accompanied a client to Washington, and exclaims: "From what heights to what a level!"

What would Marse HEXAY have a man do? Blasted by an attachment, amply reciprocated, to a leading newspaper in an important center of sport and news, he has been able to devote most of the years of his manhood to the study of the affections of people, improving their minds, rectifying their errors and other products, and leading them with their respective approval among the stills and blue-grass pastures of one of the fairest of States. These labors have not only made Marse HEXAY beloved, but we hope and believe that they have made him reasonably rich.

Mr. SPOONER, on the contrary, put in the best years of his maturity commanding the applause of listening Senates, and working on committees of Congress. He got five thousand a year and probably spent it all. While his reputation in Washington was still at its best, his services as a Senator were valued at the highest valuation, the less conscious that his constituents at home had been attracted by new prophets and had come to see things from a different angle from his, and that his hold on his seat had become insecure.

He did not want to be turned out of the Senate. He excused himself from that body and, being then thirty-four years of age, turned his mind to the consideration of expedients to avoid becoming a public chameleon. What would Marse HEXAY have had him do next? Let a ketoeship at Malabar! Practice law there, or in Milwaukee! Go back to a State which belonged to BONEY LA FORTY!

It didn't suit him to do that. He came to New York, got up a hotel, hired a law office, and hung out his shingle, as COLUMBA and HAZZ had done before him. It was not his choice of an occupation. It was a choice upon upon him by the people of Wisconsin. It is to them that Marse HEXAY should address any remarks implying his disaffection with Mr. SPOONER's change of employment. It is better, at least, that he should address them from remarks about it. Blessed himself with a steady, inspiring, and remunerative employment in which his talents shine, why should he not offer sympathy, and admiration, too, to an eminent man who, having spent most of his strength in the public service, finds himself able to employ the remnant of it in a successful self-support.

#### Some Trouble

A number of things are not going as well as they should. There's the Medical Secretary KNOT, it seems, has lately had to write quite a pressing letter to the government of that large country, begging that better order be kept, so that American doing business there may work to better purpose by day and pass more restful nights, and that investors who have bet money on Mexican civilization may get a return in their capital. Whether the letter will help matters at all, who can say? President MARXON is a well-disposed man, and would make Mexico a paradise of representative government if he could, and is doubtless trying to; but can he!

Besides that we hear of some stungish, more or less hidden, in the School Board of New York City. And there are no marks on the calendar. It used to be that the men teachers began at \$500 a year and the women teachers at \$250, but when the bill passed the Legislature that men and women teachers should have the same pay for the same grade of work, the pay of the beginning men was cut down to \$250 to match the women's pay. And there are no marks on the calendar. The School Board is considering whether to use

moving pictures or photographs as a substitute for men. For it seems to be the opinion of the educational agents that there was a bill in connection with public education that women do not fill, and which calls for men and ought to have them.

#### And Another

And here is another troublesome thought, extracted from an article by President-elect WILSON in the January number of the *World's Work*:

Some of the biggest men in the United States, in the field of commerce and manufacture, are afraid of something, are afraid of something. American industrial agents that there was a bill in connection with public education that women do not fill, and which calls for men and ought to have them.

That is important if true; but isn't it? Do you think it is true? If it is, it implies a condition that it will take a great deal of hard thinking to clean up. It is Governor WILSON's opinion that it has come about by force of circumstances; it is not one induced by "bodies of our fellow-citizens who are trying to grind us down and do us injustice," but one arising because "we are all caught in a great economic system which is hopeless. If that is the case we ought to hope to extricate ourselves from it as expeditiously as is safely possible, and with the minimum of economic loss, violence, heart-burnings, and bad blood."

#### Written or Rotten

Will that inquirer who asks whether Brother TOM LAWSON'S writings should be classified under the head of "composition" or of "discomposition," please excuse us for stopping a moment. The holiday activities have not yet had our due leisure to reflect on so delicate a question.

#### Walt Whitman's Birthplace

In a letter on page 6 Mr. ALFRED WHITMAN-ORRIS asks attention to the birthplace of WALT WHITMAN at Huntington, Long Island, which he thinks should be rescued and cared for by somebody, so that posterity may find it there when it comes looking.

Mr. LITTLEWOOD has a domicile close to that neighborhood and has a large experience in the preservation of historic homes, and if Mr. WHITMAN-ORRIS could interest her in the WHITMAN cottage it would be as good as saved. The north shore of Long Island is now densely populated with cities who often pay much more for ruins than the WHITMAN cottage would cost. Why doesn't Huntington pose the lot and buy it?

#### A Friend Writes from Columbus

We beg to acknowledge the letter of the friend who writes from Columbus, Ohio, about "one very dangerous suggestion" in "an otherwise delightful story in the Christmas number of HAZZIE'S MAGAZINE"—to wit, where she tells of the university professor smacking with such delight in the presence of the young man, that she could not help counting their daughter in all right and "hasn't a vice except he does not smoke." "I do not see," says our Columbus friend, "how any good woman could write such a sentence. Are you teaching in HAZZIE'S that a young man becomes virtuous by refusing to use tobacco?"

This is, of course, not our affair, since the publication of the letter is in HAZZIE'S MAGAZINE, a periodical with principles quite distinct from those of the WEEKLY and, possibly, not so high as ours. We will show to say, though out of a long editorial experience, that it is impossible to weed all the depravity out of contributors to periodicals so that they will deliver an utterance except such as all readers will be glad to accept. Their personal views, or, as in this case, their taboos, will creep into what they write and remain there in spite of the utmost vigilance of the devoted guardians on whom falls the responsibility of presenting their discourses to the public. 31999

Our friend in Columbus must find what consolation he will by thought that "what good and virtuous citizens of progress are there who would lose such low value in the world if they did not find such occasional opportunities for display as this aberration from decorum in the December MAGAZINE. What would be the good of saints in the world if there were no sinners? Would more enjoyment—more breath—more happiness of spirits be the portion of the virtuous if there were no low beings to be raised up by contemplation of it?"



# GENERAL HOMER LEE

November 17, 1876—November 1, 1912

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

THE death of General Homer Lee is a thirty-sixth year removed from the theater of world events a figure in history, and ended a career stronger than any to be found in the annals of the world.

A hopeless cripple from early childhood, physically deformed, never free from pain and the bondage of physical weakness, this young American held a commission as lieutenant-general of Chinese revolutionary troops before he was twenty-five years of age; at thirty he was the author of a work on modern warfare which amazed the military experts of many nations and gave him permanent place as an authority on the subject; at thirty-five he was the confidential adviser of the first President of the Chinese Republic, and yet his one regret was that he had never completed so little! It is hard to measure a spirit like that but only another example.

It is impossible to guess what he might have done had he lived ten years longer. His ambition was infinite. His belief in himself was absolute.

All sorts of vague stories have been told about Homer Lee's husband. It has been said that before he was ten years of age he amused himself by forming his companions into companies and working out military problems. This is not true, his great interest in those days were no promise of military genius. His teachers in the Los Angeles High School remember him as an apt though often inattentive pupil. He never seemed to study, yet rather to rely upon his power of perception, which was remarkable. He absorbed information without lines or papers.

It was during this period that he began to read historical works dealing with the life and career of Napoleon, the one character in history who held a fascination for him. This was unquestionably his first impetus to thought and military lines. Besides his captivation he had mastered every detail, every strategic move in every battle of Napoleon's campaigns, as well as the history of every great engagement of which there was definite record.

"I recalled then," said he some years afterward, "that the only really great careers in history that were made with a tremendous improvement upon him, for he left nothing and sailed for the forest. The Emperor was then at his height, confident with King Ya Wei's movement to banish the Dowager Empress and seat the young Emperor Kwang Hsin on the throne. King Ya Wei, then Premier, was secretly enlisting as many army officers as possible, and this under the very eyes of the Dowager Empress. Although China presented the promise of a fair three-headed giant, and this was the magnet which drew the young American outward."

I know there would be a chance to get to somewhere," said General Lee afterward. "Whenever there is fighting, there are opportunities for leadership. China has never had the best chance in the world at that time. No I want there."

This is the simple truth concerning Homer Lee's motive in going to China.

Always and without backing of any sort upon his private resources was his undiminished confidence in his ability. The American he turned himself to the Premier and offered his services. King Ya Wei felt no amazement, but was so deeply impressed that he took Lee to a conference attended by several Chinese officers who were pledged to the revolutionary cause. One old man looked at the diminutive American and shook his head.

"Boy," said he, "you are very young to aspire to the command of troops."

Homer Lee's answer was characteristic of the man: "I am so old as Napoleon was at Errol."

King Ya Wei gave him a commission and ordered Lee to proceed to the Province of Shensi, there to be commanded a body of troops. General Lee was not popular in China just then, but General Lee set out in a palanquin, accompanied only by his interpreter and two servants. The route he followed was miles inland, and within one hundred miles of his destination a rumor brought news of disaster to the United States. General Lee and the remainder of the revolutionary force left his palace under pretext of surrounding the province to them, and the next morning their hands appeared in a ghastly row along the palace wall. General Lee and the remainder with a message to the troops, hiding their feet in the mountains and wait his coming. It was not until the day that the revolution was over that the soldiers, led by General Lee, had thrown down their arms and dispersed.

Lee started back for the coast. On the way he learned that the Shensi disaster was no more than the beginning of trouble. The really old Dowager Empress had banished King Ya Wei's child, and but for a whispered warning the Premier himself would never have left the Forbidden City alive. It died in the night, and many of the officers implicated with him were beheaded. At the same time a reward of \$10,000 was offered for the head of the "foreign devil" Lee.

How he managed to make his way through five hundred miles of hostile territory is a wonderful story in itself. The country swarmed with Beavers and imperial troops and a meeting with either force would have been fatal, but luck was with Lee, and he arrived in Hong Kong, where friends of the revolutionary party gave him shelter. There was in Hong Kong at that time a man whom Lee had never seen and with whom his father was to be found. Homer Lee had never had described his first meeting with Homer Lee in those words:



Homer Lee

"It was now that another important event happened to me. I was speaking to a company of my followers when my eye fell on a young man of slight physique. He was under five feet high, about my own age; his face was pale and he looked dejected. Afterward he came to me and said: 'I would like to throw in my lot with you. I would like to help you. I believe your propaganda will succeed.' 'His accent told me that he was an American. He held out his hand. I took it and thanked him, wondering who he was. I thought he was a missionary or a student. After he had gone I said to myself: 'Who was that little hawkback?' 'That,' said he, 'is Homer Lee, one of the most brilliant—perhaps the greatest brilliant military genius now alive. He is a perfect master of modern warfare.' 'I almost gapped in astonishment.' 'And he has just offered to throw in his lot with me.'"

The next morning I called on Homer Lee, now General Lee and the famous officer of The Valor of Jefferies. I told him that in case I should succeed and my countrymen give me the power to do so, I would make him my chief military adviser."

He saw me right. It was an important meeting to both men. Lee was the freethinking, probing, skeptical, skeptical, Lee the student, deep thinker, of military genius. The friendship was a lasting one. When General Lee escaped from Chinese territory he went immediately to Japan, where he spent several

months with Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Lee then returned to his home in Los Angeles, and the story which he told to his intimate friends staggered belief.

"Impossible," said they, "for they can't be true."

But if Homer Lee had no distinguishing characteristics it was his faith in himself and his supreme disregard of all other things of importance.

He knew that the Chinese movement was well under way. He knew that the losses were working and that China's "great change" was a matter of time, halfhearted opposition, and complete leadership. The leaders of the revolutionary movement were his friends; they had given him their confidence, had asked his advice. It mattered little to him when his Los Angeles acquaintances thought about him. They were to be surprised later.

King Ya Wei came to America and landed in Los Angeles, where he had long consultations with General Lee. Afterward Lee toured Europe with the deposed Prince.

The Chinese embarking reached America in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and New York Chinese military companies were formed. Serious young Chinese students marked the trend toward modernism by cutting off their queues and leaving the mass of hair on one side. Homer Lee was placed in command of those forces, and it was his idea that American-born Chinese should be trained that they might furnish officers for the coming struggle—a sort of connecting link between republican countries and the active masses. General Lee had a very high opinion of the efficiency of Chinese troops when properly trained and offered.

With this task on his hands Lee still found time to devote to a close study of military problems and conditions, particularly those which were open to the Japanese empire. He recognized in Japan a military nation, believed in war as the inevitable end of international matters, and had little or no faith in The Hague and the dream of universal peace. He believed that it was better to be prepared to fight than to trust in peace with.

With this end in view he began to gather material for a book which should point out the weakness of most defenses and the general comparison of the Chinese country for its own army approaching by way of the Pacific.

It was a tremendous undertaking, involving another great study of geography, the topography of the western slope, a knowledge of every mountain range and pass, every fertile valley and every stream and pure water. This information he gained at first hand, making long trips into the mountains. When at last the book was ready it reached the printer's hands. It was a well as ahead. It gave General Lee his place among the great military minds of the century, and the first military occasion at home as well as abroad. It gave General Lee his place among the great military minds of the century, and the first military occasion at home as well as abroad. It gave General Lee his place among the great military minds of the century, and the first military occasion at home as well as abroad.

Early in 1911 General Lee's health began to give his friends serious concern. He was threatened with influenza, and his physicians told him that unless he took a complete rest he would surely lose his sight and perhaps his life. Lee refused to believe this. There was in him a lasting belief in destiny. He had a favorite saying:

"In this spirit he started for Germany to consult specialists about his eyes. They made him rest for five months. Examination of the book itself will show the magnitude of the undertaking. In London, where he was hospitalized by Field Marshal Lord Roberts and other eminent military leaders, Dr. Sun Yat Sen joined him. The time was at hand when Dr. Sun was to be summoned home to assume the reins of government. General Lee, however, still under the empire and the revolutionists were sweeping every thing before them. In December of 1911 the call came, and Dr. Sun was in London, accompanied by General and Mrs. Homer Lee. Lee went as confidential adviser. The Premier made at their first meeting was relieved. Working so desperately as if he knew that he was in the last of his life, he completed The Day of the Nation. The last chapters were written in China only a few days before his death.

For a short time Lee was the earnestest attending the closing scenes of the Manchu empire unprofessionally hurried the doctor. Lee's life of general was devoted to the little group's activity but not to his ambition. Until the very end he persisted in the belief that he could not die until his work was finished.

Lee was a man of great intellect, a weak body, great health and strength, and no known how high he might have written his name upon the history of his people. His life in a word is a word of things accumulated under adverse conditions, an inspiration to those who know and loved him.



# THE TWO DROMIOS OF TRADE



Why Railway Rates Must Be Advanced  
to Meet the Advance in Prices

BY GEORGE D. MUMFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN F. BAYNE

**H**AVE money and prices anything to do with railway rates?

The difficulty of engaging in a discussion of railway rates is that the railways know too much about them and the public knows too little. The public feels that it is hampered by lack of exact knowledge and that in the discussion the roads may be stacked against it. The so-called cost of fuel water.

But if the question of railway rates is not a rate question but a price question, then the railways must come out in the open without the protection of their statistics and have a discussion about prices. Now prices are one thing that we all have on our minds, and we are glad of the opportunity to discuss them. But to get a clue to the mystery of prices we find we must first investigate money.

Money and prices are the two Dromios of commerce. In this struggle of prices we are always getting into trouble or getting laughed at by mistaking one for the other. And when we get laughed at the joke is just as appetizing to us as when we get into trouble. Much of the time when we think we are talking to Dromio Money we are really talking to Dromio Prices, and when we think we're talking about prices, we to one we are talking about money. Money is an elastic togar at the best, but when in addition it has a double, where are we coming out?

Farmer Abigail Jones, who sells today for \$10,000 the farm that cost him \$5,000 twenty years ago, is perfectly sure that he has done a very good stroke of business and "made five thousand dollars in real money."

But has he? That depends. If after selling his \$10,000 stay in the bank for six months he decides he wants to buy another farm, he will find that to get another as good as the one he sold he will have to pay his \$10,000 out again for it. The net result is that he will have simply traded farms. The farm he bought may be no good as the farm he sold. But where is his \$5,000 real profit? It has disappeared in the shuffle!

Was his money profit real or imaginary? It is true that if he decides to move with his family across the Canadian border to the best Northwest or the best North he can buy, apparently, an good land for \$20 an acre as he has just sold for \$100. He can get five acres in Alberta for every acre he sold in Illinois. That is because he has sold dear land and good fertilizer in Illinois and has bought cheap land and poor fertilizer in Alberta—and has expected himself to do it. To make the money price that he received for his farm really go any farther he has had to abandon his old-price environment. For he has really made anything by trading cheap goods for cheap. He has traded a comfortable living for the opportunity of the pioneer. But most of all of all of one would he want to be pioneer and don't want to expatriate ourselves to "skin a profit." We want to keep on just where we are in the same environment. That being so, have we really made any money by the advance in prices? We can sell our farm for twice the money we paid for it, but if all other farms cost twice as much as they did to buy, and not only wheat, but clothes and rent, and twice as much as old time, what have we made by the transaction?

One thing is sure: If each farm was worth 10,000 bushels of wheat in 1904, and is still worth just 10,000 bushels of wheat, the value of arable farms now wheat has changed. But something has changed, because the farm was worth \$5,000 in 1904 and is worth \$10,000 now. If farms have not changed in value, money must have changed in value. Five thousand dollars in 1904 must have been worth as much as \$10,000 in 1919. Two dollars in 1912 must then be only worth as much as one dollar in 1926—that is, if things had actually doubled in price, the dollar today would be only worth as much as fifty cents in 1904. Is it the dollar, then, that has lost half its value? The farm has not really doubled in value at all. It is simply the value of the dollar that has been cut in two. Farm values have not changed, but money values have.

Now here is an illustration of our two Dromios. We thought we were talking about money as something real and fixed, something we all know about and recognize when we see it—a good, dependable, reliable Dromios—and here this other tarrish Dromios of prices has snarled in and played a joke on us. We have either mistaken prices for money or we have made a bigger mistake still in our estimate of the character of money.

Is it possible that money itself is absolutely exchangeable and irresponsible—a fellow off instead of a good man Friday? Have we always got to think of the

value of money as well as of the prices of goods? Does the value of money change with the price of wheat? Let us see.

Although it seems far afield, let us go northward on the American continent to where for over two hundred years the "skin" and not the dollar has been the standard of value. The untamed Cree who trades his furs at the good, old, reliable Hudson Bay posts along the Peace or Athabasca rivers—with their white-skinned stockmen and cover blockhouses flying with Red Cross standards with the familiar letters H. B. C.—does not have to bother with such troublesome questions as the value of money.

"Skin" were a good enough currency for him. Musquash were his dimes and beaver-skins his dollars. If he wanted to, he could take in his skin all at once and get a little stack of red, white, and blue chips good for five, ten, or twenty "skins," as the case might be, in trade at the Hudson Bay Company's store. The "skin" is the real unit of value and medium of exchange. Didn't he know that ordinarily, if he needed a muskrat, all he had to do was to take beaver-skins out on the floor, one on top of the other, until they reached up to the mantle of the muskrat bed upright by his good friend the Hudson Bay factor? True, the Hudson Bay Company in time lengthened the barrel of the muskrat about six inches, so that it took more beaver-skins to come up to the



It took more beaver-skins to come up to the 'mark'







# The Truth About Tobacco

By **Leonard K. Hirshberg, MD, MA, AB**  
(JOHNS HOPKINS) **DRAWINGS by F. STROTHMANN.**



**L**ET the postmen of the political-historical commission get busy at once and claw out for us, from the tubs of antiquity, the origin of the anti-tobacco crusade. Privately I suspect that the grounds will be found to resemble that of the Puritan's primitive against heart-lunging. They objected to the sport, not because it hurt the liver, but because it afforded pleasure to the spectators. The same attitude of mind, I fancy, accounts for my father's hatred of tobacco, of being of lower-caste, of the Continental Sabbath, and of the army courts.

Tobacco, in brief, is merely a blinding and a smelting, not because it does any normal man damage, but because it gives its users constraint, pain, and a healthful, normal sort of enjoyment, a sublime enthusiasm in the ethical and theological postures which first and frankly its comes, a beautiful and irritating indifference in all but physical things of life. Your typical smoker hangs to the sedulousness he has had in this is a pretty comfortable old world after all. It is inconceivable, indeed, that a good judge of Human nature, of Pittsburg sinners, or of Virginia pig out should ever care a hang for epidemiological charts, supernormal manifestations, or the doctrine of the infinitesimal soul.

But I am sure to be lost tobacco with the acids of chemistry and pathology, and not with benevolent metaphysics, to please it. The ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I must respectfully submit, are qualified to be either judges or witnesses in the ensuing disputation. It is unlikely that many of them are smokers themselves, and I am confident that any of them knows more about tobacco than that which is contained in patent medicine advertisements and the physiology books of the primary and grammar schools. Of patent medicine I can say nothing, but it is sufficient to say that they are commonly written by professors who used the money that they took from the schools by constitutions of well-meaning persons who used common sense.

Fortunately all of the world's gigantic store of anti-tobacco literature is based upon four fundamental propositions:

1. Tobacco contains nicotine, which is a powerful narcotic and poison.
2. In the process of smoking, nicotine is absorbed into the body and produces or induces many ills, including cancer, paralysis, insanity, heart disease, bronchitis, emphysema, and tuberculosis.
3. Tobacco engenders a craving for alcohol.
4. Nicotine is such a powerful poison (this is a charged argument and appears in all the school physiology books) that we drop placed upon the tongue of a dog is sufficient to kill the animal.

How we have four allegations, Every American, in all probability, has heard them. They are laid down as pathological axioms in our public schools. They are believed, with more or less reservation, by nine-tenths of all laymen, including millions of smokers. And yet it happens that not one of them is entirely true, and that the resolution to which they lead is incorrect, illogical, and ridiculous.

Tobacco, it may be admitted very truly, does contain nicotine, and nicotine, considered as a chemical, is decidedly narcotic and poisonous. But it happens that the drug is seldom, if ever, used as a beverage, and that, where it enters the body in that other way, it does so in such small amounts, and the body so soon grows immune to its effects, that it does no harm whatever. Among civilized humans beings tobacco is commonly smoked or chewed or snuffed. At the start, as every one knows, it causes nausea and other painful symptoms. The small boy, when he takes his first cigar, becomes violently sick and after a few days, if he smokes again, his second cigar gives him less discomfort, and his third still less. By and by he becomes utterly immune, and in the end smoking becomes to him a habit and a pleasure, and nicotine has no more effect upon his internal economy than so much magazine dressing or vegetable soup.

consequence, has gone through the small boy's respiratory and palatal, in human, there, and may take into his system daily the small quantity of nicotine which lies in tobacco smoke without the slightest quiver of fear.

But the dog experiments of the tobacconists are, by the last degree, useless and unnecessary, for the effect of nicotine upon a dog that neither smokes nor chews has no relation whatever to the effect of nicotine upon a man who has done both for years. To make their experiments logical and fair, the anti-tobacco pseudo-scientists should choose dogs that have been immunized. If they ever do so, they will discover, I wager, that nicotine, in small doses, has practically no effect whatever.

The amount of the alkaloid present in tobacco smoke varies with the manner in which tobacco is used. The leaf of the weed, ground and dried in the sun, contains a very large amount, but in the process of curing this is reduced by one-half. In good Havana cigars there is from two to five per cent. of nicotine; in very common tobacco there is sometimes as much as eight per cent. But not all of this reaches the smoker's mouth, by any means. The flow at the end of the cigar, while it volatilizes some of the alkaloid, burns and destroys more of it, and a good part of that which is volatilized is held up and sub-irradiated during its passage through the cigar.

Historians, to very painstaking investigators, has found that not more than one-third of the nicotine in a cigar passes into the smoke inhaled, and that the rest, as a result, a single cigar introduces little more than one milligram of nicotine into the smoker's system—an amount so small that, except in the case of children and invalids, it may well be disregarded. Pipe-smokers, especially if they use long-stemmed pipes, take a very long time to finish their cigars. This also collects most of it, so a chemical analysis of the residual of an old pipe will show. Short stem smokers, on the other hand, inhale their nicotine, and it is not so readily absorbed by those who smoke in a tin can. In a tin can, every milligram of nicotine is inhaled. Every sailor delights in the fact that a pipe long smoked without changing grows magnificently rank, but, fortunately, among humans beings with more pretensions to culture, the process of reversion to induration is brief.

As for cigarettes, it is said that the destroyer of the little white tubes gets more than his share of nicotine. But the same effect will be produced by smoking his six pipe cigars with a smoke of handling wood, lay or dried leaves. The white paper wrappers of cigarettes do him no harm. They are made of clean rice-paper, and while neither nourishing nor stimulating, they are too small in amount to do damage.

The nicotine, as it appears in cigar smoke, produces all the mischief credited to it, in the case of the smoker. It has been found that it is comparatively little of it in the smoke of an ordinary cigar or pipe, and we must remember that the greater part of this leaves the mouth again by exhalation and expiration. If one smokes swilled smoke, or if those distinguished priests and others who claim to be immune do it, he inhaled there might be different story to tell, but fortunately the customs of the tobacco smoker are such that the smoke he exhaled, no or may proceed upon the hypothesis that every little nicotine ever gets into the vital organs of an ordinary tobacco user.

But it does not do a little, or any damage? Does it cause cancer, emphysema, tuberculosis, paralysis, insanity, heart disease, bronchitis, emphysema, and all the other ills mentioned in the list? It is impossible for me to enter into the conclusions of a physician of world-wide reputation, who has spent many years of his life in the study of the subject, and who has been one of the largest contributors to the literature of the subject. He says that in every sailor delights in the fact that a pipe long smoked without changing grows magnificently rank

"I have yet to see," he said, "is either a clinic or a pathological laboratory, any evidence in modern tobacco in any form, not excepting cigarettes."

Probably this man, if his attention were called to it, might admit that the specialists in ophthalmology have produced what seems to be testimony regarding the bad effect of tobacco upon the eyes of certain rather abnormal persons, but this is scarcely fair evidence, is essential, and so his proposition may stand. It is apparent to any one with common sense that, in studying the effects of tobacco on the human system, one must consider healthy adults of normal constitution. There are people who cannot abide cigar smoke, just as there are people who cannot abide opium. But when folks were palpably designed by nature to enjoy the weed.

Tobacco, alcohol, and weather are blamed for the great majority of all diseases that have an obvious origin. If a man is killed by a fallen derrier, even a mental healer is clever enough to accuse the broken rope, but if he dies of acute peritonitis or chronic bronchitis, and his family weeps for enlightenment as to the cause of his untimely, your average, old-fashioned family doctor, with a headable desire to be agreeable at an expense of medicine, will mention opium and let it go at that. But such a mode of reasoning, to put it mildly, is childishly unscientific. As well say that an infant physician who dies of gangrene owes his demise to the mortal purple pie.

Dr. Ober, in his monumental *Principles and Practice of Medicine*, speaks of "swelled tobacco heart," and mentions three varieties, but he discusses all without name and says in the next paragraph that "cardiac pain without evidence of atherosclerosis or valvular disease is not of much moment." In other words, he seems to decide that "tobacco heart" has nothing to do with tobacco, and is convinced that, whatever its cause, it is merely distress enough to be seriously considered.

Formerly a great many affections of the motor and sensory nerve centers, in middle-aged men—hemiparesis, paralysis, paralysis, etc.—were laid at the door of tobacco, but every physician now knows that they are usually merely symptoms of the final stage of a foul and terrible malady which has nothing to do with tobacco whatever.



Every sailor delights in the fact that a pipe long smoked without changing grows magnificently rank

The constant irritation of the tongue caused by smoking with a jagged stem, with a stem so short that it introduces an excess of hot oils into the mouth may eventually cause a form of oral epithelioma. It is not, however, anything that happens very often. A great many cancer experts, in fact, deny absolutely that irritation has anything to do with producing the disease, and this is a very good reason for believing that some who develop cancer do so because he was born with the specific cells in his body and not because of any habit he may have acquired. Indeed, the cancer of the tongue is not confined to smokers, by any means.

That smoking causes diseases of the respiratory passages is a matter of common knowledge, and there is no evidence that this is true. A man who smoked one hundred cigars a day might possibly irritate his bronchial tubes with a frightful amount, and death would follow, but I am sure that in this article with lunatics, but with men who smoke in moderation and know that there is a time and a place for all things. Ordinary smoking produces a perceptible irritation of the air-passages. Indeed, the London Lancet has recently advanced the view that its effect upon them is decidedly antiseptic and beneficial.

Hemoptoe, which sometimes follows excessive cigar or cigarette smoking, particularly in winter, is due not to tobacco, but to the general irritation of the smoker. A man who smokes in the open air when the temperature is at twenty degrees, and then inhales alternate blasts of hot and cold air, or begins to smoke before breakfast and keeps his mouth full of cigars and masses of stubs may well be liable to cough at night, is certainly not to be regarded as a normal man, and it is unfair to condemn smoking in normal men because this one singular happens to be injured by it. If a man talked all day or drank all day or walked all day, he would be hardly more damaged. Again, he would grow weaker much more rapidly if he ate unwholesome or tainted food, or smoked in a draught of air in his workman's shirt. Indeed, I am convinced that the smoke of tobacco is less injurious to the air-passages than the smoke of any other substance that burns.

Dyspepsia and loss of flesh very rarely follow the use of tobacco, and, if the latter may be held at fault at all, it is but indirectly. Whenever the salivary glands are stimulated and saliva flows, the stomach is stimulated also and extra acid and pepsin are secreted. This is nature's method, when food is introduced into the stomach, of preparing for its process of digestion. Now, if the salivary glands are stimulated by something other than food, the stomach does not know this, but goes on secreting digestive acids and pepsin usual. Thus, eating food as usual, and engaging then, may cause trouble, and the labor of producing them to an purpose necessarily drains the body. So it is apparent that excessive tobacco may cause a "sour stomach," just as chewing gum may do the same thing. However, I am not dwelling in this article with its scientific interest upon the smoking. There is no evidence whatever that the very slight irritation caused by smoking injures the stomach in any way.

The nervous headache, nervous, and dizziness commonly led to smoking are fanciful creations of our moral minds. In all the literature of medicine there is no proof that tobacco ever causes any of these diseases. I have on that point, in a past issue of this journal, a cigar may bring on an attack, but, as the risk of influenza epidemic, but no substantial gain that it is manifestly unfair to condemn tobacco because it does not agree with invalids. There are plenty of sick people who cannot eat roast beef, and there are plenty of well people with a mysterious individual antipathy to other things. But we must leave out different conditions and idiosyncrasies when we consider the effect of tobacco upon the normal, healthy man.

The same mistake has been made in condemning smoking out of hand because of its obviously pernicious influence upon children. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that cigarette smoking is a bad practice for small boys. Does that justify anything regarding its effect upon grown men? I think it only fair to answer in the negative. The French and Germans laugh at us because we attempt to judge the fitness from the standpoint of the young person. They point out, very wisely, that a play which is rank poison in the mind of a girl of seventeen may stimulate her to prodigious thought five years later when she is married and the mother of a family. It is so with tobacco. Ten cigarettes a day may injure a boy of twelve, but that is an argument against ten cigarettes a day for a man of thirty-five.

A great many eminent observers have investigated against smoking in bees and have pointed out the

As a matter of fact, the only physicians who have made out any case of a case against tobacco are the eye doctors. They report very positive organic disease not explainable upon other grounds than those of smoking. In brief, their patients cannot be classified as normal men.

Indeed, in nearly all of the evidence adduced by anti-tobacco crusaders you will note a singular lack of specific facts. Indeed, Professor Woodcock and Dr. William Broadbent, in their report to the select committee of the House of Commons on juvenile smoking, make most of their charges conclusively. The eminent professor of pathology at Cambridge (Woodcock) expresses the opinion that "smoking interferes with the normal action of the sympathetic nervous system." It stimulates the sympathetic nerves, he thinks, and after this stimulation has passed off there is a distinct depressant action. Finally the vague remark is made that the heart was slow. The whole circulation is thus disturbed and nutrition is greatly altered. Dr. Broadbent agrees with his colleague, but says that the worst mischief is done before the age of sixteen.

Both of these very distinguished investigators, it will be noticed, do not mention the habit of tobacco upon children, and both of them confine their remarks very largely to mild expressions of opinion. In brief, they adduce no evidence whatever that smoking injures the adult.

That tobacco excites a taste or craving for alcohol is a prejudice: Selwyn proved for us, in a frigid form, by the Sunday-school tract and physiology books. Against it I lay the fact that no one has ever produced an iota of evidence that smoking and drinking have any substitution whatever. Indeed, it is a constant observation that doctors of the weed are often totalitarians, and that dipsomaniacs not infrequently avoid tobacco altogether. It may be alleged with some reason that drinking now and then is smoking if we have the charge upon the venerable American custom of selling for a cigar when one's capacity for liquor has been reached, but the opposite transition is something that occurs only in the pages of moral reformers.

I need hardly say that tobacco does not deal kindly with everybody. But in this respect it is no worse than food. Some of the human responses to nicotine may be compared by analogy to certain kinds of food. Go to your family doctor and ask him if he has not at times been called upon to treat cases of tomato poisoning, fish poisoning, crab, oyster, berry, and—yes—egg and bread poisoning. Why, only the other day I was called upon by a better physician to determine definitely with him just why one of his patients became nervous, nervous, thin, and almost completely sick each time eggs were present in his dietary. It soon became apparent to me that his was a case of egg-allergism susceptibility—met by any means as unusual that a special medical meeting would be summoned to discuss the trouble. This was simply caused, almost every time, by his system. His body cells and tissue juices are incapable of assimilating the white of egg with their arms and lymph. In a word, eggs are to him what henlock, snake venom, or, for that matter, tobacco is to some people.

This hypersusceptibility to articles of diet, disease toxins, drugs, and words, such as tobacco, opium, and poison ivy, has been correctly named as "idiosyncrasy." The relation in treating people with such idiosyncrasy is to advise them to avoid the eggs, berries, oysters, tobacco, or even bread that disagrees with them. A cure that is based upon establishing an increasing immunity to the bread, egg white, nicotine, or snake venom, is at times suggested, but unnecessary.



Dyspepsia and loss of flesh very rarely follow the use of tobacco

indefatigable fact that the average boy smoker is not so bright as the boy who does not smoke. But I suffer heavy doubt, in part at least, they have suffered cause and effect. It is my own observation that boys who are naturally indolgent and healthy and bright do not seem to smoke, and that the heaviest smokers among the youth of America are those who were born with rather less than the average amount of common sense, moral balance, and respect for their elders' wishes. In brief, your typical boy smoker is a youth who was stupid when a babe in arms and will remain stupid all his life. His smoking is not the cause of his stupidity, but merely an evidence of it. A bright and healthy boy, if he is kept away from evil companions, prefers his books and his games to cigarettes. If you don't believe that, ask any thoughtful school-teacher of your neighborhood.

In Concord, June 25, 1870

The copies of the paper of the 25th inst. are in my hands, prepared for the purpose of the paper, and having been sent me by the printer, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the same, and to inform you that the same have been forwarded to the printer, and will be published in the paper of the 25th inst. as usual. I have the honor to inform you that the same have been forwarded to the printer, and will be published in the paper of the 25th inst. as usual. I have the honor to inform you that the same have been forwarded to the printer, and will be published in the paper of the 25th inst. as usual.



A RARE SOUVENIR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

SIGNATURES OF ALL THE MEN WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS IN THEIR HANDWRITING ARE GATHERED IN THIS VOLUME, RECENTLY FURNISHED TO THE NATION BY A DEPUTY POSTMAN. ON THE LEFT IS THE FIRST PAGE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY JOHN ADAMS, ON THE RIGHT IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TITLE-PAGE. THE VOLUME WILL BE SENT IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

# THE HIGH COST OF DYING

## How the Expensive Funeral Eats up the Insurance Policy

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE-HALF the world has no idea how the other half dies. Those who have never seen death in the home and have not had the education of the grim solemnity that follows this constant visitor. For all the great incidents of life are explained in the home by a growth that grows on them: birth, marriage, accidents, sickness, and death.

It is time to lay aside prejudice and deal frankly and sympathetically with this great and ever more pressing problem of what it costs the poor to die. Distressing? Yes, but that is the very reason why it should be averted. Here is a subject that has long been kept in darkness. And darkness makes it only the more hideous and iniquitous.

To all, rich and poor alike, comes the tragedy of bereavement. But to the poor the loss of the support-giver is a sudden sting even to death itself. Not to that all. Death not only bereaves the living and thrusts them downward in the struggle for existence by cutting off one who contributed to the family support; it overthrows the living, already struggling under too heavy burdens.

Mark has been written about the increased cost of living, but no one has known, or, if he has known, has dared to speak of the increased cost of dying and what it means. The undertaker—he now wants to call himself a "mortician"—feels that he must raise his prices to live. The newspaper does not want even for that excuse. And the worst of it is that there is going on a change of standards by which even the very poor now habitually desire and have quite as elaborate funerals as the well-to-do, often more so. The tragedy of it all is a story that has long been crying to be told.

What the changes wrought by death entail on the living who remain has often been guessed at, but has never been really known until very recently. Some time ago the New York School of Philanthropy caused an investigation to be made through its Bureau of Social Research, and this sensational report on the cost of burial among the poor of New York City has since been supplemented and partially revised. In Illinois the Hon. Quincy L. Durand has for years been engaged in studying this question and has prepared a monograph which will shortly be published by the Chicago University Press. Both of these studies have been utilized and some idea of what they contain has been given by Professor Graham Taylor in *The Salary*, a magazine of social, civic, and philanthropic interest, published in New York. The large industrial insurance companies are also offering themselves to action. Settlement workers, charity organizations, women's clubs, workers of all kinds among the poor today are beginning to grapple with the problem quietly. Here is a bread-and-butter and highly important. It needs to be met. If the new social science and the new profession of social work are to do anything at all, they must solve this question of the high cost of dying sooner or later.

Take a few cases. A head of a family died after several years of debilitating illness. He left \$250 insurance, of which the funeral expenses ate up \$125. After his death the combined earnings of the two eldest children were not quite \$25 a week, and there were three dependent on them. Within three years the eldest of these children was married. The funeral bill was \$125, \$130, and \$132. Today the mother is earning a provision for living by washing and supporting two other children after having spent \$600 on funeral expenses in her years.

In another case a man died leaving a widow and one child. The insurance amounted to \$125. The undertaker's bill was \$140. He still owes her family. He had just finished paying \$52 for the funeral of a six-month-old baby when the mother died. The funeral bill was \$122 and the father and mother and other children had to pay it out of an income of \$24 a week, besides supporting themselves and two dependent children. A shocking case was that of a family of which he has seven children. No sooner was one bill paid than another was incurred, keeping the family constantly in debt to doctors and undertakers.

One entered an evening the poor very often without hearing more or less conventional stories of how the newspaper undertaker forces them. In fact, nothing less than ghastly are some of the stories that are related to show how pressure is brought to bear on distressed people to cause them excessive expense in burying their dead.

A dying husband begged his wife that she give him only a plain funeral. She promised, but when the undertaker came the relatives were present. As he said she wanted only a modest funeral the undertaker sneered. "Is that all you thought of your husband to have him like that?" She was ashamed, but agreeing not only more than she had promised, but more than the insurance he had asked her to save.

"This is the last thing you can do for your wife," the undertaker urged a poor mother, "and you must want to be honored by the thought that you were wiser." Then the cruel truth came in death pointed to the children and cruelly sorrowing mother by adding, "If you don't do the right thing by their mother they will curse you to their dying day." It is hardly necessary to say that this distressed man demonstrated his love for the dead wife and mother

by having a funeral which costumed the children to actual hunger and want.

Another undertaker refused to go to Bellevue for the body of a child until the mother gave him a public crucifix, an heirloom, as security. Such cases could be multiplied if it were of any use. Mr. Barrett remarks that this is not the usual thing. But it is no reason among the very poor as to be allowed

particulars for funerals. There are only a fixed number of deaths, anyhow. In fact, all he can do is to advertise and attract business from other undertakers. But advertising is forbidden by the code of ethics of the leading undertakers' association.

Thus it comes about that the competition among undertakers is keen. The first act after a death occurs is to call in the undertaker unless, as often happens, he appears before to be called in. These mysterious appearances of the undertaker within a few minutes after a death—like that of a vetting awaiting a corpse—have often been a cause for comment. Of course such highly professional acts are frowned on by the better class of undertakers, just as the practices of the "choker" lawyer are frowned on by the honest practitioners. "Slopers" undertakers arrange with the pallbearers on the boat, or with people living in a tenement, or sometimes with an insurance agent, or even with a doctor, to pay a commission for such information as leads to a "man." At the first hint that the victim is dead at last, the undertaker races to the stricken home, trucking to luck and the stage "first come, first served."

"I was called to a certain family," says a well-to-do worker, "upon the death of the father about three o'clock one morning in the autumn. They had notified me promptly after the man's death, and it could not have been more than a few minutes after his demise that I reached the home. At the doorway I encountered a policeman. 'Amphibly dead?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Who is his name?' he inquired. I gave him the name, and he asked on which floor the deceased had lived. I told him, and he went away. I had not been in the house more than five minutes before an undertaker came. I asked him who called him in, but he evaded the question. The people explicitly told me they had not called him."

Once having been accepted, the vulgar undertaker has the family at his mercy. For instance, in one case a child's mortgage on all the household furniture was demanded. The family refused indignantly. But when they approached a second undertaker they found he would not take the rate because the code of ethics forbade him. They either had to make the original undertaker on his own terms or submit to having a paper burial.

It is not all the fault of the undertaker, however. There is often another side to the story. In fact, it is not right to judge the whole undertaking profession and they insist that it is a profession—for the sake of a few. Often it is the undertaker who acts as a check against the extravagance of the poor, who must violently oppose the family which wants an expensive funeral. Such was the case of a woman who wanted a \$250 funeral for her husband. She had \$225 insurance and promised to pay the balance at the rate of \$15 a week for the rest of her widow's life. The undertaker refused her offer and advised a \$15 funeral. She left indignantly, but later came back, and after it was all over she was very grateful. In another case a family had become dependent on charity because of intemperance, on the death of the father they decided on a \$120 funeral, although there was but one to pay except the widow and two young girls, none of whom had ever earned one dollar a week.

In another case, where a man developed delirium tremens, the insurance was kept up for years at a low sacrifice in order that he might have a \$400 funeral, and, besides the insurance to cover it, the



The undertaker rushes to the stricken home

provisional. That is not to say that all undertakers, or even a majority of them, are rogues. They are precisely the every other body of man—some honest, some unscrupulous, charging "all that the traffic will bear."

The trouble is that the undertaker cannot extend his business like other business men. People are not going to die simply because he offers exceptional op-



"That all you thought of your husband to have him like that?"

which had to make up 230 of the total sum in small instalments out of her own earnings.

The fact is that it is a very difficult and delicate matter to urge simple funerals on the poor, and the family always rears itself on the side of the highest prices. Insurance, strangely enough, is often an incentive to expense. It seems like easy money and, indeed, is often kept up solely for the purpose of providing an elaborate funeral. In many cases the funeral is a great social occasion, the only excuse for a day off with the family, an entertainment carried out with business and ostentation, a mark of the prosperity and popularity of the family of the deceased. If the funeral were cheap they would lose out. Some people will go to any extent to get a good funeral with a long list of savings, banners, flowers, and after a band. The family will work for years without a penny to pay the bill.

Another thing which adds terribly to the cost of dying is the large number of burial customs of the various races and religions. There is a wide difference among Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, and again among many nationalities composing these three great religious divisions. These customs are most marked in the newly arrived immigrants, though the differences fade later and the treasury is more and more to standardize funerals.

For example, investigation has shown that the typical Italian funeral is the most ornate of all as well as the most expensive. The average expense for adults in the cases studied was \$135.26. From two to four days the home is draped in mourning, candles are kept burning, and a watch kept over the body. The service in the home is the Catholic rite for the dead. But one of the most important features is the procession, and this bears mark. A band is customary, and many carriages are requisitioned. The affair is carried off with great pomp; often, if the doctor to the ferry or bridge is not good enough, a circuit is made of a block or two. An almost invariable feature in the carriage filled with flowers, and nearly always there is some Italian society marching in its full regalia. Such societies are universal. They take an important part in burials, and their existence alone makes such display possible.

Next to the Italian funerals is paid of expense come the Irish, at an average cost of \$124.52 for the same investigation. The make is a most expensive feature, the refreshments often being on a lavish scale and including liquor and cigars. In one case there were a lot of cigars and a case of beer; but in another, where the crowd was large, several kegs were ordered. Of 8119 in one case only \$2.50 was charged to such expenses: in another of \$135.42. Usually the cost ran from two to twenty dollars. Large processions are also a feature of these funerals, but they are not spectacular. There is an band, as against no marching society, and there is little difference in the religious rites.

Jewish funerals show a wide difference worthy of serious study. As the body is only an earthly remainder, it is not regarded as a sacred thing. The belief is that corruption atones for the sins in life, and, under the old Mosaic law, the body must be removed within one day; there is, therefore, in the strict orthodox classes no care for embalming. The body is not viewed, and hence there is no cost for clothing except for a winding-sheet. Moreover, the plainest

wooden coffin are often used without any outside box, indeed, in some cases the bottom of the box is broken in to hasten the work of the worms of Nature after burial.

And the funerals are conducted with marked dignity and a stately which is very impressive. The real services come about a week after burial and are rather of the nature of a memorial. Thus, among the orthodox, extensive meals are almost unknown. However, there is a growing tendency to conform to the so-called "standard" Protestant funeral, as many of the Jews have theretofore, and among thoroughly Americanized Hebrews there is considerable ostentation. There are, on the other hand, no paper banners, for the average always provides the funeral, and extra charges, if any, are borne by the relatives.

As usual, when one considers such a question as this, the true local make comes or later, to a "trust," or at least what is called a trust. In this case there is what is commonly known as the "coffin trust"—a company that makes coffins. What effect has this combination in restraint of funerals on the high cost of dying? Most authorities will tell you that there is no such thing as a "coffin trust," and its very existence is denied strongly by the undertakers' trade journals, one of which bears the emphatic name of *The Undertaker*.

In the last census report there were found 530 manufacturers of coffins in the United States. This does not look as if the sources of supply were restricted. But the greater part of them were small, experimental companies. Of the leading makers that of the Minneapolis the great majority are consolidated into one dominating concern, which exerts a nationwide influence in markets and is the general regulation and selection of supplies.

In is a trust? It would be pretty hard to say so legally. It would seem, five years ago a Western financial association asked Congress to investigate, and in 1908 the Interstate Commerce Commission considered the question, but no action was taken. A Hitter was over the question has raised in the trade journals. Many undertakers declare that there is no trust; others as strongly deny this. Mr. H. A. Butler, editor of *San Francisco*, asserts that the facts and figures show that the company indicated is not a combination in restraint of trade.

Coffins are costing more every year. Some one said recently that it was rapidly becoming referred to die than to live. The cartoonist referred to takes care to relieve that part of the undertakers' code of ethics which prevents competition and the lowering of the price of coffins, and advocates increased cost of funerals. This is generally admitted. More than that, it refuses to deal at all with those who cut rates or advertise. It has organized state and local associations, and those have a subtle and specious influence in favor of the "trust."

The extent of the explanation in coffin and markets was disclosed in the "undertakers' war" in Chicago some time ago, when a Western cabinet company advertised its sale for \$53 of a market for which from \$35 to \$50 was charged elsewhere; \$20 for what others sold for \$30 to \$40; \$25 for the same article offered at \$25 to \$30; \$20 for what others asked from \$20 to \$30. These figures were followed by the claim, "We will save the people of Chicago \$5,000,000 a year which will be needed in necessary articles for the

living." It is also worth noting that the six leading "875 funeral companies" on the Atlantic coast are all refused the advantages of the alleged "trust," and are thus compelled to deal with the other outside companies.

The tremendous profit in the business can be judged when it is known that the manufacturer often makes twenty per cent. always from twelve to fifteen. The undertaker, in addition to the huge profit, makes from two hundred to three hundred per cent. on the accessories. For caskets and drapery he gets two or three dollars for a few days; the original cost is from ten to twenty dollars, and they are used many times over.

In defense the undertakers say that the charges really cover services which are not included. If that were the case, then the remedy ought to be charged for separate items separately and not concerning the real charges. As it is, one cannot compute the costliness that a body is actually charged to, as has been said, "all the traffic will bear."

What are the remedies? They range all the way from public funerals provided for by the State, as advocated by many who have studied the subject, to relief in the whole instance of privately conducted funerals. For the present at least the idea of state funerals may be set down as an issue for the future. To-day the question is of controlling the abuses under private management.

Some five or six years ago the question was answered in Baltimore by an undertaker who announced that he was ready to furnish a regular standard \$75 funeral. Thousands of organized attacks were made on his business, but he replied that he could do so for \$60 without loss, then \$35 and \$20 and even \$10, with a 20 per cent. profit, by cancelling certain things and doing a large enough business. This was a first step in lifting a grave burden from the poor, and it is hard to maintain in the face of the success of the so-called "standard funerals" that nothing can be done.

From Baltimore the idea spread to Philadelphia, though in the former city the movement reached its highest development. As the profit was somewhere in the neighborhood of 230, the undertaker must get plenty of business and hence he began to advertise, thus breaking with another tradition. During the next year another firm followed suit and then a third, until they had about one-half the patronage of the city. Pressure was brought to bear on the municipality, but their reply was one of the most striking advertising campaigns on record. Huge pictures of coffins were displayed on bill-boards; pictures of the undertakers were shown in street-car advertising. The result was that one firm got 102 funerals, while the largest of the obnoxious competitors had but 224. The public caught the idea and backed the reformers lustily.

Today there are such firms also in Newark, Union Hill, New Jersey, and New York, though the latter have different conditions to meet owing to the distance of the country, outrage here, and higher cost of living. Nevertheless, those who have studied the subject clearly have prepared detailed figures showing that the thing can be done on a large scale in New York and three classes of funerals offered at a profit: one for from \$30 to \$50, the second for from \$10 to \$25, and a third for from \$25 to \$100. For children it can be done at \$20, \$30, and \$50, respectively, in the same places. The third is such as to entirely pay one except those who want really unnecessary display.





## GILMORE'S MARE

BY WILLIAM COOPER HOWELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. AMICK

**I**N the early eighties eighteen horse-racing was as popular a sport as baseball is nowadays. Men of considerable means had horses, and those who could not afford them spent a great part of their time talking of the merits or performances of this horse, or discussing what they might hope from that one. Farmers, even, retired from actual farming and built great stables on their farms, which from that time forth would begin to run down. Business men, and lawyers and doctors who lived in towns, would take up fast horses, and as their enthusiasm gained headway one would notice their business gradually falling into neglect and ruin. The main street of the village, broad, smooth, and shady, had become a speedway, where every summer afternoon, and soon dark and even after dark, horses raced back and forth for a mile or so; they raced in friendly matches, or were driven slow for exercise. Once a week, or once every two weeks, there would be racing matches, and every year of the county fair the

races drew most people's attention. It was before professionals had taken the sport so much to themselves, and the interest was of an intensely personal sort, but none the less intense because it was neighborly.

It was at such a time that young Gilmore came to Northfield. He had had some training as a veterinary, and, so it was in the days when this science was new, he succeeded at once. The villagers found him a likable young fellow. At first he seemed rough and businesslike, but later they looked at him as only frank and brisk, and he professed to be independent in his roughness, but would go miles into the country to any weather to help a farmer who sent for him, and he loved horses; at least he understood them, although he was so rough and impatiently harsh toward them as he was toward his fellow-men. He did so well that he soon laid away a great deal of money, for that time and the community. Perhaps it was the realization of this fact—that he was almost independent, or not so dependent on his daily earnings as he was accustomed to being—or perhaps it was constant association with men who understood horses to instinct,

or constant association with horses, that started him in horse-racing. He began buying and trading and training horses, and then breeding those again, such time getting a better horse, and, finally, as he had been known for owning the best hunting dogs and the best guns, he now was known to have the best brood-mares in the country; in fact, "Goldie," as she was called, came to be known to several breeders from the larger cities, and they made Gilmore offers of large sums of money for his horse; they were all rejected.

It was the day before the county fair that the last of these came to him; he offered twice what any of the others had offered. It would have made Gilmore independent in a modest way for many years, but Gilmore had been drinking a little; he had come to take great pride in the consciousness that his horse was "not for sale," and he blithely and briefly refused. "Nope, she's not for sale," he said. He had come to like the phrase, because the village had come to discuss this phrase as his customary reply. He was really a little sorry that he had refused the offer after the man had gone, but he consoled himself by thinking that this would make more talk among his neighbors, and would increase their wonder at him for his devotion to his trotters and to horse-racing, when the sentiment represented so much to him in a material way.

"Joe Gilmore refused five thousand dollars for his mare to-day," he imagined their saying, and he imagined a reply:

"Isn't it funny how he keeps tossing down such big offers!" (He might say: "He surely has come, after what has happened to every one else who has held a horse too long. He ought to sell—that is the only thing for him to do.") And Gilmore was pained to be considered more daring than the rest.

The next day, with groups of farmers and villagers standing near, pretending to wonder at the excellence of the mare, or pretending that they were not wondering, and attempting with a show of critical knowledge to analyze and discuss the mare's various "points," Gilmore hastened her into the stable, and, after looking over the straps and buckles with more care than was necessary, he jumped into his seat, and, uttering the specified farmer boys and old men on races, was off around the track; his mare had been accustomed, and so he was tearing away to beat some one else:—

"And he slept in the stall with her last night, too."

It pleased him that they knew this and had remarked it.

After the several false starts he heard the starter shout "Go," and he caught a glimpse of a great crowd, full of people and excitedly on their feet, and then he easily took the pole and the lead which he held all the way around the track. Coming down the home-stretch he saw men straggling to the edge of the track, and the people in the grand-stand were on their feet waving, and he heard their shouts. He was admiring the way his mare moved in better style, and seemed to half her height, and her long, easy stride; every muscle and every hair of her body told him that she was doing her best.

It was then that he caught sight of the crowd in the grand-stand that seemed to be watching him and shouting to him, and he was pleased that he saw the starter of an such interest, and pleased because he would win the best; but it was in his excitement that he let the whip that he held in his hand, and that he had not yet used, fall on her back. The mare increased her speed a little, and then, with a shout, Gilmore



Attempting to analyze and discuss the mare's various "points"

wildly raised the whip high above his head and brought it down again on her back with a snap. The lash lashed her across her face. He had the same feeling of exaltation and pride as he did this, but that feeling changed to shame when the mare broke helplessly, and she fell from the wire, full behind. It flashed through his brain then that perhaps the mare would never be any good again, and this feeling of shame and fear he hid in defiance and anger, and as he drove to the barn he was full of regret for the mare's back in his rage.

Unhappily, he led her into his box-stall, and the drooping of her head and the look of dejection below the men who, a few moments before, had stared at him, he secretly rebuked and pouted the mare, trying to assure himself that she was quitting her, that when he drove on the track her best heat the mare refused to start; and then he whipped her again, and finally cast her down from an end and led her back to the stable. He knew that he had

That night he shut himself to his house because of looking the barman at the fair grounds or at the hotel downtown, and gossiping with them. He avoided the rows the rest of the week, and desired to see any one that he knew and lead him into his house. "Why and what do you know the man, Jim?" that you whipped and beat. "I'm afraid that she won't be much good any more."

He also regretted what they would say because he had ruined so much money for his horse. He thought of saying that some one had dragged his horse, or of saying that he was nervous, but days and then weeks passed, and he said none of these things to himself, however, that others were saying that he was "a good with horses any more." "Why it was because they were saying this that he learned his business was falling off. Or because he had been neglecting his business, and because the thing—pride and interest in his mare—that had made him neglect it was now gone, that he imagined that he was actually in disgrace and his business was falling away."

He drank heavily and more heavily the time that he was to be lost here. Where before he had been only rough and angry, he became ugly. His wife would when he used to mistake himself; and those who used to laugh at him for his unbusinesslike ways, now looked at him with a scornful and cold eye. He would openly tell him that they wanted nothing more to do with him. He would tell him after a year and look their boy with her; his dogs ran wild on the street, snapping and barking at the villagers. One day, one of them bit a little girl, and the mother rebuked the dog about it. But when the constant case Gilmore barraged himself in his house and threatened to kill any one coming near. Later, they might him with the dog in his arms, trying to smash through the back lot, and took the dog from him and what it was he was inevitably protesting.

As he appeared about town in daylight, and when he did, it was to walk through the streets in the lively stable, where he would be with drooping jaw and heavy eyes and seldom to listen to the talk without speaking. The house that he had bought, like his life, crumbled away. He fell from the roof and was not replaced, and windows were broken and never mended. The planks of the sidewalk loosened and rotted away and the floor of the porch fell in; it, too, had rotted in the yard that had once been a well-tended lawn, grass grew high and rank, and weeds flourished wildly and almost obscured the smooth, marble driveway. All his horses, save the mare "Gidfall," were sold; as one would buy her because of the bad name that she had. Gilmore had his head bowed, and more and more sadly, when he said that he was going to leave up and start protesting again, and he clung to this idea and to the mare to help out his life. Then he would lead himself in to the stable and there he would stay.

It was whispered about that he "used dogs." Others said that he was going mad. At one time nothing but a mass of hair and dirt, and others pried open the barn-door to see if the horse had food; they found both hair and water, and that night they saw a light in the stable house where he had slept, and knew that he was still alive. His money could not hold out much longer, they said, and it was only a question of time until he would have to be taken care of in this way, or that he would have to be sent to the infirmary or Workhouse or to an asylum.

He was seen no morning, when it was hardly light, coming from the creek, wearily carrying a basket full of stones that he had picked up. He disappeared with them into his barn, where he had a little emmity, which he had used during the time when he had been successful with his horses. That night a late passenger saw smoke and sparks rising from the chimney; thinking the barn was afire, he ran back, and, peering through the crack in the door, saw Gilmore heating the stones, and then standing there in bits on the sawdust. The neighbor watched him as he picked up the shiny bits and placed them in a box. His eyes were wild and his head shook as he worked. "Diamonds!" he muttered, and then he would exclaim: "Ah, a dandy, a fine big one!" and by the light of the fire, he would examine the pieces of rock and then put it carefully aside.

On a night shortly after this, Gilmore was more in mourning and whinny than usual. The mare coughed

was cold and shivering. It was raining—a cold rain. His hands shook with cold and with the effect of the opium that was working off. He was very unwell, and his mouth was thick and pasty with the brine that follows the use of morphine. He was very nervous. He glanced at his horse and by a moment thought he saw him standing at the back door, and then he thought his own new skin, and cried out in terror and ran away. Then he thought his wife called to him, and when he went to her he saw a big black bear, with his hind legs buried away, stepped in between them. And then in a instant he went back to his room, and he was very wretched that he had lived alone, and he saw himself pointed at in the street, and a boy threw a stone striking him over the head, and he was so afraid that he did not get up to see the boy. He saw the bear's head. His own little boy then seemed to have thrown at him, and the stone whirled shrieking through the air; then he saw that it was aimed on his head, and that the bear that the boy had heard was that of his mare. The shriek of a horse in pain is a terrible thing; and he heard it many years ago, and the terrible impression it made on him lasted for days.

"Why, my mare is on fire!" He jumped up, fell to the ground again. His legs, he thought, would not support him.

"Good God! And all my horses are in there! I must get out of here! I must, I must," he kept muttering, as he crawled on his hands and knees toward the door, which now was all aflame inside, roaring and crackling. He passed and shivered. He could never get out. The hall and the rain tortured him.

In a moment the flames will reach the hay under the stall. He tried to get up, but he was so weak. His cry must have awakened me. How did I come to fall asleep? And why is my wife and the boy? Of course they are not in there. Still they are not in there. And yet, in effect, he guided his feet, having crawled to the door of the blazing barn. It seemed warm and comfortable within the flames, but he would never be able to fall asleep in the cold rain, and why he had not thought of going to the fire to get warm. It was so comfortable to him, in his cold, wet, shivering state, that he was, for an instant, inclined to sit down and warm himself, but again he heard the cry of his wife.

"Yes, I must hurry and get her out," he thought. "Then I'll get my horse." He reached for a blanket; his hands found the place where his horse had been, but he could not see the sack was empty; he wondered how it came that he had forgotten to put the blanket in his way. Then, trembling with his coat to take it off, he stumbled toward the stall and noticed the mare had struck the side of the stall when he threw the coat over her head, but he did not mind the pain, and he led the mare toward the open doors. They were ten feet from the door when the coat fell from his numbed hands. At the sight of the mare the mare whinnied, knocking Gilmore to the floor.

Then, he seemed to be on a heavy sea in a small boat that rocked and cracked; the motion became every minute. He was so unwell that he could not stir; he started only; it was the log next that every one always looked forward to. That night he seemed to have had a dream; he remembered that he had seen his mare as she was crossing the line, and that she had been without ever once, and that he had been riding.

"What an ugly dream!" he thought. "Of course, I will not whip her." Then he led the mare stifle down into a steady rain, and he watched her strain every muscle. Yes, he would do it. The mare had a good head. He saw the whip raised in his hand, and as he came under the wire, he waved the whip to his wife in the crowd. Then he felt himself being lifted down from the saddle and heard once about their grain to him.

Yes, it had been a dream; the mare did not break. Gilmore was very happy; he was warm and dry; he opened his eyes, saw the mare standing beside him; he moved out to see the mare, and he saw the mare for the next day, and then everything began to grow black, and he took pleasure in falling into sleep in quiet and comfort.

Neighbors running up came just in time to see the mare, her feet lowered black, standing alone in the doorway; they saw her with a white mist in her eyes, and with a crash, the roof fell in on both and sent a shower of sparks flying upward.



Fumbling with his coat, he stumbled toward the stall

fire from the hearth. Gilmore stood at his stall and watched the blaze spread slowly; he saw his mare, her eyes wide, peering out over the side of her stall, and on the blue lighted up the barn more brilliantly he saw that she was trembling with fear and he heard her snorting. He thought that he would lead her out; there would be no trouble now, he told himself, vaguely, and then it flashed through his head:

"No, she has been the cause of all my trouble. Let her burn, and then when she is gone and I am free from that curse I'll start in again. My wife, too, she always wanted me to get rid of my horses, and—"

He stumbled to the door and out into the night air and sat down, scarcely knowing what he was doing. A few feet from the barn he watched the flames creep along the walls of hay that lay on the floor, and work their way up the wall toward the hay-mow. The room where he had been working filled with smoke. He saw and then a little flame burst out, and by its light he saw the mare still watching him over the side of the stall, her nostrils dilated and her eyes red and wild. Once he heard her snort, and then more smoke filled the room, and it was for the moment dark.

"And I'll write my wife tonight—no more on this side of my head, I have sold the horses. I'll tell her it was sick and dead, still, I don't know where my wife is. Yes, I'll write her and she will come back to me, and I'll work up my practice again. It will be good way to get rid of the horse."

And Gilmore dozed again and roused himself; he



## A DUMB WAITER



# Interfudes

### FOR DIFFICULT MOMENTS

(A Compendium of Uncensored, Funny, Entertaining, Confessions.)

**FORGOTTEN:** Those little conversations are designed to help individuals who find themselves at a loss for words at times when a ready command of fluent speech would save a difficult situation, and to relieve all, especially the party of the second part, from all embarrassment. They are not copyrighted, and have been prepared in a spirit of pure philanthropy by the author to help his fellow-men.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEROME, R.F.D.

(For a Booklet, Essay Men Who Has Indiscreetly Stripped I got a Lady's Frail.)

**Wife:** You idiot, you have ruined my gown!  
**Man:** Ah, madam, I confess that I was not looking where I was going.

**Wife:** You should have a dog to lead you!

**You:** It might have helped, madam, but, alas, I doubt it. From my youth upward I have dreamed that the day might dawn when Helen of Troy, the most beautiful of women, for whom the Greeks and the Trojans waged sanguinary warfare, and performed such deeds of prowess that even Homer himself found words inspiration for the most exalted poetry on the page of literature, would pass before my vision, that I might at least find my eyes upon her immediate loneliness. They also stay, work after work, year after year—my madam, for while dreamers have I wished for this glad hour, and now, lo, lo, here, and now, comes the realization of my fondled hopes, my desired ambition, for you now sit like a vision of heavenly beauty my enraptured eyes—the hair, noble, beautiful, abundant white and utterly unadorned by save, the cheeks, delicately dimpled, wearing the lifted bloom of the rose; the eyes, lustrous as the heavens, sparkling as the sun, like an unclouded violet; the voice like lightning clings in some far-distant nook of loneliness and peace. It is she, quoth I, and my dazzled eyes, absorbed in a contemplation of this dower of beauty unimagined through all the ages, my wayward steps wandered witheredward they knew not, and have wrought this wrong in the most supinely fitting, dignifiably chic, and becoming gown the genius of our sartorial artists has ever designed. Besides, madam, I am a naturalist.

**Wife:** Oh, indeed, a suburbanite! Your suburbanite is self-evident, but what is that to me, and what has it to do with the fact that you have stepped on my gown?

**You:** That, madam, also that it should be so— but what, of which I fear I shall never be able to break myself. We suburbanites have to travel on foot as those that come along if we desire to get anywhere.

At this point the party of the second part should

make a courteous advance to the offended lady, and fade away with as much alacrity as is possible under the circumstances.

### NOT NEEDED

"I see," said Nankin, "that the French Academy has just approved the publication of an official dictionary of the slang language."

"Too late, too late," moaned Hilders. "The slang is out!"

### WHATEVER WAS THE RULE

With Apparent only a few days off, the Union and Confederate forces were daily drawing closer together, and cavalry squads of either side now and then picked up a few stragglers of the enemy. A group of Confederate troopers one afternoon captured a Yankee infantryman who wore a spot-and-stripe new uniform,

with bright new buttons, all in their proper places, and carried a new, clean, shiny musket. After the custom of war in such cases, they started for camp with their prisoner and began to gey him gently by way of passing the time. To their great surprise he could hardly understand them or they him.

"Where'd you come from, Yankee?" they asked.

"Yan Pecosiah," he answered, stolidly.

"How long you been in this country?"

"Zee moon—maybe five month."

"And you came down here to fight us?"

"Yah—for honey," said the prisoner, indifferently.

The Confederates decided to scare the Prisoner and have a bit of fun.

"Look here," said their leader, "a Yankee soldier is all right, but a Dutch Yankee—ah! Say, do you know what we'll do with you, you d—d Dutch Yankee? We'll stand you up over a rifle at sunrise tomorrow and fill you full of lead!"

"Yeh," said the German, with a phlegm shrug.

"Yeh, soldier in der rule!"

### AN INTERESTING STUDY

"Where is your daughter Harriet now, Mrs. Winkles? I haven't seen her all the winter," said Mrs. Wallips.

"Oh, she's joined the colony at Reno," said Mrs. Winkles.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Wallips. "Why, I didn't even know she was married!"

"Oh, she's," replied Mrs. Winkles. "She's out there studying lebanistry."

### THE LOVE LYRICS OF PHYLLIS

#### WHEN STEPHEN ARRIVED

When Stephen smoozes I sit me idly by  
And watch the clouds go racing to the sky  
In purple masses and fantastic forms  
Sometimes like shapes of war before the storm;

They gather, too, with misty murmurs  
Or bounding forth from Stephen's cigarettes;  
And now, again, in shapes the most absurd,  
Like Carroll's Hibernian or Duke-Dino.

Sometimes great rings spring upward from his lips  
And curl in quills about my hair-dress;  
They roll away into the land of dreams,  
The rim of night upon pale Luna's bosom.

To greet the norths with their invisible rays  
Of that sweet July in the moon up above,  
Who goes home finally at me from her place,  
Majestic Empress of the Realm of Space.

And as the smoke inevitably comes forth  
To float all round me and to kiss me and to scorch,  
And stir the hair of my hair-dress and to me  
The quills of my hair-dress and to me

Will I be a

That it is a

For them

For me

For me

For me

For me

For me

For me

For me

For me

For me

For me

For me



ETHEL: WHY THROW AWAY THE CIGARETTE, DEAR?  
MIRA: TRAGIC SITUATION CIGARETTE MAKERS HAVE PUT MY MARRIAGE IN DANGER, AND I INSTINCTIVELY TOOK THEM SILENT.



"Portrait of Louise"  
BY MARY GREFF BUNENSCHEIN

Some of the  
Notable Exhibits at the  
Winter Show  
of the  
National Academy of Design  
in New York City



"De Anima"  
BY ATTILIO PIVICELLI



"Wild Aster on the Mountside"  
BY CHARLES C. CONNOR



"A Meadow Flower"  
BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER



"Wise Man, Warrior, and Youth"  
BY EMERY S. BUNENSCHEIN



"Storm Quart"  
BY PAUL POLLOCK



"Fadine, A Little Friend of Man"  
BY HELEN H. SPANER





FATHER TIME: "HUMPH! THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD FOR ME!"

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# OLD-FUNNY-STORIES OF THE SOUTH-AND-WEST

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Pictures By ALBERT LEVERING



**A** only on 1813 a witty observer had put on record some of the most amusing points in the dialects of the Western and Southwestern States. Texas, in those days, had a large number of Spanish words; Louisiana, of French; and Georgia and Alabama, of Indian. North Carolina was notorious for a peculiar bling of pronunciation in such words as "crisp" or "slip," "mash" for "mass," "peart" for "pear," and so on. "I miller," meaning "I think," was accredited to Alabama, as the place of origin, as was the quaint expression "done done," implying "completely gone or done." In Virginia, many of the lower class pronounced "th" as "d," saying "dat," "dar," "dec," for "that," "there," and "this." The negro, no doubt, gathered this authority tells us, particularly on "own haate, because habitual, but at that time it was becoming at that imaginary division, Mason and Dixon's line, and those running south and west.

The term "western" is somewhat indefinite, so that no State is compelled to bear the burden of that title. But here is a Western tale the location of which is very clearly defined. The editor of the Cincinnati *Nemerald* recently had occasion, says the story, to pay a visit to Dayton in the west. He says he noticed a prettiness and a lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, one could well imagine that they were devoted to each other. In front of the comfortable pair sat two worthy German gentlemen, editors of papers in that notorious tongue. When one Dayton, the train passed through a long, dark blidge. Amidst the thunder and rattle the doors, a sound was heard in the neighborhood of the lady and gentlemen alluded to which might be described as circumstantial evidence. As the train rumbled like daylight one of the German editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose and exclaimed: "Well, I think dat is a beautiful bridge. I hear him creek one, two, three, four times!"

The lady drew down her veil, and for the rest of the journey the pair were silent as still. Perhaps the name of Cincinnati suggests Presidential politics. If so, then the suggestion may constitute my quoting this little prose poem. A lad stood by a butcher stall, awaiting of a sign (in very short vein), and "Ald Lang Syne" he whistled; he was old. And time or one moved soon on foot, issued no smiling word; he did and prepared for never above, re-approaching where he stood. He, gazing down on a was breathing, dreamed not mistake was near, but told his heart to his heart and breathed a sob to it. He was a palmer's "justice boy"; I need not paint his name; he was from high descent, indeed; but stood, "Ye all the name," that is, the name the more it fell, as if with fell dodge; he kicked the bucket—down he topped—he died and made no sign.

Reader, can you divine my motive in quoting this? It is not, let me candidly confess, the belief that I have

swayed from oblivion an early American lyric, the first, perhaps, of a genre afterward brought to high perfection. Nor is it the skill in rhythm, the perfection of the rhyme, the touching tenderness of sentiment. Reader, let me confess, and those toprided me, but the little phrase "a silver T. R." I took the liberty of changing the word "bear" to more sure modern conditions. It was a thought the contemplation of which I found it impossible to resist.

From Ohio, one really passes to Indiana. Here is a rustic little tale of Hoosier courtship in the days of James Whitcomb Hiler's grandfathers, which is not without its charm. If, I believe, one of the first blossoms of the spiritings of Hoosier literature, to move, as we know, into a glorious summer.

The scene takes place in a log cabin housing a single room, half of which is occupied by two beds, one containing "the old folks" and baby; the other, whose duty it is by day to stand beneath the shadow of its latter mate, is taken with two younger members of the family.

In the foreground are Eustiel and Sarah, between whom the following dialogue takes place:

EUSTIEL (in a whisper). I sware two goah, Sary, I luv yer!

SAR (in a high key). Good, Zeb. 'Tis glad we'll

Zebk. Will ye have me? That's what I want to know!

SAR (continued). Have you? To be sure, I confide to!

ZEB. When will we get upland?

SAR. Well, soon, that's what I've been thinking on,

I w'd dat that if so be he'd go to mill to-morrow, we'd get ficed next day.

ZEB. Ye did! Well, then, wrap a bonn with me!

FARMER (from the bed). There, son, varmint, if ye've got the blains settled, do quit for the night;

ye make sich a racket a fellow might as well go to bed!

Nice old person, the father. In view of the historic fact that Indiana is the home of Vice-Presidents and Vice-Presidential candidates till you can't rest, I dare

The "Buckeye," says the straggler of the tale, are an original people and not a good one have their origin, rise, and progress among them. A gentleman who was traveling in Illinois some time ago says he called at a house on the roadside to ask for a drink of water, when the following colloquy took place between himself and a boy who answered his summons:

TRAVELER. Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?

BOY. I don't know, sir, but my mother says, since I was born.

TRAVELER. How many?

BOY. Ten or eleven, I reckon.

TRAVELER. Pretty healthy here, isn't it?

BOY. Yes, but sometimes we have a little ager.

TRAVELER. Ager of you got it now?

BOY. Yes, a few on ye goin' to have the shakas this afternoon.

TRAVELER. How many of you?

BOY. Why, all on us, except Sister Nancy, and she's sick a cross matter, that the ager won't be bile on her;

and if she she's an duced contradictory she wouldn't bling, show you could fix it!

I leave to linger over these small beginnings of mighty things. It is an anecdote we surveyed the shores of the Mississippi and then traveled down to New Orleans. Which reminds me that I have a little story of that fair city which will come in most suitably here.

A ship, says the recorder, was recently lying in the harbor of New Orleans when an Irish emigrant came aboard and then addressed the cook, whose attention the recorder conscientiously explains. The present teller of the tale is not so candid, but will leave the credit to be divided. Said the emigrant: "Are you the mate?"

"No," responded his mate who was addressed. "O'n the mate we cooks the mate."

Which induces me inevitably to another somewhat story. Not long since the straggler in speaking of sixty years ago—a steamboat called the Old French bling up near the mouth of the Ohio, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Jesse lost her husband and her trunk, for both of which an article was brought. There was strange to say, great difficulty in proving that the wife Jesse had been on the boat at the time of the explosion, that worthy having been unfortunately drunk on the wharf-boat just as the steamer left Tri-city.

Many witnesses were examined to prove the fact, until finally a Mr. Deitman, a German, was placed upon the stand. Our friend, James Smart, was attorney for the boat, and elicited his testimony from Mr. Deitman:

"Mr. Deitman, did you know the Old French?"

"Yah, I was there up mit her!"

"Was you on board when she collapsed her fire?"

"Yen she busted de W'ort? Yah, I was dere."

"Did you know Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure. I took passage together mit him."

"You did? When did you last see him on board the boat?"

"Well, I didn't see Mr. Jones on board de boat last time!"

Mr. Smart, certain that he had his case, with a triumphant glance at the jury asked:

"You did not? Well, Mr. Deitman, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"

"Well, when de schump-pipe and me was goin' up, we met Mr. Jones comin' down!"

To go now a little farther south to Florida. An officer asked an old lame Seminole how he got a fitting:

"Oh," said he, "I preach."

"The preacher," interjected the officer. "Who pays you? What do you get?"

"Oh, I sometimes gets turkey, sometimes potato, an' de hammy."

"I should think," said the officer, "that was damned poor pay."

"Yen," said the Seminole, "but p'yape it's dems poor pray!"

Another yarn with a theological twist. This is said to come from North Carolina.

A negro preacher, referring to the Judgment Day, cried out: "Dere shall be veevins and gaudins' and credit and dew what's got so teeth wit him to gain it!"

Here is another little sermon, is a re-entrated key:

"Redeem us, O savior, in dat day de Lord shall divide de sheep from de goats, an' brins de Lord, we knows which agers de wool!"



"Well, we met Mr. Jones comin' down"

not venture here to speculate whether he did go to mill on the morning, to be and Sary being themselves happy ficed. I may all certainly be touching the fringe of family history, the Missouri age of Hoosier grandmothers.

Compare with this homely, pathetic scene a first ball of literature in Illinois:





## The Author of "Toby Tyler"

There are grandfathers today, as well as fathers and boys and girls who have not being a sense of poignant loss at the news of the death of the friend of all boys and girls of Toby Tyler. It was on December 11th at Portland, Maine, that James Otis Kaler's productive life came to an end.

For several years he had lived in South Portland, where his interest in youth had been expressed in his duties as superintendent of schools. Beyond South Portland a long point of land stretches out into the sea, and at the end of that point, facing the water, stands a modest house which was Mr. Kaler's summer home. There in the days of vacation sunshine he wrote and read and enjoyed the sun, leaving the shore at times for a canoe and fishing trip among the forests and lakes. In this quiet life of his later years, in association with the young and enjoyment of outdoor life, both of which lay near his heart, he was able to indulge. Thus, too, in his native Maine, he Mr. Kaler was born in Maine at Winterville on March 19, 1848. His education, for as a classmate, was common, was a matter of the public schools. His tendency to write was natural, not acquired, and so was literary avocation when he entered the field which was reserved for some years. Later he came to New York and joined the staff of the Sun. In this field he made his mark, perhaps, was the authorship of the *Probus Letters*. In these newspaper experiences he gained a sympathetic acquaintance with newspaper

use in supplementary reading. His books dealt with American subjects. They were wholesome and they were interesting. Our juvenile literature is the richer and better because James Otis Kaler has lived.

When the news came of the end of this productive life some of us thought of Charles Darwin's words in the closing pages of *Mr. Stubb's Brother*, and one could almost hear the author himself saying, "He will die here, Toby, boy, but it is simply an awakening into a perfect, glorious life to which I pray that both you and I may be prepared to go when Our Father calls us."

## Army Commissions for Civilians

In former years, if a young man desired to obtain a commission in the United States army, his only hope lay in obtaining an appointment by West Point or enlisting and working his way up from the ranks, which was difficult. At West Point he received four years' training, and at the end of that time he received his commission as second lieutenant.

In recent years, however, the demand for officers has been in excess of the number of men who are graduated from West Point each year. This condition of affairs has induced the War and Navy Department to institute yearly examinations, which, if satisfactorily passed, make the candidate eligible for appointment as second lieutenant from civil life. The young civilian who receives his commission in this manner enters the army as if he had just gone to school with the West Point graduate.

The examinations in question are in two parts. The first part embraces such subjects as arithmetic, spelling, geography, and other subjects, which are usually taken up in grammar schools and high schools, etc. If the candidate is the holder of a degree given by a recognized college he is relieved from taking this part.

In taking the second part of these examinations the candidate has his choice between two sets of papers. One of these sets embraces advanced mathematics, mechanics, and various technical papers. This set may be taken by the candidate who wishes to obtain a commission in the Civil Artillery branch of the service. The other set of papers to be taken by those men who prefer some other branch of the army, such as infantry, cavalry, etc. This set of papers is to be taken by those men who are French, or German, United States history, international law, etc.

These examinations are not competitive, but the mere fact that the candidate passes them does not necessarily mean that he will receive a commission. The responsibility of the appointment has a great deal to do with whether he is granted a commission or not. He must be of such caliber that he will be acceptable as an associate to those who will be his brother officers if he is appointed. Many college men are not prepared to take these examinations. Other men who had always wanted to go to West Point, but did not possess sufficient leisure to do so, find in these examinations an opportunity of gratifying their ambitions. The officers whose duty it is to make recommendations as to commissions are so careful in their selection that the men who are chosen for civil life are a type that will be a credit to our army.

## The Women Divers of Japan

A GREAT many of the pearl-divers of Japan are women. Along the shores of the Bay of Ago and that of the cities of Misaki and Misaki-ya, where they have completed their primary school course, go to sea and learn to dive. They are taught to keep their heads above in halibut and spend most of their time in the water, except in the coldest season. From the spring they begin the business of February. Even during the coldest season they sometimes dive for pearls.

These girls and women wear a special dress and their hair is fastened in a hard knot. Their eyes are protected by glasses against the entrance of water. They are suspended from their waists. A boat is composed of a man is assigned to every five or ten girls, and the women to carry them to and from the fishing-grounds. When the divers arrive on the ground they drop into the water and then and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped into the tubs hung from their waists.

When these oysters are filled the divers are pulled to the surface. They dive to a depth of from five to thirty fathoms without any special apparatus and retain their breath from one to three minutes. They now vary from thirteen to forty years of age. In some instances five and thirty they are in their prime.



## Seven Million Watch-Towers in the Bell System

The original campanilli were the watch-towers of old Venice, guarding the little republic from invasion by hostile fleets.

Later, bells were mounted in these same towers to give warning of attack and celebrate victories.

Judged by modern telephone standards, such a system of communication seems crude and inadequate.

In the civilization of today a more perfect intercommuni-

cation is essential to national safety, convenience and progress.

The Bell System binds together a nation of nearly one hundred million people, by "highways of speech" extending into every nook and corner of this great country.

Seven million Bell telephone stations are the watch-towers which exchange, daily, twenty-five million messages for the happiness, prosperity and progress of all the people.

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Dr. I. N. Love, New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons, and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc., in an article in *Medical Review*, February, 1901, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solution of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. J. Allison Hodges, President and Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.: "Each year I am more and more impressed with the value of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, No. 2, in the treatment of that class of diseases dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, Rheumatism, Gout, Urinary Calculus, Vesical Irritations, etc., for I have time and again witnessed its undoubted efficacy in relieving these cases, and in many instances curing them by disintegrating and eliminating Urinary Calculi when they were present."

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James Otis Kaler

and other boys who were making their own books. It was this interest which later prompted a change to an editorial position with *Frank Leslie's Boy and Girl*.

It was toward 1880 that he wrote his famous Toby Tyler, which was published in a special volume of *Harper's Young People* and promptly brought out in book form by Harper & Brothers, who followed it with the continuation volume, *Mr. Stubb's Brother*, and only last year with the third book of the Toby Tyler series entitled *His Boy*. The tradition has been handed down that Toby Tyler was derived by nearly every publisher before it was accepted by Harper & Brothers. In the earlier years of the *Young People* Mr. Kaler was closely associated with the old Franklin Square publishing house in company with other writers like Horatio and Rogers and other of the artistic and literary circles whose company he sought in New York. His work in the *Young People* was not without other results, but also stories in two or three parts. Three of them were published last year in a volume called out in the coming year. Of the books due to this association were *Harper's Young People*—*Robert*, among all his books—the famous Toby Tyler easily takes precedence, but an enduring popularity was accorded to other stories like *Reveries of the Poet*, *Robert Peck*, *Left Behind* or *Peck's*, *Veranda*, and *Tin and Tip*.

Mr. Kaler was a contributor also to *McClure's* and other periodicals, and as the work on the number of his books for boys and girls rapidly increased, until they have reached a total of nearly one hundred and fifty. Nearly all were stories, though it was no light achievement to have done so many titles and incidents and to have found such a variety of themes. A few years ago he wrote a series of stories of Colonial history intended for



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It seemed as if the next instant must witness an awful crash and the blotting out of four lives.

## "AUTOPOLO"—A SPORT FOR SUPERMEN

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

**F**ROM the hidden field with its high black fence of the Highlanders' baseball park came the swirling of figures and the deadly rattle of explosive guns intermingled. I went in to explore, and immediately fell away to a vast field of empty gray benches—the vacant bleachers. At the very top of the dish, starting at a few inches, perched a casual young man in a plash cap, cardigan jacket, and overalls. Beside him lay his pasteurized lunch-box.

"Well," he remarked as I approached, "there's an ace talker—the American people certainly is crazy. Polo is automobile! Nawaw! Whaddya know about that?"

We looked down from the dizzy height and saw two racing automobiles stripped to their gray steel frames and flashing to and fro over the green turf in scintillating bands of speed, their aerial, zigzag flight accompanied by rattling volleys of bullets, snags, and explosions. The machines had no mufflers, and such ruck and snarl was accompanied by jets and bursts of flame. The skeleton steel cars seemed to be living models of devilish ferocity and cunning, and they darted here and there with the voracious haste of hornets seeking a victim. But that was only seeming, for the two men in each car were busy peering for the nearest sport—automobile turf, or, as it already has been observed in all American speech, auto polo. Each car was piloted a tall biber and thinner about the field. It was about as big as a football, but perfectly round and finished with thick leather ribs. The game is similar to the orthodox ancient polo—in that the ball over the line between the goalposts and to keep the other side from doing the same by any means short of assassination.

A few privileged persons sat in the grandstand and shoulder as the starting cars backed up under the goalposts, ready for the fray. An expert explained to me that the game was played in five periods of ten minutes each.

"How many cars can you kill and cripple in one game?" I asked Uncle Fred, the expert.

"Oh, polaw!" he answered, impatiently, "we don't

kill any one. We've had number public games at Wichita, Kansas City, and through the West, and only one man was hurt. His machine turned two men—snags and plowed him, but he wasn't hurt much, anyway—only three ribs and one leg. He's in hospital and doing fine."

Uncle Fred spoke as if the monstrous game were really a delicate job like Mary's Little Lamb, with a pink ribbon around its pretty neck. There was a drizzle of a few minutes to replace a burst tire, and he called out "the boys" who were going to juggle with their lives. They were wiry young athletes of one hundred and forty pounds of us, with smiling eyes, gentle voices, and lean, hard jaws—the sort of fellows who sell voluminous air aeroplanes cheaply enough, but get all tangled up when any one tries to make holes of them. Quite the opposite of the windy, gossamer, air-spitting—but be that as it may.

The new tire was on, the cars cranked up and started in their places, and the players standing each on the running-board of his machine and brandishing his bulky mallet above his head as Hercules brandished his sword on a noted occasion. The ball lay midway of the field. The empire standing near dropped his outstretched arms. Away flew the roaring cars in a shower of sparks, flame, and snags at a speed fast enough to rival the speed of horses. Each player clasped and clucked on his running board—"to help her along," as Uncle Fred explained—that the car actually hounded as it flew. As the two cars came head on at the ball, the players whooping defiance, it seemed as if the next instant must witness an awful crash and the blotting out of four lives, yet no one could back away from the fascinating peril. The flying cars seemed to graze as they passed, yet at that moment Jackson hit the ball true with the head of his mallet and sent it flying thirty yards or so.

His car stood after the ball, slowed, he swung again and ball moved, and so the ball flew ahead it was nearly blocked and nipped aside by the fore wheel of the enemy's car. Where had he come from? Memory produced the blurry picture of the car swooping with the jets a house under a Spanish hat, whirling around on two wheels and flying back into the trap. But all the movements in the wild game were so

swift and dazzling, and the scattering of the snags and backing of the explosives were so noisy, that the whole business seemed so blurred and yet fantastic as a nightmare rushed along at extraordinary speed.

The cars dove after the ball, spun dizzily around in their own length to follow it, leaped in-circular distances, stopped, jumped backward, leaped forward again, locked wheels, bumped each other, flew apart and came together again over the ball. Now the previous object was hidden from sight for perhaps half a minute. Then one saw the driver swing himself far out and down over the left side and poke the ball with his fingers so that it rolled across within reach of his malletman on the opposite side. Just as he poised for a long swing, the enemy, with a gaspous snarl and a snarl of explosions, fell whirled around and was atop of him, and the mallets were feeling for possession of the big sphere.

By the situation that every wheel lay loose and no man knows anything about, thirty or forty youngsters with their hands under their arms had needed the battle, dodged into the grounds, and worked their way into the front row of seats in the grandstand. That is, they were in the seats until the two cars played into action. After that they spent all the time as tight, dancing bristly and yelling "When-over!" at every crash of wheels or mallets. Young Romance with every crash of Christian and those could not hear him happen.

The two cars were interlocked before the northern goal, and the mallets were flying fast, when the empire suddenly began to leap higher and higher and was his arms wide grand television.

"Who's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," Uncle Fred replied. "That's up—fast period—in minutes."

"Ten seconds, you mean?" a dozen voices corrected him; but he was right, just the same. The speed and the inevitable deadly peril, which although innocently always on the point of happening never did happen, had made six hundred seconds seem like ten. Every body breathed a long, slow, quivering sigh of intense relief, sat back and looked a little self-conscious while his neighbor smiled as if to say: "Sorry for you, I wasn't worried a bit."

## Cutting Stone with Shot

It is popularly supposed that the wearing of stone into shales or blocks is done by sand and water beneath some suitable cloth. But sand and water have been abandoned in favor of rifled steel shot. Shot is now made in such a hard that it cannot be bruised or crushed under the constant pressure, whereas sand or gravel is soon reduced to an ineffective powder. A piece of work can be done three or four times with shot, at the same rate of working, whereas it now takes ten times as long to do. The wear on the stone is far less also and there is greater accuracy in the cut. A particle of sand is ineffective in scoring only when it happens to fall in the lead, to stand there as a small, sharp tooth, which removes from the stone a little more grain at a time and so on. A shot also over and over between the blade and the stone, and as the point of contact is very small the pressure there concentrated creates the hardest stone to operate of appreciable size. Shot of about six sizes should be worked together, as the largest first to scrape from under the blade first, then the next in size, and so on, leaving none under the blade to the end of the cut. The durability of the stone is amazing. Under a ring drill steel shot is employed in borings of all sorts in quarrying, etc. In making the foundations for the Hudson Terminal in New York some six to eight inches in diameter were thus taken out more economically than was feasible by any other method. Instead of the trouble of taking the place of sand and using in grinding and polishing stones, finishing a job far more rapidly than formerly. No special machinery is required and only the simplest of tools. A strip of sheet iron stretched after the style like a saw with both ends at each end and five inches apart will cut away through a stone by aid of the shot at a rapid pace.

ver, and gold; but the mass of the people generally used glazed pottery or common ware. The pottery used was very hard and some materials like granite and limestone shapes, often with very beautiful ornamentation.

As early as the reign of Thothmes III, 1490 B. C., elegantly shaped bottles and jars were made; and the first use of glass for this purpose is supposed to have been first on the eighteenth dynasty. In Egypt originated the art of cutting glass into various shapes, and it is supposed to be seen representations of cut-glass bottles. For some time all bottles of glass were made in Egypt. The makers had not yet learned how to handle large masses of the molten material. Some of these glass bottles were rough on the inside, and the occasional grains would adhere to the surface, which may have been caused by filling the vessel with sand as a means of cooling the glass, a process used before blowing had reached the perfection it did later on. The earliest glass bottles were mostly without a shape, the usual bottle arriving with more inventive ideas in machinery. Manufacturing of bottles from the most elaborately engraved and cut crystal in the common article of commerce, has become an enormous industry amounting annually to many millions of dollars. Dark green and brown glass cut the least to manufacture, as certain ingredients which enter into the making of the dark green and brown glass are the most expensive chemicals. Certain colors in glass also cost more than others to produce, a purple tint red being about the most expensive of all.

## Fireworks

You may guess it was assumed that the inventors of gunpowder led to that of fireworks; but now, it is thought, the classes are that the invention of fireworks is in time, to the invention of gunpowder.

To make twenty ounces of the best gunpowder we mix together six ounces of sulphur, three ounces of powdered charcoal, and two ounces of powdered saltpetre. This proportion is not always observed, but it is a standard mixture.

Offiting the sulphur, we will have a very explosive substance and one that will burn the entire quantity in a few minutes tolerably well. Sulphur imparts the article, but the combination of sulphur and charcoal is the essential secret of gunpowder, and it was this fact that led to the first production of fireworks.

Improve into the origin of fireworks. Fireworks had their origin in China. All over the great plains of that country and India saltpetre is found in abundance here or mixed with the soil. It is easy to suppose that long ago people made fire in the open air upon some piece of ground strewed with sulphur. Suppose a fire extinguished, leaving upon that nitrous soil may smell a great deal of sulphur and charcoal. The bread of the peasantry or the tramp of rattle could grind that sulphur and that charcoal into crude gunpowder. (Then imagine a soldier going to the wars with the same sort. In this way, it is thought, or at least in some similar accidental manner, occurred the discovery or invention of gunpowder.

The Chinese themselves say, and the legends repeat, that Peking, after that they have used gunpowder in fireworks for about two thousand years. To the present day the Chinese are probably the most extensively fond of fireworks. Every great festival in China is a tremendous and marvelous Fourth of July.

The chief materials used by the maker of fireworks are sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre, which are combined with filings of various metals, chiefly iron, lead, copper, and zinc. These filings produce the various colored fireworks which appear upon each explosion in whorls and scrolls. Copper filings impart a greenish tint, zinc a fine blue color. The chief danger in the making of fireworks is the flame, while sulphur burns an intense red. The trade has a thousand secrets, but a chief one is that although there are many extensive treaties on pyrotechnics.

## Handicuffs

It is in the land that we find the first use of the hand-cuff. We infer also that Proteus was by means of such a device, fettered and rendered helpless, during his captivity.

It is of record that about four hundred years before the Christian era an army of Greeks, under the command of a general, Charis of Carthage, which, among other things, contained a large number of hand-cuffs. The word "hand-cuff" is derived from the Anglo-Naxon "hand-cop" in the

Naxon days these hand-cops were used in the case of nobles, while "foot-cops" were used for those of the lower class. The word "hand-cop" was first employed in the fourteenth century when "black hells" and "swivel manacles" and "cuffs" were used. They have come down to us to show that the instruments were as cumbersome as their names.

Only two kinds of handcuffs were employed previously to the nineteenth century. One, the French, was very similar to that now in use; and the other, which was called the English, was similar to the modern violent pressure. This "figure eight" was greatly dreaded, since once fastened upon the wrists the fettered person did not attempt to move a link.

There used to be a form of handcuff, now happily abolished, called the "buttoned" handcuff. The two handcuffs fastened at each end. This chain was placed about the wrists; the handles were brought together and twisted until a firm grip was obtained. The great objection on the part of the unfortunate captives resulted in the greatest suffering, for the chains bit deeply into his flesh. A similar form of handcuff was that called by the French "le figure."

In some instances of escape there is still used an exceedingly primitive form of handcuff. It consists of a V-shaped piece of metal, the ends of which are twisted and the open ends being drawn together by means of a cross lock, which, however, must be unlocked before the whole time the captives is held.

The most ingenious and effective of all handcuffs is that used by the United States coast-guard, adopted by the police of most civilized countries. It is much lighter and much less clumsy than the old-fashioned handcuff and is not painful to the wearer.

## The Speed of Animals

According to authorities, an animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race-horse Synnoby. In a photograph album as long as twenty-five feet. In the strip of the last end runs the bird gaiter and (such as in the case of the bird gaiter) the bird gaiter, and from this relatively great height brought downward and forward, mainly separated from each other, as a spectacle, says, "to avoid striking the feet legs." The hare which is hurred with fast bounds has not in reality the speed of the bird gaiter. The dog on other hand, does not attain the speed of the horse. The giraffe is said to run at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but it is not the most favorable conditions. The elephant, going at the rate of two yards a second, is said to walk approximately that carried by air.

## The French Aerial Squadron

The French squadron has spent \$5,000,000 this year on the aerial fleet and in planning the expenditure next year of \$6,000,000 more. Each squadron will consist of eight such air divers, two pairs; two monoplane, two biplane, two triplane, and reserve composed of six biplane.

On the first day of last March the government had thirteen squadrons of this kind, eight active squadrons and five reserve representing a total of 104 airships, but this number was considered too small and it voted to double it with the utmost speed practicable.

To each squadron having six aeroplanes. Thirty orders of aviation are to be issued in the next few weeks, which will be a school for the training of aviators and a definite point of centralization and departure for each squadron will be fixed.

The separate squadrons will be named by seven pilots, one of whom is the captain. The other officers will be four sergeants, one of them an adjutant with the training of a mechanical engineer. There will also be forty-four men.

## Revolving Houses

A PARMIAN inventor has conceived the idea of having small towns which will revolve on their axes until the country districts for invalids, thus furnishing a change of scene, light, and air. The revolving houses will be built in some rooms should always get the sunlight and the remainder be always damp and unhealthy. The houses will revolve once every year on a revolving house was built in Normandy. The door was constructed in such a way that it could revolve once each year at the house was turned, the one occasion these boards opened set like an opened fan, closing the wall. The house revolved by a capricious hand, but the house pulled down.

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## Bottles

Bottles were among the first things made of glass and were either first stopped with a wooden plug. Herodotus speaks of ancient Egyptian glass bottles, and they were so represented as some of the objects of the monument, though Egypt declares they were first known in Syria.

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**Hausfrauenvereine**

A LEASERS feature among housewife associations in Germany is the upkeep of market halls for the purpose of co-operation between town and country housekeepers. A market hall consists of one or more rooms centrally located, to which country members bring their goods for sale to the consuming market. These producers pay yearly dues of seventy cents to \$1.20 and undertake to sell all products through the hall except in the case of perishable or very bulky commodities. According to the by-laws of the association, inferior goods may not be supplied in any circumstances and may be sent back to the subscribers. Eggs must always be clean and bear the stamp of the hall. New laid eggs must be stamped with blue or black ink; older eggs with red ink. All articles, in fact, must be stamped or marked to show their origin. Prepared meats, such as sausage, ham, etc., must be accompanied by a certificate of the official meat inspector. Fresh meat must be stamped by the local slaughterhouse authorities.

Prices set by the producers or sellers are slightly higher than in the general markets. These differences, however, it is claimed, are more than compensated by the better grade of goods, the work received and selling at the market hall is done by subscribers, who act by direction of a committee appointed by the hall. The cost of the upkeep of the hall, payments to the subscribers, etc., is met from a fund of ten per cent. deducted from the gross receipts. The remaining ninety per cent. is paid to the remaining members for their goods.

These halls have been established not only with a view to providing farmers' wives with a ready market, but also to bring together and improve the relations between producers and consumers. Members, both country and city, should keep in touch with the subscribers and learn from them what products are in greatest demand, or vice versa.

A supplementary activity of these associations has been the establishment of schools for the economic education of young country women. Of these four have already been in existence for some time and three has recently been opened a fifth, which will receive from the government an annual subsidy of \$1,000. The most necessary funds having been made good by local contributions. The school consists of a substantial kitchen, equipped with model kitchen, library, class-rooms and dormitories. On the grounds around it are experimental vegetable gardens, facilities for poultry raising, etc. The full course covers one year.

**Chinese Porcelain**

NEAR the year 200 B. C., in the beginning of the dynasty of Hsin, some workers in southeastern sea of the province of Szechwan, and later in Yunnan. When they remembered them and opened the oven doors they found that the pots were vitrified in a brilliant opalescence. The use of porcelain was discovered. When fired of its druse the substance grew lighter, became clear, and acquired a pink or rose and smooth as velvet and in this, hard, translucent body that rang like a bell.

The art of monochrome glazing was discovered in the time of the dynasty of Sung (960-1290 A. C.). Occasionally the action of the fire separates the pigments and produced excessive richness of color. The Sung wares, checked the previous art of their art. In 1517, the Chinese, after a day's labor, deflected the course and founded the dynasty of Ming, whose reign extended to 1644. The first time in coloring the imperial manufactory. He gave the national manufactory the monopoly of the work in the pottery manufactured by the actions of Japan. Under the new impetus all the new methods were revived and perfected. The system of three-color and five-color decoration, after a preliminary firing, dates from the restoration of art under the Ming dynasty.

**The Highest Railroad**

BETWEEN the Matto River in Chile and Ponce in Bolivia a railroad line whose highest point is 15,000 feet above sea level has been constructed. This is the highest railroad in the world. The road connecting Argentinian and Chile reaches about the same height. An English company proposes to construct a road still higher in south Mexico City with Puelco as second highest point. An English line will cross 17,000 feet above sea level. This new line will serve principally to transport sulphur from a lode in the mountains, according to the estimate of experts, millions of tons.



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**Gold Pens**

THE tiny tip of white metal seen on the under side of the point of a gold pen may be platinum, but it is more likely to be iridium. Iridium is a very hard metal and a very expensive one, since it costs about four times as much as gold. The purpose of the iridium tip, it is claimed, is to give the pen a more durable point.

The gold-pen maker buys his gold at the assay office in bars of pure twenty-four karat gold, which he melts and alloys with silver and copper to the degree of fineness desired, most making ten per cent. but good pens made in this country for sale in France are of eighteen karats. The French government requiring that all articles exposed for sale in that country as made of gold shall be not less than eighteen karats.

The gold from which the pens are to be made is rolled and redried until what was originally a thick, heavy bar of gold has been rolled into a thin gold ribbon about three feet in length by four inches in width. This gold ribbon is put into a machine that shapes it. It produces almost all sizes. On the tip of each of these pen shapes is fused the iridium point, and then the shapes go to a slitting-machine which cuts the ink pen from the slitting-machine the pens go through another which gives them their rounded, familiar pen form. Finally they are ground and polished and finished ready for use.

American gold pens in fountain pens or as dip pens are sold in every country in Europe in competition with pens of French or of German manufacture, and appear to have more competition there are sold throughout the world, in South America, Africa, Japan, China—wherever pens are used.

**The Feet of Ancient Belles**

ARMY engineers say that on first winter snows have ever dreamed of putting a six-inch layer of five-and-one-half-inch women. The type for the classic marble figures were taken from the most perfect female of the period. Unconventionally the human foot, as represented by the ancient sculptors, was larger than the modern one. The feet of primitive folk of all peoples were to have any record, either of stony or otherwise, was much larger than the feet of the restricted lot of later times.

The marble line, forming an approximate average of the different feet, was about twelve inches long. This would require at least a No. 10 shoe to cover it comfortably. The average marble foot today is made about a No. 8 1/2 shoe, and is therefore not above ten and seven-eighths inches long. Now, by the old standard of proportion, the average foot six inches in height should have a foot above and one-half inches long, or one-sixth its height. It was not so great consequence what size should be worn, but he would have required a woman's shoe at least a No. 10 for her comfort.

For women, allowing for the difference in the relative size of the arms, which was about the same then as now, a woman of five feet three inches in height would have had a foot six inches long, regarding modern shoe of the same size, the most comfortable, or a No. 10 1/2 as the limit of comfort.

**Dipping the Flag**

THE celebration given when a vessel is christened "dips" the flag, and is very old and most honorable of all forms of marine greeting.

In this form of salute has always been described by the English-speaking seaman, and its origin has been the boats and the number of generations of naval commanders. It is said to have originated on a ship, whether merchant or naval, to enter an English port without calling on the shore or dipping the flag. The ship was brought to her anchor by being hauled through and through. Such was the tradition according to the Duke of Devon in the sixteenth century, to the Spanish admiral who, in time of peace, sailed into Portsmouth, England, and, calling to his boats or lowering his flag.

Salutes are essential matters at sea, and the salute is a very old and honorable one. The number of guns to be fired, the order of firing, is usually stipulated.



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## "I WILL WALK IN THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT"

WILLIAM SULZER, INAUGURATED AS GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, ENTERED THIS MORNING IN THE COURSE OF HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS. HE REPEATED IT IN THE OPENING HE MADE SHORTLY AFTERWARDS TO THE GREAT THRONG OF CITIZENS GATHERED ABOUT THE STEPS BY THE FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE. GOVERNOR SULZER REALIZED AN IDEAL OF TRANSITIONAL JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY BY WALKING FROM THE EXECUTIVE MANSION TO THE CAPITOL TO ATTEND THE CEREMONIAL OF INAUGURATION. IN HIS ADDRESS HE PROMISED A BUSINESS-LIKE ADMINISTRATION AND A LEGISLATURE OF THE SORTS OF VERACITY



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## COMMENT

## Duly by Bryan

THEODORE BRYAN says in the *Commoner*:

Conscious of my responsibility to God for every thought and word and deed, and in duty bound to render to my fellow-men the largest possible service as the best evidence of my love for my Heavenly Father, I resolve to strive during the remainder of my life to increase my capacity for usefulness. To this end I will give up any course of conduct that tends to weaken my body, impair the strength of my mind, or lower my moral purpose, and I will not only endeavor to cultivate habits of industry in both body and mind, but will seek and follow worthy ideals.

Which, being interpreted, means:

Conscious of my deep obligation to the Democratic party and in duty bound to manifest my undying gratitude for the unexampled honors conferred upon me, I resolve hereafter to set aside all considerations of self-interest, self-seeking, and self-nourishment, and to strive earnestly, generously, and patiently to increase my party's capacity for usefulness. To this end I will give up any course of conduct that tends to create dissension within that organization or to add in the slightest degree to the burdens of its chosen leader, and I will not only endeavor to cultivate the habit of upholding his hands in all works that seem to him to be good, wholly regardless of any personal or political advantage that might accrue to me from doing otherwise either openly or covertly; but I will also seek and follow, instead of demanding the right to shape and direct, the worthy ideals embodied in the man who has been designated by the Democratic party and the American people as their voice and their guide.

To this pledge I set my hand and seal and avow my firm determination to act in all ways, without deviation or mental reserve, in accordance therewith—

So help me God!

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

And we say, softly: Amen! Amen!

## Brother Bryan and the Congress Committee

No lot or no tie so quick to get harsh and sarcastic with Brother Bryan. Let us not be too quick to get bitter and or scold over his halfhearted remarks about the chairmanship and the committee assignments in the new Congress.

We are all to know by this time that Brother Bryan's idea of patriotism comprises a lot of legerdemain. Like the late A. W. Weaver, of Tennessee, he finds a perpetual difficulty in believing in anything without violently disbelieving everybody who disbelieves in it or even fails to believe in it precisely as he does. Naturally, he also has a Jacksonian disregard of everybody who shows any sign of not believing fully in Brother Bryan himself, and a Jacksonian inability to distinguish between loyalty to Bryan's cause and public devotion to the Bryan personality and leadership. It's all human and understandable. There are others. The Democratic party is not the only one

that has to make allowances for a leader with a decidedly personal way of taking things.

Undoubtedly, too, there is a modicum of sense and justice in Brother Bryan's contention. He is all wrong in practically saying that no attention should be paid to seniority, or that it is undemocratic to give due weight to it. But he is right in saying that the new Congress should be led by men in full sympathy with the new administration and of unquestioned loyalty to the party's policies and platform. His fault, as we see it, lies partly in going too far, demanding too much, being too violent, but partly also in the mere whims and less palatable efforts of confounding the words "Bryanite" and "progressive," of mistaking personal antagonisms with differences of opinion and principle.

His method is not doing very much harm. The matter is of real importance, and cannot be ignored, anyhow. In view of the fine judgment and temper displayed by men like Cavan and Cavanaugh and Senator O'Donnell, not to mention others, we are hopefully of the two Houses will deal with it both wisely and justly. Governor Wilson is undoubtedly alert to the situation and has not done or said a thing which indicates that he cannot handle it wisely. The Democratic party is still doing pretty well, thank you. At any rate, it will hardly go out of business before it has even gone into business. We confidently predict that it will survive till March 4th, anyhow.

## Mr. Taft is Charmed

President Taft is the worst-liked, the least-esteemed, and the least-liked of any defeated Presidential candidate we ever had. He has passed the points where his defects as a politician were troublesome and come to the point when his merits as a man all show at their true value. His speech last Saturday night at the dinner in New York of the Republican was full of good-humor, contentment, and good sense.

It is to congratulate the President on his disposition and a good deal on his views. It has been apparent all along that, though he would be beaten, he would not be discarded by defeat. But the truth is that in the light that we viewed his last night's most important contribution, he was not a loser. In Roosevelt's defeat he won; a victory by no means nullified by the Democratic triumph.

Mr. Taft has had sore trials and has come through them all to a state abounding in consolations. It is good to see his appreciation of present blessings and the cheerfulness with which he contemplates future usefulness and distinction in private life.

## A "Gospel for the Future"

MR. WILSON said at Stoughton:

While I would be liberal in interpreting the service, I want to prohibit for my fellow-citizens the gospel for the future, that the men who serve will be the men who profit.

But that is not a new gospel. It is the same gospel that put *Ich Dien* on the shield of the Black Prince and that made Aeneas say he had no time to be morally perfect. The men who have served here usually put it in English as an easy degree of worth in a sufficient degree. Most of the very noble people—except some of the legislators and poets—have usually applied their own needs, and in the ideal of useful service there has always been an appeal that has drawn the finer spirits by the thousand away from mere money-getting for the sake of the money-getting. It is no secret that all men are not world or the life of service is the happy life, or that the greatest rewards of life and work are not paid in cash.

The inspectors of the future have been telling us for years past that signs point to increased consideration and remuneration for useful talent; that the professional men—the engineers, doctors, lawyers, accountants, and the like—are the rising men in the world that is to be.

That accords with Mr. Wilson's hopes. Nevertheless, we guess that in the future, as in the past, the men who will get the most money will usually be the men who go out after it hardest, and that they will get it because they are the men who are worldly-wise and perhaps greedy, and without any exact relation between the size of their pile and the value of their services.

No enforcement of the Sherman law, or any improvement on it, is going to change the dispositions of men, or secure an intimate relation between moral, or even economic, desert, and pecuniary acquisition. Of course what Mr. Wilson means is that honest and ungracious and unscrupulous and slight-of-hand financiers have been getting too

big a role-off, and that other honest men in the economic machine have charged too much for turning, and that he hopes it one way or another to make it harder to get something for nothing.

Good luck to him in that endeavor! Time makes a good many of the odds come even, but it is a hard operation to hurry and very hard to accomplish by statute. Very few men want money with enough intensity to devote the bulk of their lives and strength to getting it. We guess those who do usually get it. It is not very scarce, and for those who begin soon enough, work long enough, and pay the price, it can usually be had in the quantity desired.

It is interesting in a gospel that is not new that our numerous members of consideration by a Power even stronger than the Money Trust, and that if we use a sound discretion as to what we seek we shall get just as much as we want. That old gospel has good points. You don't have to devise, and then enforce, any new statute to make it work. We would that its premises are still as good as those of the politicians and the money-makers considering. It has nature and the laws of nature working to fulfill it, and that is a big help which legislation is liable to lack.

## Two Judges and Three Jurors

If we were called on to name the two men who rendered the best service to the country in the closing years of last year we should probably have to name our choice as Judge A. W. Cannon. However, we are not running for Congress and will name Judge A. W. Cannon, of Indianapolis, and Judge Gorr, of New York City. If we were called on to name thirty-four other men who deserve well of the Republic we should look through the newspapers and find the names of the men who sat on the cases which were the most important cases tried in New York and President Bryan and the other dignitaries in Indianapolis.

None of these public servants did anything out of the common. On the contrary, they stuck in the most commonplace fashion to the practice and the precedents of something like a thousand years. The judges explained the law and the jury applied the law to the facts and the evidence. The cases were rendered to death or to imprisonment men who had committed crimes. They simply did their plain duty.

Incidentally, they gave an impressive demonstration of the value of a judicial system which certain politicians here do find shown themselves quite ready to weaken and to ignore. Judge Cannon, we believe, has been a special mark for the animosity of the men who have led the movement of discontent with our courts. Very well; we will not defend Judge Cannon; we are at present engaged in taking of our hat to him. We are quite willing to leave to his neighbors the question whether they are or are not best equipped to discharge his judicial duties.

Another judge, Judge Archbald, is at present under trial before the Senate, under impeachment proceedings instituted by the House of Representatives according to the Constitution. We will not anticipate the verdict, but we think it will probably be in favor of the judge. He is a man of high rank under our system and got rid of it. It is necessary, in order to be a democrat, to contend that everybody shall wear crime. Neither is it necessary, in order to defend American democracy, to contend that every judge is upright. Our judicial system is based on human nature as it is and the outcome of an immense experience. It can be improved, but it is not to be improved, would be the worst disservice imaginable to the Republic and to civilization.

## Brother Burns

One word more about that letter of complaint from Brother Burns of Albany in last week's *Weekend*. Brother Burns doesn't misunderstand us. We do not undervalue his opinion, but we do not like him and Senator Cavan to Roosevelt and his platform at Chicago. We do not undertake adherence to former hopes in politics when principle is involved. Our disagreement with Brother Burns is over the question of what his party most now do to be saved. We think it should have a house-cleaning, particularly down South. Apparently Brother Burns doesn't.

## The Parrot Post in Welcomes

It is early at this writing to talk about the benefits of the parrot post, but one can speak with confidence of its popularity. It seems to be working well in all directions. It may be popular because it is a novelty, or it may be popular because the department may get talked up in its new business,

As it is, the provision of special stamps has proved inefficient, and the office that prints them is running night, day and Sundays. But that shows that it is popular.

Mr. HIRSHCOCK, who seems to have shown commendable zeal and enthusiasm in making ready for the change, has also given out a pretty good statement of the main benefits we may reasonably hope to get from it. It seems we are all to get a cheaper service than we do at the moment, and Mr. HIRSHCOCK estimates that some twenty millions of us, living in places where there are no express offices, are getting something which heretofore could not be had at all. Naturally, therefore, he expects the parcels post to make life in rural communities much more comfortable and attractive, and we do not believe he is by any one else has exaggerated the gain to be hoped for in this direction. Neither do we believe that it is in the least unreasonable to expect in time a quite substantial reduction in the cost of living all over this country. There is no sort of doubt that it exists far to meet in America to get things from producer to consumer, for besides the figures we have the fact that in England we get a far more efficient service than we do in this country, and that not only costs much less, but is much better rendered. We suspect, indeed, that foreign travel, now so common with nearly all classes of our people, has done more than any other one thing to bring us to the point of demanding the parcels post effectively.

And we believe the parcels post is going to lead us on to other like reforms and improvements, some of which we shall mention elsewhere, but some of which we shall discuss for ourselves, once we set our minds to this class of problems. We are not really stupid about the ways and means to get ourselves served better and more cheaply. We have simply neglected them, as is the way of new countries with abundant resources. Now that we begin to realize that perhaps we are not so rich as we once guess that we shall do as well as other folk in the matter of making our money go farther and farther.

#### Two—

Shall we do it mainly through government, and by continually widening the scope of government, reasonably within the functions of government? It is that question. Mr. HIRSHCOCK, whose entire training has been in the strong government school—or, rather, the much government school—does not think it and apparently is not worried about it. He thinks government is going to take over the entire business of the express companies, and evidently has no qualms in assuming that a measure of this kind will as expeditiously purchase outright the property and goodwill of the companies.

Unquestionably, there is force in what he says. As government is undertaking to run an express business at cost, and the companies must make profits and pay dividends, the competition would seem to be mainly a matter of form, and it would be to do the companies' stockholders, and the only just arrangement he can find is for government to buy them out at a fair valuation without undue delay, to the end that thereafter all express business shall be, like carrying the mails, a government affair, to the complete exclusion of all private enterprise.

Now most of us would doubtless admit that that seems to be what we are coming to; but it would be mighty interesting to know how many of us would admit it forbearingly, and how many, like Mr. HIRSHCOCK, with cheerful alacrity. The difference of mind on the subject would prove to be decisively fundamental. The line between the two groups is a very narrow one, and it separates the Hamiltonians from the Jeffersonians. For we take it that a Jeffersonian, even though he may concede that in this instance the course of economic development has necessitated a big concession, cannot see without regret private enterprise superseding, and government occupying, a field so important. Indeed, we expect a Jeffersonian to hope that in at least a corner of this great field private enterprise may still have a chance, and we suspect that a fairly intelligent Jeffersonian could give pretty good reasons for the hope.

On the other question, being something of a Jeffersonian ourselves, we venture a positive opinion that we shall not have to look to government for all or nearly all the money by which we shall from now on make our money go farther and get more and more out of our resources, and make our American life, whether in city or country, more and more attractive to people of moderate means. Government will help. Its scope will continue to widen. But its best and its chief function will continue to be that of securing to private enterprise a wider and wider range of opportunity,

and to individual liberty of development and action a greater and greater security.

#### On Yes, Arbitrate if Necessary

President TAFT says we must arbitrate the disputed free tolls to coastwise-trade clause of the Panama Canal bill, unless we can settle the matter satisfactorily by negotiation.

By all means? After that or reveal the objectionable clause and strike again? If we are to arbitrate, it is money in our treasury to be hoarded, and good evidence of a provision that is not worth in any estimate what it promises to cost us.

And if we win, the judgment of Congress on the interpretation of treaties will be vindicated. That would be worth something and we could still avoid the bill.

#### British Protectionists in Trouble

Mr. BOSAN LAM, the Unionist leader, made a speech recently that is pretty sure of a place in future histories of England, for it was one of those public utterances that precipitate controversy, and surprise and disturb the disciples of arbitrary support to precipitate storms. The division in his own party that has followed is undeniably serious, not for the party only, but for the entire Empire; but it also has, undeniably, its comical aspect. The Unionists have for months been making all the capital they could out of the Liberal party's struggles with the Home Rule question. Bosan Lam's speech is actually responsibility they have, in fact, made so much capital out of their opponents' constructive undertaking that it up to the day of Mr. BOSAN LAM's speech at Lyme-Under-Ashton nothing would have suited them better than an immediate appeal to the country. And now Mr. BOSAN LAM can with a straight face threaten that if the Liberal party there is actually serious talk of the government's resorting to it.

Evidently Mr. BOSAN LAM has put his foot in it. But not just upon one either ridicule or blame Mr. BOSAN LAM. It is hard to see how any leader of the Unionist party could have long avoided putting his foot in it. For "it" in this instance means Home Rule, and it is just as troublesome to the Unionists as Home Rule has long been to Liberals—the question, namely, of protection, or, as the English call it, of "tariff reform." Mr. BOSAN LAM and his associates in the Unionist leadership have been trying to force a general election. They cannot go into a general election without a programme. That programme must say something about "tariff reform." And the question of "tariff reform" involves the question of food duties. Mr. BOSAN LAM spoke of food duties and any one else in his place would have had to speak of them. That was enough, however, to put him and his party immediately on the defensive.

For "tariff reform" and Imperial preference are usually food matters. So long as protection and free trade were the only policy of the Liberal party, Imperial preference forced on the Unionist party. Imperial preference means that Great Britain, in return for tariff favors from the dominions, shall exempt from duty some of the things the dominions want to sell. Hence it must first put duty on those products. Dominion products are usually food products. So long as protection and free trade were the only policy of the Liberal party, Mr. BOSAN LAM spoke of food duties and any one else in his place would have had to speak of them. That was enough, however, to put him and his party immediately on the defensive.

The division may or may not mean a smoother passage for Home Rule, but it certainly indicates that the British Empire will have a hard time going back to the policy of the past. The policy of free preference are irreconcilable concessions. One might as well speak of heaven-hut self-seeking or of self-altruism. The world-wide Imperialism of British subjects is the strongest political sentiment now in existence, but it cannot compare the impossible task that has been set before it by the extraordinary sick men of Birmingham.

#### Fear in Europe

In spite of the report that Servia has come to terms with Austria so to her demand for an Adriatic seaport, the prophets of war have not yet gone out of business. There seems to have been a knocking together of knaves throughout all Europe, as though the Powers, with their perpetual con-  
dumns, concessions, and intrigues, had suddenly

been caught up into the vortex of some larger and malcontent desire which was sweeping their petty malice toward destruction. Fewer recall the probability of the German southseer that 1871, 1888, and 1913 would prove eventful years for Prussia. From all over Europe no hoards of deposits being withdrawn from banks, of governments hoarding gold, of Russia and Austria mousing all their available troops on their common frontier, and a fear that is epidemic grows with each report of international harmony.

#### Keep Them Heed

These matches do not give out the break fall off it is the assurance on a box of Swedish matches.

Just the kind of Democrats we need in Congress.

#### Poor Mr. Canine

We haven't paid much attention to the reports that Mr. CARNEGIE has just away pretty nearly all of his money into various funds absolutely controlled by trustees. He had such an everlasting box of it that we didn't suppose it was possible. But it must be true, and it is a fine thing. The Laird now has personal control of only about thirty millions; that nearly eight millions of these are already divided to various institutions upon fulfillment of certain conditions; and that the income from several millions more is required for some hundreds of personal pensions provided by will. In other words, Mr. CARNEGIE has now reduced to net very much more than is needed to keep up his various establishments, about \$600,000 a year.

That is the most remarkable thing of its kind we ever heard of. How many of us who are kicking all the time about million fortunes could or would have done it! Just as a matter of preference we prefer to have a million and a some hundreds, say, fifty out of the four hundred million! It is all well enough to say one might as well get rid of his money while he lives because he can't take it with him when he dies, but that theory suffers from the fact that, no matter how old or feeble one may be, one always expects to live another year, and that is the case with some hundreds of us. We are folk, doubtless good folk, who never have been tempted and think they have great will power, who believe they could and would have passed it all up, just as the Laird has done. Maybe so; we don't know, and we don't believe they do.

As for ourselves, we have our doubts; so, that's not true; we have our doubts, and we don't know very well that we should have kept a fair amount just to throw away if the spirit should happen to move that way.

But the Laird is built on other lines; he is different; he certainly is; different from anybody we ever knew or heard of. You may or may not feel your heart going out in his direction, but you will certainly realize that; you can't help it.

Good gracious! Think of it!

#### Teachers Who Don't Know

We of the United States seem to have turned the Bible out of the public schools and put in the flag, and since religion is needed in education the disposition is now to have a flag religion with an appropriate motto.

Better than none, no doubt. Its defects, at least, are like the defects of other religions. It is adopted and straightway inconsiderate people want to enforce it by compulsion. As if that had not been sufficiently tried out in the last thousand years. If it were ordered that public-school children should recite a motto that, you can't help it, would, to compel them would be recognized as religious persecution. But when it is ordered that they shall salute the flag and a few take a salute not to the compulsory measures that sometimes follow are not recognized as of the family of our old friend who knelt first at Westminster and was so lately so much the mainstay of the public schools.

Two little school-girls in Sub Lake City got the idea that they were Socialists (the paper says) and wouldn't salute the flag. Whereupon the Utah State Teachers' Association, finding a lack of temporal authority to regulate these young politicians, passed a recommendation for an amendment to the state constitution making the teaching of patriotism compulsory in the public schools. Who will teach these teachers, first, that the State constitution is not a fit place to record rules about schools, and, second, that compulsory patriotism, like compulsory religion, is not worth anything when taught? Don't the teachers know that our flag stands for freedom and that freedom is a condition from which all unnecessary compulsion has been eliminated?



1



"Hol' on dar, now—"

2



"Dese' git gay"

3



"H—H—H—"

4



"Ah get eben wit you-all for dat"

5



"Dry ain't gwine for be no no' kicken', now"

6



"Dat kicken' buttern is done settled fo'ber"

7



"H—H—H—H—H—H—H—H—"

8



THE MULE: " 'Fis obliged to de gun what dese sars me unnecessary labor"

# A STUDY IN KICKS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



# THE COMING OF THE NEW HOTEL

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

**I**f is a pretty poor sort of American town that cannot boast a new hotel in these days. It may cling to old traditions in one case, and in another try to capitalize its hopes, but it is sure to boast on its main street somewhere a palatial sort of a hotel-like skyscraper. You may go back to Billeville—and just let Billeville be about any typical middle-sized city in the land—and recall pretty distinct memories, pleasant or otherwise, of the hospitality that held you there twenty years before. It may have been a dingy, barlike affair, echoing its solitary grandeur all the black decoration and furniture horrors of the Victorian age, or it may have been, and rarely was, a comfortable old ark, with low ceilings and wapping open wood fires, with a landlord who was a local lord, to greet you when you stepped from outer cold into its barlike atmosphere. But those old fellows—the Congress Hotels and the Nationals and the Americans that used to be sprinkled across the land—are nearly all gone, or else reduced to utter degradation in their old age. Sometimes you will still find them stately standing, like the historic Monongahela at Pittsburgh, the Monument at Springfield, Massachusetts, the Kutva House in Baltimore, or

the great Logan House at Altoona, and enjoying only a slight dimination of their former glories. Sometimes, like the Fifth Avenue Hotel, they were torn down rather than that the shadows of old age and lessened respect should come upon them. Fire has wrecked and havoc with many of them. They have gone into American history along with the bookbind, the brewer, and the ally-with. And yet some of them have more than played their ordinary part in the making of history. In the grand upper rooms of that same Logan House, rising above the railroad tracks at Altoona, the war governors of Northern States were wont to gather in the troublesome days of the early sixties, the history of the Republican party might have been written from the famous Avon center of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, while the stageboxes that formerly lined an upper mezzanine of the Monongahela House spoke widely of bitter battles for supremacy between old-time steamboats on the Ohio and the lower Mississippi. From the quiet balcony of that same hotel, facing the green-grover levee of Pittsburgh, every President of the United States from Lincoln to Taft has spoken.

But today each Billeville all the way across the land boasts loudly of its new hotel and looks indignantly upon the old. The Billevillians who merit you at the inn, call your attention to its unobtrusive magnificence as you approach it from afar. "The very jewel of metropolitan elegance," he says slowly, thinking of his own check baggage in the thing. "It's the Wakker of this end of the State." When you raise inside the new Hotel Billeville, where the historic decorator has perished his passions to play material, and have passed your eye at the gorgeously of artificial marble and heavy marble, you are permitted to delve still further into the wonders of this supreme wonder. There may be a roof-garden and there is surely a grill-room seaward crissed and embellished with into which Billeville usually comes after an evening at the show, to indulge in champagne and lobster mazzoni and order beer and portwine, while a happy hand places your marble powder from a satisfactory little perch over in the corner just under the ceiling. Billeville has had her own servant problem: its reputation is too glibly in detail for these columns. Billeville is being out. To be more exact, Billeville is beginning to die out. It has already acquired the restaurant and club habit for week. Twenty years ago, the chief articles of the town were filled all noon with men coming to and from their dinners. They used persons in American towns of more than ten thousand population have started their heavy coats from noon till eight and set a light on an expensive lunch downtown.

This is all fact, not fiction. It all explains how a new era in hotel-keeping has come in the larger towns across the land.

Take any typical Billeville. Its own American house, wick with its study parlors, its travelled marble floors, and its elaborate if grotesque carvings, all were regarded as nothing less than architectural triumph, is today descended from the high plateau of local renown. The new hotel, with the marble-top marble in its lobby, the roof garden and the grill, as already described, is now the town's chief boast of pride. Probably Billeville has all but bankrupted itself in the erection of the palace—generally deemed for a hotel hotel of triumph. It has a jocosous boast that it is a degree ahead of the rivals and that, to its civic mind, is worth several tons of worthless hotel stock.

With the coming of the new type of hotel there has also disappeared the so-called "American plan," the famous three-times-a-day gorge that was the delight of every hungry man taking his way across the land, at an old-fashioned, reasonable cost of living. In the place of the scientific of many institutions with little bits of vegetable and the menu "gourmet" under seven or eight kinds of meats and vegetables and slices of pie and of cake, has come the esthetic "European plan," over the card of which you prick your way with an inflexible rule, hoping to pin a medal that will set more than triple the rest of one over the old plan.

There have been several reasons for the change, not the least of them the great increase in food cost, which the average hotel-keeper has felt as heavily as any housekeeper, the trade being that he is only a house-keeper himself. The going is, at least, no such national pasture as it was thirty or forty years ago. The national stomach is becoming a national regard. The man who gets drunk at a public table is no longer an object of emulation.

The European plan first became popular in the small towns through New England. The growing use of the automobile and the demand of the automobilist that time first need be ready here and there and everywhere to serve him with a quick word at almost any reasonable hour of the day hastened the change. Today the old-fashioned American plan is holding on with a feeble grasp, and that is rapidly slipping from it. One Boston hotel of high grade still boasts that it serves five meals a day on an inclusive charge to its guests, but it is a great exception. The commercial traveler, with his expense account, a not very expensive thing, has watched the passing of the "American plan" with ill-concealed regret. Hence that consider him as a factor in their yearly routine sometimes modify their European-plan eating to suit his more strict purse. They have "club breakfasts" and various forms of table d'hôte luncheons and dinners, to suit his necessities.

But on the other side of the fence there sits tight the biggest of the newer houses, the large hotels, and these are not conforming to any trend. They make little account of any sort with the days of old in hotel-keeping. A great modern house in New York has based on distinctly an American dish as steak from the hills-of-fare; several of these have long since pleased the host on pie. Single dishes are in their distinctive and unimpaired before of non-European articles shows great preference in remodeling and remodeling—even a new-way hotel that has "king a little long" in the old-fashioned way, with the right amount of strong dressing, may be transformed into a foreign lounge so deftly as to make the regular patron of the house believe the host waits to secure it for them. As a star dish it may go upon the menu card at \$1. per "the p. p." means that the comfortable large portions with which the European plan first acquainted itself



You have gazed at the artificial marbles and heavy mazzoni.

upon American hearts no longer exists, and now he is the thrifty diner who tries to make a single portion piece out for two. That deadly "P. P." absolutely prohibits that.

The success of a new dish in New York means that it is going to be copied all the way across the land. You can pay just as much for a portion of lobster in New York as you can in the smartest restaurant on Broadway. If you are daring enough to protest against the price of your small cups of lobster floating in a little puddle of yellow gravy in the New York hotel restaurant, he will tell you stories of vast costs and great expenditures that will convince you that in giving you lobster at 25¢, costs a cent in doing nothing less than impressing charity. And if you protest to the finest City landlady he will smilingly remind you that "you never kick or pay \$1.50 for a portion of lobster Newburg back east on Broadway."

That shows the weakness of an imitative business. A big hotel in the capital of hoteldom on the island of Manhattan has recently introduced a "cover charge" of twenty-five cents a person to reimburse the proprietor for bread and pepper and salt and ice-water and butter, all neatly smoothed in the meal. That will probably also soon become nationally popular; perhaps sooner or later some daring wit of a hotelier is going to discover that he can make fifty cents a "cover charge" and still escape with his life.

There are also and now others that have spread across the land with the coming of the metropolitan hotel in all of the little towns of the land are perhaps, after all, but minor chords in the main theme—the architectural problems that have been raised up high by the coming of the new sort of hotel.

For, truth to tell, when we imported European methods of living hotels, the good with the bad, we failed in living across the sea the personality and charm of the hotel-ies of the Continent from which they came. Unfortunately the best of our new order of great hotels were built in the city of New York; unfortunately, because the narrow squares and the high prices of Manhattan real estate have created a peculiarly cramped type of building. While the type of hotel architecture which resembles a parking-car stood upon road is a necessity in New York, it is not a necessity in most other American cities. But almost all the others of our American cities have followed New York blindly in this regard, and there is a hideous monotony of parking-lot hotels all the way across the land, from one coast to the other, from Canada to Mexico. And to-day a Texas city situated in a flat sandy the size of a New England state is building a monstrous sky-scraper hotel.

None of the personality that some American towns possess in their degree is reflected in their great new hotels. These are apt to be pretty much alike in all the largest towns across the land—usually, raw, overdeveloped. Boston is a bit of an exception, because she believes that if Young's or Parbur's or the Adams House were good enough for his fathers and his grand-

fathers it is good enough for the Boston of to-day. So that thrifty of the old-fashioned hoteliers still describes, and you can read the very fashion favor is then when you go to your room and find the catalogue of the house library hanging there. In their restaurants the chief of the Hotel still confirm in secret admiration of serot and renewed reviled, and all the other venerable old-fashioned dishes of the rock-bound New England shore. And in building Boston's newest hotel, the first of the great new hotels of America to be architecturally sufficient, recognition has been made of that fine New England sentiment by making the chief feature of the hotel's main facade, facing Cooper Square, a typically Boston "low-window."

Washington has done better things architecturally than almost any other of our American cities—its new railroad station is a model for terminal design. Yet Washington, with her great open squares and her wonderful vistas down long boulevards, has not yet realized a great hotel, typically American in design and decoration, being one of those squares of boulevardier hotels are all replicas of the peculiar style of New York.

Out of all these things there is bound to come a change. The beginning of that change are already being noticed across the land. Miss Linn is bound to believe that there is more than a merely novel plan of serving and charging for food and drink that can be borrowed from the successful hotels of Europe. A great hotel in Portland, Oregon, although it is no longer new, is able to hold for itself first place in an important town as well as an attraction in the hearts of those who come to patronize it by the fascinating and unusual courtyard. In that courtyard the Portland hotel opens on pleasant summer nights to all as the hotel owners and listen to its architect in the open, indifferently than any glass-enclosed, skylight-roofed "palm garden" of the more modern houses. Denver felt still delight in sitting on the stairs in the imposing courtyard of their fine, old-fashioned hotel.



The regular patrons of the house visit the head waiter to secure it for them

San Francisco felt that the roof of all hotel-keeping was reached when the court of the Palace went down to ruins and when in her fearful catastrophe six years ago. And in giving San Francisco a new Palace the architects and the owners cleverly complied to reform, in part at least, that famous architectural feature. One inspired and imaginative head down at Riverside, California, is a lover-keeper and a poet. He believes, and rightly, that a typically Californian hotel should breathe something of the architecture and traditions of California and not imitatively resemble a Maine coast summer hotel colored like a lady's glove, and picked up overnight and carried overseas. So he has incorporated into the building of his wonderful house all the rich and exquisite details of the crumbling mission.

The new hotels have gone up by the hundreds in the past seventeen or eighteen years, and their cost has ranged high into the millions. They are but one thing that typifies the growth of a great nation. They are new, and that need is overworked in describing each of them. But there is a better order of things coming. In the next generation of hotel-keepers and hotel patrons we are going to see it.



AMERICA'S BUSINESS CENTER AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

IF THE PEARL AND DIAMOND WHICH ARE SHOWN ABOVE THE MASS OF SKYSCRAPER NEW YORK, THERE WAS IN EXISTENCE FIVE YEARS AGO. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM EAST 147th ST., LOOKING SOUTH ALONG THE SIXTH AND NINTH AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD. BEFORE BEING THE SIXTH AVENUE OF THE EMPIRE BUILDING, THE PLAT HEREIN REPRESENTED IN THE FORM OF A TRIANGLE, WHICH WAS NOT SO LONG AND THE LANDMARK BY WHICH MARINER LAM THEIR COURSE UP THE HARBOR. THE TALLEST STRUCTURE IN THE PICTURE, WHICH DRAFT OF SEVERAL BLOCKS ON THE EXTREME LEFT, IS THE WOODMONT BUILDING. SEEN, ON THE RIGHT, IS THE DUBOIS TOWER OF THE SEVEN BUILDINGS. THE SHOWN PYRAMID ON THE RIGHT OF THIS IS THE FINE MUNICIPAL BUILDING. SKY, ON THE RIGHT, AND THE TOWER WITH THE PYRAMIDAL TOP ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTERY. THE COMPANY OF THE

# THE POOR MAN'S MOTOR CAR

by Thaddeus S. Dayton  
Illustrations by Gordon Grant



**P**ROBABLY no subject is more frequently debated in the homes of the moderately well-to-do than the relation of the monthly income to the personal automobile. Many people would like to know whether the cost of the upkeep of a machine is actually great as is often stated, and, whether it is or not, they would like to have some idea what that expense amounts to.

There is no question but that the high-grade touring-car or limousine that is sold for \$3,000 and up, when operated by a skilled chauffeur and used constantly, runs into considerable money every month. It is generally figured that the "keep" of such a machine is \$3,000 a year at the very least. But every day in the streets one sees newly dressed men who are not paying \$20 to \$300 for their suits of clothes, and prettily enough arrayed women who are not purchasing expensive dressmakers. Is it not possible to do the same with an automobile—to own a car and get the good out of it on a small, average income? If so, and it is being done all over the country.

A man in the suburbs who has an income of \$30 a week and pays \$20 a month house rent can afford a car. He will need to buy it carefully and with forethought as to its weight on the tires, an important consideration in running expenses, and he must handle it himself, drive, clean, and make all small repairs, but he can own one without paying, especially in other directions and without getting into debt. Of course he must have his own garage—what is, he must have a little building alongside his house for the machine. A portable structure costing a hundred dollars or so will do. There will have to be some close calculating, but it can be done, and the owner of the car will be able to have an infinite amount of pleasure without its costing him very much money.

What many people do not realize in car-keeping is this: The man of very moderate means who is in the sway of a machine seldom has much time to use it. Hence the wear and tear is relatively small and the cost of fuel is little. The rich man's car is in constant commission. They cover many miles each day for the owner and his family, they are used on long tours. But the man of small income has little time for his machine. It is a comparatively rare enjoyment. He may go out now and again in the evening for a short spin, but not by any means every night. The real day for his car is a Sunday or a holiday, and for the man who is not a seasonal, rich automobilist anything like a hundred miles in a long, long trip, not to be taken very frequently. The average Sunday trip for the man who is operating his machine occasionally is seldom anything like this distance.

It follows, therefore, that the monthly cost of the inexpensively handled car runs down to a very low figure, so low that it is not a tax on the \$1,000-a-year

man. If he is a good and careful driver he can keep his bills down to three or four dollars a week easily, perhaps even below that figure. Of course such a man will be something of a mechanic and know how to keep his car constantly in trim. An expense of two or three dollars here and there, covering this part and that, when coming weak seasons and near new ones, will save twenty or thirty or even more later on. No man who has not this ingenuity and forethought can afford an automobile on a very small income.

The man who possesses it can afford one. It is astounding what a man can operate a machine on, if he only will. Well-off people who are constantly drawing checks for repairs, garage charges, supplies, chauffeur salaries, and spending large sums of money whenever they go out bearing, cannot understand it, and declare these calculations impossible. But the so-called impossible is being done in hundreds of towns and small cities, and even in the heart of large cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia, though in these running a car for a very small weekly sum within the range of the very small income is much more difficult.

Some have said that for the apartment-house dweller or the man in the "black house" in the large cities—where a garage of one's own, no matter how small, is quite impossible—it is entirely out of the question to attempt to own one's own machine on an income of less than \$50 a week. Investigation has proved an income like this to be unnecessarily large. The man is a big city man manage it on much less, if he will, and not cramp himself in so doing. He has, of course, one extra expense that his suburban brother avoids—he must pay garage storage, having no spot of his own to store his car. The lowest possible garage

charge in New York City, for example, is \$25 a month, and an owner may feel that he will have to pay \$25. He will very likely find that he has to. This does not include cleaning or overhauling. The owner must do all of this himself. Naturally over the circumstances, especially when it comes to minor repairs, he cannot



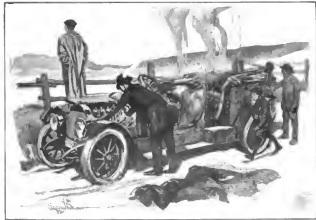
He must handle it himself, drive, clean, and make all small repairs

do it as well as if he had his own little place. Then the city man's car is not kept up quite so economically, whatever the owner's skill and laborious may be. In dollars and cents the city man has to put out at least six to eight dollars a week additional, use every ounce of ingenuity that he will.

But even those figures, say \$30 a month for the man in the city, are a long way off from the "absolute minimum" of \$1,000 a year expense, "taking advantage of every economy" that the well-off people talk about. It all depends upon the point of view. No one will deny that it is pleasant to be able to spend \$100 a month, or even \$200, on running your car. The question is not that, but how far down a man and woman can figure without running into debt. Naturally the advantage is all with the suburban residents or those who live in very small towns, but an automobile today is not an impossible proposition for the city-dweller who has a small, steady income.

The question "who can afford an automobile?" is very much that of "who can afford anything?" The ordinary, free spender who has twice \$20 a week will find a car too much for his means, while the man of another type, with one-half his income, can manage well. Of course, there is an in-between class, a danger point. In the country a man should not be an automobile-owner of any kind unless he can comfortably spend three or four dollars extra a week at least, and the fast-dweller in a big city should be sure that he can afford about twelve dollars weekly. The joys of automobile-ownership are but few for these small sums. It is no longer a very rich man's pastime. It looks as if the prophecy made several years ago would become true, that practically all people of moderate means would find it possible to become automobile-owners within a short time.

The ease of ordinary, average salary finds it an easy matter to buy a machine today. The price of new cars of good makes is steadily decreasing, and there are always a number of excellent second-hand ones in the market. There is no trouble at all in buying a very good machine for a hundred dollars down, or even less, and paying off the balance monthly. In fact, as with pianos and many other articles, a man can make almost any terms he wishes. If the buyer has a turn for mechanics, he has a golden automobile opportunity these days. For \$400, \$200, and even \$100, he can get a second-hand car of one of



A quiet suburbanite bowed among the rains and suddenly made an offer of \$200 spot cash.

the high-grade makes. It will not be, at the moment, a perfect car, of course. But such a man can take it, and at little expense can gradually make it into a first-class car. The process will be to replace the worst parts step by step. A man does not have to be a mechanical genius, by any means, to be able to accomplish this. There are thousands of men in America today who would find it possible and the work an actual relaxation and enjoyment, and hundreds who are actually doing it.

Two or three years ago a car that was practically new and had cost over \$2,000 got a tire which was on the road. By the time the tire was put out it looked pretty badly damaged. The owner, a rich young fellow, was disgusted. He never visited the car again, and he'll tell you of course he would, to any one who was free enough to buy it. A motorist would more quietly among the ruins and probably would not offer of \$200 spot cash, take it away himself. He pulled a small check-book out of his pocket. The owner, who had telephoned for another car, was still waiting, and he was angry at having his trip interrupted, closed the bargain like a flash.

Six months after that Mr. Suburbanite had a \$2,300 car that was the envy of people miles around. It had cost him, all included, \$400, and he had worked on it steadily. Now and again he took a day from the bank to fix his car, and he had a mechanic or two come out to help him; but in the main it was all his work. Piece by piece, at a cost of a few dollars at a time, he had brought his car to the condition as he afterward told his intimates, it was the cheapest in he ever had.

This man was a \$1,200 a year man. His automobiles for he did not have very much space time in two—cost him scarcely more than five dollars a week all told. He had the advantage, of course, of the man who cannot afford to buy a car, and he had a mechanic or two come out to help him; but in the main it was all his work. Piece by piece, at a cost of a few dollars at a time, he had brought his car to the condition as he afterward told his intimates, it was the cheapest in he ever had.

The question of "affording" begins with the purchase of a car. Many a man has found he could not "afford" one and has had repeatedly to give up

the purchase merely because he has bought wrong. The heavy automobile is no car for a man to buy when every cent of expense thereafter has to be considered. There are cars that can be run inexpensively and cars that will be costly in the extreme. The man who thinks of this when he is buying and picks out the right type of car for a slim purse comes out right every time.

Many manufacturers are now considering just this type of customer. He has come to be a big factor in the market and has been found quite as worth while catering to as his rich money-spending brother. A man like this wants not only a fairly low-priced car to start with, but one that can be run at very little cost. Such a car, made specifically for the man of moderate means, not only saves first cost, but so to speaking, too, for example, one of its prime principles that there should not be too much weight on the drive. Many men about to buy a car would not give attention to this point. The man who has his head about him, though, will spend a reasonable sum of buying his car as a small income, does. It is in ways like this that he demonstrates his ability to afford an automobile. He has grasped the idea that it is management and forethought rather than actual money that makes car-owning possible for the man of little means, and when he starts out to buy he studies every detail of weight and convenience and simplicity of mechanism. A car a few pounds lighter than another may mean the saving of a number of dollars yearly for him. He buys with an eye like a hawk.

The matter of weight works this way: Tires are supposed to be a costly proposition for the automobile. He who is for the man with whom it makes little difference when they money goes. But in actual practice, if a man knows how to do it, the tire bill can be cut down to very little indeed. Here is a good instance.

There is a man who lives in New York City who, ten years ago, bought one of the smaller light-weight, well-adapted cars. The tires for this cost a hundred dollars for the four. They are the smallest that are made. Probably they would not appeal any more than the car itself to the rich man to whom hundreds-dollar bills are more incidents of daily life. But they are good tires, and the car provides many pleasant rides at a trifling price.

These tires are guaranteed for 3,500 miles. But this man who really knew how to afford an automobile

and was an expert at it managed to make them last for 8,000 miles. It was near the end of the two years before he had to renew them. Now, \$2,000 miles in two years does not represent a lot of wearing, but it means a good many delightful hours of what this man made at very small tire cost per mile. It is more like this who run auto machines, for they know how to get the best out of them.

Tires like these could not be had, of course, on the heavy cars. Here comes in the judgment of buying the economical car—about it, for the man who must persistently consider ways and means. The man who considers finds that there are many other points he must look into in an automobile. Some new services were the first thing he looks into. They allow small repairs to be made more readily. Every man drives a car just a little differently. There are a thousand and one chances to save money or to waste it every mile that is traveled. The shrewd man of little means knows the way to favor his car and prolong its life and lessens the cost of driving. It is not the first thing he learns, it is a very near to it. The ordinary automobile does not realize what savings are possible in a year, with care.

A garage may cost what it will. An ingenious man will very likely be able to put up one with his own hands at a cost of less than twenty-five dollars. Built specifically for the man of moderate means, it would probably cost not far from \$100. In many cases, however, it flows through the country, there is one class of men who are not so particular about the thing. However, the garage does not give the careful owner much worry. An automobile does not need to be expensive to be a good one.

One of the things he bought, there should be no need of effort to keep expenses down. The owner can do this by strictly restricting his losses whenever the automobile is out of the way. This means in a word that if the automobile is to be a pleasure instead of a necessity, it should be a pleasure. The man who has his car in his own hands can always afford one, while he who depends on never afford this luxury. The old device of having the man and the way he knows how to manage. This is why many cars today are driving their own gear, while they are more progressive in their own gear, while they are. They, too, could afford an automobile, but they do not know how.

# NEW CARS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Some Innovations and Inventions that are to be Seen in the Newest Types of Automobiles

BY LAWRENCE LARUE

**A**SK one motor-car manufacturer what he expects to do in his 1913 product and he will tell you, indignantly, that he makes no yearly models. He makes one car, and he makes it in his cars as soon as they are perfected, and he doesn't keep the public waiting a year for a new one. It is the type of man, no matter what his salary may be, who can best afford an automobile, and who, on an income that would seem to most people altogether too meagre, manages to be an owner without the slightest hardship.

The question of "affording" begins with the purchase of a car. Many a man has found he could not "afford" one and has had repeatedly to give up

last year. Consequently this year finds the self-starter as inoperative, but the fact that it is to be used on well over ninety per cent of the various makes of new machines is in itself a most impressive indication of the demand of the day.

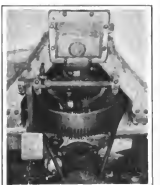
It is probably the success of the electric self-starter that has made possible the large advances in the make of the electrically illuminated cars. The idea

or mechanical form of self-starter. It is not to be expected that such equipment will be found in the cheaper cars, but even these may be provided with electric-lighting outlets at but a comparatively small advance in cost. On one of the switches is a device which will self-power and firmness. This switch is a necessity if the automobile is to be a pleasure instead of a necessity, it should be a pleasure. The man who has his car in his own hands can always afford one, while he who depends on never afford this luxury. The old device of having the man and the way he knows how to manage. This is why many cars today are driving their own gear, while they are more progressive in their own gear, while they are. They, too, could afford an automobile, but they do not know how.

Having learned your lesson, approach the next manufacturer and question him as to the specifications of his "Series XXIV" or "Type 22" car and you will probably be told that his factory has been working for the last six months on the 1912 models, that his entire sales force has been busy taking orders for next year's cars during the usual dull season, and that the opportunity for obtaining a 1913 car in the latter part of 1912 is so alluring to purchasers that the production end of the organization is working night and day through the year. It is the fact that improvement is added to his product as soon as the former is perfected, but that he doesn't think it necessary to remove or give a new number to the car because of a series change in the design (production sense) and he will exhibit no visible evidence of disgust over those who have departed from the yearly model system. He will tell you, however, that he did the first man you approached when you mentioned "1913 car."

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that there is not more unanimity among motor-car manufacturers as to the proper designation of their latest product. It is a convenience, of course, that it is difficult for the consumer to keep such distinctions in mind. He will turn a car by the year in which it was bought, regardless of the fact that it may be a 1912 model in every way by the maker or that the factory had been working on its parts for a full year when it reached the market.

But, regardless of personal opinion as to types, series, or yearly models, the automobiles that are now being produced are noticeably better than those of any manufacturer one take exception to that term. Also, regardless of the pretensions and good intentions of all of the manufacturers, there are a few things to keep their products up to date. There are many changes and improvements to be found in the new cars which were not possessed by their cousins of last year. These improvements are not only being made, but nearly all of them have been thoroughly "tried out" before in one or more instances, but they merit a level of confidence that is not to be had in the very common and cheap cars. Take the matter of self-starters, for example. They were used with great success in probably thirty per cent. of the cars made



The teeth cut in the fly wheel which engage with the gear of an electric motor on a popular form of self-starter. This installation also furnishes current for the lighting system.

of employing the same electric generating and storage outfit for starting the motor, furnishing power to the lights, and in some instances supplying current to the ignition system. As compared to designs of years ago, and we find that the number of outlets employing this system has increased several fold over the last year. Electric lighting systems are not restricted to the cars equipped with electric self-starters, for a simple generating and storage outfit can be used on any automobile employing the explosive, pneumatic,

or mechanical form of self-starter. It is not to be expected that such equipment will be found in the cheaper cars, but even these may be provided with electric-lighting outlets at but a comparatively small advance in cost. On one of the switches is a device which will self-power and firmness. This switch is a necessity if the automobile is to be a pleasure instead of a necessity, it should be a pleasure. The man who has his car in his own hands can always afford one, while he who depends on never afford this luxury. The old device of having the man and the way he knows how to manage. This is why many cars today are driving their own gear, while they are more progressive in their own gear, while they are. They, too, could afford an automobile, but they do not know how.

But the vast increase in the number of electrically lighted cars does not constitute the only features of 1913 lighting systems. There have been refinements and improved well over every part of the motor and body can be illuminated at the turn of a switch or the pressure on a button. Gags lights for illuminating the instruments on the dash and "trouble-lights" attached to long flexible wires have been considered some of the appointments of electric-lighting systems, but it remained for our ingenious designers to devise a light so placed, beautiful and effective as the "running-board" that is step in front of each door of a closed car will be brightly illuminated. These lights are fired within the space of the wheel and the mechanism is made whatever one or the other is exposed. It is only those who have had occasion to enter or step from the brilliantly lighted interior of a modern motor car who can appreciate the beauty and the safety of the new design. This is the feature of the 1913 cars, it is an example of the refinements and ingenious applications to which the modern electric-lighting system is susceptible. The interior of the car is illuminated in a way which is arranged within each panel of the driver, while the switches for the interior lamps are placed where they are most convenient for the driver's reach. These lamps are operated from the driver's seat are the pair of headlights, the pair of side-lights, the tail lamp, and two or three page lamps. On some more intricate switchboards there has been added the steering post, and from this the ignition system, the self-starter, and any individual light or set of lights may be operated by the turn of a single button. A pull on this same button will throw off the switch and thus stop the car or extinguish any light desired.

Just a decade ago the advent of the first four-cylinder gasoline automobile engine took the motorist world by storm. It was called a "runabout" because it was so easily all of the front part of the car. It was a cylinder—and in case more two-cylinder—motors, and consequently the three-hundred-horsepower. Increase in the number of cylinders has been the rule, and it is not long before all makers were adopting the four-cylinder motor, however, and it therefore logically comes that the four-cylinder motor has become the standard cylinder. A few years later more largely produced "six" cylinders, but for several years the "four" remained as the standard power plant.





A baggage outfit ready to be attached to a car

the "six" was new or less of a luxury, and it was only in the expensive cars that it could be found. But the public has now become accustomed to "sixes," and therefore the statement that there will be more six-cylinder motors produced this year than there were cars of all kinds manufactured in 1910 will hardly cause the attention that was occasioned by the appearance of the first "four." Such figures are important, however, for while in 1910 of course the "four" will still hold the lead, the number of manufacturers who have lately swung into the "six" line this year marks one of the most important eras of the automobile industry. Manufacturers who had hitherto confined their efforts exclusively to "fours" are now producing "sixes"—not as a side line, but as leading models, one per cent, if not of greater importance than, the "fours." Other concerns which produced both types of cars last year are now confining their efforts exclusively to the manufacture of "sixes." And these six-cylinder cars are not all high priced; several manufacturers of expensive "sixes" have produced 1912 with a "little six" that is smaller, lighter, of less power, and that sells at a lower price than does the big brother and yet in the peer of the best four-cylinder automobile of two or three years ago.

But even such changes do not mark the limit of the price reduction that has been made for the "six" of 1912. The aforementioned "little six" will sell at from one-half to one-third of the price of their five and six thousand dollar brothers. And for 1912 the man to whom \$1,500 represents the limit of his motor investment can still become the proud possessor of a "six" that would have cost double the \$1,500 mere four years ago. These low-priced "sixes" are smaller, of course, and of less horsepower than the more expensive machines, but so effective and far-reaching have been the refinements of the past few years that this new crop of "sixes" easily hold its own with any machine of other classes.

The substitution of six-cylinder motors for "fours" under the banner of many of the cars has resulted in lengthening the forward portion of the machine. Therefore, to prevent the car from appearing to be "tail ending" the body has been lengthened in proportion to the increase in size of the motor, with the result that machines of longer wheel-bases are in vogue among the medium-priced class than was the case a season or so ago. This change has increased the carrying capacity of many of the cars, or, in cases in which this has not resulted, the space allowed for each occupant is greater than formerly. In some models both comfort and capacity have been increased, and, in addition, more of the necessary equipment and baggage for long tours is provided.

But because the increase in "sixes" is one of the mainlines of the season, let not the motorist think that the "fours" have been neglected. These have kept pace with the general improvements of the times and are today better cars than ever. There, too, have increased in roominess, power, capacity, and

comfort, and the provision for traveling equipment show that the modern motor-car is more a touring vehicle than ever. Pockets in the sides of the rear doors and at the back of the front seat afford accommodations for the articles, while provision is made for the storage of small necessities in drawers that are placed under the seats and may be reached from the interior. Folding trunk-racks are placed at the rear, and, as spare tires are now carried here also, the rear-benches are left free for the accommodation of suit-cases, trunks, and boxes. On some cars an extra touring equipment is provided—at additional cost, of course—which consists of a dunes or moon leather-covered boxes and cases, each of which is



A car with four doors and switchboard (attached to the steering-post) for the control of the ignition, self-starter, and lighting systems

shaped to fit a certain portion of the body. Some of these are placed on the rear-benches, others are attached to the back of the front seat in the tonneau, while still a third set is secured in the inside of the doors. Those placed at the rear end of the rear-benches are shaped to fit the curve of the feet, and each piece is an designed and located that its contents may be reached without the necessity for disturbing the other boxes or cases.

In general appearance the new cars are not greatly different from their predecessors of 1911. The same long, low, straight-line effect is maintained and even accentuated by the increase in the length of the wheel-base of many of the cars. In fact, it is probable that the sides are slightly higher and the bodies a bit lower than last year. This increase the "torpedo" is

or "grouse" appearance of the bodies, and as in some cases the bodies of the cars are actually higher than the top of the dash and meet the sides in the same general curve, the "smooth side" effect is more in evidence than ever. The end-over approach last year to keep the fenders-boards and sides free from impediments and projections seemed to meet with approval on the part of the public, for the majority of the new cars carry the spare tires at the rear, place the tool and battery boxes and gas-tank under the seats or floor boards, and employ invisible hinges and concealed inside latches on the doors.

The closed cars are more comfortable and luxurious than ever, and the tendency toward the enclosed driver's section, or "Pullman front" design is plainly apparent. Attention has been paid to the ventilation of the interior of both compartments, and several ingenious devices for this purpose are to be found in regular equipment on many of the latest models, coupes, and town cars. Convertible bodies have met with great success, and it is probable that many of them will be found in use this year by those who can afford to purchase this more pretentious type of car. These convertible bodies may be so arranged that the car in all appearances resembles an ordinary touring automobile, but only a few moments are required to convert the machine into a limousine with the conventional high partitions between the front seat and the rear compartment and with sliding glass windows in the sides and doors. When set in these glass partitions and windows are fit down into the floor, and the partitioning is composed of a collapsible material that may be folded back and set in the same line as the roof of the car.

So far as mechanical changes are concerned, the new cars are free from innovations. Refinements are apparent, such as an increase in the dimensions of couplings, provided with hollowed tube stems, anti-power glands—which include the motor, clutch, and transmission

mounted on a positive base—and lubricating system which automatically regulate the oil supply to correspond to the speed of the motor and the load carried by it. Four-speed transmission systems will be found on some of the cars this year, although the three-speed type still retains many adherents who consider that the superior flexibility of the six-cylinder motor renders a fourth gear unnecessary.

In considering the number of designers who have entered the "left hand drive" field cannot be overlooked. City traffic conditions and the inability of motorists to leave the driver's seat on the left-hand side of the road immediately in front of the passing stream of vehicles have long made the left-hand drive vehicle for town cars and taxicabs, but 1912 finds this design applied to a large number of touring cars. The improvement of the average country road and the elimination of the dangerous dips at either side have made the driver of to-day more interested in the space between himself and the vehicle that is in passing at his left than in the narrowness of his wheel in the "gutter," and consequently there are many motorists who prefer to operate their cars from the left side. Some of the cars in which the driver's seat is placed at the left are provided with transmission and emergency brake levers projecting from the center, so that they may be operated with the right hand. This design possesses the further advantage of allowing the driver and his companion to alight from or enter the forward compartment at either side, and also provides the upper fire escape exit, the rear—and also makes an ideal change in the method of control in which the operator has been accustomed when the levers were placed at the right side of the right-hand seat. The chief advantage of the left-hand drive, however, lies in the fact that it enables the driver to alight directly upon the curb and immediately on the almost universal use of the self-starter has eliminated the formerly frequent necessity of stepping out to crank the motor right-hand entrance is combated by many designers in sufficient and such. Therefore, place the control levers at the left.

But whether it be a four or six cylinder car, right or left hand drive, center or side control, or three or four wheel propulsion, the buyer of a new automobile may not realize that he is receiving full value for money invested. This holds true this year as never before, for, as new manufacturing processes are inaugurated, a greater number of parts made of more-elastic and better materials used, and a more general use of better bearings, rollers, and ball bearings of vital companies cause the motor car as a vehicle to be used to be improved.



Cars fitted with the new left-hand drive, enabling the driver to gaze the clearances closely

# CAR-TROUBLES: HOW TO CURE THEM

Their Symptoms and their Cure. A Clear and Comprehensive Guide for the Motorist in Trouble on the Road

BY HAROLD WHITTING SLAUSON, M.E.

The various motor troubles here dealt with are classified alphabetically according to the predominating symptom. There are also numbered numerically for each part of the motor. Where there are two or more possible causes all are given together with their remedies. The sub-classifications thus formed bear a letter preceded by the number indicating the paragraph of which they form a part. Remedies for symptoms are not repeated in the text, but references are made in the paragraph number and letter in which the hint appears.

## I.—CLUTCH TROUBLES

1. Harsh or "Pierce"
  - a. Lack of lubrication (if in used clutch or disk clutch running in it) or use of inferior surfaces dry and resulting in undue engagement of the members. Apply oil or grease or use oil on surface of leather-faced new clutch and keep parts well oiled thereafter. Fill racing of disk clutch with oil about half of the space quality of oil.
2. Surfaces rough, preventing gradual engagement. "Dress down" new clutch surfaces or apply new leather. Dress edges of disks with a file to remove "burns".
3. Operation Difficult
  - a. Shifts out of alignment, producing unequal pressure at various points of contact. This makes disengagement impossible. Shafts and bearings should be aligned by eye.
  - b. Spring tension too heavy, requiring strong pressure to disengage. Reduce spring tension by adjustment provided, but aim should be taken not to make spring so weak that clutch will slip.
  - c. Surfaces worn in form of grooves or overlapping edges which grip the adjusting piston of a disk clutch. Level all edges with a file. (See Fig. above.)
3. Slips
  - a. Leather of cone clutch slicked, preventing surfaces from gripping properly. Apply a small amount of powdered resin to leather or new leather.
  - b. Surfaces glazed from wear, gummed lubricant, or running when plates were dry. If cone clutch, new leather method. If plate clutch, remove disks and clean with gasoline, or, if difficult to hand, with some chemical such as petrol naphtha. Dress out old oil and replace with fresh.
  - c. Spring weak, preventing friction surfaces from being held together with sufficient force. Tighten by moving up roller against which one end of spring rests, or send to factory for original spring.

## II.—ENGINE TROUBLES

1. Back-firing
  - a. Mixture too lean; adjust carburetor. (See "Fuel Troubles," 1a.)
  - b. Valves leak, allowing force of explosion to pass through intake pipe. Recut and grind valves.
  - c. Valves stuck; same effect as above. Caused by expansion of rust or scale or by hard push rod. Remove rust and "dress down" with emery-paper or straighten, as necessary.
  - d. Valve tappets improperly adjusted, preventing valves from returning to full closed position. Turn down tappet until so that they equal to thickness of piece of tissue-paper is allowed between push rods and tappets. Adjustment should be made only when valves are in full closed position.
2. Exhaust-smoking
  - a. Excess of oil fed to motor. (See "Lubricating Troubles," 3b.)
  - b. Excess of oil reaches combustion chamber although proper amount may be fed to other portions of motor. (See "Lubricating Troubles," 2a, c, and 4.)
  - c. Motor speeded up with too load. Avoid racing motor unnecessarily.
  - d. Quality of oil in cylinders poor. Use only oil of grade and make recommended by manufacturers of car.
3. Explosions Excess Irregular
  - a. Batteries overcharged. Test with pocketrometer and Brown, recharge, or have field strengthened. (See "Ignition Troubles," 2a, 3a, 3b.)
  - b. Connection loose. Tighten all terminals and binding posts. Look for broken soldered joints. See that all electrical connections are tight and free from grease and dirt.
  - c. Intake valve or pipe leak. Grind valves or spark joints in engine immediately.
  - d. Mixture rich; will make explosions weak and irregularly timed. Adjust carburetor. (See "Carburetor Troubles," 3a and 4.)
  - e. Piston ring broken; will allow compression to escape before ignition. Employ expert to remove piston of affected cylinder and fit new ring.
  - f. Pre-ignition. Carbon or soot collecting on piston and in cylinder head. This becomes dislodged from cylinder walls and strikes before occurrence of spark. Four screws into spark-plug opening, or remove cylinder and scrape interior surfaces thoroughly.
  - g. Short circuit in ignition circuit. Examine insulation of all wires, especially those leading from coil to spark plugs. Look for leaks on ground or oil which may cause that dry batteries do not test on any belt or other metal portions of car.

4. Thine compressor or brushes worn; may cause irregular conversions at high speeds. Remove brushes and compressor, dress down and increase diameter of brushes. Add springs to allow for decreased diameter of compressor.
5. Water in gasoline; will produce intermittent skipping. To detect see "Fuel Troubles," 3b. When tank is empty refill only with fuel obtained of reliable garage or supply station. Strain all gasoline through strainer.
6. Explosions in Muffler
  - a. Ignition failure, allowing unexploded charge to pass into muffler, where it is ignited by hot exhaust gases from other cylinders. Kaminite plugs for occurrence of spark at proper time. (See "Ignition Troubles," 3a and 3.)
  - b. Switch thrown off when motor is speeded up to pass into muffler, where it is ignited by hot exhaust gases from other cylinders. Throttle down before spark is turned off.
  - c. Valves leak, permitting portion of charge to enter exhaust pipe and blow through muffler before ignition occurs in cylinder. Grind valves.
7. Inefficiency
  - a. Carburetor improperly adjusted, preventing correct mixture at high or low speeds. Adjust needle valve or auxiliary air valve. (See "Fuel Troubles," 3a.)
  - b. Fuel of poor quality, preventing vaporization from taking place at certain speeds.
8. Knocking
  - a. Boring of crank shaft or wrist-pin end of connecting rod loose; such a knock will be independent of all speed of motor. Cylinder must be removed and bearing adjusted by competent mechanic.
  - b. Main bearings too tight, rubbing motor.
  - c. Spark advanced too far for speed of motor, allowing explosion to occur before piston has reached upper end of stroke. Advance spark or speed up motor; motor capable of greater spark advance at high speeds than at low.
7. Overheating
  - a. Circulating system clogged; sufficient water cannot reach joints or cooling surfaces of motor. (See VI, to be read in connection with this.)
  - b. Fan belt slips, preventing proper rotation of fan and thereby reducing amount of air drawn through radiator. (See "Cooling System Troubles," 4c.)
  - c. Fan blades bent, interfering with air-drawing capacity of fan. (See "Cooling System Troubles," 4c.)
  - d. Mixture too rich, causing a slow burning charge that exposes a large part of the cylinder walls in the same way as petrol descends. Close needle valve of carburetor slightly.
  - e. Radiator empty, furnishing no medium for transferring heat from cylinders to air. Fill radiator and search for leak, although water may have leaked away.
  - f. Oil supply to cylinders insufficient, increasing friction between piston and cylinder walls and also losing advantage of oil as a lubricating medium. Fill crank case or increase supply of oil to connecting rods and cylinders.
  - g. Motor run continuously on low gear, making motor run at high speeds with consequent increased number of explosions, although speed of car and engine slow. Increase speed through the radiator in air. Keep radiator filled; use plenty of oil.
  - h. Spark retarded, preventing occurrence of explosion on full surface of cylinder walls has been removed by piston in its downward travel. Advance spark to center.
8. Power Connections, but Irregular in Strength
  - a. Fuel of poor quality, resulting in uneven mixture fed to cylinders. Test fuel with hydrometer or buy only that known to be of good quality.
  - b. Fuel pipe clogged, allowing groove to be fed with air and causing irregularities. Take apart and clean with kerosene.
  - c. Load merely applied, as in a slipping clutch. (See "Clutch Troubles," 3a, b, and 4.)
  - d. Pressure line of pressure pump or fuel tank clogged by carbon or other impurity, preventing regular application of sufficient pressure to force fuel to engine. Remove pressure pipe line; clean out with kerosene; make certain that all openings are free from obstructions before replacement.
9. Power Causes Electrical
  - a. Breaks electrical connection at burned-out coil or loose wire in ignition circuit. Search for broken wire or terminal. Have coil tested for broken interior winding.
  - b. Cell or battery if "short" is only temporary but recurring. Spark cannot occur at plugs when vibrator of coil does not operate be-

- tween its magnet and platinum plug. (See "Ignition System Troubles," 2a, b, c, and 4.)
  - c. Current supply weak. Brown or recharge battery. Use only good storage or storage-recharge type.
10. Starting Difficult (assuming motor apparently run well previously)
  - a. Carburetor adjusted for weak mixture suitable only for high speeds. Close "butterfly" valve or open needle valve slightly.
  - b. Fuel of low grade, making vaporization difficult and motor will not start. "Prime" each cylinder with gasoline through top cock of spark-plug opening.
  - c. Piston rings worn or broken, allowing escape of compression, under which condition the charge is not so susceptible to ignition.
  - d. Switch thrown on magnets instead of on battery, preventing formation of sufficient ignition current until motor is whirled rapidly in order to impart high enough speed to structure of magnets. Throw switch to battery or drive on magnets and engage motor. (See "Ignition Troubles," 3a.)
  - e. Valves stuck or dirty, allowing escape of compression. (See "Engine Troubles," 1b, and "Engine Troubles," 1b, and 4.)
  - f. Weather out, preventing sufficiently rapid vaporization of fuel to carbonize. Prime cylinders (see "Ignition Troubles," 4b) and apply hot-water-soaked rags around head of motor to increase temperature of mixture. If hot air or hot-water steam is supplied on carburetor, open so that heat chamber will be warmed at first explosion.
11. Stopping Difficult
  - a. Carbon deposit on piston or cylinder head, forming petals which become dislodged from head of piston, and explosions and ignite mixture without necessity of spark.
  - b. Oil supply to motor insufficient, causing irregular burning of fuel, and partly with same result as above. Stop motor by shutting off gasoline supply entirely. (See "Lubricating Troubles," 1a and 4.)
  - c. Overheating from defect in cooling system or confined running on low gear. (See "Engine Troubles," 3a, c, d, e, f, g, h, and 4.)
12. Stopping Suddenly and Unusually Early
  - a. Broken electrical connection if explosion comes suddenly and motor "dies down" of its own accord.
  - b. Overheated pistons or rings, causing piston to "stick" suddenly. This trouble will arise from defective fuel, explosions or lack of sufficient cylinder lubrication.
  - c. Turning (see Cranking) Difficult (or Impossible)
    - a. Bearing or piston seized through lack of lubrication when motor was run previously.
    - b. Oil ginned in pistons and bearings due to use of too heavy oil or cold weather. Loosen with kerosene poured in through spark-plug openings and work with crank until rotation is free.
    - c. Transmission not in neutral, causing operator to expect car to be cranks motor. A dangerous condition, for if motor "catches on the spur" the car will move suddenly under its own power.

## III.—FUEL TROUBLES

1. Back-firing through Carburetor
  - a. Carburetor adjusted for weak mixture at low speeds, thus permitting ignition when inlet valves are still open. Open needle valve to allow passage of more fuel or slow auxiliary air valve.
  - b. Gasoline contains water or other impurities, forming a weak charge. Strain all fuel through muslin before filling tank.
2. Flexibility of Control Lacking
  - a. Carburetor improperly adjusted, allowing of irregular mixture at low speeds and too rich mixture at high speeds of motor. Adjust needle valve to give sufficient fuel at low speeds of motor, but not sufficient air for high speeds that irregular running does not occur at high speeds.
  - b. Fuel of low grade, or filled with impurities, preventing sufficient vaporization at low speeds.
  - c. Throttle thine limited, preventing proper response to increase of speed of intake pipe to permit of desired range of speeds. Adjust set screw to allow of further opening of throttle. Use of heavy leather robe from throttle lever to permit of closing "play."
3. Joints of Pipes or Carburetor Leak
  - a. Fuel leaks from joints of intake pipe or from carburetor. If ground joints are used remove, clean, and polish both and replace, making certain that all surfaces are in perfect contact. Use of heavy leather robe from throttle lever to permit of closing "play."
  - b. Leak of Gasoline from Carburetor (Flooding)
    - a. First set too high on engine, allowing fuel to

- to overflow before controlling valve is closed. Set float down on stem if such regulation is provided, or lead arm down slightly so that valve will close before float reaches overflowing level.
3. **Float** faulty (if of cork) or leaks (if of metal). Check float for leakage. If float assembly and float rest level in the passage so that controlling valve will not be closed when paper level is reached. Try such float to cover entire width of orifice. Plug leakage around float in hot water to facilitate inspection of gaskets contained therein and adjust valve.
4. Foreign matter resting under gaseous valve, thus preventing proper seating of the valve and blocking its cover and float chamber, but if this does not carry away the foreign matter remove valve and clean valve and seat.
5. **Mixture Rich**
- Auxiliary air valve too far closed, cutting off proper proportion of air to gasoline and resulting in irregular combustion, especially at high speeds. Open air valve until proper running occurs at high speeds of the motor.
  - Needle valve open too wide, giving too much gaseous vapor for the proportion of air sucked in by motor. Close needle valve until motor runs properly at low speeds.
  - "Starving" (Inability to obtain sufficient fuel, regardless of position of needle valve.)
  - Float too low or, since, raising closing of control valve before proper level of gasoline in chamber has been reached. Raise float on stem if this adjustment is possible. Otherwise lead arm so that float will not operate gaseous valve as soon.
  - Obstruction in feed line, preventing sufficient flow of gasoline to float valve, or in the pipe, and leak through all parts. Remove gasoline strainer and clean.
  - Obstruction in pressure line, if pressure feed system is employed, preventing formation of sufficient pressure to force gasoline to carburetor. Remove pressure line, clean with benzene, examine check valve for accumulation of carbon.
  - Tank cap leaks (if pressure feed type is employed), allowing gasoline to escape, which should be stored far being fuel up in carburetor. Screw cap down tighter or install new washer or gasket and insure tight joint between it and tank.
  - Tank cap screws down too tight or vent hole stopped (if screw fuel feed system is employed), preventing sufficient air to pass gasoline feed to carburetor. Loosen cap slightly to allow entrance of air so that pressure can be equalized, or fix obstruction in vent hole.

IV.—IGNITION SYSTEM TROUBLES

- Coil Sticks, but no Spark Formed**

  - Short circuit in secondary (not in primary), allowing high secondary voltage to be cut off passing through spark-plugs. Keep high tension wiring away from metal parts. It will leak in distributor if repaired.
  - Wiring (secondary) of coil broken out, allowing current to pass from battery, but breaking passage of high-tension current lead coil to motor for examination and repairs or replacement.

- Coil Sticks**

  - Battery or magneto weak. Test former with pocket ammeter. Ammeter should show above six. Storage battery should be kept filled with distilled water to a level above the tops of the plates.
  - Platinum contact points pitted by excessive sparking. Wipe the platinum point on the vibrator and that of the contact with light burnish until the surfaces are level and three smooth down with a piece of emery-paper.
  - Vibrator set too stiff, requiring high current consumption for its operation. Loosen tension of vibrator until loose, while measurement is not as "heavy" as formerly. The lens should remain at same place as long as adjustment is made.
  - Vibrator spaced too far from magnet of coil, requiring high current consumption. Set down vibrator by means of contact wear until distance between vibrator and magnet of coil is about one-third-second of an inch. Better broken on vibrator correspondingly, so adjustment will increase the stiffness of action.

- Coil Sticks**

  - Wiring screw set too tight. (See above.)
  - Vibrator set too far from magnet of coil. (See above.)

- Current Consumption High**

- Coil Stiff, requiring high current consumption to operate vibrator.** (See 2c above.)
- Leak in insulation of wiring, allowing current to pass to wires contact or to motor, especially, power and wire coils.** Cover wiring exposed to grease and oil with coat of insulating varnish. Use insulation tape around wires coming in contact with metal part.
- Vibrator set too high, requiring excess of current to operate.** (See 2c above.)
- Current consumption and damage through insulation.** Insulation disintegrated. Caused by exposure in oil, grease, or gasoline. (See 2c above.)
- Lead wires and magneto wiring.** If caused by wrong wiring of the motor, the wiring away from contact with coil, magneto, and gas-insulating tape freely at contact parts.
- Wiring or insulation small for current; amperage use of too small and light wires used for high-tension circuits.** Water current will leak through insulation. Use heavy wire and insulate covering.
- Magneto will not run.**
  - Circuit-breaker of magneto set too far ahead, thus producing slightest spark when time is advanced and causing vibrator to work too weak for operation of motor. Set circuit-breaker back on its stop slightly.
  - Field too magnetized. Use soft iron circuit-breaker. Run magnets to factory, where fields can be strengthened.
  - Spark-plug points too far apart, producing a high resistance that cannot be overcome by the weak current generated at low speeds. Bring points closer together so that about one thirty-second of an inch separates electrodes. Use gauge for setting spark gap properly in magneto plug, as this requires constant attention, rather than do otherwise current from battery.
- Spark Absent**

  - Interlock weak so that sufficient current is not produced to operate coil.
  - Short circuit in wiring, forming "short-cut" return to battery or magneto without passing through plug. This short circuit may be in the plug which may have become fouled with carbon or acid. (See 10a, b, and c below.)
  - Wiring broken; preventing flow of current.

- Spark in Air when plug is placed on cylinder head, but none in cylinder.**

  - Battery weak. The resistance to the passage of the spark is much higher in the compressed mixture of the cylinder than in the atmosphere. Increase pressure.
  - Spark-plug too wide. (See 8a above.)
  - Bring spark-plug electrodes closer together.

- Spark Absent**

  - Battery or magneto weak. (See 2a, 2b, 2c above.)
  - Coil sticks. (See 2a, b, c, d above.)
  - Oil reaches spark-plug at intervals, forming short circuit which is alternately burned off and replaced by fresh. Use the same amount of oil fed to cylinder. (See "Lubricating Troubles," 2a, b, c, and d.)
  - Timer mechanism dirty, forming occasional contact "kickback" between coil and down with gasoline.
  - Timer contactor weak, preventing regular contact between contactor and distributor, insulator and "dress down." Particles of copper from the contactor and brushes may have collected on the contactor, forming a short circuit. (See 10c above.)

- Spark-plug Fouled or Sooted**

  - Lubrication of cylinder excessive, allowing too much oil to reach plug, where it becomes burned by the heat of the explosion and forms carbon. Reduce oil supply to cylinder.
  - Lubrication of cylinder poor in quality, the oil used forming a large carbon deposit when burned. Use only the best of motor oil of all recommended by makers of the car.
  - Mixture of gasoline and air improperly generated, resulting in a large amount of carbon burned leaves a sooty residue. (See "Fuel Troubles," 5a and 5b.)

- Spark Weak**

  - Spark plug in plug too wide, preventing formation of "fat" concentrated spark. Bring plug together with screw until about one-thirty-second of an inch intervenes.

V.—LUBRICATING SYSTEM TROUBLES

- Distribution Uneven, (Some parts receiving too little and others insufficient supply.)**

  - Adjustment of sight level improper (if force feed with individual level and sight feed to each part is used). Turn adjusting nut on top of each sight feed until proper quantity is received by each lead.
  - Strap in pipes of portless receiving lead. If force feed with individual level and sight feed is employed. Remove leads and clean with kerosene. Remove strainer and clean. Reconnect with clean oil.

- Excess Fuel to Cylinders (causing dense clouds of smoke at exhaust)**

  - Beefy plates between crank case and cylinder cover. Tighten nut of plate if adjustment is supplied for piston adjustment. Beefy plates should fill all of openings except those supplied for oil or gas, for which it is designed to deliver its highest efficiency. Place slab of cardboard or leather like size on top of oil or gas inlet, to reduce the surface through which the oil will pass. This is a trouble encountered only during the coldest winter months.

- Oil ring on piston broken or loose, allowing oil against the cylinder to be carried back to the cylinder walls, where it will burn.** Employ expert to renew or retighten ring.
- Too much oil on each of cylinder engaging biting trough for regulating dip of connecting rod is used, causing an excessive "spike" at end of the connecting rod.** Lighten trough by filing it down, if located on metal or on dash. If this is applied in connection with throttle, change to a valve which can be tilted later for all positions of throttle lever.

NOTE.—The above directions are given on the assumption that the proper grade of lubricant is used in the motor.

3. **Leaking**

- Gaskets placed between all flat abutting surfaces and covers, brooks, hose, or worn. Tighten in latter case by means of screw-wrench or old brook, clean with gasoline, and set new gasket in place.
- Ground joints (used at pipe connections of oil leads) worn. Remove old connections of oil leads; clean surfaces of joint; grind smooth with coarse emery paper.
- Packing in stuffing-boxes worn. Loosen nut of stuffing-box, remove packing, and replace with fresh.

VI.—WATER-COOLING SYSTEM TROUBLES

1. **Clogged**

- Deposit accumulated in radiator and pipes from contained use of "hard" water. Drain out system and use distilled or demineralized water as recommended by manufacturers of car.
- Belts and other foreign matter in water. Strain out water and set absolutely clean.
- Tube valves or pipes of radiator broken, bent, or collapsed, preventing flow of water through system. Employ expert to repair broken tubes.
- Pressure too low (temperature is below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit).
- Lack of anti-freezing solution in water. The amount of solution or other matters are recommended by manufacturer to reduce freezing-point of cooling medium.
- Water in radiator or motor is idle, allowing rapid cooling of circulating water. Turn heavy lap robe over radiator as soon as motor is stopped in order to retain the heat.
- Motor idle too long. If car is standing still and an anti-freezing solution is used, motor should be started occasionally to reheat cooled water.

NOTE.—A frozen circulating system may crack a cylinder or it may damage only one of the water-pipes, the pump, or the radiator. The latter damage may sometimes be repaired by a good mechanic.

2. **Leaking**

- Pump or pipes. Repair stuffing-boxes.
- Water in radiator to carry off heat and cooled by complete thermostat. Maladjustments are satisfactory; addler or new belts or valves may be used to correct.
- Steam formed in radiator, causing water to boil over. (See "Engine Troubles," 7g.)
- Overheating

  - Cold cylinders, increasing thickness of walls and thereby interfering with transfer of heat to water. (See "Ignition System Troubles," 3a, b, and c.)
  - Circulation through only portion of radiator, reducing amount of cooling surface over which heat can be carried. Check for existence of fouling of radiator, portion of which is hot and red hot. Cold portion of radiator indicates lack of circulation there. (See 3a, b, and c above.)
  - Circulating system clogged. (See 3a, b, and c above.)
  - Deposit on interior of pipes and tubes of circulating system, preventing satisfactory transfer of heat, although apparently not interfering with proper circulation of water. (See 3a above.)

- Fan belt slips, preventing sufficient suction of air through radiator to carry off heat from cooling water. Tighten by means of increasing distance between pulleys or whatever other adjustment is provided. If none is available, use a fan belt of a different size.
- Fan blades bent, reducing efficiency of suction of air. Twist adjusting blades to shape again with the fan.
- Radiator clogged, caused by leak; rapid evaporation due to boiling or leak; rapid evaporation of air from cooling system as an anti-freezing solution.
- Running on low gear, resulting in high speed of motor with abnormal low speed of car. Turn car over or back to a higher gear, or if the car is in order to allow cold air to be sucked into cylinders. Avoid continued low-gear running.
- Temperature of water too low when running

  - Air too hot, allowing circulating water to give up too much heat and keeping temperature of motor too high. Check for which it is designed to deliver its highest efficiency. Place slab of cardboard or leather like size on top of oil or gas inlet, to reduce the surface through which the oil will pass. This is a trouble encountered only during the coldest winter months.

# WHAT SALESMANSHIP MEANS

BY HOMER MCKEE

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

"LUXURIOUS, clean, and dainty," pronounced the advertisement for which somebody had "bumped up" to the tune of several thousand dollars.

Mrs. Jones admired its superb art and typography through her spectacles, sighed deeply, and then ventured to me to buy very practical husband: "Really, dear, I wouldn't wonder that you are here in what you'd like. It's really beautiful."

"The kind that makes the world run the round," quoted Mr. Jones. "Go look at it."

"I shall," said Mrs. Jones. "The local dealer's name is printed down at the bottom. He'll be easy to find."

"By the way, Margaret," said Jones, at the breakfast-table next morning, "you know, if you really like that car you speak of, show up with the check, however he is, and please me. I'll send a check right to find."



"I'm a salesman," says the feet

down. I like the quick action. Three thousand is lots of money, but keeping fire won't sink it any."

"I think I'll buy it," remarked Mrs. Jones—"that is, if it lives up to my expectations." And right there is where good advertising had reached its limit of efficiency. Advertising cannot write a check. That is the result of salesmanship.

Mrs. Jones arrives.

She opens the big door to the salesman with dainty circumspection. She anticipates a blouse of bright silk and elbow, with hair and then an skirt—some stepping daintily about among indoor plants. Instead of which she sees a dirty, ugly light-colored interior.

On the unpolished floor, all stained in smudges, threatening puddles.

She pulls her skirts out of the danger zone. Her searching eyes catch kindly. She is just about to bust a retreat when she sees the greasy sole of two feet protruding from beneath an old "used"

"Pardon me," she ventures. Her remark is directed in the prone gentleman who seemed to be gazing absently in front. "Can you direct me to a salesman?"

"There comes a grunt, and two sharp raps of a hammer on metal.

"I'm a salesman, sometimes," says feet. "What can I do for you?"

"—and long your pardon. You handle the Elizabeth Theoret, I believe. May I look at it, please?"

"There it is, over to your right—hop to it, kids," and the little monologue is concluded by another couple of sharp raps.

In the mean time, modest and refined little Mrs. Jones has managed to find the door.

"That night at dinner husband asked her if she bought the car.

"Yes," she replied, "but not the one I was talking about last evening. I found another much more pleasant. I found a gentleman who showed me another one. In other words, if you are making a commodity sale as to one else is making, and for what there is a

demand, the public will buy it voluntarily—you will not be compelled to sell it. As others begin overhauling the prospect and the prospect and a choice possible between your product and other similar and competitive products, you find yourself more and more the problem of convincing them that your product is preferable. At this point the need of salesmanship begins. The moment the first word of salesmanship is uttered by you, you are now a new industry as well as a new industry which in speedy development and magnitude was to surpass any industry in all commercial history.

The growth of the motor-car industry has been spectacular because it found its development in the fundamental need of the human race to get about quickly and easily. Until this moment, no vehicle fitted the requirements. The street had been slow. The steamship and the locomotive could save humanity only within certain mechanical limitations. The horse was a thing of muscle, and muscles grow tired. Here was a thing that ran where you steered it, and as long as you fed it fuel. It promised a longer hour and a shorter one to be counted to in order to give some of the pleasure, to bring us closer to our desires with greater despatch than had heretofore been possible. It promised to save mankind its greatest enemy—the fulfillment of its craving for omnipotence, which is a fundamental need of the human heart. Making instantly recognizable what the motor-car was, and the heart for "immediate shipment" was drawing.

It mattered little what the car was like, so long as it moved on its own power.

Now it is all different.

Every man with a hammer, a line of credit, and an ambition, has gone into the business of manufacturing motor-cars. And the surprising thing about it is that most of this hysterically conceived and conservatively circumscribed production is a pretty good value. The time was, and not long since, when there was ten hours for every motor-car built. Now there are ten million for every car produced. Every advertising man dig up; meaning that the fellow who gets the order will have to stretch the cigarette stave from his fingers and cross up an scientific salesmanship.

The great army of unemployed theorists have thrown a more than an common mortar with that terrific term—scientific salesmanship. For every man wherever you find it, is usually the makeshift of the academic devil who through out a space of fifty ungloriously under-estimated years has been making his mental "get-away."

Scientific salesmanship simply means getting the order at the lowest price. There is nothing different about scientific salesmanship. It is as easy as riding an electric door-bell—after you find the button. And once you have mastered its very simple principles you can "write them regularly" every day.

Three things are essential to scientific salesmanship. These three things are: A thoroughly good product; a thoroughly good understanding of the product in all its details; and the simple act of telling the uninterested truth about that product to the right person at the right time.

Real salesmanship," says the Theoret, "demands enthusiasm, clear approach, convincing logic, forceful personality, and the ability to present a strong, clear argument. Furthermore, it implies a fundamental knowledge of human nature; the occult power, as it were, to grasp the subtleties of mood and sensation, of harkening to the wailing cry of the brow, the sharp mouth line, the evidence of disapproval. Real salesmanship ability is the outgrowth of a keen, sensitive, and clear-headed, and forceful, common sense, the personal equation, the principles of supply and demand."

Real salesmanship is all that, and more; as the point is, such obscure trouble gives the hungry mind no food.

Real salesmanship is truth, that is all, and truth is the great, broad, and clear-cut word in the dictionary.

As applied to real salesmanship, truth means conviction, conviction, and the method to push your convictions to a conclusion.

Real salesmanship is a conviction. Let us assume that you want to be an unobtrusive salesman. You have several goods, and caught the idea that big things lie in it. All right. Follow our definition and see where it leads you.

First, get a really good product and learn it by heart. Know every advantage it offers. What happens when it has been sold? How does it feel? How good a thing, you automatically get enthusiastic and ambitious to convert others to your newly found good. You believe when you say, and you say when you believe. That's conviction. You can sell the truth about your product only for it is good and the truth is in it. No man can sell the truth without knowing it. He can't sell the truth if he doesn't believe it. If you have a good motor-car, from radiator to rear axle, —it means to tell the whole truth about it. You can't get away with it. You can't get away with it in your prospect, you make his mood for him.

Second, know your product so well that you can give a good motor-car regardless of price. Praise takes care of you personal behavior and appearance and address. You can't get away with it. In these simple words, he who is advanced and he is clear and he is clear and he is clear. Back to mental days they need to say that

"a tongue cannot serve a king without becoming corruptly. So with your salesman, if he carries a false prospectus to a salesman, he is his master. King Philip's Opinion, he lives up to his task, and it doesn't take a huckster to tell him that he is a successful line—his job tells him that."

The point is that your theorist has only grazed the edge of a great principle—he has not comprehended it, grasped it, it and put his hand on it. It would say to the salesman: "You may have been rewarded by the pharisee of the theoretic sales authority. If his logic has bothered you—forget it. It is better forgotten, anyhow."

"The thing for you to remember is that on the salesman the whole future success of the motor-car industry now hinges, and that you yourself can be a salesman if you go about it simply, instead of academically."

Don't forget the three essentials: a good product, a full knowledge of that product, and then a truthful statement of what you know about that product. This is real salesmanship—and it's absolutely all there is to real salesmanship. This definition covers and implies all the vague generalizations that the Theoret has written in."

To the manufacturer of motor-cars who proposes to succeed—meeting all of you: "You have adopted efficient engineering. You have perfected a product at the rate of billions of dollars. You have spent another billion in type and printer's ink and expensive copy. You have also had the prospect up to the buying point—then, alas, too often, when the prospect brings his money to your door, you send a drowsy, half-bled fancy graduate out to meet him. Give proper attention to your production—the fact is, however, that the thing we which your production depends is not a thread, but a capable set of eyes—a salesman with truth in his eye, an intelligent individual who can look the world full in the face and say, 'Yes, this is the thing advertised. I can tell you about it.'

A great department-store merchant evolved a great idea. He dreamed that he could sell a certain kind of very good soap at a certain price and in a certain way, and make a million profit. He set expensive experts to work building a plan. When the plan was complete it represented a superb pyramid—but the pyramid was upside down and the apex rested on the head of four-dollar-a-week Lincoln, the manager. It fell down. It decreed to fall down. Any plan which is upside down decrees to fall.

So with the sale of the automobile. If your life were at stake, would you have your own to be a



Salesmanship implies a knowledge of human nature

leave at whom the jury laughed, or would you say to a man of power: "I am innocent. Study all the books. Tell me the way the truth?" Here similar is the matter of selling a particularly valuable product—your motor-car outfit! Don't underestimate the importance of the man on the door. He is your only possible point of contact between you and the man who buys. The day of the order-taker is gone. Motor-cars from this minute on are to be sold—not bought.

And, in passing, remember that only the really good motor-car is going to survive, because it is the only sort that the man on the door can safely left to itself about.



"But I won't go!" Molly had cried, stamping her foot vigorously. "I won't! I won't! I won't!"

"My dear child," said the Colonel in his most manner, the manner that always went with his most to the point, "believe me, you are doing a very foolish thing. I shall see you off myself, although I have most important things to attend to tomorrow.

And perhaps if I had known of your other girl than Molly Wilder the Colonel's confidence would have been fully justified; but unfortunately for her father's plan, Molly was herself the daughter of that same respectable parent, and had already come into a certain portion of her inheritance in noble estates if not in power. Not such of her time was wasted in such an effort as would have been the case had her help been called on, or in futile arguments with an unreasonable father. She too realized that it was a matter for a close and a long study, and she had plunged into the question or eleven innocent trucks that were to carry her modest wardrobe, she found especially, even under her father's eye, a scribble of notes in Winktop's back of an envelope which she remembered as follows:

DEAREST,—Am to call on Podatic tomorrow at two unless you interfere. Do something! I don't know what, but do it! I am yours always,

MOLLY.

Which little love letter was surprisingly handed to the understanding Balette, that also little package of intrigue who served in the capacity of maid to Molly, who, with sympathetic intuition, knew at once, without words of explanation, for whom it was designed, which knowledge, with all those unmistakable expressions of the eye which most be seen to be concealed, she conveyed to her father, who, when he would deliver it—far out! And deliver it she did. It was shortly after midnight when Balette, in possession of a telephone appointment with Winktop on urgent business, set out worthy on a subway train bound for Brooklyn.

By George! muttered Winktop, as he took in the import of the message, "what a respectable degree he is!"

"Oh, Molly—she is so good! Father?" whispered the little maid. "But what about the letter?" she asked, indignantly, her eyes filling with tears.

"I don't know who is going to stop you, my dear Winktop, presently."

"Why, said Balette, with a note of surprise in her voice, "you are, M'lord! Winktop—are you? Miss Molly she says to me M'lord! Winktop will stop you."

"Oh, she said that, did she?" said Winktop. "She really thinks I can stop it, does she?"

"No—she does not think so. Unless you will, you'll see her out or not?" said Balette.

In the face of such confidence as that there was no need for Winktop as a married man to do, and that was to declare his intention to her, the returned letters that he would—that he would—what that he would do something, anyhow.

"You tell her for me to tell Balette," he said, gallantly. "She won't say to Winktop on the Podatic or any other ship."

"Oh, James, James," splashed" cried Balette, ecstatically.

Winktop could not repress a smile over her enthusiasm.

"You see to be glad, Balette," he said. "Now I should have thought that a little French girl like you would have been glad to go back to Paris."

"You mean," said Balette, "I mean that you, I should be glad; but now! Novel! Novel! Not without James!"

"I don't think I know James!"

"He has no Colonel's chauffeur," said Balette, blushing deeply.

"Oh!" laughed Winktop. "I see—you are engaged to be married?"

"No, m'lord," said Balette.

"But you expect to be married?"

"No, m'lord," quavered Balette. "We are married since two 'twelve—but it is a secret, m'lord." So Winktop could not but be gratified.

"I see," said Winktop, gravely.

And then, as the red sunlight above the light of a red sun dawned upon Winktop,

"Balette," he said, after a few moments of deep thought, "will you please write a little note to your husband for me and tell him it is that if he really loves you he will be so ready what I tell him to do to amuse me?"

"Ah, m'lord—will it should get James into trouble," said Balette.

"I'll get him out of it," said Winktop. "I'm getting a new car myself, and if James gets into any kind of trouble with Colonel Wilder or my servant he runs here as good as job with me as he has now. Besides, Balette, you will miss Miss Molly to be happy—"

"Sure do!" said Molly, fervently.

"Well, then," said Winktop, "it is all right."

And that is how it came about that, when at nine o'clock the next morning, Colonel Wilder's limousine rolled up to the front door of the Colonel's and his daughter and Balette the maid down to the pier where the Podatic lay ready to depart for foreign waters, the chauffeur, in the name of the Colonel, had puggies and furs, was—well, he wasn't James!

III

"Four twenty-three, North River, James," said Colonel Wilder, gruffly, as he entered the car after having first seen his daughter safely stowed within. "You are right, James—or rather the man who was not James—fortunately."

The chauffeur or he leaped forward and proceeded down the Avenue at a brisk pace, as far as the Fifty-sixth Street, and then, stopping in any, paying an heed whatsoever to the restraining hand of the traffic signal as late there, plunged forward as if an oak of the road had ever existed. Minute indications of the law of the state always served the

Colonel, and he was about to reconvert with the chauffeur when, much to his surprise, the car with a broad sweep around into Fifty-sixth Street, passed its way westward, instead of leaving straight on down the Avenue as it should have done.

"What the devil is the matter with you this morning?" demanded the Colonel, prominently, lowering the window and addressing the chauffeur. "What are you doing this way far?"

"In a moment, Colonel," was the chauffeur's response, "and a minute please."

The plea could hardly be ignored, for all the chauffeur's attention was required to make the turn at Twenty Avenue without colliding with a certain car, but then, to the Colonel's amazement, the motor was not speeding westward to the Park.

"We're not going to Yorkton!" roared the Colonel. "Very sorry, Colonel," said the chauffeur, "but

I've been up against you!" protested the Colonel, as Forchelder here to night, and just then, strange to relate, the mechanism seemed to right itself quite as suddenly as if it had gone wrong, for the chauffeur, feeling himself free to face with a large motor-truck laden with coal, with a nod effort to regain control once more speeded busily in bringing his car to a standstill. The Colonel was just one and a half seconds in getting out of the limousine, and the estimable James was an less quick, taking care to be under the vehicle before the Colonel had a chance to inspect his features.

"Get a move on there, James," the Colonel snapped out impatiently, as he glanced at his watch. "We've missed the steamer, but, by George, I can't afford to miss my appointment with Governor Blagden at one-thirty. Molly, you stay where you are. I'm going over to that house to telephone the office."



Tommy Jackson, divested of puggies and furs, grinning back at him from the chauffeur's seat

there's something the matter with the brakes, and I can't see to stop of the power, sir."

"Can't stop of the power?" roared the Colonel, and very much excited.

"No, sir," replied the chauffeur. "That's why I stop at Fifty-sixth Street when the car had up to his hands. The gear's gone wrong in some way, and the only thing for us to do is to stick to the clear tracks until she runs down."

"Here we wait through all sorts of antics with which and leaves it. If trying to make anything out of that would save the day."

"But," protested the Colonel now again in the verge of apoplexy, "we'll miss that steamer—it'll be just as well now—"

"It's afraid on, Colonel," returned the man who was not James, "but what can I do? I can't take a runaway car down a crowded thoroughfare, sir, and I'm sure you don't want to kill as all with a small inch like a motor-car on the highway to be." "Well—about it—don't they say any?" cried the Colonel, panting with rage.

"Nothing can stop but to let a tire at a stone wall, or a head on collision, till the power gives out," said the chauffeur, still manipulating the machinery. "It's our stunt, Colonel, to steer for the clear route of the street, and pray the Lord that when we get to Hudson Bridge the draw isn't open."

The Colonel sank back into the cushions of the car dumfounded—such dumb and foundered! Balette's eye twinkled; and Molly, with a huge gasp fixed upon the chauffeur's back in fright almost, betrayed a confusion in the hour of danger that was truly admirable. As for the car, it sped on and on and on. Everything along the road seemed a confused blur. Fortunately it was at such an hour of the morning that there were no school-children on the highways to add to the peril of navigation, as that with moderate skill there was little real danger, save when a crowd of children's feet was to be encountered, and then the man who was not James dutifully avoided. That as far as that street was concerned, John Gilpin on his famous ride was in no worse state than was Colonel Wilder at that moment, and the old gentleman fumed accordingly, and it was a relief to Molly that he did so, for if it were by the trouble of avoiding and beating herself by the only joy and triumph that must have come in her— "but she says," at half past six, with the Colonel grinning and very much excited, and notwithstanding all the whoops without— "Hiring up! the River Zone, and about the time in the Podatic was passing Sandy Hook the morning of his next night passed through River, headed for Forchelder, outwardly apparently under perfect control, but in reality, if the chauffeur spoke the truth as few of these pretend as the

"Well, if I don't see the pre-arranged compliances

The Colonel started along, but he had not gone far when a cherry tree behind him reared him to him.

"The long, Colonel!" cried the voice, which sounded rather familiar, and the Colonel, pausing in his walk and glancing back, was transfixed by the sight of his limousine. His daughter and her maid, speeding up the road with no less a purpose than Tommy Winktop, divested of puggies and furs, grinning back at him from the chauffeur's seat.

"Well, I'll be lordly!" he began, but realizing that words were useless he concluded his way in falling silence in the railway station, where, fortunately enough, he caught a train back to New York which enabled him to meet his appointment with Governor Blagden without any unreasonable delay. In fact, he was only twenty minutes late.

IV

That the young people had lost no time was shown by the fact that they were waiting for the Colonel's arrival at the place of meeting a telegram for him which she received there. It read very briefly:

If you have messages to add please to send them now. (Are working admirably. Wife and I return aboard of her this afternoon. Will go out on to Plaza. No more. Love from both.

THOMAS WINKTOP.

The Colonel stared his throat vigorously, and then, strange to say, he laughed.

"Sorry to be late, Governor," he said, folding the message up and putting it into his pocket. "There are some things that take precedence of business. My daughter was married this morning and—"

"Good! Fine!" said the Governor.

"Yes," said the Colonel. "Married one of the cleverest young men in New York—far below—very successful—well-off, and an fortune-hunter. When I think of some of these club-woman boys, with no brains, that pass for the real thing hereabouts, and really that she might have chosen that sort—well, I've—no! glad to have a chap like Winktop in my family."

"I congratulate you, Colonel," said the Governor. "We'll all take to one some-how the that."

"Thanks," laughed the Colonel. "You can bet your shavers of re-election that I was completely carried away by misadventure."

And then, checking quietly over his job, the Colonel added the page, and sent the following wire:

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS WINKTOP.

THE PALACE.

Congratulations. Will dine with you at night. Have proposition for Test, and love for Tom both.

BALE.



# Specify the Tires Which Reduce Car Expense



## Service Security Comfort Economy

These are the *sure extra values* you get when you insist on

## Firestone Non-Skid Tires

The service of longer tire wear and less car repair by extra thick, tough, resilient tread.

The security of sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows, which grip the slipperiest pavement, the slickest boulevard, the muddiest road. Skid, slip or mishap cannot occur.

The comfort of car springs aided by a built up and unqualified thickness of high percentage rubber tread.

The economy of tire and car bills reduced, of fullest traction assured.

Most Miles per Dollar of Cost

Most Miles per Gallon of Gasoline

Least Miles per Dollar of Car Upkeep

we proved Firestone accomplishments.



HERE are seven hundred and fifty thousand car owners in the United States alone.

Three million tires will be constantly in use this year, and far more than that will be bought.

Yet it is safe to say the vast majority of owners outside of the experienced and knowing driver will give little study to the tire equipment of their new cars. It has become a habit to accept, without question, any tires with which the car happens to be equipped.

The car is studied from motor to lamp-bracket. The tires, on which the full efficiency and continued service of the car depend, are taken for granted.

Beginning with January 11, at Madison Square Garden, New York, the car manufacturers will be showing their new models. You will investigate them all before you buy. That's good business.

Continue this investigation and learn every point about your tires. Resilient, long service tires such as those of Firestone make, will add to the value of your car, will give that car protection and final touch of superiority which you want your automobile to have.

Tires in which quality or workmanship are skimped can add nothing but tire expense and car repair bills.

A good car with inferior tires is like a mansion with a leaky roof.

Tires, to give you the service they should, must be built to the absolute standards established by actual road conditions, everyday road emergencies.

It is therefore of vital importance that every car owner or buyer be sure the tires which he places on his car measure up to this positive basis. It is just as vital that he specify and insist on the tires which will meet all essentials in the fullest degree.

If the tires which are on your new car don't measure up to sure values, you don't have to take them. Demand the tires you want—you will get them. Guesswork need not enter into your decision in any way.

Guesswork has no part in the building of Firestone Tires. Nothing but material which will certainly meet every road demand, nothing but design and building which will master every emergency are employed.

Specify the tires which have never had an off season in their twelve years of leading quality. Insist on the tires which are backed by the personal responsibility of the builder, the tires which bear his name.

Get the unbiased guide book to sure tire values and service, "What's What in Tires," by H. S. Firestone.

**The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.**

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"  
Akron, Ohio All Principal Cities



## Sure Standards of Tire Worth

**Fabric**—Finest grade combed Sea Island cotton, tested and inspected, filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber, built up wall by wall.

**Cushion Layer**—Pure Up-River Fine Para, applied layer by layer and cured into one solid piece of fullest resiliency.

**Breaker Strip**—Combed Sea Island cotton cord filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber.

**Tread**—Extra thick though light in weight. Scientifically exact proportion of pure Up-River Fine Para. Must be tough yet resilient. Built layer on layer by hand.

**Side Walls**—Extra high percentage of Up-River Fine Para, built to liberal measure of thickness.

**Bead**—Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord, filled with Up-River Fine Para, pressed into foundation of extra strength and cured into tire.

These are the Standards to which Every Firestone Tire is Built



# Firestone

## Non-Skid and Smooth Tread Tires



# WANTED 500,000 MOTOR-TRUCKS

Some Reasons why the Business Men of America will Cease to Spend \$7,327,500,000 Annually upon Horse-drawn Vehicles

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

**I**N a hundred big offices in this country are some very various and interesting figures. The figures show that taken for statistical facts here, they are as astounding, very if not that clear, reliable, and a wealth of documents behind them are proof positive of their accuracy. All had practically the same conclusion. The offices are those of the motor-truck manufacturers—the commercial men, who they often call themselves, and they were in a market for half a million motor-trucks and motor-wagons at the lowest valuation, an immediate market, based on present conditions.

There are 20,000 motor trucks and wagons in operation now, the greater number of them installed during the past five years. Practically the first of these came into existence just two years ago. Truck reports calculate that in the latter half of 1912 and the first half of 1913, 43,000 more business vehicles will be built. The motor wagons and trucks are being represented investments of \$60,000,000; the new will cost approximately \$122,000,000, the demand for better and larger power trucks having increased.

The extension of the market this year, calling for half as many more trucks and wagons in one single year, has naturally encouraged the manufacturers. It is not so much that, after years of experiment, the trade finds itself able to produce ones that will stand every test to be put upon them, but that it has at last made the business world see the success and realize that horse-drawn vehicles are an antiquation in the advance of any commercial enterprise. Enthusiasts say that 5,000,000 motor-trucks are easily possible in the America of a few years hence. Conservative manufacturers claim to 1,000,000 as the market within reasonable years, and directly at hand, the number that would be set right to work today if they were already built and horses should be eliminated from country roads and city streets.

Even half a million motor-trucks seems a vast number as a matter of possibilities in the country. But it is not large. There are 30,000,000 horses in the country. Carefully compiled statistics show that there are 2,500,000 mules and pack animals in the same. These could be supplied by one-fifth that number of motor-trucks, or 500,000. The killing price in is the greatly reduced cost of operation. The daily cost of one motor-truck is three cents, that of a horse and team is ten cents. In a year the comparison is even more striking. The business men of the country are spending \$7,327,500,000 to operate their horse-drawn trucks. If they gave up horses and used only motor-trucks, the cost would be at \$1,200,000,000.

It is becoming less and less difficult to get business men to see this, though the real economy of the power wagon is not comprehended as yet by many of the smaller storekeepers and factory-owners. For one thing, the number of motor-trucks have not reached those in their carefully planned campaigns. They are after the recovery which can be secured for contracts of twenty, thirty, fifty thousand dollars, or even more in a lump, and the smaller men are not approached. Frequently they will be examined, if in the mean time they themselves are not in the market for the motor-wagon and order without solicitation. Here and there, all over the country, are "little houses" who have grasped the situation and are making the motor-wagon and a few cheap retailers, the farmer is among the relatively few buyers of single "commercial cars."

The motor-truck manufacturer is not disturbed at this, however. His customers are not in a good deal of money to get, because each individual car has to be studied with elaborate calculations. Therefore his profit at this stage is with the large campaign. His selling campaigns are the most dignified and systematically prepared of any manufacturer. They cost rather more than any other, but they are not made to ever fail. His is a commodity that is necessary because it introduces economies that can be proved readily. He is finding, the customer, that a good deal of money is being lost by the industry, men who are in the sweat and is asked to spend thousands of dollars in a trip.

It is only within the past few months that the future market in the motor-truck business has been taken into careful consideration and studied as a vast commercial proposition. The motor-truck industry has only recently been looked upon with an eye to "big business." Today, the National Motor Vehicle Association of pleasure automobiles, it is relatively small. The total number of employees—workers and clerks—concerned

is, it taking all the factories into consideration, is only 80,000, and the annual pay roll scarcely \$60,000,000. The figures are of course not yet set out. The average motor-truck now costs about \$2,500. That is nearly twice as much as it used to cost. In 1902, when motor-trucks were first heard of, the average price was \$1,000. By 1910 this figure had risen up to \$1,500, and by 1912 to \$2,250. Within the past two years the price has advanced still farther, to \$2,500. This does not mean that the motor-truck is any more expensive a proposition than it used to be. As a matter of fact, every vehicle turned out now is far cheaper than any of those of six or ten years ago, were they efficient, rapidly, reliability, and cost of operation now covered. The motor-truck of 1902 at \$1,000 would be a bad purchase to-day compared with the motor-truck of 1913, which almost pays for itself the first year in its lower cost of operation. Here is an actual instance of the motor-truck's real savings to the owner.

In September a contract with a certain important concern in Indiana was made by a motor-truck manufacturer in New York. The contract called for something like thirty trucks a truck unit. This is the ordinary product. The amount of the contract was a little under \$90,000. There was already a delivery contract for the same thing with another of the trucks and stables established a quarter of a century before, and relatively very expensive in their sphere. The motor-truck manufacturer put out on the delivery system, planned for the abolishing of the stables and the sale of this property and all the horse and wagon property, the building a garage and figured out a balance-sheet which showed that, by the expenditure of less than \$80,000, no operating expense of \$70,000 a year could be incurred. The motor-truck men are steadily pushing their product and developing local transportation as it has never been developed before. The motor-truck is not only being sold to farmers, but engineers and executives of law-abiding firms who are imbued with the understanding of this new location and the wit and judgment to apply it so that money can be saved.

Men like these are not visionaries, though they are not without a certain amount of imagination. They are men who are like those who worked on the telephone years ago, or those who brought the electric incandescent in preference. They are practical men, and are advancing step by step. If he has been put in a single place, "They dream, and then work day and night with the tools of the present world to bring about what they have seen."

The one unchangeable idea in the mind of the motor-truck maker is that less or twenty years from now all of a business of entering gain absolutely inevitable. But at the same time he says openly that this development will not come of itself, but will be the result of constant work and teaching.

If half a million motor-trucks are to be sold and installed to take the place of horses, it means a mighty business, one almost too vast to contemplate. It will amount to not less than a billion and a quarter of dollars, probably even more, considering the way the cost of commercial cars is rising. Few American men manufacturing industry can possibly give up those proportions. Here is a new business, one scarcely yet on its feet, with all these possibilities that are being made manifest, and many of them are saying that such estimates as here have made are far too low, that the American people have so far been slow to grasp the possibilities in motor-trucks and motor-wagons, and that when they are understood the market will grow in proportions literally undreamed of.

Meanwhile every motor-truck manufacturer is working hard to get in his factory, to his mind. The world of industry means just one thing to him, a place in all motor-trucks. He is planning his campaigns and advertising in his factory, to his mind. He does not go back and forth asking for orders. In fact, there is none of the usual business of going through the hands of the customer. He is not a peddler of anything that way. Each time he must present a plan for economy, and this necessitates a close and accurate knowledge of the weakness of various industries.

Each plan is different. The manufacturer and his experts must spend much time in studying local conditions, the character of the sections of the country where the trucks are to be used, and the character of the people who live in it; the climate, the state of the roads, the nature of the soil, and the kind of soil so insignificant to figure upon. The requirements of a plant in Massachusetts may be a very different proposition from that of New York, or Jersey, or Indiana, or New Orleans, and, next—and probably still more radically different treatment from covering the same

proposition out in Denver. All of those conditions, peculiar to each division of the country, the motor-truck maker must take into consideration. The motor-trucks delivered must prove profitable to the buyer. The generality of business men do not understand the new product, and it must be made available explained to them. Even then they are in the hands of the motor-truck manufacturers and must trust to their judgment.

This puts great responsibilities on the motor-truck and wagon makers. But they have risen to the occasion. The failure of the motor-truck depends upon their active work. It would surprise most people to know the infinite care and toil the motor-truck producers put upon their plans to create a market for their product. Their study and analysis of local conditions is but the beginning of every individual campaign. After those conditions are known, there comes the most important part of the business—the operation of each plant. It must be studied out to the last detail. Nothing must be left to guess-work; there must be no half-and-half methods here. A vast quantity of information must be assembled, and then painstakingly related to table and chart form, a new system of sending out people devised, a system that is probably revolutionary and certainly most improvement on what has been done before.

There is no other way. The inventors have to be made to great. The customer does not reason to a level-headed dealer because enthusiastic men ask them to do so. It is true that the motor-truck men are beginning to do so. It is not only a matter of knowledge and practical ideas. They are developing their great market because they show certain results as they are being possible, and the business men find themselves obliged to believe. Before he signs his contract he has before him tabulated information as definite as a builder's specifications—every man, for one, is a hard-headed business man.

In a study of the big future market of those vehicles their present disposition is astonishing. New York is the most prominent, with 7,200 trucks. The relative figures of the different States will surprise many people. Good roads do not seem to count, especially in the present stage of criticism, according to the most recent figures, are the following elements. Next to New York in Pennsylvania, with 5,000 trucks, and also in California, with 4,000 trucks. Next in California, Indiana, Oregon, Massachusetts and Ohio, California having 2,100 to her credit and Massachusetts 2,045. Ohio is very far behind with but 1,125.

Indiana is well down the line with 870 trucks, and New Jersey has only 1,000. The only other State having the thousand mark is Michigan, with 1,145. The Southern States fare badly in the tabulation. Texas is best of all, but with only 200 trucks, West Virginia has only 22, Mississippi but only Louisiana's record is but 44. Iowa is not up to the 500 mark, and Missouri but a little above it. For its size Rhode Island is doing its motor-trucks, with 408. Virginia has only an even hundred.

Until now the big trucks have been relatively few. Statistics show there are only 1,000 five-ton motor-trucks in the country, and only 1,000 of four-ton capacity. The popular vehicles so far have been the light delivery wagons and the one-ton truck, together aggregating 10,000 of the former and 6,000 of the latter. Of five-ton trucks there are 2,500 in all of three-ton trucks, 1,000. But these proportions are changing rapidly. The motor-truck maker is now turning out the bigger truck. People experimented at first with the wagons of less load and the smaller trucks. It has been some time that the maximum power vehicle to make its way. This is a question of the quality of the product, every year sees a better product on their part. Five, seven, three years ago many five-ton trucks of the standard quality of the day could not have been built. Moreover, even larger and more powerful trucks are in vogue. They are becoming profitable and an article in their own right and as responsive to the driver perched high in his seat as a pleasure car is in the hands of a girl.

The motor-truck maker is not only a manufacturer, a close rival of the pleasure car as a business proposition that is a maker of dollars. Its growth has been slow, steady, and substantial, and commercially the motor-truck is the industry of the future. The men who have made investments in it, and those who are investing conditions for that purpose, see handsome profits and an certainty in their future. It is especially gratifying because it remains permanently with the reliable, progressive maker. Motor-truck manufacturers are not only producing a new product, but are selling of pleasure automobiles, but, as the demand for the former increases, there is a growing recognition of the possibilities of the motor-truck that is inducing some of the other automobile people to enter the field.



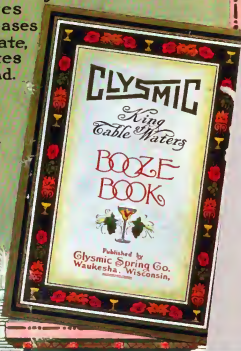


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**The Marmon "32"**

32-40 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, dependable electric starting and lighting system, left hand drive, center control, nickel trimmings, with newest body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment—\$2,850 to \$4,100.

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48-80 horsepower, 145 inch wheelbase, dependable electric starting and lighting system, left hand drive, center control, nickel trimmings, with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment—\$5,000 to \$6,350.



FORTY

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DANIEL G. CLAYTON



WINKS

E. M. RELYEA

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# KEEPING TROUBLE OUT OF TIRES

BY JOHN S. HARWHITE.

**T**HE tire problem is one that is always old and always new. It is the one ever-present bane of the motorist. It is a problem upon the solution of which years of patient experiment have been spent and millions of dollars invested. With the increase in the weight and power of the cars have come higher average speeds and hence ever rough and rocky roads and through sections of the country highways considered closed to all forms of transportation except horseback. This calls for extra service and endurance from the tires, and he it said that, all things considered, they have stood the test nobly. The modern tire is a marvel of workmanship and design and is the best product that it is possible to create for the purpose. Nevertheless, the tires can be easily abused, and neglect of a few essential details may shorten out the life of the average motor engine in half—and it is this "care" that is the most expensive part of the tire.

Every motorist understands that the engine and the other moving parts of his car require lubrication—moving parts in the sense of those that rub in contact with other surfaces, that is. But the tires form an exception in this rule. Oil, grease, gasoline, or any of the other hydrocarbons has a disintegrating effect on any rubber with which it may come in contact. This effect is not immediate and will not prove serious if the tires are wiped clean after each day's use, but to allow the car to remain standing in a pool of oil or in a greasy floor in parking tire trouble as surely as an ungreased nut invites a puncture. The application of a heavy oil or fat to road surfaces has been found very effective as a means of laying the dust and producing a hard bed that will endure for several months. It may be assumed that to run a car over long stretches of these freshly oiled roads will result in serious harm to the tires—and such would be the case were the oily nature allowed to adhere to the tread for an indefinite period. But it is the tread is thoroughly cleaned each day it is hardly probable that the oil will damage the rubber so much as would a rough road.

In the above paragraph the tires were closed as "moving parts that rub in contact with another surface." "Moving parts," they certainly are—however they are attached to a car that runs—but that they "run in contact with another surface" may be doubted by those cautious drivers who always slow down when rounding curves and never "skid." But side skidding is not the only form of tire-slipping that occurs on a modern car. At high speeds the wheels slip on the road surface to an extent little imagined by the driver. At speeds of thirty miles an hour this slipping of the wheels is slight, but when the automobile rate is reached the rubbing of the tires on the road increases out of all proportion to the increase in

speed. At this speed a thirty-six-inch wheel will slip about six complete revolutions during each mile-minute-of travel. This will amount to a total slippage of about 2,000 feet every hour that a subliminal speed is maintained, and it will easily be realized that the tires are called upon to withstand a tremendous strain. When the greatest amount of slippage takes place it is hardly probable that the tires are bearing the full weight of the car, as it is the continual "bouncing" at high speeds that causes the wear on the tires—rather than the road travels with them, but nevertheless the wear on the rubber tread is tremendous. It is small wonder that tires are changed frequently in races in which high speed prevails, and it is a marvelous tire that will withstand the wear recommended in ten or eleven hundred miles of track racing.

A parametric tire is nothing but a collapsible air tank surrounding the outer circumference of a wheel. Thus the car, literally, "rides on air." It is the compressibility of air that produces the cushioning effect when an obstruction of irregularity in the road is encountered by the wheels. The tire is depressed at the point of contact with the obstruction and the area of the cross section of this portion is thereby reduced. This, naturally, compresses the air in the tire, and the shock, instead of being concentrated at the point of contact, is distributed throughout the entire interior of the cushioning space. The compressed air stores the energy imparted to it and produces the "resilience" for which the pneumatic tire is famous. If the air in the tire is already highly compressed before the shock takes place the additional compression, or absorption of the shock, will not be so marked as though the tire were not pumped so "hard." On the other hand, a tire containing but a relatively small air pressure will be exceedingly susceptible to depression of its tread when an obstacle is encountered, and the rubber at the point of contact may be flattened almost to the rim. Thus a "hard" tire is able to encounter many abrupt inequalities in the road, but will not absorb slight shocks and jarrs; while a "soft" tire is sensitive even to the slightest obstacles in the road, but will be overladen at the first suggestion of "rough going."

It is to be noted that a tire containing too great an air pressure will cause the roads to seem rough; while one that is too soft may prove comfortable on good roads, but will provide insufficient cushioning for rough surfaces. But, strange as it may seem, a hard tire will last longer than will one that is never pumped to the proper pressure. In the case of the latter the tread and fabric are depressed at the slightest irregularities and a gradual wearing of the material occurs. A tire containing a high air pressure, however, retains its contour under all but the most severe conditions, and the fabric and rubber are, therefore, not so susceptible to leakage or weakening. The average pressure recommended by the manufacturers

is about twenty pounds per square inch for each inch of diameter of cross section of the tire. For example, a four-inch tire should be pumped to an approximate pressure of eighty pounds per square inch, while one six inches larger should carry about one hundred pounds.

It is a simple matter to determine the pressure of a small pocket or pump-pressure gauge is available, but it is not exactly easy to "guess" at the proper hardness of the tires. A pressure indicator can be obtained for a small cost and should form a part of every well-equipped tool kit. It acts as a thermometer as well as a barometer; the proper pressure may be roughly approximated by observing the contour of the tires, as they carry the full weight of the car when normally loaded. As soon as the tires are pumped to the point where they retain its shape and do not flatten at its point of contact with the floor the proper pressure has been reached. If the side walls bulge out at the point carrying the weight, however, more air should be pumped until these straighten to the same shape as the remainder of the tire.

The so-called "squeaking" wear of tires, in which a tire will "go to pieces" after only a few months' use over good roads, may often be caused by an improper alignment of the wheels. This may not be detected easily by a casual examination, but it may be detected easily by means of a long rule with which to measure the distance between the rims at the front and rear of both pairs of wheels. If the two wheels of one pair do not revolve in planes parallel to each other in a horizontal direction, the tread of the tire will rub, or will as rub, over the road surface in such the same manner as though the wheel were jolted slightly sideways at the same time that it rolled. The measurements should be taken at points directly opposite each other in front of and at the rear of the hub of the wheel. If the distance between the two wheels is less at the rear than it is forward of the hub, it is evident that the axle or spindle are so bent that the wheels do not revolve in parallel planes, and the car should be taken to the nearest blacksmith or repair shop if the owner desires to save his tires. It must be understood that this refers only to a difference in measurements taken between the forward and rear portions of a pair of wheels and not to the top and bottom.

The case of a tire when the car is out of commission in the water is somewhat different from that recommended for an active tire. When a car is put away for the winter the wheels should be jacked up to relieve the tires of all weight. The tires should then be pumped to a sufficient pressure to enable each to retain its normal shape and then wrapped securely with burlap or heavy paper to keep out the moisture. It should be made certain that the rim is perfectly dry both inside and out before it is thus covered, for dampness will cause rapid deterioration. It may be well first to remove each tire from its rim and to paint the letter with a rust preventive.



TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THIS

JOHN A. SWALKER AND ALLAN LANTON, ENGINEERS, 217 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. QUARTER DECK WITH THE DECK OF FLUKE IN REAR. (COURTESY OF THE U.S. NAVY.)

# Waverley

THE SILENT ELECTRIC



LIMOUSINE-FOUR PRICE \$2,900

Four  
Separate  
Fullmen  
Chairs  
Facing  
Forward  
—  
Full View  
Ahead  
Driven  
from the  
Left Hand  
Rear Seat  
—  
Price  
Complete  
\$2,900



INTERIOR LIMOUSINE-FOUR

## How Waverley Experience and Factory Facilities Evolved The Limousine-Four

1913

1913



LIMOUSINE-FIVE  
PRICE \$3,500



GEORGIAN BROUGHAM  
PRICE \$2,500



EMPIRE BROUGHAM  
PRICE \$2,800



COLONIAL BROUGHAM  
PRICE \$2,375



SPITEMORE ROADSTER  
PRICE \$2,250

Here is the latest triumph of a company which has originated practically every improvement in electric vehicle construction.

That has factory equipment for the manufacture of every type of electric vehicle, from the smallest runabout or brougham to a mighty 5-ton truck—

—And whose experience, gained in the making of this unlimited range of electric, enabled them to evolve this most elegant, comfortable, and convenient of all four-passenger electric.



Without such experience, and the knowledge gained thereby, such an achievement would hardly have been possible.

It took the company who built the first coupe electric—the first electric with the high efficiency shaft drive—the first electric which could take either solid or pneumatic tires—the first electric with full elliptic springs and patented drop axle construction—and the first five-passenger full-view-ahead electric to originate and design.

### The Silent Waverley Limousine-Four

In this wonderful car four separate Pullman chairs replace the usual forward and backward seats. These face forward, the fourth or "tray corner" in front at the right.

Thus affording full four-passenger capacity without obstructing the view of the driver who sits as usual in the left-hand rear seat—the pleasant and visible position, with steering in the front of the other occupants of your car.

This arrangement insures simple and delightful amusements and absolute freedom from crowding. No straddling of backless seats and wraps in the Waverley Limousine-Four—while permitting of greater luxury and greater elegance than has ever before been possible in a four-passenger electric.

The side diagram shows this unique placing of seats, and how golf clubs, parcels, bags, etc., can be stored out of the way behind the two side chairs. A small tray, package, box can also slide freely to center.

Waverley patented drop axle construction permits of a beautiful, graceful low body riding on full elliptic springs as shown in the illustration—a combination which insures easy riding over every road and with any type

while saving current, reducing mileage and guaranteeing year-round service and joy.

Enter on our listless run outside the car—on lifting out of cushions with gray hair, on getting with water or labor-saving tools.

The Limousine-Four will be on exhibition at the leading automobile shows, where progressive electric car owners can personally judge of its perfection.

—and decide if such a splendid car, the last word in four-passenger electric, could have been designed and perfected except by past masters of electric vehicle construction—men who from long experience know the mechanical requirements of every type, from the most luxurious pleasure car to the massive delivery truck.

Let us send you the Silent Waverley Electric Year Book which illustrates and describes the Limousine-Four, the Empire Limousine-Five and the other Waverley pleasure car models illustrated in the left-hand panel.

A beautiful production with decorations by a famous artist—fit to grace an elegant reception with the Waverley Commercial Car Catalog showing types ranging from a light delivery wagon to a 5-ton truck. Address

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1000 LB. DELIVERY  
PRICE \$2,000



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FIVE TON TRUCK  
PRICE \$4,500



# REGULATING THE DRIVER

BY H. S. WHITING

**T**he behavior of a motor-car forms the most serious criterion by which we judge the character of the driver. A car is not "dangerous" unless made so by the man at the wheel; there are no evil overtones from the side of the road to the other, through congested traffic, that can cause for a "faulty steering gear"; the time when the automobile was an unknown quantity and when its mere noise was more a matter of presumption than of positive knowledge was long since passed. To be sure, it is perfectly possible for a driver to "lose control of the machine," but also time out of time in the operator's fault, due to high speed or careless running over a dangerous road. And often this loss of control of the car is caused by the driver's "loss of head."

If a sixty or a sixty-two-horse-power motor-car can be driven at a snail's pace through crowded streets and around tortuous turns, it is certain that the manufacturer is not an accident that will occur whenever while the machine is running a sharp curve at sixty miles an hour. Also if this same high-powered car is able to run almost evenly along a road of noise, it is manifestly the driver's fault if the city streets are made hideous day and night with the rattling and rattle of the mangled exhaust. The driver or owner may even be held to be responsible for the noise made by the mechanism of the motor and transmission, for every part of every modern car is ground or finished to fit accurately, and it is only through neglect of valves, gears, or bearings that an undue amount of lost motion will occur and result in disagreeable sounds which mar the machine's run.

Therefore, inasmuch as the modern car is a faithful machine, built only to do the bidding of its driver, it is evident that restrictions must be placed upon the owner or operator rather than upon the size, power, and general specifications of the automobile itself. To limit the size of the motor or the power that they develop is out of the question, for a low-horse-power machine could wreck damage in congested traffic in the hands of an inexperienced operator. Likewise to attempt to regulate the speed of a motor-car is impracticable as well as unnecessary, although such legislation has been suggested many times. In fact, even bills as proposed for presentation before several of the State legislatures have stipulated that every car should be so geared that a speed of more than twenty miles an hour would be impossible. Such a restriction is manifestly absurd, for there are privately owned speedways in many parts of the country where a speed of a hundred miles an hour can be maintained for an appreciable distance without danger to occupants or other vehicles or pedestrians. As long as the automobile is safe, therefore, when properly constructed, the tendency of all modern legislation should be toward restriction of the activities of the driver rather than regulation of the capabilities of the car itself.

The most stringent legislation that has been enacted to regulate the driver is that of compelling every operator of a motor-car to possess a State license that is obtainable only after the proper registration or examination. In many States the chauffeur who is to drive a car for hire must pass a written examination in which he is required to answer questions regarding the operation, construction, and design of cars and their parts. In addition to this, he must demonstrate his ability before the examiner to handle a car properly and must present certificates of good character, sobriety, and a general "sound record."

This is intended to keep motor-cars out of the hands of incompetent and those who are reckless and fecklessly by nature. The owner, so a rule, does not need to undergo an searching examination. It is assumed that a man who is willing to invest from five hundred to five thousand dollars in a car will be fully certain of his ability to operate it and that he will not take risks that are likely to damage the machine—over though he should not be concerned of the comfort of pedestrians or occupants of other vehicles. He must register, however, and carry with him a license that will identify him as the owner of the car.

Such measures, however, have not served to make conditions perfect for the drivers nor popular automobile-ownership though he should not be concerned of either, for that matter. A misguided hundred thousand or so of the nearly a million drivers of automobiles in this country possess certain bad-temperaments that have made necessary several municipal regulations in addition to those already imposed by the State. One of these drivers seems to believe that the automobile has been produced solely as an instrument of noise, and they therefore are unable to run their cars ten blocks without blowing their horns or opening the muffler. This trait has resulted in the enactment of restrictions regarding the use of warning signals, and now a motorist is in danger of arrest in some sections if he blows his horns or toots his electric siren for any purpose other than to avert collision with a pedestrian or another vehicle. Some of these measures may seem rather stringent, but the offending few of the motorists have brought such restrictions upon the entire fraternity. In meeting, as in many another sport or occupation, the interests of the majority must suffer for the offenses of the guilty few.

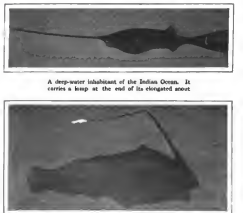
One of the most annoying of the bad-temperaments possessed by many a driver, and one that has required municipal legislation to render conditions bearable, is the habit of excessive noise. The motorist is necessary to increase the power of the motor. This belief, added to the love of noise and desire to attract attention, is possessed by some owners of motor-cars, has resulted in the habit of "cutting out the muffler" on any possible occasion—even when added power is not necessary. As a matter of fact, the elimination of the muffler adds but a very small percentage of power to the motor—a power that is never required in the city, where the car should be run at but a third or a half of its full ability at the most. It is only in country touring, when the last ounce of power is required from the motor, that the removal of any material benefit except a warning signal. Therefore, to use the ratchet on the city streets is to be sure open to the charge that it is rilling for its best means of power for work that runs the smallest and cheapest of the modern automobiles can perform with scarcely more noise than that given forth by a well-designed elastic vehicle. The constant and needless use of the ratchet, however, is undoubtedly his case, but those should be restricted in the country roads or the privacy of the garage or driveway. Many cities have already adopted regulations prohibiting the use of the muffler cutting on the public highways, and others are following their example wherever it is found that the motorists are so blind—so deaf, rather—as what represents courtesy to the majority of the public.

It might at first thought seem strange that the boards of health should concern themselves with the automobile, and yet many have taken an active interest in the question of the physical effect on the popu-

lar of the smoke emitted by many of the motor-cars. These dense clouds of smoke-like smoke are caused by an excess of oil that reaches the top of the cylinders and is there burned by the heat of the explosion. This arises from over-tilting of the valves or whatever other device are used to prevent the oil from reaching the combustion chamber. Although these boards of health probably realize the truth of the advice, "Too much oil is better than too little," they have also discovered that the fumes from this burning excess lubricant contain an unwholesome proportion of carbon monoxide. Two parts of this gas to one thousand of air constitute a mixture that is dangerous to breathe, and as twelve parts of a smoky exhaust can be compared to carbon monoxide, it will be seen that the air in an enclosed space into which such a motor may be exhausted would not be poisoned. It is hardly probable that smoking motors could violate the outside air to a really dangerous extent, but it has been decided by experts that the poisonous gas can be present in sufficient quantities to affect the general health of the population. These remarks have resulted in the passage of municipal laws regarding the driver of a smoking automobile liable to a fine or revocation of his license. A faint trace of blue smoke emitted from the exhaust is not harmful and is an indication that the motor is well lubricated, but the dense clouds thrown out by some cars are entirely unnecessary, and the drivers of such cars are the offenders against whom these laws have been aimed.

Improvements in motor-car lighting systems have been considered a few years ago. Practically every motor car nowadays, whether of high or low price, is provided with powerful head-lights of the acetylene or electric type. These lights are sufficiently strong to throw a beam several hundred feet, and are therefore exceedingly useful for night travel over dark or unfamiliar roads. They are hardly necessary on the well-lighted streets of a large city, however, but many motorists use them merely because "they have them," and it is so simple a matter to turn a switch that will throw the current from a dynamo or battery to the headlights that many of the most powerful motorists. But these intense rays of light blind the eyes of those upon whom they shine and make it impossible for approaching motorists to distinguish the road or other vehicles which they are out of range of the glare. Consequently, in many cities the use of these blinding lights is restricted to the sparsely settled districts where the street lamps do not furnish sufficient illumination for the roadway, and it is an offense punishable by a fine to employ the full glare on the principal thoroughfares. A sheet of semi-transparent paper pasted over the lens affords an easy means of reducing the brilliancy of the light, but this is a makeshift that cannot be removed readily when it is desired to use the full power of the lamps. Arrangements are provided that enable some lights of the acetylene type to be turned down, while older devices consist of a dull metal disk interposed between the source of light and the reflector. This latter attachment is suitable for either the electric or acetylene type of lights.

Motorists who have a deep regard for the rights of others are largely in the majority, and they are willing to support any legislation which has for its object the regulation of those drivers who are a menace or annoyance to the public, as well as to automobilists themselves. Grounds extended and fair restrictive legislation never less, and never will be, opposed by representative motorists.



A deep-water inhabitant of the Indian Ocean. It carries a lamp at the end of its elongated snout.



A monster of the Arabian Sea. It inhabits the depths 1,000 feet below the surface, and its entire head is phosphorescent.

This denizen of the Pacific carries a luminous lure at the end of a fishing-rod, to attract its prey.

This fish, which was captured in the Atlantic deeps, can swallow fishes much larger than itself, the stomach extending to the tip of the tail.

## FROM FATHER NEPTUNE'S WHITE-LIGHT DISTRICT

NOTE OF THE FIFTEENTH FRANCHISE EXAMINING THE SEVERAL DEPTHS OF THE GREAT WOOD HAVE BEEN TAKEN UP FROM THIS RAINY A MILE AND MORE BELOW THE SURFACE BY HELPING EXPLORING VESSELS, MILES OF THEM ARE AN EXHIBITION OF THE NEW FISH NEPTUNE OF NATURAL HISTORY.



## THE ANSWER

In the make-up of the Packard "38" carriage are more features directly appealing to the owner and driver than ever before have been embodied in any one motor vehicle

### *Left Drive*

Avoids the necessity of stepping into the street. This result in connection with other far-reaching improvements.

### *Electric Self Cranker*

Easily and simply operated from a driving position.

### *Centralized Control*

Complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat. A compact arrangement at the finger tips operated with the slightest effort.

### *Electric Lighting*

Controlling switches at the centralized control board.

### *Magneto Ignition*

A high tension dual ignition system, with magneto and storage battery, both of which are entirely distinct from the starting and lighting equipment. Insures Packard efficiency at all speeds.

### *Short Turning Radius*

The Packard "38" turns in a street forty-one and one-half feet wide.

### *Hydraulic Governor*

Avoids "stalling" the motor in crowded traffic; prevents motor racing when the clutch is disengaged; affords agreeable uniformity of road speeds without requiring skillful use of the pedals.

### *Six Cylinders Perfected*

Flexible, efficient, silent, giving motion with no sense of exerted power.

### *Dry Plate Clutch*

Proof against burning and certain of engagement without "grabbing."

### *Forced Feed Oiling*

Especially desirable for "slices." An auxiliary system feeds oil directly to the cylinder walls and is automatically regulated for different power requirements.

### *Six-Inch Depth of Frame*

Prevents body distortion and cramping of doors.

### *Size of Crank Shaft*

The diameter of the crank shaft is 2 1/8 inches. Ample size of bearings insures maximum period of service without refitting.

The sum of these essentials is to be found in no other car. This comprehensive solution, in one motor carriage, of all the chief problems of recent years, compels the consideration of the critical patron.

*The Packard "38" will be exhibited in Madison Square Garden, New York, January 11 to 18 and in the Coliseum, Chicago, February 1 to 8*

**Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit**



STOCK  
CHAMPION

*Elgin Victor*—1911—last stock championship race held in America. Average 64.4 miles per hour. Racing race run without a tire change. Defeated American and European cars of much greater cost.

INTERNATIONAL  
CHAMPION

*Fastest 500 miles*—ever recorded. Actual running average 81.72 miles per hour—winning International Sweepstakes, defeating more costly American and European cars. Breaking record by 4.11 miles per hour.

# National 40

Five Models, Improved Series V

Semi-Racing Roadster, Speedway Roadster, Five and Seven Passenger Touring Cars and Toy Tonneau

**\$2750 to \$3400**

*Limousines*

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*Sedans*



*The National Seven Passenger in Spain*

## Luxury — Reliability — Service

WHEREVER you go, you'll be proud of your *National*. It is the result of twelve years of concentration upon the harmonious combination of beauty, luxury and reliable service. Beneath the surface beauty is perfection in design and materials—dependability, stamina, and flexible power that is indefatigable. Every advanced idea, every requirement mechanically, every refinement tending to your comfort, ease and confidence, is in the five *National* models.

*The best car to own—write us for proof*

Long stroke (4 7/8 x 6) flexible and noiseless motor with enclosed valves.

Left side drive. Center control.

Gray & Davis Electric Starter, easily operated by simply touching a button with foot. Gray & Davis Dynamo Electric Lighting System.

Bosch dual double Magneto.

12-inch Turkish Upholstery.

Full heavy nickel Trimmings.

Electric Horn.

Adequate Baggage-carrying Compartment concealed in body but easily accessible.

Powerful and reliable brakes.

Spacious Interior.

Tire Pump, integral part of the motor.

Inflates a tire in three minutes.

Truffaut-Hardford Shock Absorbers in rear.

128-inch Wheel Base.

Adjustable, ventilating and rain vision Wind Shield.

Multiple Jet Carburetor.

Hoffecker steady-hand Speedometer.

Tire carrier in rear.

Silk Mohair Top, Cover and Curtains.

Full-finning Rear Axle.

Reclining Springs, 3-4 Elliptic in rear; Semi-Elliptic in front.

Large Gasoline Pressure-Feed Tank with Gauge in rear.

Robe Rail and Foot Rest.

Foot Mat in Running Board.

Plain, continuous enclosed Metal Guards.

Easy riding quaters, unswelled.

Oiling System, demonstrated to be only perfect oiling system.

Tools, concealed tool box under sphaer.

One extra Firestone Demountable Rim.

*Quick Delivery*

**National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis**

*Write for catalog*



*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

**AUTOMOBILE  
CLOTHING AND LIVERIES**  
Ready Made or To Measure

We invite your inspection of these garments.

We ask you to make a comparison of their prices with those asked elsewhere for the same fine qualities.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BROADWAY, COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

**A Little Detective on a Great Machine**

Accuracy is the basic principle of the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter (Wahl Adding Mechanism)

Hand Writing and Adding



The machine is accurate. But this is not all. It enforces accuracy on those who use it. Likewise it *advises* to accuracy all those on whose work it affords a check.

It detects errors. Likewise prevents errors. Fewer errors are made in every office where the

**Remington**  
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is used. Why? Because every clerk knows that this machine will infallibly detect his errors and this knowledge makes him most careful in everything that he does.

Thus the machine adds accuracy to mechanical labor saving in every kind of work where writing and adding are done on the same page.

Illustrated booklet sent on request

**Remington Typewriter Company**  
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**A BID FOR THE CANAL TRADE**

How Denmark is Constructing a Free Port at Charlotte Amalie, in St. Thomas

By John L. Mathews

The good old shelter port of Charlotte Amalie, on the island of St. Thomas, West Indies, is coming into her own again. In American times through the blockade of our boats, it has remained, as the Danes say, an uncut diamond. Now it is to be cut and set among the largest of the Danish crown jewels.

Long ago Denmark was a great nation and Charlotte Amalie a refuge port for ships of all sorts, except the lowly whale of the Indies, a harbor of refuge and repair. It has sheltered on the lee side of the island, with the constant trade winds blowing every second it and the gun emplacements across upon its mountain-top side and around. His Majesty's Blackland's vessels stand brooding at each other as in the by-gone days, and the ancient pirate schooner Lightfoot meets this century old, has carried the mail and occasional passengers for fifty years between the three principal islands of this little group under the Danish ensign.

Many a lot of interceptors and many an armada led in these windward channels or anchored under the lee of St. Thomas. Ever since the steamship came this old port has been ready for it, come whenever it might. No trouble was too great to be remedied at St. Thomas. There was no repeating ordinary or extraordinary that could not be done for any ship that frequented the cove on its lee or twenty years ago. Even today any ship which came from the sea was sheltered in the harbor of Charlotte Amalie and drew up to the coal-docks, and nearly everything that runs in the Indies was lifted out of water on the floating dry-docks. Ships under 3,000 net tonnage can be drawn out on the marine railway.

A shaft leading to a single well with well-equipped laundry and the efficient workmen of this little city. They can erect a new propeller or a single wheel as easily as build a whole new boiler and set it in the ship. Any part of an engine or even the cylinder can be replaced, and, if needed, a completely new shaft. It costs nothing but steel and storage on the goods to land a cargo and load it again, going seawards into the dry-docks to have a plate replaced or any other underwater repairs. Everything that goes up into the city to be sold has a duty of three per cent, but everything which lies on the docks or is stored in the warehouses is in free port and pays no duty nor has any duty.

All sorts of supplies for ships are here in abundance, water brought from the sea and consumed at a penny, made into great concrete storage cisterns, sailors' clothes, stowage supplies, and, best of all, the steaming coal, which comes from the Virginian Capes goes into the hoppers; every ship drawing 275 tons can sit at the coaling pier to take on her fuel. All around the old harbor are warehouses, some of them four hundred feet long, set parallel to the shore and, in fact, built practically up from the water's edge with a track along the front of them to deliver freight in the several doses. Each has a short pier for unloading of cargo. The harbor itself, surrounded by gently rising hills and with the pretty colored city set directly opposite the entrance, is one of the most beautiful to be seen in the Caribbean.

When, in 1902, we made our latest bid for the purchase of the Danish West Indies the Danish people protested. The proposal was refused by Denmark. They the following year that the Danes should make the islands self-supporting, and since 1902 Denmark has been invested in cotton plantations and the Danes will not receive that the group now stands on the crest side of the high-water.

When we reached the port and grabbed Panama and then preparing to build the canal the Danes had a new inspiration.

"Here we are," they said, "directly on the route from Europe to the west. The port of Charlotte Amalie and her islands will become Denmark's roving port with all commerce and traffic in the free port of St. Thomas will be Copenhagen transplanted into a new world. There at the gate of the canal, on the coast of the island, we will set up a great port to be built, we will set up an export and a depot.

"We are six hundred miles away from the American ports, we have no land of our harbor; we must take advantage of our position, our cheap fuel, our manufacturing sites right on the water's edge, our industries and trained people, and get a good share of the South American and the Pacific trade, as well as that of the United States."

A fine lion, and practically, Denmark will now stand as charter for a company with a capital of 20,000,000 kroner (100,000,000). This sum was to be spent largely in the construction of massive piers, which it sold from Berlin in the Danish style, with great warehouses and ships, a large dry-dock, and all the equipment of a fine wharf.

As it happened, there was but a million dollars subscribed, and the company therefore withdrew its charter and the subscribers. In the meantime, however, the Danes, with the aid of the King and Parliament, formed a new company called the West Indian Company. The work is already being put under way. A big dig is being built close to deep water in one part of the harbor, on a narrow, shallow bottom of the shallow flats. The whole operation changed in to be dredged and the material obtained filled in on the flats behind a concrete retaining wall. Concrete piers will be built out into the deepened harbor so that all sorts of big ships can enter and land.

Charlotte Amalie is close to our route, on the direct route from Europe to the canal, only 1,025 miles from the sea, six hundred miles nearer than New Orleans, and can import anything from any part of the world, and make it duty free, and manufacturer without paying duty. All these manufactured goods can then be sold at an 10 to 15 per cent in any market in the world without having to pay duty. Paid waste money for land transportation, or paid any government tax, if any port will enter the port of destination.

**Butter and Margarine**

It has been brought out by recent statistics that the country which produces the largest relative quantity of butter consumes the largest quantity of margarine. That is, the United States, which uses every year some thirty million pounds of margarine for a population of two and a half millions, or at the rate of one and a half pounds per capita per annum, is the most butter-consuming inhabitant. The farmers of Denmark prefer to sell their good butter to the English and consume it margarine, which amounts to about nine and a half pounds per capita for each inhabitant. The French like margarine, but the quantity of margarine is very great and the quantity of butter is very small. The Germans use margarine for the most part of their butter, but the quantity of margarine is not so great. In Sweden every thirty million pounds of the margarine are used annually by a population of two and a half millions. The smallest need in Norway is relatively more than twice as much, for there the population is only some two million, whereas the consumption of margarine is 25,000,000 pounds. In spite of the large per capita consumption of butter in England, there is an additional use of margarine amounting to some million pounds annually. The largest total consumption of margarine takes place in Germany, whose entire population of 60 million consumes every year over 200,000 tons of the fat. A great deal of ghee has been cultivated against margarine by the producers of butter, and when it was sold as a substitute for butter or an adulterant it was well sold, but it should be sold on its own merits at a lower price than butter. It quickly establishes a place for itself in the markets of the world.

**Why Is It?**

It was a fly across on the crystal glass of the window near a dining parlor and flew if going in a straight line downward. The fly never makes its descent without striking the window pane. How invariably some great with their backs to the sea. Can't ever expose their backs to the sea. The majority of cases they bring their left side toward the sea. Dogs, on the contrary, bring their backs as nearly as they can to the point from which the sea comes. Dogs have the strange habit of jerking their heads which is less easily followed and so it is with the placid gazelles. Farmers for this reason sometimes put their "retainers" in out-of-the-way places, and the result of the sale will be lured by the difficulty of escape. And, inasmuch as it may now, almost any day, be seen in the market, the result of the best-known Oriental "retainers" said that she began her career by getting out of a room and supporting her head on her feet every day for a few days. At the end of five or three months these animals have her and had every appearance of having been in the sea the time drew near. She stretched their bodies and then the habits of the very noticeable species until she had mastered her "trade."

*Overland*

**\$985 Completely Equipped**

**WE** are, and have been, over 3000 cars behind immediate shipping orders ever since last August—when this model was first introduced. Dealers contracted for 39,000 cars before we made a public announcement; one dealer alone took 4000; in thirty days Europe had arranged for \$1,000,000 worth.

We have planned and prepared for a 1913 production of 40,000 cars. Eight thousand skilled mechanics

in a factory covering over eighty acres are working night and day to fill present and persistent orders.

There are over 3000 Overland dealers in all parts of the world. Look up the one in your town. See this car, and you will more readily understand what a really brilliant and remarkable achievement this exceptional value is.

Our catalogue is big, beautiful and interesting—and it's free.

*(Please Address Dept. 14)*

**The Willys-Overland Company**

**Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.**





# Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage!"



At last science gives you more rubber shod mileage.

## Diamond (No Clinch) Tires

now made of VITALIZED RUBBER—a scientific combination of pure rubber and a toughening compound.



**A perfect 3-Point Rim Contact tire at last**

## You can get Vitalized Rubber in Diamond Tires—NOW

A tire containing too much rubber fails to give the necessary mileage because it is not tough enough to withstand road usage. And the tire containing too little pure rubber has not the necessary staying qualities.

Our chemists have discovered the secret of how to mix pure rubber and a toughening compound in just the right proportions. The result is additional mileage for you. The pure rubber we use comes direct from the trees of the tropics—it is fresh and contains all the vitality of youth—it is elastic and easy riding. Then we mix this pure rubber with the secret toughening compound, which gives it the necessary vitalizing, wearing, *more mileage* quality.

This scientific combination has been vainly sought after for years by tire makers. After 15 years of successful tire making we have solved the problem—and you enjoy the benefit of our really wonderful discovery—in "Diamond" Vitalized Rubber Tires.

Add to this the Diamond proven principles of proper construction—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—and you have as perfect a tire as money can buy.

Here is a combination of easy riding and more mileage advantages you can't get in any other tire today—*Vitalized Rubber, Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap*, and, if you wish, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—made to fit all types of rims.

So this time specify "Diamonds"—you can get them at any one of the

# 25,000 Diamond Dealers

always at your Service

*NOTE—If you are not entirely satisfied with the mileage you are getting now—if you wish to reduce your tire upkeep—send today for our new book, "How to Get more Mileage Out of Your Tires." It is free to every tire user. No matter what tire you ride on, you simply cannot afford to be without this valuable book, so send the coupon today.*

Fifty per cent of all tires are ruined through lack of perfect rim contact.

Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact is just as big an advantage in tire construction as 3-point suspension in the automobile.

Diamond 3-Point Rim Contact Tires hold with a vice-like grip absolutely preventing the tire from breaking above the rim, insuring no rim skid—no rim cutting—no rim trouble at all.

Our engineers have mastered the principles of Rim Contact construction, and you can get the Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire, with a perfect 3-Point Rim Contact—an important advantage that has been overlooked by all other tire makers.

**No-Pinch Safety Flap**  
absolutely protects the inner tube

The No-Pinch Safety Flap that comes in every Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire will cut your inner tube bills in half—because it forms a substantial wall separation between the inner tube and the rim, making it impossible for the inner tube to be pinched or cut under the rim, or injured by rim rust.

This No-Pinch Safety Flap is made of the best grade of fabric, and is finished with a "Feather Edge" as a further protection against inner tube cutting.

There is no rubber in this flap to adhere or vulcanize, so that the inner tube can be quickly and easily removed at all times—another big Diamond advantage.

**Mail This Coupon TODAY**

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio. **DR**  
If there is a way for me to get more mileage out of my tires, I would like to know it. Without charge cut me the book, send me the coupon, and please, by return mail, give me book. (Use in Get More Mileage Out of Your Tires.)

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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# Each a Lucky Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Even when cars are skimped and rushed, an occasional car gives wondrous satisfaction.

No costly repairs, no troubles, no breaks. The man who gets it tells his friends he got a lucky car.

But every buyer of Reo the Fifth gets a lucky car. This is how I insure it:

## Endless Care

In 26 years spent building cars I've learned what strength is needed.

To insure that strength I twice analyze every lot of steel.

I test my gears with a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

I have another machine to test my springs for 100,000 vibrations.

Then, to make doubly sure, I give each driving part 50 per cent over-capacity. Each is made ample, by actual test, for a 45-horsepower engine. That means immense margin of safety.

## Extra Cost

Drop forgings, on the average, cost twice as much as steel castings. But steel castings often have hidden flaws. So in Reo the Fifth I use 190 drop forgings.

Roller bearings cost five times as much as the usual ball bearings. But ball bearings often break. So in Reo the Fifth I use 15 roller bearings, 11 Timken and 4 Hyatt High Duty.

This year I have added 30 per cent to my tire cost to add 65 per cent to your tire mileage. Note how big my tires are for a car of this size and weight.

## Enduring Luxury

Each body is given 17 coats to insure enduring finish. The deep Turkish upholstery is of genuine leather filled with the best curled hair. So it doesn't sag and grow rusty.

Two front lights are electric, set flush with the dash. The old-style side lamps have been abandoned. The rear light is also electric.

This car in every detail shows the final touch.

## Center Control

This car alone has my center control. All the gear shifting is done by moving a small handle only three inches in each of four directions.

No side levers; no brake levers—nothing in the way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

This arrangement permits of the left-side drive, now considered essential, to bring the driver close to the car he passes.

When you see what these things mean you will not go without them.

## Ending Trouble

To deal with low-grade gasoline I doubly heat my carburetor. I use a hot air intake, plus hot water wrapping.

I use a \$75 magneto to end ignition troubles.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

Every car in the making gets a thousand inspections. Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. And I limit my output to 50 cars daily so nothing is ever rushed.

## What Precaution Costs

I could build Reo the Fifth without all these precautions for some \$200 less. But this added cost saves the average buyer several times as much. It insures a car that's flawless, durable and right.


So we save in other ways. We build only one model, which saves some 20 per cent. We have cut down our profits. We employ wondrous factory efficiency.

As a result, we give you a car such as I describe at a price that's unmatched—\$1,095.

I build it for men who want beauty and luxury, combined with all the hidden worth that any price can buy.

Write for our 1913 catalog. Then go to the nearest of our thousand dealers and see this new-model car.

36-35  
Horsepower at  
Wheel Base  
112 inches  
Track  
54 1/2 inches  
Center  
Control  
Roller  
Bearings  
Dismountable  
Wheels  
Three Electric  
Lights  
Speed  
45 Miles  
per Hour  
Made with  
2 and 3  
Sawing  
Bodies



**Reo the Fifth**  
The 1913 Series  
**\$1,095**

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with motor top, side curtains and sun cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra tire and brackets—all for \$100 extra (retail price \$170).

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**  
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.









## Inter-State -45

SIX CYLINDER 45 HORSE POWER

\$2750

Electrically Started and Lighted—Four Speeds Forward—  
Left Hand Drive—Center Control—132-Inch Wheel Base

If you possess even the smallest automobile knowledge, you have, in your own mind, built "The Perfect Car."

We have built the Inter-State just as you would have ordered it built had you been our Chief Engineer.

In millions of miles of automobile-travel, certain standards have proven their fitness just as certain defects have uncovered their unworthiness.

By the process of elimination the motor car buyer has succeeded in locating the real source of his satisfaction or dissatisfaction.

He has expressed a preference for a recognized standard in the essential parts of his car.

He has done more—

He has demanded a superiority in the assembling of those parts that will forever free him from trouble and annoyance.

And you, in turn, have condemned as not wholly complete, any car that failed to include every essential for your comfort and convenience.

We have done exactly the same thing—

Out of the most exacting and careful engineering experience has grown the Inter-State Six—showing all of those tried and proven specifications—any one of which alone would characterize a car of higher price.

Sound and sane manufacturing methods have made possible this splendid car—at so attractive a price.

Our attempt to build "quality"—not "quantity"—to build integrity into every nut and bolt and screw has produced "your perfect car" at exactly the price you want to pay.

And one more thought:

If you pay more than \$2750 for these same specifications that mark the superiority of the Inter-State Six; then—

You have paid the price of "advertised-popularity;" or—

You have spent your money with far less care and thought than we have used in the building of this "perfect car."

**THE LONG STROKE MOTOR**  
6 cylinders, cast air flow, 4 inch bore and 5 inch stroke, enclosed valves, capable of developing a full 45 horse power to the wheels.  
The longer stroke means a longer step on steep hills and better results.  
The longer step means more power—steady power—less effort—less heat—less oil—less pollution.

**UNIT POWER PLANT**  
The unit power plant of the Inter-State Six centralizes the weight of the motor, transmission and clutch, thereby eliminating an uneven balance and an unnecessary quantity of structural joints.

**ELECTRIC STARTER**  
The Agip Motor Dynamo Electric Starting and Lighting System built specially for Inter-State cars is used on this model. The continuous delivery of heavy current from this starting and lighting system on other Inter-State cars has warranted its adoption for our model 45, not as an experiment, in any sense of the word, but as a time-tried, absolutely reliable starter of six per cent efficiency.

The turning of the gasoline motor is accomplished by the throwing of a switch which is conveniently located at the driver's left.  
It will revolve the motor continuously for 20 seconds if necessary or until the gasoline motor glides up under its own power, at which time the system is automatically discontinued as a starter and operates as an electric generator, furnishing and storing current in the storage-battery, where it is in all cases available for starting, for ignition and for lighting.

**ELECTRIC LIGHTS**  
The entire lamp equipment of the Inter-State car is electrically lighted.  
The two powerful Alcon head lamps with special Fry Lens, non-heat effect, capable of throwing their piercing rays 300 feet, two handsome side lights, Flash Dash Trips, built to seal flash with the dash, and tail light illuminating the license number, one spot-lamp light, all lamps lighted or extinguished separately or together at the will of the driver by simply turning a button conveniently located at his left.

**LEFT HAND DRIVE CENTER CONTROL**  
In building the Inter-State Six, we have adopted the left hand drive center control because of the added convenience to the passengers in front, allowing them to enter or leave the car from the curb.  
For your greater convenience we have added a four speed forward and reverse transmission, direct drive six shaft speed.

**BODY DESIGN AND FINISH**  
The body is a special design straight line effect, seats five passengers. Has the sport effect in front and the windshield is built in as part of the body. Twenty-one coats of paint and varnish are applied to every Inter-State car.  
The apparatus would be the same if we applied hot steam.  
The remaining two are your protection against a quarter, bracer car after the first trip over newly roads or half a dozen washings.  
Inter-State upholstery is 11 inches deep, upholstered with the best leather we can possibly buy.

**EQUIPMENT**  
The Inter-State comes to you as "discharge-ready condition" in any 100-mile maintenance town here in the U. S.  
Mudole trap, side curtains, ventilating main vision type windshield built into body, speedometer and clock, complete kit of tools, gasoline gauge, are an example of what we consider fully equipped.  
28 x 4 1/2 tires, front and rear Demountable Rims, 13 Double Ignition, Magneto and Concoctivist Trigger and Distributor with coil for starting and auxiliary system.  
Men high tension magnetic driven by extension of water pump shaft.  
Adjustable handle and clutch pedals.  
Pressure feed to carburetor.  
Nash and pressure lubrication.  
Motor driven fan group.  
Tireless levers with flexible cord routing any part of the car.  
Your Inter-State is ready for you the day it leaves our factory without the necessity of further adjustments or further expense.

Models 40—41—42  
Four Cylinder  
40 Horse Power, 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 Motor  
Fully Equipped

\$2400

Models 50—51—52  
Four Cylinder  
50 Horse Power, 5 x 6 Motor  
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The Land of the Blood Feud

By Charles Johnson

Men from Durham, who know more about Albania than any man in western Europe and who have been before the Nationalists, a charming story which sheds much light on the spirit of these few uplanders. He was walking with a young mountaineer concerning religion. He then set forth his faith: "I am a good Catholic," said he, "therefore I am of blood feud with the Moslems because they are unbelievers. I am of blood feud with the Jews because they eat the Lord to death. I am of blood feud with the Slavs because they do not pray to Him in the right way." He at blood feud with these people did mean that he was at home and satisfied a theological grievance against them. It meant that he took a rife from the shelf and went to shoot them up himself. Hence his Martial was done more than any of his earthly possessions.

The blood feud is, indeed, the great intellectual bond, the bed-rock institution of Albania. It runs from the twelfth century. Compared with the Albanian practice, the feuds of the Kentucky mountains or of the old South before the war were feeble and unimportant. In Albania almost anything may start the trouble. In a casual gathering in the hills where brutal strokes were done in sixteen seconds in a dispute over a carriage supposed to be stolen, but afterward found in the belt of its recently departed owner. And the matter did not end with those sixteen sudden deaths. Rather it only began for one man then he questioned a healthy and robust blood feud to his family, who were bound in their turn to wipe out the murderer or his slaves or their brothers or cousins or uncles or sons. For the blood feud is itself a treacherous and cunning thing. It arises from petty quarrels among men. A word or a blow even accidental may start the chain of events. It is the hills for generations. But may a feud must be laid to the charge of the several families.

It is the truly Oriental custom in Albania to betroth boys and girls still in infancy at seven, nine, or thirteen, included in the making-up of the dowry. It is one of the ways in which the boys are torn out of the maw of the burgals in life. But the maiden, when she comes to riper years, may well find her predestined spouse not at all to her taste. Do not imagine that she can simply get off and "take a husband" as they say in France. Not at all. The maiden has but few ways of escape. She may assemble witnesses and in their presence solemnly devote herself to perpetual virginity; or she may, if sufficiently reckless to run off with some male relative, else to run off with some other fellow man to her taste. On hearing of the betrothed couple party you must do your well-wisher Martial from its books on the wall, give up your carriage belt, and go forth and lamentably and the loss of your prospective father-in-law. Failing him, one of her brothers will do, even the youngest of the family. But her father is best. This, if she is seeking more criticism, you must hit in ambush and shoot to death your lucky rife; or if he, well aware of the expense of an engagement, has skipped across the frontier to Montenegro, you may content yourself with being one less in the family.

—No fellow, his brother, his cousin, if any other game is to be had, a boy of seven or eight will do, but that is in some districts considered an important life and either poor play. So far, as you can see, the matter is complicated. Slighted honor is appressed. You may put your Martial back on the shelf. But you will do so rather as you in your mind that you have slain five hundred new blood feud and that two families are now pursuing after you the life of your late prospective father-in-law and the relatives of the lucky trait. They will, if opportunity offer pick you off from hiding, or they will come in the evening. They will run make opportunities. So you will have something to remember you think you owe it to be independent for the cleansing of the two new slains that you yourself used to shoot. But they will hardly do for both. But you have brothers, uncles, cousins, a father. They will do. So the red work goes on.

Do not suppose that all this does from mere bloodthirstiness and indistinguishable of murder. On the contrary, the blood feud springs from a deep religious sense of the obligation of honor, it is part of a many-sided, absolutely blind of

code, and if the code made the Albanian spare he would spare even if he own his paid for it. The obligations of the code are sacred, above all obligations of hospitality. Not only must the mountaineer receive and feed the guest who asks him and he must receive him with hospitality for him and will make it matter of blood feud should any one insure or hinder his guest, even though he has set out on his journey again. A Montenegrin committed some crime of violence and covered the withdrawing fled months across the frontier into Albania. He asked hospitality and refuge of a mountaineer, who was obliged to receive him and make his quarters his own. The Montenegrin authorized set a price on the head of the refuge—gold pieces and a new pair of shoes. But the mountaineer, the Albanian had could not be tempted, but his younger brother was less firm, buying the Montenegrin as a good Albanian should. So he shot the refugee in his elder brother's absence and delivered his head to the Montenegrin authorities, claiming and receiving the rich reward. When the elder brother returned home, the younger told him what he had done.

"What did they pay you?" asked the elder brother, sternly.

"The younger brother told the price."

"It is not enough," cried the elder. "Take this money and buy your younger brother a gun. Never has one of our boys betrayed a guest. And some of our boys will again."

The work will again. These warriors have a hard enough time. As among the Indians of the plains, the women must perform not only the domestic duties of cooking, weaving, caring for the children; they must also do nearly heavy outdoor work like the plow and the sowing and the sowing and the sowing. There may be a second room for the woman's having to work, but she is almost not so much a responsible being, is not subject to the blood feud. No matter what quarrel may start, she is almost not so much a responsible being. Therefore, it may happen that, all the men of her household being slain, she is almost not so much a responsible being, she may have to drive the flocks to market or go herself, laden with heavy bundles of kindling-wood or charcoal or stam for sale.

In their tribal organization these uplanders carry like the language of the Scottish Highlanders, carrying two ages. The clan bond is everything; the national bond hardly exists. The Albanians of the north are not so much as they are the southern members of the Church of Rome. Some of the south and east are converts to Islam, who by their conversion for there are a few Albanians who belong to the Greek Church. But these denominational differences are hardly a skin-deep. The primitive barbarian, warlike, hospitable, daring, bound by blood feud and custom, conservative, whether he venerates Rome or Jerusalem or Mecca. For him Christ and Mohammed are the same, and he is the same, and where the one seems to fail he will turn readily enough to the other. He remains what he always was, in spite of the thin veneer of Western or Eastern faith.

Albania is about as large as South Wales and its people number only 1,000,000. Of these three-fifths are Moslems, but by descent from Turkish conquerors not by descent from Turkish conquerors. Not by descent from Turkish conquerors, but from a cheerful opportunism which distinctly recognized that the most useful religion was the one which the national churches than did the Sermon on the Mount. There is every prospect that the Albanians will be Christians when the prestige of the Caravans wanes and they find themselves surrounded by Christians. The Albanians are not so much as they are the national churches than did the Sermon on the Mount. There is every prospect that the Albanians will be Christians when the prestige of the Caravans wanes and they find themselves surrounded by Christians. The Albanians are not so much as they are the national churches than did the Sermon on the Mount. There is every prospect that the Albanians will be Christians when the prestige of the Caravans wanes and they find themselves surrounded by Christians.

The Elastic Globe

To the human nothing may seem more rigid than the globe. You may see men of opinion tell us that it loads and bulges appreciably under the pull of the heavenly bodies. The modern science has shown that the globe on opposite side of a tidal basin approaches each other at high tide. The globe is not so much as the rigid ball, for example, is so much greater at that time that the tide rises a trifle and the ocean rises a trifle. The globe and the English come together together. The bulging of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as being in one another across the Channel. The deformation is the particular being about one inch for every sixteen miles. It has also been shown that the globe is not so much as the rigid ball, for example, is so much greater at that time that the tide rises a trifle and the ocean rises a trifle.



The Pullman of the Open Road

but inadequately expresses the superior and exclusive features embodied in the motorcycle which has created a sensation wherever motor vehicles are known.

for 1913 is the only motorcycle in the world with a Self-Starters and Two-Speed Free Engine Hub—an exclusive feature which at once makes motorcycling more than ever a sport for gentlemen. The original and improved Spring Frame and Spring Fork make all roads boulevard, and the full flow height ball-bearing motor gives the power plant flexibility not found in any other motorcycle engine.

Write for art catalog fully describing the famous motor-cycling "4-4" and "7-7" "Valley" models.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co. Middlestown, Ohio

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**HUNTER RYE**  
BALTIMORE RYE  
RIPENED BY MATURITY, IN ABSOLUTE PURITY

Sold at all retail stores where W.V. LARSEN & Co. is the Baltimore, Md.

FIRST OVER THE BARS

**CHARTREUSE**

HAS STOOD THE TEST OF AGES AND IS STILL THE FINEST CORDIAL EXANT

Liquor Chartreuse

Small text at the bottom: Made in France by the Carthusians of Grande Chartreuse, France. Imported by W.V. LARSEN & Co., Baltimore, Md.

**The Restoration of Paintings**

One of the cleverest restorations of a painting ever made was that conducted under the supervision of a New York expert not long since. By reason of the great age of the picture the canvas, which was about six feet square, had become rotten. The first step in the work of restoration was the gilding by means of a vegetable compound, of a thick piece of muslin paper the size of the picture. The picture was then turned over and from its back there was picked, piece by piece, all the rotten canvas. This delicate operation required four days for its completion. At the end of that time all that remained of the original work was a delicate shell of pigment, glued by its face to a piece of paper.

The rest of the task was comparatively easy. The expert covered the bare back of the painting with strong fish glue and fastened to it a new piece of canvas. The new paper was then, by means of hot water, removed from the face of the painting. There was the picture the same as before, but now upon a strong, new canvas.

The commission appointed some time ago by the British Minister of Public Instruction to ascertain whether several paintings by old masters in the Florence galleries, which have been washed or restored, had suffered any damage, has accomplished its task but as the three commissioners failed to agree in their conclusions they have drawn two separate reports.

The painter, Sartorio, deplores the results of the restoration. He says that in order to cover of paint in the old paintings constituted, as a rule, an integral and essential part of the execution of the work, he very often the aspect of the painting depended upon the varnish. Hence, he contends, it is a mistake to remove it, thereby the characteristic features of a picture are thus altered.

The other commissioners, Casaroghi and Pagliaro, defend the restoration. They admit that some of the washed paintings have lost their original patina and color, but on the other hand, they have not been damaged. These commissioners estimated each painting restored and reached the conclusion that the mistakes in the treatment adopted may have been remedied, as the restorers did not succeed in preserving the original harmonious colors, but that the washing was necessary to save the paintings from decay.

Regarding the work the restoration has been practically approved by two commissioners who are both experts in the art of restoring old paintings, the Fine Arts Departments decided not to allow other paintings to be washed in future unless the proposed restorations are fully approved by the Superior Council of Fine Arts.

Of the strange vicissitudes through which many of the world's famous pictures have passed, perhaps none are more odd than that of "The Fortune in Disguise," a picture which was painted in the residence of Lord Leila in Wexborough, England.

One remarkable picture for many years appeared to be merely a painting of flowers. The floral study was, however, finally pronounced by an artistic art-dealer to be in reality a mask for another painting. With the permission of the owner he caused the painting of flowers gradually to be removed, whereupon there was discovered underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck.

The authentic record of this masterpiece has been found. It is supposed that the portrait was disguised by some English in order to guard against its detection by the French during the Revolution.

**Nitroglycerine**

NITROGLYCERINE does not always behave in the same way. One day, it is said, the little explosive will "go off" at the slightest shock but the next day one might find it had the tenacity of a stone and that even a run of the same substance will not be able to kill the stone. Nitroglycerine is so cautious or reticent to explode doubtless depends upon its quality. One "run" of such may be so washed and cleaned and another may be full of impurities. If a can be filled to the cork so that the substance within has no opportunity to seek against the sides, it is thought that it will not explode so easily as one which is three-quarters an inch or eight full.

It is an interesting sight to behold the nitroglycerine workers at their task. Usually the building wherein the stuff is made contains several large wooden vats, a few pails and barrels, an engine, and a great iron kettle-like receptacle. This receptacle is called an "acidifier." It consists simply of a small kettle within a large one. The space between the two is kept constantly filled with a stream of cold water. The inner kettle is filled with several pounds of water by a crank.

One will see about fifteen hundred pounds of acids, sulphuric and nitric mixed, poured into the smaller kettle. A thin but continuous stream of glycerine slowly flows, the engine begins to pump, the crank revolves, the paddles churn the glycerine and acids, and the manufacture of the powerful explosive is under way.

The flow of glycerine is controlled by a stopcock, the workman the while observing with unflinching vigilance the agitator and the thermometer that registers the heat of the perfidious mixture.

Nitroglycerine is formed by the action of nitric and sulphuric acids upon glycerine. When the fumes begin to show the greatest caution must be observed. They indicate that the oil is on fire, and should the mixture attain too great a degree of heat the explosion will follow. When the mixture in the thermometer indicates fifty degrees Centigrade, it becomes safe not to linger too long in a nitroglycerine factory. The stream of cold water constantly circulating about the base of the agitator keeps the mixture cool. In warm weather ice must be used.

After leaving the agitator the product is thrown into the "draining tank." Then it is transferred to other tanks and carefully washed. At the end of a period of four hours the milky, water-filled nitroglycerine is removed and evaporated in cans. These cans are deposited in a bare iron safe and the explosive is then ready for the market.

Much nitroglycerine is used by oil-well "shooters." The "shooting" of oil wells is done by the action of nitroglycerine at the bottom of the wells in order to increase their flow. Nitroglycerine, rather than the safer dynamite, is used because it can be exploded under water.

**Furniture Casters**

MANY furniture casters are made of bushing, the casters being being cut out and cemented and compressed to form the wheel. The wheel is then put into a ball and turned round on the base. Bits of metal are stamped on each side of the wheel to serve as levers for the axle that pass through the wheel. Such casters are used for use on hard wood floors. Casters of compressed felt are also designed for this purpose.

Another kind of casters may be mentioned those of plate, designed to serve for purposes of insulation, and ball-bearing casters, one style showing an wheel, but instead a ball which, when the furniture is moved, revolves on a circle of smaller balls within the outer fitting.

Then, too, there are roller wheels made of porcelain and of rubber, of figam stone, and other hard woods. Great numbers of casters are of iron and steel.

**Taxing German**

TAXES has been an United States of taxing nothing has ever come so far from Germany. Germany, the law, adopted a system of paying a tax on the value of the property owned, not on the value of the property, but on the value of the property. A standard, the number of acres owned, and the value of the property, are taken into account. Single men between the age twenty and thirty-five years receive a tax of one cent on the value of the property. When a man has more than three children he receives ten per cent more than the standard rate. For every child over five children, and fifteen per cent more if he has seven children. A similar system has been in operation in Prussia for some time with this difference, that the excess allowances for children are paid directly to the mother.

**Living Trees as Telegraph Poles**

ON a telegraph line constructed in eastern Africa living trees, instead of iron poles, have been used over long distances in order to escape the danger of white ants, which attack the poles but not the trees. The latter are planted along the line with their branches cut off. They readily take root and need only to have their branches trimmed from time to time. The wires are affixed by means of tarred cords of hemp, which serve in place of insulators. It is the intention eventually to replace the trees with iron poles.

**The Sleep of Plants**

REAR, a German botanist who gave his attention to the attitude of the leaves of plants during the day and compared with their attitude in the night, noted that many plants take each a position for the night that they never so frequently exhibit and at the same time be sheltered from the dew.



**The Only Electric Car That Has A Two-Speed Planetary Transmission**

You will realize immediately what that means. You know what a handicap your gas car would be under if it was forced to operate exclusively on high gear.

Yet the Church-Field is the only car that eliminates that handicap in the electric field.

The Church-Field has both a high and a low gear.

It thus combines, for the first time, all the simplicity of control, the economy and convenience of the electric, with the power, reliability, and general efficiency of the gasoline car.

The Church-Field Electric Automobile marks a new era in electrically driven vehicles.

Here, at last, is an electric car that retains all the characteristics and advantages of its type and yet possesses that ability to do things—that sturdy utility that has hitherto belonged exclusively to the gasoline car.

**Church-Field Electric**

is out an experiment—for three years it has stood the test of hard, constant usage, under most trying conditions.

The superior advantages of its exclusive features have been demonstrated beyond question.

And these exclusive advantages include, in addition to the two-speed transmission, the Church-Field ten-point speed control—giving extreme flexibility.

The Church-Field safety locking and interlocking devices on the control lever.

The Church-Field reverse, three-quarter elliptic springs.

And a multitude of smaller refinements and conveniences that contribute materially to the luxury and efficiency of the car.

The Church-Field is the electric you have been waiting for. A demonstration will convince you.

Write to-day for the beautifully illustrated catalogue and the name of nearest dealer.

**Church-Field Motor Company, Sibley, Mich.**







The White Factory at Cleveland, Ohio  
White Motor Road Cars and Trucking Equipment



White Self-Starting Six Sixty Touring Car



White Self-Starting Six Sixty Limousine



White Five-Ton Truck



White Self-Starting Six Sixty Roadster



White Three-Ton Truck

The greatest variety of motor vehicles produced by any company in the world is a White achievement, the result of more than fifty years of practical manufacturing experience, and during all these years the name of White has been the guarantee of absolute responsibility and excellence of production.



White Self-Starting Forty Coupe



White One and One-Half Ton Truck



White Self-Starting Forty Touring Car



White Three Quarter-Ton Truck

THE WHITE  COMPANY  
CLEVELAND



White Self-Starting Thirty Touring Car



White Five-Ton Heavy Dumping Truck



White Ambulance



## AMERICA'S GREATEST AUTOMOBILE SHOW

The biggest motor-car show ever held in America is now on exhibition at Madison Square Garden and the Grand Central Palace, New York City. Seven hundred and two cars are on view—a record number—at prices ranging from \$395 to \$7,300. The exposition is divided into two parts, the first composed of pleasure vehicles, the second of commercial cars. The photograph on this page gives a general view of the Madison Square Garden exhibit.



one of the reasons why the WEEKLY would like to see the Republican party do more honestly with the situation down there and stop giving money to little cliques and machines that can never win any popular support. For so well-to-do of the South can be content to see its political life unhealthily different from that of the rest of the Union.

#### Castroville

GOVERNOR TRACY recommends to the legislature of Pennsylvania to revoke the charter of the borough of Castroville because of the failure of the people of that borough to punish any of the persons implicated in the burning of the negro, WALKER, in August, 1911.

MR. CHAPMAN, then, who held the commemorative prayer-meeting at Castroville last summer and whose remarkable address there was printed in the WEEKLY, is not the only person on whose soul the Castroville crime lies heavy and who thinks it should not be allowed to be forgotten.

#### The Navy

We have much sympathy with the objects of the so-called Navy League, headed by General HONORÉ FORTIER and Colonel R. M. TOWNSEND of this city. As we understand the petition which the League will address to Congress, there will be two main requests.

The first is that the law be so altered that officers of the navy will come to important and responsible commands while still in the prime of life and that in case of war or any other emergency it shall be easy and natural to get reasonably young men—say, say, say, or GRANT was at Appomattoh—in command. We do not understand that it is sought to render intelligent men of advanced years who nevertheless retain vitality and energy and are generally recognized men of superior capacity. As we take it, the ideal arrangement in this regard would be to have a list of such available, the NORTON and NELSONS without displacing the LANS and FARRINGTONS.

The other main demand of the League is one which has often been preferred in these columns. It is that in the matter of the building and upkeep of the navy we follow a systematic and reasonable policy, instead of dealing with the matter year by year according to the whims and fancies of particular Congresses. In a word, it is that we adopt a policy or programme and adhere to it. It may be wise for us to have a large navy. It may be wise for us to have a small navy. It may be wise for us to have no navy at all. It cannot be wise for us to have a navy without any settled policy as to how big an outfit to be met with continual variations on the subject. Surely, nobody can think it a good thing that the naval appropriation shall be, as it was last year, determined by the feeling of individual Congressmen concerning the amount of "perk" they were allowed for their respective districts.

The League proposes a commission or council, composed of the lords of Great Britain, to keep track of other navies and recommend the amount and character of the increases needed in our navy. Such a body would, of course, take into account precisely what our navy will probably be called on to do and what, in case of war, it might have to do. Such constant forwardness seems to us advisable. It certainly seems preferable to us forwardness of this kind also to the plan of building men-of-war, not according to the probable need of them, but according to the probable popularity or unpopularity a Congressman will win by voting for them.

Nevertheless, we are quite alive to the importance of "what the people want," and we believe it advisable, representing the views and knowing what their navy has done for them in the past, want it kept up to the highest point of efficiency consistent with a reasonable economy.

#### Restore the Canteen

The present movement for the restoration of the army canteen is pretty strange. Mrs. ALICE INGRAM, representing the wives and daughters of the enlisted men of the army, brought last week to the House Committee on Military Affairs a petition for it signed by twenty-three hundred women. Secretary SHREVE here witnesses that since the canteen was abolished the health of the army "has gone from bad to worse"; Surgeon-General TRACY estimates from statistics that alcoholism has increased one hundred per cent. since the canteen was abolished. It is to us army in the world," he says, "which has such a bad health record as the American army." Major-General WOOD says:

A soldier's club is the solution. There is no real danger, plus a glass of beer, and have a glass of beer.

The enlisted man is now driven into the lowest class of dives simply because he cannot find elsewhere that recreation coveted by every young man.

There seems no room for doubt about the effect of the abolition of the canteen on the morals and health of the army. Has not this experiment now gone far enough? Congress knows the truth. It is perfectly well aware that it would not permit the influence of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to prescribe the beverages of its own members, and that past Congress, in permitting that influence to abolish the canteen, have done the army a great injustice and damage. And Congress must also be aware that its predecessors in dealing with this subject have been pained by; that they have not considered the good of the service nor the health of the enlisted man, but chiefly politics; and because the W. C. T. U. and its allies could influence, a good many votes and the army very few, they have sacrificed the army to the threats of political women.

The experiment has been made, and it has failed. The experiment found the army in a fair condition, and it left it with the worst sick report of any army in the world.

It is time the anti-temperance experiment ended; time that Congress had the manliness to do for its words, dependent on its will for favorable conditions of life, what the most responsible authorities declare to be essential.

#### The Supreme Court Advances

We see no reason why the Supreme Court should not be permitted to learn. People who called the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions "immunity baths" certainly have no right to object if the court, in dealing with the Pacific railroad, profits by that criticism. If it be true, as is not yet admitted, that the court has used a plan of dissimulation that did not disclose, or if its decision of guilty operated to reward the convicted parties for their misdeeds, is that a reason why it should not be permitted to do its work more effectively next time?

Really, it is hard to talk to some people. They really would, it is hard strenuously insisting on the quality of courts, that is, that it is not then for a supposed assumption of infallibility, is the readiest also to ridicule them the minute they do something that looks like a confession of fallibility and a disclaimer of omniscience. Why not reverence readily that in this business of dealing with the big corporations we are all in a manner feeling our way? Above all, if you are going to drag that man on the bench here any more than the rest of us, you will permit them, like the rest of us, to learn all they can!

#### Mr. Rockefeller and the Pujo Committee

MR. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER has, we think, made a great mistake in taking the measures he has taken to avoid the summons of the Pujo committee. We have not a particle of animosity to Mr. ROCKEFELLER. On the contrary, fully believing that he is a sick man, we sympathize with him. Moreover, on the other hand, we are not particularly enthusiastic about the committee. It has, we must admit, brought out more facts of importance, and of a nature, if there is sensibility, to lead to a reform that we at first hoped for. We would not say we have not liked its apparent aims and some of its methods.

All that, however, is beside the mark. The committee is properly constituted. It is fully authorized to obtain any witness it requires. It has proceeded according to precedent. It may have oversteered the testimony of Mr. ROCKEFELLER, but we feel that it has the right to do so. If, in practically defying it, Mr. ROCKEFELLER has practically defied the government under which he and all the rest of us are living.

He and his physicians may honestly have felt that such a course was necessary to save his life; but if that was their motive they were mistaken in their procedure. Mr. PUJO and his associates are not to be trifled with, and there is no reason to suppose them callous to the impulses of ordinary humanity. Mr. ROCKEFELLER and his advisers would have been wiser to accept service and then submit evidence to prove that he was physically unable to go to Washington to testify, or even, if the facts justified such a plea, that he was unable to testify at all.

Instead, he and they have chosen for months to use the power of money to evade service altogether. They have exhibited a kind of lawlessness with which the American people are already only

too familiar. They have added fresh fuel to a flame of discontent in this country which was already bright enough, in all conscience. They have not learned, but appreciably increased, the feeling against the man who has very often, in the words of Mr. ROCKEFELLER himself, They have given countenance and support to the conviction that there are men among us who hold themselves superior to the law. All things considered, they have made a very grave mistake.

#### The President and the Jews

We do not wonder that President TRAY should mention the other day when the order of B'Nai B'rith presented to him the medal which it annually awards to the man who, in the judgment of the order, "has contributed most to the welfare of the Jewish race."

Really, it was a surprising performance. Here these Jews forgotten their coming? Have they directed themselves of the characteristics attributed to them by all the comic papers? Don't they know that President TRAY was overwhelmingly defeated in the election and is shortly going out of office? What can they expect to make out of paying him such a compliment? Or is it that since they are their own best and only obtain men to which they did it merely to make to them capable of gratitude and appreciation, just like other folks?

Well, we for one are quite obtuse enough to be taken in by the measure. We do credit them with these humane and commendable emotions, and with a very graceful and timely honoring of a man who, after several years' exposure to all forms of injustice and commination, is now doubtless happy in the thought that he can attribute civility to men who bring him gifts and compliments. It is true that he has had and used occasions to render services to the Jewish race, and it is natural that he should appreciate their appreciation of what he has done.

Not, however, we should well have done anything else. He promptly endorsed a snobbish attitude toward Jews in one of the services. He stood out, with Congress, against the discrimination of another country against Jews in the matter of honoring American passports. He has time and again in public speech denounced narrowness and proscribed as it is against citizens of Jewish extraction. He all this he has done, and he did not minimize his performance. But it is hard to imagine an American President taking any other attitude. With an American private citizen it is different. Any one of us can recall countless instances of yielding to the very prejudice President TRAY has so steadfastly repudiated, but as a people we are thoroughly committed to the broader and juster view of racial differences and prejudices; and it is no mystical assumption, it is a fact experience demonstrates, that an American President stands in such matters for our common American principle and ideal.

It is a principle and an ideal which will yet conquer the world. For it is not merely morally impressive, it is justified economically and practically. The state that denies to any race or to any class its actual deserts is bound in the long run to be weakened by its prejudice in the searching competition of modern life. In this respect, as in all others, there is no truer saying than that justice is the health of the state.

#### Riot

If you are compelled to go back under unattractive conditions, you go back with your mind made up that it is the most difficult thing in the world for the capitalist to get food prepared by members of your race.

So the newspapers reported JOSEPH ERSON, the revolutionary from Los Angeles, who had been attacking hotel employees of January 29th. The hotel men are displeased with ERSON and are for having him put back into jail. And perhaps that should be done if the law of the state provides for doing it. But it would seem that ERSON at large and smiling freely and carefully reported with made very much more rapid progress toward civilization than ERSON under lock and key and reduced to compulsory silence. The people who have most call to settle with ERSON are the strikers whom he addressed and to whom he seems to have given ruinous advice. It is to them far more than to the public that he is dangerous.

#### One and Inseparable

Women has always been man's companion, ready to share his exile, repulse his enemy, and buckle his armor.—Mrs. EMERSON.

"And man," we hear about a million women issue, "has always been, and still is, woman's companion, ready to share anything she has, to experience personally, and look her up on the back."









# FIRST AID FOR LAZARUS

The New Science of Almsgiving and the Training Required of Those who Direct Our Charities To-day

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

DRAWING BY F. VAUX WILSON

ON a stage in an assembly-hall in a big American city, one evening within the past year, a dozen or twenty fashionable young men and women presented a series of beautifully staged Austin Dobson "Dialogues." The old-time French comedie au glorieux the audience that was the first curtain came down a happy moment was sent around to the "green room" for the players not to change their costumes, but to appear at the dance that was the second part of the programme just as they were. They consented, and for the rest of the evening marquis and marquise, valet and waiting-maid wore the original fashions.

A grizzled, keen old banker was introduced before the night was over to one of the "stars," a graceful, magnetic young man who looked exceptionally well in courtier's costume and seemed to bear his honors as a matter of course. There was something familiar to the banker about this young man's name, and then he remembered he had heard of him as one of the very popular boys of the day. The banker was no lazeur with the personality of the youth that he contrived to have more than one brief talk with him.

"Doubly," he said to his pretty daughter, as they rode home in their car, "what does that young man—Poundworth, your name—do? It's a long while since I've seen any young fellow that's impressed me so. I'd like to have him in my office."

"Oh," said Dorothy, "he's the new secretary of the Christian Aid. He was in Yale with Cousin Harry and afterward took a course in a school of philanthropy somewhere."

"Nonsense!" put in the banker. "Men of that sort don't go in for that kind of work at all. You must be mistaken, my dear."

"Indeed, I'm not," answered Miss Dorothy. "He certainly is the new secretary. They had to make a hard fight to get him, and increase the salary ever so much. Jennie Smith told me about it. She ought to know, for her father's on the board. Two charity societies out West wanted him, and they all bid against one another. He's getting eight thousand here. Oh, and he's a splendid dancer, let me tell you."

It happened a day or so later that the banker met Smith of the Christian Aid Board at lunch. Young Poundworth was uprightness in the banker's mind. He began to ask some questions. While well informed in many lines, he had never gone very deeply into modern practical social science and charity organization management. He was surprised at what he learned.

"Yes," said Smith, "that's right about Poundworth. He's a 'fad,' he's a clever lad, too—knows his value to the letter of a dollar, and is as practical as they make 'em. We never paid more than four thousand a year for a man for that position before, and we're paying him eight. Why? Because, Ransom, the charity organization of to-day, big or little, in any city or town—when I say 'charity organization' I mean any society that has to do with philanthropic work, the reconstruction of human beings, the bettering of conditions for children, housing conditions, whatever you will—has come to be a business proposition. It's got to be handled by experts who know and have executive ability, just the same as if it were a factory. It's a question of the careful spending of thousands of dollars. And let me tell you, Ransom, the men and women that run these things are hard to get."

"We had to find a man who 'measured up.' There were only four men in the country that we could discover who did. Three of them had positions just as good, and couldn't be tempted away. Young Poundworth knew the conditions and he simply made us pay. But I tell you he's worth every cent of his \$7,000."

"Probably you—like a thousand others who are good to us and outside when we ask—have an idea that within the past few years philanthropy, the actual management of the big charity movement of America in all its phases, has grown into a distinct profession. Skilled executives and trained subordinates have become necessary in it like everything else. There is so much money to be spent that it has to be spent wisely. You wouldn't take anybody else your banking-house unless he had ability in your particular line of work. I wouldn't put a man on my dry-goods staff that didn't seem adequate. It's the same way with every sort of charity organization now. There are schools of philanthropy to train men and women for the work of Charity in its various fields has become so specialized that it would be exactly as sensible to take an untrained young man out of the street and make him one of the engineers of a big railroad as to put the ordinary, and directly qualified man or woman into one of our organizations."

"But a man of the personality, the magnetic force of young Poundworth," began the banker, "a high-class business man of good family connections—"

"There are the sort of men and women we are looking for and must have," answered the director. "They are deadlier in demand, and they are so selective that it takes very little difference how much we pay them. The only trouble is that the supply of the really good

ones is so limited and the demand has increased so enormously that in every section of the country we who are interested in the work of modern applied philanthropy don't know which way to turn."

It might be called the problem of the Poundworth and the Miss Poundworth, too, for, if everywhere in America young men of thirty or thereabouts who have special skill and knowledge in the handling of charity appropriations are urgently needed, there is precisely as great a demand for able young women who can adequately fill secretarial positions, go on investigation that need experienced eyes and well-ordered minds, and make clear reports on complicated inquiries. The schools of philanthropy over the country are turning out such men and women by the score, but not enough for the constantly growing market. Naturally many graduated from such institutions—New York and Chicago have the two big technical schools of the sort—do not prove to have the practical ability, though they are well informed on theory. The situation today is a curious one and has been much commented upon. Over the country there are constantly at least a couple of hundred good positions in the report philanthropy field that cannot be filled. Probably there are many more than that. In the case of men these positions are worth from \$2,000 up to almost any figure, in the case of women from \$1,000 to \$1,800, and here and there even higher. The positions cannot be filled because there are too few really competent men and women in the new science of spending money to help the poor.

It is only a few months ago that a dramatic search was made for one of these Poundworths. The event was one of the great philanthropic conferences of the country. There are many of these held throughout America each year. As a general thing they get very little mention in the newspapers. The managers discuss some their lips and say that they are dull. Yet social science is greatly made in them, despite the fact that the talk always grinds slowly and laboriously in streams of "papers" and long, complicated discussions. This conference was a big event in the Middle West. It was a conference of nation-wide importance in its special field of philanthropy. From everywhere delegates and experts were gathered, many of them young. In addition, there were several scores of others, men and women who were quite widely out in this profession, but whom they led its interests at heart—progressive, unostentatious, plain people, plain in conditions to and board directors of the movement in one town or another.

Conferences like these are multiplying these days.







# WHERE PROBATION FAILS

BY JOHN J. FRESCHI

City Magistrate of the City of New York

DRAWINGS BY H. L. SLUMENHRL



WHAT would you say of a truly conscientious parent who threatened dire punishment of a child if it did not keep its face and hands clean, and, thus, having delivered this warning, neglected to furnish the necessary soap and towels?

Does this strike you as a parable question?

Consider, then, the probation system in our courts. Obviously the prime interest of probation is punishment. It is based on the sound theory that where there is the slightest hope of reforming a transgressor it were better to administer that to punish, in such cases, there sentence is suspended, the law in the conscientious parent and the probationer the crying child.

In contrast with the general public I long regarded the probation system as the same of innocent misdeeds of correction. Thus the court admonishes the offender: "You have offended, but there is hope for you. You will be given a chance to amend your ways. Do not transgress again or you will be punished. Repeat this as a lesson."

Having applied and observed the working out of the system from the bench in many cases, I have perhaps modified my views. Experience, the best teacher of all, has taught my administration. We have heard much of the tremendous success of probation, but we are not here of the innumerable cases in which it fails; and, so far as I know, none of the truly earnest, enthusiastic men to have discovered, at least to have pointed out, the one vital weakness of the probation system—the weak link, so it were.

That weak link is that the paternal law, saying to the transgressor, "Beawful be clean," fails to see that the moral soap and towels are supplied. Probation has met with gratifying success in spite of its weak link, and this is a glorious vindication of the theory itself. In countless cases where it failed it might have succeeded. My experience has been that where that weak link is strengthened the failures are practically nil. They occur only in the few cases in which probation could be ineffective in any event.

Last the subject least interest to the righteous citizen, let me point out that the lessons to be drawn from the failures of legal probation, have a far wider, more personal application than appears off-hand. There is an relationship in life, an attraction in society, no home, from the cottage in the pines, in which probation, under whatever name, does not place a part in our daily life. Says the father to the child, "If you three say more whom I shall whip you"; says the wife to the husband, "Unless you stop drinking I shall leave you"; says the mistress to the servant, "If you speak more gibberish I shall discharge you"; says the doctor, "Unless you alter your habits you will die"; and so on of infinitesimally. As long as we live we cannot escape admonition, which is simply another name for probation. Probation fails in private life for exactly the same reasons as those which cause it to fail in the courts. And here is thought for the world at large: that no transgressor is laid before the courts but who, there without number, has been placed on probation—given another chance—by relatives or well-wishers. Almost invariably when the warning is passed we feel that our duty is done, we do not try to improve or establish the conditions which inspired or led us to such transgression. It is as if in the court, if it were the court, we were to be sure, the court will never be able presently to improve conditions about the probationer; but it could, and should, and must—if it would mark probation as unqualified success in that conditions necessary to improve by those friends in whose charge the transgressor is placed.

It is almost every case that has come before me the complaints served on such or were to be placed on

probation than the offenders against whom they complained. Let me give you a concrete illustration.

Before me was brought a pretty girl of about eighteen, charged by her parents with incorrigibility. The girl had previously been placed on probation by me. Briefly, this was the history:

The girl, a stenographer, had been in the habit of sitting down and smoking, in which her mother had no particular objection. But, coming home late in the evening, it had been her practice to take her shortcuts into the general hallway of the apartment house, turn out the gas light, and there in the darkness sit on the steps for an hour at a time. The neighbors, sensibled, told the mother. Her advice and finally

her threats to the girl had been unavailing. Then, in what she conceived to be her duty, she had taken her before a magistrate to have her arrested late tractability.

And now the girl was before me for breaking her parole. The mother told how she had discovered the girl was derelict, lying, hypocritical—suspicious in her, as a maid, of what might be expected unless a halt was called. The daughter was obstinate, young men on the district corner. The girl was timid and had nothing to say for herself. I advised her on the dangers of her course, of her duty to her mother, and finally explained that I could commit her to a reformatory for three years. She was tearfully protest and promised to obey her mother—and meant to. I was sure.

"Remember," I said, continuing her on probation, "from now on consider your friends at home."

It was but a short time after that the mother in an argument of fact had the girl before me again. The daughter had not only broken her promise, but was making herself. Pretending to call on girl friends, she had been meeting a young man in the back rooms of a cafe, and had even called upon him.

There was an charge that this girl had taken the last step; indeed, one had only to talk to her to find that she was not viciously inclined.

Although the mother was in terror for her daughter, she wanted her give another chance on probation. She wanted me to care her again, although she had been scared before without effect.

Before I would agree to this I ordered an investigation of the home life of the girl. Although the mother was obviously respectable and conscientious, one remark of the girl had set me thinking: "I'm ashamed to have company at home!"

Thus I got to the kernel of the whole affair. The father of the girl, I learned, was a drinking man who in his rags was quarrelsome and profane. In the congested apartment the increased frictions between the parents could be heard distinctly in the parlor. It was the father's practice to stand in the middle of the room with his back to the door, and make snoring comments. The mother, besides of the strain she was under, was also irritable, discouraged for visitors, and made things generally uncomfortable for them when they came.

In my own way probation failed in this instance? There was a girl at an age when all normal girls crave the attention of the opposite sex. To have ministers her he believed right—a right that was reasonable, inevitable, because human—in a primal instinct. No man-made laws, no preaching, no threatening, will ever successfully combat normal instincts. We can direct mark instincts into wholesome channels, but we cannot prevent them. That is what those parents had attempted. Granted that the girl's actions showed correction, they were about it improperly.

The parents were responsible for the dereliction of that girl from the very beginning. She had first transgressed her contract in the dark hall, because her home was unpleasant. Then, after she had been placed on probation, the parents had failed to better conditions—the conditions which first drew her out in fact, but made things even more uncomfortable. Then she had sought the covers in answer to that primal instinct, and finally, in a moment of weakness, had fled away from her father's wife and a man's attentions.

I tried an experiment in that case, being assisted by a lady engaged in practical household work. She was at the head of a boarding-house for self-supporting women. The girl was placed on probation in her charge. She was to have absolute freedom to come and go so long as she worked it, and was to be allowed



They were intent upon saving him from damnation

to entertain respectable young men without being spoiled.

The reports were transcendently gratifying. The girl's room that violated our opinion. Everybody loved and trusted her. She was affectionate, treacherous, self-respecting. Indeed, long before the production she was out in the most brilliant body that to our hearts is her eyes. She had a favor to ask. Might the young producer be married? Why was she fearful?—

—No. Was there anything wrong, was marriage necessary?

The lady grew highly indignant. Wrong! No, indeed! The ideal! He was a fine young man—a devoted husband in every way. She was crying because they all would see the girl so much at the house.

This case continued me that, instead of simply making the error that they must be good, the courts should pry deeply and seek to discover the contributing causes. There is a cause for every first transgression in whatever nature, and it is common sense that cause that brings about the lapse of the probationer. Nine times out of ten the fault lies with the very well-wishers of the transgressor—the ones who seek his or her reformation. They may lack understanding, sympathy with human frailties. They may be ignorant of one who has erred, thinking that this will drive home the evils of sinfulness. They may be overrigid or over-lenient in their care of the probationer, or they may continue the improper environment.

A lesson for parents to be drawn from the experience of the courts is that efforts at reform in probation that fail miserably are far worse than an effort at all; rather they make the transgressor more defiant, because he thinks the warnings are all "nothing" or they have "nothing" by insisting him with the idea of the hopelessness of his own case.

There came before me another striking failure of probation, the transgressor in this being a young married man. He had been before me, magistrate previously, charged with quarreling immorally with his wife, annoying her, and finally striking her. Sentences had been handed on his promise to mend his ways.

He had broken his promise. He had met his wife coming from a theater with a party of lively friends, her escort being a man. The husband had assaulted the man and made a public demonstration of his wife's conduct.

Before sending him to jail I investigated and ascertained some illuminating facts. The husband was of an intensely jealous disposition, the wife a mild, unassuming, shallow sort of a creature who had never got over her fondness for man's adulation. Her animus had inspired the original violent outburst of the husband which led to his arrest.

Who, then, was responsible for the disastrous scene outside the theater? I do not think that it is wrong for every married woman to be with an escort other than her husband, but in this case the wife was decidedly at fault. She continued to create conditions which had led to the original trouble in court. Fully aware of her husband's disposition, she had continued to comfort herself in a manner that would inevitably lead to domestic disaster, and this fortunately, because a judge had told the husband that he must "mend his ways."

It is a heavy is a positive fact that an escort other than her husband is a positive fact that it is wrong for every married woman to be with an escort other than her husband, but in this case the wife was decidedly at fault. She continued to create conditions which had led to the original trouble in court. Fully aware of her husband's disposition, she had continued to comfort herself in a manner that would inevitably lead to domestic disaster, and this fortunately, because a judge had told the husband that he must "mend his ways."

When I had realized that man on probation and given the wife a lecture, I think she felt that from then on she was as much on probation as he. The trouble in this was not legally an easy discovery. It is this probation will fall again, just as probation fails in thousands of cases from precisely similar causes.

Always remember the judge who assigns sentence upon a probationer dies as at the request of the very

people who make the complaint, this especially when the latter are friends or relatives. Their motives vary. Some earnestly hope for the reform of the transgressor, others, as in the case of this woman, desire the man at liberty so that he may continue to support them. But whatever the motive, the way is open for a law that will strengthen the weak link in probation. Before suspending sentence, make it obligatory upon those who plead for the prisoner to conform to restrictive regulations in their care and association with him or her.

The failure in probation crop up in redoubt variety, almost all pointing to the same conclusion. Take the case of an individual who had broken his parole. Drunkenness, failure to support his family, and staying out late every night were some of the charges. And his explanation, backed by other testimony, was that the wife was a gossip who was forever visiting, neglecting her house, and leaving the copper for him to prepare after he got back from work. After copper had to tidy up the place and look after the children, and then, in disgust, he would go off for just one glass of beer at the corner saloon, where he met jolly companions and everything was pleasant. One drink led to another, of course, with the result that he spent all his money, stayed out late, and went home drunk and as a delinquent offender.

Being placed on probation the first time, he had



Jealousy is an instinct that no court order can curb.

"swore off." But the wife did not alter her usual habits. The court hadn't warned her to mend her ways, and she was a highly indignant woman when, after a month of reform, he "started off" again.

Not in this act of thing confined to the very humble classes. I recall the rather prominent professional man who was before me on a substantially the same charge. His wife was an "advanced woman," the leading spirit of various women's clubs which were working for the education, and twice or three times each week were various gatherings at her apartments. He positively hated such things and sought solace in the rules, with the usual result. Does that he had been placed on probation there was to be expected lapse when the wife had tried to regenerate him by attempting to force his attendance at the uplifting gatherings she continued to cultivate.

With her failure it is to arrest a man for assault upon a woman, and then suspend sentence on his promise to offend no more. If his story that he is persistent reform, how is he going to rest and sleep will be put to rest unless he goes? When they come back to court again on the old charge, the angry and righteous judge that these conditions are beyond help—that for them probation is impossible. And so it is and will be with probation, the law provides a way for them to be helped to their feet. As it is, one might as well expect a drowning man who cannot swim to get ashore without assistance.

And what of the girl, the stranger in the city, who, perhaps to keep from starting, perhaps for pleasure, goes astray and is arrested before she has had a hope-

less distance along the road to despair? She has been saved. How? Reason with her, you say—put her on probation. True; that would answer were it not for the weak link.

Shall we know her love, without money, without friends save the father, and expect her to win a glorious victory over the temptations which lie so near her in a reform institution, where they too often seem to split by keeping before the girl the fact that she is fallen—no matter how many reforms she may apply to help in those dull surroundings and grateful that she be permitted to serve her seal in seclusion and safety?

An investigator once told me that he had never known such a girl ready to reform. What an attainment of severity? I have no solution to offer, but I will do for the moment the best I can. I will not apply, not as we apply it now, but as we will apply it some day, when the world renounces frankly that in fighting with the temptations which surround her, apply a system based on an understanding of and consideration for the weaknesses which are the very cause of human failure.

I had a boy before me—a bad boy, incorrigible, a runaway. His parents were Scotch middle-class people, frugal, religious, and an intent upon saving the souls of their children that they magnified petty infractions until they took on the hue of dire, soul-warping felonies.

They felt themselves disgraced. The father in particular seemed fearful that I might think the boy had gone wrong because they had spoiled him. They need the law more particularly.

The lad was before me for breaking an entire probation. This I gathered, consisted in causing away from home for a history of his case and see how you would judge of his action.

This boy of sixteen had consorted with bad companions—that is to say, he consorted when he was allowed out of the house. His friends were vicious, so, to enjoy companionship, this boy played truant from day and Sunday schools, took his trappings as a necessary part of plans, modifications, and was so branded incorrigible. By and by he did become a pretty bad boy, although he was not vicious—except if he violates his law, and dandy, and dirty, and crib money to secure some of the pleasures that most boys never without being led.

What happened after he had been placed on probation? The parents agreed that he had been frightened, repentant. Why did he run away? Remember this boy was already under the burden of changing his life from what he had been attempting to make one thing. And what course led his parents take to assist him? They had prevailed on the idea that he was because a headstrong, a rebellious, a resistant, and so on, so we sought to discipline him, rigidly. They kept him in the home atmosphere, denied him reading matter save "improving literature," swindled him on the occasion of every petty law he had broken, and of the penalty suspended over his head.

And there you have it! They thought they did right. They were hated upon, crying him from damnation. His case called for rigorous treatment, they held. Yet had they been offered from outside they would have called on a physician, who would have prescribed certain rules for his treatment. His physical burdens would have been lightened, his appetite tempted with delicacies; he would have been given

But this being a social dispenser altered the case. They could not understand that the boy needed the action of sympathy, but they were not. They were not what he could be given strength, and a wholesome diet at pleasure to take the place of the unwholesome diet which he had long been used to.

It is because the theory of probation, despite its failures, has proved itself so great and benefited a mass of moral regeneration, possibly for this reason, that the weak link should receive strengthening without loss of time. Every case that seems worthy of a suspended sentence should be worth a thorough inclusion of sympathy from the home, where sleep and fitness and not overburdened with duties. Then, too, there should be some legal means of placing under that moment on probation those who wish, the transgressor will be thrown in constant contact while working out his probation. And it is not even by the only satisfactory direction of the environment and material things.

What is necessary is what might be called a character physician, who, like the modern doctor of medicine, who does not cut the man out, but prescribes the remedy for each individual, rather than, as now, be satisfied with trying to cure more dead by combating their symptoms.

True, it might cost considerable money, but if considering good members of society counts for anything, it would be money well spent. A hundred years of reform spent now would of a certainty be saved five times over later on in the lowered expense of maintaining the probationers, the reformations, the peace-keepers, and the workers.

## A CHILD AT THE WINDOW

BY M. F. PATTON

God is the heaven,  
Who made little me,  
Why haven't I  
Got wings to fly  
Like other things I see?  
Why reason I  
Go sailing high  
Like bird or humble-bee?

God is the heaven,  
Who made little me,  
Why is it I  
Wear clothes they say—  
Not wings to the knee?  
Why wasn't I  
Dressed in a dyer?  
I'd so much rather be.

God is the heaven,  
Who made little me,  
Why was it I  
Dropped down near by  
Not up to the moon and stars?  
Why is it I  
Am made to lie  
In bed when birds go free?

God is the heaven,  
Who made little me,  
Why is it I  
Came down all by  
Myself, alone, unaided or three?  
Please tell me why  
That I am I,  
And not a chickadee!

# THE MIRACLE OF THE MATCHES

BY  
HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Illustrations by  
GORDON GRANT



**M**ANG HYPAN and his two friends, Huang Hia and Huang Gah, heard the evening gong boom from the village monastery of Da-hupet and knew that it was time for supper. So they ceased their work in the wet fields, stepped the hillside from the wooden plow, and flung the yokes over their shoulders. Then, leading the hoes by the nose-ropes, they went splashing through the brimming rivulets on their way home. It was in one of the northern districts of Upper Burma on the Irrawaddy, and the month was Wain, when the rains are heavy. The silver gong rang on as they picked their way along the banks and then down the mass of narrow paths through the jungle that bordered on the village. White egrets and herons flapped overhead, swarms of tiny green parrots rattled by. The three boys stuffed their pipes of lambee root with yellow tobacco, and lit up to smoke. The pipettes glowed in the darkness like five comets, as, as Huang Hia would have said, like the red-pine eyes of the sculptured devil heads that guard the pagoda path.

Mang Hypan was their leader. He had long, black hair which he fastened in a topknot and bound up with a turban of pink silk. He wore a long white shirt, and his petrifaction was of lightest red cotton, tucked up between his legs for comfort at his work, and fastened at the back. On his short, sturdy legs and thighs the black silks of his trousers showed plainly. The younger boys stood in great awe of Mang Hypan, for his words, despite his years, were full of wisdom, and his eyes of strange divinity. They spoke of the nature, the rule hermit-dreams of Burma, the great annual feast of village life, and of the gods they would court in the evening. Mang Hypan was devoted to the center of Huang Hia, the little Ma Shou Sun, whose eyes were like those of a gazelle. Now their voices ceased and their feet, for the gong had ceased, and the silver bang heavy, and the tropic twilight patterned blue.

Suddenly there was a haunting noise, and a sport of flame and smoke shot from the pocket of Mang Hypan's shirt. In two courtesies dead stock still for a moment, transfixed with terror, then with yells of "Amoy! Amoy!" they ran toward the village. Mang Hypan smiled, bent out the flame in his hand, and pulled forth a scintillating ball-burst ball of smoking asbestos which had accidentally ignited in his pocket. He threw them lying into a puddle and hobbled after the other boys. He heard their cries and yells and smiled strangely when he perceived the Nat-hammi, the demon that marked the entrance to the village from the north.

"A miracle! These had burst from the pocket of Mang Hypan's shirt!" "A miracle! a miracle!" The village elders and trustees of the pagoda were at once, starting with their families on the veranda of their houses. Each held in his lap a small red burgee bowl of rice and fish paste which he ate with his fingers and re-filled with a wooden spoon from a huge bequest bowl that stood on a two-tier table in their hall. They held their heads tightly as the two ball-burners had dashed shouting through the village.

"How has burst from the side of Mang Hypan a miracle?" "We have seen it with our own eyes!" "The times since I was a boy in the monastery have I heard that tale," said U Po Tin Hwa, the oldest man in the village, "and I've three it was a lie."

"What! Mang Hypan, the Nat-ster, to know such gao!" said another. "An son might have

heard of you by heart. None we shall hear him say that he saw divine ground and find hidden treasure."

"And here comes Mang Hypan himself," said a third, "and a hair of his singed."

They called out to the boy as he passed, demanding to know what truth there was in the tale told by his comrades, but the lad smiled proudly and passed on without answering. He went straight to his father, U Hwa, who sat on his veranda beside his wife and brother, Ko Ingti. There was an empty place beside the lacquer table, reserved for Mang Hypan. Forthwith his father, mother, and uncle hung their questions at him, adopting the name which elders use toward the younger.

"What is this tale, Ngn Hypan, that we hear told of thee—that flame has burst from thy body?" "Is it true, Ngn Hypan? Tell us, is it true?" shrieked his mother, frantically. His uncle was very calm.

"You must tell us what has happened, Ngn Hypan," said he, and made a motion to the boy's father to send his wife into the house. U Hwa grumbled something, and cuttily the little brown woman stink away.

"Now tell thy tale," said the uncle.

Then the boy told of the lot of matches which had suddenly caught fire in his pocket. While they were seeking a light came pouring up to see the youth who had been favored by the sign of the god. But his father and uncle had him enter the house and not show himself. From an inner room, crouching beside his mother, Mang Hypan heard his uncle tell the simple villagers that the miracle was indeed a mighty and a veritable miracle, that fire from heaven had shot from his nephew's flesh, and that, having been touched by the divine, it was next that he withdraw himself awhile from the common gaze. Perplexed, astounded, and awed, the villagers and neighbors went away.

"Ko Ingti, ruler, royal givers," hailed the monk. The two men made a low obeisance before him and took off their sandals, with ill-concealed eagerness U Warranda listened to the tale they brought him. His pricking brown hand which rested upon the head of one of the crimson dragons that flanked the entrance steps opened and closed.

"Ashu gya," began U Hwa, "in the days of the Burmese kings what power was yours?" "At these words a livid light over-shadowed the face of the monk and fire flew in his eyes. The wondering ambition in him was touched. Great visions of power opened before him as he listened to the story of the miracle.

"My royal disciples," said he, significantly, "by the sign of fire, was given a privilege that it is the will of God that we spread the tidings of his onerous price, Mang Hypan."

"How has burst from the pocket of Mang Hypan's shirt?" "A miracle! a miracle!"

"We have seen it with our own eyes!" "The times since I was a boy in the monastery have I heard that tale," said U Po Tin Hwa, the oldest man in the village, "and I've three it was a lie."

"Alas," was U Hwa's doleful reply, "we are, in truth, under his heel!"

"Constantly Ko Ingti began to unfold the great plan that had sprung to life in his brain—like the snake to his snake's fork."

"You have seen," said he, "how the people will have it a miracle. They know well that when flame bursts from the body of a man it is thus a sign of the emanation of the deity incarnate. In what this miracle so related in the holy scriptures of Eastern the Buddha? And in the West? And, believing, do they not worship? and, worshipping, will they not pay—pay much tribute? And are not laws, laws, the rules assigned to Ko Hwa Cyl, the master leader? And all these things being thus and so, U Hwa, is it not best that we convert these people into a flock?"

U Hwa stared before him into the darkness and granted, but less definitely than before.

"We must have faith," Ko Ingti went on, "with U Warranda, village monk and guardian of the pagoda. Roughly he takes the government, for in truth his greater power was his in the days of the Burmese kings. By this sign has Mang Hypan been proved his being, a true child of deity—only whose feet are fit to tread on the people's necks and smelt a throne."

"It is good," younger brother," said U Hwa, "lifting the spirit of belief in his speech. My sluggish hazy eyes to stir his faith that is troubled by a fire. For three hours that night he sat smoking their great cigars on the veranda in the moonlight, their heads nodding close together as they built up their plots and plans."

Early the next morning, when the sun was but just pale over the hills, they went to the pagoda to confer with the village monk. They found him striding in his early morning in the courtyard, beside the brick incense-burners. The golden, bottle-shaped door of the pagoda glowed like a living coal; beyond it in a garden the white stone walls of the monastery shone like silver, there in the shadow the young schoolboys sat crouched over their books. U Warranda, the monk, was dressed in bright yellow. His head was shaven, his expression was sober and ascetic, but when he speaks a look of guile and worldliness crept into his face.

"Is there permission to confer, royal teacher?" asked Ko Ingti.

"Ruler, royal givers," hailed the monk.

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The word "fire" was about to fall from his lips. Then came the fourth miracle



"Hark you, elder brother," then said Ko Ingti to the father of Mang Hypan. "Although this is no real miracle yet surely it is a blessing such as by God, and he that has the wisdom to make use of such blessings is not whom God will not help in this existence and degrade in the next."

"What use can be made of the matches that caught fire in the clothes of my son?" asked U Hwa. "It means nothing more than that I must buy a new shirt for him."

and then glared at the monks and the crowd that stirred there."

"Constantly he sought upon their hearts and brains as they sat crouched in their seats. He spoke bravely of how religion had been honored in the days when there were kings in Burma, before the Kelaps, the star of his tribe, had disappeared from the earth and their fathers had departed."

Like a fire of error the gospel of Mang Hypan began to ravage the district. Presents and pilgrims flocked to the pagoda. They bought the costly pictures, the images of Buddha, great and small, and laid





TO BE POPULAR WITH THE LADIES BE AN ARGUMENTATIVE ANTI-SUFFRAGIST



Interfudes

THE UTILITARIAN

WE sat around the stove discussing of mighty deeds that we had done; of stragpling up the Alps and forcing our way to summits thro' masses of fights with lions and hyenas, or facing gnos and ghostly shapes, of dodging basilisks and aspsenas, and many perilous combats.

And one sat by, doctornight and gloomy, and listened to each stirring tale; his beard was long, his eyes were rheumy, his nose was red, his aspect sabb. And this old pilgrim, dear and hoary, on all our plemures drew the nose; for, at the end of every story, he'd molly ask: "What was the use?"

I told of how I went a sailing to Europe in an open boat; the billows raved, the winds were walling, till I could scarcely keep aboard. The salt sea spray was on my features, I heard King Neptune's angry shouts; I fought with whales and other creatures, and was pursued by waterpoets. I sailed those seas for weeks together, and here my life in either hand, and very often doubted whether I'd ever bring my boat to land. But still, resolved on winning glory, I sailed along like Captain Loner. The old man broke into my story, and mildly asked: "What was the use?"

Jones told of how, appointed Ghiky (the third for glory named his brother), he scaled the heights of Mount McKinley and placed our flag upon the crest. He played the bug to thwatt the secret, the doubter, and the man cetera; and then the old man in the corner looked up and asked: "What was the use?"

Brown told of how a oak he entered and fished o'er the Horseshoe Falls, and how all eyes for months were centered on him; in cottages and halls the people joined to sing his praises or leered at his head shone; the old man heard his burning phrases, and mildly asked: "What was the use?"

We made him proudly in our anger, resolved to cook his ancient gress, and still, above the dirt and clanger, we heard him ask: "What is the use?"

WALT MASSON.

HIS INTENTIONS

"You're man," said Major Blackstone, with a leering glance at Chelle. "I happened to see you last night with your arm about my daughter's waist. May I inquire your intentions, sir?"

"Why, sure, Major," replied the blushing Chelle. "I intend to put it there every chance I get."

THE SOCIAL FAILURE

New Tradefoot Willson for all of his pains, was never quite popular out on the plains. He told a good story, and told it right well, and held all his brains entrained in his spell, in humor, in pathos, plain fun, or in wit, old Tradefoot Bill was ne-

verthortly it, but spite of all effort to save his poor life he couldn't get his green peas with a handle!

The case was a dream. Like a lion's it rang, and the whole blooming rump stood transfixed when he sang. Big Bushwhacker Jim, and his old Deputy Ike, and all the old settlers out there on the plain, wherever in song Billy's measures were heard, wiped the

tears from their eyes as they murmured, "Some bird!" But he spite of it all Willson never could learn when eating his soup to make sounds like a churn.

At shooting—well, Bill was no more at that. He'd playfully and never shake through your hat with never a fear that he'd take off the skin stop of your bald spot that has hid within. No bull's-eye e'er made could escape Billy's aim, and yet he got nowhere in spite of the name. He never could seem to grow grateful at all in chewing a toothpick when making a call.

At poker the bad was a wizard, they say, and clean as a whistle was over his play. Deputy Ike and his pals didn't mind when they lost, or saw a red shank whatever the cost. You catch a rare pleasure to notice how Bill heartlessly took his good fortune or ill. But yet there was something that caused them to sigh when the spook in his cut-throat struck in his eye!

Good fellow, good pal, and as square as they're made; a friver in all trouble and never afraid; as brave as old dog as the camp ever knew; at least solid gold giving perfectly true—yet Tradefoot Bill to the camp's sore distress could never be made quite a social success. The men liked him well, but the dames thought him crude when so much of his lip showed his taste for his food!

HONORÉ DOUG GASTON.

A PLACE FOR ALL THINGS

WYATTSMAN was seriously watching the time, and as the minutes passed, and it became evident that the train could not, by any possibility reach its destination on time he turned wearily to the porter and began wearily:

"Oh all the d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d old heads of Jack this side of the earthquake but this railroad of yours is without any exception there—"

"Excuse me, boss," said the porter, with a courteous wave of his whisker toward the rear end of the train, "but dere's an observation car on de end of dese yer train, sah, an' if ah might take de liberty of makin' a suggestion, sah, you might go back dere, sah, an' make de observations now dere' in ya mind. De greases de ladies on dese yer cars, sah, is such excuse for makin' de suggestion."

Whereupon Willoughby retired to the rear platform and started his observations along the track with such effect that one of the ties was seen to be shaking long after the train had passed it.

THE OFFICE-SEEKER

"What are you doing here?" asked Hiramshower, as he perceived Higgelshank standing outside the White House.

"Looking for an office, like the rest of those chaps!"

"No, ah-ah," said Higgelshank. "I believe that the office should seek the man. I'm just standing here waiting, so that when the offer comes out on the march I'll be where it can find me."

SHE HAD

"Have you any named daughters, Mrs. De Willoughby?" asked the visitor.

"Oh yes, Mr. Vanderhook. My daughter Minnie was announced last week by Judge Cotton of Reno," replied the lady.



HIGH AND DRY

# SEEKING A FAMOUS TROPHY

Under the Leadership of the Duke of Westminster, Britain's best Polo-Players will Try Again to Recapture the International Championship

BY WILLIAM INGLIS



The leader of the American team, Captain Harry Payne Whitney, and the pony on which he did most of his work in defending the International Polo Cup in 1911

Photograph by Charles C. Cook

**L**ADIES of equal sport in all parts of the world will be straining their eyes next June to catch the reborn of the glister of handbouts and the flash of mallet on ball from the green field of the Meadow Brook Club, at Westbury, Long Island. For the stouthearted warriors that the long arm of England can broken from any quarter of the world will come here with all their skill and all their ponies to try to recapture the International Polo Cup. This cup is more to be desired than great riches. It is emblematic of superiority at a game which the English believe is peculiarly their own. It was brought to this country from England in 1909 by a team of hard-riding, hard-hitting Americans, headed by Harry Payne Whitney, kept here by a team under his captaincy in June, 1911, and will be defended once more by a team of which he is the captain.

Is the cup safe? Is the question that rings in every mind upon hearing this news, and by way of response echo an only answer "safe?" For the question is indeed difficult. On the American side Captain Whitney probably will lead to the field those daring riders and masters of precision, the brothers Lawrence and J. M. Waterbury, and Devereux Milburn, that son of Aesch who loves to gallop down the field in pursuit of the ball and send it flying backward far over the heads of the enemy by using his right-headed mallet as accurately as a standing guller would use a mallet-iron. That is to say, these four who so ably defended the cup last time will defend it this time—unless some of the young players who have since come to the highest form shall surpass them. For, with the honor of the country at stake, the American Polo Association will appoint the team of defenders with efficiency as the standard. The spirit of sport, reckless little with gentleness or prudence of past deeds.

England last time sent to the sun-baked plains of India her best team, a spirited and undulating as played in the loose, open, dashing style characteristic

of Americans, rather than in the close order that Britain at home has long believed correct. What England will do this time is still unascertained. One thing is certain, John Bull is saying to his players about the same thing that St. Paul declared in the ninth verse of the sixth chapter of his Epistle to the Galatians: "And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The American invaders had a hard task to get the trophy out of England in 1909, and a harder one to keep it here in 1911; so they know they will need all their skill and speed and the quick thinking that the game demands if they are to keep the palmet, overstriking Britons from capturing across this time.

In the formal challenge sent by Major F. Egerton Greve, Manager, on behalf of the Hurlingham Club, he made the following suggestion:

"If convenient to the Polo Association of America it would suit best to play the matches as early in June as possible, as the English players would thus be able to return to England in time to compete in the Champion Cup Matches, which have been fixed to commence on Monday, June 23d, the final to be played on Saturday, June 24th."

In accepting the challenge on behalf of the American Polo Association, Secretary William A. Howard wrote that the committee selected Tuesday, June 19th, for the first game, and Saturday, June 24th, for the second, leaving the date of the third game, should one be necessary, to be arranged later.

"The organizers," Mr. Howard added, "desires as far as possible to meet the wishes of the Hurlingham Club in regard to all matters connected with these events, and hopes that the dates named will have your entire approval."

Should a third game be needed to decide the international championship, the British players would have very little time to spare in getting home for their national championship; yet they would be the last to impede the success of the international match for the sake of an event of narrower importance. In view of the facts in the case it is difficult to see how the date

of the international contest could be set any earlier than the 19th of June. There is, indeed, a possibility that the field of the Meadow Brook Club may not be in the best playing condition as early as that time. Those who follow the game remember that in 1901 the Americans had in no deed of their practice on the fields of Mr. Gault's Georgian Court, at Lakewood, because the sandy soil and the summer climate there gave a good, firm, playable footing, when the Long Island field was still soggy and slippery after the spring rains and thaw. The Americans had had a brief time for practice at Meadow Brook before the international matches began. The deed of gift under which the International cup is held provides that the matches shall be played between June 1st and July 31st.

The same programme that was followed in selecting the cup-defending team in 1911 will be followed this year. Captain Harry Payne Whitney will be in sole charge of the players and the various committees will aid him in every way possible. There will be a preliminary series of try-out tournaments on the fields at Georgian Court as soon as the frost is out of the ground and the footing is firm enough to let the ponies be worked at a stiff gallop. While Mr. Whitney, whose efforts have been twice rewarded with brilliant success, will lead the defenders, the make-up of the American team will not be decided until the Lakewood try-outs are concluded. It has been officially announced that competition for places on the team will be open to all players of the first class; yet ponies have indicated that the defenders of 1911 will again take the field against the invaders.

As to ponies, the Americans will have an abundant supply to draw from without having to send to California; while the British team under the leadership of the Duke of Westminster, will have the pick of the best mounts in the kingdom. The Britons, by the way, have decided to defer their departure from home as late as possible, so as to begin play within a few days of their arrival here. This, it is believed, will bring both players and ponies on the field in better condition than if they had spent a few weeks in the climate of





From "Rutherford and Son," at The Little Theater



Lawrette Taylor (left) in "Peg o' My Heart," at the Cort



Robert Hilliard and Selma Johnson in "The Argyle Case," at the Criterion



Richard Bennett in "Stop Thief," at the Gaiety



The Boy Who Never Grows Up; Maude Adams as Peter Pan



Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, an Englishwoman of title who is a professional dancer



Mary Lovton, with David Belasco, recently seen in "The Case of Becky"

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS



Pauline Frederick as Potiphar's Wife in "Joseph and his Brethren," at the Century



Belle Fisher and Walter Percival in "Eva," at the New Amsterdam



Max Fagan and Lelita Robertson in "Fine Feathers," at the Astor



A scene from "Racketty Packetty House," at the Children's Theatre

WHAT THE THEATERS ARE OFFERING



PHOTO  
PLAYS  
DE LUXE

# THE LURE OF THE FILMS

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

ADVENTURES to discover how and where the rest of the world amuses itself are truly as novel as they sound. But the adventurer of proper spirit is usually content in witnessing the rapturous joy of the multitude, however gently amused by one less facile spring of mirth. Usually enough, an attempt is made in witnessing the rapturous joy of the multitude, however gently amused by one less facile spring of mirth. Usually enough, an attempt is made in witnessing the rapturous joy of the multitude, however gently amused by one less facile spring of mirth.

Does all the world demand the "film-show" and then withhold its approval from their captives? And why does it bring so steadily to-day to the very performance whose lack of stimulus it must have discovered yesterday and the day before?

On the other hand, if a random assemblage of this sort gives mysteriously few evidences of active enjoyment, it gives fewer still of displeasure or scorn. To watch it is to discover that it is infinitely tolerant; completely and bloodily immune to boredom. It even betrays no appearance on being gently approached from behind by some deputy of the management, and sprays, as a level touch, with strong, indelible awe. Daily and hourly—for their patronage is so great that they open either at noon or at nine in the morning—these theaters offer thousands of cases in disproof of all that has been facetiously said in regard to the restless energy of the American. You wonder how it can be possible, in an alleged busy world, to secure this magnificent total of leisure—the amiable daily, and for long, blank periods, so many people who have nothing to do and who are obviously not worrying about it. Every day, under these roofs, has the stagnant and maddening air of a holiday. And while it may be true that shirking household and trivial children are never missing, it is nevertheless an interesting fact that three-fourths of the spectators are always men.

Hardly does such an audience betray any emotion, actively or passively. Its posture is indifferent and relaxed; its jaws moving mechanically in time with the rhythmically-repeated machine ground out by some dumb automation—at least, one pretends to believe it an automation: its dull eyes unresponsively meeting the shadowy glimmers on the flickering "film."

Are these pleasure-seekers really enjoying their enjoyment? If so, they appear to be half asleep. It is true that all the conditions combine to seem conno-

isseurs—the subdued whine of the machine; the unnatural "contaminations" of the exhibition, hour after hour, without a moment's interval; the lack of sequence or climax, as of one oddity literal drama succeeding another—varied, at long intervals, by a bolder picture that introduces the strange, adobeous turbulence of nightmare.

In spite of the lack of enthusiasm, there is an indelible atmosphere of experience and accustomed awe. Nobody but yourself is unfamiliar and lacking. There is rather too suspense and excitement than you will remember in a truly-ent. You begin to suspect that the phlegmatic audience, having come a great many times before, is quite prepared for the fact that some-thing of the programme will be padding and that it does not stand in the best. There is not so much as a change of the expression, much less a sign of applause, as a company of shadow-soldiers are assembled and drilled; parade—a dark kiosk trail their hurried length

across the curtain; foreign cities flash out glimpses of their characteristic scenes; ships are hoisted, cornerstones are laid, medals are presented, and laboratory experiments demonstrating some feature of popular science are painstakingly performed. All "films" in fact, that may be classed as education or even indirectly instructive, as well as the occasional ones that are of a genuinely artistic interest, meet with frank but unreluctant indifference.

For an hour this may continue. Then you are conscious of a stir in the aisle behind you, and a man's distinct voice begins to enlighten the woman who is with him in precisely the same fashion that the people who have not behind you at the theater all your life have gratefully explained and perfectly listened. You raise yourself, look about, eyes glassed at the forgotten curtain to discover what it is that has relieved an apathy so general and so profound; and discover that, far from being some unimagined marvel, it is merely a street scene in New York. And you wonder why the "Film Trust" should go to the trouble of rearing historical "playlets" in costume, through which audiences sleep contentedly, when what really stirs them is the representation of something that they see every day of their lives—the familiar figure of a policeman, a truck car, a crowd on Broadway. But this is not, after all, a new phenomenon. The viewer experienced by persons of a certain degree of shyness in regarding on the stage a familiar object no character has never been explained, although previous must have been realized and referred to, in an incident in many kinds of drama. It has so often been reported that audience betrayed a feverish delight in the introduction into a play of a cow or a horse then in the exploits of the most accomplished actor. Having one long afternoon of widely varied cinematographic devices, the only genuine success was achieved by a youth who drove out before the curtain and made a sound like an automobile. This bit of simple realism did with the sleeping audience from the dress and gave them an unmistakably poignant pleasure which they expressed without restraint.

These flashes of sympathetic response are rare and fleeting, but may always be evoked by one other element—the broadly farcical. And it is perhaps unnecessary to explain that, the more nearly the audience (or perhaps here) approaches that of the comic supplement, the wicker and rarer immediate its success. An illustration, a practical joke, a chase, are of course the entering themes, a chain of anything by anything, however unimportant, has being the acknowledged favorite. Particularly popular are the pictured disputes between an impossible scientist and an unscrupulous agent, in which the most melodramatic triumphs are farcical interpretations of the love-making of an engaged couple, or merely street scenes in which people trample over each other and suddenly give thanks for an

(Continued on page 22)

There is not so much as a change of expression, much less a sign of applause







# FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## Paying the Piper

GOVERNMENT BONDS TO THE EXTENT OF HALF A BILLION DOLLARS TO BE ISSUED SOON AFTER PEACE IS DECLARED

**F**IGHTING the number of men engaged in the Balkan War at a little less than a million, and the expense of the war at about \$2,000,000,000 a day per man, the total cost of the war works out roughly at \$200,000,000. In a report just made public, the Italian Minister of Finance gives \$175,000,000 as the amount paid out by the army and navy departments during the course of the recent war in Tripoli—which means that including replacements, pensions, and other attendant expenses, the war must have cost Italy at least \$175,000,000. Here, then, during the year just ended was an expenditure for actually carrying on war not far from four hundred million dollars, but only \$175,000,000 was spent by the government to get their armies on a war footing and keep them there.

Anticipation of the cessation of hostilities and optimistic prediction as to the effect on the markets ought, therefore, to be tempered by the realization that while the total is undoubtedly over, the income of what has happened is manifestly still far from a good thing to come. The French, in other words, to speak, but the bill still remains to be settled. Carrying on wars or even getting ready to carry on wars is an expensive pleasure—in this particular case not the powers recovered will ever bill a billion dollars. That has not got to be made up. Depleted war-chests have got to be refilled, to be paid up on current resources during the progress of the fight was all very well; there being, in fact, no other alternative. But now that hostilities have ceased and it is again possible for these powers to raise money by selling bonds, look for the market to be sold in order that the cash spent may be replaced. So far the expense of the war has fallen on the various governments in the following order: France for \$100,000,000,000, Great Britain for \$100,000,000,000, Belgium for \$100,000,000,000, Italy at \$100,000,000,000, Greece at \$100,000,000,000, Serbia at \$100,000,000,000, Austria at \$100,000,000,000, Hungary at \$100,000,000,000, Rumania at \$100,000,000,000, China for \$100,000,000,000, Norway for \$100,000,000,000, Rumania for \$100,000,000,000, Sweden for \$100,000,000,000.

Stripped of the war and in getting themselves prepared to go to war government financing—that is to say, borrowing by governments—is an entirely superfluous device. The public is going to be asked to lend at least half a billion dollars and afford what other investments are necessary to make it willing to do so. How about the money so borrowed, what is it going to be used for? Good? It isn't going to be used. It was used, as a matter of fact, several months ago. It is not because they need half a billion dollars to build railroads or anything else that these governments want to borrow that big amount of money. The reason they want to borrow is because, in the conduct of the war and in getting themselves prepared to take a hand in it, if necessary, they have expended their treasure-chests and are now under the necessity of filling them up again. It is not that the money may be used in any other way, but that half a billion dollars is to be asked for from the investing public on this side of the ocean and the other. It is equally true that the money may be locked up in treasuries depleted as a result of the war.

Where is the money to come from? From investors who will buy the government securities to be offered, of course. But suppose that these governments were not asked to borrow—how, in that case, would the money be raised? In any other way, naturally—bonds and other securities. It is not that capital to the extent of half a billion dollars which would otherwise be available for investment is going to be diverted into the treasuries of the various governments, there is practically life. Furthermore, that industrial activity which is to obtain its fresh capital by the sale of securities will have to put out its securities in competition with the new government issues being offered.

How does that affect us here in the United States? The question is at once raised. We don't go in for Balkan wars or Turkish or Italian loans. How much American capital, otherwise engaged, is to be put into the war, will coverings of bonds of that sort absorb?

Here, perhaps, then a good many people inquire. A month or two when the market was so low, the money funds hadly and was unable to raise the money at home it was to the New York market that appeal was made. And now, when the market is so high, the American bonds here, at least in any considerable

quantity? Yet when the American government offered the rate it was willing to pay, it found little difficulty in finding lenders here willing to undertake the fate of what the American government was offering as a new thing in the market? On a six-per-cent basis the bonds of a power like Austria were too attractive to pass by. To quote the London Standard, even though they were a class of security little known, could be an easy thing. And that, indeed, turned out to be the case. Nearly five million dollars of American capital found its way into the new bonds within the space of a very few days.

The American investment public has asked, it is true, been educated to the point of putting its money freely into foreign government bonds, but that the experience of this American issue will be repeated and the funds of other governments sold in this market on a considerable scale during the next six months is altogether probable. A very high rate of interest will be offered by the borrowers, that has already been shown. If such a rate as Austria is willing to offer, the very cost to pay close upon seven per cent, for money, what rate will the minor governments have to pay? The Austrian loan, it is true, runs only for a couple of years, and the rate paid for the money is, therefore, considerably higher than if the issue had been for a long term. But even making the fullest allowance for that, it is certain that if a big power like Austria finds it necessary to pay six and a half or seven per cent for its money, the lesser powers will have to pay a good deal more than when they are willing to have the loan run over a long series of years.

The effort will be largely to overcome the chief objection the American investing public has always had to government bonds, namely, that they yield no real rate of interest. A government not bearing three and a half per cent, indeed is a different proposition from one bearing six and a half per cent, or six. In this country there is an opportunity to invest money profitably for bondholders to take any interest in securities yielding the former rate, however small that may be. But let a government not bearing three and a half per cent, and the chances are that the investing public will not be able to take advantage of the opportunity.

It is not at all the present time when there is so much agitation against the railroads and the big industrial concerns, and investors are in such doubt as to what to do, that the government securities of established securities may be worth. Issues having public-service bonds all testify to the extent to which this question is being asked. With these new government bonds it will be the same thing. They will not, perhaps, have the safety of British bonds or French notes. But any one who looks in will at least have the assurance that he is buying a security legally issued, and that when he picks up his paper in the morning he need have no fear of finding that the government has brought a dissolution suit against the company. To a greater degree than many people realize, confidence in existing investments has been impaired. Very large sums of "flighted" capital, it is certain, will withdraw the opportunity of investment in securities which, while yielding a full rate of interest, are not subject to the influence of the government. The investment markets into their present state.

Probably not a very great amount of railroad and industrial securities will be offered for investment to re-invest the money in the new issues, but that the new issues will compare strongly for fresh holders with a whole lot of later issues will be true, that because of the very large amount of financing which has got to be done during the next six months, is an important consideration. Aside from the new money needed by the corporations, the market itself \$200,000,000,000 has got to be raised between now and the end of June merely to take care of maturing bonds and notes.

That the competition afforded by the offering of half a billion dollars' worth of new government securities here at a high rate of interest will not make the proceeds any easier to place enough, so far as the offering of maturing obligations is concerned, that will be strange enough. But the maturing of the new issues will be a heavy burden on the market. Just recently a bill has been introduced to issue \$100,000,000 of new currency arranged to take care of them by means of the "Federal Reserve Bank." The bill is high. The railroads and industrial companies having bonds and notes coming due during the next six months will be forced to turn to the market for the money to meet the accommodation. And similarly with borrowings of fresh capital. With governmental bonds being freely offered at a high rate of interest, it is not surprising that it stands to reason that industrial and business enter-

prises will have to be given a high rate of interest to make them make at all.

From the investor's standpoint that isn't a bad thing. But from the standpoint of business and the market it is. Business, in order to go forward, needs capital—plenty of it and available at low rates. Scarcity of capital, resulting from the diversion into government bonds or any other cause, is one of the most effective restraining influences to which trade can be subjected.

But considerable as is the amount of industrial capital in this country which will be displaced by the issue of these government loans, it is small in comparison to the amount which will be displaced abroad. We have already placed \$25,000,000,000 of American bonds, and still probably run our purchase of foreign "government" bonds above the wire-figure mark before we get through; but even so that the whole amount placed here will not amount to more than one-fifth or possibly one-fourth of the total placed abroad. If the issue of the new bonds is to be an influence on the market here, it is to be an influence far greater importance on the markets of Europe. And that means, of course, that there will be a positive effect on the market here, for as clearly as the European and American markets stand that nothing can so strongly influence the one without influencing the other.

From the American standpoint, what particularly counts is that the bringing out of the great mass of money into the foreign market means that for the next six months the foreigners will be very fully occupied attending to their own financing and will not be able to help us much with our foreign government bonds that are to be sold. With the best of our wish, very large amounts of money will be released for investment all over Europe. But even so that, and making the fullest allowance for potential absorptive power, the issue of \$200,000,000,000 to \$200,000,000,000 of new government securities within the space of six months is an influence calculated to find the markets to their utmost capacity. Pared with the problem of raising that amount of money that foreign markets can only be expected to hold their reserves will not be able to pay to us requests for accommodation from any other source.

It is, it is to be expected, as we say to be to assist it, we do need foreign help in the financing of the three hundred million dollars out of bonds and notes that are to be sold here and the market of the year. If these securities a very considerable part are held in London and Paris. Where, therefore, they become and notes—many of them are notes—some day, and the corporations which have issued them try to arrange with the holder to take new issues of securities in payment, instead of cash, the financial position of the holder is not one of our difference. If we are to pay in kind, the chances are that he will cheerfully acquiesce in the proposition to accept new notes instead of cash. If, on the other hand, his position is such that he feels that he needs his money for his own use, the refunding proposition is not so likely to appeal to him and he is likely to demand payment in kind instead of new securities.

Some of the notes falling due within the next six months will be asked to be renewed, but the great bulk of them will not. There is no reason why the terms offered for renewal will be made as attractive that the holders will be content to let the obligations be renewed. With so large an amount of new securities of their own to look after, the foreigners, if they are not content to do so, will start fresh legislation if that is indicated on, are certain to refuse to renew. To do so would be virtually to make us fresh money out of thin air. The market is not likely to be overgrown. To rise of their own requirements for cash can hardly be expected to do. While the marketing of this great mass of new government bonds is going on, the market for industrial and other securities will be depressed.

We can consider ourselves fortunate, indeed, if the displacement of capital resulting from the issue abroad of half a billion dollars does not start fresh legislation of foreign-held American stocks and bonds. If the selling movement which started with the outbreak of the war, Europe's speculative holdings of American issues" were greatly reduced. But repurchase, it is known, have been on a considerable scale. With these holdings as a result of the war, it is possible to be displaced from the market. That depends largely upon the amount of difficulty experienced in distributing the new bonds. If the issues are readily taken up, the market will be able to absorb the new issues, foreign holdings of American stocks are not likely to be greatly disturbed. If, on the other hand, the market is unable to take up the new issues, it will be forced to pay up the money wanted by these various governments can resort upon having a further consideration of "American" money on this market for sale.

**Curious Trade Unions**

According to a recent report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in London, there are nearly seven hundred trade-unions in Great Britain.

Next to Lascarisburg, London shows the highest number of such unions. It also possesses the oldest trade-union in existence, that of the United Society of Bricklayers.

Out of one hundred and forty-two London unions forty-one have fewer than one hundred members, the smallest being the Cabinet Makers' Federation with but twelve members. Many of these small trade-unions relate to occupations requiring kind of an ordinary life. The Paper Makers' Union, which has been in existence for fifty years, has only fifty members. The Tin Painters and Powdered Putty Case Makers have but forty members. The Barometer and Thermometer Makers have a trade-union membership of thirty-two.

An interesting instance of a small trade-union is that of the canal, river, and dock watchmen, who number thirty-four. Even the keepers of coffee-stalls, which the livery Londoners patronize after the coffee, are represented here, having elected at 12:30 A.M. have their union. This has been in existence for eleven years and owns a membership of thirty-eight. Another little union is that of the United Kingdom Street Sweepers and Paviors, of which there are forty-two members; and here is a "Birds' Traders' Brotherhood" which has thirty-two.



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**DR. CARL ALBERSH, THE NATION'S NEW CHIEF CHEMIST**

DR. CARL ALBERSH, RECENTLY APPOINTED TO BE THE CHIEF OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ASSAULTS.

**Africa's Dreadful Snakes**

Between Australia, India, or Africa, in the world place on the list for poisonous snakes, the last named is quite bad enough. In central East Africa one must always beware the ground cautiously before approaching a blanket for a seat or bed, and the natives have acquired a remarkable amount of wisdom in deriving deadly reptiles, which usually resemble the reputation of their name. On the other hand, the semi-toxicous kinds are often most conspicuous in our country, the moccasins, which has a white skin marked with blood-red stripes, being the only known example of a white snake in America. The poisonous ones occur in trees and elsewhere as well as on the ground, and there is a black one which coils in the trees, and its deadly bite, where it kills many negro honey-gatherers. Another is a scolded grey, and accounts for the death of large numbers of cattle and mules. A broader body found one seven feet long encoiled in the hollow base of an elephant trunk in its warehouse and thought it worth while to pull the whole place in pieces to make sure of getting rid of it.

The white and widespread puff adder has a way of creeping for warmth into the blankets of sleeping men. An elephant-hunter relates that one very chilly night in German East Africa he had wrapped himself in his blankets and was falling asleep, when he realized that a snake had slipped into his bed and between his legs. In his honorable predicament, where his slightest movement probably meant his death, he kept his wits about him and,

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explained the situation to his men, but then very carefully lit away the covering. This they did, disclosing a large snake, which they quickly grasped by their hands under his shoulders, and with a quick, strong heave dragged him out of danger.

A small black-and-white snake is much dreaded because it hops from the tall grass at noon or animals passing. Still more difficult to guard against are certain large greenish snakes which lie in wait on the branches of trees exchanging a path, and strike downward; they are almost invisible to the fangs. At a village in German East Africa a native woman started to walk in another village, carrying on her head a basket of oranges, and as she walked, severely hit, her child. As she went the instant set up a sharp cry, but was presently quieted, and the mother never suspected, till she had reached her destination, that the baby had been struck on the head by a snake and was already dead.

**Transatlantic Navigation**

Proponents of the probable dimensions of Albatross liners have hitherto proved over-estimates. At the first International Congress of Maritime Navigation in Philadelphia last May it was estimated that in 1920 the twenty largest boats of the Atlantic fleet would have an average length of 1,100 feet, with a beam of 600 feet, and a draft nearly 30 feet of water. A previous forecast, however, for 1923 mentioned in 1915, provided for the new tonnage at Tiffany Dock possible for a length of 1,250 feet, a width of 120 feet, and a draught of 31 feet. The Star Line, which has the largest tonnage of receiving ships of the size of North American liners, is to be departed to 20 feet by 1915.

These estimates an appreciable difference between port accommodation in New York and Havre. The water in the French port has at low tide a minimum depth of 10 feet of water. On the other hand, in New York harbor the Ambrose Channel has a depth of 30 feet.

Big liners to-day cannot wait for the tide. All companies attach importance to sailing on schedule, and the consequences at Havre, hence there are in course of reconstruction there works that will soon give the port a big increase in water, a quay of more than 2,000 feet, along which there will always be at least 20 feet of water.

**A New Use for Beggars**

A HOTELKEEPER in the suburbs of Paris, having been much troubled with mosquitoes, and not knowing what to do, turned to the building, and there it was placed a sign reading: "Charity deprives both him who gives and him who receives. Turn this wheel one hundred times and you'll get a free."

Numerous beggars applied for leave to turn the wheel, but the discovery was made that the force employed was sufficient to drive water from a well which served a provincial market by a nearby orchard and laundry. Thus, according to the story, no beggars were seen in the vicinity.

**Willow Life-boats**

American use of the ships which sit between London and Boston, they have recently installed a species of life-boat which is quite novel. These boats, which do not weigh more than the ordinary life-boat of wood, are made to hold thirty-five people and are composed of several concentric layers. The exterior is of willow, that comes a layer of wood, then another of canvas, a second layer of wood, and a second layer of canvas. The interior of the boat is of wood. Experiment has demonstrated that this kind of life-boat is practically "indestructible," and it is constructed to make it a kind of steel which so early overtures the ordinary life-boat. It is also expected that this new boat will keep about indefinitely in the stormiest weather.

**The Harmony of Colors**

Yar principle that the sensation of white results from the equal excitement of all nerves produced by the three fundamental radiations, has been supported from an analysis of the rules of the harmony of colors. Colored lights do not mix at all of the same point, and the eye must see different distances at the same time in order to see when different colored rays touch. The difference of refrangibility of the different colors rays causes some colors to stand out and others to stand back. Red is the most "flying" or "tearing" of the colors, and red always appearing to be farther away than a blue object, though it is seen on the same plane and in the same light.

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Menageries

The habit of keeping wild animals in confinement first appeared in the form of sacred menageries. Of these dumb deities the ox and the serpent were chiefly popular, although certain cities manifested a speciality of other kinds of animals and reptiles. Such animals were kept and fed near the lower portions of temples. The sacred lion of Heliopolis was domesticated in the temple of the Sun and had reserved for him the best cuts of mutton, while his meals were eaten in the modern fashion, to the accompaniment of music. Unusually tame live animals were confined with the lion, which attacked and devoured it. Sacred crocodiles were an highly esteemed that they had captured near their temples and rings at their claws. It was the custom to feed these creatures with cakes and scraps of meat, for which they would come at call. Even now in Japanese temples a similar fashion obtain, except that tortoisene replace crocodiles.

In Egypt such menageries had attached to it a plot of cultivated ground whose yield sufficed for the maintenance and upkeep of the animals. Parents, when their children were ill, would realize on their hair to lay offerings in propitiate the sacred heaues. The tabernacle preferred more or less domesticated animals as stock for their menageries. The lioness, on the other hand, fed with wild meals, for fighting, chiefly. At one time rich citizens owned private menageries and gave exhibitions of the animals at receptions, etc.

Today the number of menageries is legion. But these establishments have ceased to be regarded purely as places of entertainment, and it is sought to turn to account their scientific value. The menagerie promises to be a kind of sanatorium where animals will exercise their muscles.



"HOW FAR IS IT TO MARS?"

The Solitary Wasp

THE remarkable qualities of the social instinct of animals is shown by the "solitary" bee which, by laborious effort constructs a few cells in a hole in a wall or in an old shell abandoned by one of our builders of the hive. At the bottom of the second cell of the wasp's work, the female constructs for one of the family of the solitary wasp, built to its own little bits of earth. The nest is then shaped and then covered with a sheath of plaster of mortar.

When ready to deposit her eggs the female enters either grille or entrance, paralyzing her killing prey by stinging their nervous centers, and drags them home to be preserved, still living, until needed as fresh meat for the young. Her pouch filled with provisions, she lays in it one egg, which she hangs to the top by a thread of her own spinning. This done, she detaches the neck of the pouch, seals the mouth, covers the whole, and goes, leaving the nest to mature. The egg matures and the larva comes forth and feeds upon the caterpillar, paralyzing her, and returns to take note of the result of her efforts.

The *Odynerus apicatus* of Europe works in a different way. She makes the future cradle in the ground in places exposed to the rising of sun and, and hollows out holes twelve inches deep. Many wasps of this species may dig in the same place at the same time, but each works for herself and takes no notice of her neighbors. In case of danger, workers fly to safety and take the other workers back out for themselves. Usually the ground shows a hard and a thread of soil, which is properly before she has dig. In measure as the work progresses the insect uses the ground thrown up in building a sort of chimney around the opening. When the nest is dug the mother larva sticks it with soil, and covers her eggs, breaks down her chimney, and uses its material to stop the opening, and seals the whole work with other material.

The Convenient Cycle-Car

The increasing popularity of the cycle-car is easily understood. It supplies the needs of locomotion that come of the car and motor-bicycle. Only lately has been possible for a man in modern circumstances to buy and use a cycle-car which machine to carry a man and his family.

The cycle-car is a great piece of machinery. Many cycle-cars look but little over two cubic feet. Among other advantages are the initial cost of the machine, ease of storage, and general adaptability, which render it a very important of the public. Month after month designs of cycle-cars are constantly being brought upon the market.

The displacement of motor-cars by certain persons by these machines is almost threatened. A small delivery van cycle-car possess the advantages of lightness and easy manipulation in traffic. For the delivery of goods, where house-to-house visits are necessary, such devices are rapid "picking up" and showing down. The use to which the cycle-car is well adapted is in the service of traveling salesmen. Here what is wanted is a machine simple in price and, at the same time, reliable, which can be used in any circumstances, be fairly speedy, and, above all, not require too much attention.

The Sleep of the Elephant

It is doubted whether, in the wild state, elephants ever lie down. Gordon Young thought that he had discovered a mark on the ground that the adult bulls had struck themselves out at full length for a few hours at night. It might be, but he concluded that the young and the cows always remained on their feet. Another authority, Nelson, has expressed doubt whether even the old bulls lie down. He tells of one herd that he knows to have been sleeping and lying throughout the twenty-four hours. "Except when milking in mud and water," he says, "it is held that an African elephant never lies down during its whole life."

However this may be, the most competent authorities seem to agree that this animal sleeps less and more lightly than other animals. It is believed that the sleep of the elephant is characterized by an occasional slumber taken standing up to average about four hours in the twenty-four, and this estimate has been employed by the ton in an amusing passage for one of his "Milk and Honey" wherein the sleep of the elephant is represented as consisting of an hour's dozing on one side and a similar period's dozing on the other, followed through the rest of the night, "by long, low, rumbling rattlings."

A Promise and—A Performance

One year ago, on January 1st, The Pittsburgh Post took its readers into its confidence and told of its aims and hopes for 1912.

The success which has come to THE PITTSBURGH POST during the last twelve months has come by fair means.

We have made as good a newspaper as we know how, fair in politics, fair in its policy, clean and generous in its news columns and clean in its advertising columns. Many newspaper readers do not fully realize what it costs a newspaper to be clean in its advertising columns and large the money in contemporaries not only accept, but seek. Other Pittsburgh newspapers print advertising not one line of which could appear in THE PITTSBURGH POST under any conditions, no matter what the price.

But there is a reward—the success which THE PITTSBURGH POST has made is almost incredible. In 1912 THE PITTSBURGH POST gained over the previous year

January gain,	14,696	Agate Lines
February	23,352	" "
March	28,854	" "
April	61,696	" "
May	82,572	" "
June	78,906	" "
July	63,008	" "
August	90,464	" "
September	94,542	" "
October	132,314	" "
November	138,544	" "
December	107,254	" "
One Year's Gain,	916,588	Agate Lines

916,566 agate lines of paid advertising

Let those who say they find the public is unresponsive. We know better. To those who help our 1912 success we say this, "All that we did in 1912 we shall do in 1913—and more."

The Pittsburgh Post

2c Every Morning and 5c Sunday



EMIL M. SCHOLZ, General Manager  
 Care, Lawrence & Woodson,  
 Special Foreign Advertising Representatives,  
 Newark Building, New York  
 Mallory Building, Chicago

The circulation of this newspaper has increased and will be increased by the publication of the advertisement in this newspaper. The circulation of this newspaper is 100,000 copies per week. The circulation of this newspaper is 100,000 copies per week. The circulation of this newspaper is 100,000 copies per week.

THE APPEARANCE OF THIS PUBLICATION SHOWS THE GOOD RESULTS OBTAINED FROM PRINTING INK MANUFACTURED BY J. M. HUBER  
 150 NORTH STREET - NEW YORK  
 BOSTON PHILADELPHIA BILTINGTON ST. LOUIS CHICAGO

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

An Ancient Operation

When the medical profession is agreed that a certain form of surgery has been existing from very remote times, it has always been a matter of wonder that so complex and delicate an operation as trepanning should be also one of the simplest.

It is authentic record of this operation dating back to the time of Hippocrates, who wrote treatises on fractures, dislocations, and a number of the head, wherein he described the method of procedure to be followed in the case of a fractured skull. It is also known that a file was used for this purpose, which, at a time when modern anesthesia was unknown, must have been, to say the least, a fearful operation.

According to Helms, the operation of removing pieces of bone was performed during the Middle Ages, and he states that the skull was easily seen after death and was visible as long as the bones are preserved. From inspection of every skull of the later stone age in several States there has been derived the conviction that some of the operations of craniotomy, which must have been performed with a stone implement.

Sun-Dials

SUN-DIALS are of great variety—spherical, conical, pyramidal, and portable. Of the last description one of the Pyrenean peasantry consists of two wooden cylinders, the smaller carrying a stylus and fitting into the other. The oldest sun-dial on record was that of King Amshank about 740 B. C. It is a cylinder of copper, and is placed in a square upon rock in the Grande Riviere in France may be seen a reproduction of it. The most recent and most beautiful one is the dial in Sicily and is made of metal. Its design and construction is that of a dial. It is 17 1/2 in. in diameter and is placed in a horizontal line, with a vertical surface, and measures about 13 feet in height and 2 1/2 feet at the base.

Music and Mosquitoes

In some parts of India, where mosquitoes abound, it is impossible to play the violin because the male attracts the insects in great numbers. When the first notes are heard the mosquitoes swarm in clouds around the player and make the movements of the hand impossible.



## THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

Raymond Poincaré, who has been elected by the National Assembly to succeed Armand Fallières as sixth President of the French Republic. He is fifty-two years old and filled several Cabinet offices before becoming Premier in January, 1912. The skill and enterprise which he displayed in localizing the Balkan conflict, won him a high reputation, and his election was the result of a decisive popular mandate. An account of M. Poincaré's career appears on page 9

FOUNDED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 25, 1913

TERMS: 10 CENTS a Copy—\$2.00 a Year in Advance.  
 Printed for us at Manhattan in the United States, Mexico,  
 Havana, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Territory.  
 Entered as second class matter at the Post-Office Department,  
 Chicago, Illinois. Foreign postage, 4-6.

Entered at the New York Post office as second class matter

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 Frederick T. Long, Treasurer, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.

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## COMMENT

## Mr. Wilson's Speeches

Hasn't he got to be about time for Wall Street to remove its blue glasses and take a square look at the rest of the country? Nobody else is hearing spasms over Mr. Wilson's speeches. Why should the Street that May Be Straight, but is Sometimes Called Crooked? And why did it try to get things straight, too? Here, for example, is our neighbor, the Stag, whose accuracy of statement is proverbial, printing the following in its financial columns:

In these addresses it was made that it is the next President of our country and it is to have a party friendly to him in control of both Houses of the national legislature has declared that the business men of the country are substantially dishonest and must change their hearts; that the banking system of the country stands already "convicted" of selfish and dangerous practices; that society in the country is in need of general reformation; and that he, the President-elect, has started out with his ear pinned on and holds a whip in his hand to hurry the reformatory process. And it was added that if business dishonesty results from all this it will be because capitalists have conspired to bring it about and for which they will deserve to be hanged as high as HANAN. It has been agreed in defense of Mr. WILSON that in speaking as he did he spoke extemporaneously and was carried away by emotional affluents.

Now let us see about this. We have read Mr. Wilson's speeches, but we found nothing of this sort in them. He did not "declare that the business men of the country are substantially dishonest." On the contrary, he evinced belief in their integrity and good intentions. That he did say frankly and truly that the country needed to be convinced of their uprightiness and usefulness, and that it was up to them to do the convincing.

There was no novelty in this assertion. Senator ELLIOT HOOR, who represents in Congress downtown Manhattan as well as up-State New York, who used to have a law office in Wall Street, and who ought to know what the country needs, made the same declaration far more earnestly and with much greater emphasis in his recent speech to the Chamber of Commerce. These were his words:

There are hundreds of thousands of people outside the great industrial committee who think you are a set of thieves. There are hundreds of thousands of people who think that the country needs the same declaration far more earnestly and with much greater emphasis in his recent speech to the Chamber of Commerce. These were his words:

The distinguished Senator then went on to urge his hearers to strive to overcome this impression by their acts. And that is what Mr. Wilson did—just that and nothing more. Mr. Wilson's language was less language than Mr. Root's, but he was not at the same thing, and the country needs the view! If not, we for one don't know what good advice is.

Then again Mr. Wilson did not say that our banking system stands "convicted of heinous and dangerous practices." He said it stood convicted of general dishonesty and specific dishonesty to treat the needs of the country—which is just what every man in and out of Wall Street has been saying for years.

And Mr. Wilson did not say, in either Chicago or New York, that "if business dishonesty results from all this it will be because capitalists have conspired to bring it about," and ought to be hanged "as high as HANAN." What he did say

was that if unscrupulous persons should try to fetch on a panic to serve their own wicked end or to discredit those who are trying to accomplish reforms, they ought to be and would be held up to derision and scorn—held up or hung up as high as HANAN.

Well, who wants to deny the rightfulness of that proposition? If he had said higher than HANAN, he would have been right. Panic can be held up very bad things, and no punishment is too severe for anybody caught encouraging them. Maybe it wasn't necessary for Mr. WILSON to say that at this time; it might probably it wasn't, but what he said was all right.

It may be that "it has been agreed in defense of Mr. WILSON" that he spoke extemporaneously, and "was carried away by emotional affluents," but if so we should like to know who did the agreeing. Surely Mr. WILSON would not admit that he did not speak deliberately, and there is no reason why he should, for he didn't say a thing that wasn't true. He did speak extemporaneously, to be sure, and that was a mistake, because only organized and misrepresentative portions of his City were speaking out into the Madison square, but that is the only ground for criticism we have found or can find.

The Times' financier, after due consideration, reaches this sage conclusion:

There was an undercurrent of hope that the responsibility of office, once it actually rests on his shoulders, will lead Mr. Wilson to weigh more carefully the effect of his public utterances; and the sentiment of the Street in respect to the influence to be exerted by the issuing of the new administration was probably reflected in the course of price of the Stock Exchange. It remained true, now the fact, that interference, perhaps well founded and perhaps well justified, to do with the market, but by Mr. Wilson's words as had the direct statement of his views as he expressed them. The Street's own interpretation, in other words, brightened the effect of his words, but his utterances, as they were heard by him in his address at Chicago a week ago, and in his later statement, in which he dealt with the policy which he expected to pursue in the selection of his Cabinet. In this last fact the possibility that the market effect of this factor was

The "real sentiment of the Street," we believe, is "a very accurate reflection in the course of prices on the Stock Exchange." It is an assumption, moreover, to see an effect "brightened by the Street's own interpretation." Sometimes, too, it does happen that the market effect is "overdone" by speculators.

Well, that is Wall Street's business. It isn't Mr. WILSON'S. And it isn't the public's. If there are those who think they can make money by selling stocks on their own "interpretations," that is their privilege. It is also the prerogative of others to buy shares for the same purpose on their own judgment.

Let 'em do it, we say. There isn't any pain or any sign of a panic, and all the stockholders combined couldn't make one in a time like this if they thought they. Investors are not alarmed, and have not the slightest cause to be. They haven't been selling any shares, either. It is a strictly "professional" market and unworthy of a moment's attention from Mr. WILSON or anybody else associated with him in gauging real public sentiment.

## Two Improvements Suggested

Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ANAMS thinks he knows of two improvements that should be made in our system of government. Just two. Others he deprecates for the present. He doesn't care to popularize the government; doesn't care for the referendum or any of the rest. He respects very much the constitution in its form, and would let it alone in all particulars. We think that it is also on January 16th in a Founder's Hall address at the university of South Carolina. But he favored two changes. He said:

I would substitute for the present brief tenure of the Presidential office a tenure well enough longer in the comparatively simple days which precede our Civil War, but in all particulars. We think that it is also on January 16th in a Founder's Hall address at the university of South Carolina. But he favored two changes. He said:

That is one change. The other concerns the method of choosing legislators. Mr. ANAMS said:

Our legislature does not fairly represent the average good citizen of our community, taken as a whole. Hence it is not inclined to follow in the course of the law as to common-sense reforms. It fails so to do for two reasons. It is chosen by the people; I have not opportunity referred to as the voting of ones, and, moreover, by an arbitrary law men binding that law is the start-halt-choke that coming of times is localized. It is not a body of men, but a body of men, and legislative, we refuse prohibition to a system, and install it as such. It has become the stronghold of

inequality—the average to office of the second and third rate men, who wish always to enjoy the share of a little brief authority, to have, alas, a taste of public life. In this respect our American system is a better one than that of any other country. It is the system of Parliamentary election existing in Great Britain—based upon a gross criticism. In Great Britain it is a system of election by the people, where he can find it; or the constituency seeks the man whom it recognizes him. The present Practice Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Balfour, represents a small Scotch constituency in which he has resided, but by which he was elected more than twenty years ago, not through which he has since conscientiously remained in office. The other side of the other side is the extravagance of the system now and traditionally in use with us. To get into public life a man must not only be elected by the majority of the voters of the district of the locality in which he lives, but he must continue to be in sympathy with that majority; or, at any election, like Mr. CANNON in the election just held, where for any passing reason a majority of his neighbors in the locality in which he lives fail to support him, he must go into retirement. Such a system simply gives one man individuality and sets a premium upon submergency. His operation and influence may be studied to-day in our halls of legislation—state or national.

Both of Mr. ANAMS's suggested changes aim at the same thing—the revision in legislative service of men whose training, experience, and abilities make them the best men for the job.

This is too big a country to be run successfully by green hands, even with the assistance of all the newspapers. That was recognized by the provision of six-year terms for Senators, and by the plan that not more than about one-third of the Senate shall be renewed at any one election. Representative, like the Senators, must be elected on the basis of the status of the locality, but they should not be inhabitants of the Congressional districts whose voters elect them. Any citizen of Massachusetts, otherwise qualified, can be sent to Congress from any district in Massachusetts. Any district in Illinois could send back I feel sure to his familiar duties at the next election. That much privilege of changing the status of the locality is what we have, and sometimes they use it, though rarely. Moreover, it would be an easy matter for any citizen to become an inhabitant of a state that wished to send him to Congress.

But we see no signs of inclination to vary much from our present localized system of choosing legislators. The only change that the thinkers are talking of is that Mr. ANAMS desire. At the last election Mr. McCALL of Massachusetts was omitted from the House. We believe he represented Mr. ANAMS's district, a district unexcelled for general intelligence, but his party split under him. Mr. McCALL is one of the ablest men in the present Congress, and it is a pity to lose his services. Perhaps it is the fact that prompted Mr. ANAMS's suggestions. Massachusetts tried to send him to the Senate, but Mr. WELLES beat him. Now, would any constituency anywhere like to send this admirably competent gentleman to Washington? Perhaps if due assurances could be given him he would inhabit some other state.

Do we hear any loud?

## Is Congress Free to Sew the Country?

Chairman GLASS, of the House Currency Committee, made a statement the other day that ought to challenge the attention of the country. It raises a question that the country cannot afford to neglect.

One of the reports called by the committee had been giving his experts, but it favored the same general plan for altering our banking and currency system which has been favored by the great majority of the experts and men of experience that the committee has heard from. He remarked incidentally, that the opposition to it was mainly sentimental. Whereupon Chairman GLASS made a statement to the effect that the opposition to the plan might be, there was an insuperable political obstacle to adopting it.

Is this true? Is it true that Congress is not free to adopt any particular plan or policy, even if through investigation shows it to be, on the whole, best for the country? Is it true that in this matter, peculiarly requiring, as it manifestly does, a scientific and dispassionate handling, the hands of the new Congress are going to find themselves helplessly bound by a partisan mandate? Is it true that they cannot even permit it to be treated as a non-partisan question? Is it true that they must deny to themselves and their followers the right to study it with open mind and to vote on it in accordance with the best information they can get and in obedience to their honest convictions?

There is no exaggerating the gravity of such a situation. If Chairman GLASS is right, then he has brought a terrible indictment against party government, and in a way against representatives

government. This journal is not contented in assuming easily the practical significance of his announcement, but the circumstances that it did all it could to prevent the Democratic party from putting itself in the predicament in which, if Chairman Glass is right, it now finds itself. Away back in the preliminary campaign we implored Democratic leaders and candidates not to go off half-cocked on this financial issue. We said we could keep them from making it a party question. We take no credit for that course, for any man of sense must know that on such a complex question as this the pronouncement of a political convention in its dying hours, when we must debate are reaching for their last, ought not to be imposed authoritatively upon sensible legislators and responsible executives. It is no comfort to remember that the Bull Moose crowd at Chicago adopted an even more culpable vote-seeking plank than did the half-led delegates at that furnace of a convention held at Baltimore. All that is past and irremediable. We must face now the situation as we find it.

Is Chairman Glass right?

**We Think It Is True**

We readily concede that he and others who think as he does may be sincere and conscientious—just as sincere and conscientious as we and others who think differently. But we cannot concede, we cannot believe, that Congress is not free in this matter. What is more to the point, we cannot believe that any Democrat in the Sixty-third Congress will not be free to use his own best judgment and to vote for whatever plan of banking and currency reform he himself may like best for his country.

The main reason why we think so is very simple. It is that nothing on earth can ever make it the duty of a representative of the people to speak or to vote against the real welfare of the people as he sees it. It is from them, after all, that he takes his commission and his pay. If they and not a party that he promises to serve when he takes his oath of office, it is in order to serve them more effectively that parties exist; the honest loyalty to party becomes disloyalty to the common welfare if it becomes disloyalty to country. It becomes nothing better than a sort of diluted treason.

That, we repeat, is the main consideration. It should be the controlling consideration. Nevertheless, we have respect for men anxious to harmonize patriotism with their party obligations, and to such we commend a study of the actual facts concerning the most unfortunate plank in the mainly excellent Bullmoose platform. It was put in that platform under an arrangement by which the whole was to be submitted, before adoption, to the candidate for President, and no such thing was done. It was, moreover, worded so ambiguously and ignorantly that it condemned as a plan for a "central bank" a plan which, according to the best judges, is so such thing. It was a plan for bringing together all the banks of the country to maintain a common reserve, issue a stable currency, and in these and other ways intelligently regulate credit and guard against panics.

That plan as it stands is of course open to criticism, to improvement. We trust that Congress will exercise its fullest intelligence in finding faults in it, and will reject it if it is unwise. But it is the plain duty of Congress to enact into law any features of it that are essential to the thorough and complete reform and modernizing of our financial system. Nothing like political convention has, done or can do, any possible free Congress from that obligation. What is true of Congress as a whole is equally true of every individual Congressman, Republican, Bull Moose, or Democrat.

**The Philippines**

"Do you recall," said the Chief Executive, "that to-day more people speak English in the Philippines than Spanish, and this considering the fact that the United States has conducted the islands for less than three years, whereas the Spaniards have been there three hundred years?"

Yes, and if so, it is an interesting fact, though the English speakers are doubtless newcomers, born or brought in within the last two to fifty years. Even at the Old St. James Mr. Tary would hardly mistake that the Spaniards who have been there three hundred years are speaking good English.

But as to the intentions of the Democrats about the Philippines, Mr. Tary has a right to be interested for he has much at stake in the matter, and his interests are near his heart. We guess there

will not be legislation on that subject without such freedom of contemporary knowledge, gathered by qualified criticism when our people know and trust. Legislation on the Philippines should be based considerably on the views of people who have been there, and have gone about and seen what is going on. We have a large, expensive, and very arduous duty there to do about a third of the kinds of people, all of whom have to be considered in any plan for getting out. The Philippines are our territory. We hope to cast them loose just as soon as they can make steam enough to navigate, but we can't hitch their line to a lanyard and turn them adrift.

**The Cheap Magazines in Politics**

Everybody knows now that "Chauntiquary" count in politics. La FOLLETTE'S discovery of them as a factor in national politics was like Joan QUAY'S discovery of the French Canadian vote in Massachusetts. QUAY tried his state with that uncalculated vote several times before the Republicans found out what he was up to. Similarly, La FOLLETTE, by his clever use of Chauntiquary meetings, made things uncomfortable for various Senators for several years before they found out just what he was doing to them.

Both discoverers have been used quite as effectively. Much-riding went on for some time before people waked up and began to understand how much he was cutting in national politics. Some important public characters went down rather ludicrously before it—and it must be confessed that some of these got no more than a B. C. degree. However, naturally, the use of the first to observe its importance, and promptly exhibited his perspicacity both in protest and in cajolery. There was, after a while, a marked repudiation of it. But it was not exterminated. Bright young fellows and cynical old fellows who live by writing for cheap magazines have been used quite as effectively. Much-riding went on for some time before people waked up and began to understand how much he was cutting in national politics. Some important public characters went down rather ludicrously before it—and it must be confessed that some of these got no more than a B. C. degree. However, naturally, the use of the first to observe its importance, and promptly exhibited his perspicacity both in protest and in cajolery. There was, after a while, a marked repudiation of it. But it was not exterminated.

Here, for instance, in one of the month's magazines, is an article on "What Wulver Is Up Against," by a regular cheap-magazine writer who is sufficiently characterized as the author of "The Forces Behind Tary." Neither in the present nor in the earlier articles, which we happen to remember, is there a shadow of evidence given for any statement; yet both are thoroughly calculated to upset any good citizen. President Tary, if he had read the earlier one, would have been astounded at the proportions of the conspiracy to reject him. If Governor Wulver reads the present one, and believes it, he will undoubtedly take to the woods and refuse to face what is awaiting him at Washington. We feel quite sure he still is not at all comforted by the repeated assurance that he is not only a "political comar" but "the best political economist in America." That assurance, if Governor Wulver, no doubt, if Governor Wulver had ever set up for a political economist at all, but even then it would hardly stretch him in face of these authoritative revelations of the perfidious designs and inner motives of Speaker CLARK, OSCAR LANGMUIR, and others, who have got things all fixed to suit him just as soon as they get into the White House.

We repeat, a great many people do read this sort of rot, and they know nothing of the sort of people who write it. They know nothing of the cheap-magazine business. Many of these are good, simple people, to whom it never occurs to ask whether or not for a moment, know what he is talking about. They read, and they believe, and they vote accordingly.

It is about time to begin to try to fix the responsibility for this sort of reckless misreading of public opinion.

**Home Rule Wins a Battle**

One small dose did not make a summer. Outpourage of a Home Rule bill through the Commons also does not turn into glorious summer the long winter of the discontent of Ireland. That happened once before, way back in the days of Gladstone and the "Home Rule" party. It was in the day of Asquith and Russell, the veto of the Lords will be effective for a time. Two years must elapse, and the Commons must stand firm and main pass the same bill, before the objection of the Lords shall lose its force.

Nevertheless, a great victory has been won. The want margin by which CLARK overpowered his bill,

and which of itself indicated ultimate failure for it is now turned into a majority of over a hundred, which justifies Asquith and Russell in their confidence. That confidence is further justified by the extreme measure of the opposition in openly threatening civil war if Home Rule is consummated. The three will still deter Asquith and Russell from going on to consummate what CLARK and PAVLEY began. Neither do we believe that the threat will ever be made good.

**From Premier to President**

There are a great number of Americans who could not instantly name the President of England. Most of us also know who is Chancellor of the German Empire. A smaller but still considerable number of us keep up with French politics sufficiently to know who is for the time being—and it is usually for a mighty short time—the French Premier. But there are lots of us who have a hard time to think before we can say who is President of France.

Now the French Premier, M. PAULLEY, is to become the President. He has made himself pretty widely known as Premier. In that capacity Europe has recognized him as a real force. He has appeared to be something of a man. Nobody was so surprised, therefore, that he at first was reluctant to run for President. Now, however, it is predicted that as President he will continue to be decidedly more than a figurehead; that he will not be content with the skillful expenditures of the large sum France allows her President for entertaining foreign politicians and making a good appearance on state occasions.

We trust those predictions will come true. The lack of real power in the President has been a cause of adverse criticism of the Third Republic; and the Third Republic is, as we have more than once remarked, the most encouraging fact in the world to believers in democracy.

**"What Good Is Life at Sixty?"**

No such depends on the point of view!

For example, it is proposed to give pensions to the pensioners and the pensioners who are pensioned shall be paid as under discussion. We read in the Times that the younger clerks favor having such pension payable on demand after thirty years' service, irrespective of age or disabilities. Older men say that would result in pensioning off some men while still in their forties, and suggest still a further step in the direction of a pension, with a free vote, reports CHARLES GUTCHER, a Madison Square letter-carrier.

What good is a man's life to himself when he's sixty years old and over? Give us our brains while we are young and use them as long as we can in peace. Work as till we are over sixty and you work us into the shadow of the grave, in a few cases, and actually into graveyards at the other ones. We'll like to get up one to my old age a little earlier, if I'm to have a chance at it at all.

Sixty is a little on to begin life, but CLARK seems to have original ideas about pensions. The common view, as we have seen, is to give a pension, still is that they should be a provision for what are called "declining years," and by declining years is meant not necessarily the years in which men decline to work, but those in which their energies decline.

Unluckily at sixty we are in the shadow of the grave, but so we are at fifty, at forty, at thirty, at six, and at one. All life goes on in that shadow. It may go on at sixty mightily well and easily to the satisfaction of the subject. CLARK does not be discouraged. If he lives wisely, drinks little, keeps his health, and manages to secure a little work, he may find life more profitable at sixty than he has ever found it yet, and whether he gets a pension or not. If he will read CLARK on Old Age he will get some good points, though sixty is by no means old age.

But, gentlemen! how folks are working out for pensions!

**Editor Bailey**

ELIAS PRITCHARD BURTON, of Plover, died last week. For the last thirty years he had been editor of the *Plover Observer*, a Democratic journal with which he had been connected nearly all his life. He was a good man, a good Democrat, and a good editor. Not all good editors are locally beloved, but he was, always, and not only locally, but wherever he was known, and he had a wide acquaintance and reputation. If there were enough railroads like his in the country, he would be a most valuable asset to the world. He would not have to worry as much as we do about government and courts and legislation. Our newspapers would take care of us.

Honor a dutiful man who stuck to his job all his long life and was always good to it. CLARK, Mr. BURTON.





the popular quarries. There is a curious fact about the rhyme poetry, but that has been remarked by many regular and habitual readers of the Congressional Record—that is, the constant recurrence of certain stock lines and phrases. For instance, and being known that are fairly reliable—considering the amount of material sifted—Gray's stanza beginning "The sound of liberty, the pomp of power," has been used at least 25 times during the last decade; Longfellow's "There is no death," 15 times; Bryant's exhortation, "No life, that when thy name comes," 24; and Mark Antony's tribute to the dead Brutus,

"His life was gentle,  
and the elements  
so mixed in him, that  
Nature might stand up  
And say to all the  
world, 'This was a  
Man.'"

has been used so many times that memory fails to give the figures. These several media have been used, more or less, every year since the first of the popular lines from "Yonakopia," the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and the "Psalm of Life," occur year after year with the regularity of sunrise and harvest.

Mark this persistent repetition, and in spite of one's conventional reverence for "discretion," the wonder will intrude itself that when a Representative or a Senator finds his self "hooked" for a ceremonial address, he does not "hew up" on what his colleagues used the year before, and the year before that, then seek a new quarry. It is almost inconceivable that the lines of all our dead legislators were "gentle" and the atmosphere in them is precisely the right property that Nature might boldly cite them for unspiced and unadorned. Where are our public men of rugged independence of dynamic power, of apostolic grandeur? Mark Antony's tributes culogy seems to have reduced all our dead legislators to a common denominator.

And now to be statistical—and stopped!—for a little. That is, to be comparatively statistical, for in such a case figures have no reality. Scanning thousands and thousands of the slowly printed, warped, fast-yellowing pages of the Congressional Record, one is apt to miss many short quotations, and sometimes, in short

sentences, to see double. Using round numbers, there were some twenty-eight hundred quoted quotations used in Congress from 1861 to 1901. Of this number, there were hundreds the investigator could not trace, several hundred from current periodicals, songs, and maxims, and several hundred recognized and located, but which cannot be classified as to authorship. But as it is possible to get an impression conformable with facts even from partial and fluctuating figures, I set down a few of these waxy figures. They will at least give a general idea of the main content of the stonem quarry.

Shakespeare has been quoted some 230 times, so far as I was able to recognize him, or almost always given a session. "Hamlet" is the leader, the name of his play being used in company following, come "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "Othello,"

the intrinsic value of a name.蒲田's family on every, and similar will extend part 2. The number are never quoted, nor the Shakespearean poems, nor many of the purely partial and 1862, the same passage.

Next to Shakespeare, provision-wise, come Youngson, with 58, highly drawn from the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "Jockey Hall," "The Star of Dawn," and "Blood," with a ball from from "In Memoriam" Langfellow is next, with 61, the lines being from "Designation" and the "Psalm of Life," the same lines as with all from "The Good Hope," most of them the closing division of that poem. "No life, that when thy name comes," Thomas Gray with 46, all from "The Epitaph," Whitman with 26, from "The Eternal Goodness," Alexander Pope with 25, from "The Essay on Man," with a very few from "The Universal Prayer," Oliver Goldsmith with 23 from "The Deserted Village," and James Russell Lowell with 21.

At the end of the procession, "Citizens in Carriage" as it were, come Byron and Keats, with 20 each; Milton with 17; Wordsworth with 15; Tom Moore with 12; Addison and Tom Hood with 6 each. The Address lines being from the Speeches, Formulation on High," which was written by Andrew Maxwell, a fact somewhat too revealing for Congress; Fitz-Green Halleck with 7; "Honor Be the Part above Thee," and "The Address" with 6 each; Bulwer, an old-fashioned name, is naturally known in America; and Byron with 6 each; Theodore Tilton, with 6, all from "The Bazaar of the Cross"; William Keats with 5, from "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud," said to be Lincoln's favorite poem; and the Bible is quoted many times, as in the Common Hymnal.

The smaller they arrive all the end of the end of the procession contain some 80 historic names of British and American poets, fairly well known, many living writers of neoclassical and romantic verse, and fairly historical names more or less obscure. Among the first, some of the prominent poets, some of whom are quoted above three or four times, are the Brownings, William Cowper, Leigh Hunt, Anna Montgomery, Coleridge, Keats, Thomas Buchanan Hood, George Murray, Charles Kingsley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Nathaniel P. Willis, Dryden, Colver, Mrs. Barham, Marcella, "Lays of Ancient Rome," Owen Meredith, Chaucer, Spenser, Keop, Mother Goose, and Shakespeare's Elizabeth!

The typical Congressional quotation is of the obvious sort, the meaning on the face of the words, and no chance for mistake. It is the stereotyped thing to hear symbolic, imaginative, or philosophic poetry quoted in the Senate, and never, or hardly ever, in it heard in the House. A good half of the quotations are lines popularized by common usage. The quotations are not woven into the texture of a speech; they are so formal and mechanical. The poetry is not in the blood—it is in the book, whence it is taken out, brought over, and inserted mainly in the speech as part of an academic program.

In twenty years the poetic habits of Congress, and particularly the House, have changed for the better. The growing tendency is to use shorter quotations, to abandon the formal introductions, to quote extempore, and to use slightly finer material. A quarter of a century ago the poetry was apt to be of the extremely unimpassioned sort of the United sort—either weak and weedy, fery or stammerous, didactic or lugubrious. Now you hear, for instance, Browning sometimes, Chaucer and Keats, and Fitzgerald now and then. The reason for this change are too far to seek here, even were it possible to find them in the intricate and traditional social conditions that go to make our federal legislative body what it is. Birth, privilege, education, family tradition, environment, individual factors and temperament, conventional culture—the "season" is deeply bedded in these far-etched things.



Congress probably listens to more poetry than any other body of working men

"Henry VIII," is quoted from 12 places, "Lear," 3; "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Tempest," 12 each; "Romeo and Juliet," 9; "Antony and Cleopatra," 7; the remainder of the Shakespearean quotations being scattered here and there, a sort of an "also ran" vote. The quotations are almost invariably popular lines from Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy,蒲田's advice to his successors, Webster's farewell to power, Juliet's scene of



MESSINA FIVE YEARS AFTER

THE CITY OF MESSINA, SICILY, AS IT APPEARS TODAY. IT WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE, ON DECEMBER 28, 1908, AND WAS REBUILT WITH LIBERAL HELP FROM AMERICA AND ERUPTED BY THE AID OF AMERICAN SUBSCRIPTIONS

# THE FIRST CITIZEN OF FRANCE

Raymond Poincaré, the Next President of the Republic, and His Remarkable Career

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

RAYMOND POINCARÉ stands out as the foremost man in France today. Until last summer he was not widely known beyond the frontiers of France, or known only as one among many brilliant parliamentarians. Then came his journey to Russia, with vital conferences between the Tsar and his ministers and the Prime Minister of France, and later the Triple Entente. Almost immediately followed the Balkan War, and then, at last, events gave the true measure of Raymond Poincaré, who stood out as one of those few men working with the power of genius to preserve the peace of Europe and Asia, for both would be involved in one general war. Wisely, carefully, with courage and conviction, and with keen intuitive insight, Poincaré met our perilous situation after another, in such one gaining a victory for peace and a victory for the bond of France. A few days ago, speaking in the French popular house, the Chamber of Deputies, he described the steps of his world policy:

"From the beginning of 1912, without a moment's break, we have been exchanging ideas on the situation with our friends and allies, and in these daily conversations, which showed a hearty agreement between Russia, England, and France, those three nations set themselves to bring about a general good understanding among all the great European powers. We held that we owed it to our ally to give a striking testimony of our effective and active fidelity. Honor and interest equally commanded this course. And our task was made easy by the clairvoyance and safety of judgment which M. Koltchouff showed in his last speech. As for England, our relations with her have never been so cordial and close. Therefore, it is in full consistency of view with our friends and allies that we are working the course of events. But France has not been content to remain on a systematic opposition of international groups to solve the difficulties of the moment. On the contrary, we have held that the hope of arriving at a peaceful solution depended wholly on the possibility of bringing about general negotiations, and we have worked from the outset to open the way for these negotiations.

"So the powers considered the possibility of offering their collective mediation to the belligerents. But in order that this offer might not be rejected by the victors, it was necessary to guarantee to them that some of the mediators sought to appropriate all or a part of the fruits of their success. Therefore, France proposed, in the offer of international mediation, to insert a clause of disarmament. None of the Balkan States misunderstood our purpose and all have expressed their thanks to us. While receiving our rights and respecting the interests of others, we were able to propose to the great powers the repudiation of all territorial annexation. This was, in regard to the Balkan States, an act of wisdom and of justice. That will an agreement be reached? That is the secret of so-worship. If, suddenly, a rupture should take place the role of Europe will not be ruined. Europe could not show indifference before a renewal of hostilities which would risk new, perhaps, more than ever the expansion of the area of conflagration. Europe would, we think, refer to her best ideas of mediation. France would in any case continue with all her power to second and, if necessary, to urge the efforts of the other powers. But her ever sincere aim was our pacific intentions, of which, since the beginning of the crisis, we have given repeated proofs, yet we are firmly determined to defend our interests and our rights without yielding, to maintain the great traditions of France in the Orient, and never fail, in order to reach the noble and sacred truth which is called national honor."

These sentences reveal the man better than any description: his idealism, his logical logic, his concrete conviction, his courage, his high ideal of honor. While these qualities were innate, his life and training did much to develop them. He was born at Bar-le-Duc in 1856. His father, Nicholas Poincaré, belonged to an old family of the Meuse Valley, was a man of culture and scientific attainments. A few years earlier was born at Nancy, just my father, Francis, and his wife, a cousin on his father's side, Henri Poincaré, the world-known mathematician, who died last year. The generation of Frenchmen in which they belonged was marked by a certain severity. "The breath of the best professions" has killed their hearts. As M. Raymond Poincaré himself has said, the profession of a Lawyer, adopted in 1870, in necessity of simple attire, "made a man is better informed, more modest, more sensitive. He need make no effort of memory to recall the trials of the law. They have left behind us only an engrained trauma which we are not affected."

Raymond Poincaré passed his school-days at Nancy. For his first day in the profession of a Lawyer, adopted in 1870, in necessity of simple attire, "made a man is better informed, more modest, more sensitive. He need make no effort of memory to recall the trials of the law. They have left behind us only an engrained trauma which we are not affected."

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second side of his character. The practical lawyer had had his opportunity. It was now the turn of the cultivated scholar.

After eight years, Dupuy's cabinet fell. The second Dupuy ministry was soon organized, and this time Raymond Poincaré became Minister of Finance. On the fall of Dupuy, Ribot formed a cabinet in which Raymond Poincaré had the second time held the portfolio of Public Instruction and undertook a thorough reorganization of the primary schools, bringing into them new energy and enthusiasm. This was in 1893. For the next two years he was vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies and leader of the "party of progress" in the popular house. He was steadily gaining the confidence of the nation as a man who made no pretensions that he did not keep, who was conservative in design and daring in action, who was the source of upright loyalty, at once lucid and full of energy. All these qualities were manifested in the first few years of the chaotic days of 1893 in the Dreyfus scandal, which shook France to the depths and whose echoes within the last few days have shivered the French people.

About this time Raymond Poincaré began to show that clear insight into the dangers in national and individual liberty which are hidden under the glowing promises of Socialism and became one of the group of French statesmen who have brought about the re-orientation of French politics in the last few years. The changes in the political landscape brought Poincaré back to his practice at the bar, and there his high gifts of insight, lucid eloquence, and force won him a considerable fortune. But his born parliamentarian was not destined to remain long without a leading part in the direction of France. M. Sarrien succeeded M. Henri as Prime Minister in 1896 and asked Raymond Poincaré to become his Finance Minister, an offer which was accepted. Then Sarrien fell to the unstable optimism of French parliamentary groups, and Georges Clémenceau, "the old diplomat," who had hitherto been a destroyer of ministries, was called upon to construct a ministry in his turn.

Under Clémenceau, Poincaré held a less conspicuous place, but with not less conspicuous distinction. Further verifications of the wheel of political fortune followed, and at length Raymond Poincaré was called on by President Failloux to form a cabinet of his own, as a result of certain Central African questions which compelled the retirement of his predecessor. He succeeded brilliantly, constructing a "cabinet of all talents" which contained men men of genius and more distinguished parliamentary leaders than had ever before composed a Council of Ministers in France.

One of the chief internal questions which he and his colleagues have had to face is the new militant policy of the revolutionary Socialists, the policy associated with the words "syndicalism" and "sabotage," which means collective violence and destruction applied as a weapon in "the struggle between capital and labor." We have had illustrations of the spirit of this new movement in this country. We shall in all probability have still further illustrations of it. And when we realize the full scope and its menace to the very elements of personal and national freedom we shall be better able to understand the work which has already been done in France to counter it by men like Georges Clémenceau, Aristide Briand, and Raymond Poincaré.

Of the great external problem which the Poincaré ministry has been called on to face, the Balkan War and the danger of a general conflagration, we have allowed M. Poincaré to speak on his own behalf. In both internal and external difficulties he has shown himself a man of the greatest calmness, vigor, courage, the soul of honor and rectitude.

## BOSTON'S NEW "SNAKE-CARS" FOR BUSY HOURS

THE NEW ARTICULATED CAR NOW IN USE IN BOSTON. THE FRONT CAR PASSES IN A JUMP, ENABLING THE FRONT AND REAR CARS TO NEGOTIATE CURVES WITHOUT HAZARD WHEN ENTERED UNDER THE "BUMP" SYSTEM FROM THE DECREASED ACCOMMODATION. THE CONDUCTOR MANIPULATES THE FRONT FROM THE CENTRAL SECTION, WHICH HAS A SUFFICIENT FARE BOX



# Triumphs of the Bridge Engineer

BY J. B. STRAUSS, C. E.

**L**ONG continuous spans that meet its kindred spans, but no less marvelously in its development, is the modern art of bridge-building. Only a hundred years ago the maximum length of a single span scarcely more than a few meters. There were only two types of structure, both of the most limited range—namely, the timber bridge and the stone bridge, and movable bridges were limited to mere toys, while the science of stresses and strains was as yet unborn. The modern achievement of building single spans of steel up to 200 feet in length and cast-iron and suspension spans of nearly 2,000 feet in length, of combining steel and concrete in significant ratios of appropriate size, and of constructing bascule and cantilever bridges so large as to admit all developed simultaneously with a complete and exact science, marks an era of progress unrivaled in any other art. In spite of these achievements, the bridge engineer seldom comes before the public eye. He deals unobtrusively. Unlike the architect, the physician, and the attorney, he hides in a silent waiting, alert, persistent, with all his trained faculties in touch, constantly struggling with the difficult problems created by the necessities of modern traffic, solving such new ones as it gives, preventing and retarding the creation of communication by land and rail and water, so that our commerce, our markets, our comforts, and, in fact, the well-being of the nation itself may be furthered.

With the commercial development of steel the science of bridge-building took its first mighty leap forward. The second advance was simultaneous with the transition from iron to steel. Then came the era of reinforced concrete. At present the reinforced concrete structure and the steel bridge stand equally vast fields of usefulness, the former with its largest possibilities in such spans for highway bridges, the latter serving both highways and railways for their longer and heavier spans. Illustrative of heavy steel bridge-work is the magnificent Hell Gate Bridge, a remarkable conception in steel, which, when completed, will stand for centuries as a monument to engineering skill. This structure forms the main section of the New York Connecting Railroad, a link between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, saving the long haul by sea ferry through the harbor of New York. The amount of steel required in its work is so great that it will take the capacity of two of the great American bridge-manufacturing companies for the greater part of a year.

New York is unique in having other notable examples of the bridge engineer's best work in steel, such as the Hamblin Bridge, the Mackinac Island, the Williamsburg, and the Manhattan bridges. These structures give this metropolis a distinctiveness and independence not equaled by any other city in the world. But outstanding even these wonders is the mammoth Quebec Bridge, several hundreds of miles inland, now extending under the direction of a Canadian chief engineer. With an sweep of its arms this great cantilever will stretch from shore to shore of the St. Lawrence, standing on the site of one of the few great bridge disasters that marred the forward march of the American bridge engineer.

Hardly less notable than the above are the massive concrete arches of 280, 250, and 200 feet, which,



A double-leaf city bridge of the trussion type at the entrance to the port of Copenhagen, Denmark

graceful in spite of their size, loom up in the environs of Philadelphia, Cleveland, and elsewhere, of the remarkable concrete viaducts of the South, with



A single-leaf trussion bascule railway bridge

seek after arch straddling its spanned across the way for a dozen miles, forming a solid road-bed which is impervious to wind or wave effects. Throughout

the country, across brook and stream, over railway tracks and boatlands, in city, village, and country, a kindred bridge of concrete flings upon the vision by the hundreds, now arched, then girdered, and again viaducts, some stately in their boldness of design, others beautiful in their graceful contour and pleasing architectural treatment.

All movable bridges the foremost type is now the so-called "bascule" bridge (from the French word "bascule" meaning a scale). At one time an object of interest because of its rarity, the bascule is now a standard construction throughout the United States and Canada. Almost every street which crosses the tortuous Chicago River is served by double-leaf bridges of the bascule type, while in Milwaukee, Cleveland, Winnipeg, Quebec, Montreal, and other cities throughout the continent these bridges appear in ever-increasing numbers. Bridges of this bascule type are quick operating and easily controlled. They are safer than swing bridges for street traffic because they block the open ends of the street. For the smaller craft they are only slightly lifted. Often, therefore, they may be raised and closed and traffic resumed, while the old-fashioned draw, which must turn through the entire angle for all vessels, large and small, is still swung up.

The bascule bridge, like most other bridge types, originated in Europe, and there found its highest development in the great Tower Bridge in London, built in 1890 and still in satisfactory service. In this country, however, it has reached a far greater development, and the types produced in the United States, and more particularly in Chicago, have now surpassed almost all the earlier types developed in Europe. Excellent examples of American types of bascule are found in the double-leaf "trussion bascule" bridge at the entrance to the port of Copenhagen, Denmark, an unusually artistic structure, and in the great Puller Bridge at St. Petersburg, Russia, leading to the Winter Palace of the Tsar, across the great Neva River, 1,000 feet wide and 60 feet deep. This structure will be 90 feet wide and will cost when completed \$2,225,000.

It is in this country, however, that every prediction as to the maximum length of bascule spans has been exceeded, and the limit of size and weight of spans is still being advanced. Across the Calumet River at South Chicago the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has just completed a single-leaf, double-track bascule of the trussion type, which is 235 feet from center to center of end bearings. This bridge, when open stands rather than an eighteen-story office-building. Its construction involved 1,500 tons of metal, while 2,000 tons of concrete counterweight are used to balance the weight of the leaf. This balancing is so exact that the bridge can be fully opened and closed for the passage of trains in two minutes. The operation of this structure, and bascule generally, is wholly electric, the operator being housed in a little cabin at the side, with his controller, brake, and signals by which he controls his great charge with absolute precision and instantaneous ease.

Across the United States Ship-canal at Sault Ste. Marie there is now under construction another noteworthy "trussion bascule" bridge with two leaves instead of one, these two leaves so designed that as they close they automatically interlock to form a single span 318 feet in length between end supports. This will not only be the longest bascule span ever attempted, but the boldest design ever undertaken.

Among the types of movable bridges introduced into America is one in which the span to be lifted moves vertically. Up to the present the only way this could be accomplished was by means of cables or chains, as in the case of an elevator. Recently an outstanding advance was effected by the elimination of the cables and chains and the substitution of a system of counter-balanced levers, a novel departure, opening up immense possibilities.

The achievement of the bridge engineer is a task almost the foremost factors making for his success. His is the first task. With the aid of his fellow-engineers he gives the way over the foundation levels. Now, some would perform whether or not they could be accomplished so much with greater facility and less really than that which distinguishes the true bridge engineer.



A city bridge at Puller Street, Chicago—a type of the double-leaf trussion bascule

# CHICAGO AS A FINANCIAL CENTER

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

**C**HICAGO is among the youngest of the great cities of the north. A little more than three-quarters of a century ago it was a frontier trading post where the mediums of exchange were fella and powder and bull. There were neither banks nor money in the days of Fort Dearborn. To-day only three cities in all the world outrank Chicago as centers of finance. Two of them—London and Paris—have been capitals of money kings for many hundreds of years in New York, which was nearly two centuries old before Chicago appeared on the map of the United States.

As the capital devoted to the banking institutions, to their resources, deposits, and clearings, Chicago is the second city in America. Its bank clearings almost equal those of Boston and Philadelphia combined. They are not little less than the total clearings of the ten next largest cities of the United States. Last year the exchanges of the Chicago clearing-house amounted to nearly fifty and a half billions of dollars. The latter is something the immensity of this sum, let us suppose that it should be divided equally among the inhabitants of Jacksonville, Illinois, which had a population of 16,228 at the time of the census of 1910. If such a distribution of this money should be made it would make every man, woman, and child in Jacksonville more than a millionaire.

The tremendous growth of Chicago as a financial center has been within the last forty years. When the Chicago clearing-house was organized in 1863 its business was about \$200,000,000. Compared with the figures for 1912, the increase has been 2,743 per cent. There was a gain of 10.5 per cent. in last year's business over that of the year before. New York's gain was 9.1 per cent.

The great fire which destroyed Chicago in 1871 was a blow that would have obliterated financially a less vigorous community. But, two years later, in 1873, the banks of Chicago were a greater power than ever in the Empire of the West. In 1872 there were thirty national, state, and private banks with a capital of nearly twelve million dollars. Today there are sixty-five banks in Chicago and their combined capital is nearly eighty millions. Their deposits are close to a thousand millions, and their business considerably more than half that. Beside these figures those given by the first clearing-house statistics, showing deposits of a little more than four millions, seem insignificant.

Chicago's first banker was Gerard N. Hubbard, He first in a log cabin near the growing stockade of Fort Dearborn, away back in the days of Chicago's history. He had some money on deposit in a Buffalo bank. Hubbard did open a lot of business in selling exchange on Buffalo, which then was called the metropolis of the Middle West. Chicago's first real bank was a branch of the Illinois State Bank. It opened for business in 1823, at the corner of La Salle and North Water streets. In the first three months the deposits averaged around \$200 a day. It furnished a little less than two years—until the "crash of '32," which our grandfathers used to tell about, when the whole country was swept with financial disaster. Chicago's first bank received a mortal wound at this time, but Hubbard as an expert died 1843.

These were the all-but-forgotten days when most of the actual currency in circulation was city and private scrip. It was an era of fortune for George Smith, a New-England man who came to Chicago in 1834. Smith was the first of Chicago's long line of great bankers. He received a private bank in Chicago from 1839 to 1867, and then retired to London to enjoy the fortune

—big for those days—that he had accumulated. It was a day of "wildcat" banks, but never a paper of paper with George Smith's name on it that was redeemed on demand. In the course of his career as a banker he had millions of dollars of his private scrip in circulation throughout the West, and contributed in a great degree to the development of the city of Chicago and the region round about. The financial part of 1857 put one of the private banks out of business. Only one of the money banks that were in existence then still survives.

The National Bank Act dates from March 23, 1863. It was not until May 16, 1864, that the bankers of Chicago announced that on and after that date they would receive on deposit at par and pay out at par, only legal tender notes, national bank notes, and the notes of such other banks as members at par in the city of Chicago. This marked the beginning of the era of national banks in Chicago. A little more than a year later there were seven national banks in the city.

The next great crisis was the day of 1873. While the city was still a banking ruin its bankers met for a conference. They feared that when they came to open their vaults they would find only ashes instead of money. The question was what percentage of their deposits should they pay on demand. The president of the Currency advised the question by notifying the national banks that they must pay their depositors in full as he would not allow them to open at all. This made the bankers' hearts sink, but it restored the confidence of their country correspondents. When the results were spread and their outside funds unshaken there was a sigh of relief. No run on the banks ensued, and in a little while they had greater deposits than before.

Chicago entered upon its present era as a great financial center of America about fifty years ago. Millions of dollars of funds for the organization of new enterprises were placed in its banks. Several corporations capitalized at forty, fifty millions of dollars and were here launched or underwritten by Chicago

bankers. Its banks furnished a considerable proportion of the capital for these vast enterprises. They also began leading money on a large scale in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin. Whenever money orders go out elsewhere the Chicago banks always have tens of millions to loan on good security.



A view of Chicago, looking northeast from the Republic Building

the reason for Chicago's tremendous growth as a financial center is its strategic location as a distributing point for practically the whole United States east of the Rockies. It is the commercial and industrial as well as the financial capital of a vast territory of incredible richness. It is the world's greatest railway center, the greatest lumber mart on earth, and the most important meat-collecting and distributing point. It is the largest shipping port on the Great Lakes—the tonnage of its vessels makes it one of the biggest ports in the world, in fact.

All these things make Chicago the metropolis, the center toward which is drawn a vast amount of wealth. By the force of circumstances Chicago has become a huge mart for money as well as for merchandise. There are many thousands of country banks that have money on deposit with the great financial institutions of Chicago, just as there are other thousands of big and little banks that, as a convenience of their business, place millions of dollars on deposit with banks in New York City. Indeed, Chicago's banks and trust companies have as their clients and depositors just as many as if not more out of town banks than New York City's bankers have. There is one bank in Chicago which has the accounts of about six thousand of these "country banks." The president of this Chicago bank—which is one of the largest in America—was a farmer boy. No man in America is richer than he, the small town throughout the United States than he is. Every afternoon he sits down from his routine duties to devote to studying the country newspapers. That is one of the things that have made him great and it is because there are so many such men in Chicago, who realize that the greatness of the city is due to the natural wealth of the Western Empire that Chicago has advanced the financial pre-eminence that it has.

Ask any Chicago banker where the financial center of the world will be a century from now and he will answer unhesitatingly, "Chicago." That it will be in the United States is hardly beyond question. If things have run in a few years for the longest part of the earth's cities in population. It will not be long before it passes Paris and makes third. Thirty years ago its population was half a million. Now it is nearly five times that. In its workshops and on its streets it makes the language of Babel, yet as a city it is typified America. No one would be much wiser to say that some day it may not become the financial capital of America. If it may, it is a long stride from the petty market of East Abbeville (in France) to Chicago, of today.



The famous Chicago wheat pit, where financial Robinets have met their Obvans

# CHICAGO AS A DISTRIBUTING POINT

The City as a Natural Gateway for Transcontinental Traffic

BY ROLAND HARTLEY

**T**HE military camps of the all-American hero, General Sherman, and the trading posts of the all-pervading Plains Indians determined the location, many centuries ago, of the city of the universal cities of the Old World. The sites of the cities of America were determined by the same factors: by the pioneers, the trappers, and the traders who dealt with the red men. The lakes and rivers were the great thoroughfares. Trading posts and forts were established at points where was the greatest facility for receiving and distributing objects of barter.

The narrow passage between Lake Michigan and the Des Moines River was the "natural accident" that determined the site of Chicago. East and West and North and South there stretched an empire greater than that of the continent of Europe in extent. Between the mountain walls beyond which the sea rose and as there stretched the thousand miles of land comparatively flat, threaded by water highways that led from the edge of the Arctic to the edge of the tropic zone.

This first made Chicago a great distributing point while yet it was only a dot on the edge of the sea horizon. It has been the tireless energy of its citizens in these latter years that has enabled it to keep world supremacy in this respect.

Floets of steamer and sailing craft, huge whalebacks and great lumber rafts, the masted and masted north to Chicago. Over tens of thousands of miles of railways cross on-line processes of freight trains loaded with goods from the mountains, valleys, and mineral. The city receives it all. Some it transmits in its vast manufacturing. Some it ships throughout the great territory that is tributary to it. Some it receives and spreads upon the continent for sale. But the larger part of the raw material, especially the foodstuffs, is distributed in its original form from this central point. By land and sea, it goes to every corner of America and of the world.

One way of measuring Chicago's growth and greatness as a distributing center is by its manufacturing. In a sense of way—helped by its easy accessibility of boundless treasury-bosoms of raw material—Chicago has become one of the greatest manufacturing centers of the world. The city stands at the natural gateway for transcontinental traffic. Land and sea are comparatively cheap and always have been. The array of domestic and foreign lines that meet in Chicago for their supply of manufactured products is increasing tremendously every year.

Ten years ago the value of Chicago's manufactures was but a little part of the thousand-million mark. Last year it reached the astounding total of nearly two thousand millions. So has been the increase—so will be the pace set by Chicago's manufacturing interests—that municipal agencies dealing with public utility, education and recreation have had to be supplied with almost countless inquiries in order to be abreast of the city's needs.

Chicago in itself is a great factory. Its dirt and grime and smoke and worn pavements that hardly can be removed fast enough are indicative of the ferocity of its toil. The myriads of people surging through its streets and its streets opening all the longways of Europe and all the dulcets of America, have been attracted thither by the stupendous tasks that have to be performed to meet the insatiable increasing demands for more and more machinery and more



A general view of Chicago's stock-yards

household and foodstuffs and other things for which Chicago is famed throughout the world.

The city is surrounded by a curtain of tremendous manufacturing plants, as Paris is surrounded by double and triple lines of forts. But around Chicago every look in the skyline, every shining furnace cap, every high-walled elevator or factory, is adding to the wealth of America.

The Chicago manufacturer is on progress and has as much pride as any citizen in the world. He takes a keen interest in the government of the city. He realizes that good schools and plenty of them, good parks where the people may rest and breathe pure air, and all the other things that make for good citizenship, are the fundamentals of the city's growth

and power. He makes his plant the most modern of its kind and he tries to attract every new invention he can get further than that. So that his workmen may be of the best, in skill and health and intelligence, he makes his plant the most modern and safe and as attractive and sanitary as possible. Therefore, some of the great model industrial communities have been developed in the vicinity of Chicago's manufacturing plants. The best in similar communities here and abroad has been adopted.

Twenty-five years ago Chicago's manufacturing employed less than a hundred thousand workmen. Today this industrial army is more than five times as great, and the total of its annual wages reaches a quarter of a billion dollars.

Last year the sales of the leading packing concerns aggregated not far from a thousand millions of dollars. A leading grocery concern sold the value of a hundred millions all over the globe. And so on through the long list of things that people use.

Chicago's wholesale and retail establishments count more than double as much money in change hands as do its factories. Its department stores are mammoth affairs, some of them the largest in the world. Chicago is the metropolis of America by the country beyond the Mississippi. Its commercial domination extends outward until it acrotes that of New York and North and South America, where it sends its goods from all over the great territory buy their goods in Chicago.

From the granary of America, by rail and water, come the wheat and corn which are sold in Chicago. A portion of this tremendous volume of foodstuffs stays in Chicago and is converted into staples. A large quantity, however, remains in the grain elevators only a short time, and then is distributed from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and to lands beyond the sea.

Chicago is famous the world around for the products of its packing-houses. No other city on earth prepares for food so many sheep, hogs, and cattle in refrigerators and in steamships. Chicago's dressed meats travel fast. Chicago's canned meats are eaten almost everywhere in the world. If this one industry should cease, millions would go hungry until they found some other food supply.

The tourist and pleasure fully leads to Chicago. Fully half its revenue or embark on new journeys with other methods from this great mark. The stupendous scheme of distribution is marvellously well

It would take a volume of statistical tables to tell exactly and accurately what Chicago does as a distributing center in the course of a twelve-month. But mere figures cannot convey a graphic idea of Chicago's supremacy in this respect. Neither does the statement that Chicago is the center of the world in the immensity of such operations, or that the combined value of its production and distribution last year were more than four billion dollars. A single day's systematic sight-seeing in industrial Chicago will impress one more than a year's reading.

## HOW A GREAT HOTEL PROTECTS ITS GUESTS

The Safeguards Which are Thrown About Their Every Movement

BY ERNEST J. STEVENS

**T**HIS ideal hotel proprietor twenty years ago was the first to see whose principal aim was his guest's safety. The man who could afford to go to a great hotel for the first time in the art of convention was generally considered the best man. The various safeguards which are always in operation in a "first" in these days the service, comfort, and accommodation afforded to the guests and the matter of safety and protection from the various dangers which are always in operation were seldom thought of either by the guest or the hotel proprietor. The hotel was not even considered as a commercial institution until it operated with much regard to business principles.

The operation of a great metropolitan hotel today is a thing which is not only a matter of business but a scientific institution and the same great principles of scientific management are applied. The most important thing in the hotel is the one conducted by a man who realizes the importance of specialized effort, through attention to details, scientific division of labor, physical and chemical analysis of the various articles and products that are employed in the operation of the business, cleanliness and the character and condition of the employees. In a modern hotel property especially there are a number of things which are employed for the sake of protecting the health, pleasure, and lives of the guests.

The greatest safety of the guest in the room is carefully considered. Each room is equipped as if it were a separate hotel. The floor is in strips of a special cork, and it is so arranged that all the details of the guest's comfort and safety are given minute and satisfactory attention. No one can step in to the floor by way of either the elevator or the stairs without being seen. The elevator has an operator to call upon a guest must first obtain from

the floor clerk the information whether or not the floor is in and orders to see him. A record is kept of every access to guests' rooms. The employee whose duties require them to enter the rooms are before entering a room, and are carefully searched. Each one is well recommended and furnished a bond.

All one time there was a great prevalence of hotel fires, but now modern scientific property managed hotels today have special fire-fighting force equipped on the police force before becoming connected with the hotel has fitted them for the work. These men are constantly on duty day and night.

The prevention of disease and the cleanliness of employees and of all articles used in the hotel are important to the progressive manager. In order to prevent the carrying of contagion of any kind into the rooms each employee is examined by physicians periodically, and an allowed process and an one living under such conditions as to be capable of transmitting disease is permitted to work in the hotel.

The linen used in bedrooms and bathrooms, as well as the restaurant linen, is thoroughly washed and sterilized every day. Each room is carefully inspected every day by an assistant housekeeper. In the hotel hotels today avoid many are employed whose duty it is to take the lockers and rooms of hotel employees in a sanitary condition at all times. The clothes they are examined and fumigated in a special chamber, and the result is recorded. Extraordinary precautions are taken in the employment of cooks and all other kitchen employees. Each must pass through a special medical and sanitary examination, and he is required before going on duty each day to make himself thoroughly clean and dress himself in clean, freshly washed and thoroughly laundered and sterilized the previous day.

The greatest possible care is exercised in buying foodstuffs, preserving and serving food. The elevator is a great hotel is an expert lawyer and he purchases

only the purest and freshest articles obtainable. Chemical analysis is made of every article and analyzed the various foodstuffs used. Milk is kept to be a reliable of contagion, and for this reason every gallon of milk is analyzed, and the milk is treated for bacteria and better fat before being put into service. Butter, lard, eggs, canned goods, coffee, vegetables, and other articles are analyzed in the kitchen at all times. An expert inspects every piece of meat, poultry, and fish which is delivered to the hotel, and he must reject everything not absolutely fresh.

As a precaution against adulteration and fraud in the handling of wine and liquors, a large hotel maintains a chemical laboratory of its own. The alcohol is almost as complete in equipment as those installed in modern breweries and distilleries. All wines purchased by the hotel are analyzed, and the results are chemically analyzed. This chemist makes hourly tests of the drinking water and daily tests of the ice manufactured in the hotel. The water which is used is thoroughly washed and sterilized after each service, this department being in charge of a competent man specially trained in the work. There are special departments devoted to the care of the hotel's linen, which is in a sanitary condition at all times. All utensils used in cooking are thoroughly sterilized.

The prevention of fire is given the most thorough. The men who run the elevators and the engineers who operate the power plant are selected with special regard to their safety, reliability, honesty, and skill. The chief engineer of a great modern hotel runs very high in his profession. The power plant and elevator system are so carefully supervised that the possibility of their ever being out of order is never. Each elevator is inspected every night by competent experts, and no elevator which is not in absolute safety condition is operated in any way in service.

# OUR NEW INDUSTRIAL CONSERVATION



BY ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND L. THAYER

## II.—The Responsive Element

This is the second of three articles in which the author deals with various aspects of the movement for improving the efficiency of labor and regulating its relation to capital. The first of these articles appeared in the issue of "Harper's Weekly" for November 26, 1912.

It substitutes a mere truce of bargaining for open warfare, would be but a poor beginning of industrial conservation. We do not want an armistice; we want peace with justice, and public welfare cannot exist side by side with "industrial unrest." The monarchies of Europe are flourishing in a tidal wave of it. How shall we prevent it in the Republic? "Peace affects industry much the same as does a still pass" in the insect-world. Both are based on distrust, and distrust breeds real and imaginary grievances thick and fast. It is high time to scrutinize those grievances in a national way and find out how to banish them.

Sir Robert Peck recently passed through this country, and observed that here, as in Europe, is "the necessary for a readjustment of the conception of the relationship between employer and employed. The working-classes have become educated in conditions, and they cannot much longer be deceived. They know that they are entitled to a fair share of the profits from the articles they make, and they will insist on it." Thus a British railroad capitalist and contractor points one side of the shield.

John Kirby, Jr., president of the American Manufacturers' Association, at its last annual dinner recently, painted the other: "No country can exist half free and half throttled by criminal combinations, for encouraging which he blamed 'men and women who are carried away by whimsical notions about 'philanthropy' and 'spells.' They mean well enough, but they are given to washing leads and don't get under the surface of things."

There are two of the grievances. If the public would get under the surface of things it would find that the most potent encouragement ever given to "criminal unions" came not from a lot of expectant philanthropists, but from the very practical philosophy of one man—George Nord, the father of syndicalism.

Syndicalism lay at the root of England's great coal strike. It has pervaded her industries to such a degree that Lord Northcliffe lately opined in the Daily Mail "a sort of grand impost of the nation into the cause and significance of the ferment." H. G. Wells, who was the first to contribute, advanced the view that England has definitely entered on a revolutionary period. He says: "The real task before the governing class—that means past government—is not to get the better of the argument or the best of the bargain, but to lay hold of the imaginations of this drifting, sceptical, suspicious multitude which is the working body of the country."

Mr. Wells believes in socialism—the oppression of private property by the state. George Nord and his syndicalists simply ignore the state; it is not worth bothering about, they say. They are not strikers for themselves; they go the socialist's one better. "We are something more than they are," says George Nord in his *Reformation in Industry*—"public enemy, however, more really without a God, without enemies without a country." In Europe, and especially England, if Mr. Wells is right, the attitude of labor has changed thus: First, from unionism said, "Give us our fair share of the profits." Now socialism agreed "Turn your property over to the state, and let the state manage it for the public welfare. Lastly, syndicalism threatened, "We will get your property, and we will manage it for us."

Writing quietly but persistently in a little French journal the publication of the first article of this series was the last proceeding for the establishment of a Congress on Industrial Relations that has ever been held, and President Taft has nominated the following men to serve as members of the committee: It represented public-opinion (George Northcliffe), of Great Britain; H. C. Wells, of the Cause, America; and Charles B. Street of Georgia, in representation of a Democratic member of the United States Senate; Louis Brandeis of New York City; and Ferdinand C. Schoups, vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, of Pennsylvania; Austin W. Chadlow of Iowa, president of the United Textile Manufacturers; J. B. Connelley, president of the U. S. C. of C. of America; O. C. Wood of Washington, D. C., chief representative of the laboring element; and J. C. H. of the same organization to Congress at San Diego. Its final report is due in 1913.

town, George Nord has made this his dominant force in the industry of France within the last decade. It has permeated European industry; it has invaded America. It seems distinctly an anti-American idea. Are we going to find something else to lay hold of the imaginations of our working body or are we going to "let George do it?"

Let us not be abstractists; let us understand syndicalism. It seeks to accomplish its purpose by the "general strike" of an entire industry—all its industries if possible—and called because of specific grievances, though grievances are seized upon or invented to boost it. It is called agile and agile as grievances serve, kill finally the employer's business as become an unprofitable that he gets out in disgust; gives the whole thing over to the workers in so doing as they please.

Between strikes there is an era of mobilization. By sabotage of the "irritation strike" a continuous effort is kept up to cripple the employer, to put him out of business. Every powder is shot out in the bearings of machinery; rumor goes abroad that the workers in a certain factory are slipping powdered glass in the bread—in a brutal, cowardly way the "wob" seek to crush their opponent with no care for the effect of their acts on any one but themselves.

Syndicalism is no bad; it is almost a demerolium. In 1909 Mr. Brandel told the Socialist Congress at Paris that the general strike was the best weapon of labor for covering the non-productive middle class. If labor walked out it is a body, he said, the state would feel its military arm too short to cope with disorder, and would have to choose between making immediate peace or arming labor itself. Ten years later Brandel, as Premier of France, was overthrown by a general railway strike full of shaking violence. He suppressed it like a man, though it cost him eventually his political emporium.

That strike was fathered and fostered by the U. S. T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), founded in 1902, the hierarchy of syndicalism in France. Only about one-third of the trades-unions of France belong to it, and such has but one vote, irrespective of numerical strength. But the remarkable thing about the U. S. T. is its apparently respectable spirit—the spirit of George Nord—that faces up and lays hold of the imaginations of wage-earners beyond the belief of any one that does not "get under the surface of things." Violence is an assumed feature of that spirit, at least in France, where it has added to the trade-unionism the anarchist element and the militant socialist element of the industrial community.

What is to be opposed to syndicalism? Not the state's military arm if possible. The syndicalists make the most of anarchy and anarchy. They are seldom exempt, knowing about the right of free speech in this country, and when they exercise it—as in New York the other day—requiring a strong police force, plus the sheriff and his deputies, to prevent them from leading the flag. But we must deal with them more wisely than we did with the Chicago anarchists, years ago. If the syndicalists are given sufficient "sympathy" and numerical strength, we may have repeated in the nation the situation some years ago in the strike at Tripoli Creek, when the Governor telegraphed to know "if he should send troops and a member of the State Legislature replied, "No need of troops; mine is general possession of the mine."

How long the present process of the industries of a country by the syndicalists would last we need not inquire. The thing to remember is that we are not dealing with a mass of drowsy in industry in this country, but with a mass of human nature under certain conditions. We must learn an opinion of those conditions. Even in France the syndicalist general strike of the postal, telegraph, and telephone ser-



showed in the spring of 1909 flaked out though California has lack of it, because public opinion was adverse.

Public opinion was phoned on American soil six years ago when W. D. Hays, Governor of California, and his associates, socialists, and anarchists formed in Chicago the Industrial Workers of the World—the I. W. W. Recently it was shaking very anxiously with public opinion in San Diego, California. The I. W. W. was carrying on what it calls a "free speech" fight out there. The citizens don't seem inclined to hear about it. George Soudy's motion picture depicting the strike since a score of bombs were discovered in various houses and an attempt to dynamite the city's water supply was thwarted. The I. W. W. has formed thousands into Daylight Vigilantes and have already done one rather successful job of tearing and leveling. They may acquire the role of the California boys, but they are determined to drive out all the I. W. W. and all its works. "We are fighting for our homes," said one of them, "nothing but troops sent for our protection can stop us."

This sort of public opinion in California may be regarded as encouraging or deplorable, but it is not industrial peace; it is not conservatism; it is very close to anarchy unless the State can cope with it. We must oppose something more than force to anarchy. We need to know just what grievances, real or fancied, have made our considerable body of American workers so "angry" that they will listen to leaders who revile the flag of our country.

The mill hands of Lawrence, Massachusetts, complained that they did not get enough out of their work to keep body and soul together. In whom were they to appeal? Not to their employers; they did not consider it good business to look into such a complaint. Not to the United Textile Workers, the union of their industry, that had been beaten and almost annihilated at Lawrence in the clash of collective bargaining. Not to the State; entitled to provide by law sanitary factories for those to work in, the State had never paid attention to the matter of the mills. Not to well-meaning philanthropists had ever made a "survey" of the conditions in which they were compelled to live. Finally, they had never heard of their union! Haywood and Ekers, the high priests of anarchy, in London, had been told the same story told held the striking mill hands at Paterson, New Jersey, but with less violence. Yet they maintain that they are not anarchy; they are with "the pauper labor of Europe" have not yet formed an opinion as to whether their conditions were receiving a living wage or not.

We contrast ourselves with the assumption that they are terrible barons. England's striking conditions were not terrible foremen; yet syndicalism held hold of their imaginations. The action decided that they should not receive less than a living wage, and they returned to work. So far the dreamers of the district committee as to what that minimum wage should be have caused intense dissimulation among the miners, who are threatening to strike again.

The U. S. has one very national "survey" of the actual conditions of industry. The British know that they must have one if they are to make good the text of the Hanks of Wallington. But they are not to revolution in England without Act of Parliament. We need a thorough "survey" in this country. It only to test the truth of John Stuart Mill's assertion that there is no psychological reason why a man cannot be made as proud to carry a shovels as a market. We have found out more about psychology than we know, yet we have not yet managed to make the idea of the "dignity of labor" under our flag lay hold of the imagination with any approach to the appeal of religion or even violence. But "days will be fighting for a cause; there is satisfaction in working for a cause. What romance have we set up to work for in industry?

"The country needs business patriotism and patriotism from business on," says George W. Perkins. But there must be something for the people to be patriotic about. What is that something in American industry and how much of that something is lacking? That is the big question a Federal Commission on Industrial Injuries must answer for us.

Getting under the surface of things, it might find one very practical reason why a man might prefer to carry a shovels instead of a clock. He is actually under with the market. Since Alva Stewart Mill wrote the dead and wounded in industrial accidents amount to more than the toll of all other deaths in the United States ever fought. We need one inventive genius and speed machine to make war "safe." The United States—Steel Corporation has spent \$100,000,000 in the past five years on industrial safety and has reduced the number of preventable accidents in its mills by

sixty-six per cent. The safety of war is a theoretical absolute; the safety of work is a practical possibility. Our allowance to make it an actuality has aggravated one of the worst spots in industry.

What is a fair one to indemnify a man injured at his work, is a constantly recurring question that has done as much as anything else to make employer and employee. Employers as a class have pointed out the antecedent fact that most avoidable accidents are due to the "contributory negligence" of the injured man or to that of some "follow-servant." Besides, they say, if a man engages in a hazardous occupation it implies "consumption of risk" on his part. These defenses the common law allows in damage suits. The employer has taken the attitude of getting all he possibly can for an injury, and the employer has fought every claim irrespective of its humane aspect—not because it is inhumane, but because it has seemed to



HARPER

They will listen to leaders who revile the flag

his "good business" to even tip his accident expenses in this way.

We are beginning to see that it is poor business. A scoundrel gets considerable damages for a slight, perhaps a broken injury; a disabled man unemployed becomes a public charge—in either case we pay the bill. That has been recently recognized in the State Board of Public Charities, in a law under which workmen injured in hazardous pursuits are compensated directly from the State Treasury, claims being investigated and settled by a public commission. In twelve other States laws now exist making it either compulsory or elective for industries to adopt some scheme of general compensation of workers for accidents. Laws making the elective either abrogate or modify the common law doctrine of corporations in avoided suits. In Kansas, for instance, the law declares that an injured employee's claim cannot be thrown out by merely proving "contributory negligence" upon him; the negligence of the employer must also be considered—where the one is slight and the other gross, or vice versa, damages must be fixed accordingly. This law has just been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the doctrine applied to the law for the States, thus to modify the common law.

Meanwhile a Federal act providing compulsory compensation for all employees injured on duty on interstate railroads was passed by the Senate by a vote of 64 to 12. The compensation is "exclusive"—that

is, when accepted precludes further claims under State laws, and an employee is provided in making judicial default in an effort to wipe out avoidable litigation in future. There was much filibustering against the bill on the part of the Democrats, because they feared the loss of a large number of claim lawyers, consultants of certain Senators, would be ruined. The bill was passed after an extensive investigation by a new panel of the Senate. They permit the employer to play the expense of compensation for injury squarely upon the employer, by him to be passed on in some way to the consumer. They also require that good business then to have heavy accident expense and will come to regard safety as an indispensable asset.

Some of the States are most endeavoring to profit by the example, but they have not yet succeeded in establishing public standards of proved merit. Illinois has a most progressive Department of Factory Inspection. The whole movement needs actualizing. We have already a Federal Bureau of Mines that is doing efficient work in deriving and securing the adoption of safety devices and appliances. That is because some districts, taking such heavy losses had in our appalling loss after another, here at last stirred the public conscience and action. They have begun reporting industrial accidents throughout the land, not only so that we may appreciate their terrible total, but so that we may study the conditions under which they occur and find out who are the really "dangerous parts" of machinery. No one, for instance, would think there was much harm in a well-used on a restaurant, till statistics showed that it is one of the most fruitful sources of injury. It should be corrected.

We need equally the uniform reporting and study of occupational diseases—the butters' "slakes," the painters' "rot," the painters' "collie and "wrist drop," . . . the brass-makers' "rhinitis," the boiler-makers' "silicosis," the glass-blowers' "cancer," the miners' "phthisis." In twenty-seven trades the workers are constantly mangled by acute poisoning—in one hundred and thirty-four by lead poisoning—no one does the work of the world our First National Conference on Industrial Diseases two years ago, when we learned from a committee of engineers that the average worker in this country of illness annually from industrial diseases in this country, involving a money loss of near three-quarters of a billion dollars. At that month of the incapacity to work can be avoided. Yet it was not till last year that we prohibited the use of white phosphorus in our match-factories, being the last civilized nation to banish from industry this inevitable breeder of horrible nervous of the jaw.

We need a national inquiry into the whole question of human waste in industry and a national public opinion about its prevention. At no point on conservation of industry begin with greater insistence to the public welfare than here. The efforts already begun, if vigorously persisted, will go far toward securing permanent industrial peace. Herbert Hoover the worker has said of the employer: "He regards me as of less account than a mere piece of machinery. If I break down, he is done with because I can be so easily and cheaply replaced. I need not get all I can out of the whole while I last. He knows that feeling by conservation of safety and health and you have struck a heavy blow at the doctrine of Borel, that if you are a permanent asset the system you should be a permanent all the way around to dynamic.

Borel, it is a business proposition. We are finding out that inefficient employees do not "go to the wall." In a recent address, William C. Redfield, a progressive and successful manufacturer and member of Congress, pointed out that the report of the Tariff Board showed that in a large proportion of the machinery in our wooden mills have been in use over a quarter of a century, while the entire development of many of our industries has taken place in that time. A great majority of our industries, says Mr. Redfield, are not nearly so up-to-date in mechanical equipment as we usually suppose them to be. He says that the cost of new equipment and modern methods of production for improvement, better adjustment, and replacement. Even where this exists and the results have been good, Mr. Redfield says, "The trouble is that we are not studying profitable. He says: 'The man is infinitely will worth study and infinitely more difficult to study than the machine. . . . You are not studying the man; you are studying the man, with his human mind and heart! But if the pattern is reversed there is in the man the responsive spirit and the machine is not. The spirit, but the man, guided and set toward, in a given direction of which the wind of it is to do not rest without. If it is not the able, or so may not, its product depends. With it the age of industrial accident opens to us."

## THE SHORE LIGHT

BY ETHEL TALBOT SHEFFALER

Hang my soul next! haul up your nets!  
Stern gables in the reef.  
Now on the shore the bag tick froes—  
The sea prepare their tent.

Under your wealth of eucalyptus  
Wend from the mountain's night,  
Heard the wind's cry and lesson called  
Hood for the double light.

Out of the profile, cheek and nose,  
With known heads looking in,  
With laboring ears through blind scarves  
Until the light you was.

And down the margin path again  
Between the long low hills  
Through the white stream of wind and sail  
Ratt as a woman's heels.

Utr, no words but spin delay—  
Up with your loving soul!  
Heard the wind's cry and lesson called  
The gray wings of the gale.

But sudden round the point to come,  
And make you side by night  
For all night long to open your house  
Shines clear the double light.



# HOW CHICAGO TAKES ITS PLEASURES

BY STEVEN D. THATTON

**C**OMMERCIALLY and industrially, Chicago is a magnet that attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors each year. Other myriads come to the great metropolis that is built on Chicago. The city entertains three great crowds with a freshness of enthusiasm and civic pride that is unique. It is a hamptable city.

Chicago has some of the best hotels in America, and that means anywhere in the world. It is the ambition of Chicago to become as beautiful as well as a useful city. It will not be many years before Chicago has the greatest park system of any city on the globe. Its plans in this end are being carried out rapidly. It is adding to its earlier places of amusement every year at an incredible rate. The summer sightseer should not miss seeing Chicago's parks. They are already so great in extent that it will take some little time to visit and explore them all and to traverse the wide driveways that connect them, but this time will be well spent.

Ultimately Chicago's system of public pleasure-grounds will cover nearly 40,000 acres. They will grade the city of the future and breed healthful places will be situated at the doorstep of every resident, rich or poor. There will be parks in the densely populated centers of the city within the area bounded by the present park system and Lake Michigan. Lincoln Park will be replaced. There then will be an outer belt of forest and meadow parks connected by broad driveways. These will encircle the city of to-morrow. Ultimately will come the complete bordering of the east edge of the city along the lake shore for its entire length, except where parks or boulevards exist already.

Chicago's parks had their beginning in 1860. Eight years before that the city had secured a tract of 85-acre area between Webster Avenue and Meigswood Street and Clark Street and the lake. There was an epidemic of cholera in those days and this land was intended for quarantine and sanitary purposes. It cost a little more than \$6,000. It was a sandy waste, a bit here and there clumped with scrub oaks and willows, until about 1864, when the first steps toward its improvement were taken. At first it was called "Lake Park." In 1865 its name was changed to "Lincoln

Park," its name today. In 1869 the necessary state legislation was secured, park commissions were established, and the acquisition and beautification of large tracts of land for park purposes actually began. In 1870 the park area had grown to 1,367 acres, and in 1880 there were more than 2,000 acres of parks. The movement for the present great park system was started in 1890.

As the years went on, Garfield, Humboldt, Douglas, McKinley, and Gage parks on the West Side were established and became places of beauty. Garfield Park contains 116 acres, Douglas about the same number, and Humboldt Park 206 acres. They are connected by magnificent driveways. With its connecting boulevard Lincoln Park's present area is more than 500 acres. It is the most popular playground in Chicago and the most famous park in the West. Its magnificent gardens are among the most noteworthy in the world. Its arboretum and conservatory are also remarkably fine. The most striking among them are those of Lincoln and Garfield.

On the total area of the north parks and their landmarks is about 2,000 acres. Jackson Park is especially remembered as the site of the Columbian Exposition. It has magnificent drives and vistas. Its beauty is enhanced by its splendid water front and the lagoons and wooded islands that the skill of the landscape architect has created. Then there is Great Park on the lake front, which has been much enlarged of late years, and a score or so of parks of lesser size. These smaller ones are more than mere breathing-places. Many of them have gymnasiums, hotels, and other things which make them particular centers of neighborhood interest.

In addition to its park system, Chicago has a highly developed plan of municipal playgrounds. These are scattered throughout the city and are thronged with children every day in the coldest weather.

In country clubs—the places of amusement and recreation for the well-to-do—Chicago is particularly rich. These places are, for the most part, outside the corporate boundaries of the city. The "Newport of the West"—Lake Forest—in the home of a club that is famous for its golf and polo grounds. Another big country club is just outside Blue Island and is one of the largest in the Middle West. Up along the north shore it is still another—at Highland Park.

One of the newest and largest to date on the "south shore" is the edge of the South Park system. In fact, hardly a residential suburb of Chicago is without its well-appointed country club.

For those who live in the city or for visitors there is no lack of indoor amusements. Chicago has about fifty first-class theaters. Some of them have been established for many years, as Chicago reviews history. They are "old" only in their traditions of the famous men and women who have played there. There are many other theaters which date back to the nineteenth and still more that are of recent construction. By continual reconstruction and improvement the older theaters have kept pace in modernity with the newer ones. Many of Chicago's playhouses are interesting in size and magnificent in their appointments. Each one has its own device to enable its rivals in luxury, comfort, and convenience.

One has a wide choice of amusements in Chicago. The grand opera is firmly established there, with some of the greatest singers in the world appearing each season. The Tremont Orchestra, one of the three or four great musical organizations of the United States, is a permanent institution. There are a couple of dance theaters where one may see the reigning musical or dramatic successes of New York, London, Paris, or Vienna. There are ten or fifteen big amusement places, like the Cullinans and the Hippodrome, which seat thousands of persons. Vanderbill fills a large number of playhouses every evening. Chicago is one of the most important cities in the far journeyings of the vaudeville artists who range from the cities of England and continental Europe to those of America. Chicago's prominence as a theater city is further evidenced by the steadily increasing number of important plays that have their first production there. First nights are becoming more and more numerous and significant. The number of electrical companies sent out from Chicago to tour the South and West is beyond computation.

At hotel city Chicago stands in the front rank. Some of its older hotels are as famous as any in America. Its newer ones cannot be crowded anywhere in the world in their perfection of appointments, general attractiveness, and excellence. The city has so many hundreds of thousands of guests to entertain each year that its hotels are all progressing in the highest degree.

# RUNNING A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION

BY WILLIAM H. HODGES

**I**N few lines of industry is there a more insistent demand for large amounts of additional capital than that which comes from the electric light and power, gas, and street-carway companies. Thirty years old, the electric light and power business in the country represents but less than two million dollars, or more than twice the money stock in the cradled oil and gas industry, while the total amount of electric-utility ratings still in the electric capital is considerably more than the two first mentioned combined.

As well as the physical property is that it has behind the funds and stock held very widely by the investing public, the work of development and construction is a constant task, although the period of experimentation is closed. So rapid is the normal growth of the business of these corporations that the urgent necessity for physical expansion continues in increasing measure, and the financial markets are constantly

called upon to supply the cash. There is at present a tendency to look in Europe for part of the heavy capital financing. It is not a difficult task to interest capital on the other side of the Atlantic in industries where there is the commercial hardiness of American utilities in times of stringency and depression.

It is estimated that the new capital actually required for the proper development of the electrical industry alone now aggregates \$2,000,000,000 yearly. The gas industry does not require nearly so much, but electric railways probably can absorb probably as much or more.

The American investor no longer has any doubt of the normal earning ability of well-managed utility properties. He has been convinced that these utilities are more profitable and more reliable investments, are of common use and necessity, vital in many ways to the people, capable of returning a satisfactory yield on capital, and not liable to the vicissitudes of the rise and fall of commercial property.

The result of many an investor's hesitation before placing his money in utility corporations is what he

reads in the newspapers regarding public ownership, agitation to lower the rates charged for service, and the fact that many of these utilities are now controlled or actual competition from public or private plants. He fears that where there is so much trouble there must be some fire and sometimes, without investigating further, he decides not to risk the probable burning of his money in this particular way.

As matter of fact the financial benefits which he collects are more possible than probable, provided his money is invested in a company that has the benefit of public ownership. The public's distrust has with the public-ownership movement, principally abroad, where individual profits long ago produced a license class content to direct the activity toward the public.





## THE PORT OF MISSING MEN



### Interludes

#### THE CLASS IN HUMOR

"TODAY, young gentlemen," said the Professor of Humor, "has been set apart for your essays in what scientific students in the art of humor term the Progressive Idiocy School. What is the leading branch of that particular style of humor called, Mr. Babson?"

"The Fun-the-Guy-Section, Professor," said Mr. Babson, hesitantly.

"That is correct, Mr. Babson, and consists of what, Mr. Babson?" said the professor.

"Intervoluble puns, sir," replied Mr. Babson.

"You may give us an example, Mr. Babson," said the professor.

"Well, sir, if you should meet an intoxicated chad-

fer on the street and you should ask him his name he would reply that he was the guy that put the gin in the engine," said Mr. Babson.

A spasm of pain crossed the professor's face, but he pulled himself together and went on.

"And suppose, Mr. Babson, you were to meet a Kansas farmer on Broadway, wearing a rain whisker three inches long, and were to ask him who he was, what would be his reply?"

"Why, Professor, said Mr. Babson, "I imagine his reply would be that he was the guy that put the post in poster."

"I am afraid that would be the case," sighed the professor, swallowing a tablespoonful of smelling-salts. "And if you were to meet the chairman of a senatorial investigating committee coming out of the Capitol, Mr. Babson, and should ask him his business, he would pause and reply—"

"The the guy that's looking after the wash in Washington, sir," replied Mr. Babson.

"Referring to Bushy Wash- ington?" continued the professor.

"No, Professor," replied the bright young man. "In this instance it would be a case of White-Washington."

"Is there any purely British variation of this particular style of humor, Mr. Babson?" asked the professor, levelly.

"Yes, Professor," said Mr. Babson, bursting into tears under the nervous strain. "I regret to say, sir, that there is. A man having been pointed out to a British visitor by the United States as the guy that put the fish in efficiency, the Briton returns to London, and—oh, Professor, must I go on?"

"Yes, Mr. Babson," quavered the professor. "The students under the endorsement of our School of Applied Humor require me to insist upon an answer."

"Well," trembled the quivering student, "the British visitor returns to London and endeavor to repeat the joke, and—"

"Oh, on, Mr. Babson!—let's get through with this as fast as we can," cried the professor, clanking the sides of his chair.

"And he tells his hearers at a public banquet that in America among other interesting sights he considered the guy that put the acid into the conscientious performance of his duty tasks," ground the unhappy student.

It was at this point that the lamp in the professor's humorous umbrella exploded and completely wrecked the class-room, causing an adjournment until further notice.

#### A DISTINCTION

"How do you pronounce the word P.A.P.A. Miss Jibby?" asked Hicklebeep—"pop-pet, or poppet?"

I am writing an article on 'How American Girls Speak.'"

"Why, I say pop-pet, of course," replied Mrs. Jibby. "I want to distinguish my father from my fiancé, who is my poppet."

#### FINE!

"THERE," said Mrs. Straggled, as she held up her baby daughter, "don't you think she's a pretty fine specimen of a girl, even if her mother is a Suffragette?"



#### THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE

"She certainly is a fine, neatly little tot!" said the diplomatic Duke.

#### STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

"WELL, now really, Miss Jermell, I should like to hear what you would consider the ideal man," said Dibble. "Define him for me, won't you?" "I couldn't," said Miss Jermell with a pleasant smile. "The terms are essentially contradictory."

#### NOT BECOMING

"I don't think Mrs. Straggled looked very attractive at the opera last night," said Dibble. "But why, usually she is radiant—what did she have on?" asked Winkletop.

"A large-sized grouch," said Dibble.

#### SHAKESPEARE ON THE ROAD

HAMLET had just been hit by a cold-storage car. Whereupon he turned gravely to his audience.

"How truly spoke the good Macbeth!" quoth he. "Something is rotten in the State of Denmark!"



THE SHOW-BAND IS CERTAINLY THE ONLY COSTUME FOR LAST AVIATION







# WONDER-WORKING FARM IMPLEMENTS

BY HERBERT RICHARDS

**P**OWER and power-driven machinery are very largely the basis of modern civilization. Since James Watt increased steam, larger and larger engines have run grinders and more complicated machines, and more of them, bringing workers together in numerous groups to do bigger things than ever could be done achieved by the same number of men working as individuals. Power control in the factory created during the last century our great modern industries. With the substitution of the steam locomotive for the horse-driven stage coach and of the steamship for the sailboat began the modern era of transportation. About a decade ago the use of power and power-driven machinery began to spread to the third and greatest field of human endeavor, agriculture. Since earliest history the greatest task of mankind has been that of plowing every year the whole cultivated face of the earth and of cultivating, tilling, and harvesting the crops. In the farm the industrial revolution that has made such progress in other cities and in our transportation systems is just beginning, and already the American farmer uses more horsepower horsepower than all other industries combined. The American farmer invests an investment in farm machinery aggregating \$1,300,000,000.

Nearly six hundred millions of dollars have been added to the country's farm machinery investment in a decade—more than sixty per cent. in the investment for such acre—so, as fast as the need for greater production grows, inventors equipped with machines that keep the farmer that can afford them in control of the situation.

The high cost of labor makes it imperative that farmers use all the labor-saving machinery possible. The farmer, as yet, cannot control the market price. He can increase his profits only through cutting unit costs—either by increasing yields or reducing operating expenses.

Until after the Revolutionary War, the farmers of this country used the same tools as were used by the Egyptians and Assyrians. As late as 1837 the iron plow was rejected by New Hampshire farmers on the ground that it plowed the soil, checked the growth of useful plants, and promoted the growth of weeds, a state of mind as commendable as the ancient belief in Greece as the founder of agriculture, and the fear of losing her wealth by adopting any change in methods.

The modern plow, the grain drill, the binder, the threshing machine, the harrow, disc, and pulverizer; the mower, rake, hay loader and baler; the corn planter, cultivator, binder, chaff-cutter, chaffer, and grinder, with the combine harvester on the side; the cotton planter, and soon the cotton picker; the potato planter and the digger; the stationary engine and the tractor—all these have constituted distinct steps forward in general economic, as well as items in promoting individual comfort and prosperity.

Three-fourths of the corn crop stays in the neighborhood where it is grown and makes its public appearance as stalks and cobs. But even outside of value wheat, oats and cotton combined, and the total possible savings in its production by using machines in place of hand methods would mean that by the end of crop of any one of these three. That is why we are now teaching our children to sell cereals and hinders along with threshing machines.

A man ran out and shut an acre and a half of corn a day. Two men, the old and the younger, and one horse did as much as three men employed. With the corn chaffer another man is added by a horse and the remaining man merely acts and drives—an additional spectator, with nominal duties. The corn binder, with one man and three horses, cuts faster and binds the stalks in addition. The corn picker substitutes itself for two men and three horses and manages to pick the corn in the same time, at the same cost.

The basket of corn takes more labor than wheat, or about fifty one minute, but it took nearly four hours before that. In 1855, before the development of corn planters, cultivators, and binders for cutting. Less than one-third the former labor cost is put into each bushel. The farmer reaps more for the same cost, and the consumer can pay the profits of handling all along the line, and still get cheaper corn than the second or third generation back. Shelling runs for the "chaff-cut" takes but one per cent. of the time that it did eighty years ago, and the energy consumed in the operation is negligible compared with the former tedious millage-producing experience.

A hand even sheller lets one man do what thirty men do by hand. A small power sheller, run by an engine, will shell and sack eight hundred to twelve hundred bushels a day, and the cost per bushel for the cost of it all.

A typical one-man mow's cotton and mow equipment costs about \$30, often including a rickety old mule—so compared with \$130 for an average four-

farmer's cow machinery, and the mow works five times as long and as hard on an acre in consequence.

In these days of automobiles the hay crop may not seem as important to the city man as it did in former father's time, yet hay often makes up more than a third of the farm's income. In the ten or twelve years since 1910 the world of hay may have been, where did want six years ago, to pay for thirty the labor of the hardest back-breaking work.

A cubic foot of hay may weigh four or five pounds. After being it weighs sixteen to thirty pounds, and the conventional farmer can store his whole crop in a smaller barn with less hay for one dollar's hay supply. A dollar a ton converts hay, a bulky, easily inflammable product, into a light hay, an article with value in a wide market, sufficient to pay a profit on the balance as well as the fertility it conveys from the soil.

The grain drill saves in labor and cut over hand methods. It does not get the seed, and by accurate and uniform placing the yield is increased two or three per cent. Broadened seeding, like broadened weeding, helps save overhead charges and still maintain production costs, by giving way to the more concentrated methods.

The old method of skimming milk by hand yielded from twelve to fifty pounds of butter per cow every year.

The modern cream separator skims within one-tenth of one per cent. perfect and only the extraordinary amount dairy cows could produce enough to waste a dozen pounds a year from a single cow.

The harrow saves the driver a walk of fifteen to twenty miles a day, over soft ground. The binder-carrier saves a mile of walking to the acre, and the automatic chaffer cuts it all out. The shock harrow and the hay-binder make the team do all the lifting. The mow-scraper saves the work of scattering the hay and does it more efficiently than the man can do it. It has been necessary only to name a few that he it supplied.

Farm machinery of all sorts has been substituted for men, but, in reducing the labor and increasing the profits from quantity production on virgin fields, we have gone too far in the wrong direction. When machinery made it possible for a man to market a bushel of wheat with only three cents of his own labor represented in it, the expert market man to take our cheap surplus. The million upon millions of dollars' worth of soil fertility from our capital stock was sold in foreign countries.

## A FLORAL ZOO

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DRAWINGS BY PETER NEWELL



His looks were made in eggs and I am  
He kept some pigeons with a pair his labor,  
Placed above at hand that he might be to shape  
Should any one of them try to mope.  
Another held in check with steel have said  
A herd of Dandy Lions, frow and bold,  
And when his daily basis were singly set  
Birds need to sit outside and hear their roar.

And still a third he called his Panther Lair  
And raised a greatly crop of Catnip there,  
Which grew, he liked to think, "with quality  
form."

And ere one knew it covered all its bed,  
He kept some Tigerkins with a pair his labor,  
He built a small pen the bar behind,  
In which he kept the Tigerkins with a pair his labor,  
And Birds entered that he could hear it  
growl!

WHEE! Horsey Binks, the Keeper of the Zoo,  
Had reached the ripe old age of sixty-two,  
Work with his labors hard, the most and stiff.

Pink of the Panther's, then the Keeper's life,  
He thought 'twere well to grow up after toil  
And live on his accumulated spoil.

And started, then, a little garden patch  
Which for a Zootic interest soon was match.



Mindless he had and Fingert glories;  
And for his cock-hood Fingert glories,  
For he could do it from the night was shock—  
Was just a small patch of wild Hippopotamus!  
Then for a hedge about this wondrous spot,  
To keep it from the highway, that, hot,  
He placed a line of back to state of grace,  
Of Black Bear oak, sit outside for Beals.



And now at once he sits and looks at the  
With a well-worn considerable  
Succeeded by the floral symbols that  
In all comparisons, he might be  
The look of the form and now that they  
Was nothing he can give to night or day,  
A faithful Dogwood tree beside his door,  
The Indian pipe in hand—he wants no more!

**First-Mortgage Real Estate Bonds**

By S. W. Struss

The depreciation of standard investment securities all over the world during the last six years is one of the most serious financial problems. The securities are most felt by the investor who has been compelled to market bonds this year at a loss of many points from the high prices paid last year. Ever since the interest rates have been steadily going upward, there has been a widespread demand for capital. The need of Europe has been rising.

As a result the able securities, bearing low rates of interest, have been municipal, public utility, and even government bonds, has fallen in price.

It is a curious fact that even conservative the bond, generally speaking, the more it has declined. United States government bonds have fallen from 100 to 85. The government bonds of Holland, bearing 5% per cent, interest, have dropped from 75 to 65. Danish government bonds are now quoted at 78, a decline of fifteen points. Three-per-cent bonds of the German Empire have fallen from 84 to 75. Austria's bonds show a loss of three points, from 99 to 96. British consols, bearing 3% per cent, interest, are now quoted at 112. Three years ago they stood at 112. French notes, bearing 5 per cent, interest, 75% points to 65.

The decline in railroad bonds is a familiar story. Municipalities have suffered more, although to a less extent. Many forces have been at work all over the world reducing the interest rate for money, but it is not so with the rate for silver today, which borrows at 3% per cent, for any of its railroads, no matter what country was offering.

This decline in prices has served to concentrate the attention of investors on one point which has led to a new era of stability. Standard investment bonds, such as municipal and government bonds, which are so stable and so far less affected in price by the rates which affect the stock market in general. The most conservative government loans on both sides of the world have declined in the last ten years.

"Stability" is only a relative term when one speaks of securities which have been bought and sold on the stock exchange. The investor who demands absolute stability in value and certain interest will be disappointed will never appreciate and will always be worth no hundred cents on the dollar, the most conservative of investments.

The only security, so far as I know, which are absolutely stable, which never depreciate in value, which are bought with one hundred cents on the dollar, and which are never affected by stock market fluctuations, are the modern first mortgage real estate bonds.

For generations mortgage-borrowers have been looked upon as the strongest and most conservative of investors. A property owner does first mortgage an improved real estate, with an ample margin of security, in as safe as any security in the world and has the further advantage of receiving a higher interest rate than any equally safe securities. By their very nature mortgages do not fluctuate in price for the simple reason that they are not bought and sold in a broad general market, and their figures are not subject to a loss of supply and demand.

But mortgages usually come in awkward and irregular amounts and are not convenient for general investing. The first ten years ago in Chicago a great improvement was made in real-estate securities as great as the volume of participating bonds.

Annual dividend ..... \$1,155,281,996  
Deferred dividend ..... \$2,672,210  
Total ..... \$3,827,501

Perhaps the greatest reason for the great popularity of non-participating insurance is the fact that the people who have accumulated a fortune of insurance in their lives before. They evidently prefer insurance of a guaranteed cost and are not so much attracted by the possibility of having a portion of their premium returned each year as they are by the guarantee that the cost shall never exceed a certain stipulated price.

cost, thus giving these bonds a ready market and making them so adapted to the needs of first money readily convertible than some issues listed in the stock exchange. The Chicago issue, in fact, has the record of never having failed to purchase a security from a client, on request, in the thirty years it has been in existence.

First mortgage real-estate bonds, then, combine all the advantages of real-estate mortgages and of bonds in general. They are safe, they are sure stable in value than any other bonds whatever (not even revolving government bonds themselves) they return an attractive income, and when loaned by the better grade of investment loans, which make good investments for a market for their owners, they are readily convertible. Indeed, I know of an elevator company which offers many advantages to the conservative investor.

**Non-participating Life Insurance**

The Extraordinary Growth Within Recent Years of Guaranteed Cost Insurance

In the early days of the legal reserve life-insurance business, when but little was known as to the actual operations of the mortality table as applied to a few thousands of lives insured in a single life insurance company, the insurance managers, in order to retain the permanency and safety of the insurance institutions, added to their policy contracts, besides the amounts necessary for the life-insurance fund or reserve and current mortality costs, a very large additional sum which was described as the "loading," out of which expenses were to be paid, and any balance remaining was credited to the company's surplus account.

After a few years it was noted that the surplus account was growing very rapidly; in fact, it appeared so though an unnecessary and needless asset of money was likely to be piled up from which no benefit was to be derived by the policyholders.

For reasons that are readily understood, insurance managers were not inclined to curtail surplus accumulations by reducing premium rates. Therefore the plan was devised of paying back to policyholders at the close of each policy year such portion of the surplus as the expense had been individually made and so, in the opinion of the insurance managers, each policyholder was amply satisfied.

Not wishing to concede the fact that the premium rates were entirely too high, which conservative would have, naturally, secured a demand for lower premium rates, the board thought occurred in the insurance managers that these surplus accumulations should be included as "dividends," in addition to the amount of the loading, according to the insured that the individuals who had insured their most conservative and profitable lives are insured for a dividend as his policy each year.

With the passage of time the facts as regards so-called dividends on life-insurance policies have been brought forcefully to the attention of the investing public, with the result that not only is that form of insurance declining in popularity, but also the insurance companies have to the development of guaranteed cost, or non-participating insurance.

Ten years ago the United States was about 30 per cent. of the total world population. Now by the proportion of non-participating insurance has steadily increased until, as the following figures, taken from Rev. L. L. L. Insurance Bulletin, from the various kinds of insurance in 1911, show, the volume of non-participating insurance written is about half as great as the volume of participating business.

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Perhaps the greatest reason for the great popularity of non-participating insurance is the fact that the people who have accumulated a fortune of insurance in their lives before. They evidently prefer insurance of a guaranteed cost and are not so much attracted by the possibility of having a portion of their premium returned each year as they are by the guarantee that the cost shall never exceed a certain stipulated price.

**Duplication**

The first copying press to be used in America was made by Benjamin Franklin, who made the ink of his manuscript with every end and aim, passed the manuscript between rollers, which were covered with highly polished pewter plate. This received the impression from the copy, from which numerous copies could be

made by the copper-plate printing process. In 1790 James Watt adopted the principle of printing transparent, porous paper against the copy manuscript, so that the writing would be transferred as on a letter, and then read from the reverse side. Business soon began to prosper quickly, cheap and successful duplicating processes for handwriting and, later, for typewriting. American genius did not stand still. In 1874 the British patent and most noted inventor invented the wax coated paper commonly used. He used the earliest form of wax, the writing—the same—altogether with the wax of the Greeks and Romans. He used a paper instead of wood or iron. This sheet of tough paper that performed well in conjunction with a steel plate of exceedingly fine lines, and then forced ink through the perforations of another sheet of paper, thus making a real facsimile copy in every detail. This process was known as microphotography. The ink of the acetate was made from the black fluid of the cuttle-fish or of lamp-black, charcoal, or gum, some of which several ingredients are still in use. The acetate ink are supposed to have been more durable than those of the present day. The writing on ancient Egyptian papyrus is legible even after the lapse of thousands of years. The microphotography of writing are just as legible today as when first used. Microphotography is the most perfect method for the help to business and its popularity is now spread the world over, so that it is highly required as the standard process. The basic principle of the process have never been changed by the waxes, nor has any one discovered accidentally or inventively purposed some better process or method to take its place, though many attempts have been made. With it any thing that can be made with pen, pencil, or as a typewriter can be reproduced in practically an unlimited number of copies. The micrograph will also print in colors.

**On the Subway Train**

The editors queried me "I'm home. The factory boys are making me. So look out both with work I like. The quiet of the Subway Train."

The guards cry out: the doors are closed. The slumlord: The factory ladies pray: Then I shut my eyes with us. And I can close my eyes to pray.

I do not care: I do not feel: I think of silent things: And I can close my eyes presently. And across me walk shining wings.

The sailors and the rush of life: Go striking, whirling round: A quiet central place of peace. Where God sits in a silver cloud.

His never speaks: He never stirs: The altar is so deep: And I can close my eyes to sleep. And never comes to you his sleep.

Some days the train stops suddenly—I am surprised to see That all the other people, too, Sit thinking quietly.

I wonder if they like the train: And if they try to close their eyes: What I can when I shut my eyes, The spot where God sits silently.

M. F. FARROW.

**Fencing**

FENCING as a pastime has much to recommend it. It is convenient for men who work in towns or country, does not consume as much time as golf, and is not so liable to get wet weather. Hitherto the expense has been against its popularity. On the other hand, there are several students of fencing who had subscriptions charged by schools would show statement. In France, for instance, the cost of an almost unimportant and complicated and a compulsory subject, so to speak, for army men, expense are quite moderate. The cost of a fencing outfit is \$4.50. This includes a pair of foil, jacket, mask, and glove. A pair of small sword runs from \$2.50 to \$3.50. This is the most really valuable of the foil, which falls for a preliminary training with the sword. Practically all fencing equipment comes from France.

It is suggested that fencing clubs be established on the lines of athletic organizations of golf and boating. Good fencing masters can be secured on the continent of Europe for a moderate fee, which if it were not in compliance by private lessons. French teachers are best, not so account of their nationality, but because they are particularly likely to teach.



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"It has a rich flavor that we have been unable to get out of coffee although we have tried several brands."

"Instant Postum has broken as of the coffee habit. 8 days after leaving off coffee I feel absolutely better—but what an appetite."

"It has relieved me of nervous headaches and of all nervous with when drinking coffee."

"It fits in because it can fit myself in a few minutes. If I am tired after a long day, I can well fall right after using Instant Postum."

"We find a better and more healthful than coffee."

You can please yourself with this wholesome, healthful hot drink by ordering a tin from your grocer.

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Or if you desire to try before buying send us a 2c stamp (for postage) and let us send you a 5-cup sample tin free.

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and Consider the Wear as Merely an Extra Advantage. Could any be the Best in a Product Class as Good as an Overwhelming Preference?

We are making a wonderful hole in "Holeproof." Skair is there, and there, there, there, there. Every stitch is guaranteed for six months; not just heels and toes. Here are hose that will stand the most strenuous sports, or give, in a ballroom, that "was-but-one-evening" appearance. We even guarantee, for men and women, these pairs of silk Holeproof Hose for three months.

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FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

## Silk From Japan

We could buy common silk for the silk "Holeproof." But we need to the North of Japan for ours, for there it is grown as it is nowhere else.

## 74c Cotton Yarn

We could buy ordinary cotton yarn for as low as thirty-two cents per pound. Yet we pay an average of seventy-four cents. Our inspection department about costs us \$60,000 a year. For the past thirteen years, more "Holeproof" was first made, 85% have indicated the guarantee. Try it, it's six pairs of "Holeproof" today. See how they are wearing on months from today.

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## The Mystery of the Fig tree

ALTHOUGH the fig-tree has been cultivated for thousands of years, there are many matters concerning its mode of reproduction and its relation to the fig-wasp that have only come to be understood in recent years. When fig-trees were first introduced into California they quickly established themselves and flourished—but they have failed. The reason for this was discovered to lie in the fact that pollination did not take place, owing to the absence of a certain insect, the blow-flie, which belongs to the wasp family. The right insect was introduced from the Orient and the manufacture of the fig was established, and with this the fig industry became possible in California. Dr. Maggiore Biondini has been making a more minute study of the life history of the fig-tree and of the fig insect in Italy, under the direction of Professor Tschudi of the University of Rome. He studied the wild fig-tree and thus found some interesting facts about the history and behavior of the cultivated plant.

The fig-tree produces "imperfect" flowers; that is, the stamens and the pistils are never fused in the same flower. The flowers are very small and occur in crowded clusters or heads, which one might compare to the head of a daisy, except that in the fig the receptacle bearing the flowers is hollow, with the flowers on the inside, and having a narrow opening to the exterior. In the wild fig there are three kinds of inflorescences or heads. In the spring there is a head that bears sterile flowers, known as sterile pistil flowers; in other words, the stamens produce little pollen, but the pistils can never bear seeds. Next there are another set of heads in which there are only fertile pistillate flowers and no stamens. Finally, in the autumn, there are inflorescences which bear only sterile pistil flowers. It is evident, therefore, that only the summer flowers are capable of producing fruit. Spring inflorescences drop off after the pollen is removed, but the summer heads become enlarged when pollination takes place or set; however, if pollination does not take place, the seeds will not ripen. The fall inflorescences remain on the tree throughout the whole winter and, hence, ripen.

The blow-flie lays her eggs in the sterile ovaries, and within the few minutes inflorescence, one egg in each pistil. The eggs hatch during the winter, in the hollow receptacle, and the fertilized females immediately fly out and lay their eggs in the spring inflorescence. From these eggs the young hatch out as a short time, the males emerging first. These animals have no wings and very poor eyes, so they do not travel about much. But they crawl about inside the growing fig and lay their little containing the females.

The females crawl out and fly about in search of a place suitable for their eggs. By this time the summer inflorescence is open, and into this the wasps come in large numbers. As they enter, they thrust the narrow opening of the spring inflorescence they are obliged to crowd past the open stamens, and their bodies become covered with masses of pollen. This pollen is thus introduced into the summer inflorescence of fertile pistils. The insects do not lay their eggs in these flowers, their instincts seem to limit their egg-laying in the sterile or so-called "gall" flowers. Thus the summer inflorescence is pollinating the fig-tree. These females, however, which hatch out very late in the season, are the first to enter the fall inflorescence, which bears, it will be recalled, not sterile flowers, and there deposit the eggs which develop during the winter.

We may thus see the close adaptation between the life history and habits of the insect on the one hand, and the habit and reproduction of the fig-tree on the other.

The early cultivators of the fig proposed the most serious means of cutting, rather than through the use of seeds. This method has the obvious advantage of giving plants in a shorter time, but obviously is not using this method they unconsciously produced distinct varieties of the plant. For a branch of the wild tree that bore spring inflorescences in set out as a cutting, the resulting tree will bear only spring flowers; the latter are sterile and sterile pistillate flowers. If a branch is set bearing the summer inflorescence, the resulting tree will bear only the summer type of inflorescence; and similarly for the wintering branches. As the so-called cutting or stock fig is also capable of bearing the wasp during the growing period of the latter, the cultivators have been obliged to grow numbers of these "vegetative" or "stock" trees of their groves; or they would make use of the corresponding branches of the wild fig tree. Hence, the stock fig is the one that the correspond would be used in the cultivated tree, and thus the wasp emerging from the spring inflorescence was unable to opportunity to pollinate the summer inflorescence, leading to the ripening of the

latter. This explains the origin of the practice of "castration." It is by this means that the tree that "bears" figs are kept sterile, so that the pollen which pollination not only fails to set, but they do not dry properly and so cannot be preserved in the usual way, although they may be eaten fresh, and are consumed in this state in large quantities.

The recent investigations here shows that the early form of cutting "stock" fig-trees are not in reality two distinct varieties. For one thing, the two forms have been shown to be identical by growing cuttings from different branches of the wild fig-tree. Another proof lies in the fact that the pollen from the seeds of the "true" fig-tree is shown from the seeds of flower buds, the same as the wild tree. Moreover, it has been argued that as the fig wasp can fly a short distance, the ancestor of the cultivated fig must have borne the stamens and pistils upon the same tree, in some grove, where it has maintained themselves with the help of the wasp that caused by its tree to live, in a state of sterility. Of course it is possible that some other insect, instead of prolonged flight, performed the office of the fig-wasp for a distant ancestor of the fig-tree—that is, some plant which the stamens and the pistils are produced upon separate individuals, as in the case of the modern cultivated fig, but the latter evidence is quite convincing.

Through many years of careful selection, the cultivator has been able to succeed in establishing a true variety of fruit-bearing fig-tree, which yields a large, sweet, and seedless fruit that requires little or no ripening, and that is a fine pollination for its "ripening." This fruit has, in addition to the advantage of ripening at an earlier date, the other, for the labor of "castration" can be saved entirely. The only drawback lies in the fact that the seedling must be kept isolated for shipping or preservation, as the old-fashioned fig can. But perhaps the scientist will overcome this defect in time.

## The Amber Industry

THE business of obtaining amber from the ocean has been long and a state monopoly in Prussia. The chief source of the amber is the Baltic Sea, off the coast of Prussia. The gathering of the amber goes on throughout the year, but it is most profitable at the time of the maximum storms, when the winds and the waves strike it ashore. After a storm the fishermen of Prussia go to the beach, and the local people the strand, where the women and children pick out the pieces of amber lying among the seaweeds. The pieces are scattered according to size, color and form. The value of a piece of amber is enhanced when it bears the impression of a plant or animal. The weight of the pieces vary from about 15 cents to 75 cents, but may reach to \$100 or more. The average price of the pieces from about \$1.25 to \$2.50. A very large piece sometimes attains the weight of five or six pounds. The color of the amber varies from a pale yellow to a deep, almost blackish brown, and it may be reddish brown or even red when it is very old. The total yield is valued at \$1,500,000 a year.

## A GOOD BREAKFAST

Some Persons Never Know What It Means

A good breakfast, a good appetite and good digestion are the three things that a man, woman or child who has anything to do, and wants to get a good start toward doing it, must have.

A New man tells of his wife's "good breakfast," and also says, made out of Grape-Nuts and orange juice. He says: "I should like to tell you how much good Grape-Nuts has done for my wife after being sick for weeks. For the last 18 years, during part of the time, everything would stay on her stomach long enough to nourish her, finally at the suggestion of a friend she tried Grape-Nuts.

Now, after about four weeks on this diet her stomach has become so good she is picking up most wonderfully, and seems as well as anyone can be.

"Every morning she makes a good breakfast on Grape-Nuts eaten just as it comes from the package, with cream or milk added; and then again the same amount of Grape-Nuts with her coffee.

"We can't speak too highly of Grape-Nuts as a food, and one of our neighbors' name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book 'The Way to Well-Being,' in 32 pages. There's a Branch."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are interesting, true, and full of human interest. P.

# Three Stages in the Wonderful Electrical Development of Chicago

1887: Chicago Edison Company organized with \$500,000 capital.  
 1892-3: World's Fair Period; Mr. Inoué accepts Presidency of the Company; Harrison Street Power House built; load jumps to Quarter of a Million 16-Candlepower equivalent.  
 1903-1913: Central Station Demonstrates its Economic Right to Supply Entire Electric Requirements of the City; Fisk Street and Quary Street Steam Turbine Power Houses built. Chicago Leads the World in Producing and Setting Electric Energy. First Section of Northwest Power House Built and in Operation.

**T**HE Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago, stands for the greatest Central Station development of electricity supply in the world, it is the first in the total capacity of its generating equipment, first in the breadth of the system, and first in the world in the sale of energy, first in the total output of electric energy, and first in the actual number of customers supplied.

The present company is the successor of several smaller companies, each among which was the old Chicago Edison Company, whose territory included the business center of the city. This company commenced business April 29, 1887, consequently the quarter century has been passed; it is not generally known that on Chicago on April 25, 1912, when Mr. Samuel Inoué, who has been president of the Commonwealth Edison Company and its principal predecessor, the Chicago Edison Company, since 1902, addressed a gathering of some twenty-five hundred engineers in Orchestra Hall, his subject being "Twenty-five Years of Central Station Development in Chicago."

The first stage of development consisted in introducing Central Station electric service for lighting and power to the people of Chicago, and the gradual building up of the generating and distributing systems, from a small start in what was considered at the time to be a special utility; the erection of the power house at Harrison Street and the south branch of the Chicago River. In these days (1892) the connected load amounted to 98,350 horsepower (100,000 kilowatts), 1,500 horsepower in electric plants, 2,500 acres are lit up, and 1,190,000 incandescent arc lamps or better service, the total equivalent being 155,000 lamps of 16 candlepower, or approximately 10,000 horsepower.

Compared with present figures these were small beginnings, still unworkable. High electric power was regarded as a novelty and entirely of the Chicago River. In these days great numbers. But in spite of the most conservative opinion, the principle of Central Station electricity supply being fundamentally sound, its importance was demonstrated in a great variety of applications, and the volume of business as indicated the connected load increased 100% from 1891 to 1892, and 62% from 1892 to 1893.

Aggressive selling methods continued to increase the necessary connected load, and additional equipment was constantly installed to take care of it. During this period the wonderful inter-connected system of principal and subsidiary power lines, for which the Chicago central station introduced the famous, as they were really world possessors in all this development, was built up and transformed from a widely distributed equipment achieved from various small companies to a homogeneous system, each part of which was able to do its own or some other part as conditions required.

Aside from the usual electric-tyl or industrial general run, normal lighting, a great deal of work was done by the well organized and well equipped department in introducing electric light into the average home in the great north districts of the city.

Many losses were noted for the use of electric light in a short while a mutual agreement was effected. The connected load of the two companies increased rapidly until, in 1903, it was over that a still better course of physical development of the Central Station system, providing for a more universal application of its output, would be justified.

With electricities came and forthright the great Fisk Street power house was projected and planned in the fall of 1892, and the first 10,000-horsepower turbine steam turbine electric generator in the world installed there and put into service. This departure from the prevailing type of prime mover attracted worldwide attention, but

was a pronounced success from the start. By the time the fourth unit at this station was ordered, capacity was considerably increased. This power house now contains ten units of 10,000 kilowatts each, a total of 100,000 kilowatts, or 150,000 horsepower. There is now being built for this station the largest turbine-unit in the world, which will shortly be installed there.

Long before the Fisk Street Station was built for completion it was seen that the requirements would far exceed even the greatest provision, and the Quary Street power house was started just across the river from the Fisk Street Station. Here are 24,000 kilowatts, 35,000 horsepower turbine generators have been installed. This enormous equipment, matched by the simultaneous development of the entire distributing and transmission system, was the direct outcome of the long plan of the first who

direct central station enterprise in Chicago. Their object was to supply not merely light and power requirements for private residences, factories, office buildings, and houses, but to supply a very broad foundation for the operation of those common power houses on the most highly economical basis by entering into large-time contracts with local transportation companies for the supply of their large requirements of energy for the operation of surface and elevated traction systems. All this has successfully been brought about, and voluntary annual rate reductions for electricity supplied in the greater amount now rendered possible by the continued operation of these master policies.



Showing ten 10,000-horsepower steam turbo-generator units in the turbine room of the Fisk Street power house, Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago.

In 1908 Elwyn W. Stone was instituted to assist in developing the public to the use of electric service in all applications in the home. It is a beautifully appointed store carrying over ten thousand things electrical, and intelligently located at the corner of Jackson and Michigan Boulevards.

A progressive advertising policy has been pursued, the general trend being the daily newspaper.

The broad-gauge policy of the company toward its employees deserves a word of mention. There are fine club and shower baths for the use of power-house employees, and reading-rooms and rest-rooms in the office buildings.

The Employers' Savings Fund is a generous provision for encouraging thrift and affording opportunity for the employee to become a stockholder. The Service Annuity System provides for the payment of substantial sums annually to employees after the retiring age for long and faithful service. There is a fine club and shower bath on a West Street. There is a well-stocked library with the total up to something like \$200,000,000 loaned in various company properties.

The company action of the National Electric Light Association offers exceptional opportunities for education, both along broad general lines and specifically in connection with the company's business. It has over 1,700 members strong in every part of the world. The directors, the organization of the women employees, is more for recreational purposes, although its members participate in many of the advantages of the Commonwealth Edison Company in so much as advances in its public policy and its policy toward employees as it is in the material growth which we have heretofore outlined.

This most remarkable record was not achieved without the able financing. It was necessary time and again to increase the capital stock, and from time to time bonds have been sold, the company's securities finding a market both here and abroad, even in the financial straits through which it has passed. Starting with \$500,000 capital in 1887, it has reached the sum of \$2,754,000 in 1912, its bonds and other outstanding securities bringing the total up to something like \$200,000,000 now

actually invested in the business. On this large capital the annual income is now approximately \$16,900,000. The total output of energy in 1912, as compared with 1902, the company employs a total of 2,500 individuals, of whom only 500 are holders of the company's stock. Over 1,000,000 tons of coal are burned each year. The thousands of handwired and bit-wired electric meters are supplied with electric energy. Annual taxes and municipal contributions are together considerably in excess of \$1,000,000. The total area supplied covers a territory far greater than the city of Chicago, as there are lines reaching out in connection with other Central Station enterprises, supplying more than 2,000 square miles in northern Illinois. The total estimated connected load December 31, 1912, is as follows:

	Kilowatts	Horsepower in the City	Equivalent in the City
Light	200,000	4,000,000	325,716
Tramways	175,000	3,500,000	284,544
Railways	120,000	2,400,000	175,965
	545,000	10,900,000	7,865,225

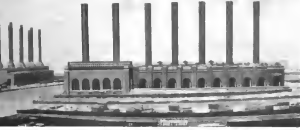
Commonwealth Edison stock pays seven per cent dividends; the rate of interest on the bonds is five per cent. There is responsibility here limitation in the market quotations for these securities, and they are bought by unskilled investors on a five-per-cent basis.



Northwest power house, Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago, from architect's drawing. Part of the section shown at left is built and in operation with two 27,000-horsepower units.

The bridge to the third or present stage of the Central Station business in Chicago. Numerous indications of more and more aggressive business-growth methods, together with absolutely fair and impartial dealing throughout its entire history, have built up the business at the rate of 100,000 kilowatts of 16 candlepower per year, which growth has been maintained for the last three years.

The present rate for electric light and power to the average consumer is practically one-third or less of what it was only six or eight years ago. To improve the situation, the Commonwealth Edison Company supplies one-third reduction from thirty-two to twenty for one-third loss in billings per year than one year's bill for one-third reduction.



Quary Street power house, Commonwealth Edison Company's properties at Quary and Fisk Streets and the Chicago River. Quary Street power house contains six 21,000-horsepower steam turbine generators. The capacity at Fisk Street will be 215,000-horsepower this summer.

# The Marvel of the Silent Salesman

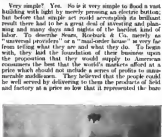


Their Park with Garden, Lily Pool, and Pergola

It is only a matter of seventeen years since Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, began business with their silent salesman as the only agent they sent to their customers, and yet within that short space of time their sales have grown to the astounding total of \$50,000,000 for the year 1914 and are expected to reach nearly \$60,000,000 in 1915. The story of their success is as amazing as the tale of Aladdin and his lamp, yet it is a tale which to a very simple man one receives it into its elements.

1. To use printer's ink as their only medium.
2. To sell direct to the consumer, thus giving him the profits that would otherwise go to jobbers, agents, commission houses, retailers, etc.
3. To call things by their right names, giving in their catalogue an exact description of every kind of article sold, and to refund cheerfully the price of any article returned by a customer—giving him all his money back and charging not one cent for freight or expressage on the goods in either direction.

Very simple? Yes. How is it very simple to build a store building with light by merely pouring an electric battery, but before that simple act could accomplish its brilliant result there had to be a great deal of planning and planning and many days and nights of the hardest kind of labor. To describe Sears, Roebuck & Co. merely as "catalogue retailers" or a "mail-order house" is very far from telling what they are and what they do. To begin with, they laid the foundation of their business upon the proposition that they would supply to American consumers the best that the world's markets afford at a price which should not include a scrap of profit to unscrupulous middlemen. They believed that the people could be well served by delivering to them the products of the world and factory at a price as low as that which represented the bare



The Main Dining room of their Restaurant

cost of production plus the small percentage of one low profit.

Think for a moment how this plan cut out the usual expenses of selling, packing, shipping goods by wholesale, thus receiving, preparing, repacking the same goods through the hands and noses of the various costly agents who get between the maker and the user. Then, as an additional incentive to business the firm guaranteed "satisfaction or your money back." This was no boast; it was a solid fact. The money was returned not grudgingly, but promptly, cheerfully, willingly, and helpfully.

Hopefully, and the hope was well justified; for the attractions of this selling plan were too good to be resisted. The customers looked at the catalogue in which the goods were shown, were drawn into them, naturally and proved lower than anywhere else. He made up his mind and sent his order; the goods were shipped in him immediately, and then, if he could be like them, he could send them back and get every penny of his money returned to him right away. Under these generous conditions it is no wonder that very few purchases are sent back by the customers.

Old merchants envied, rivals trembled or clanked in imitation, but the business of Sears, Roebuck & Co. grew enormously. Year by year it doubled or tripled, until early in 1904 the firm had to buy a tract of forty acres in the heart of a populous residential district on the west side of Chicago, and there began to build the new plant of the

great merchandising business of the world. The most expert engineers and architects made the plans. The City Council of Chicago, after sessions of ninety-seven days on the various buildings should not be limited in size. The forty acres of land were transformed into a beautiful park, and in the midst of this the five enormous buildings were built for the carrying on of the business were erected. Seven thousand laborers, inventors, artisans, etc., worked on the job every day for more than a year. In all the buildings, which are of brick and terra-cotta construction, growing five acres of an aid light on every side, the following materials were used: in casements for foundations, sixty-five thousand cubic yards of concrete, in the superstructure, twenty-eight million bricks, twenty-five thousand barrels of lime, one hundred and thirty thousand barrels of cement, fifteen million feet of lumber, twelve million cubic feet of hundred thousand pounds of steel and iron. Yet the mere figures indicate very little as to the colossal size of the plant. Consider a moment: The average lumber producer in finished hardwood lumber net more than five thousand feet to the acre. To supply the fifteen million feet of lumber used as a small part of Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s building, thirty thousand acres of forest were had been—a tract as big as a town.

The merchandise building alone is almost a quarter of a mile long, a full city block in width, and nine stories high—equal in space to more than three hundred average city stores of forty by eight feet, with three stories of height. In this enormous storehouse there is kept constantly on hand goods worth more than an million of dollars, which are divided almost sixty-five different departments.

In the administrative building the president and executive officers of the company and the clerical force which



General View of the Plant, Printing, Administration, and Merchandise Building

receive the mail and dispatches the orders to the merchandise building have their headquarters. This is a fine, fireproof structure, almost fifty feet long, more than one hundred and forty feet wide, and four stories high. In the beautiful and splendidly appointed show window of twenty-five hundred square feet, they make the records and handle the correspondence involved in the great business. Here the orders for the goods are entered and the order tickets prepared for the various merchandise departments; here the merchandise is noted by the routing experts so that the customer will receive his merchandise as the shortest possible time and at the lowest possible transportation expense, and these orders, when noted and ready to be filled, are carried by an elaborate system of pneumatic tubes down through the tunnels and up to each department in the merchandise building. As each of these tubes will deliver twenty cartons per minute and there are dozens of these tubes, you may well imagine the rapidity with which this enormous volume of order tickets is despatched when it is noted that they handle as many as one hundred and five thousand in a single day of nine hours.

One of the striking features of this building is its wonderful arrangement of floors and offices, which are so laid out that the use of artificial light is seldom necessary at any hour of the day. In one room in this building occupying a floor space of ten thousand eight hundred square feet, five hundred and fifty genuine writing desks, and every corner of this vast office is illuminated by the use of electricity or gas. Architects have contemplated enthusiastically on the remarkable feature, inasmuch as it is believed to be the only office building of its size in construction so planned that daylight reaches every inch and corner within it. Those who have been compelled to work by artificial light will make here such the means to the thousands of pairs of eyes which pour the books and records of the business from day to day, how much more satisfactory it is to work by daylight than by artificial light.

In the index department—a large room filled with filing-cabinets—are the records containing the names of more than six million customers, with a complete record of their purchases and their names. In the order department, where from five to six hundred young women are daily employed in entering accurately the orders received from customers. They write up the order tickets for the tremendous quantities—often fifty thousand to one hundred thousand a day.



The Press-room with a Capacity of 7,000,000 Catalogues Per an Hour

More than ten million letters are written each week by means of two hundred



Cutting room of their Tailor Department

An Aide in the Department where they sell Everything for the Baby

young women experts in the stenographic department. Every letter received is answered within two hours. Most of the letters are first dictated by the writers upon graphophone cylinders. In the traffic department a corps of most competent and widely informed men make a constant study of the quickest and safest way to get the customer's goods to them. In the routing department the shortest, fastest, and cheapest routes possible are chosen for each shipment, so that the customer may receive his order in the shortest time and at the lowest expense for transportation. The space on this paper does not permit a description of the fifteen miles of pneumatic tubes used for shipping letters, orders, or papers from one building or department to another, part of the intricate network of tubes for parcels extending from every part of the merchandise building to the shipping department on the lowest floor. To see that accuracy is maintained through really simple machinery at work is to look on at the thing of things, and one wonders here it is possible to create order out of the whirling, spinning mass of activity. Yet everything is done accurately, though at the highest speed. And no part is the system of checking and inspecting that a mistake is the most thing in the world—practically never happens.

The government of the United States maintains a branch post-office in Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s establishment for their side use. There said is sent by special wagon mail twice a week to the main post office. By this division of the operations of time-shipping, packing, and examining the letters, and by the aid of machinery, the orders are handled in the rate of twelve thousand an hour. Thus they are examined in the manufacturing department to make sure that the manufacturer enclosed corresponds with the order; after which the goods are shipped. In one day's mail the firm has received customer orders accompanied by checks, drafts, currency, express and post-office money-orders, up to the amount of \$500,000—which would be a fine amount of business for the ordinary successful merchant during an entire year.



Their own Freight Sheds accommodating 40 Cars at a Time for outgoing Freight

Yet, after all the wonders of the establishment have been seen, the greatest interest centers in the Silent Salesman—the enormous catalogue issued twice a year by Sears, Roebuck & Co. Within the covers of this book one can find accurately described, pictured, and priced almost any article that he needs to use or wear or use. And since this catalogue is the silent selling agent of \$50,000,000 worth of goods in one year, it fully deserves the title of the world's greatest salesman. The book is eleven feet high, eight and a half inches wide, and two inches thick. It weighs nearly four pounds, and contains more than thirteen hundred pages, in which are contained practically all the material things that man can desire. Five and a half million of copies of this catalogue are issued annually. They are not scattered broadcast, but distributed systematically among customers and persons likely to become customers. It requires \$300,000 worth of print paper, \$250,000 worth of highly colored paper, and \$50,000 worth of ink.

To make the great catalogue and the special catalogues, as well as to do other printing for the business, a five-story building, ninety by two hundred and fifty feet, is used. Here twenty of the most modern printing presses are daily used. In the course of one year three million copies of white paper forty-and-a-half inches wide to wrap nearly ten times around the world. The mail can hardly guess these figures. For postage alone the firm pays the United States Government \$3,000,000 a year. To appreciate the marvels of the establishment one should see it.



## THE CENTRAL GROUP OF THE BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there was not a telephone within the boundaries of the state of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

Today a single unit of the Bell system, known as the Central Group and embracing the Chicago, Central Trust, Wisconsin, Michigan State and Cleveland Telephone Companies, is devoting its energies to meeting the demand for telephone service in those five great states.

An instance of present-day development is found in the City of Chicago. The Chicago Telephone Company employs no solicitors nor does it make an active canvass for new business, other than through a rigid and exact system of advertising in the daily press.

Applications for service, however, pour in to the Commercial Department at the rate of 330 for every business day, the largest daily average of any telephone company in the world.

The Company's efficient organization enables it to handle this enormous business economically and expeditiously.

While the age of the telephone marks a span of thirty-five years, its most wonderful development has been attained within the last fifteen years, and its inevitable obsolescence, even as it now could not be born of a single telephone, the Central Group has met in 1911, directly and through connecting companies, 1,630,043 stations, equipped up by 2,253,000 calls daily, or 1,630,000,000 for the year, and, in addition, the long-distance calls, averaging daily 54,350, totaling for the year, in retail numbers, 1,900,000.

The figures, some of which can be approximated rather than comprehensively, serve to illustrate the magnitude and importance of the Bell's Central Group of companies in relation to the business and social life of the mid-western communities.

Some statistics touching the investment and human factors entering into the telephone equation presented by these connected companies will prove interesting.

The investment value of the associated properties in 1912, was \$104,000,000.

The value of land owned, as of same date, was \$1,200,000 and the value of buildings, \$175,000.

Of the 147 owned buildings, 130 are exchange; the balance being construction headquarters, warehouses, repair shops, station, etc.

In the exchange buildings, all of which are fireproof, the Bell system provides pleasant, healthful, and sanitary surroundings for its employees.

In 1911, the number of people employed in the five companies was 29,357, of whom 17,499 were women and 12,858 were men.

The expenditure of the Group for wages and salaries for the month ending June 30, 1912, amounted to more than \$7,000,000.

In Chicago, the Chicago Telephone Company has recently erected a new office and exchange building twenty stories high, at 22-23 1/2 1/2 1/2, located at Nos. 212-228 West Washington Street, which is practically completed and will be ready for occupancy in the early fall. As it will be located the executive offices of the Central Group Here, B. E. Soney, President of each of the five operating companies, formulate their business policies and, with the executive officers, exercise control and control over an area of 30,000 employees.

The organization is not unlike the military in its formation and operation. President Soney and his staff, directing the business conducted throughout the territory, constitute a body analogous to the General Staff. The General Managers, one for each of the five states, may be likened to Division Commanders, while District Managers, one for each of the five states, may be likened to Division Commanders, while District Managers serve to carry the same still further. And as it results down through the organization to the line and staff, all officers — "The men behind the gun" — all work to form a well-trilled and thoroughly equipped and trained unit moving with only one purpose in its battles against time and the elements. This business may move with military and discipline.

In addition to the conflicts incident to progressive commercial activity, the Central Group has had the storm-center of a

warfare, which has made it necessary for those charged with the responsibility of promoting the efficiency of the organization, while meeting the attacks of competitors, to face more complex and delicate problems than usually attend the Bell system.

It was in the Middle West that the independent telephone movement reached its highest stage of development. But while formidable at the outset, elements of weakness soon appeared which doomed it to its permissibility.

There was no central financing organization, with an established credit investment circuit, upon which to lean in times of stringency. Adequate provision for investments and shareholders had been overlooked.

A most serious flaw, also, was the refusal of independent operators to recognize the well-established principle, inherent in telephone practice, namely, the abnormal increase of rate relative to the increase in business the primary (1) to the increased use of the service which requires the employment of more operators and expensive extensions of equipment and facilities, (2) longer lines involving greater cost of maintenance, and (3) the accumulation of substantial returns per telephone as the exchange in completed networks to the more sparsely settled districts and on business at lower rates.

In the early days of independent operation there was no lack of capital. Men of affairs readily subscribed for the independent telephone securities on the proposition that Bell rates were too high and that Bell rates would be cut generally in half and still show handsome returns.

As a matter of fact Bell companies, outside of metropolitan centers, were making no money. The business was new and the demand for service so great and the charges in appearance so frequent and expensive that every dollar of earnings and much more besides had to be put back into the properties, and an opportunity financially less profitable than the Bell System could not have successfully met the demands made upon it.

The independent companies seemed unable to cope with the situation and the demand for funds to meet replacement and increased operating charges became acute that credit was strained to the breaking-point.

A further complication appeared at this juncture, when financial difficulties befallen large, namely, a country-wide demand for the abolition of dual currency. In many communities this was a complete reversal of public sentiment.

The most recent and noteworthy example of the change in public opinion to be found in the order of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission in Michigan authorizing the purchase of the Home Telephone Company of Detroit by the Michigan State Bell Telephone Company, which was in part:

"On the question of expediency, the Commission is likewise persuaded that the direct or complete sale of the various properties is in the furtherance of the public interest, as there is every reason to believe that such a disposition will result in improved facilities and better service by the exchange properties. In the City of Detroit, as in the country generally, no doubt, the development of telephone facilities has been much promoted and stimulated through healthful competition, but it is now generally understood that the greatest ultimate good cannot come either to the private interests or to the general public which use and support them, through their dependence upon a divided service. The telephone, from its very use as a natural monopoly; it will not, in its full efficiency, until within the limits of the territories themselves any one who has a telephone can converse with any one else who has a telephone. Hereafter reasonable rates and the extension of service have been produced if not wholly untrammelled by competition, but competition cannot develop the highest degree of telephone efficiency, machinery effective to insure adequate facilities and proper service at reasonable rates, beyond the extension of telephone facilities to economic waste and a limitation upon the fullest possible use."

As a result of the various circumstances of Wisconsin, New York and Ohio have made similar rulings where questions of competitive telephone operation were involved.

## Commercial Banking Service

Coincident with the marvelous growth of Chicago and the area of which it is the center, Chicago banks have grown to properly meet the demands of this great commercial territory.

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO

is now and since 1863 has been one of the great commercial banking units in the United States; and it has attained this place by the experiences of nearly fifty years, during which time it has kept pace with the development of Chicago.

An intimate knowledge of the demands of manufacturers, merchants and other business men has been gained by the official organization of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, and in that knowledge lies the value of a connection with this institution—the ability to serve that is appreciated by financial and commercial interests from coast to coast.

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**Finance**

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

**The North-and-South Railroad and the Panama Canal**

One of the troubled waters of doubt and conjecture as to what is going to be the effect on railway earnings of the opening of the Panama Canal one fact gives us—the presence of a rocky headland—namely, that whatever else may happen, there is bound to be a strong drift of traffic down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico. How much business the Western transportation companies are to lose is a good deal of a question. So is the amount that the Eastern trunk lines are going to gain. But about the fact that the opening of the waterway is going to mean a great deal both North and South roads which get down to the Gulf there is no question. Making the best allowance for the not unseasonal outflow of those leaving the Gulf ports and making allowances at least, it is nevertheless plain that when the Canal is opened, a lot of additional business is going to be routed down that way. New Orleans is not less than 1,000 miles from Panama; Galveston less than 1,200. Why freight originating in the Middle West and headed for the Canal should get via these ports instead of being dragged all the way to the Atlantic seaboard and sent around from there, has evolved into a question of fact. It will be a good thing for the north-and-south roads—there is no doubt about that, if the manufacturing territory around Chicago and to the south there requires a tremendous amount of tonnage which now flows east, but which, when the Canal trade is open in operation, will naturally seek the nearer outlet to the Gulf. Then, in addition, there will be all the Canal-bound business coming over the trunk lines from both directions into the surrounding yards at Chicago and St. Louis and Kansas City and what, when shipped southward. No wonder that the log railroads has its representatives in the southern ports, watching, calculating, preparing for greater facilities. No wonder that by those who have looked a little into the matter, the various prospects of the roads are in line to get the benefit of all this additional business now posted in remote bars.

There is hardly a north-and-south road running down through the middle of the country that will not be benefited, but the location of certain properties, especially favors them that they challenge particular attention. Of these the most important are Illinois Central, Missouri Pacific, Texas, Kansas City Southern, Louisville & Nashville, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and St. Louis & San Francisco.

When a north-and-south route from the Lakes to the Gulf is opened, of the first of the properties mentioned, Illinois Central, comes naturally into most people's minds. Double-tracked practically throughout, the road is in possession of facilities which few, if any, of its competitors can rival. A water grade line and the shortest route to the Gulf are on the north and New Orleans on the south, Illinois Central is particularly in a position to bid for Middle-Western business southward.

A combination, both of time, and of funds which cut down from earnings, and strikes which brought about a year or two of operating expenses, resulted in Illinois Central's being temporarily pushed out of the show of roads that are in position over their divided requirements, but no one believes that that will be for long. To have the road, for its first year opened but since that date it has been in the amount needed to pay the dividend, divided was unpleasant, but in view of the road's great record earnings, not particularly disquieting. Everybody knows that as a result of the floods and the stoppage of the Illinois Central has, for the time being, been "up against it" and that the property is a wonderful one and that the road is a wonderful one, not only a successful one, but one that is generally paid. A good many incidents, indeed, are coming to pass that by trades partly temporary the property has been put in a position where its progress in the opening of the Canal will be even more striking.

Very much the same thing is true of Missouri, Kansas & Texas, which has lost very considerable tonnage mileage. By the floods the "Katy" was hard hit—so much so that during its last fiscal year the road showed a deficit, after payment of the dividend on the preferred, of over half a million dollars. How that deficit about will be made is seen when it is considered that year transportation and traffic receipts were forty-five per cent. of gross earnings. Cost of conducting transportation alone was up forty-one per cent. The road was able to pay its first year bill three per cent more

than the average for the past five years. Operating under such circumstances, it is no wonder that nothing was earned on the road.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas has not back of it the same accumulated resources as Illinois Central and, therefore, you will not be surprised to find that it is in a position to assume that it will be a good while before it is able to pay its dividend on the equity. And since the end of the last fiscal year, the road has been rapid, not excepting for the few months showing an increase of no less than 100 per cent. Operating under normal conditions and getting the benefit of this season's big corn and cotton crops, "Katy" should show a substantial profit percentage earned on the common this year. Indeed, it is, a year or two from now, when the road is getting the benefit of the north-and-south traffic which will be developed by the opening of the Canal, earnings should be on such a scale as to warrant the commencement of dividends. At the same time, it would be anything but surprising to those who realize the road's capabilities for doing that.

Kansas City Southern, whose main line practically parallels that of the "Katy," has so much business in its territory in traffic which after the Canal is opened will be southbound, but, in effect that, has a situation—namely, that its management with Union Pacific which assumes it of a very large amount of through business. In its line made a full outlet for traffic originating in the West and east and west, indeed, has Kansas City Southern's principal flow of profit from the putting into operation of the Texas and the Gulf, Union Pacific and one or two of the other big roads that get into Kansas City desire to use Pacific and for some time to the terminal on the Gulf, the amount of business going over Kansas City Southern would result in earnings, assuming the stock's being put on a dividend basis in short order.

Further over to the east, Louisville & Nashville is in line dropping straight down from Cincinnati and Louisville to the main ports on the Gulf, and has located that it will not only get the benefit of the new business in that territory. As against this lack of competition from other southern roads, there must, however, be considered the fact that, the further east, the loss will be the southward drift of traffic induced by the opening of the Canal. In addition, it must be borne in mind, have very greatly superior facilities, and the big Eastern trunk roads will naturally make every effort to get Canal-bound business originating along their lines, to flow east into the south. And for some time to come, at least so far as the territory east of Chicago is concerned, they are apt to be partly successful. For the same development of the Gulf ports will tend to counteract the outflow, but in the mean time, in the territory in which the Louisville & Nashville system, the amount of new Canal-bound business developed will be a good deal less than in the territory lying a little farther west.

Rock Island is not generally thought of as a north-and-south road, but does get a considerable amount of business to Fort Worth, Texas, and from there, over the Trinity & Brazos Valley (control of which is held jointly with Colorado & Southern) into Galveston. The fact, however, that Rock Island's lines extend so widely in the east and west will enable it to be routed over its Gulf connection, Rock Island, however, is such a big system that additional business considerable as it will be, is hardly likely to make much of a difference in the total of earnings.

St. Louis & San Francisco is similarly benefited both with regard to its north-and-south line and its ability to gather an local traffic, and with the increased difference that its connection with the Gulf ports is made over a piece of line owned by another system, the added and purpose this connecting link, the Houston & Texas Central, is part of the Texas and the Gulf, the system that it is owned by some one else and that continuity of the north-and-south line is thus broken.

Of the new business St. Louis & San Francisco will get its share, but as in the case with the Rock Island, the system is so big that the additional tonnage, not, probably, greatly influence the total. In the long run, however, the general development of the territory represented in the Trinity Valley is expected to follow the opening of the Canal might greatly to help the road's earnings.

# 6% AND SAFETY

With the cost of living constantly rising, and the purchasing power of the dollar constantly diminishing, conservative investors are demanding a better income yield on their securities than in past years. This demand seems to have crystallized about 5% to 6% per cent, yet investors are unwilling to sacrifice safety in the slightest degree to obtain this attractive income.

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## Tyrian Purple

The announcement of the purple pigment which the ancients prized so highly that it was actually sold for its weight in gold, and is said to have been the basis of the commercial purple of Tyre and Sidon, has been long in the air. It was known to have been derived from certain marine gastropods or "snails." Professor Raphael Thoms, the physiological chemist of the University of Leipzig, Germany, has succeeded recently in reproducing this pigment.

The purple is derived from snails of two genera, *purpura* and *marginata*, the latter a breeding porcellan nautilus called the rock-snell. The purple of the former genus was *Purpura fucina*, while of the *Margia* there are two species available, *Ancasteria* and *Helix*. These species yielded coloring matter of three distinct shades. The *Ancasteria* gave the most brilliant pigment, which corresponds probably to that produced at Tyre. The species *marginata* furnished a methyl purple, which was actively prepared at Vienna. The pigment from the *Helix* is of a deep violet, more red than blue, having a shade intermediate between the other two.

It is not at all improbable that the dyers of olden times mixed coloring matter from the purple of Tyre with that from the echinoid shell, even in large proportions. This seems to have been a common practice in Tyre, and there are still the remains of an ancient Roman dyeing establishment, but whose are traces of the shells of these snails to be found.

In the cavity enclosed by the "muscle" of the snail there is found, in addition to the shell and other organs, a small whitish gland which secretes a colorless fluid. Under certain conditions this fluid acquires a pink or violet tint, and this was the original procedure for the dye, and is the secretion Professor Dabene finds an insoluble ferment or "enzyme," which he calls *purpurase*. The ferment is present in all three species, and is identical in all. Dissolved in the secretion there is a substance which is called *tyrian*. This is different in each species, and is acted upon by the ferment in such a way that the purple results. The *tyrian* is present in all three species, and is identical in all. Dissolved in the secretion there is a substance which is called *tyrian*. This is different in each species, and is acted upon by the ferment in such a way that the purple results. The *tyrian* is present in all three species, and is identical in all. Dissolved in the secretion there is a substance which is called *tyrian*. This is different in each species, and is acted upon by the ferment in such a way that the purple results.

The method of dyeing followed by the ancients has not only been followed, but the researches of Professor Dabene make it clear. According to Florio the Romans were dipped in a juice made of green grass, and the light and air did the rest. It is also known that the ancients placed the glands of the animal, as soon as removed, into salt or lime. We can see here that this not only prevented the putrefaction of the previous material, but also retarded the action of the *tyrian* and inhibited the fermentation of the purpurase, since the salt or lime rapidly removes the water in the glands, thus removing the material from the drying salt or lime, the dyes added water, and immediately the ferment is set free to act upon the purpurase, producing the yellow or greenish liquid. The boiling of the glands in a juice made of green grass, and the orange seen was then obtained off. After washing the cloth to be dyed in lime, the dye is placed in a bath of light, and the change is made from purple to purple resulted. It was then necessary to remove the glands, and the cloth was again boiled. As it is impossible to extract this substance entirely, the purple tints of the dyed material obtained would give off the characteristic odor whenever it was moistened by the rain.

It is very likely that the dye of commerce which the ancients powdered and used was not "purple" in color, but of a yellow or green tint, and that it was kept always in the dark. It is impossible to dye the purple as a dye, since it is quite insoluble.

**The Arsenic that We Eat**  
It is known that arsenic exists naturally in the tissue of many of the plants of our food chain. It is a constituent of peas, almonds, and lentils. Fresh lettuce, especially the variety called "iceberg," contains arsenic, and beans, peaches, walnuts, etc. The foodstuffs richest in arsenic are the banana, wheat, and lentils.

# ASSETS REALIZATION COMPANY



ALTHOUGH organized primarily for the purchase of estates in liquidation, the Assets Realization Company has of recent years confined its operations largely to the financing of established enterprises which are handicapped by inadequate capital.

In this particular field the Company stands virtually alone. It possesses a large, efficient and highly specialized organization, which is capable, on short notice, of making extended and detailed investigation of properties located in any part of the United States, and has, in exceptional cases, gone beyond the confines of this country, although it is contrary to its general policy to do so.

In cases in which the investigation discloses indubitable underlying security and well-established earning power, the Company is prepared to fund outstanding obligations and provide working capital through the purchase of bonds or notes of relatively short maturity. Such financing is undertaken with the intention that it shall place the enterprise in a position to make its permanent financial arrangements on a sound and economical basis. Special attention is always given to the character of the operations of the contracting company, and its ability to meet its new obligations at maturity. With this end in view, a statistical department is maintained for the specific purpose of keeping in constant touch with the affairs of the borrowing company until the new indebtedness has been retired.

While the Assets Realization Company purchases securities primarily for the investment of its own capital and surplus, which now exceed \$11,000,000.00, it has a large and steadily growing clientele which finds such securities particularly desirable for funds which require certainty of payment at maturity, combined with an attractive rate of yield.

The Assets Realization Company was established in 1886 to acquire the liquidation business established by Messrs. Ira M. Cobe and John W. McKinnon, whose partnership relations began twenty years ago. Messrs. Cobe and McKinnon still retaining their connection with the Company, as managing officers of the Chicago and New York offices, respectively. The activities of the Philadelphia office are directed by Mr. George E. Shaw, president of the Company.

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### TROY LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO., LTD.

Five more than a generation Troy has been known as the greatest producer of shirts, collars, and cuffs in the world. The various brands it manufactures and their makers have become almost household words and its reputation first has spread to throughout the city a unique reputation.

Troy's laundries have kept pace with its factories and it has only been in recent years that the phenomenal development of the power laundry has robbed it of its other title—"The world's greatest laundry city." For years the critical factor was accustomed to send his linen hundreds of miles to secure the care and skilled attention for which Troy was famed, and today the same is a by-word for quality in laundry circles.

Efficient as their machines were at that early day, compared with the crude and primitive appliances in general use, a number of Troy's progressive businessmen realized that as another quality was required did they meet the standards they had set themselves as the demands of their rapidly developing business. They formed a partnership in 1879 for the manufacture of laundry machinery, under the name of the Troy Laundry Machinery Co., which became the present corporation three years later, in 1882.

The pioneer in the building of laundry machinery, the Troy Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., has grown consistently along the same line that marked its establishment. Its founders were practical, successful businessmen, thoroughly familiar with the needs and problems of the laundries. The machines they built were the outgrowth of their practical experience and not the result of actual service in their own plants, for they were originally designed before they were offered to the trade at large.

The company has remained true to its traditions in all stages of its growth, and never more so in its last ten years when its output has increased tenfold. No Troy machine goes into a laundress's plant until it has passed through months of taxing tests. No ordinary efficiency control is sufficient. Because a machine does good work and is thoroughly satisfactory to its purchasers has been its reason, why the quality of that work should not be bettered if possible. It is a revolution in painstaking thoroughness to follow a Troy machine through the various stages of construction but a greater one to watch the later changes that make it even more efficient, prompted by the results kept in its records. It is the founders of the company had little use for theory and their successors held the same view.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the country's showrooms is the representation of the growth of one of its mighty twentieth-century leaders of its two plants: that in which its business life began and the present factory, whose several floors have twice the space of the original plant, and this representation of material growth is but an index of the increase in the number of machines manufactured and the improvements in their quality. This is no disparagement of their quality of the earlier days. The machine built in the last twenty years may as well be the "Best Water" attainable, and the machine "Best Construction" that has been the company's watchword was equally manifest.

At an early date it was found desirable to locate a plant as close as possible to the convenience of distribution and as near to the source of supplies. More and more business was done at Chicago until the Troy factory was finally moved. Although the growth of the business had been gradual, the development within the last ten years has been notable. Buildings have been erected to care for the larger volume of business, only the most modern used and renovated the building of additions as great as the original structure.

In 1902 the first part of the present building was completed. It was believed to be large enough to meet any increase that might be expected with its four acres of floor space. Hardly was the company located in its new home when it was discovered that more room was needed. Plans

doubled the plant's capacity. This at the market was completed in the fall of 1911. The factory now occupies the entire block bounded by South LaSalle Street, West Twenty-third Street, the Rock Island tracks, and West Twenty-second Street, and contains ten acres of floor space. When another addition will be needed is only a matter of time. It will be needed as certainly as its predecessors.

The factory has been regarded as a model in its equipment, organization, and administration, and as such has been studied by trained observers of industrial conditions. That these contribute to the quality of the product is self-evident. No more gratifying tribute to this has been paid the company than this letter from one of the best-known authority critics of industrial problems, after a comparison with others in his line: "As I think of your plant in comparison with other manufacturing similar lines of goods I am impressed with the fact that the high quality claimed as your advertising is discernible in your factory. The work appears to be high-class machinery and they seem to be working for quality instead of quantity. You could not 'spend' your money so that they would turn out their present output, but, of course, the quality would be reduced. I am rather surprised that you find a profit on so much painstaking work on the various articles which you are manufacturing. It should assume that your competitors usually manufacture more cheaply than you and that their reliance is placed on the fact that your customers want the best, even if it cannot be had so cheaply."

Despite its amazing growth in its recent years the laundry industry is still in its infancy and its greatest development is yet to come. The Laundrymen's National Association by its patriotic campaign has directed the attention of the public as never before to the merits and advantages of the power laundry. This is leading to a larger patronage, and a patronage covering a much wider range of items. More people are patronizing the commercial laundry than ever before, more, too, are sending more work to the laundry, and many a household is recognizing its superiority over the unwholesome unsanitary methods.

The laundry's largest development will not be in the commercial line, but the institutional one—hotels, asylums, and the like. The increasing care shown the unfortunate and the generally assumed is not confined to the broad scale institutions. The homes set apart for them in smaller territorial divisions, the county asylums, or penitentiaries, are being equipped with modern laundry equipment, able from charitable and economical motives.

Of later years the development is more pronounced than that of the institutions is the modern hotel. The great city and resort hotels have many of them different plants. The modern hotel plant makes provision for the laundry, and the laundryman is no longer a stranger to the laundry-machinery builder for the practical use his experience has given him.

The industry and just as the Troy Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., has continued in point of the path to more and better business. It has deemed it its duty to discover new avenues of profit for the laundress and the means of entering them rather than to avoid the laundress demands of the latter.

Troy plants and machines are to be found today not merely in every American town but in every European country and every continent. Through its publications, printed in three languages, it has made its name known Spanish—the *Hojar* of Troy visits each month every known plant in the world, bringing the latest news of the state and a message of practical helpfulness. Its representatives are to be found in the world's great commercial centers, giving in the trade what prompt, intelligent, and complete service that is the company's pride.

And its growth has been rapid, for it has been the twelve years since Mr. H. R. Wilson, for thirty years in the service of the company, came to Chicago as its treasurer

## One of Edison's really great benefactions —the invention of the Mimeograph Duplicator —today an office necessity

THE history of the world is divided into many epochs. Each has done its share towards developing the world as it is today. The present is the commercial age—the age that stands for progress.

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## Elgin National Watch Company's Factories

ELGIN, ILL.



The Elgin National Watch Company was incorporated in the State of Illinois, in 1864, and began making watch movements in the Spring of 1867, producing two thousand during their first year. Their total output during forty-five years has exceeded seventeen million watch movements.

Prior to the establishing of watch-making as an industry in the United States, all watches were made in Europe. They were made by hand; the output was necessarily limited, and prices were very high. The Elgin National Watch Company was one of the first institutions to adopt the distinctively American principle of watch-making—that is, the production, with automatic machines, of large numbers of duplicate parts, which are assembled, timed, and adjusted by skillful watchmakers. Necessarily, their equipment in those early years was crude as compared with that of today, but even with the tools they then possessed they were able to produce good watches, and ready found a market for them. Each succeeding year has added improvements to their machinery and appliances, with consequent reduction in cost of goods.

The Elgin National Watch factory produces three thousand watches daily. In addition to physical and chemical laboratories for testing materials, it owns and operates an observatory for taking and recording time, which is the most completely equipped institution of its kind in America.

To illustrate the reduction in cost brought about by the Elgin Method of manufacture, the B. W. Raymond, a trade-marked watch made in 1867, cost the consumer at that time in the neighborhood of \$60.00. The B. W. Raymond movement made today costs the consumer \$27.00, and is immeasurably superior in quality to its predecessor of that early day.

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for United States



### National Bird Reservations

Wise birds, like wild men, enjoy a special system of protection. The bird reserves set apart in the United States and her dependencies for breeding and shelter during migrations number fifty-six and with few exceptions are either small rocky islands or tracts of marsh land. These protected areas vary greatly in extent and most have yet to be surveyed. Among the smaller reservations are Green Bay, Wisconsin, which contains two acres; Pelican Island, Florida, with one thousand acres; and Mingo Lake, Florida, of about twenty-seven. On the other hand, the Osprey Reservation, Nebraska, covers between five thousand and twelve thousand acres; Klamath Lake and Malheur Lake reservations in Oregon each comprise big strips of marsh lands; the Yukon Delta Reservation in Alaska takes in the tundra between the mouths of the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers; and the Hawaiian Islands Reservation includes the islands in mid-Pacific over five degrees of latitude and twenty degrees of longitude. All birds on these reservations are protected by State game laws and by special act of Congress.

In the Gulf preservation district, which includes the reservation in Florida in Louisiana, and one in Porto Rico, the principal protected birds are brown pelicans, roseate spoonbills and white ibis. At Pelican Island the only species which breeds in the brown pelican, and as the various birds are listed about this coast are chiefly water birds. Herons of several species frequent Mosquito Lake and other marshes on the coast of Florida; Florida, at Passaic Key, Brown Island, and East Tanager are to be found laughing gulls and terns of different sorts where also nest about this coast and that of Louisiana are breeding colonies of brown pelicans, while the Hawaiian Islands Reservation affords a haven of refuge to ducks which winter in the delta of the Mississippi river.

Call ducks and white pelicans are the most frequent divers in the Lake district, which comprises two reservations in Michigan, two in North Dakota, and one in Wisconsin. The two in Michigan contain the largest known breeding colonies of the breeding pair of bald eagles, and the reservation at the mouth of Groves Bay, Wisconsin, has as well a breeding colony of these birds. The reservation in North Dakota, which is frequented by breeding grounds of several species of ducks. At Lake Lake are considerable numbers of white pelicans and ring-billed gulls.

With the exception of Nickerson Reservation, Nebraska, noted as a knowledge-ground for sharp-tailed grouse and prairie-chickens, and that at Lock Kazine, Wisconsin, reservations in the mountain district are located on Reservations. Some are reservoirs and chiefly valuable as refuges for waterfowl and shore birds during spring and fall migrations. Other group contains twelve reservations in the Rocky Mountain States, North Dakota, and Nebraska. Reservations in the Pacific division include three in California, four in Oregon, and eight in Washington.

### The Length of the Day

SCIENTISTS have indulged in some interesting speculations as to the possible increase in the length of our day.

It is pointed out that when more of the earth has settled in motion about an axis, no matter how the motion came about, it must, of course, continue forever and of the same rate, thus making the day always of the same length unless something is happening or will happen to interfere with that motion. Now there are several causes in operation that of level the period of the earth's rotation, some of which tend to make the period longer and others to make it greater. The influence of each of the causes is, of course, very small. They are generally easy to understand. A very simple experiment illustrates one of them.

A stone is attached to one end of a string which is held in the other end of which is whirled around a circle. When its speed has become constant, the string is allowed to wind up on the finger. It is noticed that as the string absorbs the velocity increases and the stone begins to wobble, forming the earth should in any manner drawn nearer the axis of rotation, it would move faster and the day would be shortened.

If rotational loss of heat a shrinkage of the earth is probably in progress, and although the process is exceedingly slow, it certainly tends to diminish the period of rotation. In the other hand, more loss of matter from the outside will

increase that period and make day longer. There seems to be no doubt that the day will continue to grow longer, but the question is whether the effect of matter being passing

through the atmosphere. Their influence is supposed to act in such a manner that of any earth shrinkage that may be taking place.

The most important interference with the rotation of the earth of which we have knowledge is that of the tidal waves, which are due to the attraction of the sun and moon. The more highly of the latter. It is easy to see that this is a resistance against which the earth turns, and its effect is to increase the length of the day.

Astronomical observations extending over a period of two thousand years have failed to show any such change in the day, but the influence of the tide-mass became evident after the lapse of a great many months. The authority has declared that the day may lengthen until it is at least fifty-five times as long as it is at present, and that would also be the period of the revolution of the moon about the earth. A day of thirteen hundred and twenty hours is not, however, likely to come for some millions of years.

### The Mole at Work

THE mole at work presents an interesting sight. His nose sticks into the soil as he pushes forward, and he is in a twinkling half the creature's head is buried from the surface. The mole's body is a foot sliding close along the side of his nose. The fact, which is a kind of burrowing motion, is so rapid that he is still in the soil if he is as far forward as his front teeth will permit, then with a sharp motion he pulls his head and shoulders from his hole as he makes an opening. Very quickly the left foot performs the same operation on the other side, and meanwhile the point-pointed nose has continued to bore.

In a few seconds his body is entirely cast behind and the entire tunnel is visible. In three minutes, it is said, a mole will tunnel for a distance of a mile, and he is the best lawyer to go about his business.

A naturalist once conceived the notion of ascertaining the amount of work a mole could accomplish in a given time. Accordingly the experimenter turned a large apparatus into the middle of a large field, and after the mole had after this mole received its freedom, it had burrowed out of sight, and the observer, with his assistants, dug a shaft of the astonishingly refined and built the little digger had at work.

The start was made at eleven in the morning, and the direction taken was to the east. By six o'clock in the evening this mole is said to have dug some twenty-three feet in an irregular course, keeping, however, in the same general direction and not attempting any side paths. The first hole was five feet deep, and the tunnel had been driven thirty-one feet farther, with a number of side galleries, when the mole had been seen to emerge, promptly making fifty-eight feet of the main line and thirty-six and one-half feet of branches, at a total of fifty feet of tunnels dug in twenty-five hours.

The bottom of the tunnels was very rough, about four inches below the surface. At several points the mole was obliged to dig, measuring one and one-half inches in width by two inches in height, and sometimes it was necessary, measuring two inches each way. The surface of the ground was usually craked and raised about an inch along the course of the tunnel.

### Cholera and Tobacco

FOR a long time it has been held that cholera virus is conveyed by means of mephitic substances, especially cadaver. Dr. W. K. Pfeiffer, of the Imperial Institute, Berlin, has found that the mephitic substances in water containing suspensions of cholera in water containing 1,000,000 cholera bacilli per cubic centimeter the microbes were destroyed in a course of twenty-four hours. The same doctor has proved that tobacco smoke rapidly kills the cholera germ. In a laboratory experiment he found that the number of cholera was found among the smokers during the last great epidemic, though they were not affected, most affected by the plague.

### Birds and Cyclones

It has been suggested that birds habitually make use of cyclones in traveling from one part of their range to another. It is pointed out that if a bird cannot find shelter it is forced to seek the most comfortable of the wing than on the ground during a storm, because in the former case it has to be blown about like a swimmer in a strong current.

## THE DRAGOMAN

By George K. Stiles

PREDICTIONS are always hazardous, but the publishers of "The Dragoman" believe that this book has in it qualities which will make it one of the most talked of and successful novels of the new year.

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Chicago for a quarter of a century, and now, passing toward the second generation in ownership, has broadened out in scope until it is the dominant influence in the theatrical affairs of Chicago, managing standard dramatic houses, the leading vaudeville houses, popular price theaters, and booking innumerable other theaters in Chicago and elsewhere through the big agency belonging to the firm, and called the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association. The principal theaters in Chicago owned by this interest are the Majestic and the Palace, great and beautiful vaudeville houses, the Chicago Opera House, the Olympic, and the Academy. Outside of Chicago the Company is interested in dozens of theaters, and is closely allied with the big Cuyahoga Circuit and the United Booking Offices of America. The late and deeply lamented Charles E. Kohl was the principal architect of this great business, the preeminent influence of which is now exerted with brilliant ability by his widow, Caroline E. Kohl, and his eldest son and namesake, Charles E. Kohl. The other big capitalists and operators active in the management are Martin Beck, George Castle, Morris Meyerfeld, and Max Anderson, all of them conspicuous figures in the most important theatrical combinations.

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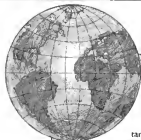
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## A WEDDING OF NATIONAL INTEREST

The marriage of Miss Helen Gould to Mr. Finley J. Shepard, Eastern representative of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, which took place at Lyndhurst, New York, the bride's country home, last week, was an event of national interest. Miss Gould's life of modest philanthropic activity had endeared her to all classes, especially to the men of the military and naval services, who presented her with gold and silver loving cups. Over the head of the Beverly pool were feasted in celebration of the occasion. This photograph of the bride and bridegroom was taken immediately after the ceremony.

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## COMMENT

## The Pulp Inquiry Focus

The Pulp investigation has come to an end for the time being and probably for this session. Mr. ESTERMAN will now write a report, and the committee will pass it on to the House and to the people.

There has been a good deal of jangling for and against this inquiry. To our mind it has been a good thing. Whether anything practicable in the way of remedial legislation will be evolved is a question yet to be determined; possibly the report will afford an answer.

But the testimony has been enlightening and helpful. It has contributed to that better acquaintance of which the country stands in need. Folks know a great deal more than they knew before about the theory upon which our great financiers act and do business. They may or may not approve it, but at any rate they have actual information instead of mere speculation to base judgment upon.

That is all to the good. Two facts are certain. Nobody can help admiring and appreciating the candor and spirit manifested, especially by Mr. MERRY and Mr. DUNBAR. And no fair-minded man can complain of the way Mr. ESTERMAN has conducted the investigation. He has been firm and impartial, as he had to be, to get results, but he has been courteous, thorough and commendably patient under unmerited criticism.

Now let us have his report and get down to business, and see if some way cannot be devised to fetch our antiquated banking and currency system up to date.

## Knox and Taft for the Defense

Secretary Knox is a good lawyer. It is also very probably true that in preparing his answer to Sir EUGENE GARY about the Panama Canal toll he took counsel with another eminent lawyer, but the President. At any rate, the answer, considered merely as an argument for the American side, as a defense of the position America now occupies, is a strong and able one. Even that point of view there is no cause to be admitted of, or to feel that the Secretary has not held his own as a diplomatic negotiator. It is excellent in form, and it is a safe guess that the line of defense taken will strike many of us as one we had not thought of at all.

A paragraph can do no more than indicate how the Secretary applies it to the main point in controversy, which is, of course, whether or not the exemption of our coastwise trade from paying tolls constitutes an infringement of Great Britain's rights under the 1845-46 Victoria treaty.

In answering Sir EUGENE's claim that it does, Mr. KNOX does not attempt any interpretation of the treaty at all. He simply takes up the two specific complaints of Sir EUGENE and replies to them. The first is that certain regulations would not prevent our toll-free coastwise vessels from entering in what would really be foreign waters, since foreign cargoes might be landed on one side of the continent and then shipped in exempt vessels to the other side. But that, says

the Secretary, is merely a supposition as to what may happen, and we cannot arbitrate a supposition. And we do look, as to the other complaint, which is in substance that the exemption will prove inoperative to British and other foreign vessels, since it will throw upon them more than a fair share of the upkeep of the canal. Not only says Mr. KNOX, is this a mere conjecture, but it is a conjecture right in the face of the facts up to date. For the President's proclamation, which actually fixing the tolls, and they are fixed on a basis which includes our estimated coastwise trade. In other words, they are just what they would be for all other trade if there were an exemption at all; the burden of the exemption falls, therefore, on the United States alone; it is merely a subsidy, such as any nation has the right to grant.

So the Secretary argues that there is as yet no occasion to arbitrate anything. Great Britain, of course, has the right to question and investigate his statement of the facts, and if she decides to contest it, then a commission of inquiry might be in order, and for that this country is willing to make provision.

It is one clever line to take—probably the strongest line open to our official advocates in this matter. That is not saying, however, that we think Sir EUGENE GARY will be unable to find a rejoinder. Neither is it saying that the controversy will probably be adjusted in the way the Secretary proposes and to match his exposition. Mr. KNOX gives Sir EUGENE some new information about the tolls, and that it is another step from Sir EUGENE, and he that this it will be so close to March 31st that the next step in discussion will doubtless be left to Mr. KNOX's answer.

Unless, meanwhile, Congress cuts in and settles this troublesome matter by an amendment to the canal bill which will dispose of the question based on the treaty. And that, we hope, Congress in its wisdom may see its way to do, especially since the country seems very mildly interested in the resolution of the tolls on our coastwise ships, and since a great many very decent people are very much convinced that we shall respect our treaty obligations to the letter at whatever cost to ourselves, which in this case would be nothing.

## Inaugural Ceremonies

The responsibility for the elaboration of the ball from the inaugural ceremonies is Governor WYOMING's, however.

It is, also, it is a responsibility which he may well accept with pride and satisfaction. The function had become worse than absurd, worse than vulgar; four years ago it was a positive disgrace. We hope the hand-shaking foolishness will be eliminated, too. It is a ridiculous and dangerous practice, and it ought to be abolished altogether. Even a President is entitled to some consideration.

## Overriding the Baby Act

It was an excellent point which Congressman KIRBY made the other day at one of the tariff hearings. The Ways and Means Committee was, as usual, testifying to the same old plat that American manufacturers cannot compete with foreign manufacturers without protection because we pay such high wages in America. As it happened, it was the cotton people who were denouncing this old refrain when Mr. KIRBY brought them up sharply by calling attention to the use foreign manufacturers are right now making, in neutral markets, of precisely such statements as these American gentlemen have been making.

As everybody knows, the cotton men and other American manufacturers do compete largely, on equal terms, in countries like China with European manufacturers. Yet less they are denouncing their inability to compete on equal terms for their own home market! According to Mr. KIRBY, their inability in this effort are being identified in fact, and they are as evidence of the inferiority of American goods when sold as cheaply as German and other European products.

There is nothing whatever the matter with such reasoning as employed by European manufacturers. If it is true that our manufacturers must have protection to sell goods here at home, then we can try possibly sell in Manchester or South America goods as cheap as those of Europe at prices equally low.

Fortunately, it is the fact that they do compete successfully in such foreign markets. It is a fact which will have to be recognized, notwithstanding their able protests to this and other Ways and Means committees.

## Facing the Situation

In our judgment, the Southern textile manufacturers, led by LAUREN PARRISH of Columbia, a really able man, are showing better judgment than their friends from the East. They have gone before the Committee on Ways and Means with proposals and suggestions which plainly accept the fact that this country is best on reviving the tariff downward—substantially downward. They have something to show to the committee what cost in the dollars they can stand, and why, and what cuts they think they can't stand, and why.

Quite possibly it will not do for the committee to accept their specific recommendations, or, as one says, "take their word for it." The committee cannot content itself with taking the word of any interested party. But the committee will naturally be disposed to listen to men who have the industry, and who credit the country with some sense on this tariff question. On the other hand, the committee and the country will be only human if they show little patience with men who act as if there had been no election, as dimensions of the tariff question, no reproduction of the stand-pat controversy which is now the committee what cost they met meeting things.

We have no animosity to the New England cotton men and other manufacturers who still think that the only way to deal with government is to play OFFER Twist and keep holding out the board for more. As CHARLES TAYLOR, "All are our countrymen." We go farther, and freely admit that we do not think that it is creditable to folks, if they have not the notion that our government can be worked to the limit. We merely suggest to them the idea that after March 4th Washington is not going to be like it used to be. However, advising people who want government pay is not advising in our line.

## Shall Congress Pay the Militia?

Our neighbor, the Evening Post, may be a bit too inclined to take things seriously, but we fear it has only too good reasons for taking very seriously indeed the entire scheme for paying state troops out of the Federal treasury. Congressman STANLEY of Texas, in a very able minority report to the Ways and Means Committee, has set forth four excellent reasons why we ought to think a lot before we enter on any such policy. Of course, nobody objects to the Federal government's paying militiamen whenever they are called into the nation's service, but the idea of its paying them at all—no matter how little—for services rendered in their states and while they are still altogether under state control is something very different and far too big a change to be made for any but the most prudent reasons.

Mr. STANLEY and the Post fail to find any such reasons for this radical innovation, but they are more concerned with the reasons against it. They remind us of the astounding history of the growth of our militia, from a point on which the danger of getting such a highly organized and influential body as the National Guard into the habit of demanding money from Congress. They argue that the Guard would prove even more politically potent than the Grand Army, that such demands invariably grow by what they feed on, and that the Guard, if it would grow steadily in numbers and in influence under this new policy, would be of the pressure of the first step in the new direction, Congressman STANLEY puts his anxiety in a single very disturbing sentence:

If it is difficult to resist such pressure now, how infinitely more difficult will it be in the future to resist it, when the Government has a great standing militia, flushed by the victory of its passage of the bill, and encouraged by it to make further demands and to support them by the methods that have already been found effective.

It is no attack on the National Guard to entertain such anxiety; it is simply ordinary prudence based on a knowledge of human nature and of our own experience. Neither, on the other hand, does such reasoning commit one to the position that the Guard is all it should be or that we can do nothing to improve it and to curtail it more effectively with the regular army. We can do what we are doing something about that line. But what good reason is there at this time for making, in the face of such obvious dangers, such a radical and extreme departure from the usage that has prevailed ever since we have had either regulars or militia?

## The Rockefeller Foundation

The House has passed the Rockefeller Foundation bill by a two-thirds majority, which sends it very promptly on its way to the Senate. (Scribble) It was last submitted to Congress—it has been modified.

feel in various particulars. Provision has been made to dissolve it and distribute its funds at the end of fifty years by a two-thirds vote of its trustees, or at the end of a hundred years if Congress so directs. The endowment has been limited to a hundred millions, the income to be spent and applied to the education of the children of new trustees to be subject by a vote by the majority of these persons; the President, the Chief Justice, the President of the Senate, the Speaker, and the presidents of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and Chicago universities. Finally the charter is to be subject "to alteration, amendment, or repeal at the pleasure of the Congress of the United States," at any time whatsoever.

We are willing to let it go at that, and shall not lose any sleep if the bill goes through as it is. The Springfield *Republican*, always vigilant, will feel easier if dissolution and distribution are made mandatory at the end of a century, and if the body which is to have a veto on trustees include the presidents of Wisconsin, Kansas, and California universities, instead of the presidents of Yale, Columbia, and the University of Chicago. Its reason for this last proposal is that:

The five university presidents named are the heads of privately endowed and privately managed institutions. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Wisconsin, are likely to be during the next century, moreover, conservative in leadership and atmosphere. There is but one Western university present in the list, and that institution happens to be the creation of Mr. Rockefeller's money.

#### Will the East be Conservative?

We don't accept this conclusion that the Eastern universities are likely to continue for a century to be more conservative than the Western ones. Perhaps they may for another generation, but it seems a fair possibility that the West will have more reflection than the East in the next few years, and then a harder reaction. In many ways the East is much more liberal than the West already. It is less Puritan, and more jealous of restriction of personal liberty. The East is the frontier now, and not the West. All the new money that is churned up in Europe hits this coast first, so do also all European revolutionists. As the West gets richer and more populous and emerges more from the simple life, it will think more of protecting its own property and a little less of devising means to get other folks' property away from them, and the East will be the only power and is extensively repopulated in its farming districts by new immigrants from Europe. It will doubtless give its mind more and more to theories and experiments looking to the provision of equality of opportunity. Nothing works harder to make countries radical than the pressure of population on resources of a country, as England, and that pressure the East will feel before the West.

#### Some Tar Head Anecdotes

We gather from Brother JOSEPH DAVENPORT's paper, the *Raleigh News and Observer*, that there is some feeling between the HENNINGSEN and the BREWER two prominent families in the State of North Carolina and Brother JOSEPH's state. It appears that certain representatives of the two families had a little controversy recently, with the following net result:

DR. HENNINGSEN has about a dozen ugly wounds, his eye is swollen, his nose bruised, his jaw broken, and a hole in his right hand broken. He has a bullet in his forehead, one in the left side, and one in the right side in the left thigh, another in the right leg, and one which seems the back of his left hand. His forehead was creased by a bullet early in the fight and his face is broken to a pulp.

BROTHER PETER has a stab wound on the left wrist, a stab in the right leg, and a serious knife wound in the left chest, leading down into the abdomen, over the liver about the fifth intercostal space.

BROTHER JOHN has a stab wound in the left chest, penetrating the lungs, and in the left shoulder and a cut back wound under his left arm. He is able to get around.

NAAP HENNINGSEN has the arm of a brick on his face below his left eye.

These were the only gentlemen who participated in the exercise, but it is added:

SAM BREWER, the government, had a cut by his left side removed by a lead of buckshot.

According to local public opinion so duly reported by Brother JOSEPH's representative, they will probably be another meeting when those various parties get out of the hospitals. We venture the prediction, however, that peace-maker BREWER will not again attract his services on the gathering. As Brother JOSEPH's withholds editorial

comment, we are left in doubt as to whether the proceedings at the first meeting are considered progressive or reactionary.

#### Mothers, Babies, and Education

College trustees will perhaps take issue with Dr. CANNON's recommendation that the Government should at a recent address before the college women's club in Washington inquire, "When her little baby is born, what is a young mother to do? and what are the problems in solid geometry?"—Springfield *Republican*.

If the baby is sick enough, the mother will send for a doctor whose mind has been prepared by CANNON and solid geometry to give intelligent consideration to the baby's case. Latin and mathematics are intended to develop the power of the mind, especially the guessing power. More and more the medical schools require proficiency in these preparatory branches from applicants for medical education. So far as is yet known, the studies that improve men's minds also improve women's minds. The mother of the sick baby who has had these more intelligent means applied to her having had her turn at CANNON and solid geometry. But those studies in themselves are mighty little good to a sick baby, and if the mother has passed them to the exclusion of practical knowledge she and the baby will be losers.

Latin and mathematics are the preparation of the soil where the good are not the roots. That must follow them; must be planted and harvested; and unless there is a crop the preparation is futile work. We see fine crops of ability and achievement grow without this preparation, and we see quantities of preparation that seem never to get to the productive stage. This last is what makes the study of education in the United States so mind-boggling, and that makes so many people impatient with the expenditure of public money in teaching in the public schools so many things that are not likely to be practically useful to the scholars who are set to learn them. We suspect that if the whole of what DR. CANNON said to the college women could be put into effect it would be enough. If you can give only a limited amount of education to children, the thing to do is to teach them how to live, to give them the necessary rudiments—reading, writing, arithmetic—and then the sort of knowledge that qualifies them to take hold somewhere and help do something for the human race. The average "educated" girl of twenty and upward don't know about the ordinary business of life is appalling, and makes one feel that the best schools for girls, after all, are those that are kept, at home, by competent mothers.

But schools that sort seem to be scarcer than they used to be. For lack of their own public schools have tried to undertake the duties, and now compulsory-education laws may tie the hands of such mothers as are competent. A school trustee in a rural New York county complained grievously the other day about that. The children of his district, he said, were crowded in their settlements to study things which they had then were hopelessly unamiable, and were thus worthless as a preparation for the out-of-door agricultural lives for which most of them were destined. And as for the girls, he said, the compulsory-education laws deprived mothers of even the emergency help they needed at times from their own schools. If a woman had a sick or a lame baby, without means to employ a nurse, kept her ten or twelve year old girl at home to help her bear up confinement, down on her swooped the transient officer, and drove the girl off to school. And if the school trustee refused the child the trustee officer took the child in his face and sent the girl back to her studies, leaving the mother and the new baby to shift for themselves. Repeatedly, said this trustee, this thing had happened in his district, and it would continue to happen, and he could do nothing. And yet what is there a twelve-year-old girl can learn in four weeks in a district school in rural New York that is so valuable as four weeks of practical experience in taking care of a mother and a baby?

#### Candidate Dies

The venerable FRANK SAWYER writes to the Springfield *Republican* that as a result of discussion with Republican leaders in Massachusetts for a candidate "at the back of the bench" of Gov. M. LOVELL and now Mr. WEAVER to the Senate, "Cassius Biss is likely to be the next Governor of Massachusetts, having already the allegiance of the only staunch Republican daily in Boston, the *Advertiser*, and, of course, that of the expanding *Journal*."

Mr. Biss made a very energetic entrance last

fall and came out pretty well in votes, funds, and personal condition. He seemed to enjoy running and disclosed unexpected proficiency in oral speech. We should like to see him run again when his candidacy is not implicated with that of any Presidential third-term candidate.

With Mr. Biss in the field as candidate for Governor the Republican leaders in Massachusetts cannot afford to feel much with the feelings of their constituents.

#### Still Learning

To a friend who asked him how he could vote for WILSON, MR. SAWYER said (so he reports):

We had got to have a President, and nothing would induce me to vote for ROOSEVELT or TAFT, and I never saw a candidate who was leaving his lesson faster than WILSON, so I voted for him to encourage progress in politics.

Governor WILSON as President-elect is learning quite so fast as he did as candidate. Last Saturday he visited Ellis Island, last Sunday he met a company of social workers at Hudson, and at both places he gave out and took in information. The paper says the social workers felt that they had him with them, and to doubt they have. But he failed to feel any of the social workers' Federal control of child labor so most of them want is contrary to Democratic states' rights and must not be expected. What the general government can do in that line, he said, is to gather and arrange information, and that is an important and may be a very effective service.

#### The Lincoln Memorial

Those people who want the LINCOLN memorial to take the form of a road from Washington to Gettysburg are still talking about that project and pressing it on Congress.

It is to admit their blessed assurance.

The appetite for roads is more or less praiseworthy, but it is hardly entitled to precedence when states and counties furnish the money. If the numerous road-builders succeed in heaving into the national treasury, what will be the end of it? To build a road as a memorial to LINCOLN is nonsense, of course, especially in view of the ability of the motor-cars to go a road up in five or six days.

The general sentiments of FRED JOE CANNON lately expressed on this subject were sound; something it has not always been possible to say of his views on matters concerned with art. He favors a memorial bridge, which would be a true memorial and scenery. Another proposal is that the monument should take the form of a great statue building and convention hall, and there is something to be said for that, especially for the convention-hall end of it. The fact that there is no fit place in Washington in which to hold an inauguration hall shows the city's need of a convention hall, though as for the hall it is no less not to have it.

#### Pipe Amused

It is our scholarly neighbor, the *Evening Post*, that observes that:

The most important shirt fronts in New York, sheltering the largest diamond studs, are to be re-estimated at the annual ball of Tammany's district associations.

Please attend, and for "sheltering" read "sheltered by." When the plain shelters the plain the shirt front will shelter the diamond stud.

#### Why is a Bagpipe?

Where, we desire to know, did the Scot get that name for the bagpipe? It is a musical instrument? Or isn't that the idea?—From the *London Globe*.

What Scot ever called the pipe a musical instrument? Isn't Brother KN HOEG a practical man? Surely he knows the origin of the pipe. In the old world days hands of predatory English marched over the border. They were as bold and sturdy as Scotchmen, and they had in number, CLAYTON McWHIRTER, the Laird of Gilmerrich, in desperate need of a sure defense, invented the pipes in secret and cover led a skirt out of them till he faced the invading Scots-wench on the bloody field. Then CLAYTON blew a melody so fierce, so exhilarating, so grunting and blistering that the Scots that every champion dropped and slunk his way through the English lines, intent on only one thing—in coupe the toothful scorching of the pipes. And that is why every grateful Scot to this day cherishes the bagpipe, the progeny of Scottish independence. He has beaten his sword into a plowshare, but he will always uphold the pipe to last the land.

## Charles Elliot Norton

By John Jay Chapman

Professor Charles Elliot Norton was an important influence in undergraduate life when I was at Harvard; in some ways he was the most important man there. He took a personal interest in the student. You heard about Gossens; you heard about Laver; you heard about Stoughton. You heard about the student who was a member of the first magazine, a good individual though when the best traditions of American college life were continued. He gave to his students not only what he knew, but what he was. To do this he implied reverence: not that he meant to be kind of greatness that men are judged, whether they be teachers or men of action: if it is this unique part of a man that makes his value. If in his quiet eye back over the last half-century in America we should not see so many good individuals that are forgotten, it may be because he kept the figure of a great professor. There has been an age of management, not of ideas or of men. Our problems have long problems of transportation and housing, not of thought. Our great men have been executive figures, whose merit was to serve the public consciousness in practical ways. Our greatest pedagogues have generally been mere administrators. As for teaching in the mystical and personal manner—teaching in its religious and spiritual meaning—we do not do that any more. Yet that is what he did. His sagas were in our generation. Some of them have been masters and under-masters in schools; some of them have been private preceptors—men of character of eminence. Let an acknowledgment be due to those men as so abundant in a work that has been called by the larger interests of humanity, and our children's heritage has passed through their devoted hands.

One of these sagas was Professor Norton. The most powerful part of his work was not that which played itself out in the great hall, but that which he did in his enormous influence over the youth who met under him; and his image as it rises out of the past carries inspiration to professors everywhere. He was a man of much complexity of disposition, and it is impossible for any one to give a true account of him who does not know him as slightly as I do. But I will tell my impressions of him—both the earlier ones and the modifications of them which came about through time. For, as Norton grew older, the core of his being to me grew stronger in its quality of truth. He was a man who was plainly nothing else than a drilling old saint, with a few esoteric hobbies which, when you went to see him, he drew from his cabinet and showed you with glow-rod philosophical generalities. These things were not at all important; but they were what made his himself was everything.

In 1880 he was a man of fifty-three whose face showed massive character. He had the stoop of the student, the accurate, accurate speech of the New England man of letters, a manner of speech, indeed, which betrayed all things at a clip. It betrayed early play, later scepticism, the interest of the amateur in the fine arts, consciousness of race, immense force of character, and a fascination with the gods which betrayed a concealed a certain feeling of interest and kindness, a real motherhood and power of service which was the managing of his life and was the cause of his massive utility.

Yet in spite of this shining quality there was in Norton something that belied his greatness; and it was something that he was like a man, I could say permitted to say of Norton that even his greatest admirer or best friend felt in him an element of malice—some which might be called a quality of the power that made him. He was not a bad man; he was good; but you felt that he was putting his feet down somewhere and was prepared to resist. Even before you spoke you received an ultimatum. This quality is often expressed in the way in which people who live in an unaccustomed domestic atmosphere. A sister here among Philistines is apt to hate it, or a Philistine here among saints. It is the price of victory often paid by strong units who assert themselves unreservedly against the many. I imagine that the one governing theological interest in the household of his father, the famous Amos Norton, found in the young Norton antagonism of kindred strength. Let me remember that this strength and these early acts of war were what made Norton what he was. It was not that he was not for them his countrymen would not be writing memoirs of him.

At the time I first knew him he was a widower, and his many children surrounded his head and filled his comfortable home at Wood Hill. To this home he brought many a student for dinner or for supper with the family. There was nothing to would not do in the way of opening books, and of showing objects and inducing his children and his young guests to read upon literature and the history of the day. The household itself made a happy picture, and one of Norton's penitents was to fill his home with the poor and the needy. His Christmas Day he made of study his refuge for all the students who came from such distances that they could not be taken to the city. But Cambridge was not Norton's only home. He had a country home at Ashfield, Massachusetts, and in this

commonly he made of himself a village master, a friend of the country-folk. There was told at Ashfield a yearly harvest-home feast at which he led in song and dance. William Channing Bryant was often invited to make speeches. It was a charming and a never-repeated, not showed that most of all phenomena in America, the visitation of the man of intellect to the soil.

It was in the family feeling of innate power across out of the family felicity of class and country. They nations and small cities have had it. It is the foundation of art and of character. It is the invisible arm behind the stroke of wit. It stages intellect and makes every man dissent with the culture. What is the reservoir of sentiment behind and above him a man is a bag of clothes and his personality is tined. The constant change of habit of man in this country, and our jumble of nationalities, is like the tossing of the Pontic prism in a mirror; it makes men alien and non-constructors; they die for lack of rest in one another.

Norton knew or felt this, and he fastened himself to the ground by such anchors as he had inherited or had forged for himself. This making of a part of the strong side of him and it resulted, as we shall see later, with a habit of curdling at his own nation, as if he were some sort of foreign-born man-over-sea. To do this, however, in a human fashion to which any man may ever be disposed, is a democratic and a noble thing. It is never here far from South Boston, and one evening while dining at the Burdette Assembly he slipped and fell to the ground. He arose at once with great aplomb, remarking, coldly, "Thus cursed America."

Ethnologically Norton was weak; he had the stiff New England brain which (naturally) had never come in contact with the fine arts in childhood, but had burned them as a grown man leaves French. It was this, however, that made him a democrat in regard to all the subjects which became the passion of his life. He handled these subjects well; he was not a part of them. Most of us occupy the same somewhat fragile relation to the plastic arts, and we have grown very far from the art of a democracy as regards it. In regard to all the subjects which became the passion of his life, he handled these subjects well; he was not a part of them. Most of us occupy the same somewhat fragile relation to the plastic arts, and we have grown very far from the art of a democracy as regards it. In regard to all the subjects which became the passion of his life, he handled these subjects well; he was not a part of them. Most of us occupy the same somewhat fragile relation to the plastic arts, and we have grown very far from the art of a democracy as regards it.

When settling down at Harvard, Norton had not only the fine arts in his mind, but he had fallen in with that brave band of Britons who had also discovered the fine arts (especially the fifteenth century), and he became a friend of BROWN, and of all these extremely popular, artistic, and literary English people—our pre-figures. It was a hard or pang that he joined in England. That was the trouble with it—it was a movement. Norton stood toward this group of men in the position of a satellite, then strongly attached to his division, but he was twice as powerful a moral man, in which was never satisfied to anything or to anybody) and a slightly flimsy outside understanding, which in early manhood had left him in this school.

It was just this whole attitude which offended the young and set unaccustomed student who accepted the hospitality of Thady Hill, yet viewed under the powerful proximity of its master. There was something in all the members of the Boston group which made them a part of the world of the day. With the exception of Thomas, they were all men who did not belong to Boston, the Boston Puritan had a pace. I rather believe that all literary sets have a pace, just as actors often have; and to persons who are in the world's eye, it is a part of their life. But the pace of the Italian appears to be the very young person to be unhardened and superficial. Professor Norton was particularly kind to me and often asked me to his home; and yet I did not move there. It was not that I had a certain amount of work to do. It was done with the assumption that he knew more about all things than you could ever learn. He had that false relation to the things of the mid-century night rail, the Platonic fiction, for he was in good luck to be in a man's life. It was not that they were playthings and that he knew the game.

The man who dealt with ideas in this paternalizing manner was no mere dilettante. He was a patriot who had distinguished himself in the army of service, but who had served his country throughout the war in the unseen, obscure, and moral work of the Local Publication Society. He was a whole-hearted man whose devotion to his friends, whose public spirit, whose faith in the President Lincoln, whose work with the Good Men of the Pulpit and with the Stanzas Critics of Boston.

Everything that Norton did had a certain actual force in it. He belonged to the Puritan, and was one of the great men of his time. He was a man of God to a pity for the poor, an extreme hardness and goodness toward poor student. 31. Shaw] with Essay

an inappreciable obtuseness as toward things unorthodox; creative, poetic, and of the temperament. In fact, he was very like Emerson. He resembled Emerson in his affection for the fine arts, but he was not so much of a man. I mean say that Norton's life-work consisted in making the unlettered, rough youth of America understand that there were such things as architecture, painting, and sculpture. Norton could do this on a grand scale in a two-hundred year old man. He did it with great strokes of natural power, often with him in his eyes, sometimes with sarcasm, sometimes dogmatically, but always successfully. More men have felt what Norton did for them in opening their understandings to the influence of the fine arts ever spoken to me of all the rest of Harvard's professors put together.

It was strange to see doctrine which—intellectually speaking—was in his mind of collection, being laid out like a bed subjected to the laugh and shivering youth of America. Yet the sincerity on both sides was perfect, and the needs both of the giver and of the receiver of the doctrine were satisfied. It was only equality that Norton did not understand; to supply him was no event at all.

He had another quality which combined oddly enough with his wit. He loved to tease; he was simple. He liked to see his scepticism in religious people; he liked to see the conventional-minded people; he liked to make disparaging remarks of their own countries and about their all-conclusive definitions. The enjoyment of a society which came out of those smart sayings and old-fashioned whimsicalities of the nineteenth century was a matter to Norton; but it must also be classed as a little. His own personal pearls were apt to have a more for him, because from his early youth he had gone his own path and followed the best of his own character and talents. The most serious of his little devices to be recorded for his own sake. A college man of Boston's who travelled in Italy wrote home to a friend, "At Florence I ran across CHARLES NORTON—sawing his 'four oaks'." It seems to me now that the identity of these oaks is a democracy in America; are in themselves a blessing to his generation of their own kind; that all of Norton's beliefs were no nothing compared with his merits. In England and France people take pride in the mental nobilities of their great men; people in Italy take a pride in their great men together. At the time I first knew him Norton was often dogmatically irritating; and it required some philosophy that most American are members of to forgive him for his silliness.

It was in the last years of his life that Norton was writing, in writing memoirs of his friends, in editing letters, in preparing prefaces for many kinds of works, in being an accurate reader and faithful slave to good literature, I think no one can deny that his time was in debt to him. He was not a man of many fields of work. There, too, in editing and writing (as in teaching), he had a grand far ability. He regarded himself as a useful drudge, and up to his very last years he engaged in serving the cause of some scholarship to the end of his power. During his last years he lost all his acidity and he retained all his affectionateness. He most have found out that his earlier earnestness and pose of cultivation were not worth keeping up, for they dropped from him, and left him very, very old. He was a human little old gentleman with a nose as sweet as an eighteenth-century organ—such an organ as you find in the hallway of an English country house—flowing, kind, and trusting in his retirement. He remembered his school days, and he was not a man who was made ready to see them, and he really became beautiful as a picture and a presence. Happy are they who have him to look back upon in his lives.

How impossible it is to predict which of two young men has the more talent, and how it will be made to see them, and he really became beautiful as a picture and a presence. Happy are they who have him to look back upon in his lives.

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# TURNING LEMONS INTO PEACHES

What Happens when an Irresistible Opportunity Meets an Immovable Business Acumen

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

**S**OME twenty-five years ago a West-coaster found himself facing ruin. His silver mine, which he had thought would bring all his dreams of riches to realization, had come to be a silver mine no longer. There was metal enough in the vast hole in the ground where he had been steadily grubbing, but it was a base, a comparatively worthless metal.

A few years later the "lemon" had turned out to be a "peach." The depressed metal, copper, was making millions for him. It had become one of the great producing properties of the West, with every acre finding an eager market. His dreams had not only realized, but had been as large, even to his wildest dreams, as his reality.

Every day many such business transformations are taking place over America. "Lemons" are being turned into "peaches," success built up on failure. In one man's hand an enterprise that is full of promise and seems worthy of the investment of any amount of capital goes, drops, and finally goes under. In another's, or perhaps because of a change of circumstances, it revives and develops triumphantly. Sometimes, again, a project that has the promise of out-looks to begin with slides into great poverty because of the far-sighted, practical view of some man.

A creek in a Colorado valley was nearly swamped with debt. A dispassionate observer would have called that creek of the world a "lemon" if there ever was one. It was away off from numbers and there seemed no possibility of ever paying off the \$4,500 with which it was encumbered. The coming year-prospect that this was all wrong. That creek proved one of the most profitable pieces of land in all the world. On it now stands the town of Cripple Creek, a gold region that is scarcely surpassed for production anywhere on the face of the globe. Scores of millions and hundreds of lower standard lights to-day can testify to its having proved truly a "peach."

But Mother Luck is not the sole or even the big factor in transformations like this. Relatively little in the march of prosperity depends upon chance and fortune. Men who think and use a pair of good heads and their muscles for the real fairy godmothers. Take the case of the vast recent lands of the Northwest.

When, not so many years ago, railroad processes of the Northwest commenced a great, all but unbroken country with strips of steel they received that land grants. Even as gifts these big ranges of country seemed anything but worth while. Nothing could have been more valueless. Hundreds of acres from the outposts of civilization, nobody would buy them, no one would visit them. It was recorded, it is true, that in time the country would grow out to these lands, but that meant several generations, a calamity in all probability. A kingdom large enough to rival almost any European prize might later have come from them. Such a monarch would have minded its isolated grandeur.

So, year after year, the cross-continent railroads completed, trains ran across these valueless lands. There was nothing for them to stop for. Never was there a "lemon" of this size. Nobody would buy them. Nobody had not even started thinking. They thought to

good purpose. They organized great colonization schemes. Family after family was placed on farms, lemons were earned to be left to electric hoaxes, left for and helped to stand on their feet. Every new-comer meant dollars in the near future. The suburban was beginning to be of value.

Now all that great Northwest territory has come to be worth millions. The "lemon" has grown into a "peach" so famous commercially that it can scarcely be believed there was once a day and within the memory of middle-aged men when a square mile would not have been thought worth the taking. It is difficult to realize anything that looked more hopeless than these spreading, unoccupied lands of thirty to forty years ago.

Heads and a settled, consistent policy are what generally turn the scale. Real opportunity is what makes the typical "lemon" into the typical "peach." The business man who, given a certain situation, knows just what to add or leave out is the customer who makes success out of failure.

The methods are as simple as logic when they come to be told that it would seem as if any man ought to think of them. When, in a few years Southland, drawing a large income from the biggest shoe-store in his part of the state, brand back in his automobile and considered his rapidly growing investments, he sometimes wondered why under the canopy the same ideas hadn't come to him that had to Grating. They were the only really logical ideas. And yet it was undeniable that before Grating joined forces with him he was going their and faster downhill.

He remembered the days when business could be believed to come, when the most tempting "ads." were "fracks," and work in and work out he found himself on the ragged edge. It was not because he was not a good musician and a good trader as well. Grating frequently complimented him on his skill in both. But he himself could not get the trade.

Grating was one of those men who have a grain for discerning a business man down at the bed and all but hopeless, buying an interest in it and trans-



They began to sell shoes that first day

forming it. He looked in at Smithkin's shop one day, bought a pair of shoes, and got talking. He came from a city several counties away and was keeping his eyes open for a good business opportunity. He had a few, a very few thousand dollars to invest. "These wasn't enough money," he told Smithkin a few years later when everything was booming along, "to buy an interest in anything big. I had to find something little that had possibilities. Your store pleased me. It was lawful; you were evidently a smart man in your special field. The store was of the better path, in a side street away from the crowd. That meant very low expenses. The question was, could I earn the crowd in coming there? I studied over it and I see I could."

When Grating arrived Smithkin was tied head and feet. He had a lease to run three more years. If he had been able to get out and more there was no available store in the little city's center. The crowd of trade was away from him. He had an excellent stock and by force of personality could sell and please every man, woman, and child that came. But few did come. Any one else than a man of Grating's ingenuity and special qualifications would have said that here was only an opportunity of throwing good money after bad.

The new partner before the papers were signed made some very particular stipulations. These were eagerly agreed to, for any part in a store is acceptable. Smithkin realized that by himself he would be in the backwater corner within a year. Grating arranged with Smithkin to buy the stock and sell it. His was to be the end of getting the customers in. Here will you do it, said Smithkin, and that real hope for many months swelling in his heart, flitting carefully under his eye. "You'll see," he said. "You'll see!"

The next morning's papers contained nothing about Smithkin's unworldly bargain, but a simple announcement to the effect that for the next six days five ice-cream soda checks, good at the most expensive "fontaine" in the city, would be given with each purchase. The afternoon's papers contained the same statement, and those of the next day and the next. Smithkin-Noda-Noda-Noda was just about all these "ads." contained. Every reader was surely supposed to know just who Smithkin was and where to find him. As a concession to the possibly ignorant the address was stuck down in one corner in very little type.

Smithkin was astounded at the way the customers kept coming in. He and his clerk were fairly swamped. They began to sell shoes that first day. The second day more and more people poured in and they kept on coming. The ice-cream soda bill, small as it was, aroused attention. By the time three or four days had gone by the other shoe-dealers were worried. Location and continued prominence did not avail aside the lure of the checks good at the best drugstore.

Before a week had gone by several other dealers were offering soda checks too. But it's bloom was of this sort. Grating was now announced with soda checks were still prominent the concern would present two



Anybody could come in and get this coffee free

street tickets with every article sold. This gave the store an added boost and increased popularity. Advertising did not stop here. He thought up other "free gifts," he could work in each instance, always keeping ahead of his competitors, constantly advertising his feature.

The scheme held good through the unexpired three years of the lease, trade growing so that it was with difficulty the sale-staff there could accommodate the thronging. Meanwhile, marketing was keeping his eye like a hawk on every possible location on the main street. He finally picked his store and the corner corner. By this time it had come to be the most talked-of store in that part of the street and its fame brought it business from other nearby stores. It was the fact that circulating his great flyer for trade, carrying out an idea which had long been written but not made effect. He reversed the policy from the first day the corner was secured. He now did more on a grand climax than on one was prepared for, the opposition dealers lost of all, and it seemed talk that was worth pages of paid advertising.

Crattin's new home-stall was very clear and bright. No more chocks or blocks were to be given away. That took would see the last of them. Instead, on each side there was to be a straight relation. The new cents—that is, with every purchase the customer got in effect, a present of ten cents to be given what he wanted after he wanted it.

He had taken a sharp, sharp, break change of three years. The "house" had vanished and in its place was a "grocery" that every one wanted. A well-meaning, hard-working young man in an Eastern town had made the address also fell help to the department store that his uncle had owned. A generation before this departed store had possessed the best of the community's trade. It still had some part of it, but never and never up-to-date firms had made serious inroads, very much increased by the fact that in his later years the old man had been "set" and "crochety." The youth, though he had little of the store's keeping, could not help but see the gravity of the situation. It was not a question of immediate money being needed, for the old provisioner had left some trade, but the certainty that the establishment was very verily running down hill. The young man saw all his resources, except all, and that very soon. Besides his competitors his establishment looked old-fashioned, shabby, poorly supplied. And the new owner could not see what to do.

"It's a 'house' for sure, Tom," said his friend, Clement Hopkins, a leading lawyer with out much of a business but with indelible energy. "I should think it would make you sick to see that." He pointed across the street to the trim windows of Burgenstrom's, the newest and the crick store of the town. A dozen people were looking into the windows. Not one was paying any attention to Tom's, opposite.

"The little lawyer took of his hat with a sweeping bow as a token of his respect with an open-looking face.

"Miss Anna trade with you folks, Tom?"

"No," grumbled the young storekeeper, disgustedly. "No, Geoffrey, let's make her. Tom, you haven't got the plank and got of a mouse. I—oh, well, Tom, what's the good of talking? You know my law practice ain't much and it never will be. This proposition of yours—my, Tom, take me in as a partner and give me some, won't you?"

"I suppose, with unexpected streak of luck could have come to the young helpless business man. He had the same sort of relief that a swimmer would get about to drown when he suddenly touches solid ground.

From the time when Clement Hopkins stepped into

that store the next morning a new spirit began to come over it. The former lawyer started in to draw trade. He had no trouble in instantly finding a way that inside of a week began to be talked about all over the city. Its basis was a card index of people. The card index was really only a part and portion of the new store policy of looking for trade, but it was the striking feature of it.

Every clerk was instructed, if he failed to sell in any one, to get that person's name and address and, if the customer had a telephone, to get that too. This information, together with a note as to what the prospective customer seemed to want and had not obtained, was sent to the office. Within a few hours it had been carefully typed on a card, and as fast as they were received these cards were classified by the clerk himself, who started the card and handled it alone with it got too big for him.

That did not lag for some months, however. Sometimes the new manager was familiarizing himself with hundreds of names and their wants. A woman, for example, would inquire for a certain kind of lace. It would be shown her, but she would devote the price was greater than she cared to pay. She would come again when there was some less expensive one sale.

thought of. But somehow there was to appeal to the general public in it. A profitable business had never developed and the owner was disgusted. It was evident that he would be willing to sell at almost any price.

The loss of the energetic person who was looking for something down at the level and capable of being built up so that the public was not at fault in not patronizing the store. Though his lifings were mostly, they had not getting it. While highly to meet his customers and fraternize with them. The store did not seem to be reaching out for business was was with the public. The price was high and respectable and with its credit still good, it was a failure.

Various inquiries convinced the energetic man that the city as a whole did not know this. The store itself had not lost any reputation. People generally did not feel that they were being done wrong. As a matter of fact, they did know it. There was little advertising, and that at a steady rate. Conservative location, for the most part, patronized it. Finding the goods available and the prices reasonable. In addition to the small trade, a relatively heavy amount of credit had to be given, an additional factor. The owner, the new manager had been running the place in just that way for four years. Every year he had made money and every year he continued to increase it.

It took but a short time for the energetic man to analyze the whole situation and make an offer. It was a low offer, but it was accepted immediately. The owner was like a boy when he was given credit his inroads. He confided in the lawyer, so soon as the papers were signed, that he had tried his best but he could not get the "hang" of it. "I ought to have succeeded," he went on, mournfully. "I don't know why I haven't."

Interest is not confined in books, art, or invention. There is the talent that in even care and in some ways more previous and important, that of meeting people as they are, especially if they are not conscious of what they are explained to them. The energetic man possessed this talent in a high degree. In an exceedingly short space of time he transformed this store and commenced to attract trade.

To hold the conservative patrons this had to be done with dispatch and not a moment's delay. The energetic man's first move was to tear out all of the wooden shelving, replace it with glass shelves, and cover the rest of the wall with mirrors. Then all the wooden counters were out and glass counters came in. It was a well-lighted store, as has been said, but now everything was lit with the relatively dark places made every square inch of it as light as the street.

People noticed that store. It was worth visiting. The new proprietor made it still more attractive and talked with his customers. He altered the way of work, when the best of hot coffee was served, made on the spot in a percolator. He even cleared a space for lunch tables, and the people noticed. Anybody could come in and get that coffee free, no matter whether a customer or not.

Before six "afternoon" nearly had seen off ten pretty young actresses of the city, fairly well known and specially engaged, were to be seen twice a week showing how to prepare a cold bath. All visitors could look on, give opinions and get a few more. Once a month or so a gas-range was put in a prominent place and pretty was made in it, this to conclude. The matter was so good, by the way, that every crumb of it was readily disposed of.

A second-hand agricultural implement emporium was going through very hard times. A bright young fellow from an adjoining town came along one day. He knew the proprietor and stopped to sympathize with him. They got to talking more and more and finally the young man said:

"Mr. Ross, I can double your business in thirty days."

"You couldn't," answered the middle-aged man, despondently. "Yes, I could. No, you can make some money out of this. Look here."

The two talked seriously, and the upshot of their talk was that the young man became a partner. He put in some money toward the emporium, and to purchase a second-hand motor-car. His method of building up the business was simple. He secured the best of the machinery and the most satisfactory on hand down, or as assignment, practically every piece of machinery they desired to get rid of. These he had repaired and painted. Then he made an attractive catalogue.

He called personally on every farmer, explained the nature of his business, and left a catalogue and a price list.

The old implement looked every well the same as new, but they were second-hand and were sold as such. The putting in of money toward the emporium had needed wonderful transformations, and it was not long before the firm had sold all of the old stock on hand.

All the year round the firm shone and the very highest standard of reliability was maintained. The second-hand atmosphere of the store had been changed and the young man's activity. Truly, he was a fine and able man, and the emporium soon became one of the biggest money-makers in the region.



He called personally on every farmer and explained the nature of his business

By the new system she would be called up the very day that law arrived. She would be pleased and complimented. Hopkins, outside his card-catalogue scheme until it included the special wants of those men and even outwitted some of the city's bargainers, who he realized would be valuable to them because they talked. It got to be almost a mark of honor in that town to be known as being on the card-catalogue list. It seemed to indicate you were worth taking into account. Hopkins quickly appreciated the aid and added all the names he could.

After a while young women were sent out each morning to inform possible purchasers that the articles which they had asked for some days before and had not been able to get were now ready and at their disposal. The telephone service was but one end of the new service, and the business was now just all possibility of not succeeding. His activities had given it a new look, that of prospect.

In the midst of a certain energetic man a grocery-store on the "Business" of a mid-Western city seemed to be waiting its opportunity. This store had a low business in the town and was well lighted. It paid a high rent, had no trade, and was well





The proposed Memorial in Potomac Park as it will appear viewed from Arlington Heights

# THE SITE FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

BY JAMES BARNES

**T**HE grandchildren of the present generation, if it is to be hoped, will see in the national capital a city very different from that which the fathers of the Republic saw in their youth.

It is over a century since there was laid out, by a gifted Frenchman named L'Enfant, who had come to America at the time of the Revolution, a scheme embodying state avenues, parks. Eleven years ago, when the National Park Commission, composed of Daniel H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Frederick Law Olmsted, reported their plans for the development and improvement of Washington, they practically adopted those submitted by this long forgotten and unknown engineer, who died with no promise that his work would ever be carried into effect. Indeed, one of the architects of the Capitol, from this pathetic pen picture of the man who first sought to make Washington beautiful. Under date of August 12, 1808, he writes:

"I hadly through the city stalks the picture of fantasy, L'Enfant and his dog. The plan of the city is probably his, though others claim it. This singular man, of whom it is not known whether he was ever educated in his profession or not, had the courage to undertake any public work that might be offered to him. He has not succeeded in any, but was always honest and is now miserably poor. He is too proud to receive any social aid, and it is very doubtful in what manner he is supported."

The original plan of L'Enfant consisted of spreading avenues diverging from the Capitol, and a wide parkway or esplanade stretching to tree-bordered walks and promenade from the Capitol to the Potomac. The first park commission, when they adopted this, saw fit to place the proposed Lincoln Memorial on the roadside at the end of this parkway, on the axis made by the dome of the Capitol and the Washington monument. This site is in what is now known as Potomac Park, and is near the approach to the memorial bridge that will connect the city of Washington and Arlington.

The Fine Arts Council that was appointed by President Roosevelt, a body of thirty artists—sculptors, painters, engravers, and landscape gardeners—confirmed this judgment. Later, on May 17, 1914, a Commission of Fine Arts, created without pay, was appointed under an act of Congress by President Taft. It was composed of the following distinguished members: D. H. Burnham, F. D. Millet, Thomas Hastings, Daniel French, Charles Moore, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. In their report of July 17, 1911, this commission unanimously concurred in the views of their predecessors as to the most advantageous site for the memorial.

They, a man of taste and judgment, had in these words given his opinion:

"A I understand it, the place of honor is on the main axis of the plan. Lincoln, of all Americans next to Washington, deserves this place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the memorials. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city; isolated, distinguished, and serene. Of all the sites, this, near the Potomac, is most suited to the purpose."

The Commission of Fine Arts placed in nomination for the position of architect for the Lincoln memorial Mr. Henry Bacon, of New York City, and the Lincoln Memorial Commission, made up of President Taft, Senators Shelby M. Cullum, R. B. Money, and George

Proctor Wetmore, and Representatives Joseph G. Cannon, Champ Clark, and Samuel W. McCall, appointed Mr. Bacon to design an appropriate memorial. Two or three other sites have been suggested, but Mr. Bacon, after a careful survey, also became convinced that the Potomac Park site was the only proper one. With an eye to the natural surroundings, which are capable of great development, he evolved a plan, comprehensive and dignified, whose position is shown by the accompanying illustrations. In some measure resembling a Greek Temple, the memorial is, in quote from a recent description: "A rectangular, windowless building, being surrounded by a colonnade composed of thirty-six Doric columns forty-four feet high and seven feet two inches in diameter at the base." The material will be white marble.

This colonnade, with the building it incloses, will stand on a terrace bounded by granite walls. The thirty-six columns will represent the states in the Union. Lincoln's tomb in the Union which he preserved. On the front over each column will be carved in high relief wreaths made of pine and laurel, and in the right of each of these will be cut the name of a state; while on the other, the extension of the colon appearing above the cornice, will be carved memorial portraits of founders of independence and what, one for each state in the Union at the time the memorial is erected, which, presumably, will be forty-eight.

Thus the building will typify the Union, the great idea which was conceived by the builders of the Republic, and which Lincoln helped to preserve and perpetuate—the idea which survives. In no better way could Lincoln be memorialized.

The size of this memorial will not be alone its claim to one of the world's great monuments, yet the terrace will be 256 feet long by 100 feet wide, the colonnade will be 118 feet; the cells will measure 133 feet by 85 feet, and the ceiling will be 60 feet above the floor. The interior trais columns being 50 feet in height.

It is in the intention that a statue of Lincoln will stand directly opposite the main entrance and that on the walls will appear at opposite ends the immortal words of Lincoln's forty-seventh speech and his second inaugural speech. Fronted by a wide marble-rammed lapone, led up to by the long vistas of the tree-lined avenue, and surrounded by the open verdant-centered spaces, this memorial should have a character of isolation typical of the great man in his loneliness of soul and not particularly close, but separated by a grandeur all his own like a monument.

The reports of these various commissions have received the approval of the United States Senate, and the matter, having been brought before the House of Representatives, has been referred to the Library Committee.

It is to be hoped that before long the work on this memorial will be begun. It will be a step toward the beautifying of Washington and a worthy monument to Abraham Lincoln.



The Memorial will occupy this site along the axis of the Capitol and the Washington Monument



# HOW MOTOR-TRUCKS ARE SOLD

## The Methods and Qualifications of the "Corporal's Guard" of Salesmen who Bring the Purchaser into Touch with the Manufacturer

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

**I**f takes one type of man to be a star salesman for pleasure automobiles, a man of quite another type, although his entire talents is required to sell motor-trucks.

Early one morning a scholarly, scientific-looking person, bag in hand, walked into the office of a motor-truck salesman on Broadway, New York. The bag was heavy and its owner seemed tired. His bag good reason to be. For a week he has been working sixteen hours a day in the plant of a big Middle-West factory studying its transportation system. A one-hundred-thousand-dollar order hangs in the balance. There was a good chance to replace an expensive lease equipment with motor-trucks, and the task that he had in hand was to prove that substantial operating economy would follow.

The bag the man carried was full of papers, calculations as to what the lease-versus-vehicle, load done, and the field that was to be covered. He was the engineer of the company, the special expert whose job was to study and report on conditions of prospective customers. After consultation with the company's executive and the salesman who had originally opened up the business, he set his staff to preparing charts and a detailed technical report. Leads of a week these figures, finally reduced to a few tables, had been in the office of the salesman.

The consultation took place, diagrams and charts worked over. Before the work was up a week, only a hard cough-cure was needed. The ground had been covered and most of the work was done. It was shown that with thirty motor-trucks they could actually save seventy thousand dollars in their delivery system each year at an installing expense of less than that amount. There was no delay in closing that contract.

It is in ways like these, or very similar, that motor-truck selling is made possible. The salesman who wins honors does not need much of the imagination, cleverness, and adroit tricks of talk that have long distinguished the salesmen of automobile firms. Usually he is not a "pitcher" at all either in it revealed that he be a "price of good fellows." He is most commonly a practical man who has but one idea: the lower cost of operating with a motor-truck—an idea that he has carefully systematized figures to prove. There is nothing spectacular about the way he goes to get business. He has a product that will sell on its merits, because it means economy that justifies a large investment.

The motor-truck salesman by no means always needs the aid of his company's engineer and the kind of the concern to close his contracts. But that is recognized, as being a very ordinary selling company. The interests at stake are very big. An order of the value of from forty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars is not unusual for motor-truck orders. It is not as if a standard type of automobile could be sold in such a way in the different problem of exactly fitting a product to a customer's needs. "Clever talk and 'hot air'" might land many a contract. Merely getting a contract, however, simply selling leads to sell the motor-truck manufacturer's sale. He must get business, not just a sale. He must get leads to lead each sale a marked success. On this the entire future of his market depends.

So a salesman who is not a student of looking at a sale from the customer's point of view is first secured. Then a cleverly devised supporting organization is put back of him, a group of men that can be called upon at any time to supply money. The salesman who succeeds is the man who makes it his first and only purpose to discover what the probable customer's needs really are and to fill them as no money, rather than to sell all that might be bought in the enthusiasm of the moment. This principle prevails very generally among salesmen of the better sort and the greatest ambition in all lines, but among those who sell motor-trucks it is far more developed. The reason is plain. Just what a motor-truck order will do for a factory or department store that has a well established and complicated delivery system and is willing to make a change from horse, if it can be shown that it will pay a customer of the better sort, is a matter of calculation. The salesman of motor-trucks, therefore, often sees his company's chief technical man and the brand view

and experience of his executive, and so much actually to "lead" the business so to make certain that the buyer in getting a contract that will be advantageous to the motor-truck seller, will not be misled. The man who has the most skill in the motor-truck business is the man who has the most skill in the delivery system capable of being operated by satisfactorily few trucks and with the minimum of expense, offering a company a chance to develop probably and soon to need more trucks. Here is where the salesman serves very greatly in his own benefit in the larger concern of his firm. But with a big proposition that is almost never the case with the salesman, he has had his engineer study this particular motor-truck man carefully as a better idea of the nature of the person he is selling to.

Even in the cases where there is this supporting organization at its back and engineer and provision of general manager, the salesman, nevertheless, and very often, it is difficult to get proper business. The motor-truck proposition is altogether too new. It is too uncertain and its history is too untried that any other American business. It has comparatively few affiliations with the automobile business as it was understood five years ago. The clearest automobile salesman are active in it. A mass of unusual characteristics has to be found by look or touch. He must be, however, an enthusiastic, and possessed of a knack of estimating correctly the present and future business of other people and appreciating conditions. In the ordinary case he does not need to be a selling expert, but he must be able to do so. He must be very much at a lawyer does win advice in emergencies and whose advice is invariably found to be good.

The man who can sell motor-trucks, that he pleases buyers, first convincing them, then having his vehicles prove themselves in the cold hard light of business, there is one New York salesman—that is, his home office is in New York, though he travels all over the country—who shows at least forty thousand dollars a year in business. His concern needs at other salesman than he. He keeps the plant busy. The way he does it is interesting.

He has a number of men whom he calls his five year men—men expert in the delivery problems of certain lines of trade. "Males" is used advisedly instead of "men" as it is not always a man who is a very good question today as when he first began. He does not attempt to speculate upon too many different business lines. If he did, he could not get under the skin of each as effectively, and this is essential. His specialties are those with which he began and where he already saw the biggest, most profitable market—department stores, coal-brokers, and brewers. Though personally he is not a widely known man, a score at least of the best delivery systems throughout the country in those special businesses were created by him. His ideas in the rough were worked out, changed here and there, elaborated and "backed up" by the scientific men of his company, and further improved by suggestions from his chief executives. But in each case the original plan was his.

This salesman spends at least five-sixths of his time in study and observation. He is traveling about constantly, seemingly with no fixed purpose. His visits to the factory to buy trucks is his latest big order. One day, he being heralded his return by him he drops into the main office. Out in St. Louis there is a manufacturer whom he has introduced or helped out a great merchant in Boston or an industrial plant in Baltimore. He knows just what the proposition is for a given year and he is ready to make a great deal that have to be with. Then he would thirty vehicles or forty! Should all of them be of the same type, or two greater amounts be developed by another man? He has a number of men who are referred to as the "M. O. P." fleet of trucks they built last year. They would not be just the thing for this new proposition, although they are. The salesman goes into conference with his chief executive and the head of the engineering staff. He informs them in detail regarding the best conditions of the lines where the trucks are to be operated. He even provides a synopsis of the weather—heat and cold, rainfall and snow—of the region, and the right kind of engine, covering a period of five years. No point can be made except his.

"Well," he says, finally, "it's Wednesday now. If we can't get it all done by then, we'll have to wait on Thursday of next week. Could we have Paster and that crack now, drag out of his in this

afternoon to make a preliminary check-up? I think perhaps I'd better stay right here and work on this with you. If I get the time, though, I'll run over to study your files. I'll be back in the afternoon, but that may be all up with this proposition. It may not do it at all, but, at any rate, I ought to get posted on it."

All this is very different from the usual salesman of the sample-truck class or his higher colored brother who sells bridges or executives at other things in big contracts. These men know their market well—it is established—and their business is to take away their first-truck every day's worth of it. They know the motor-truck salesman has an established market. He has to create one by his ingenuity, special knowledge, and observance of conditions. With time proximity and recognition are so little required, compared with expert skill, that they are almost negligible qualities.

But sales men are trained? Experts say so and that the securing of first motor-truck salesmen is one of the most difficult problems. Out of all the great selling staffs of the pleasure-car factories there has come scarcely a corporate guard of men who can lead the big motor-truck orders.

From the beginning the sale made was largely by "enthusiasm." Sales were made out so much by "enthusiasm" as by "enthusiasm" of talk—"enthusiasm"—most of the months of men who had good experience and who were very sure of their own ability about what they were selling. They did not need him. The customer bought a motor-truck for his own pleasure because his father never saw that that particular make of car, or because his own wife or daughter liked the look of it, or for any one of a hundred other reasons. The motor-truck salesman, however, had the great advantage from the manufacturer's point of view. It was never a business investment. The motor-truck is it. It is something that the customer buys to be used, or to be used, or to be used, and without which he is losing money.

The real advantage is on the side of the motor-truck salesman. In the beginning the sale made was largely by "enthusiasm." Sales were made out so much by "enthusiasm" as by "enthusiasm" of talk—"enthusiasm"—most of the months of men who had good experience and who were very sure of their own ability about what they were selling. They did not need him. The customer bought a motor-truck for his own pleasure because his father never saw that that particular make of car, or because his own wife or daughter liked the look of it, or for any one of a hundred other reasons. The motor-truck salesman, however, had the great advantage from the manufacturer's point of view. It was never a business investment. The motor-truck is it. It is something that the customer buys to be used, or to be used, or to be used, and without which he is losing money.

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## GHOSTS

BY WESTMORE WILCOX, JR.

What pale, forgotten lands do I behold—  
"Tis but the storm-wind whistling through—  
That with a low, familiar touch the field  
Of the dead, the dead, the dead, the dead  
The thicket of earth: whose heads appear and cold  
Tall with a clinging mist of damp, grave-mold.

In that the cry of some lost, wild, unlighted  
Clothed in the wind that follows after,  
Or that of one who fell to memory preferred,  
The wail of the wail of the wail of the wail,  
'Tis but the fantasy of memory stirred,  
Stranger! How like a voice long since unheard.

Oh wretched wind that shakes my window-pane,  
And bids me lie in late awake,  
Basking my quiver, light feet across the lane,  
To-night will I wail, more and more,  
Over your course, across the hills again!  
Tell me, wild wind and whistling driving rain!

# CODFISH AND HUMAN LIVES

A Hospital-Ship is Needed on the Newfoundland Banks. Shall America Follow the Example of France and Protect the Lives of her Fishermen?

BY CONSTANCE D. LEUPP

**D**OWN on T Wharf, Boston, there is a man piddling shoelaces. He is a young man and lanky, but he has left one leg, so that his present occupation measures the extent of his capacity for the rest of his days. Despite his lameness conversation with him is friendly conversation and he will talk to you about anything he likes. He was a fisherman and of Gloucester, and during his watch one stormy night off Nable Island, on the Newfoundland coast, a heavy sea came thundering down the deck, sweeping everything before it and striking him with the rest of the

to France with the fleet; and however critical the seas on board, the Americans must return to their own seaboards. For the Grand Banks, where the French fleet gathers, are fished only in summer, whereas the fleets from the American ports fish the year round up and down the smaller banks of the Georges, inside Miram, Harperton, and Miram. Prior to the rest of the year line over from the French for four months of the year. Many more miles to the north on the Labrador coast lies the chain of hospitals established by Dr. Grenfell and his associates, which we, in the best way we think of the geography of remote places, have assumed the care of all American fishermen in that part of the world. A glance at the map and a minute's thought show how absurd that idea is.

"Why," argued Dr. Schuman, "do you not have our own American hospital-ship to patrol the smaller banks the year round?"

He discussed the subject with fishermen and considered the matter over and over and worked out a scheme which all agreed upon as practically a hospital-ship of trucks or more berths, built for comfort and safety on the lines of modern ocean travelers, to make four trips a month throughout the year between Boston and the fleet, transporting cases needing prolonged treatment in the Marine Hospital, treating other cases and giving dispensary aid on board. It should make the rounds of the smaller banks at regular intervals so that each captain would know about when to expect her and signal accordingly. Such a hospital ship would cost \$100,000 to build and equip and \$30,000 a year to maintain, and its actuality bids the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.

Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts became interested in the situation and placed the request for the needed appropriation before Congress last session; but Uncle Sam was feeling the effects of the high cost of living, and so the fishermen are destined to go at least one more season without their hospital-ship. This year we shall have again the annual crop of thirty wives and happy children ripened into widows and orphans mourning a hapless evidence on the leasly of neighbors and friends; we shall have, as in the years past, a few few old-fish-heads wailing, a few more maimed steering vessels.

And an interesting feature of it is that the annual appropriation of \$20,000 that the fisheries protection calls for to square Uncle Sam's account with the fishermen is the exact sum our venerable uncle spends on coal alone every time he sends a man-of-war from New York to Europe.

Dr. Grenfell has said, "When a fisherman is your

friend you have nothing more to desire in the line of friendship."

If you want to test that statement, if you question whether those men are worth Uncle Sam's money, go down to the foot of State Street, Boston, where the masts and spars of the schooners break the line of houses that looms against the horizon, marking off T Wharf from the rest of the city. Here you will find fishermen as plenty in part for a day or two watching their last catch, provisioning and bargaining for luck. A specially developed race of men these, reticent, with quiet, skilled ways, experienced, with well-worned skins. There is nothing of the drunken, dissolute sailor about these fishermen; they are peaked men, hardy from every climate and nation. A curious thing about the men who supply the markets of the United States with its annual few million dollars' worth of cod is that hardly any of them are natives. The bulk of the men who use the docks east of Boston and Gloucester are Canadians; the remainder are everything except Americans.

The captain, however, is usually native, banking back to the time when men from the Maine and Massachusetts coasts went out as fishermen; they are a simple, free-hearted folk who are glad to tell you of their life at sea.

The statement that I was interested in the hospital-ship was more than an introduction; it was open season. Every one who does business on T Wharf seems to know and heartily indorse the plan.

Captain Hanson, owner of one of the boats of the fleet, invited me aboard to gratify my curiosity as to how and where this (as a landlubber's crew) few cable feet of snow he could store away, as he headed he could, eighteen men and 200,000 pounds of fish.

The forward cabin, where he let down the table, which was hooked in some mysterious way in sections to the rollers, was reminiscent of Led's vivid picture of the inland fisherman; he describes there in a cabin shaped like the interior of an empty egg, grouped about a table which took the exact shape of the room, leaving but the narrow surrounding bench on which they sat; built against the wall behind their heads the shoulder-ribs of benches which seemed to be carved out of the thickness of the wall.

Just aft of the cabin is the cook's galley; the stove of provisions and coal, and her aft are more banks built about another table. From the counter-light and lockers were displayed (the captain called the latter a "barge") and I looked and listened for a moment, and then the crew gathered in bad weather when there is no fishing. Sometimes they spend days together in this cabin, with the result that you experienced fishermen were not to be a man-of-war crew. The missions kept the schooners supplied with great piles of magazines.

The deck the men were loading blocks of ice into the hold where the fish are stored in a series of bins, the best sides of which are slipped into place as the cargo increases. Forward were the seats of stores, nine in each set inside one another like glasses on a restaurant shelf. There are a sail and four trawl tacks to each story, and an item of three and a half miles of trawl; "was a mile and one-half mile. And when you consider that each man spends his days setting and hauling in his three and a half miles of trawl, you can see that the only lady man aboard, for he is sure of four or five hours' sleep every night. When the dories come in with the day's catch each man throws his fish aboard, then climbs over the side himself. The deck is divided into a series of pens

(Continued on page 21)



The schooner "Alice" of Gloucester, a type of the Newfoundland fishing smack

work-ship. His skipper told him to make his comfortable with a crate of good pork according to the directions in the first Aid book. But he had sustained a compound fracture, and before the catch was over and he could get where in a hospital the harm was done and the leg had to be amputated.

The story is simply told, for your Newfoundland fisherman is a self-contained man and he does not reason about the dangers of his calling.

Inquire among the fishermen on T Wharf and you will stumble on other cases. You will find that the shoe-string tender is but one of these fishermen who have recently come out of the Marine Hospital in Boston with one leg gone. In each case the report in the newspaper has been saved if the patient had received prompt surgical care.

A few years ago, when the United States was engaged in one of those periodic disputes which arise with England over the fishery rights off the Canadian coast, a representative of the State Department went to the scene of the trouble in certain points which could not be settled from Washington. He went from Boston on a revenue cutter, and Dr. Thomas W. Nelson of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service was medical officer on board.

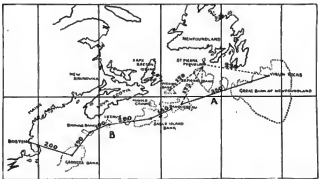
Word passed about the fishing fleet in the treaty by Newfoundland that a dory was aboard the revenue cutter. It was unexpected both for the dory crew, and the doctor was faced with the strange bones, administering medicines, and treating stubborn "gummy sores."

The experience crystallized in the mind of Dr. Nelson an idea which had been in solution there some time.

Why, he reasoned, should Uncle Sam, who subsidizes the lives of seamen on shore with a series of hospitals that girdle the coast, neglect the thousands of fishermen on the Newfoundland Banks who are engaged in the most dangerous trade there in America and one of the most important?

No other nation allows her fishermen to run the necessary as well as the necessary risks of the trade. The neutral fishing-banks of the North Sea are patrolled by three hospital and four dispensary ships sent out from England, and on spring when the French fleet sets sail these sails with her the St. Francis d'Assise, with her complete dispensary and hospital equipment and her scientific outfit and ships. All summer she cruises off the coast of the Grand Banks, and schooners from all ports, when they have a sick or wounded man aboard, fall her with a half-masted flag. Many a schooner out of an American port has been fortunate enough to fall in with her in time of need, and there is but one opinion among those who have experienced her hospital as on the Malabar and expert crew displayed by their French boat.

But, in the fall the fishing hospital must go back



The proposed cruising ground of the hospital-ship



THE WAY IT BEGINS WHEN YOU'VE GIVEN UP SMOKING—SHOWING THAT THE WAY OF THE REFORMER IS HARD.



"HE DOESN'T KNOW SOMEBODY NOW THAT HE IS SELLING FALSIFIED CHARCOAL TO COLORED PEOPLE FOR TALLOW POWDER."



# Interfudes

## THE INVENTIONS OF BIGGS

HE was a renowned looking sort of individual, and it was with a certain commendable hesitation that he approached the office of the Stranded Inventors' Friendly Aid Society to seek its possible assistance in putting his great idea on the market. Biggs was a wizard in his own way, and just as Edison had invented many articles of undoubted value to the world, Biggs had put in much time in the devising of schemes of no use whatsoever. His schemes, for the chance which could not only be used for the obvious purposes of the inventors, but could be looked on as well on the mouth of a horse or a watering pot for use in the garden, but failed rather. But, as had also his pocket on the table devised to ward off the effects of the unnecessary noise of a great city, so the jangled nerves of sensitive citizens. Now, however, he had the masterpiece of his career.

"Is the manager in?" he asked of the postman behind the mahogany desk.

"I am the manager," said the obsequious individual addressed. "What can I do for you?"

"I have an invention here, sir," said Biggs, "that I believe will have a great sale if I can find any one to put it on the market."

He handed to the man at the desk an umbrella, with a horn handle shaped and made a metaphor on a small scale.

"Humph," said the manager. "What's this? I don't see anything very novel about this."

Biggs resumed possession of the umbrella, and, holding it up with the handle directly over the seat of the manager, passed a small button at the side, and immediately the diamond sculpture of his coat disappeared.

"You have a diamond scarf pin, I see," said he.

"Yes," said the manager, placing his hand bravely on the spot where that treasured possession had been, and then, drawing his knee, he leaped to his feet.

"Hold on a moment," said Biggs, stepping back and opening the umbrella. "Don't get excited. There's your pin—inside the umbrella, sir."

"Grossness!" cried the manager.

Biggs laughed, and, after closing the umbrella once

"You still have, but watch," said Biggs, as he pressed the button a second time. The manager watched, and in a moment had the nervous liveliness of seeing that roll of bills pop out of his pocket and disappear into the metaphoric mass of the mahogany.

"Disfranchisement!" he said. "What—what do you call that infernal thing any more?"

"It is my patent vacuum pickpocket," smiled Biggs.



"DOROTHY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY 'HOW DO YOU DO' TO MRS. DOBBERN?"

"I CAN'T, MOTHER. I DON'T KNOW HER NUMBER."

"FOR ME ON CRUMBED THROATPIECES, NAKED TRAINS, FIFTH AVENUE SMITHSIES, AND OTHER PHASES WHERE PERKETS DO MOSTLY CONGREGATE. IT IS A SORT OF VARIETY CLEAR-OUT, DECORATED IN SWEET SAFE, AND GLOWING THE MILBERTS ADJACENT AND HAZARDOUS LENSES OF THE PROBABILITY WEAVER. COULD YOU PUT THIS ON THE MARKET?"

"Why—yes, I suppose so," said the manager. "But look here—if this thing works the way you say, why don't you work it yourself? There's a steady income in it."

"Yes," said Biggs, "but you see I'm honored. I could never become a pickpocket myself, but if we could form a company—well, dividends are different. I'd take a dividend where I couldn't run off with a man's purse."

It was at this point that the manager faltered and Biggs walked forth into the world with an umbrella fairly bulging with personal property of a portable nature.

### INSIDIOUS

"My tablet gives me a haunch every morning," said Charlie.

"Ah," said Slickers, "it's a sort of encephalometer. I suppose."

### DIFFERENT AGAIN

"By Jove, Dobbers," said Clamphigh, "you don't really mean to tell me that a nice girl like that, my only daughter

of a charming widow worth seven million dollars, doesn't interest you?"

"Not in the least," said Dobbers. "I'm interesting myself in her mother."

### A FINANCIAL EXPLANATION

"What, sir?" cried Mr. Rickop, "what does this mean? My daughter sitting on your lap, sir?"

"Yes, your Mr. Rickop," said Sluggly. "You see, sir, I have just suggested a consolidation of our interests, and I have undertaken to act as a Holding Company until the merger is completed according to established forms."

### A SUGGESTIVE SUBSTITUTE

Henry had finished his prayers, all but the Amen, and there he stood.

"Well, dear," said his mother, "do you—you know the last word—Amen?"

"No, mother," replied Henry. "I ain't gone to say that my name. I have read it; your little book on good manners, and it says R. N. N. P. is the proper form."

### TOMMY'S QUESTIONS

Yes, Tommy's at it day and night. In questions here he takes delight.

"Why don't the four-fives roar?"

And "Who discovered Europe, paw?"

"If Mister Bulling wanted to send a telegram off to a friend,

Would he string lines of wire over a row of telepoles on the slope?"

And once he asks at five and said,

"If Mister Roundshaw was dead,

And through with all his miser hum,

Would he become a Roundshaw?"

"Paw, what becomes of all the noise

That's made by little girls and boys?"

And "If a Chinaman should drop

'Pon a rock, hop, hark, hark,

Would he go right to smash like all

Our china plates do when they fall?"

And "If the sun shines on a day,

Why ain't it always just today?

And "If a widow has a pane,

Could mother make it well again

With one of all the things I have to take

Whenever I have stomach-ache?"

"How much d'ye think a couplet

Would better pay to show his foot

If he were shewn and rubber boots

Ye cover up his foot-sole-woods?"

"Did Nook have shectors on the ark?

And how he saved the whale and shark

If ye a new he kept 'em down below

The carried 'em along in tows?"

Yes, so it goes both day and night.

In questions here he takes delight.

He seems to think that I am a

Complete Encyclopedist!

JOHN KENDRICK HANCOCK.



"LET'S BE A BARBINS, AND BORN'S BE LOOK JUST LIKE HIS FATHER!"

more, he placed the handle directly over the button pocket of the manager's waistcoat.

"You have a pair of bills in your pocket," said Biggs.

"Well, I had," said the manager, clapping his hands nervously to his vest.



JANUARY



FEBRUARY MARCH

RING-GO

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# NEW YORK'S NEW GATEWAY

The Remarkable Features of the Grand Central Terminal, the Splendid Structure that is Opened to the Public this Month, as the Consummation of a Prodigious Task Wonderfully Accomplished

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

**J**ULIEN CENEAR was a good man in his day, but he could not tell where to place the gate of a modern city. When he built a gate it was in a city wall, strong enough to fence out the enemy on occasion. He wanted a good broad road into and out of it and considered the job done. If Cenear should pass to New York, the thing that probably would bewilder him most would be to discover the city gate at the very heart of business and traffic—in Forty-second Street, half-way between the river.

One can imagine the architects and engineers of this most wonderful city gate—the new Grand Central Terminal—kindly explaining things to Cenear and, at the same time, working him with these polite words: "Yes, we have fortifications for our gate, but you can't see them from here. They are down at the end of Long Island Sound, one hundred miles to the east, and at Paddy Black, a score of miles to the south. We don't try to fence out the barbarians; we welcome them by the millions every year and put them to work at good pay and make each one a sovereign if he'll bother to take out his papers. The gate of the city that you see here is made only to bring people in and take people out without losing a moment of time.

The one thing that scares every American odd is the fear that somehow he may lose one moment of time. To save that moment he will put his neck in peril every hour. Here we have a great gate to the very hub of the city. Its chief function is to save time. Those who enter or depart travel scores or thousands of miles by steam or by electricity. They come in at this hub, stop instantly into their proper paths, and reach each city and silently as a breath from a mirror. It is in the simple truth, O Cenear, that we would bring in here all the legions you ever commanded, drain them, and send each man on his way home—east side, west side, up or down the town—in one moment.

Hadn't they been enlightened by the kind architects and engineers, one can imagine Cenear staggering back in his grateful bewilderment and nodding and sighing words. Yet they would have told him one-truth of the whole truth about the wonders of the new and beautiful terminal. Even a modern man cannot believe them unless he actually goes and sees for himself—perhaps not even then. The achievement is so stupendous that it strains the senses. During the last eight years an army of skilled men has been tearing down and setting away more than one hun-

dered log buildings and many small ones from the newly acquired acres of twenty city blocks; blasting, quarrying, and clearing away from the north their sites three million cubic yards of stone; piling upon the thus completed site of thirty city blocks, or eighty acres, the mighty buildings and myriad interlocking tracks that go to make up this most astounding railroad terminal as a total cost of one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. It is useless to quote more figures here, for by this time millions seem as common as sparrows and the mind refuses to take them in.

All of this was done without disturbing traffic, without halting or delaying the eight hundred trains that come in and go out every day, without hindering the movements of the two millions of passengers who use the terminal every month. (Millions again! This word is stopped.)

Engineers are the true miracle-workers of these days. Doctors have been known to take out a man's stomach and put him together again, so that after a long rest he could resume his day's work. But in this case the operation was performed by the use of one million pounds of dynamite, the lightning was done in and upon the midst of a continuous, and, at the same time, all the functions of that region were discharged in a perfectly normal way—just as if the population whose stomach was removed had mainly gone on reading and answering letters, signing contracts, making successful deals, etc., all while the doctors were cutting away and moving him together again. Frequently even those who sigh for the good old times that are no more will confess that this was a feat—a true operation.

And what is the result? A colossal and beautiful structure, which, it is hoped, will accommodate the traffic for the next forty years—broad, not assured. One has but to look back a few decades to see how well founded is the doubt of the permanency of this giant of the terminals. When Mowbray Lincoln was a young lawyer he was sent to haul the cars of the new railroad from a depot just about City Hall to the little station at Fourteenth Street, where trains were made up and coupled to their locomotives. Then they hauled a few low stables in Fourth Avenue from Twenty-sixth to Twenty-seventh streets. That was in



The main concourse for passengers upward bound. The New York City Hall could be placed in here with room to spare

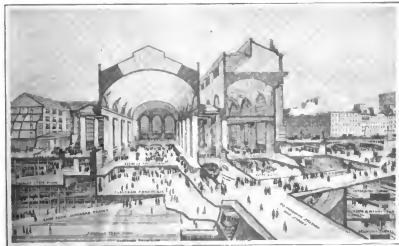
1857, but only twelve years later the first Grand Central station was begun in the open country (originally known as Forty-second Street, and when it was finished ten years later people came from far and near to see and marvel. Within ten years an addition had to be built to accommodate incoming trains, and in 1868 the whole structure had to be trespassed and greatly enlarged so as to afford room for five thousand passengers a day. This was the station that had to be torn down to make room for the new terminal. Therefore, in this world of impermanence, where nothing is certain but change, we are justified in wondering what the next Grand Central will be like and whether we'll be here to see it.

He who travels north along Park Avenue from, say, Thirty-ninth Street, gets the best view of the astounding railroad city that has been built in the center of New York. As far north of Forty-second Street as the eye can see the group of buildings included in the new terminal stretch away. Dominating the picture is the main building, fronting Forty-second Street, with Park Avenue split and carried along on either side of it in a broad elevated roadway of steel that begins at the corner of Murray Hill. In design the main building the architects had in mind an expression of the ancient story of a man's end, which is a gateway to a city. Therefore, one finds himself looking upon a front facing an effort of huge, stately portals enclosed by Doric columns, while the central part of the facade is surmounted by a triumphal arch of monumental proportions. Upon this arch a huge clock dial is shown surrounded by a stately group representing Progress supported by Greek and Roman forms. The exterior of the building is of granite and Indiana limestone; the style is of Doric motif modified by the French Renaissance, with only enough ornamentation to relieve the severity of the classic lines. Concerning the aspect presented by the main building, it is well worth to quote these lines from Mr. Whitney Warren:

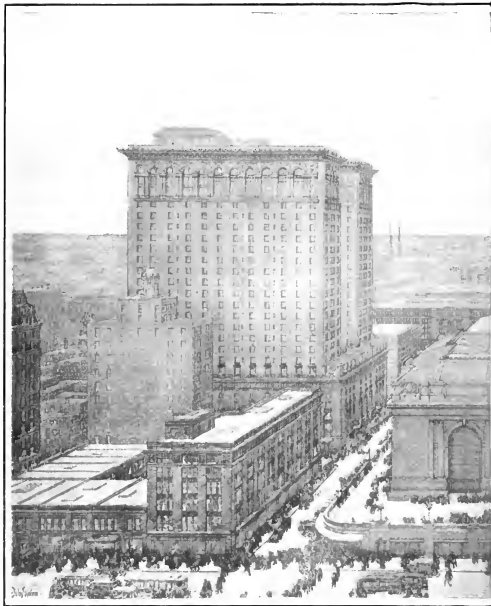
"The architectural composition consists of three great portals crowned by a sculptural group, the whole in stand as a monument to the glory of commerce as typified by Morrissey, supported by Doric and Ionic columns, and the central part of the facade is surmounted by a triumphal arch of monumental proportions. Upon this arch a huge clock dial is shown surrounded by a stately group representing Progress supported by Greek and Roman forms. The exterior of the building is of granite and Indiana limestone; the style is of Doric motif modified by the French Renaissance, with only enough ornamentation to relieve the severity of the classic lines. Concerning the aspect presented by the main building, it is well worth to quote these lines from Mr. Whitney Warren:

"When a party of visitors was going through the new terminal the other day a young man with a strong, deep, reflective eye asked one of the officials this question: 'How much money was expended in making the plans that give this station so many courtesies and beauties?'"

"Oh, a few hundred," was the official's reply. "That is a few hundred suggestions of courtesies we tried out the sug-

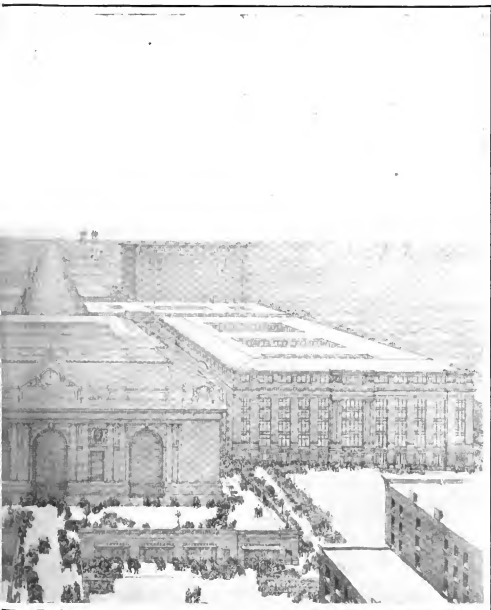


A cross section of the terminal, looking east. Observe the many greatly sloping ramps leading down to and from the surrounding streets and local lines of transportation



## A CITY GATE THAT

THIS DRAWING, BY JULES GUÉRIN, SHOWS A FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW GATE EARLY IN THE PRESENT MONTH. IT IS EXPECTED THAT TWENTY-FOUR MILL



Copyright by the New York Central Lines

## OVERS EIGHTY ACRES

ENTRAL TERMINAL, IN NEW YORK CITY, WHICH WILL BE FORMALLY OPENED  
OF PASSENGERS WILL ARRIVE AT AND DEPART FROM THIS BUILDING IN 1913

"TO WHOM" DESCRIBING THE SURROUNDING FEATURES OF THE NEW TERMINAL

# THE PEANUT KID

BY KATHARINE BAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR W. BROWN

MARY AGNES NOLAN was the wildest little white agnon you ever saw, and her usual abode was in the aisle length of the Arcade was no loath bed for her.

There she roiled thoughtfully amid her glistening glasses, and held forth with dreadful frankness to those whom her blue-gray eyes and blue-black hair attracted more than her tongue repelled them.

Yet Mary Agnes's reader was no reviewer, compared with the frantic conversation of her half-brother Hugh in the next stall.

The demonstrator for Madame Privet's Beauty Preparation stretched her pink-and-white nostrils leather across her chin-rose.

"It's a pity that Nature couldn't do more earlier in life," she commented, sarcastically. "Then in spite of her children exactly his own age! It certainly lowers the tone of this low Arcade, in turn it into a day-mare for sick kids."

Oblivious to hostile criticism, the huge young Suede in the last booth pointed away at his sidewalk sign. "Here Jena's, Pearsa's and Peppers," pronounced the sign.

The sick kids, their cream-colored hair bristling in two thousand various directions, their dust-colored clothes for as the road is dusty, and obviously with hold by an restraining, maternal hand—the sick kids slowly and resolutely filled paper-lugs with pins, cutting each alternate out as they proceeded, and tossing the sheets unceremoniously on the Arcade floor.

"Hey, wouldn't that jar you?" asked the demonstrator. "This place is just to look like the South Street Market Day."

Mary Agnes had no metropolitan experience, and South Street on Market Day was a new scene to her, but she got the idea.

"I'm gonna get it," she announced, determinedly, opened her little gate, and marched down to the peanut booth. "Look n-here, what do you kids think you're at?" inspired the spirited Mary Agnes. "This is a high-class place, and you can deposit your peanut stuff in the rubbish can, like it will you?"

The sign-posting Suede held his crooked brush and held reminiscent eyes on this snapping, fiery visitor. His range of speech turned over and lay down. Transferring his gun to the offensive kids, he impudently rescued the youngest and dirtiest, who was gloriously balancing on the topmost step of a ladder. Mary Agnes observed that the Suede was not clean.

Now the scrawny infant, frothing the spit of some affinity behind that hostile front, approached Mary Agnes, bearing a handful of peanuts, and with an engaging grin stuffed them into the pocket of her stately little apron. To accomplish this he stood on his toes, and his fat necks suddenly jerking under him, here down heavily on the pocket.

The fluffy stuff flew beneath the strain, and his fingers left a gray print on the pocket edge, but

nobody minded except Mary Agnes. All the others seemed approval.

"Somebody hit a box, Mary Agnes stood with half-open mouth. The peanut man got under way at last.

"That's right, Mom," he supported her. "That's right, kids. Get the brown."

But it appeared there was no brown.

"Well I'll learn you, I volunteered the eldest kid obligingly to Mary Agnes.

Mary Agnes, however, had had shillies nowhere all her life. She was not going to drift into any such relation with this trash.

"You'll need a brown every day, she said feebly. "Get one of your own. Then you'll have it."

"That's right, Mom," agreed the peanut man. "A double of the kid's behavior crossed his mind. "You must excuse their manners," he urged, anxiously. "They got no mother." His face clouded.

The demonstrator surveyed Mary Agnes on her return.

"Well, you made quite a hit with your Morsum friend. He looked liked to drink. Ain't he asked you for your steady company?"

"No, I gotta get me a few dozens of new agnon in these pants stays here," was all Mary Agnes answered, as she resolutely walked the polluted peanut.

Mary Agnes was destined to become a cult. Next day the eldest peanut girl, aged eight, began to tie up her rebellious hair with a black ribbon. Within the week she appeared in a juttled little apron, a mockery of Mary Agnes's hair originals, a thing of coarse muslin and jagged stitches, which he half an hour took on the aspect of a dishcloth.

"I'm Lena. I got a nut like yours," she called,

perfectly good years?" asked the demonstrator, in deep disgust.

"If there's one thing in the world I'm crazy for, it's a devilish crab for look," Mary Agnes addressed the demonstrator over her morning.

"They say you can get the grandest ones you ever saw at the delisettes, a block down the boardwalk," coaxed the demonstrator. "I don't eat 'em myself. My gentleman friend says they don't contain a balanced ration, and I got too much regard for my complexion."

Mary Agnes had an scruple. She removed her little apron at once. Starting forth on her errand, she found the youngest peanut had passed to her gate, regarding her with rept attention.

"Go away," she directed him peremptorily. With difficulty the peanut kid parted his fat, adhesive person from the gate, and turned to walk by for side, a thoughtful, stony hand engaged in hair.

Mary Agnes shook his off. Grief without remedy marred his radiance at this unresponsive reception. Dividing that his dream would have been too lonely, he rolled in her wake to the boardwalk outside, where the bathing crowd on the beach below was his first interest.

Mary Agnes, following, took his lead, saw the elder peanut children walking along the perilous edge of the boardwalk outside the fence. Filled on his knee, the youngest was wiggling between the rails to join them. His about eyes noted anxiously above the sand.

Mary Agnes dropped her crab with a brittle crash and seized the scandalously infant. She set him down vigorously on the boardwalk.

"Don't let me see you do that again," she warned him, and caught up her discarded crab, that now creaked only inside its paper. "You older kids ought have some sense," she denounced the file outside the rail.

The crab was badly damaged in appearance, and bits of shell had gone all through it.

"It does seem to me unfortunes," grumbled the demonstrator, "that the world's got to be simply down with kids so you can't hardly avoid stepping on 'em."

"I promise it's because so few of 'em live to grow up," retorted Mary Agnes. "They're always venturing out beyond their depth, or fallin' off the board walk, or runnin' in front of autos. Anyway, I warn that kid's life for his success. But he won't last long."

The tall, well-blended body of the peanut man emerged from his booth and came swinging down the Arcade.

"Bingham Young's comin' to call," announced the malicious demonstrator.

Behind him, with larger severity of welcome, trailed his yellow-headed fellows.

The Suede sat down on a high stool and fixed his satisfied gaze on Mary Agnes.

"We got a brown," he reported, brightly, after a long pause.

"No I see," Mary Agnes was discourteously brief and cold. "What 'ill you have?" she inquired, presently.

The Suede looked around for inspiration.

"Well, want a grape short, kids?" he appealed to his crew, who had now come sweltering to his booth.

They approved. Mary Agnes began to show balls of violet-reduced ice into ball glasses.

As she filled the first glass a slight connection attracted her eye. The youngest kid had climbed from the gate to the counter, and was just setting his feet on the first row of a pyramid of bottles.

Mary Agnes leaped to detach him. The infant collapsed against her and clasped his arms about her neck as closely himself. In generous acknowledgment of her timely support he then pressed his open mouth against her cheek with a fatuous smile. Mary Agnes handed by her heart.

"It's gonna be a sister," explained the Suede, removing his child from the counter to a stool. "He's gonna be a nurse, if you don't look out,"



pointing before Mary Agnes's banner. "I'd do my last hair, you see, too."

"It's an aw for a kill to do her hair," decried Mary Agnes, adverse to her own old remark.

"Oh yes," they reassured her. "I'm plenty old enough. I'm eight. Nina's seven," she declared further, "and Coffin six, and there's nobody five or four, and the baby's three."

"An, what was the use of wastin' three other two

"If she marries a Lutheran, that's what she gets"

spurred Mary Agnes, tartly, and earned the wet kiss with her backhanded.

There was a silence while the violet lace diminished and disappeared.

"We got tickets for the movie tonight," remarked Mr. Jensen, as he laid a half-dollar on the rubber mat.

"What's your movie?"

"I started hopefully at her."

"I gotta' read to business. I don't think you'll be hazarded," returned Mary Agnes in a discouraging tone.

The Burde's face fell. She felt slightly ashamed. It did seem like lying a cold hand on the heart of his staid old friend.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that the ladies' league, then turned and followed the ribbon line of kids toward his own stall."

"Isn't that the terrible number?" asked the demonstrator, innocently. "I do love to see a man take his children along with him when he goes to court."

"Yes, Miss," the demonstrator held a bottle of face cream in a group of customers. "The number is certainly kind on the complexion. I don't do what you would look like if I didn't use this cream regular. Yes, of course it might seem expensive, but you can't expect the best ingredients in the cheap ranges. Yes, ma'am, this is truly a bottle, but then you know what you're getting! A lady's complexion is more important to her than the difference. No, I don't keep any more priced cream. We prefer our customers to like the best, and we think they appreciate it. Just try that. Bah it is well."

And much laughter, the customer, a half-dollar, well dressed young wife, had dabbed experimental touches of cream upon their faces.

A curiously wandering fire-peddler, coveting their luxurious air, set down his double snail case beside them, and opened it.

"Irish cows, very cheap," he began, incoherently.

"I wish you had stall near the low merchant opposite. His taxes prevented him, then it's Syria. The peddler glared at the stall, and the foreign babel arose and fumed like Adams and Phipps, rivers of Damascus.

"Ah, who's the matter with you?" objected the outraged demonstrator, finding her sales endangered. "Why can't you of you take look at me, without explain? If any of you see a penny pass him up, he's bound to have been here."

"Yid!" cried the angry merchant. "He is American, I am Syrian. And he has no right."

"That's so," asserted Mary Agnes. "Naham got the job here because of this plan. You'll have to move on."

By that time the prospective customers had fled. Perceiving this, the Armenian moved daintily away. At his heels followed Naham's blighting force.

"Keep read, Naham," advised the demonstrator. "You've wasted most everything on to him, I guess. This is a Progressive crowd all right."

Naham returned to his stall. But in a few minutes he returned the aisle, leaving a small hare bag the laid at on Mary Agnes's counter, smiling gratefully.

"I am obliged. Yes," he declared. "Mary Agnes was not overzealous."

"That ain't business," she retorted haughtily. "Nobody gets rich handle' out graft like that."

She waved away the bag, Naham was highly pleased. He admired economical women.

"I'd ain't d'ed," he informed her. "Doesn't our dress-makers, A, B, and C. Id is only C."

"Still Mary Agnes took her head. There from the side of her eye she beheld the peasant man's snarling expression. Sheer before she caught a surly look on his olive face. Mary Agnes smiled brightly at the Syrian.

"I'm glad to see you, Naham," she said. She hung the bag upon her arm, and traced the effect from different angles.

The Burde scratched his eye, then a mill in the wall, and snuggled up to the bench, leaving the sick lady in charge.

"I'm a strong! Naham, all of a heap. By it ain't white," gurgled the demonstrator, sympathetically.

Then Mary Agnes took the new hare bag, Gless C, under the counter, between the shelves and the back of her own chair.

"Not anything," asked the Fairy Fruit man, who dwelt not beyond the Princeton preparation.

"The first man ever screwing up, back head, and a murderer. E-factly there was nothing about him that would prove altering to a lady. The demonstrator made indifferent answer.

"None, Naham's secretary money spared my sale. How's trade with you?"

"Appreciated," appreciatively gurgled the fruit man. "These former folks think they gets here a bit months' expense before they can be highly diverted to a model. There's a good deal of the devil, anyway. People won't spend while they keep stirring up this here tariff question. It's fair, and you'll be sure to see it in a while, and your profit's some high in business there's no profit for anybody."

He split a peach and laid half of it below the demonstrator.

"I lose money right along," he declared, gloomily, swallowing the other half. "And every year they raise the rat on us."

"That so?" asked the haughty demonstrator. "Why if you can't run a business!"

The fruit man began to speak, sought himself, looked at her disapprovingly a moment, and withdrew into the cell.

"I got too weary of these chronic knackers," confided the demonstrator to Mary Agnes. "That fruit man don't use his head to think with. And ain't he gorgeous!" She lifted the half peach with affected delight, examined it, and laid it carefully down again.

"I don't dare to eat anything so valuable," she declared. "It would weary my customers' friend if I accepted such gifts. From a stand-patler, too. My customers' friend's a single leave," she continued, dreamily. "He'd hold in any party. Neither do I. I'm a sufferer, myself. What do you suppose is your Swedish friend's convictions?"

"I don't," said Mary Agnes, contemptuously. "They're a hard-head and my father says. You can't persuade 'em of anything, and they always vote solid."

"Well, my gentleman friend says, however they vote, there's something can't be bought," offered the demonstrator. Mary Agnes, with the laudable consciousness of a total necessity, refused to admit virtue in this line.

"I guess they're no abolitionists," she suggested. "In Mary Agnes's knowledge, her father's vote re-verted with every wind of fortune."

When the Swede returned, he came straight to Mary Agnes's booth, and his face had cleared beautifully.

"They come that singer again," the demonstrator began to press herself. "My gentleman friend wouldn't like it, if he seen the way that fellow jukes me. But, my dear, you gotta have some pleasure. He's a right 'n of took his vacation early, if he'd expected to keep me excited."

The plans of the short-haired beauty was silent by a half. The youth whose exact figure operated without manual direction, while his tireless huge-poued both naturally, now rising from his polished stool, snatched her by the wrist.

The demonstrator hastily adjusted an available hair-pin, and passed a chain over her nose.

"Want a stationer's card, my good friend, mindfully, morning a business order."

The indelible youth struck his hands in the pockets of his slick jacket, and bowed gracefully against the counter.

"I'm lookin' for a girl to take my old girl's place," he sang into the air, "but she's gone, so I'm asking, with my voice of leave to a potential secrecy."

"Were you thinkin' I'd do it?" she inquired.

He studied the lovely delineation of a ribbon in her face.

"I've seen worse," he admitted. "This Princeton stuff's all in the good. That pink necktie means would do. D. Wiley. I'll surely take a lot of it home to my winter girl."

"You have your nerve with you," declared the impassive demonstrator, "but her just, it is also expensive the way your winter girl would like to look, and can't. It grew on me. However, for three dollars I'll give you a good deal of it, but I'll not give for actual defects than any other range."

"Three dollars!" echoed the singer. "Manum! Your stuff don't cost three dollars!"

"It costs you that," asserted the demonstrator, grimly. "I'm it costs about four and a half cents a box, but we gotta make it a small box, and a small box."

"Oh, look!" interrupted Mary Agnes. "What's that crowd around the handstand in the hand's corner? What's up?"

There was indeed a group of men in black, thick around the hand-stand, and the players were forming in matching order.

"I've seen Jean's game get a model for lawyer, shrike in a small box, resting by."

Little boys know everything. The hand-stand watched leisurely to the press, both, and there stopped. The silk-belted men advanced.

Mary Agnes was startled. It is known to run a present stand, while all the other young men of your race bring their little gifts to the fair, and she is not to be outdone."

"I'd heard some demonstration was scheduled," remarked the singer.

"I'm sorry," the demonstrator replied, "I'd heard it with my own interest, what's he done?"

Mary Agnes looked on.

"It's the fellow roared several men last spring, and got his leg broken. Captain Elmer was drowned, and his wife was killed, and her child is dead. I think I'll go view the remains."

"I'll go along," stated the demonstrator, slipping out of her stall. Mary Agnes wanted to go too. But of course she wouldn't.

"You oughtn't to leave your place," she said. "You'll miss me."

"You oughtn't to do anything you want, in this world," returned the demonstrator, "but I'll go along, if you generally do. These Princeton people ain't got no trick on me as it is."

"Elmer was the best man I ever saw, and the singer, as she fell into step with him. "Left his all them baby-crooked kids in support, just when he can't do this summer, second of his leg. There's that hand little tight, and he's a good man."

The youngest present-vender, returning from a visit in the crowd, was running round the crowd, vainly striving to pierce the congest mass. Presently he gave up the attempt, and withdrawing to the sun-bomb outside, snatched laboriously to attend the lot.

The hand had ceased playing. One of the silk-belted men began to speak. Hanging over the front of his head, he said, "I'm sorry, but I'm not a member of his numerous friends, as he passed the heroic virtues in review."

The song he sang the present man had been a foreman. With courage appealed in Mary Agnes. But she grew impatient at the glittering show of generalities.

Defiant she turned a short into a glass, and held the next small one in her hand, and she could do it. "I think I'll go view the remains."

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"I'm looking for a girl to take my old girl's place," he sang

He opened an immense hat on the counter, displaying an absolute product set in silver, and freed Mary Agnes' steady with blue eyes like fire.

Mary Agnes's eyebrows began to stir, and to their depth, but she mounted, unalarmed, friend. The new accession of gift-bearing had educated her in poise.

"What's that for?" she asked, with excessive brevity.

"You're paid' with me," explained the Swede, now virtuous in his tone. "You can give back the love too."

"Oh, indeed?" said Mary Agnes, critically, recollection of an audience in the next stall. "My, ain't your family best big enough already?"

Mary Agnes, with false interest.

The demonstrator gurgled.

The Swede lowered his eyes. He coughed almost while in his lamed face that began to flash about, the unvarnished case upon Mary Agnes as she watched that glistening watch, a dangerous, slow fairy outside her experience.

"But there's nothing to be done," she fortified herself, and obediently knowing him, she spoke in the demonstrator. "There's an Irish lady loses our silver's married to a Swede. He gets drunk and beats her senseless and, and the police gets interested regular."

Mary Agnes began to polish the counter absently, coming ever closer to the Swede's unsharpened case. "I will try for him, though, at least he's got a man's job. He's a fisherman. Some are more useful."

Even Jensen began to speak, but thought better of it. He felt that he had no business to be there.

"If a Catholic marries a Lutheran, that's what she gets," observed the inimitable Mary Agnes, "and it's what she deserves."

Taking the witness stand, the present man withdrew. It was true, there was nothing to be done, but his kneeling had worked fit to set the place silent as he stood back to see some business.





Ernest Edmond as Delphine, at the New Amsterdam



Audrey Maple in "The Firefly"

PLAYS  
AND  
PLAYERS



Vivian Deane and Al Grady in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," at the Hudson



Sam Bernard in a scene from "All for the Ladies," at the Lyric. In the photograph Mr. Bernard is surrounded by Misses Margery Pearson, Amy Leicester, and Edna Caruthers



Jacob and Joseph (Messrs. O'Neill and Tynan) in "Joseph and His Brethren," at the Century



Red Stone in "The Lady of the Shippo," at the Globe



Kernie Trenton in "The Firefly," at the Casino



## AN AMERICAN PRIMROSE

MEET ELISE FENICOM, THE STAR OF "PRIMROSE," THE DRAMA FROM THE PROMPT OF DE FLESH AND CHALLANTY WHICH HAS BEEN PLAYING IN THE NEW YORK CITY THEATRE.



# Repair Expense in One Million Miles Averaged 29.2 Cents per 1000 Miles

## SWORN Statements

Every figure in this advertisement is supported by the SWORN statements of car owners whose names, addresses, and reports appear in our Upkeep Books.

## Mileage Registered

The mileage credited each car was made by a regular stock-model Winton Six in the individual service of the owner, between the following dates, and was registered by odometer:

1912 records—April 1, 1912 to Nov. 30, 1912  
 1911 records—April 1, 1911 to Nov. 30, 1911  
 1910 records—April 1, 1910 to Nov. 30, 1910  
 1909 records—Nov. 1, 1908 to June 30, 1909  
 1908 records—Nov. 1, 1907 to June 30, 1908

## TOTAL Repair Expense

The repair expense charged against each car is sworn to by the owner as "the total cost of repairs on said automobile between said dates (exclusive of fire repairs)."

## Passed Upon by Judges

Each mileage and expense report was passed upon and accepted by a Committee of Judges having no connection with the Winton Company. These Judges exercised their own judgment without restriction, and have themselves sworn to their annual decisions.

## Trustworthy Figures

Every possible precaution has been taken to render these reports free from error, in order that automobile buyers might have their consideration an absolutely reliable set of figures showing the actual cost of keeping a high-grade car in operation after purchase.

## Here Are the Results For Five Years:

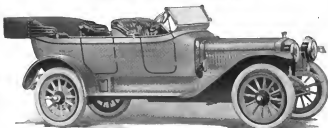
YEAR	CARS	TOTAL MILEAGE	TOTAL REPAIR EXPENSE
1912	20	290,759	\$131.96
1911	20	294,233.9	20.88
1910	10	165,901.9	5.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	63,827.4	15.13
TOTAL	70	1,035,185.2	\$302.25

Grand average—29.2 cents per 1000 miles.

## Repair Records for 1912

CAR OWNER	CITY	TOTAL MILEAGE	TOTAL REPAIR EXPENSE
F. M. Hasbaway	Boston	26,987	None
Dr. Eddy L. Smith	Chicago	22,928.8	None
J. M. Anderson	Medford, Mass.	16,477	\$1.05
Chas. B. Maguire	Providence	16,245.3	18.01
J. W. Stevens	Chicago	15,729	None
Jas. C. Bugert	Crafton, Pa.	14,622	None
J. R. Snyder	San Francisco	14,474.6	6.75
Milton Schanler	New York	14,421	3.60
Chas. R. Whitehill	Newburgh, N. Y.	12,541.8	None
Mrs. F. Lemke	New York	12,216	.15
B. G. MacDougall	Brighton, Mass.	13,845.4	.55
F. H. Head	Millford, N. H.	13,441	21.22
Jos. F. Mayhugh	N. Braddock, Pa.	15,333	58.65
S. V. Schommaker	Newburgh, N. Y.	11,243.3	8.25
Marcell Bacharach	Philadelphia	12,271	25.35
Harry Livingston	New York	11,207	None
H. H. Reid	Brooklyn	11,150	None
Friend's Aylum	Philadelphia	11,126.3	None
N. D. Frazer	Chicago	11,119.5	1.25
H. C. Rupp	Philadelphia	10,870	.85
TOTAL		210,750	\$131.96

## WINTON SIX



## Repair expense is the acid test of a car's merit

Low repair expense means vastly more than money saved.

When repairs become necessary, expense is only part of the owner's loss.

For, every time a repair is needed, the car owner loses some of his respect for his car, some of his pride in its ownership, and some of his faith in its merit.

Every time a car goes into the repair shop, the owner suffers the loss of its use.

So that, financially and otherwise, the man whose car is undergoing repairs is, temporarily at least, worse off than the man who has no car at all.

## Utility or Expense?

The motor car is a utility, pure and simple.

Its only value is in its ability to carry its passengers from place to place.

And the measure of its value increases in proportion as it is able to do this safely, quickly, quietly, comfortably, and surely.

A car in the repair shop falls in every one of these respects, and its failure costs the owner a repair bill that makes the car just that much more of an expense to him.

And the chagrin and humiliation of it all is that the owner thereby pays an additional price to make his car do the very work, service, that he supposed he paid for in the purchase price.

Little wonder, then, that repair bills and the losses they represent are the bane of motorists.

Little wonder, either, that car buyers want cars that will free them from repair expense, laudible, annoying, and losses.

## These Owners Are Satisfied

Winton Six owners know the joy of freedom from repair bills.

These seven figures show how Winton Six owners, traveling stupendous mileage, in all parts of the country and in all seasons, during five years, were free from the repair-expense bugbear, and had always at their service a car ready and able to carry its passengers from place to place, safely, quickly, quietly, comfortably, and surely.

Winton Six owners know from experience the meaning of satisfaction.

What the Winton Six has done for five years in the service of these owners it can do for you, for the Winton Six today is the same car we have been making continuously since June, 1907; it is now on its sixth year without having required a single radical change in design or construction.

Let us send you our library-size catalog, and also our Upkeep Book that gives complete data covering the cars that placed the world's lowest repair expense record at 29.2 cents per 1000 miles.

Write today.

## THE WINTON MOTOR CAR CO.

118 BERING ROAD, CLEVELAND, O.

Winton Company Branch Homes in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Seattle.



## King George's Coach

English royal coach of state is an old and honorable institution. This carriage was built in the year 1731, being first used at the coronation of George III. Designed by the architect, William Chambers, it is deemed a magnificent piece of state furniture. It weighs about four tons and is covered with gilt.

The body is supported by four tellons, and the coachman's box is on a large wheel surrounded by designs of sun plants. The design of eight pairs of ladies with spears is emblematic of the victories won by Great Britain over her enemies.

On the roof are shown figures of three boys adorned with flowers. They represent the United Kingdom, and they support the imperial crown on their heads. In their hands they hold the scepter, sword of state, and other insignia of authority. The panels of the upper portion of the coach are of beveled glass, the lower of copper painted in enamel.

The wheels of this coach are in imitation of those of the triumphal chariots of the ancient Romans; the harness is made of red morocco leather with ornaments of silver gilt. The reins being of crimson silk and the saddles of crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

The royal coach is not the only armorial equipage that figures in British state ceremonies. There is the Speaker's state coach, which is the oldest carriage in England. It is still in usable condition. This coach was built in the seventeenth century and there is a tradition to the effect that Oliver Cromwell once rode in it. The seat occupied the Speaker is occupied by the chaplain and train horses. Earl Spencer has his coat of arms and coat inserted among the details of the sides of the coach.

State carriages, which once to be used in England about the middle of the nineteenth century, were discontinued from many. The first coach ever made in England was ordered by the Duke of Rutland in 1765. Twelve years later they were in general use and much rivalry existed with regard to their splendor and the number of horses drawing them. In 1818 the celebrated Duke of Devonshire introduced London by appearing in a coach drawn by six horses, and the Earl of Northampton, a year later, was seen to modestly show himself in a coach drawn by eight horses.

The first seat of the seventeenth century the decoration of state coaches marked its highest degree of splendor. The interior was lined with brocade silk or velvet; the wheels also were most sumptuous; the seats were thickly cushioned; the seats were upholstered and carved and carved or painted.

In the old days the coverings used in connection with state carriages were did all kinds of magnificence. There is record of one built in 1625, for the marriage of the reigning Duke of Farnham with Princess Marjorie of Tuscany. The interior woodwork of this equipage was covered with damask and colored silver; the exterior was lined with crimson velvet and gold thread. The roof was supported by eight silver columns and upon these red steel light cases, also of silver, containing lilacs (of the material) in full bloom. In the center of the roof was placed the device of a sun with eight rays on the sides and four long curtains of crimson velvet with silver fringe and gold fringe on the leaves, while at the top of the standards, from which the ends of the curtains were hung, were placed silver suns with faceted silver fruit.

The wheels and the pole were also plated with silver. For the interior of the horses was covered with crimson velvet and embroidered with gold and silver thread. It is said that this coach cost twenty-five thousand ounces of silver and that twenty-five of the best Italian workmen were employed on it for two years.

them. They wished to take the fort, which without artillery, was manifestly impossible. Finally some crossing beam devised a scheme that came near to being successful.

Between the fort and the nearest house there lay on the plain, without carriage and making upon pieces of wood, twelve guns which the French had not had time to take into the fort with them. The position of the guns exposed them to fire from both sides, so it was not thought they would be interfered with, though by way of precaution two of the guns of the fortification were kept loaded upon them.

One night the sentinel heard a noise. He did not the sound continued and did not immediately call after other soldiers, though it seemed to draw further off. When daylight came he was seen under cover of darkness, the insurgents had reached the nearest gun, attached a rope to the barrel, and then, fastening the rope to a captain in the nearest house, had attempted to haul the piece away.

Had it been a military man who tried the trick, he would have succeeded, but the postmen did not know enough, in three volleys under the gun before loading, and consequently the French did not dare fire into the soil which soon became deep enough to stop further progress.

Nevertheless, the besieged were much irritated by the awareness and determined to prevent a repetition of the affair. One mounted the house from which the report issued, but when the walls fell they found that the report was in the air and consequently, uninjured, although blocked for the time by debris. This did not prevent them from firing. The sergeant of the fort remembered having seen stored away in it somewhere a quantity of muskets. He selected twelve of his coolest men, passers and grandees, clothed them in this armor, and covered with steel from head to foot and carrying spears and banners, the men started heavily, but were met at the fort and moved in dead silence toward the covered guns, the white smoke curling about their mailed figures, and bullets pattering harmlessly against armor plate and corselet. Many of the passers were hurled, struck and believed the report. Some were shot, but the soldiers, while after the first action moment was passed, their own corselets, helmets, and shields broke like ordinary run of halberd.

The twelve letter-by knights returned safely from their raid, having spiked the guns and cut the rope. Though many times hit, they had not one wound among them. The sergeant was so satisfied with what he had strangely acquired as a "brassard," so that it fell off and left his arm exposed. The insurgents were disappointed, and though the blockade continued, there was little more fighting and the besieged were soon relieved by their friends.



## Always on Guard

No matter where a ship may be along the American coast, no matter how dark, or cold, or stormy the night, the coast guard is on watch, patrolling the nearest beach or rocky cliffs.

This man, always on guard, could, by his own unsupported efforts, do little to save life, or to guide ships away from perilous points.

As a unit in an efficient system and able, at a moment's notice, to command the service of his nearby station, he becomes a power to whom all ship owners and passengers are indebted.

In the same way, the Bell Telephone in your home and office is always on guard.

By itself, it is only an ingenious instrument; but as a vital unit in the Bell System, which links together seven million other telephones in all parts of this country, that single telephone instrument becomes a power to help you at any moment of any hour, day or night.

It costs unwearingly effort and millions of dollars to keep the Bell System always on guard, but this is the only kind of service that can adequately take care of the social and commercial needs of all the people of a Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

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**J. M. HUBER**

150 NORTH STREET NEW YORK

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## The Last Fight in Armor

The last fight in armor occurred during Napoleon's time. In 1799, the main army of the French having withdrawn from the town of Agincourt, a body of some 1000 horsemen remained on the plain, whose halberdiers were well disposed toward him. But the remnants of the retreating army were holed by horse and, rising in revolt, pursued the town and drove the Frenchmen into the fortress, which was small and had not provisions enough to hold the insurgents of day with its garrison.

These insurgents numbered ten or twelve thousand. They hurled the sword and bayoneted the houses so that they were safe from attack, but this did not satisfy

THE GREAT ALL-BRITISH FAMILY ASSURANCE & INVESTMENT COMPANY LIMITED

100, Broad Street, London, E.C. 4, England.

## Ceylon Tea

Tea plantations in Ceylon have been in existence since thirty years, but the annual output of black tea is estimated to reach \$20,000,000 in value. Formerly coffee constituted Ceylon's main industry, but after a disease of the plant in Java in cultivation was discovered. Many planters, however, reared themselves by tea and rubber. The acreage is not large, but the output of southern India. A better variety than from sight to six years create a tea while a second's salary averages \$200 a month.

Plant necessary to tea cultivation is costly but very labor-saving. The work itself is not hard, only the climate makes it unclean. What is wanted is a man who knows how to watch moisture and food of the soil, to keep the weevils away from the tea, to keep the tea from being too dry, but not too wet, and to keep the tea from being too dry, but not too wet, and to keep the tea from being too dry, but not too wet.

# THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

For FEBRUARY (On News-stands January 20)

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE for FEBRUARY

### The Guest of an Unknown People

MR. VILJALMIER STEFANSSON, whose recent Arctic explorations have awakened world-wide discussion, describes in this installment of his story the first night he spent as a guest of the Carosution Bay Eskimos, who had never before seen a white man. Mr. STEFANSSON presents a remarkable picture of the home life of this primitive people. Illustrated with photographs.

### Casting Ships Away at Sea

The crime of deliberately wrecking or foundering a vessel in order to reflect the insurance upon ship or cargo is known at law as barratry. GEORGE HARDING recounts some daring instances of this practice on the high seas and what followed. It makes a thrilling story, strikingly illustrated with sketches by the author.

### Recent Achievements of Industrial Science

Professor ROBERT KENNEDY DUNNAN discusses some of the latest triumphs of industrial research, such as the preparation of synthetic rubber and ammonia, controlling the amount of nicotine grown by the tobacco plant, fireproofing cotton dress goods, and other extraordinary and interesting advances in science.

### Days in an Ancient Hindoo Capital

MR. F. B. R. HELLENS recounts the quaint and interesting features of "Udaipur the Unspoiled," an ancient city of India still wrapped in the spirit of past centuries. Illustrated with photographs.

### Some Titans of the Prado

An entertaining survey by CHARLES H. CAPPIN of the portraits and other paintings by Titian now gathered in the Prado at Madrid, with some interesting anecdotes of the great Venetian artist's home life and intercourse with royalty. With reproductions of Titian's famous paintings.

### Americanisms in Our Speech

Professor THOMAS R. LUNNBERY offers in his first paper on "Americanisms" a glimpse of some earlier linguistic sins of the same type, which were known as "Scotticisms." An instructive discussion on points of local usage, including both odd and familiar instances.

### Where the Government is Short-sighted

Although Americans are pre-eminently a business people, their Federal government is conducted in some astonishingly unbusiness-like ways. ROBERT W. HUYER discloses some startling conditions in our tax bookkeeping methods at Washington.

### 7 Short Stories and Many Pictures

An unusually varied and engaging assortment of stories by well-known writers. Over seventy illustrations, including drawings in tint and color.

Gilbert Parker's Great Novel—"The Judgment House."





The Gentler Vice

BY FLORIDA PIER  
Virtues and Vices

If people could ever be made to believe that their vice was a virtue, they would doubt, change them at once. But we are each of us convinced that what other people regard as our vices are in reality our most laudable virtues and that criticism of them is more crippling to us, as perhaps never any. Thus, habits or traits of national character, that be national and stick in customs is merely so being a pleased grin to the multitude flow of the nation they portrayed. One does not object to being called material and money mad. She likes it. She caters to it as a tribute to her progress. No other address being called foolish and narrow. She mothers under her mouth. "My strength" and even so does it occur to her that the change was serious, deserving attention. Nations and human beings have the same sort of self-protection, but of the soil being the thing most worthy of protection. No matter what the soil is, they feel it to be the thing that gives them whatever else they may have. The precise kind of characteristics that is so protective of them is a thing they have as an inalienable part, and it is impossible for them to doubt that the world shares it with them. We are all like the woman in the Phillips fable. When the other dairy-maid threw salts on his clothes, he was comforted to know that she at least loved life. He will admit that she has health, but think how well we get on in spite of it. If fairly confident another virtue. We could surely change if we positively desired to. Think of our heterogeneous inheritance! We are potentially everything and anything. If we wished to develop a trait, it is almost superfluous and unnecessary to say that it would be impossible for us to do it. Yet we do change more than the vocabulary! We keep one or two characteristics to struggle with, just as we choose one or two virtues to use in our morning exercises. When we talk about our moral generation with the same disapprobation validity with which we discuss our physical generation. We think them both extremely creditable performances, and having the thing systematic in this way saves the expense of keeping a constant lookout for new needs. It is as though every one had an eternal tooth for the purpose of the purpose of having it filed at stated intervals. It is a type of prevention most internally popular. If by attacking criticism does one's own way it permits of a moral hazard and extremely heated refutation, with a wounded reminder of his being a self-knowledge that you struggle one steadily.

There comes a time in every woman's life when she regrets that "Home, Sweet Home" has already been written, as she goes on cheerfully enjoy creating a new afresh. The feeling comes after one has gone back to try and secure recognition for what one's family consists of, and one's own. The start of awfully and small, one's family pushing valiantly from the rear, and saying "Good luck, good luck" would have been very well, but "Justice must be done you," which is somehow the perfect phrase. One goes down and gets through in somehow, though one has constant difficulty in remembering one's reason for being there. One's value is almost instantly when one asks for justice—nothing to say, one does not justly those words—and one begins to feel at the bottom of the world, as if the way to be truly an unappreciated public, so that one is a little frightened at the thought that that figure will have to be taken about to one's own. When the order is over one returns and is received by one's family. They love you as an exhausted, and of course you are. It is very exhausting demanding to be appreciated. They ask to hear of anything you do and everything the other people said. You tell them of all the forms that remembrance down give you an impression. You recall any devil of a fellow. They chuckle at your recollections. Then they ask, "How did they receive you?"

"I was very reluctantly." "Well, they were a little bad at first; they just stared at me." "The family says." "That would be because they had not seen you and had the way you do. You probably startled them." "Yes, say, with clumping halberds." "Perhaps." "Do you recall, then, that you've brought those atoms?" says your family, and you go with looking heavily reply. "I'm really," says one's family, "it can't be anything else. They're justice because you're so clever." "It is of this point that you want to sing with a perfect bond of creative necessity." "Home, Sweet Home."

Life on the Planets

If the scientist cannot affirm that the planets are inhabited, he knows that some of them are inhabited. Actual life, as we know it, demands oxygen and a medium temperature. With the exception of the moon, the visible spheres have atmosphere comparable to that of our earth. No mental picture of life on Saturn, Uranus, or Neptune can be formed. Saturn has one hundred times less light and heat than the earth, Uranus three hundred and sixty times less, and Neptune thirteen hundred times less. It thus appears to Neptune the great Saturn's year is twenty-six terrestrial years and 161 terrestrial days long; Uranus's is 47 or 48 terrestrial years, with winters of twenty years. Neptune accomplishes its annual revolution in a period equal to 164 terrestrial years and 226 terrestrial days. The three so-called exterior planets are worlds of night and ice, unless an unusual coil, of some nature and volume beyond the conception of the human imagination. And yet they were comfortable medium planets, and their crusts permitted the growth of the considerable warmth of their slowly lying hearts and favored the growth of gigantic plants and animals. A time they the earth was cooling but a drop of ice. The inhabitants of Saturn saw probably the stars, as long as above their heads, the luminous rings of the planet, gilded by the sun, silvered by the changeable light of their traveling moon, or darkened by Saturn's shadow. The human mind cannot imagine life on a planet this kind, but in the atmosphere of Mars and Venus, and in the atmosphere of the earth, it is within the power of the imagination to picture life as those of the terrestrial type. Mars is like that of the terrestrial part regions; the temperature of Venus like that of the terrestrial tropics. Although man could not breathe the atmosphere of the moon or maintain the vital warmth on where cold as Jupiter, he cannot affirm that nothing could live under such conditions of temperature. There are microbes that live without air by fermenting and decomposing oxygen directly from the substances that surround them. Oxygen is found everywhere in the form of chemical combinations, metal oxides, acids, etc. It would be strange could it not be found in the cells of the moon and in the bodies of life on the planets, though there is no oxygen being that exist by extracting the combination of oxygen from the materials known to exist on the planets.

Not in the glacial cold of Neptune, Saturn and Jupiter, and if there is no life on those planets. A planet dense as the sun will do, slowly, in measure as the central fire cools. During the period when an inhabited planet is created the atmosphere inevitably of the planet's surface leads to the means of producing heat, and the means are provided the provisions may become habitable not in retrogression of heat so that every surviving generation is born in a life without it. The species are transferred to the cold, as the planets surface the sun long ago, but all the dead planets were at one time warm and in their warmth there probably existed fauna and flora.

A Famous Pie

On all the great ever cooled, one has attained the magnitude of the pie ordered by Frederick the Great 180 years ago for a feast given in honor of 20,000 soldiers at the end of a campaign. The pie was brought in the table in the most dramatic manner. Toward the conclusion of the feast a strange vehicle drove up the horses drove into the range grounds. The load seemed heavy and every one was curious as to what vehicle it was. The driver of the vehicle's "surprise." The pie, which completely filled the vehicle, contained 1,000 eggs and 100 gallons of milk. It was cooked in an oven built for the purpose in the woods. After the soldiers had partaken of the pie, the driver was left alone to find the way to every one in the village near which the army had been quartered.

Platinum in Jewelry

It is the setting of many precious stones that is now greatly favored over gold. Platinum possesses the property of not detracting from the beauty of any jewel. It is the only metal that does not yellow whereas gold is most obstructive and injures the effect of the fine settings. The price of platinum is, however, about that of gold, and that of right-angled gold and the waste is greater.

Platinum exhibits such a degree of ductility that one ounce of wire made of it may be spun so thin that it will reach many miles.



THE WELL IN THE DESERT

"Well, little man, did you listen to the sermon?"  
"Yeh."  
"And what part did you like best?"  
"The place where you took a drink of water."

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Advertisement for a product, possibly a book or a service, with a small illustration of a person.

ABBOTT'S BITTERS  
Advertisement for Abbott's Bitters, a medicinal product.



## THE ENCHANTED CITY

All the world knows New York as the relentless city, the workshop of captains of industry, of kings of finance, the lofty temple of the great god Success. How many know its aspect when darkness sweeps its towers of steel and stone? Every worded suggestion is required, and the blinding lights reveal a strange and fascinating fairyland. The photograph above is a view of the city's newest skyscraper, the tallest building in the world, seen from Chambers Street, overlooking City Hall Park.

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## COMMENT

## Facing the President

The proposed constitutional amendment adopted by the Senate limiting the service of a President to a single term of six years is substantially identical with the CLAYTON resolution reported to the House by the Committee on Judiciary at the previous session. It reads as follows:

The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. The term of the office of President shall be six years; and no person who has held the office by election or discharged the powers or duties, or acted as President under the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be eligible to hold again the office by election.

The resolution was adopted by the votes of all of the thirty-one States and the District of Columbia, of seventeen regular Republicans, and of two liberal Republicans—CUNNINGHAM and WOLFE. Although practically a Democratic measure, having originated in the Baltimore platform, it was passed by a non-partisan majority. This fact prompts approval by the House of Representatives, especially by the President, and submission to the rate legislatures for ratification. If thirty-six states should ratify during the next four years, the immediate effect of the amendment would be (1) to extend President WILSON's term to six years and (2) to bar Mr. WILSON, Mr. TART, and Mr. ROOSEVELT from again serving as President.

The only opposition, apparently, will come from the friends of Mr. ROOSEVELT upon the claim that the amendment was aimed at him and him alone. The fact, of course, is that he has far less ground for complaint than Governor WILSON, who would be re-nominated almost surely in 1916; and certainly no more than President TART, who could and would readily resign such a candidate, as CLAYTON did, without impairing the three-years tradition. But that makes no difference to DeWitt and the others, who have burned their bridges and seized their own political hopes in the possible re-nomination of their chief.

What Mr. ROOSEVELT himself will do or try to do about it remains to be seen. His position was somewhat peculiar, in view of his own resignation as a third-term candidate. It will be even more embarrassing for him to take a stand against a great reform measure simply because it bars realization of a purely personal ambition. There is no doubt that the country wants the change; it voted for it, in fact, when it elected the Democratic ticket. Mr. ROOSEVELT, then, could have done to approve the proposed "will of the people" on a constitutional question and try to change their views as a matter of personal loyalty to himself. We doubt if he will make the attempt. And we are quite certain that he will fail if he does. The ROOSEVELT election crushed the top notch last year and, since election, has been steadily retiring ever.

Mr. WILSON's position is wholly different. He is not bound in any way by the Baltimore declaration, as we can demonstrate by the satisfaction of any fair mind, if the necessity should ever arise. That he has refrained thus far from expressing even an impassioned view is a matter of credit, in the pending election. We think, however, that the change as directed from the standpoint of governmental expediency cannot be determined

from anything that he has said or written. That he would be the last to resist a movement initiated by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress, for the sake of any political advantage to himself, the country may rest assured. Moreover, his sole object is actual accomplishment in the interest of the whole people, and nobody familiar with the handling of a President desiring a re-nomination can doubt for a moment that he could get infinitely more done in a fixed term of six years than he could possibly achieve in two terms of four years each. President TART put the practical phase very clearly when he said in the Lotus Club:

I don't care how many times or indeed a President I don't care how determined he is that he himself will be re-elected, and I don't care how many very few indeed who go to that extent, still his subordinates equally interested with him in his re-election will not be divided either way, they will support their influence and divide their line between the public service and the effort to secure their chief's re-election and re-election.

It is difficult to prove the whole administration from being a part of its effectiveness for the public good, but the first and the most important part of the first of such administration. Were this made impossible by law, I can see no reason why the energy of a President and that of all his subordinates would not be divided either way, and a great record of efficiency in the first and only term than in seeking a second term for that purpose.

We are convinced that the change would be a matter of congratulation to both the country and Mr. WILSON for the first six years of his presidency he should have a perfectly free President, able to view every proposition, relating to appointments to less than to legislation and administration, strictly upon its merits and from the viewpoint of efficiency alone. The advantages sure to accrue from such a condition are simply innumerable.

As for Mr. TART, he is likely to have the opportunity to sign a bill which will definitely and irrevocably fix his future status as that of a private citizen. He will do it with his usual good grace, of course, and, if we mistake not, without a quail of regret.

It is a great thing, this amendment, if we can but insist to devote most of its energy to its preservation. DEWITT, HANCOCK, and all of the other disturbers are for it. Now let the Colonel be a sport and make it unanimous!

## The Senate and the Patronage

It is an interesting note to which the Senate has declined to devote most of its time from now until March 4th. President TART has made it something like thirteen headed gnomes to Federal offices, most of them, we presume, post-offices. If confirmed, most of these appointees will hold for four years. If they are not confirmed, President WILSON will have to fill the vacancies. The Republicans, of course, want to confirm the appointments. The Democrats want to keep the places open for Democratic appointees. That, so far as we can see, is the substance of the controversy—practically all there is to it.

This whole patronage business is a curious thing. President TART, we have no doubt, would have been glad to escape the bother of choosing among the applicants for all these offices. It was utterly impossible for him to make for himself a fair examination of each individual case, and he knew he was bound to make mistakes. On the other hand, we are equally confident in the conjecture that President-elect WILSON has no joy in looking forward to the job of making out another list. What is more curious still, the very Senators who have no objection to the present system, would look forward with anything but pleasure to the task they are setting themselves by their partisanship. They know that if their present fight is successful they will themselves have to make recommendations, and that that will involve tedious details; and that they will probably make new enemies and friends by exercise of their prerogative. What President TART has made the central blunder of his administration—the murder of denying to Progressive Republican Senators and Representatives the patronage to which custom entitled them—he did not merely hurt himself; he immeasurably strengthened them. One of them, Senator DEWITT, said at the time that he felt as if a milstone had been taken off his neck.

The only comment is CONGRESSMAN'S: "Go forth, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed."

## Party Policy and the Philippines

It is so pronounced a Democratic cause as to Representative MURPHY of Kentucky, but had the courage of I wonder to speak out what he

felt about the Philippines, quite without reference to party. Like the ENTIRETY question and the Panama canal question, the question of our policy with the Philippines is our that never ought to have been dragged into party politics at all.

It is either a colonial question or a question of foreign relations. The contention of the very men who are resolved to treat it in a thoroughly partisan way, that it is a foreign relations question, and that it is precisely the kind of question on which it is least desirable to draw party lines. On that point there is practically universal agreement among people who consider public questions with the least regard to the claims of partisanship. When an English statesman is charged with any connection with the Philippines, he is a matter of course excused to be Whig or Tory, Liberal or Unionist, and becomes merely an Englishman. It is the same way with a French statesman or a German or a Russian. It usually is, and always ought to be, the same way with an American statesman. When the question is of colonial rather than of foreign relations, the obligation to impartial attention is only a little less binding. Did we repeat, the men who want to make the Philippine question a party question are precisely the same group who insist that it is a question of foreign relations, not of colonial policy.

There is another way of looking at it. Both the great parties are responsible for our present unpopularity with the Democrats. The other party was represented among the signers of the Treaty of Paris. Democratic votes in the Senate were essential to the ratification of it, and it is notorious that they were forthcoming at the behest of the man who was then the party's recognized leader, Mr. DEWITT. It is now, therefore, simply propositionally necessary to talk as if our Philippine policy up to date were a wholly Republican policy. It has been neither a Republican policy nor a Democratic policy. It has been an American policy.

All this, of course, has no bearing on the practical question whether or not we ought now to know a future date on which we shall be ready to withdraw our troops from the Philippines. The great party, nobody doubts that it would be either wise or honorable to withdraw at once. If anybody thinks he knows precisely when that step will be wise and honorable, we for one must decline to take issue with him; he evidently has sources of knowledge or powers of divination denied to ordinary mortals. It is living only moral and ordinary we can't help attacking such an assurance to the judgment of men like President TART and CUNNINGHAM FOSBERG, who have had the best opportunities for studying the problem and who agree that, while we ought to keep before us, as our ultimate goal, independence and self-government for the Philippines, it would be wrong as well as preposterous to fix any precise date for that consummation.

## The Cabinet

Of course much of the talk and conjecture about the new Cabinet has been either cheap and silly. The public wanted a lot on that subject, and the papers, seeking to meet the demand, have had less than they could get.

Nevertheless, the public's very keen interest in the subject is by no means a reflection on the public's intelligence. It is natural and reasonable. It shows a correct instinct. The public is entirely right in attaching much importance to the President-elect's Cabinet choices. It is entirely right in attaching much importance to the Cabinet. The very fact that they are going to choose this country, with fully recognized functions, goes to sustain this view. As is well known, the Constitution makes no mention of any such body. It refers once to "the principal office in each of the executive departments, and that is all. Apparently, even the writers of the Federalist did not find fault with the limit of the President's authority like the Cabinet as it now is. HAMILTON was particularly pleased because so "conceded" had been provided to leave either the authority or the responsibility of the President. The Cabinet, therefore, is distinctly an outgrowth of the actual work of our system. It is something Presidents have had to have; and something that as the years have passed has grown more and more a thing of its own as well as in functions. The President-elect is one of the publicists that have fully recognized the very great place it now fills in our government.

He has recognized, too, how much the choice of a Cabinet has to do with the character of an administration, and that to choose a set of men of whom one can say very much, is as a thing of its own as well as in functions. The President-elect is one of the publicists that have fully recognized the very great place it now fills in our government.

the "execution" of our government rests on a single hand, then surely the President should not shift that responsibility at all; he can only do so, as indeed he must shift, the actual performance, in the first instance, of some of the prodigious and ever-increasing number of executive functions. But in naming these "chief officers" he does far more than merely trust them with executive charges. His confidence, he presumes, declares what general character he means to give to his administration, and he also gives to the men chosen great power to aid in carrying out this design.

At the present moment, in the present state of parties, this general decision of the President-elect will be bound to be the country and the world. He himself shows every sign of awareness that this is so. In all probability no act of his administration will more powerfully affect the course of events than the batch of nominations which he will right at the start, send to the Senate. Let us all treat that, in this, his first great act and the one he will exhibit to the country and the world, that combination of firmness and moderation, of poise and purpose, which is wisdom and statesmanship.

#### The Lincoln Memorial

The President signed last Saturday the Congressional resolution providing for a memorial to ABRAHAM LINCOLN in Westland Park. An appropriation of two million dollars is expected to follow. This disposes, we presume, of the Gettysburg road project and of the memorial bridge and the convention hall. No doubt Washington will get them all in due time, for they are all well-enough known, but the memorial at LINCOLN. What form the memorial at Westland Park will take seems not decided yet, but whatever will look in at the Architectural Society's exhibition now open here will be encouraged to hope that we have the talent and the skill in the country to raise a monument to LINCOLN that will be worthy of his fame.

#### Should the Churches Shut Doors?

IT SEEMS THAT PROFESSOR WILLIAM O. FISHER, of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, lately disclosed in public his belief that religion would benefit by a closing of all the churches for several weeks. President SARGENT felt called upon to invite him to the Wesleyan faculty as being out of place in Wesleyan University, and Professor FISHER did resign forthwith without delay and without complaint.

We have not seen a full report of Professor FISHER's remarks, but if they were merely to the effect above indicated, we fail to see why he should have resigned. His suggestion of the closing of the churches for several years is a bit novel, but there is no harm in it. Indeed, it is an interesting remark and worth debating. How much good do the churches do at this time and as at present conducted? How near to Christian are they and how necessary to the proclamation of the Christian religion? If they all shut doors for a time, what sort of substitutes could be devised for them; and when they started again, with what changes would they resume business?

Perhaps it was to promote the discussion of points like these that Professor FISHER said what he did. It is obvious that nowadays the propagation of the Christian religion goes on very extensively outside of the churches. People are less dependent on preaching for their spiritual food than they were before every one could read and everything got into print. The annual volume of religious reading that is put out is enormous. There are many who think there is more religion in current life and current politics than ever was known before, but the churches don't show it. They go along about as usual. We read that in the *law of the Men and Religion movement* last year, which was a special effort at Christianity-awakenings, "the total increase for all the churches for 1912 was 178,852, a decrease of 15,484 from the figures of 1911." It is to smile, really, at this first evidence of the result of applying business principles to the spread of the Gospel.

It is a fact that many people whose disposition is entirely favorable to the churches, are nevertheless unwilling to perform the full duty of a function as well as they should and whether they could be bettered. If that is what is *going on* in the mind of Professor FISHER, what's the harm? It is as though a mill inspector should be asked to resign for saying that the machinery in a certain mill seemed to him out of order, or that a mill letter should stop, for a time. It might be a sound

opinion. The operatives in the mill probably would not like it, and perhaps they would do what President SARGENT has done.

For at least a generation we have heard the complaint that the ministry was not getting the men it was entitled to.

Why not?

It may be that Professor FISHER thinks he knows.

#### Sensational Opinions

Senator FLETCHER of Florida shows a notable and not unamusing liberality of spirit about the carabales question. The papers quote him as saying, when asked for his views:

I do not favor the abridgment of the toll question nor the repeal of the law, but it should become a question of the people, and I am willing to have the whole question passed upon by our own Supreme Court.

That would be like saying to a complainant who alleged an injury: "I don't think your contention is sound, but I will ask my lawyer to give you an opinion." More to the point is the sentiment of Senator TOWNSEND:

If it should reach the point where it would be necessary to refer the matter to the Senate, I would prefer to refer the law.

#### The American Town Needs Studying

A young writer in the *Athletic Monthly*, EATON R. BOVARD, starts a line of inquiry that ought to be followed up. He makes a study of an American town. He chooses a suburban town, striving to retain its "naïf" against the adjacent city's encroachments, and in that, we think, he follows opportunity rather than judgment. Suburbs are not very representative. He also, we think, neglects some of the most vital features of the life of American towns. He has probably worked in some city, subject to territory influences. But his idea is a good one. Millions of Americans live in "towns" of one sort or another, and a competent account of the life of the various sorts of American towns, done with sympathy and imagination, would show us a lot about ourselves. It would have economic values. It would make many of us realize what we are about, and how we are daily accepted, and how much better we and our neighbors might be doing. It would give definiteness to latest public spirit. It would help quite appreciably to the present vigorous but unguided endeavor of Americans to make their own lives interesting otherwise than by the mere mimicry study of the lives of other peoples.

#### Many Tastes in People To-day

On the question of women smoking the Bishop of Ripon (England), who has been visiting in Boston, was asked for an opinion, and gave it. He said:

If the men find it a pleasure to smoke why should that pleasure be relegated to the men and not to the women? There are women in England who do not think of what she smokes. There are many others in the balance, so there are many tastes in people to-day. What may be a pleasure to the men may be given to the women. Smoking among women will sooner or later adjust itself. There will be always women who will smoke the ordinary or provokes criticism, and there will be women who will retain their womanly traits and stand for the highest and noblest that there life and will not tolerate vice smoking as a pleasure.

He does not like it, but would not forbid it. It is a matter that will adjust itself. This seems a wise bishop. Would that he might preach for a time to the people of the United States, so many of whom incline to regulate by main strength and legislative things that ought not to be so regulated, and which if left alone will sooner or later adjust themselves.

#### The Open Winter

Nothing is certain about Mr. WILSON'S Cabinet, but it is continued to look a good deal like this: for an inauguration day. The oldest inhabitant says something like another January, and nobody else. The Hudson River, being still open at noon on January 30th (close up in our time of going to press), looks a record of thirty-nine years and seems disposed to emphasize its disposition toward winter inaugurations. At this writing the papers say there is no ice harvested yet in the Middle States, and the ice-machines have laid off their furnaces and put on their thinking-caps. The ice-machines can make ice, but can they make enough or anywhere near enough? Devises of HENCKENSBACH prophesied an ample supply of hard weather in February, but as far forecasts do not justify his claim to be in the confidence of the stars. It has been a mighty uncertain winter, and we know how much the crop will suffer the poor

man's measure and less, much the shortage of far as is affected by the country's diminished need of coal and by the advantage of an open winter to the railroads of the north. We have one comfort. However abnormal the season is, it is not a thing that we shall be expected to cure by legislation. And though winter has lagged remarkably, we may get it yet.

#### Our Beautiful New Railroad Station

Our public here was greatly interested in the opening, last Sunday, of the new Grand Central Station in New York. At midnight on Saturday there were thousands of people in the new station examining it and admiring it. All Sunday it was full of people, and it would have been crowded if it had been a very big day.

It is a beautiful public building, a magnificent embellishment of the city, and a splendid monument to the men who conceived, planned, and built it—particularly to Mr. WHITNEY WANNER, the architect—and to the country that pays for it. Greatly to be the spirit of it, a great work splendidly and ably done through.

Our great and beautiful buildings in New York are getting more and more to be public buildings of one sort or another; railroad stations, apartment-houses, city buildings, office buildings, libraries, art museums, schools, shops, hotels, and the like. Time was, and only a little while ago, when most of the more attractive buildings in New York were private residences. But that has passed. Not only are few new private dwellings of special importance going up, but we seem likely to lose the best of those we have. Mr. HERTZ built some beautiful houses on Fifth Avenue and they are all being torn down, and only a few are being kept. Mr. FINE is a builder, and he intends to put something out of common on the Lenox Library lot, but he is an exception. Rich citizens seem disposed nowadays to give up great town houses and do their building in the country, contenting themselves with apartment-house buildings in the city. How many twenty-five years ago the City Hall, the Madison Square Garden, and a few churches were about all the public buildings we had of special distinction, now we have the two splendid railroad terminals, the new post-office behind the Pennsylvania Station, the new Public Library, the Cathedral of St. John, the Cathedral of the Holy Child, the Municipal Office Building, and hotels, garages, schools, and monumental office buildings, far, far too many to enumerate.

Our city is growing splendidly. To visiting architects from other cities it is exceedingly interesting, and what is done here that is good has its influence on building in all the cities in the country. That is one blessed thing about art. It is not local. When beauty is developed all the country profits. Such an edifice as the new Grand Central Station will have an enormous influence on public taste.

#### Mr. WATTSON'S Dismissal

MR. WATTSON'S letter on page 6 discloses that the *Christianity-awakenings* were discussed in the WEEKLY, that Mr. SARGENT is appropriate for moving to New York to make a living, is not a view that enjoys Mr. WATTSON'S personal support.

MADE HENRY is in Florida, and happy there, we hope, even when views get into his paper that he deprecates.

Perhaps we should have known better than to tie us up to him individually this particular opinion about Mr. SARGENT, but we guessed wrong.

#### Liberty and Order

The Republican party stands . . . for the retention of the *Christianity-awakenings* law.

The first Republican national convention after the war with Spain announced that it was our duty to confer "liberty" upon all oppressed peoples. They haven't got it yet.

Taking all the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands into the count, haven't they got more liberty to-day than they ever had before, and are they not getting more all the time!

Our impression is that they have, and they are.

When we say "Philippines" we usually think of a part of the people who live in the island of Luzon, but the Philippine problem includes them and all the Moros, the Igorotes, and all the people on all the islands.

There cannot be much liberty without a fair degree of order. We keep order in the Philippines, and according to the best information we get, liberty is increasing there.

When we let go, unless we can transfer our trust to hands competent to maintain order, it will be hard holding for liberty.



# THE MAKING OF A SALON PICTURE

BY BRIGGS DAVENPORT

**C**PLAIN pictures are produced in our present culture are devised as an architect plans a building, a palace, or a pleasure garden. The making of the second type of picture may have a high technical level, but chiefly for artistic theoretic reasons. The first type comes to its maturity by a process either largely spontaneous or resembling the essay of nature in evolution. And the artistic maturity (in the making) of a great picture of this kind must have an appeal for almost every one.

At the Avenue du Maine in Paris, not far from the Invalides, in a modern building of outward appearance



The first pen-and-ink sketch

most primary, with a characteristic, pale, and insipidly exterior. The most remote from any suggestion of the stuff of which dreams are made. It is traversed every day, however, by many persons who mostly live in a world of dreams. Up one flight of steps into a dreary corridor, softly brightened by a

turquoise mask in plaster over a hotel, and you come on the left the door of Robert MacCameron's studio. Here was a small, airy and most interesting sweater of dreams; yet a slinky surprise met you when you glanced around you in his chosen den. To his carefully frank about the matter, it looked more like a study room in a theater than the studio of a distinguished artist. In fact, as the experienced eye is apt to imagine it. It was crowded with canvases, some finished, some unfinished, with easels, empty, set, occupied, with discarded pictures, with quaint furniture and draperies, with oils and turpentine and palette in their appropriate vessels. There was a shaded alcove for certain poses, also much considered, and only in the middle of the main room was there a comparatively clear space, like an oasis amid dunes. There the artist worked. From all sides there peeped out of your life newly created beings emerging into consciousness and dark interstices of the complement of things, until, despite the incongruity of the general setting, a certain sense of harmony came from his very distinguished work as a portrait painter, was something of a mystic in art. The sources of his inspiration were mostly largely subjective, and this in part may explain how it is possible for him to produce in such a room, the kind of work of which he was fond. It simply proves, as this work itself shows, that he could consistently in the living form of his imagination, seeing, where at the time, what he might bring and such things as he delighted to reflect upon his canvas. This mysticism is the dreamer's industry of reality, of making humanity in his par-

are real enough, peignantly real, in fact, but they express an unconscious and vague philosophy, the absolute negation of the doctrine of the lack of, the self-absent, the morally blind as well as the usually protected, the suffering saint as of the inner vacuum; a philosophy which actually explains nothing, but which ever suggests that a wonderful, searching, all-comprehending, perhaps terrible explanation exists, which, however, it is useless to seek. In this philosophy is concentrated the mysticism that is so dominant a feature in the late Robert MacCameron's painting.

His making of a whole picture, therefore, was not one of the usual things in art.

Two months before MacCameron last departed for America he began the larger picture which (as *Les Femmes*) will be exhibited in the Elder Salon of this year (1913). It is in my good fortune to have been the confidant of his earliest conceptions of this work, and I minutely watched its progress until its completion on the day before he left Paris.

"I believe that whatever success I may have had in painting, and the notice which the French government has given me as an American," said MacCameron, "are due primarily to the fact that the poor creature that I depicted—while I am resting, so it were, from



Half color, half charcoal. The plan has now assumed definite shape

MacCameron sought her many weeks the models that he has used in this picture. He insisted that he could not paint from forms that did not reveal a certain sentiment in harmony with his inspiration of the moment. "None of his models had passed before. Most of them he found in the streets. The pathos of a smile, the way glances of a despairing eye, might cause him to pause and to question a passer-by. The helpmeet kind of the picture came to him in London, in the small hours of the night, while he was walking on the Victoria Embankment along the Thames. Every one who has made this excursion knows the agonizing sense which it awakens of the wretchedness of the human creature who are seen there. In the chill, fog-impregnated gloom they were a stiff cluster on the late benches, waiting for the early dawn, when they may go elsewhere in quest of a pillow of bread and butter, stretch themselves, by virtue of the County Council, on the great grass of one of the public parks. There is a great variety in the physical types, the structures, and the degrees of abandonment of these creatures.

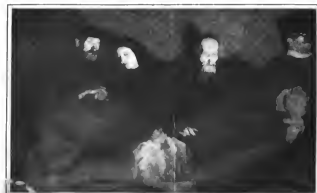
"Let us each of their faces," said MacCameron, "I discovered the trace of an selfish yearning that some time or other had filled their souls. 'What was it? Not quite a hope, I think. Praying, prophetic instinct of a better dawn for humanity.'"

Among the earliest models was a homeless man of sixty-seven years in a bit of rags and a cap. He is the first on the left in a pen-and-ink sketch of the initial composition of the picture which MacCameron went out one in a scribbled sketch. In what MacCameron described as "a poor little flower of the pavement, with the unadmirable look of some dialectic in the primitive painter, Masaccio." The third figure is a gauntish pattern of seventy-two years, a victim of alcohol. "It seemed that he must die before the group as its first form could be placed upon canvas. The head is strangely symbolical. He might be called the 'Old Man of Florence.'" All the other form of life, the last three of a dingy color, seem to glow in his bleared and warily seeing gaze. There is redemption in each feature. The brow in demerol, the nose delicately aquiline, the nostrils sensitive. The lips were still to retain something of tenderness. I said one in the lecher old man. "You are like Verelina the poet." His hot pride for an instant flattered to the surface and he stammered, gladdened by the slight compliment. "Ah, Monsieur, I am not much of a poet, but I did write verses in my day." I could well believe this and also that noble aspirations had often been



The first charcoal sketch on canvas, showing the projected grouping

my portrait work—were not merely types, but express an emotion which in the art of the past has only been seen in the faces of saints and martyrs. This idea of the sanctity of humanity, even in a fallen state, seems to me to be an artistic motive not now met rare and most valuable."



The Madonna appears in place of the girl with the ether hat

This old man was produced to be the central figure of the group. Given the painter's poetic and mystic temperament, it was produced, first, that the personality of the model should assume an ideal imagination at one stage of the work, a highly spiritualized character that gradually the more, sweet face should become, even to the unpeppable misery, at most Christ-like; that a soft, broadly protruding chin should show above and around it. It had a certain more impressive, sympathetic Christ-like face that which in the instance the painter wrought. In the wry eyes, fixed on some mystic point in space, there was a half-waiting, half-despairing look with lowering, faint glimmer of questioning lips. The



The girl with the ether habit

sitting form was slightly bent forward, the head sinking on the breast. The large kindly hands, emerging half-naked from the worn mantle, were expressive (as eloquently as by tongue or pen) of dejected desolation.

Two other figures stood, as in a sphinx, or like the dumb, knotted brow of India heron at the back gathering in the upper chamber at dusk, the note of contrast. These represent the vicious phases of human deterioration. The faint outlines of Saint Stephen's tower at Westminster are barely discernible in the background. The nearest foregrounder of a greenish, slightly light blue through the mark of the fog at the entrance of the dawn.

The studies of MacCarren's picture were begun in London. Between the Houses of Parliament and Blackfriars he would at a night bring half a dozen ragamuffins on the Embankment benches to sit still for ten or twenty minutes while he swiftly sketched them. Then they would gratefully accept a shilling each and hasten away to a coffee-house or tavern to fill their long-suffering stomachs. MacCarren first thought of naming the picture "The Embankment" and, later, "Waiting for the Dawn" or simply "Life." But as the universal nature of the subject gradually took possession of him and his conception of it developed, he concluded that to call it after Jack London's book would be best. And as it will figure in the catalogue as "The People of the Abyss," "I have no desire to preach," he said, "but I believe the picture that poverty most prizes are those that are not heard that are intensely heard."

The longest march made by the artist was for a substitute for the "poor little dower of the pavement" and a fitting complement to the remarkably central figure. One of the several successive models for the face of the woman was a beautiful girl of the street who was irresistibly addicted to the use of ether. In appearance she possessed all, excepting respectability, that is desirable in a model. But her disposition rendered it impossible to march her in this particular. All that could be got from her was motion, profound, most heaving, but no elevation of sentiment nor trace of aspiration. One day I found the artist in his studio in a great fix. The girl, heberly sure thus seven-teen years of age, was so weak, white and death-like in the extreme. There was a glass stem in her eyes. She seemed as she were dead and to me. Her breath filled the place with the odor of the drug.

Meanwhile on behalf of the artist six persons were looking for a model to succeed her. On my next visit I saw several girls presented for the pose. MacCarren tried each and each of them was so weak, white and death-like in the extreme. There was a glass stem in her eyes. She seemed as she were dead and to me. Her breath filled the place with the odor of the drug.

leg to see, he remarked in English: "It's a wonder how some women bear their poverty. I painted this so-called girl twenty years ago when she stood at the corner. She had just been married and was sitting alone by Dugan Bouever's 'Madison.' But I no longer employ professional models."

The girl with the ether habit was really too much in the Burke-Jones style, and I was glad when the ultimate model suddenly appeared. The accent obscured the individual individual in the dress it was seen that she could serve the purpose.

"I've found her—I've got her!" cried MacCarren, an enthusiasm as a boy. "Look at her! Just the face I've been in mind a year!"

Before the end of the work she had been "painted in" beside the "Old Man of Fidelity."

The order of importance in this was second great change in the picture. The final wall of the street had given place to a Madison Boulevard of the modern under-world. On the slumbering face were written all the painful emotions, all the successful passions, of an ill-fed life. The features drooped palsy, like the petals of a heavy blossom. They belonged to that order of beauty which Raphael heralded as natural goodness, tender, explicitly noble. "I have tried," said the artist, "to paint the soul of Eve and the grief of Mary."

I must speak in further detail of the photographs which were made at my request to show the series of notable changes which the picture underwent. Up to this point I have tried to indicate the vital human sympathy that radiates from it—that sympathy that is always akin, however it may be developed, in the sanest religious sense. Robert MacCarren in this work is not very far from equating the sentiment of van der Weyden's "Kestemont of Christ" in the "Old Galley."

In the first charcoal sketch on paper, with its rough three-line outlines, the feeling of the ultimate grouping was already to be found. Some detail referred into the primary cloth on canvas also in black and white. The faces of the early models were sternly defined. But some of these models were inadequate, particularly the one who sat first in the middle of the group. He was always in a half-solennized state of intoxication. On the left the man next to the street girl looked half a veteran soldier and half an English church leader fallen from his respectable estate. The third man was plainly a Jewish peddler, who might even appropriately have been recasting his wares on a lodging-house in the Ghetto after a day devoted to the hawking of shoe laces.

In the next stage of the picture two of the faces and parts of the three more important figures were painted in color, while the rest was still in charcoal. Very radical changes had been made in the faces of the middle old man and the one next to him. These changes were distinctly for the better and constituted a long step toward the realization of the artist's meaning. They rendered possible in a large degree by the fortunate discovery of the man with the alcoholic habit who acknowledged that he had been a part in the youth. A further phase of this kind of progression is revealed in the photograph in which the whole upper part of the canvas is shown in a coloring of gray. Here the final type of the middle face has been clothed in an expression of profound significance, and the heathy visage, to the right, is so admirably delineated that it is a pity to give a new pose to this figure in order to add to

face of the middle old man seemed to very belie it all the sorrows of the age. The man next to him had no hidden law face upon his nose. Only the son of the father end, looking a strong center at a restaurant who had drunk up his last hope of shelter, remained without notable alteration. The evolution of the picture had advanced with marvelous rapidity. What was to come next?

The artist was fascinated by the strange head of his middle model. Unusually, day after day, as he



The Christ head, which was afterward transformed

worked before it, it seemed to grow in refinement, to become more subtle in outline, more and more the mark of the unending mystery of human pain and human hope. One day, as I entered the studio, I was quite startled to behold in the middle of the group on the canvas a half-built Christ, wearing a look of immeasurable sorrow and appearing to bend under an infinite burden of discouragement. Again, when I returned a few days later, the eyes were slightly less veiled. A warmer light had crept into them and around the head was a faint glow, the moral glow, melting into shadow. One could easily at first glance have taken it for an optical illusion.

"I had to do it!" exclaimed Mr. MacCarren. "I could not help it. As the French say, it was stronger than I. And now that I have done it I dare not keep it. I fear it is going too far. Really this is a wonderfully significant idea. It's a break in tone and a fresh, an idea incarnate. The beholder would interpret it as he could. The question is, Would my own idea be understood?"

A great French artist helped MacCarren to solve these doubts. Before my next visit the head had been accomplished. I received a shock almost equal to my former surprise when I saw that the Christ head had been added. The middle figure was again only the old Man of Fidelity with the canvas almost held over the thin, drooping hair had lately been, and the expression less subtle less spiritualized. This change was definitely only a few more strokes of the brush now, strengthening the accumulation of the dominant note, and the picture is done.

The woman's error is fatal; but no world say that her soul is dimmer is very remote from life. The old man's error has not struck on lots from his starchy philosophy. The two gray eyes are unimportant. With him the days are past when the future was to be questioned. The rest is unimportant, unimportant.

The two other persons in the group are absorbed in a British shawl, an psychological series could not then even be drawn.



The finished picture, "The People of the Abyss," as it will appear in the Salon

the picture's progress of the group. It was immediately after this that the girl with the ether habit was discovered. Although her complete presentation on the canvas was intensely paid and proved deeply unsatisfactory, the artist espoused it unhesitatingly.

Then for the first time appeared the Madonna's face. The change made at this moment proved all the previous ones. The half-built, half-erect on the left had become an unshamed veteran, who, in fact, had fought in the Franco-German War. The

# A FANTASY OF CITY LIGHTS

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE.

Two milling men were gazing into a jeweler's glittering window. Upon its carpeting of black velvet glowed an arranged array of diamonds. In the center, set prominently there, were two long chains of diamonds fit for the Nawab of Bakhawapur. Side by side, they traced a straight, leading pathway, almost the woman's width, across the number plate. Flanking their double line of light were other jewels, some in intricate, daisy clusters, some in radiant stars and crescents, some in the high state of solitary brilliance—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds. The colors gleamed and changed from a thousand hues. It was splendid and quite bewildering.

The first man gazed awhile in a sort of fascinated silence, and then one of them, so his eye again swept those the dazzling line, said, with a quick smile:

"It looks just like upper Broadway at night, doesn't it?"

It did indeed suggest Broadway—as, sometime or

Twenty third Street, from north and south and east and west, will surely identify the similar lights come creeping in. Blazing rows, with belts that could be called to fibers, pursue one another end-to-end. Motors with creaky cogs and hoisting gears the ground as they wing into the shadows, the fiery lights of carriage flitting away before them. Many wonders stand their luminous brightness, for here the world of warring lights asserts itself, here begins the glitter of selfish, worldly upper Broadway. The poor monks with their tapers are shown into most dark confusion; their sacred line is broken; they search up their rows and live in horrified dismay. Some of them gather for safety in Madison Square, where they peer through the trees at the terms from which they have providentially escaped. They cover the same sufficient passage to return to line, and they may save there any night, not in pairs, but unbrotherly separated and their presence particularly objection to the throngers in danger on the benches. And, further in confusion, they should they raise their eyes. Dances of the Tower, outlined by their lightfeathers, swing high overhead, drawing her suddenly into the wind and not making the slightest effort to adjust her robes (dust) there.

But on the other side of this market-place tumult and glare, and as near it as their dignity will permit, the Avenue lights retrace their sacred task and fly placidly northward. Now come the rows of shop-windows which are patterned at night chiefly by New York's "friends from out of town," and those who long for window-gaze. To dock these glowing windows the workshops of the world have been unweaved. These precious goods, these gems and diamonds, gold and silver things, these fabrics and flocks, richly patterned and soft, these wares of fashioned ivory and lace and wool whose form and color and worth are here so normally displayed, have been some because beggars and language of hand and water to trumpet an alien purse in the electric brightness of a Fifth Avenue window. And what different lights these

things have known in other, earlier night seasons, in the hours of wonderful darkness behind this mass of incandescent glows—the hazy of amoky toques, the roll and cry of an unfamiliar tongue, and the rattling, creaking progress of a curran; the flash of swaying lanterns in glowing berths, the crashing harbor, the heavy bristling and the pad pad of bare, black feet as a gangplank; the red up-lump of bow-lights, the line of stars beavers with their shimmering heads, the swish of hot, clinging sand, the splashing shade into the cooling water—how high, wide-high—and the waiting head a shadow, slender thing in the night, the white of the placid moon and stars set in an infinite silver, and, far below them, a great ship with a trosser in her lightless, guarded holds, driving through the sea.

Beyond those evanescing ships is a cynos of homes, the houses dim and reversed, seen a bit hazy in their own circumstance, and all slight behind those heavy hangings. The smooth driveway between them is streaked with the twin lamps of incandescent incense. They are backing upon the low serious beams of the night, and as they speed by their second glaring glimpses of fair women and fair-voiced and lucky men. If the Avenue lights look in, it is by chance, a look that is far too brief and too impersonal to be important. For what is dominating characteristic of these lights is their character of indifference to the life which goes on beneath them. There is a stalling self-absorption.

But go into the lower precincts of the city where streets and lanes are narrow and ill-favored, there the lights are towards of their quarter, pray to its peculiar and intimate affairs, and to the limits of those who stand and freeze through its mysterious lights. They know every door and wall and window within their vision. The children who play their instrumental games upon the sidewalks are known to them by name, for they hear them called in shrill, interrupting exclamations from upper stories. The gangs of young men who usually loiter along the dark in favorite corners, the old men and old women who struggle and quarrel through their hair and inamovable seasons, are alike known to them. They catch the rapid, unobscured progress of countless dozing carriages, and at the proper time, as if they looked away, provide the shadow for the playful roughness of a kid. And when at last the street has fallen into its restless sleep and there is a solitude in the darkness, with a man's quiet, crossing eye, then dead silence save for the ch-ch-ch-ch of feet spurring along the lights, loyal again, guard the corner the obscurity he seeks. They know the corner, just as on another night they know the gift, but there's an end to it.

The red-lit glare of Broadway and the cold blue whiteness of Fifth Avenue are not more faithful to an arched scheme than the glimmer of these poor relations downtown. It is for these to check rather than to reveal what lies about them. The sturdy, crowded houses are all free plain at sundown; at night they are permitted to shrink behind a curtain of darkness through which, toattered squares, gleams the dingy array of window lights. The highways themselves are blessed by the dust which sweeps in a heavy air.

None of the lights of the city and story and red-rod in the narrow cells of shop windows, "doing them" with a self-absorption, a narrow long slow hope-fulness of expression at work. Still others are nervous facing things a street where a man is not in warning, but as a lure to the craning craft and a wardrobe of a written anecdote. From a corner's vantage-point they observe what is usually polished news, spread, still, out, their



Where a Subway viaduct is transformed into a magic bridge

other, we shall become familiar with it from air-ships on the nights.

The lights are set up for alignment, and illumination, and one sees them with the eyes of his mood. When every game is a man Broadway at night is irresistible. We make for the highway with our spirits chinking in our pockets. We see something akin to a wink in the international flashes of an electric sign. The glow that falls astern the sidewalk from door-lamps along the way is a raptur to divert our willing feet. We gather where it is brightest, and there we laugh our merriment, talk our wildest, and spread our jewels and our silks to catch the glitter.

But when the world is old the glare of Broadway is a luxury impertinence. It obscures the dust and the frayed edges she had taught ourselves to hide. It peers into tents and taverns and flags before us the crowded shadow of our shuffling walk. We pull down our hats to hide the ugly lines it depicts about our wrinkled mouths, and at the first side street we veer away. For Broadway's leader either invites us to non-trivial familiarity or bids us be off about our miserable business.

What a different leaving have the lights of Fifth Avenue! Although inside her lanterns, their long reach of this thoroughfare and set them glow-gobies at nightfall, one's idea of it after dark centers upon the tall, blue-white light, in occasional places, which hedge its smooth, clear roadway. Who could imagine one glimmer of solitation in their radiance? Their sole task is the ancient and honorable of showing the way, and, engendered in it, they look down upon an imperially and incuriously in their methodical spaces, in the rigid distance they maintain between themselves and earthly things, we note their dignity and purpose. If they convey a certain suggestion of sanctity, it is not wholly without reason. Beneath the Zuluon cross, bearing due and mysterious in its high place, the great white arch glows in Washington Square like the portal to the green cloisters of the park. And from this wide doorway, two, on moon's lean tapers in their closely-bred, the lights go up the Avenue.

Aside from the banality of Eighth Street, with its windows aglow from porch to counter, like rapid lanes in a gallery, and the noisy crowd at Fort Tenth Street, where the city's frolic goes racing through, there is little to disturb the serenity of these outside lights. They have the highway to themselves and meditation and the companionship of certain archaic, old-fashioned boroughs of the town. Not at



Fairytold on the Harlem River



brilliance, and  
down to earth  
dripping money  
at the bar.

Across the way  
a small market  
essays a rivalry  
with a row of  
disintegrated gar-  
rets, like elevated  
footlights, behind  
which, as in  
piped music, are  
rows of legs of  
natives and a  
"peary ballet" of  
feathered children.  
Encouraged by  
the stage man-  
ager—in  
father's costume—  
the audience  
moves freely in  
and out behind  
the scenes, and  
hesitating eyes  
to give a familiar  
sledge to the  
members of the  
east, and fre-  
quently taking a  
glance one out to  
supper. Behind  
the street, strategic  
movements transpire  
for competition, a  
kitchen's wagon  
trucks beside the  
curb, an air of permanency  
is afforded to it by the worn-out, heavy wooden  
benches of the shafts. Two noisy, rowdy  
fellows smoke at the tail-board, dividing their attention be-  
tween the possible vegetables about them and an  
old woman who is waving greetings from a post-  
office's cart. As a sort of barometer stick in the  
corner, several children are wearing bits of  
wood and paper into the anger of a blaze in the gutter,  
settling an ominous red dancing on near-by walls.  
The very first trial in the market, the first  
at its post at the corner waters the children with  
its crimson eye over the heads of the unaccustomed multi-  
tude.

Such are the lights which live on terms of easy  
friendship with the affairs of the quarter. They are  
not set, close to the street, along lamplines in their  
turns, the highest of them well within reach of the  
talk and gossip of the people. Their interests are the  
interests of those about them, and those they serve,



Where the Bowers journeys onward

even to the diamond, least ambitious flicker of the  
hoop that marks the street-repair gang's uncompleted  
task.

The Bowers finds a wondrous "mixed company" of  
lights awaiting her. They roam with simplicity and  
with tranquility, from the nonchalant benevolence of the  
stock over Cooper Union in the half-dimmed glitter of  
the archway under the elevated tracks at Chatham  
Square. The Bowers's croon has ever been with a  
strange crew, and so it is with her lights. Many of  
them are far too good for her, far too bright and  
steady; many are ineffective leaders along the curb, and  
some are out-and-out deceivers. At Chatham  
Square, where her dominion begins, the very street  
lights convey the disquieting suggestion that they are  
lying in wait for some one behind the spent pillars of  
the overhead railway. Close at hand, around the  
corner of a wall, the alien lights of a crowded Chinese  
street look almost upon the highway. They illustrate  
familiarity more or less their own, with the Bowers

for an indignant and much-valued patron. A little  
farther on the glare of an electric search lamp  
from a music-hall doorway upon the door faces of  
men who are hunching, shuffling along in line for a  
handful of bread. These are the men for whom the  
Bowers has long had employment, as never her solemn,  
sincere words, but she feels them, perhaps to keep  
them from answering her. There comes the lashed  
trolley of the shop windows, which, for a moment, has an  
avoidable fiery glare. It seems inevitable that salt  
and "paste" and bits are not consumed in the blaze  
which explains them. But one night, a long time ago,  
the proprietor at an "Emporium of Fashion" made  
two lights to burn where only one burned before, and  
the change was too plain to be ignored by his  
competitors. And that is what brought the lights  
trooping in upon the Bowers. Year by year they be-  
come brighter and more numerous; better buildings,  
better men, follow them, and the crafty old street who  
sees it all elevates his badly painted eyebrows and  
reduces the price of whiskey in his rent's glass.

No accompanied by her army of good lights and  
bad ones, the symbols of lowest trades rubbing elbows  
wildly with the beams of heaven from the street, the  
Bowers journeys northward with Cooper Union stands  
squarely in her path and bars her further progress.  
Her racing traffic is cleft into two swift, narrow  
streams as by a great lower rock. And from the  
moment the venerable clock looks down upon the lit-  
taught highway and her diversions, an uninvited, un-  
welcome guest, but the first to come and the last to  
leave.

From the Bowers the brightness vanishes quickly  
and so does it. It fades, light by light, in the squares  
of sober pavement and in the factories that stretch to  
the shadowy river edges. There, for miles and miles,  
is a glowing chain, run the noisy water-front lamps,  
in the moment the venerable clock looks down upon the lit-  
taught highway and her diversions, an uninvited, un-  
welcome guest, but the first to come and the last to  
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taught highway and her diversions, an uninvited, un-  
welcome guest, but the first to come and the last to  
leave.

# WILL ANY MILK DO?

BY H. W. CONN

THE conditions of the milk industry  
are likewise here such as to put a  
Tremendous upon your quality and  
carefulness in production. Most  
articles of commerce are bought and  
sold according to their quality, and  
the public realizes that a higher  
price must be paid for a good than  
for a poor product. Unfortunately  
the milk business is the most widely  
used article of food. Milk, provided it comes up to  
a certain rather low standard set by law, has commonly  
been sold as much as any other article of food, and  
sold at one level price. This of course results fre-  
quently in cheating the purchaser. But a worse effect  
than this is that the inevitable result of such a  
condition places an inevitable temptation upon those  
producing and handling milk. Since their receipts are  
dependent upon the quantity and not upon the quality  
of the milk they sell, the thing that is placed  
upon them is to produce and sell as large a quantity  
as possible, rather than as good a quality as possible.  
Cheap methods of producing milk in large quantities  
are common to the trade, and the popular level of prices  
has become the one that produces the largest quantity  
of milk, which means also the poorest quality. The  
result of this has been that a kind of standard of diluting  
milk with water, and the level of now that this  
diluted cow milk has become the most popular  
and best payment for quality and not for quantity  
has everywhere had the effect of reducing the grade  
of milk, of cheapening the methods of production,

and of increasing the quantity at the expense  
of quality. As a consequence it has been found nec-  
essary to pass laws that set a minimum standard of  
milk that can be sold, and this standard has a ten-  
dency to be set at the lowest grade that is produced  
by the cow that gives the largest quantity and hence  
the lowest quality.

It has become sadly proved in recent years that  
while milk may be the cheapest food it is sometimes  
the most dangerous, the danger always lying due to  
foreign substances getting into the milk. The many

many of the evils connected with the milk supply  
are due to a lack of stimulus to produce quality, have  
started in the past few years. The public has been  
led to believe that it is a very difficult and some think an  
impossible one, due largely to the fact that the milk is  
sold as much as any other article of food, and that all events some  
steps in the direction of grading milk are being  
taken. A National Commission of Milk Standards has  
recently strongly advocated that milk should be  
graded, and the public has been led to believe that  
all the romance, all the mystery, all the wonderful  
story of the milk business has been revealed.



A dairy farm that aims at quality

epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and dip-  
theria, the thousands of cases of tuberculosis, infantile  
scum throats, and diarrhoeal troubles that have  
been traced to the milk business, all milk supply has  
proved the need of grading this product. It is a  
demonstrated fact, no longer a theory, that tens of  
thousands of children live their lives yearly from the  
drinking of the milk that is sold on our markets.  
These dangers are all due to the contamination of  
milk with something from without and are the result  
of carelessness in handling this product. The principal  
factors are that carelessly produced, dirty milk is a  
menace to the health of every child in a city, and that  
the general custom of paying for milk by quantity  
rather than by quality inevitably results in carelessness  
that is sure to be attended upon the desire to  
produce the largest amount of milk irrespective of  
quality, at the lowest price.

Public-health authorities, having realized that

Probably the chief obstacle in the way of this  
important reform lies at the consumer's end of the  
problem. It will be perfectly feasible to bring the  
producers and dealers into line with this change if  
the public can be educated to realize the meaning  
and its necessity. Unfortunately the public at  
large still believes that "milk is milk," and is quite  
unwilling to pay more for good milk than for poor  
milk, provided the latter is properly white and shows  
a cream line. This is sometimes due to domestic  
conditions; and it occasionally happens that the very  
dishes who advocate the pure-milk campaign pay no  
attention to the milk bought in their own households,  
leaving this to a housekeeper or servant. Under  
these conditions the public is not likely to be led to  
pay more for anything but quantity, quality, and  
care in the price; and if the intelligent people re-  
sist to "interfere with domestic affairs," it is diffi-  
cult to make progress. But it is well assumed to find  
educated people willing to pay a cent a quart more for  
good milk when they find they can get an ordinary  
milk cheaper. If the public could be led to appre-  
ciate the fact that it is cheaper to pay a little  
more for a good quality than to pay less for a poorer  
grade of milk, the public would be led to pay a  
premium for quality. The question whether the milk supply can be  
generally improved depends thus upon the consumer. The  
New York Milk Commission in doing a great work  
in being the first to set a standard of quality, and  
supply it as an attempt to put this product upon  
the same basis as other food products, and by giving  
a premium for quality, has shown the public that it  
is possible, and is thus becoming one of the efficient aids  
toward the improvement of the public health. The  
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toward the improvement of the public health.



# THE MAN WHO GAVE UNCLE SAM HIS DUES

A Glance at the Achievement of William Loeb, Jr., the First Collector of the Port of New York to Make the Customs Service Thorough

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

HERE should never have been any reason for writing this page of his life. The thing is done by some of the United States customs dues at the port of New York ever had been collected since the March, 1908. At that time President Taft appointed William Loeb, Jr., Collector of the Port, and during the four years that have passed since then Mr. Loeb has really collected the customs. That state of facts on the face of it may hardly seem worth writing about, but to say one really well informed as to the history of the service it is as startling as if the collector had made a field of what grew new where only a few straggling blades of grass were before. Mr. Loeb found the customs dues being collected with a sieve; he promptly threw away the sieve and substituted a basket that never misses one drop.

Incidents in the customs service were characteristic of the time, emphasizing good-natured American way of doing things. For generations the Collector of the Port of New York had been in a fine position, one of the right-hand men of the President in power; an able politician, who might or might not have some knowledge of the revenue laws, but who never gave any jobs to "the boys" who came properly recommended by national or state or district leaders. Excellent men have occupied the position. One of the charming and courteous Chester A. Arthur, became President of the United States. No one could improve the character of any of the Collectors of the Port any more than he could declare that the customs duties were honestly and efficiently collected. Tainted from top to bottom with politics, the service was not of favoritism, of fraud, and of incompetence. The gentle art of smuggling, which the law denounces as a crime and which many of the most righteous men and women practice or condone, flourished in the highest degree. Foreign goods brought in from Europe wore clothing of lacustrine than the low country shipped something in something else, and escaped paying. Women of good birth and breeding, of high social standing and great wealth brought in silks, in. ex, and jewels worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and never paid a cent—often. Thousands of men and women, many of them women bought their liberties out of bondage their fathers or husbands had acquired through the high protective tariff; yet they bribed and bribed and evaded their way through the barriers of the tariff law without a scruple. The practice was so systematized that it was quite common for smugglers to look for an inspector with a white flourish in his button-hole—the device being the white ledger of bribery.

As for the inspectors of foreign wares, one needs both telescope and microscope to scrutinize their operations. Scattering among customs houses arranged a highly organized fraudulent system of undervaluing and overvaluing goods for the purpose of their duty. Many millions of fraudulent goods—and gave a few paltry thousands of dollars to the workers. Thousands men who worked at the frauds, bylaws, demands, bribes, profits, and put down good rich on the spoils of their corrupt partnership with the lowest government employees. In ports of women goods, silks, furs, flowers, calico, and spirits—anything and everything—went with one another in clearing the coast. No branch of trade was so small in profit in a grand scheme as to collect a very little fortune by smuggling in liquor stills. (Curing stills were in a constant of fraud) and the thing that things had seemingly nobody cared. It was a trade over between smart social leaders, shrewd millionaires, scoundrel merchants, really efficient, and common sense to see no could. Uncle Sam, next advent and profitable. Since Bobby Burns's day, and long before that, mankind has looked leniently upon smuggling. It has been a business that never been carried on upon such a gigantic and thoroughly organized scale as at the port of New York. At that port, one-quarter of all the customs revenues of the United States, which is equivalent to forty per cent. of the entire revenue of that government. Think of it—millions of dollars have been returned in a crooked, rotten shew!

When Mr. Taft became President this condition appealed him. He determined to cure it. There was

low enough to work the case, if only he could find the man. . . . Presently it was telegraphed throughout the country that William Loeb, Jr., late secretary to President Roosevelt, had been appointed Collector of Customs at the Port of New York. . . . Fine for Loeb! That's what he gets for being faithful to Teddy. Was the consensus of the public, who then got on all about Mr. Loeb and went on with their regular business of getting rich—most poor—rank, or reforming the world, or getting votes for women, or reading for the home sake, or whatever else they liked to work or play at. As a matter of fact, there was a great deal more behind that appointment than the public dreamed of, though there was not so good a time to talk about it as now, when the Collector has finished his appointed task and is going to work for a private concern that will pay him twice as much as Uncle Sam did. Before making the appointment, Mr. Taft asked the former secretary whether he thought he could close up the New York customs

laws that even set with a time-lost. He looks the prospect, dominant business man.

Mr. Loeb had the most remarkable advantage of having to fight hard to acquire all the learning that is his. Having had sunny means, he was favored early to earn his own living, and as he was graduated from high school at Albany, New York. He became a proficient stenographer and worked in a railway office and in an insurance office, in each of which he obtained good business training. He was during four years a stenographer in the District Attorney's office, and for three years of that time he diligently studied law. He earned more money meantime by serving as an extra stenographer for the official reporter of the state legislatures. Moreover the new Collector had enjoyed special opportunities for becoming familiar with the work he must do. He was secretary to J. Nath Farnett while Mr. Farnett was Collector in 1899. He thus gained intimate knowledge of the personnel of the duty of three thousand men that collected the duties at the port of New York. He knew the intricate problems that came up in the administration of the office. A few years later young Loeb was an extra stenographer on the staff of the Executive office at Albany. When Theodore Roosevelt became Governor of New York in 1898 he made young Loeb his private secretary, and when he was elected Vice-President took him to Washington. So that, thanks to his New York City experience, the young man knew a good deal about the customs business, while at Albany and Washington he learned a bit about the general principles that held his friends, knowing the perils of the new position he was going to accept in March, 1908, offered him the post-announce that friends on offer give.

"New York will be the great joy of my population," they told him. "You can't close it up."

"But if I do not set it right," he replied, "that will be a real sorrow." Now, and hence the collector from time immemorial for the Collector of the Port of New York to sit in state and receive his duties. He was surrounded by carved golden American eagles that perched on the walls and on the ceiling, and by portraits of worthies and heads of Lincoln and Grant. He smoked long and silky cigars, and received his messages, inquired in substance for the fish traps, and he held important conferences from time to time with great men in the city, and in the various departments in the customs service came in at proper intervals and told what he had to do. They were given a sneak of it as they thought was good for him to know—and went on their way untroubled by any interference from above. But the new collector was different. He knew the customs business. Indeed, several heads of departments came in to pay their respects to the new chief and tell him what they were doing—and remained to receive instructions. Now and then he told one of three gentlemen things about his department that he himself had never known, and he was sure that any one else knew. Furthermore, instead of placidly receiving what he was told, he would inquire about things that any one else knew. Furthermore, instead of placidly receiving what he was told, he would inquire about things that any one else knew. Furthermore, instead of placidly receiving what he was told, he would inquire about things that any one else knew.

"Suppose the newly elected president of a railroad should give orders that every man on the road must obtain for himself a new pair of shoes in any form, or that every employee must sleep also bare out of each twenty-four, that would follow, the ability of the army of railroaders to grasp the idea that the new chief meant what he said. As yet Mr. Loeb has no charge at the Custom House, in Building Group, he has no charge at all revolutionary. "We must collect all the customs dues, fully and honestly," he told me. "There are many ways to help me to the relief of your ability. If you fall you will be disappointed. If you succeed you will be promoted as high as you can get. It will be the only thing that counts in this office. Politics is out of it. Remember, you must collect every penny that you can get from every goods into this country—the biggest merchant to the lowest trader."

"Volume drew me in to order and talked it over. The new Collector means well, but you see it is to be so or not to be. I am not a politician. Loeb seemed to be a new young fellow—and he didn't know. Certain parties, knowing great political and public affairs were about to come, would put the pressure on him, and they'd know what was what and what to do." (Continued on page 26)



William Loeb, Jr. WHO RENOVATED HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS BY SHOWING THAT THE COLLECTION OF CUSTOMS OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED EFFICIENTLY AND HONESTLY

and make it efficient. Mr. Loeb said he believed he could; at least he'd try as hard as he could. He got the job, with only one condition attached—that he must do the service honest and thorough. What qualifications had the young secretary for a task that required the abilities of Hercules, Solomon, and a few other supermen faded into one? First of all, character: he had been diligent, honest, and faithful in many things; a hard and loyal worker; an unsparring student; a model of neat, a genius of keeping his mouth shut. He had also the faculty of grasping a multitude of details, of classifying and analyzing them, and never forgetting them. Also he had youth, health, strength, and enthusiasm. He was forty-two years old, a trim fellow six feet in height, with a big, heavy frame well packed with spry muscles. As he would stand, or he seems today physically the type of a football guard or tackle, with perhaps a shade less knock-out—an excellent self-starter against men, but a knock-down, well-protected boxer, speaking casual that appears a big well-balanced head, proud on a strong neck, broad heavy eyes, nose, set well apart, strong mouth, revealing firm, a big, lighter nose; deep, broad chin, slanting forward, and hard



## ART?



# Interfudes

### SOME SUGGESTED VALENTINES

**H**AVING looked vainly over the field to find suitable valentines to fit into the needs of certain special classes of men and women, we venture to supply an unfortunate lack with the following suggestions. These, if cut out and pasted upon a piece of card-board or the back of a postal, may be mailed to the party of the second part by the individuals to whom they may appear useful.

*(For a College Boy Free To Face With a Defiant)*  
Dear Father, send me dollars nine,  
And I will be your Valentine.  
If so you wish, don't fail to pay  
The check for ten.

*(For a Retail Dealer To Read To His Tailor)*  
Dear Shop, I cannot pay your bill;  
I have no money in my till.  
And as the tank I'm down so low  
The customer's manner's cold as snow.  
But I have not forgot you, Shop,  
Nor would I give your bill the slip,  
But just at present I incline  
To simply be your Valentine.

*To Read To The Young Lady Who Has Rejected You*  
Nive to my suit you answered, "Nais!"  
I shall not be your Valentine,  
But to the girl across the way  
I'm sending stacks of them today.  
I call to-night, but, say I go,  
Accept my thanks for saying "No!"

*(To Read To a Somewhat Unappreciative Employer)*  
If you will raise my salary  
Your Valentine I'll gladly be,  
And mark me well, if as you don't,  
Hooch, I walk!

### A STRONG SERMON

"THAT was a strong sermon you preached on Lent and the vanities of life, Dr. Prang," said Mr. Roddyman.  
"I'm glad you found it so, Mr. Roddyman," said the reverend gentleman.  
"Yes, sir—and what you said about ostentation was especially pointed and true, and I have decided to reform my ways in that respect. Instead of getting a thousand dollar check in the photo on Easter Sunday,

sir, I am going to content myself with a neck and lovely two-dollar bill," said Mr. Roddyman, giving the rector's hand an affectionate squeeze of appreciation.

### THERE'S A REASON

"MAYN'S father has forbidden everybody else house during Lent but me," chortled Chaffin.  
"Oh, well, I suppose he thought he ought to impose a penance of some kind on her," said Cyrus.



TROUBLES OF A PREHISTORIC PROFESSOR  
TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

### AN AWFUL BLOW

"Yes," said Siffers, "Makley was my dearest friend, and I shall never cease to mourn his death. It was a terrible blow from which I shall never recover."  
"Why—I thought you married his widow?" said Jansson.  
"Why—of—about—why, yes, I did, but—"  
Here Siffers subsided into a deep and uncomfortable silence.

### SERIOUS THINKING

"You really should put your mind on serious matters during the Lenten season, Mrs. Frevde," said the rector, gravely.  
"Oh, I do, Dr. Fourthly," said the lady. "You haven't an idea what a lot of serious thought goes into the selection of an Easter hat these days."

### NO TROUBLE AT ALL

"No," said the summer girl, "I have no difficulty at all in keeping my Lenten vows. Every year I refrain during the Lenten period not to stroll on the moonlight; not to stroll in a hammock; not to stroll with any young man during the two-

light hour; and not to frivel in the bushy dell with every fluffy-haired college athlete that comes along."  
"Noble girl!" said the visitor, as he put on his fur overcoat and went forth into the raging blizzard, resolved to lead a better life.

### A USEFUL CITIZEN

"WHAT sort of a chap is Dabberton, Griggs?" asked Whackoon.  
"Dabberton?" said Griggs. "Oh, Dabberton's the sort of chap who will deliver a lecture on the Honor of the Mercantile Earl of Shaftesbury at a time when everybody else is looking for advice on how to reduce the high cost of living."

### THE KIND

"SAM WOODMAN is the most futile dreamer I ever met," said Dabbs.  
"Really? How does he show it?" asked Wimpleton.  
"Why, Sam's the sort of man who would actually go to a public dinner to get something to eat," said Dabbs.

### NOT UNLIKELY

"Well, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes."  
"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I have wanted 'em ever 'til this' else he sure since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."



TRACK TEN—THE FINAL HEAT



## WHEN IRISHMEN

The interior of the Irish House of Commons in College Green, Dublin, as it appeared in 1790, one year before the abolition of its licensing law within two years, despite the veto of the House of Lords, makes this picture of 18th-century Ireland. Granton (holding the scroll) referring to Henry Flood, while Lord Chalmers (seated) is watching him earnestly. The 2

A REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL BY THIS PICTURE, WHICH WAS PAINTED BY J. M. W. Turner



## RULED IRELAND

of the Act of Union, which abolished the Irish parliament. The passage of the Home Rule bill last month, and the probable Philip Curzon is shown addressing the House, over which Speaker Foster presides. On the right of the picture is Henry man at the extreme right (seated, with the curled wig) is Sir John Parnell, great-grandfather of the famous Irish statesman and J. HAYTER, APPEARED IN THE ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR FEBRUARY 26, 1907.



# THE FORBIDDEN ROAD

BY JANE ANDERSON

DRAWINGS BY W. H. D. KOERNER

EVERY afternoon, at sundown, Wanda stood in her side doorway watching the negroes ride by on their way toward town. The postmaster's Mexican glances her head were no broader than her mouth, and she wore two bands of scarlet beads around her hair.

She knew that there was not one of the men who did not want to stop and be with her; and it pleased her—as it would have pleased any woman.

In town, at night, the negroes talked of her beauty; but the women shrugged their shoulders and wear elegant gowns with their hands. They said that she was a chola—which is to say that there was both Indian and Mexican blood in her veins—and that she was without caste. All of which was true.

One day there was a new rider with the men when they came in from the ranges. He was young and straight and rode well forward in his saddle, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The sky was brown, but it was the brown of wood and stone—for his eyes were blue.

Wanda waited for his coming every day, walked with the misgivings and small fears of a child who does a forbidden thing. But each day he rode by, silent, looking straight ahead. And Wanda was glad. When the shadows of the penitentiary deepened in the twilight she watched for him, but she did not want him to stop. She was afraid, then, he did not come in from the hills with the others. The next day Wanda wore her prettiest bracelets—wrought her slender arms with them. She braided her hair in two heavy plaits and wound them around her head, fastening them with a narrow band of silver.

She went down to the gate that overlooked the road. Her eyes rove close to her but she could have reached out and touched him. But he did not look at her. It was then that she saw the fine of white on his neck where the sunburn stopped.

She went back into the house, drew the blankets across her deer, and looked at herself a long time in her small mirror. "Look," she said, under her breath. She took off the heavy bracelets and threw them on the floor, where they rolled around, flung back at her in the candlelight.

But the next afternoon he came in to talk with her, and since he was a white man he brought one of the negroes with him, so that the introduction would be convincing. In town, before they went away the negroes asked for the red man in her hair, and she gave it to him and laid it into the horse's mane, and the red man looked up from her work, Wanda laughed.

"He is just a man, when all is said," she said. But she was very happy. It is named Clay Livingston—which is a pretty name."

"He is of another people," said the old woman. "It is better to let him be."

"His eyes are good blue," Wanda answered.

Her father sat at one side, listening. He was an old man, fast returning to the shabby ways of his tribe. He said no comment.

When the negro had finished the night's work and had gone back to the reservation Wanda went out and sat on the low doorstep of the veranda. With her hands clasped around her knees, she watched the moon look above the mountains, and the shadows of the night-banks circling on the sand. She thought of Clay and remembered the warm pressure of his fingers on her eyes. Then she tried to put him away from her, and hunched back against the door, staring up into the thick, close leaves of the tamarind. She made pictures out of them, and figures of people, half hypnotized by her own devices, like a child who brows out giants and great white sheep in the moving clouds.

Far away she heard the patter of a pony's hoofs, but it became a part of the noise of the night, and she did not listen. When they stopped before the gate she looked up and saw Clay coming up the path toward her. For a second it seemed that he was but one of the pictures she had made.

But he came and stood beside her, looking down into her eyes, smiling.

"I have come back," he said, and sat down on the doorstep beside her.

"Oh," said Wanda. She had taken down her hair, and it hung over her shoulders in two heavy wavy bands. She lifted one of them and wound it around her wrist, trying to hide the trembling of her hands.

"I don't know. You don't mind my coming?" She glanced up at him from under the shadow of her hair. "No—I am glad."

"I—I felt like I had to see you again."

Wanda stirred out her slim, brown hands, looking at them in the moonlight. She did not know how to answer him, and she was suddenly afraid to meet his eyes.

"I don't understand about you," he said, slowly. "Have you been here always? You talk sometimes in Mexican, then English. You seem—"

She smiled, but she drew back from him. "No. I speak two tongues, also the Indian. It is not strange. Many people here in the country of Arizona do so."

"You are Spanish?"

"My mother was of the Chulilla, and most beautiful. My father is of the Indians. I am like those of his tribe."

"Tell me about yourself. . . . I don't seem to be ready—but tell me all about yourself—all of it. I want to hear."

He leaned forward, his face eager and bright in the soft light.

"There is little to tell, when—"

"Tell me," he said again.

She smiled, throwing her fingers in and out of the long bands of her hair. "When I was little—no," she said, slowly, "there was a barber, of course. It was before my mother—"

He laughed happily.

"But, even so, it is a odd way to speak—? There is no 'I was' and 'I have'—I cannot get close to any one."

"But when you were a little girl—"

"Then—"

"After a time, my mother went away with a man—she was not her own people, it was very long ago, and to me my father would never speak of it. . . ."

"Then, my father did not care what happened to me, and my mother was not there to see. But it was not like this with me always. The haircuts was most beautiful—but now it is all, and the doors of it are all earth, according to the ways of my father."

"Are you happy—are you happy here now?"

Wanda looked down thoughtfully at the twisted line of her shoulders. "Perhaps I would like to go away—I do not know. There are other places beyond the hills."

"Yes, there are other places—then, and it is different there."



She found her father alone

She leaned back and looked up at the rustling leaves above them. "I will be happy, then," she said, softly.

They waited, each conscious of the nearness of the other, silent, afraid to speak. A kind twittered drearily in the transparent air, and an answering chirp came from the blossoms near him.

Wanda stood up and brushed her hair back from her face. "It is late," she said. "We have been talking long."

"No—please don't go in."

"I must go," she said; "we have been here very long."

"It doesn't seem like a long time. I wish I could tell you how it here like here—here with you. How—! He put his hands out before me in gesture of despair. "Even if I could tell you, you wouldn't believe it—it would sound so queer. But let me come again, like this."

"I will let you come," she said. "And you will tell me about the cities beyond the hills."

He stood up beside her, and she thought that he was tall, much taller than she. "He has known many women," she thought, carelessly, and she put her hands up to her throat with a quick gesture of pain.

"You must walk down to the gate with me." There was a sudden accent of command in his voice, and it pleased her.

They went down the path together, silent, not looking at each other, the full of words that could not be said to try and talk about better things. At the gate, he turned to her.

"There is one thing," he said, quickly. "You must promise me—"

"—if, please?"

"You gave away that flower today—you took it out of your hair. I—didn't want you to give it to him."

She laughed, but there was a look in the laughter. "I promise I will not again."

"I ought to have had it."

"You did not ask."

"It really belonged to me," he said. "Didn't it?"

"Perhaps," she answered.

He lifted both of her hands in his. "I shall come every night."

"Every night?" he said, again.

She nodded, and she felt his fingers close down suddenly on her own. "Goodly—just till the morning light. . . . Wanda."

"Alone," she whispered.

When he had gone she stood at the gate, bewildered, half afraid. He had come back. . . . But she was not content, she was not thrilled by a sense of her privacy. She was afraid. She felt before, afraid, caught up by some strange tide that was sweeping her along against her will. She did not know how to fight against it. She remembered a whisper that she had seen battling against a sandstorm in the desert.

"I am like that," she thought.

She crept into the house and into her own room on tiptoe. She lighted the candles and stood watching the flick shadows that fluttered on the wall behind them. Finally she looked into the mirror at her own serious, colorless face. She turned away quickly, fastening her dress with trembling fingers, she blew out the candles and felt her way across the darkened room to her bed. But she could not sleep. Through her open window she could see the half-moon above the tangled trees. She thought that it looked like a small, transparent bell filled with pearls. . . . When she slept, she dreamed of blue eyes that were fixed on her own, dominating, overbearing. She tried to run from them, but she could not get away. Wherever she looked, they waited for her. . . . And she awoke in her sleep.

Clay came to the bedside every day as he had said. And they sat together on the doorstep, forgetful of everything save that they were together. He told her about himself, all there was to tell—his hopes, his fears, his dreams. And Wanda, listening, trembled every word of it, because it made her feel very close to him, a very part of his life. Some times she talked to him of the secret things that she had kept locked up in her heart for so long. And the life that swept them along became greater and greater, a revelation, terrible then. . . .

One night Clay came to the house early. She ran down the path to meet him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling under their half-lowered lashes.

He caught her hands in his. "We're going to ride out on the desert—no more here, and I want it."

She hesitated, but he drew her along with him toward the corral. He pulled her pony for her, while she stood on one side holding the leaders close to her head.

He led the pony out into the yard, but she walked, with her hands on the saddle-horn. "I do not know."

He bent down, gathered her up in his arms, and lifted her into the saddle. "Are we going?" he asked, laughing.

"Yes—yes—yes—yes—yes."

"I already have—decided. I'm going to do it lots of times."

"I wonder," she said, smiling down at him. "I know I will."

She looked away. "But this is not going out on the desert," she said.

She ran across the yard to get his pony, and she rode around to meet him in front of the house.

"I'll see you," he said.

So they went down the road at a run, their horses close together, so that her skirts brushed against his stirrups. They cut around the foot of the house and out into the open, at the head of the hill, where Wanda gained a little, leaning forward in her saddle, cradled over the neck of her pony, Indian fashion.

"You win!" he cried. She smiled in her pony, laughing.

Clay rode up beside her, and with his coming everything was changed. She saw that his face was serious—the light mood of a moment before forgotten.

His smile had been but a cloak to cover other things. . . . She felt as if she must turn back.

"There's no one trying to run against you," Clay said, slowly. "You will win—you will win any day."

"No," she answered; "if I was now I will lose later. There is a spring of my father's people, 'if the gods give much, they take much in return.'"

"But you don't believe in the Indian gods—and everything."

"I believe the things that are true, no matter who speaks of them. And, too, I am like my father's people. I do not want to lose—I cannot help it. I look at the old man, Ostar, at his work. . . . I will be like that—some day. It used to be a terrible thing to be old. He is dead, and there is no color in his hair—it is dull and black. She cretes for nothing. And I will be like that."

"You are never to be like that, Wanda. I've seen the wrinkles of the tribe over there behind the hills—you could not stay there." He rode close to her, leading now her. "Wanda—Wanda," he said, softly.

She drew away. "No—no—"

"Wanda, I want you to go away with me—you

from her. In the low houses the cypress were calling at the yellow moon, but it seemed as if there were in some other world, rolling across great wadis, their cries growing fainter and fainter, ever widening. . . . She no longer tried to struggle. She swung toward him and he put his arms around her. "Don't help us," she sobbed, and hid her face against his shoulder.

They rode on together, their horses finding their own way. They tried to talk, but the words would die in broken phrases. And the moon looked down on them from the shadowy sky, and in the saddle a cypress called and was answered by his mate.

They went to her father that night, and Wanda told him why they had come. He answered her in low tones, standing a little apart from them, his worn orange wrapped around his shoulders.

"I have waited for this," he said. "This will go away with you."

"To the cities beyond the hills."

Her father laid his hand and muttered something that she did not understand.

"Tell him, Wanda," and Clay. "Find we want to be married at once. That we want to go away."



They rode on together, their horses finding their own way

have no time to stay here, I want you—I've waited as long as I can. . . . don't—don't, you know—I don't have to tell you, now!—Wanda, look at me!"

She bent her head, looking down at her rings and twisting them in her trembling fingers.

"What is it, dear? Don't you—don't you—"

"—I am trying to remember the things I must remember."

"—I know to me, Wanda. I—"

"I will not listen," she said. "I do not want to listen."

"Don't lie to me," he caught her hands, and she could feel the throbbing of the pulses in his wrists.

"No—no!" she cried. "I cannot—I cannot. I feel that it is wrong—I know that it is wrong. . . . I have seen the old man at his work. Go away while you can go—and leave me alone."

"Think, dear—you don't know what you're saying."

"—I am trying to remember."

He lifted her hands to his face, holding them there.

"What does it matter?" he said, softly. "What does anything matter—but this?" He pressed her hands against his face, and something tightened around her heart, hurting her. He drew her toward him, and she tried to fight against him. But she was weak and trembling, and everything seemed to be slipping away

The old man lighted his pipe and watched the tobacco turn red in the bowl. "If they are to be married, Wanda, it shall be by the laws of my people. I know—I know. . . . For when it is time he will go. He is a white man."

"What does he say, Wanda?"

"That we are to be married by the laws of his people. He will say the words."

"No—it can't be like that. We're going into town, where there is a priest."

Wanda hesitated.

Her father laid his hand on her shoulder. "If they would marry him, Wanda, then must do as I tell them."

She turned to Clay. "Let it be as he wants it—he is an old man, now too."

"We will go to the priest afterward!"

"If you will," she answered. "We must do as he bids us."

No they kept down before him like two frightened children, and the old man lifted his hands and muttered the half-forgotten words of his tribe. He took Wanda's hands and placed them in Clay's, asking his words to be kind to them. Then he went away and left them, and Wanda, watching, saw now that he walked slowly, as though he were very tired.



Clay drew her to her feet and kissed her. "Let us go now," he said.

"But something seemed to hold Wanda back. 'We must stay here—a little while to rest.'"

"No—some way walk me now."

"But how could she walk so away with him, she could not? Not yet, for she had to be seen and drew him toward her own room. She fastened the heavy curtains across the doorway and lighted the lamp. Then she came to the window. The moonlight made new shadows in her face. She seemed to look into a woman, such as she could be. Then she saw a crowd of people, and she could not be patient, she would rather die than be happy."

"Oh, mamma," he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her on the forehead.

"But they did not go to the priest, for Wanda would not."

"We are married," she would say. "How do the words differ if not in your tongue or in mine?"

And she did not want to go away with him. She no longer cared about the dreams of the city beyond; she wanted not one thing—to be with him, and to be forever present to him. So they stayed in the old shadowy passages, shut out from the world by the great towering trees. Wanda sang over her head and he, and at night she prayed to the gods of her father's tribe, asking them to keep a smiling face toward her.

But one morning Clay told her that they were going away, and looking at him, she knew that it was no time to resist that of the city beyond. He left her hold on him as a very tender thing.

"But we will not go far," she said.

"I will not go far," he said.

So Wanda made her simple preparations for the journey. Taking her wraps and packing them, made Clay's direction, in the small trunk that he had sent her some days. She thought to look at it with an extraordinary thing in power, and said that she would rather keep it with her than leave it. It is the woman's happiness of a train. Clay looked at her, and said that she was a child, and kissed her. But Wanda's heart was heavy.

One night before she was to start she came to the window of her father's tribe. She stayed by the lamp with the woman, talking to them, and they would answer to her over years. She did not want to leave them.

She went away with Clay the next day, and her father stood on the doorstep to watch them go. Wanda looked back from the great distance of the towering trees stretched out his hand, and his eyes came into her eyes. But she turned away so that they could not see.

The train started as a breeze that to her. She sat on the plank seat beside Clay, her hands lightly held down the steps of the car, and Wanda looked about beyond their window.

"I've got a house for us down there," he said, and a living girl to do the work. I think about it all the time."

Wanda did not answer. And in the early days they entered the first city beyond the hills. Clay helped her down the steps of the car, and Wanda looked about him in the station, bewildered by the habits of towns around them. She wondered if the people there were sleep. Clay put her into a cab, and the driver drove the door behind them. They passed through many streets lined with darkened houses, and she felt as if she were going deeper and deeper into some dark and mysterious place from which she could not return. She walked hurriedly for the circles of light around the corner lamp-posts for some reason she gave her courage.

The house was at the end of the sidewalk, and the little Mexican girl was waiting for them in the light doorway. Wanda went wearily up the steps, and it seemed to her that Clay, the driver, the girl in her white apron, were just figures in a dream. She went through all the rooms of the house, because Clay had her to look at them. Of all that she saw she remembered only some sparkling glasses on a table. She went back to her room, and she found the door closed and stood with her back against it. The bottles and the silver-plated bottles on her dressing table glowed under the electric lights. She crossed the window before she could return to the meeting of the journeying trees in the yard at night. She passed her hands against her forehead. I want to go back! I want to go back! I want to go back!

When Clay came in she was sitting in a small nook at the head of the bed, very still and straight, her hair bright in the candle light.

He bent over her and kissed her. "Do you like it?" he demanded, lifting her face in his hands.

"Was it all here—like this?" She pointed to the bright things on the wall.

He laughed. "I don't think you're ever going to grow up. Do you like it?"

She lips trembled and she could not answer.

"I write to all my men of story for all these things—and write to the girl to sit up to look like mine, right off the top. I wanted to surprise you. Besides, I know a few little facts about and they'll be coming in to us—"

"That's Mrs. Carter—"

"She's just Mrs. Carter, and she says her daughter has come back from school now. I used to know Ethel when she was a little, remember? I wasn't much more than a kid myself. Perhaps she'll come and

see me—"

He hesitated, looking down at her, and a foot of red rubbed over his face.

"Do not say that. When do they come?"

"To-morrow—"

"Not to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"I have had other dresses," said Wanda.

Clay laughed and drew her to him. "I guess you've given up, after all—"

"He tried to kiss her, but she would not let him. She was so angry that she drew the door back through the town. Wanda, watching the people passing and repassing on the streets, laughing, found on many sweet moments, thought that she had been as a very contented thing, passing my understanding. The little dusty town, provincial, crude, seemed to her a veritable city of wonders. She was a three-story side building on a corner, its windows lit with many electric signs. She looked at it with the wonder of a child.

Suddenly she turned to Clay. "Why do we ride when others walk?" she asked.

Clay thought. "I thought—"

"Mind and body, her lips smiling.

In the afternoon she put on the strange new clothes and looked at herself in the long mirror that stood between the windows. It was a white dress with a little black at the wrists. Her hands seemed very brown against it.

Clay came in and stood looking at her. She was so angry that she would not let him. A man would not kiss. Wanda said to herself!

But Mrs. Carter did not come, although Wanda was sure that she would. She was so angry that she would not let him. The little Mexican girl pointed them out and said much of Ethel Carter's prettiness—a thing which Wanda did not have to be told, since it was the woman did come to see her that day—a woman wise in the ways of the border-line countries, generous, asking no questions, Wanda got in the small park with her and with Clay, a simple creature of the same class and nature as the woman, but she was not the same. Her father's name, however, and she sat at one side, shy, afraid, almost unconfident.

Clay smiled and talked with their guest, and the days of the old business seemed very far away.

One day Clay took Wanda to her home to see her, but Wanda would not go again. She stayed alone in her house, watching the people come and go in the streets. Sometimes Clay would not come to visit late at night, but she did not ask him where he had been that night. She kept his always with her. She wore her prettiness and wore bright beads for her hair. She tried all the prettiness, but she did not let her hair be as she had been. But she did not let her hair be as she had been. But she did not let her hair be as she had been.

"All men are like that," she would say to herself. "I have to have other things to think about. I must be getting here."

"You're not happy here," he said, once.

"I am happy," said Wanda. "For so long a time as I have been here, I am happy."

But after a time she got the whole dress in the chest of her room and took out her lightest wraps and accessories from the small trunk. When she put them on she wanted to cry. But she could not. Even at night, when she waited for him to come back, she could not cry.

One day she saw Clay and Ethel Carter ride by the house. He was leaning toward her, laughing. Wanda watched them until they passed beyond the curve of the road. She found herself wondering if he had told Ethel about her, she shut the thought out because she felt that it was dishonest. But she knew in her heart that Clay had not told her.

"Let us go back," she said to Clay that night.

"Back where?"

"To the hacienda and my father."

He turned and looked at her. "Why are you dressed up like that?" he asked.

"I don't want to look like me to be dressed up!"

He did not answer.

"Let us go back," Wanda said again.

"Yes," he said, "we can go back now."

She was so angry that she would not let him. She was so angry that she would not let him. She was so angry that she would not let him.

"I cannot be like this," she would say again and again. "It is all wrong. Why should I try?"

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room across the foot of the bed and she reached out for it in the darkness. She held it in her arms, burying her face in it.

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# PLAYS AND PLAYERS



What the Theaters are  
Offering



"The Woman of Ill." at the Hudson



A scene from "The Good Little Devil," at the Belasco



Copyright, 1915, by Walter Reade  
Gaby Deslys, at the Winter Garden



Mary Pickford, in "The Good Little Devil"



"The Man With Three Wives," at Weber & Fields' Music Hall



A stirring scene from "The Whip," at the Mathurans







## The World's Great Forests

There is an immense and continuous tract of forest lying north of the St. Lawrence River, in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, extending northward to Hudson Bay and Labrador, a region measuring about seventeen hundred miles in length from east to west and a thousand miles in width north and south.

By some it is held that a much larger continuous area of timber lands exists in the State of Washington and northward through British Columbia and Alaska. But this contention is limited to North America, for, if it has been pointed out, there lies a forest in the valley of the Amazon, embracing much of northern Brazil, eastern Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, and Guiana, a region at least twenty-one hundred miles in length by thirteen hundred in breadth.

Then, too, there must be considered the forest area of Central Africa, in the valley of the Congo, including the head-waters of the Nile to the northeast and those of the Zambezi to the south. According to reliable estimates, Central Africa contains a forest region not less than three thousand miles in length from north to south, and of vast although not fully known width from east to west.

The spruce which clad the mountains of the greatest forest has been placed in another light by an explorer who is reported to speak of still another great forest region of the globe. This authority has noticed a great portion of the vast pine-land, and cedar forests of Siberia.

Siberia from the plain of the Obi River on the west to the valley of the Indigirka on the east, embracing the great plains or river valleys of the Yenisei, Obi, Irkutsk, Lena, and Yana rivers, is one great timber belt, averaging more than a thousand miles in breadth from north to south, being fully seventeen hundred miles wide in the Yenisei district, and having a length from east to west of not less than three thousand miles.

Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian ranges are mainly conifers, occupying places of several varieties, fir, and larches. In the Yenisei, Lena, and Obi, and elsewhere there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been. The long-stemmed conifers rise to a height of a hundred and fifty feet or more and they stand so closely together that walking among them is extremely difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale arctic sunshine, and the straight pole trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewilder the eye in the obscurity that all sense of direction is soon lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture into the forest trunks without taking the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with bullets as they walk forward. If lost there the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes miserably from starvation or cold. The natives avoid the forests and have a name for those which signify "places where the man is lost."



A BEARD OF BEES

Copyright by Underwood & Fairbank

WHY SWARMING DOES NOT THREATEN QUEEN, WHO IS UNOFFENDED BY A CAFE FROM THIS MAN'S CIGAR. A SWARM OF THE BEEB WHO SAW THEM FIND THEM VERY BIRD

### Some Pessimistic Statistics

ESTIMATING the world's population at 1,800,000,000, the whole human race at present living could stand comfortably shoulder to shoulder in an area of five hundred square miles.

Taking the number of generations in the past a thousand years as two hundred, the room taken by them all on the above plan would only be half the size of Georgia, or less than the area of the state of Colorado. To bury all the people on earth would require a graveyard a little larger than that area.

If the dead left by each hair be situated at an interval of a cubic yard, which is a liberal estimate, it would cover only forty square miles to a depth of about

three feet. This estimate seems being indeed, it is pointed out, compared with the great cities and other large deposits built up in the midst of their methods.

### The Bulgarian Servant

THE BULGARIANS have a curious way of permitting servants at two periods in the year—the 25th of August, the 25th of April and on the 25th of October the slaves of the capital are filled with servants who come to find for employment. The latter who explain their pass by in a street reserved especially for this strange "market" and examine and interview the applicants. The average wages is four dollars per month out of which the woman servant manages to save enough for a husband, but on the occasion of

THE BEST WOMAN GREEN-TEA... BROWN'S VERMIFUG... BY HERRING

## Use the Broadway Limited Between New York and Chicago

It leaves Pennsylvania Station, in the heart of New York (one block from Broadway at 32d Street) at 2:45 P. M. to-day. Connecting electric train leaves Hudson Terminal (five minutes from Wall Street) at the same time. It arrives Chicago, Union Station, at 9:45 to-morrow morning.

Returning, it leaves Chicago 12:40 P. M., and arrives New York 9:40 next morning.

It is all-steel, all-Pullman with parlor-smoking or club car, drawing-room sleeping cars, dining car, compartment cars, and observation car—all of the newest and brightest design and electric lighted. It has a library of best current literature, and the latest periodicals and newspapers, terminal telephones, a bath, barber, ladies' maid and manicurist, a stenographer, and a trained crew picked for their efficiency.

## It is The Time Saver de Luxe

It makes the over-night run at comparatively low speed over a rock-ballasted smooth-riding roadway which is the short line between New York and Chicago—the best guarantee of promptness and comfort. The dining car service is exceptionally high grade.

It presents Pennsylvania Railroad service in its very best form—a service that has been the standard of America for more than half a century.

It is the most convenient, comfortable, complete, and reliable service between New York and Chicago.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

### 50 YEARS

OF CONSTANTLY INCREASING POPULARITY HAVE CROWNED THE UNFAILING REPUTATION OF

# HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



Made at all first class hotels and by J. M. Wolf & Co. Baltimore, Md.



The queer  
dear kiss  
for the  
be-whiskered hubby



"Beg pardon sir,  
one moment, and the  
missus will see you."



If for man, why  
not for beast?



"I refuse to drink  
it unless it is  
sterilized"

*Frank.*



The sanitary  
handshake  
is all the go in  
Microbeville  
Society

# THE SANITATION BUG

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

### The Grinding of Lenses

By far the greatest quantity of lens-grinding optical glass available for business is imported from Germany and France. This glass comes to us in pieces a trifle larger than the size of the lenses to be made. The surfaces are polished sufficiently to enable the expert, as he passes through the glass, to see that it has no defects.

It is very important that before the actual work of grinding is begun the rough blocks shall be examined with the greatest care and that the thickness of the slightest veiling or layer of unequal density, all work upon them will be spoiled. Care and the time taken in grinding the disks shall be perfectly answered. The test in this relation is made by polarized light. Two kinds of glass are used in the construction of lenses—crown and flint. Grinding is accomplished on an iron disk of the proper curve, revolving in a trough trough, which is placed upon the operator perfect freedom of movement. Fedders emery and water are thrown upon the wheel from time to time.

When the glass under treatment has been ground to approximately the required shape, it is placed upon another slowly revolving turn, a fine grade of emery and water being employed. If it proceeds to still rougher, where it remains until very nearly the right size has been reached and the glass has gained approximately the required curve. The final grinding of all is the most important, and of course, calls for the greatest care and skill. The selection of the emery plays a very important role in all stages of grinding, since a coarse emery is liable to scratch the surface of the lens in a few days, and in many cases, ultimately ruin the glass.

After the "fining" as the last stage is called, has been accomplished, the lens is taken to the polishing department. The work is still more delicate, a sawing of the glass in the workman's hand. It must be remembered that by a saw or even an operation connected with the tool, a scratch or even a crack in the face of the glass in the workman's hand. It must be remembered that by a saw or even an operation connected with the tool, a scratch or even a crack in the face of the glass in the workman's hand. It must be remembered that by a saw or even an operation connected with the tool, a scratch or even a crack in the face of the glass in the workman's hand.

Considerable care and skill are required in this line. The workman holds it in his hand, as indeed he does for most of the time in all stages of grinding, and from time to time he adds a quantity of the mixture mentioned.

When the lens has been polished to the right degree a rigid test is employed to determine that every curve is absolutely true to the radius calculated before the work was begun. The next step is to render the lens upon a machine that renders the edges of precisely equal thickness all around.

The glass is still inspected. There follows an operation demanding the utmost delicacy of manipulation of the surfaces of the lens in order that each ray of light shall be brought to one exact focal point.

### Cold-storage Eggs

It is up to all the folks that have been told about cold storage, this method of preserving food has many advantages. In the case of eggs it has been shown that the cold-storage method compares favorably with the best preservation method, a lack in the case of most common food. After six or seven months in cold storage, the egg has not changed its appearance, whereas the egg preserved in lime has become yellowish. The egg in cold storage may be eaten from the shell after three to four months; in this time the unpreserved egg has acquired a distinct flavor.

The development of methods for maintaining low temperatures has had an important effect upon the egg industry. Bureau experts every year save more than 2,000 million eggs worth \$22,500,000. The importation of eggs into this country amounts to \$21,000,000 a year and our exports come to \$17,000,000. Denmark exports \$2,500,000 a year and Constantinople is said to import in cold storage 75,000 cases, each case containing 100 eggs.

However, the usual method for keeping eggs in cold storage leaves much to be desired. While the low temperature prevents the activity of decay bacteria, it does not prevent them entirely. Within the egg-shell, now from 10 percent up to 25 percent, they are still present in their complete activity. A French inventor, Fernand Lemerle, has devised a plan which overcomes these difficulties. His method consists of keeping the eggs in an atmosphere of a inert gas, as nitrogen or ox-

gen dioxide. This prevents oxidation completely, and, among other things, prevents evaporation. The eggs are placed in tin cases, each containing 500 eggs. These cases are placed on wooden racks so as to allow for circulation of air between them, and each is further provided with a pane of calcium chloride which absorbs the moisture. The racks with the tin boxes are now put into airtight chambers from which the air is exhausted. This removes the remainder of the little air that is inside the shell of each egg and that may be absorbed in the atmosphere. The gas is then used in first sterilizing and then closely introduced into the chamber until the normal pressure is restored. The boxes are then withdrawn from the chamber and the opening of each is soldered up; the boxes are now placed in a room having a temperature of thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit—thirty-three degrees above freezing. No attention need now be given to ventilation or to the atmosphere of the room, for the eggs do not oxidize, and the air is absolutely sterilized even after ten months of storage; and in this length of time the atmosphere does not become in the least deteriorated.

### The Indian and His Canoe

When the red man of the old type wants to construct a canoe, he falls a tree, and he has to make a complete trunk of the dimensions he desires. In either case he proceeds to cut out a section of the trunk, and he has to make a hole and hollow out the log, leaving a smooth surface upon the sides and bottom from end to end. The log is turned over and the outside finished.

The log is hollowed by boring and chipping. The log is turned over and is so carefully worked and so skillfully directed that what the boring is followed, with a piece of skin or a piece of hide, with a careful scrutiny from here to there. The whole canoe surface is left so evenly and neatly shaped that when the surface is worked down to the second timber by the use of a back-saw there remains but little alteration to be made.

The log is turned over, with the hollow side down. A slow fire is employed to shape the exterior and cure more the surface is nearly worked until the second timber appears.

Since the coming of the white man the Indians have, for the most part, followed the lead of the white man, but in the old days this was accomplished by burning out by stone implements, the canoe was so shaped as to insure the position where the canoe was to be built. When the interior and the exterior of the canoe have been finished to the liking of the builder, his next step is to "steak." Without this operation the craft would be entirely unworkable. To make the canoe seaworthy, it is set level on a firm solid foundation and filled with water. A fire is then built and stones of a red heat are thrown into the canoe until the water boils. This boiling is maintained until the walls of the canoe, which are more than an inch thick, become as pliable as sole leather and capable of being stretched a foot or more beyond their normal width.

The builder's attention is now turned to the adjustment of cleverly fitting struts put in transversely along the gunwale, increasing in length from the ends to the middle. By means of these struts a cedar log four feet in length. The width of the canoe varies, of course, with the length.

The sides of the canoe having been brought to the desired curvature, the water is then emptied out and the shell allowed to dry thoroughly, but without cracking.

The finishing touches consist of a steering, handle and out with fish-out, together with various decorations in brilliant colors.

### New Chinese Currency

TAIPEI is being printed in this country a vast sum of paper money for the Chinese republic. This is the first money authorized by the new government of China. In the design of this money the Chinese are to be distinguished from the United States in that it has made the American dollar the standard of value for this money. The Chinese dollar is printed in Chinese on one side and in English on the other, thus making the language of the Chinese money as easy to read as ever, a thing that has been a quite a problem in the past. The new notes will be issued in denominations of \$1, \$5, \$10, \$20 and \$100 and will bear the portrait of the philosopher Confucius, who stands in the foreground of the Chinese Republic, and in the background of the Chinese Republic only to Confucius.

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crossing it at Polk St. in the heart of Chicago  
**THE STRAUSS BASCULE BRIDGE COMPANY**

CHICAGO

Designing and Consulting Engineers



THE MAN WHO GAVE UNCLE SAM HIS DUES

(Continued from page 12)

here to show about this firm: way of collecting customs. So there was not much change in the ancient methods, and the rusty customs were still hit a great deal of Uncle Sam's golden revenue drive away.

Mr. Loeb left the drag on the machine, and determined to remove all doubt from the minds of his men, as to whom all the men who had say doubtless. He reported the situation to the President at Washington, and received from Mr. Taft this reply:

"Go ahead and hit them between the eyes, no matter how it hurts. In the collection of customs and in the new and startling conditions. A young watchman at the pier who inherits had earned his pay by seeing nothing done every evening and then going home to sleep, summed up the situation in a phrase. He said: 'The 'dues on a ship will not be known by business.'"

Customs revenue at the port of New York suddenly jumped from three millions a week to nearly five millions. And they have not dwindled yet, although nearly four years have passed. Incorrupt managers, who now yield readily half a million dollars a year on the clothing, hats, shoes, jewelry, etc., that they brought home from Europe, yielded two million two hundred thousand dollars during the first year of the new administration. The customs have fallen off considerably of late because the passengers have insisted that they can't smuggle in more than one pair of neckties and one watch in the commodities they need to "bring in" report a large increase in their importing business. They fear the detection and punishment of underweighing and undervaluing in the import-business seems to fill the air with hot messes. Three millions and one hundred thousand dollars have come in from this source alone. The two million dollars penalty recovered from the fraudulent sugar importers alone is still less in this year's summary. Besides all this, five million dollars in penalties has been recovered, making a total of eight millions and a half.

The revolution in customs methods was not accomplished without trouble, many tragedies, some even led to prison, and some died under the ignominy of exposure. Two hundred and fifty of the customers were seized as importers or as simply posted in confusion that they could not change their ways, and they were thrown out of the service.

There had to be a great deal of readjusting of the scales, of fitting round pegs into round holes and square pegs into square holes before the job was properly under way, but under the direction of the new Collector the job got itself done. The United States Civil Service Commission helped in many ways, giving Mr. Loeb considerable freedom in making promotions. The whole business is an enormous haul now. Mr. Loeb believes, and the government is getting its customs revenue in full and honor.

To look after the list of persons who were tried to smuggle silks, furs, jewels, and diamonds into the port of New York was very the leading a great social register of the United States, and most of the offenses have been the well-known ones. They simply would not, could not, should not understand what they paid pay duty on things they brought in for themselves. They never had paid duty and they never would—until the newly reinforced and cleaned customs machine came to them. Customs, diamonds, furs, frowns, threats, appeals to political "pull," all were to vain.

So "corrupt" to every one who tried to wrangle, but he firm. "Not the order from the Collector. Not infrequently it happens that the owner of a diamond mine or a rare of pearls explained with the air of one who proposes an unassailable proposition that she had brought in the jewels years ago duty free, having had the "cartouche" of the port" established by her.

"Yes," said he. "Mr. Loeb's inevitable and smiling reply to this: 'but the law at that time demanded the payment of import duty, and you owe pay for that. Of course the government was lax at that time in failing to collect; but the government will not accept the jewels as if it would in a case of smuggling, but will simply accept your payment.'"

The veteran travelers who had "brought in" an extraordinary of clothing, shoes, neckties, etc., once after several years stated when they found they had to pay duty. One old friend of the Collector



SAVED IN TIME, OR, THE PROFESSOR'S DILEMMA  
By Hunk Shannon © "The Herald"

dash of a telephone on the pier and protested that he would leave his trunk on the pier and the government was willing to keep them and he said that is the bargain.

"Oh no, Harry," Mr. Loeb replied. "The government doesn't want your clothes. You go back to the inspector and tell him you want to surrender your declaration. He will accept the amendment. You had no intent to defraud. Pay up like a man."

Mr. Harry paid up like a man. So did thousands of other travelers, when it had been made very plain to them that the good old days of your erstwhile past were over. A whole book could be written about the revolution in the customs service. It is an enormous three hundred million in forty-six different lines of trade run voluntarily to the Collector's office and is more than three millions of dollars of duties that they had artfully evaded. Perhaps they did not contribute voluntarily—quite voluntarily; but they knew that the merchandise, spoiled, had to be sold for a price, and the Collector's office would not accept them. They were a bitter blow to some of those cases—merchants who have been coming out of college and were about to enter their father's firm made haste to square accounts with Uncle Sam so that the boys might start life in their business.

Another party is in power, and Mr. Loeb is awaiting the day next month when he may turn out the office to his successor and go not late private business at twice as much salary as Uncle Sam has paid him.

"It is going," he said to me. "I have only one regret—that I must leave the work I like and the men who have helped me make it a success. I hope we shall see me on the way—and I believe it is rapidly approaching—when executive positions in the government require, not only technical knowledge but extensive to produce the best results, may be retained or able men regardless of party affiliations."

**HAS STOOD THE TEST OF AGES AND IS STILL THE FINEST CORDIAL EXTANT**

**CHARTREUSE**

MADE IN FRANCE

The New Catholic Bible

WHEN the Order of Benedictines last year completed the revision of the Latin Bible whereas it is now engaged, it is reported that the Roman Catholic Church will possess the best translation of the sacred books that has been made.

The task which the Benedictines set for the revision is the recovery, as far as possible, of the Latin version made by Saint Jerome in the third century. Jerome, naturally, had access to the original Hebrew and Greek of the original Scriptures, and so his version is considered. It is assumed that his version has made new by comparison with the translations made at a later time, and better even than those Greek and Hebrew versions that have been copied time after time and are full of the errors of the copyists. The Latin Bible now in use in the Catholic Church was established in 1593 by the Council of Trent, after a commission had labored on it for forty years.

Men are engaged this week in the various libraries of Europe where Biblical manuscripts are found. The comparison of an ancient manuscript with the Clementine Bible is completed, the annotated sheets are sent to the headquarters at the Benedictine order in Rome. This part of the work is finished. It is said, and not completed for five or six years, and it will probably take as much longer to make a reliable comparison of all the Hebrew versions and decide which reading must be the work of Saint Jerome.

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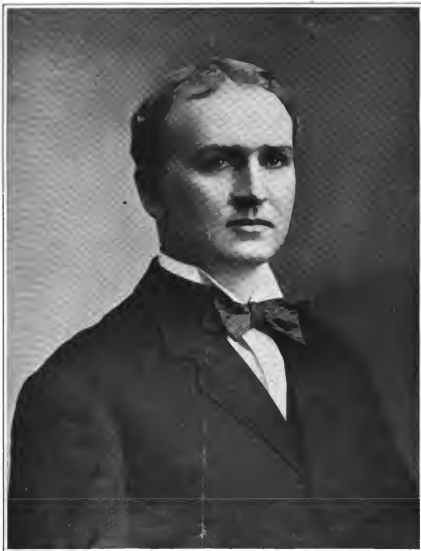
Burned by Cold

WHENEVER has applied a medicinal ether to a case of frozen feet, the patient will remember the painful experience thereby gained of the fact that cold, as well as heat, can blister the skin.

There is a remedy in the production of extremely low temperatures. For this, the French investigator, Jarnot himself, used a compound of ether and alcohol, and he has shown the effects were so remarkable that he deemed them worthy of description to a body of scientific men.

It appears that there are two kinds, or degrees, of cold rye. In the case of the low degree, it is the kind of an acute frost, but because Marie the next day. The indicated cold rye, and a period varying from a month to six weeks elapses before the rye is cured.

The contact with the cold substance, however, need not be complete. A drop of rye on the part of the foot is sufficient, which did not completely freeze the rye, with a second drop of the rye, which will cure the same, as he had in ten to twelve days.



## THE NEW EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

President-elect Wilson's first appointment is that of Joseph P. Tamm, to become executive secretary under the new administration. Mr. Tamm has served in the New Jersey legislature with distinction, was Governor Wilson's first secretary, and is now clerk of the state Supreme Court. His new position is regarded by many as on a plane with a cabinet office. Mr. Tamm is not yet forty, but is wise politically, noted for tactfulness, and said to possess many of the qualities which made the late Daniel Lammont famous.

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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## COMMENT

## Our Governor

Is Governor Stetson not deluded so high in his own estimation, he wouldn't have had so far to fall in the opinion of the public. Pardon to his piece!

## A Chinese Remedy

Let the subway contracts be submitted to a vote of the people of New York—*The World*.

Surely the last thing the people of New York should wish done. As a body they know nothing whatever about the merits of the Subway contracts, and ninety-nine hundredths of them could not possibly qualify themselves in form of intelligent opinion about them. For the hundredth voter who might learn about them if he took the time, it would be a waste of time to try to inform himself. It is a case where, for good or ill, the doctors must decide. To submit it to a vote of the people would be like the Chinese method of curing sickness by beating drums. Submit it to the people and then let the gods; the multifarious Heaven gods; the Pi Uttra gods!

Oh, yes!

It is a question about the venereal appendix of New York. Leave it to the doctors. They may decide wrong, but they are a thousand times better qualified to decide than the patient ever can be.

## The Income-tax Amendment

The Sixteenth Amendment may be accepted as resolving a doubt about the meaning of the Constitution, rather than as making a clear and positive change in that instrument. It is true that the Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional a particular law of Congress imposing a tax on incomes. But the decision was attained by the narrowest of margins. Eminent members of the court, including the present Chief Justice, protested against it in language of extraordinary force. Eminent lawyers all over the country, including many of decidedly conservative leanings, questioned the correctness of it. Members, members and statesmen have ever since been urging that an income-tax law could be framed which would avoid the objections offered to that one. So it is plain that a very great and respectable body of public opinion has all along held an income-tax to be constitutional without any amendment.

That of itself helps to make the amendment welcome, and it is also indubitable that an overwhelming majority of the people desire Congress to have the power in question. The amendment is welcome for other reasons. Not the least of these—though, of course, not of itself sufficient to justify criticism—is the amendment itself offers that it is still possible to amend the Constitution without any war or other violent disturbance of society. Indeed, the method of its passage is far more reassuring than was the case with its immediate predecessors, for their validity has been seriously questioned on account of the measures which an extremely partial majority in Congress took to secure them.

Still another reason for welcoming the amendment was merely set forth by Congressman HULL,

of Tennessee, who will probably draft a new income-tax law, when he remarked:

One of the important results of an income tax will be the curbing of unnecessary Federal expenditures. When a great part of the government's income is derived by a direct tax upon the citizens of the nation, they will scrutinize more carefully the appropriations made by Congress.

Still, we are not out of the woods in this matter. It remains to see how wisely and justly Congress will use the power which it will henceforth indisputably possess.

## Tariff Reform and Peace

Maybe the interests and high-principles of protection have something up their sleeves, but by our observation the *Times* is right when it remarks their utter failure to care people any more with the old talk about disaster as the sure concomitant of Democratic tariff reform. If there were a word of truth in what they said about the panic of 1893, they then business should be doing better having exemption fits. Comparing dates, we are now very much closer to tariff reform than we were when the disturbance of 1893 began; yet there is not the slightest sign of anything like it.

Probably it is not worth while to rail that old lie again, but we never can resist the temptation. Of all the inviolable perceptions of fact that ever were foisted on the American people by any man or any party, that about the panic of 1893 was about the most impudent and the most persistently adhered to. Apparently it also paid. For fifteen years the Republican party lived on it with occasional relief from Democratic blunders, the chief of which was the failure to pitch in and exploit it. To tell the truth, the right was right on working till a large element in the Republican party itself, the original impostors, or Progressives, got sick of certain impositions in the Dingley law and in repudiating them repudiated it. Now that we are in sight of real tariff reform, it is only fair to give these men their due. In their initiative, the Democratic party might still be delaying to take full advantage of its strongest issue and the country might not now be proving, as it is proving, that the Democrats were right all the time about the relation of tariff reform to business.

## Change for the Finest

The people will allow a Congress, an government, an President, to break the good faith they have pledged. There have been too many years of peace. In a hundred years more the population of this continent will have grown to five hundred millions, and the population of England in proportion. They will keep their faith. There is only one way, let them keep their faith, these people. Let them keep their word. And I for one am not afraid.

That is the way JONAS H. CHUBB at eighty looks at the Panama Canal tolls question as between this country and England. Mr. CHUBB has ever been a good lawyer for something like half a century, and he thinks the HANOVERIAN treaty was written by men who understood English and who meant what they said. He is not likely to be responsible to any man, but in his view of this international controversy as to Secretary KNOWLTON, to which we have also tried to do justice. Indeed, we decidedly prefer Mr. CHUBB's view of "the people's" real concern in the matter to that of gentlemen who represent them as highly indignant at Great Britain's interference with their "domestic" concerns.

Let us hear the other view of the "people's" feel is right, and Mr. CHUBB is risking unpopularity. Even so he can remain cheerful. He remembers the unpopularity of Cowley and other Englishmen who sympathized with us during the war, and also that of the English government which a little later yielded to our just demand and satisfied the Hawaiian claims to arbitration.

## The Tea Yellow Peril

Really, it doesn't strike us that the country is at present very much troubled over the supposed danger of a war with Japan. Nevertheless, we seem to be getting a lot of assurances that we ought not to lose too much sleep about it. The Editor of the *Brooklyn Herald* has lately had out there and talked to the Japanese about peace, and both, when they came back, made reports of a nature to quiet any nerves that Captain HOBSON may have set up. Now BRITAIN HARRINGBURY is on hand, and while he hasn't yet made any report as to the probability of an immediate invasion, we are assured by the *Daily* that his private letters are decidedly comforting. Moreover, they show indications are

confirmed by Mr. WILLIAM ARNOLD, who has not only been to Japan, but has reasoned the thing out and come to the conclusion that Japan would make a mistake if she should wade into us, and that the Japanese have quite enough sense to refrain from anything that in the long run would be an obviously foolish. If Captain HOBSON is going to make good in this matter, he will want to hurry up. He predicted, we believe, that Japan was going to jump on us about something or other before the completion of the Canal; and now here is Colonel HARRINGBURY talking about sending a ship through the Canal this year!

It is significant that all these gentlemen who have been to Japan and made such comforting reports are made good in the situation which is really disquieting. They agree that there is a real "yellow peril." But they do not find it in Japan. They find it here in America, where it is known as the yellow press. Like all other students of the Japanese people, they find them a high-spirited lot and accordingly view with some apprehension the possibility of a threat of some national article about them and us in American newspapers of a certain class. Quite apart from any question of fighting, the good-will of Japan for America, based on historical relationships and which we are assured still exists, is a thing very decidedly worth keeping. So is the good-will of Americans for Japan. Any one who recalls the American sentimentality of the time of some of the Spanish War will hardly wonder that both President ELLER and Dr. HARRIS, as advocates of peace, should have found yellow journalism a pertinent theme in their discourses to Japanese audiences. We trust they persuaded the Japanese not to be influenced by it. If they did, then by all means let us have those discourses repeated here at home.

## Eller and Home Rule

Londonderry has sent a Home-Ruler to Parliament to succeed a Unionist. That is a curious commentary on the Unionist talk about Ulster's probable violent resistance to the Home-Rule bill if all of it were carried out. For Londonderry does not stand alone. There are other constituencies in the north of Ireland that send Nationalists to Parliament. It is the simple fact, really, that Ulster is closely divided on the question. Probably a majority of the Ulster people are Unionist and Protestant, but the majority is not by any means overwhelming. Not all the Protestants are Unionists. The new member for Londonderry, Mr. HUNT, is himself a Protestant. If "Ulster" is really going to indulge in insurrection, therefore, it will probably have to begin, like charity, at home. It will be necessary for the insurrectionists to look after their loyal neighbors before they go forth to meet the "British bogymen" that the Unionist leaders are talking so much about.

Yet this fact is studiously ignored in Unionist oratory and the Unionist press. On the very eve of the by-election at Londonderry Mr. BOYAN LAU, after gracefully expiating his own swift abandonment of his announced position on food duties, was heroically demanding of Mr. ASQUITH: "Does the Government intend to give Ulster by British bogymen?" And the London *Times* was saying editorially of Mr. ASQUITH's speech at the end of the Home-Rule debate:

Every argument that can be drawn from history to support the Nationalist cause has its counterpart north of the Boyne. Mr. ASQUITH seemed to feel that the Ulster feeling and pride of race had no place in Ulster.

On the contrary, Mr. ASQUITH recognizes, what the *Times* does not, that there are at least two kinds of religious feeling in Ulster and two kinds of pride of race. He also recognizes that Ulster is only a part of Ireland and that the whole is greater than the part.

## Cutting Some Corns

DEAN JONES, of Yale, has ordered that "Tap Day" shall be a private festivity hereafter, the public being excluded from the Yale campus and buildings.

It was time! Tap Day is not alone in its sorrows. The New York Stock Exchange is also suffering a black bond on its hat, and "the Finest" are disconcerted by internal disturbances.

Advertisement is a great thing, but it is tiring to the permanency of established institutions. Blessed are the mark, for they shall inherit the earth.

## The Children in the Snowden Mills

There are mighty few questions that haven't too often to them. It is troublesome and some-

times even dangerous to persist in examining carefully both sides every time, it is almost the only way to be sure of being just, even in the case when one finally leans completely and positively on one side and not in any compromise position. It seems to be that way with the child-labor question, particularly in the Southern cotton mills. There are sincere and admirably philanthropic people who have sincerely advocated for the poor children who work in those mills at a pretty early age. But there are also people, whose sincerity we see no reason to question, who feel very differently about it. They contend vigorously that the children who work in the mills and live in the mill towns are incomparably better off than they would have been if they had been left on their small farms where most of them, with their parents, have come; that they live much more hygienically because of the change; that they have better food and better houses and better health and a better chance to learn something, and are really happier. Such is the testimony, for instance, of MAMM HARBURG CARTER in a letter to the Times.

Of course, even if these pleasant accounts are correct, they need not be the last word in the matter. Granting that the state of those little Americans has been bettered, that is as reason why it should not be still further improved. But we cannot gain any fact as to the child labor question that depends on economic conditions. Meanwhile, however, it is worth knowing, and perhaps not sufficiently well known in the North, that in the very states where those mills are located there is a vigorous interest in everything pertaining to children, including child labor. There are active groups at work on the problem, not only in the North, and good men and women who are thoroughly mindful of their own and their states' responsibilities.

#### Tot, Tot!

There was HARTWELL, a romantic soul, a kind of poet-pragmatist, EDGAR ALLAN POE, with a twist for the supernatural. He was a talented writer, very well in his way; but the trouble is that we, his native fellow-countrymen, regarded him too seriously.

So Mr. FLOYD DELL, a talented writer of book reviews in the *Ivory Chalice Evening Post*.

Frey, Mr. DeW, why do you do that? Why when Chicago is pecking up so handsomely as a literary center, do you choose to smother it between the eyes like that!

HARTWELL was a magician. If you have no taste for magic, that is your misfortune. But when you brag of it over your name in the excellent *Chicago Literary Review* which you edit, you damage Chicago's reputation for literary perception.

But up the half-pipe, Mr. DELL, and welcome, but respect the great people; not on their account, but on your own and Chicago's.

#### Some Female Laws

By a vote of ten to three passed the bill which is a modified form of the measure. The bill was the first matter on the House calendar. Mr. HAYES of Michigan offered a resolution which would nullify the prohibition on the use of any pen with a point protruding more than an inch beyond the crown of the bal and substitute a prohibition on the use of any pen the point of which is provided in such a way as to prevent the injury of any use who comes in contact with it.

Mr. FARRER, of Maryland, opposed the amendment on the ground that it would revolutionize the use of a safety device, and he thought this the thing to be avoided.

Mr. McGRATH, of Boston, thought the protrusion provision would lead to endless litigation, and the length of the pen makes little difference, he said, if a man gets it stuck in his eye.

The amendment was adopted on a voice vote, after which the bill was made to be disagreed without discussion.—Boston *Purvey* last week.

Legislation in Massachusetts is apt to be much respected and isolated in other states, but let us stop and think. As our Mayor often says, We should do nothing in a hurry, especially laws. In one of our local papers we read last week this item:

Using a halpin as a weapon of defense, Miss ALICE TAYLOR, of No. 2 Jackson street, City of Boston, last night fought and overcame a man who attempted to rob her on the elevated platform at Ferry and Washington streets. The man, who was described for her by her neighbors, she picked up from her belt and jabbed it deep into his body.

The would-be robber retired sharply and jumped back. He seemed to have made a mistake in his aim, but she was the pin into him again and screamed for aid. Justice of the Peace HEWER BRIDGES and several other men went to her assistance, and she was then dashed down stairs, but was caught after a chase covering two blocks. He said he was HEWER BRIDGES, of Boston.

In another local paper we read last week this item:

A thrilling fight with a green snake in the court at Nassau was the experience of two Berkeley College girls who arrived to-day from the West Indies on the *Yacht Lark*.

While lying in the shallow water at Nassau two weeks ago, Miss GLENNON was seized by the tail of her bathing slipper and thrown. She screamed, and Miss GLENNON was a huge money-gripping her companion's foot and lashing its ovine body furiously in an attempt to drag the girl into deeper water. The girl, upon seeing her helplessness, seized the basket it was fastened to and hurled it into the sea. It was found on the beach the following day. It measured four and a half feet in length and was about as thick as a snail's arm.

We call attention of Representative McGRATH, of Boston, to above evidence, naturally gathered, that the halpin has uses of defense as well as offense. Here in New York under the SULLIVAN law it is the only weapon allowed, and we should appropriate legislation to regulate it.

We observe in the daily papers also the following dispatch:

JEFFERSON CITY, Missouri, February 20.—Representative TAYLOR, in the opinion of the House, is still prohibiting women from wearing dresses that button up the back unless the buttons be as large as a dollar.

The bill provides for a fine of \$1 to \$3, with jail sentence for persistent offenders.

In view of the insistence of women suffrage, particularly in states so far west as Missouri, we suggest to gentlemen legislators everywhere that they try to entertain themselves by some other means than having fun with women's apparel.

#### Should Change Its Name

The committee of the free library at London, Tennessee, by latest resolution has destroyed its copy of *Tom Jones*. It stood many years heroically on the shelves till recently a member of the committee happened to take it home to read and was shocked—shocked—shocked.

Well, Tom *JONES* is a coarse book, written pretty faithfully about pretty coarse people in a fairly coarse generation. But if it is too coarse for London, Tennessee, London, Tennessee, ought to change its name. It should not consent to be any longer the namesake of the coarse and sinful metropolitan of a coarse world supposed to folk. It should still be *Tom Jones*, but it should be *Tom Jones* as it still imperfectly suggested. It should call itself *Heath or Elms* or by some name not corrupted by association with people still enumerated by the flesh.

#### Pauline

Pauline, the White House cow, will be the only member of the outgoing administration to join the "back to-the-farm" movement.—The *Buff Street Journal*.

Well, now! Haven't you heard! Pauline is not going back to the farm. She is to go to New Haven with Mr. TAY and his family, and her portrait is to be in the Yale Campus, and she is building for her in the cellar of Hesper, and it is hoped that she will have descendants and that there may be always a Pauline within sight of Old South Middle in remind Yale that she loaned the country a President.

#### What is Mr. Burgess' Dept?

Professor HENRY BRIDGES has come here from France to lecture on philosophy at Columbia University. He is an accomplished scholar, and his lectures are very popular. We hear of three thousand applications for seats in a lecture-room that looks for hundred.

Professor BRIDGES has some ideas to convey. The newspapers hereabout have devoted a great deal of space to him and to his dogs. About himself, by diligent reading and looking of it picture, we, the public, have come to know a little something. But about the dogs we do not really get any information. We do not recall so great an effort made by the papers and so much space devoted to publishing wide-spread and disparaging results as this effort to impart the pith of the ideas which Mr. BRIDGES has brought with him. It must be something that the newspapers can't tell, or else that the uninitiated mind cannot receive. Perhaps it is the latter. We have talked to people who had certificates that they knew of something which they thought, but they were not able to communicate it. We know the electricity is turned on because the lamp glows, and we know that Mr. BRIDGES has been turned on because the paper has been about him. But the nature of his current remains a mystery. They who know cannot tell, and those who tell do not know.

Probably you have to take him like the writers

at Saratoga—large glasses often filled, and give your mind to it; samples no use.

#### The Harge Canal

It is a lapins to see our Mr. BRISOL, of New York, stand up to speak for his canal. He did it in Washington on February 4th before the Washington Association of Engineers, and illustrated his disclosures with moving-pictures. He gave the engineers' figures about our New York canal and said it was unskilfully being constructed at the same time as Colonel GILCHRIST'S canal, which costs three times as much and is somewhat thought not so very much larger and gets all the free advertising that the papers bestow on canals. But Mr. BRISOL said that his canal, though little superior in length, would cost that it cost the GILCHRIST canal twice by 400 miles, that it has about 375 locks to GORHAM'S, that 95 per cent of it is under contract and 60 per cent completed, and that it will be finished in 1915.

We like to hear Mr. BRISOL, king of his canal. Let us all keep it well to him without credit. Certainly he has given the public by many respected authorities that New York's Harge Canal will never be worth the hundred millions it will cost or anywhere near that sum. There is nothing that would be better than to have these eminent authorities hammering in their opinions by the hundreded facts. We should have to see the Harge Canal succeed and have the expenditures of a hundred millions of our money justified. Apparently our speculation is being efficiently dug and with honesty and economy. At as any rate, little transpires to the contrary, and presumably the work will be completed in two years, as Mr. BRISOL says, and then we shall see.

#### Victor Precourt at Allen

One gets the impression that the trial of F. O. BRUIT at Allen, South Carolina, has been, considerably, a provision for the entertainment of the native population. Perhaps the local sentiment is that the visitors here had more fun at Allen than the natives, and that it is right to improve opportunities to get even. So far the trial has seemed enjoyable to everybody.

#### Take It With Salt

Some of the London papers allude to "an invasion of England by negroes, especially Americans, which has been proceeding steadily for two years" and as to which it is observed:

London is the Paradise of the black man, and the American negro has discovered this fact. Every ship from the United States brings fresh arrivals to swell the large colony which is already here, where they are treated on an equal footing at the lodging-houses and boarding-houses and sit at the same table with whites. For the first time in their lives they are permitted to sit with white women on social equality. This has created a grave peril, which is becoming worse every day.

Take all such reports with salt. They are very much and very often so, as is pointed out, by Southern ministers of a certain order when they are told about Boston. No doubt London is, as yet, a more comfortably place for well-to-do negroes of education and refinement who want to associate with white people than any American city. But just as soon as there comes to be enough negroes in the United States to be counted, its special social advantages as a residence for negroes would vanish. At the bottom, the Anglo-Saxon or Teuton or Celt is the same person, with the same racial instincts, whether he lives in the eastern hemisphere or the western one.

#### Interest in Woman Suffrage

St. Bridg's Day, which we passed in the calendar about a fortnight ago, was appointed, it occurs to us a day of our own initiation and intercession for the women-suffrage movement of Great Britain at services to be held in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and other cathedrals, churches, and chapels throughout the country. A memorial asking every one to participate, was signed by CLARA BRIDGES, Mrs. W. G. BRIDGES, and laymen and laywomen. It is to wonder how the good people who attended those services directed their meditations, especially in regard to Mrs. FREDERICK MANSBURY. Would she figure offensively, do you suppose, in the intercessions as "THEY, OURSelves, FREDERICK" or "that woman who never used to be the woman she is now?" We wonder, and indeed still more very much on the knees of the gods and it is a mighty good prayer-acting topic.



# "Yuxtree Yuxtor!"

by  
William Inglis  
Drawings by  
F. Strothmann.

**T**he red extra barber I ever saw was running and roaring up Broadway on a hot July day. He was on the dollar side, about Prince Street if I remember aright, and the air for blocks around overburdened with the howlings of his scullion. "Woo! Woo!"

"Woo! Woo! Full account of the boom!"

"Gid dat not er! Full account of American best de English! Yuxtree Yuxtor-er!"

He was a lucky big fellow, the barber, and a commanding figure that I stood opposite to, with neither eye nor ear for his partner, who was running and roaring on the opposite, the job-side, side of Broadway. His high-crowned hat of Mackinac straw was tilted far back on his head, his red and dripping face was stretched in a triumphant grin that seemed likely to wrack loose his stubby yellow mustache. Across his right forehead, like a hair of bath-towel, there were draped a bundle of more crumpled papers, all unfolded and fast as they had come from the press. The man took all the crime that was heaped to him, whined off a stamp, but newspaper for each buyer, but gave nobody any change. And nobody seemed to care for my change. Every man grabbed his paper as if it were the bulletin of his own individual good-fortune, and read it with dancing eyes not once in a while a few straggled lipsticker, and paid no more attention to the barber, who trotted on northward, shouting "Woo! Woo!"

For this was the day that the four-crowned crew of Columbia University beat the best crew in England for the Yuxtree Challenge Cup of Hockey. And although it was away back in 1878, no other American crew has won as heavily since. Indeed, those able Columbian fans the only American crew that has ever won in England, though a few had tried before them and many have tried since. It was a great treat for me in those days to sit under a tree down on a Saturday; and although on other Saturdays I had many wonderful adventures, such as running Broadway at Father's side, and when my horse and wheels might kill or cripple a fellow if he didn't step lively, and stealing ribs on the ends of tracks, and getting into fights with American crews that were bigger than I was, or they couldn't remember this particular Saturday the best of all because of that red-faced barber and his beautiful, bewitching song of American triumph over John Bull.

The last extra barber I have heard of in the neighborhood a few evenings ago as we sat, after dinner, looking out of the window at the Whittier arrangements all definite gray-blue mist that brooded over the dark Hudson, pierced here and there by the red or green fire-fly that meant a hurrying logboat, or by the long fire of faint and far-flung topmasts that indicated a raft of lumber, sailing down by tide. From far up the hill in Twenty-ninth Street, beyond West End Avenue, came the ominous high-pitched clatter, now by distance not so loud, of a horse-drawn cart.

"Yux-tree! Yux-tree!" cried a high baritone.

"Full account—beyle be of 'ille-dub-dub-blah-blah!"

He had his partner's head from across the street. Then the two voices blended in a confused, ominous cry that belched and yet wailed, that threatened horror and death yet gave nothing clearly.

Madness seemed to drive men out of their homes away from home—traveling on ships that might be wrecked or trains that might plunge in the ditch, straggling in boats that might be wrecked or men in blazing funeral pyres—ran out in trembling haste, or went out to buy the newspapers those men were reading. Battered with violence of blows or stinging of the beloved, they could hardly command their eyes to read the printed lines. And yet, in spite of their pain, or in spite of the nature of their wounds that there was no wreck, no fire, no "beyle be loss of life," no horror of any kind that the barbers, with their lightening and peevish eyes, and their voices proclaiming with such blood-curdling yell. The papers they carried were more solid early editions of the morning sheets, printed in many a printing-house. The letters who sold them at five or ten times the regular price were more than petty thieves. They were veritable highwaymen, using their terrible sales as weapons to scare anyone who might carry a pocket, just as the common thief who sells at Mackay. Who wonders if they could not be courted of soldiers, or of crims, and imprisoned for long terms. That might do some good.

Nowhere else in America, or in the world, do we witness of extraordinary news so much as we witness the converted appalling crisis that characterizes the barbers of New York extra. The men who say "Woo-er!" through the streets of New York, on Derby or St. Ledger day as they sell extra, and the fellows who hunt so plianterly along the Park side streets as they sell their extra, are as different from the New York barbers as are the Mack-

ay, and yellow boys who dash down the Park and across the Park Central on Saturday afternoon shouting "Woo-oo-oo-oo!" The New York barber, besides being often a poet, is unique in his habits, in his sense, in his development. Probably he is unique, too, in his origin and history. Who knows? Fortunately there is one who knows about all sorts of old New York history, one who was born on Manhattan Island when it contained one small city and any number of sprawling villages, yet who is still a young middle-aged man without a gray hair to his head—Mr. Charles White, of Culture House, in the old Seventh Ward. At first he was for showing me the similarity between the local barbers and Philadelphia, who ran all the way from Marathon to Adams, and "Nag!" and died, their likeness to the ancient British who ran, shouting victories of the distant legions through the streets of Rome; but when it was pointed out that these were the precursors of all news bulletin service, while our local barbers are highly specialized and very different, he related:

"Our barbers began in an altogether different way," said Mr. White, "and it is a curious thing to see that the barbers they used at first in London out one another's cries are used now in partnership to shake the public into buying papers. The first fellows to run and shout extra through the streets of New York were the carriers who delivered papers at the time of the American Revolution. In answer to the cry of the British House Run of the city in those days. Little old New York was pretty small then, and she supported four newspapers. James Livingston's Royal Gazette made the most of every victory of the King's troops, and every time the Constitution was Mr. Lewis reached out as extra of the New York Mercury and General Advertiser. As these newspapers had no war correspondents or reporters, and as such things as telegraphs or telephones or railroads had not even been dreamed of, you can imagine how every battle was

"The papers in those days—funny little sheets—were served by carriers who were over certain regular routes, so far north as Greenwich Village on the west side and Corlies Hook on the east. In times of the wildest excitement the most enterprising carrier might work so far north as Kips Bay, while the Thirtieth Street ferry of to-day, about the same road runs the river and on to Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and even to Bushwick."

"Don't you see those old-time carriers—lucky young fellows they had to be run far and big a load of papers on their arms, and still be able to yell. Many a time I think of 'em, in their old three-cornered hats and low-kneeling and big, square-tailed shoes, clanking up the Broad Way or Queen Street. How goes a pair up Cherry Street, making the people out of their beds—"

"Yux-tree! Yux-tree! Extra edition Royal Gazette! Full account of the Royal Army's loss in the Jersey! The rebel Washington must lead the extra Royal Gazette!"

"That's all very well for the Tory barber, but now listen to the patriot barber, across the street, getting back at him!"

"Yux-tree! Mercury no Advertiser! Great American victory over Monmouth! General Washington kills the red-coats at raptores the red. Don't believe Johnny Livingston's lie! Read that extra!"

"Those fellows served papers along the same route

—some lower than others. Generally the rival papers had different publication days, so the carriers didn't clash; but when the war strains were loosed they always tried to outrun one another and outdo each other. Believe me, the big black scum-heads and the following barbers didn't begin with the Spanish War."

It was most entertaining to hear Mr. White sketch the history of the barbers. They didn't stop their chance when they talked of the defeat of Lord Cornwallis brought peace. The old New York shipping merchants, who lived above their counting-rooms above South and Front streets, and Park and Centree and Barling ships, used to advertise their rival papers in the rival newspapers. Then the carriers would try to get the most of the rival papers. "Yux-tree! The good ship Princeton is in from Canton with fifty tons of tea. Don't miss that grand arrival at Mr. Brown's warehouse at ten o'clock to-morrow morning!" against which advertisement the rival carrier would say: "Extra! Extra! Full account of the good ship Polly's loss, just in with coffee and rum and molasses from South America, due at the warehouse at Mr. Brown's at ten to-morrow!" Extra! Extra!



James Livingston's "Royal Gazette" made the most of every victory of the King's troops

reported at first as a victory for each side. The result at Bunker Hill was published both ways in New York. Why, even the battle of Monmouth, right at home down the Jersey coast, was falsely reported, and fought days the little old town was wildly excited, patios and restaurants each hoping for the best of it, while the farmers, waiting to see which way of the fence it fell on, was so worried they couldn't sleep.

rival extra advertisement

"Don't go to the John Street Theater! They have a lame Tompkins, and the real tragedian, Patrician in the John Street Theater and witness the greatest tragedy of the age!"

They reviled it tragely in those days, gentle souls, but they had to see it, and they had to have it having it thrust upon them gratis in railroad wrecks,



# THE ETHICS OF THE BENCH

As a Result of the Archbald Impeachment there has been Established a Code of Judicial Conduct

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER WEEKLY"

WHEN the Senate brought in a verdict of guilty this morning, the proceedings against Robert W. Archbald, judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the first time in a century that a United States judge has been stripped of his judicial office and the first time since the foundation of the government—something more was done than to prove that the machinery of the Constitution is not obsolete and that the new-laid device of the recall of judges is unnecessary. By removing Judge Archbald from the bench and further punishing him by declaring that he is forever disqualified from holding any office of trust, profit, or honor in the gift of the United States, the Senate approved, in the language of Representative Clayton of Alabama, the chairman of the Impeachment Committee and the chief of the board of managers appointed on behalf of the House to initiate the impeachment proceedings, "a code of judicial ethics for the first time in American history." Hereafter there has been no code of judicial ethics, now one has been established. Not only did this trial establish a precedent that will have far-reaching effects, but it created two other equally important precedents that will not only tend to keep the bench "straight," but will make it easier for judges of the Federal courts who have an unenviable development to be removed.

With the charges brought against Judge Archbald the public is fairly familiar. They can be summarized in a few words for the benefit of those who did not closely follow the proceedings. He was charged with using his official position as a judge of the Commerce Court and it is in that court that he was heard from the Interstate Commerce Commission—improperly to influence the Erie Railroad Company and other carriers to sell him other stocks, and with having relations and dealings with them and other persons that, in the language of Mr. Clayton's report made to the House, "under all the circumstances, was reprehensible and prejudicial to the confidence of the American people in the Federal judiciary." With this conclusion the Senate agreed. It is worth noting that in impeachment proceedings the Senate, which sits as a court and acts both as judge and jury, only simply being in a verdict of guilty, which automatically "recall" a judge, or it may punish, or it may acquit, by declaring the convicted person ineligible from holding any further office under the government. In that respect it is not really power by which a man can be removed. The President may pardon any person who has been convicted of a crime against the United States except one who has been convicted under impeachment proceedings. That, the constitution expressly prohibits.

It has always been held heretofore that when it sought to impeach a judge the offense must be one that could be an indictable crime of law. Thus, it would be easy enough to impeach a judge charged with bribery, because bribery is a crime and is punishable by statute; but a judge could not be impeached simply because he had done things that were manifestly improper, although not of themselves a crime, and which tended to cast discredit upon the judiciary and bring the judge into disrepute. The first judge to be impeached was Judge Pickens of New Hampshire in 1803. Pickens was undoubtedly insane, but insanity is not a crime, so he was charged with drunkenness and using improper language from the bench; and as a person who gets drunk or uses improper language can be tried in the courts the Senate held that he was properly subject to impeachment.

It was the charges against Judge Archbald, Mr. Clayton came to the conclusion that, while a judge might not have committed a crime that would render him liable to criminal proceedings, it might be well to have the ability of such a man to be such an improper person to be on the bench. Mr. Clayton is the only member of Congress who has been a manager on the part of the House in the impeachment of a judge; his former experience having been in the proceedings against the late Judge Swann about six years ago. In that earlier case it was held that either appointed receivers of a Southern railway he was provided by the railway with a private car, furnished with the company's coal, and that he was on a long trip to California and elsewhere. This was not a crime, but, he say the least, it was highly improper. It would naturally create the impression in the mind that Judge Swann, because of the favors he had received, could not hold the scales of justice level. Mr. Clayton held there were three grounds sufficient to cause Judge Archbald's removal from office. First, his unethical conduct. It is a curious thing, but his Clayton points out, that while the American Bar Association and the bar associations of the various states have a well-established code of ethics governing lawyers, and have no difficulty in enforcing them, there is ethical or unethical conduct on the part of their members, so although law ever been made to apply similar rules to the conduct of judges, probably, Mr. Clayton suggests, because of the somewhat different character is always a man of high character and could do nothing that was not proper. But the conduct of Judge Archbald showed that he was not a man of such an assumption and that it was necessary to have it clearly established that it was no great a crime against society for a judge to be unethical as it was for him to be

guilty of a crime defined by law. In his report Mr. Clayton thus justified the said judge:

"A judge should be the personification of integrity, of honor, and of scrupulousness in his daily walk and conversation. He should hold his exalted office and the administration of justice above the world's devices to accumulate wealth by trading or trafficking with what he forbids if whenever he is guilty of misdemeanor. What constitutes good behavior needs no elaborate argument. To define 'misbehavior' is more difficult, but Mr. Clayton relied on the known facts. A judge unbecomingly held, when he used his official

in the article of impeachment found by the House was charged with having been guilty of misdemeanors and embezzlement. In drafting his indictment Mr. Clayton had investigated the legal weight to be attached to the meaning of the terms "high crimes and misdemeanors," and found that it had come down to America from the English Parliament. It was there used to mean, as to speak, as a convenient catch-all word it was necessary to impeach a person on general principles and without having to name to define the offense of which he stood charged. It was in such law very much what "conduct unbecoming a gentleman" is in military law, a specification on which hundreds of officers in all services have been tried and found guilty. Again by analogy, Mr. Clayton held that the Senate was absolutely able to determine what was "a high crime and a misdemeanor." It was both a crime and a misdemeanor, he contended, for a judge to induce a railway company to sell him a cable book



The Representatives who conducted the impeachment trial of Robert W. Archbald, judge of the United States Commerce Court. From left to right, standing, are: George W. Norris, Nebraska; Paul Rowland, Ohio; John A. Steiwer, Illinois; John W. Davis, West Virginia; Sitting: Edwin T. Webb, North Carolina; Henry D. Clayton, Alabama; and John C. Floyd, Arkansas

position for pecuniary profit, when he sought to take advantage of his power for personal gain. The misbehavior might be particular or general; it was sufficient for the Senate to be convinced of the misbehavior to find the judge unworthy to be retained in office. "He has prostituted his name of moral responsibility for his pecuniary desires," Mr. Clayton said in his report. "He has degraded his high office for personal profit. He has attempted by various transactions to convert his high office into a source of personal gain, and he has been guilty of such a course as to bring into disrepute the confidence of the public in his judicial integrity. He has violated the condition upon which he holds his commission and should be removed from office by impeachment."

Finally Mr. Clayton argued that it was not necessary that the judge be charged with an indictable offense or even an offense involving violation of positive law, but it was sufficient if he was guilty of an act that degraded his office or destroyed respect for the judiciary or impaired the confidence of the public. The Constitution provides that a person shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction only of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." When the case came to trial Judge Archbald's attorneys argued in favor of the Senate that, as their client was not charged with having committed treason and there was no allegation of bribery, he was not guilty of an offense cognizable by the Senate, for

or to use his influence to procure the sale of coal lands, and this contravened the Senate's intent. Mr. Clayton believed that the effect of Judge Archbald's impeachment and conviction will be salutary. "It shows," he said, "that there is no necessity for the recall of judges, nor need a person be regarded as an unbecomingly as a judge or dishonest man is appointed. In such case we have the remedy. There has been some criticism that impeachment proceedings are slow, clumsy, and costly, and that some method ought to be devised by which they can be expedited. It is not one that has been a good thing. It is a serious matter to attack the integrity of a judge or to cast discredit upon the bench, and the proceedings ought never to be initiated in a fit of passion or without due deliberation. The one reform that might well be instituted and which has been proposed is that, instead of the entire Senate sitting as a court, the testimony should be heard by a committee and the Senate should then pass upon the report of its committee, which would save the Senate the necessity of suspending all public business while the impeachment proceedings are in progress and prevent congestion. That is the procedure in the case of a Senator who resigns in his old is relinquished, and as a Senator he could be expelled by a two-thirds vote, the same as in impeachment, there is no reason why the method followed in the case would not be equally as efficacious as the other."



# SOME FALLACIES ABOUT FAT

By Leonard Keene Hirschberg, M.D.

"Why is it that I may devour with impunity a sweetened behemoth and remain an emaciated specter?"



**D**ACTOR, how is it that I, a most temperate eater, devoting my nights to the study of a non-fattening diet and my days to rigid restrictions of caloric content—if there be such a word—foods, still was rotund and glabrous?"

No waste to the use of my friends the other week, and as some smother my days with impunity a sweetened behemoth and remain forever an emaciated specter? Meanwhile others who live exclusively upon the flaccid bouillabaisse, the tobaccoed circumambient atmosphere, and plain beer acquire an apron of dangling adipose tissue, affix the envy of reformers and the abominations of politicians! Why is that? Let us, as it were, examine into the grave matter, consider with scrutiny, and if possible, reveal the why and wherefore.

Professor Weissmann has established to the satisfaction of most intelligent scientists the fact that no habit that is acquired can be passed on to coming generations. That is to say, that characteristic traits or habits picked up during your father's or grandmother's lifetime are not inherited by you. Considering this liberally on your part to the inheritance of good and bad traits learned by your ancestors, you are more than blood- and distasteful to the transmission of all of the inherent changes in the nucleus, leucoproteins, leukotrienes, and intracellular and physical qualities of these cells.



Next to the avoidance of alcohol, glycosuria glycosuria is most helpful



antecedents. These appeared on generations the third and fourth generations. Mendel's *Pea* was a base only investigation were brought to the notice of scientists about a dozen years ago, proved that if an animal acquires fat during the lifetime future generations will have no disposition over the behavior. If, however, an animal that inherits a fatty tendency intrinsic in its tissues is mated with an animal with a slender tendency to be was and narrow, the first generation offspring will both be fat. If these two are mated—brothers and sisters mated in the plant and animal world—to each other, the young ones will be three fourths to one that is thin. Moreover, if these thin offspring are mated, all that follow are thin, while one of the fat ones breeds all about parties, and the other two glabrous brothers will produce children mark on their parents' feet—that is, those of rounded form to one of the singular, arrow type.

All this sounds more formulaic than witty; yet Sir Francis Galton, the great British statistician and father of the science of eugenics, as well as the teacher of the finger-print system to Bertillon, discovered from Mendel's laws that man inherits one-half of his traits from his parents, one-quarter from his grandparents, one-eighth from his great-grandparents, and so on back to Noah.

What has all this to do with the fair, fat, and forty years of a man's life? Let's! It means all the difference in the world, whether, in fact, you have come by your adipose tissue honestly, deviously, or maliciously aheretofore. It means resistance or susceptibility. Partisan self-denial or a gay life. For if, as you look through the central-olive ported gallery of your forehead, you find those hollow-looking, swollen, yellow, lean, and varicose, hairy to the nearest degree, except his features that what not to eat, and fare forth to become a sad and wise recluse amid a veritable jungle of poverty.

If, however, you gaze into the form and then see that the gallery of your forehead and ancient nostrils is thoroughly radiant, sleek with carbon points, with sufficient, downy, ruffled-like papillae, if their front border surpasses the narrow ridges of the lower framework, seek out the nearest griled palce of raw and juicy pork pulled back, your habbing wine, your shellfish, in ribs and continental, for the fat is in league against you. The stern drama of Darwin, Mendel, Galton, and the science of eugenics are applied you.

The common fallacies now laid with compulsion are an anemous as the potent medicine anti-fat procedure, as transferred with the least risk of there are few physicians alive to tell of ever having seen that rare disease known commonly as a "fatty heart." This is the name of the disease, the champagne, the trout, magenta, and the post-meridian commercial traveler, the hypodermis and other fatous elements lay the fat in the vein linings of the great superfluous pretenses.

Yet mark my doze. Next to suggest there is no greater source of adipose tissue than a few drops of alcohol or milk liquor, which it is mental in extra and alcohol molecules. The species of drinkers known as *opimus* whites are, perhaps, in this respect the worst offenders. Yet any slave, you may mark, you may drag as you will, the thirty man grows fat.

Next to the avoidance of alcohol, glycosuria glycosuria is most helpful. In your bath or beside a hard slab of wood or marble may be used. This, alone, together with regular exercise, means, really disease of the superfluous fat. For he it from me to suggest



DRAWINGS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"How is it that I, a most temperate eater, still was rotund and glabrous?"



a strand jacket or corset; yet one of the latter made of compressible bands that fit snugly around the stomach region and forces the fat upward without embarrassing the respiration will assuredly reduce the amount of abdominal fat.

Curiously enough, true gymnasium exercises, such as Turkish, Russian, or other backhand habits, the much-praised pack-saddle horse riding, golf, tennis, Boston walk, and analogous exercises are much like other horse exercises. That is to say, doctors advise them by tradition, and because they have ever had visible evidence that one barley corn of weight was thereby removed. Heavily wrestling and rowing, working and carrying, calisthenics and bicycling, are all in vain, while, on the other hand, carrying heavy weights seems to aid in the absorption of the nutrients from the compression provided. Hence I advise my patients to bow, stand, draw water, look after the furnace, bring up baskets of coal, juggle the piano, and practice with a steamer trunk.

No more superficial fallacious assertions prevail among the special pleaders of medical and lay opinions than the admission of avoiding certain foods, eating others, and abstaining from water at mealtime. There is no greater source of unappetites, inefficiency, illness, and even death than this prevailing regime. Physicians like names and sleep, initiate and obey an authoritative leader. If Dr. Gable writes that the old dog young there will be almost unanimity among physicians that improving it with diet, hence when a doctor's contemporary stomach specialists false pretty much everything but bread, hickory, tea, and water, the metabolic rate of starvation does, even though the death certificate applied to my son.

Unhappily, most of us eat too much of everything, but as long as the vital forces, the alimentary juices, the oxidizing and peptonizing ferments ever successfully with the intake of nutrients, as long as an equilibrium is maintained, the system of fat cannot be sacrificed to the establishment. If, however, there is an unstable state, a lack of balance which holds the food scale down on the side of the tissues, there is suggestive evidence that too much food is entering the body or that too little of that which is often become involved into non-removing products.

The correct procedure, it seems, does is to eat a little less of everything but not to the point of harming your mental and physical efficiency. Thus arrange the hours during so that such a balance as you take become properly oxidized, oxidized or excreted is at its maximum at breakfast and then become rapid. At six o'clock in the evening the oxidizing ferments are almost completely used up for the day and since this is the case it would seem that the intestine remains and empty of the night. Then will all the oxidized fat now—over these with three-quarters inhibited adipose slumps—be freed from hypercritical laughter and the will of the multitude.

# OUR COUSINS OVERSEAS

## Some British Traits as Seen from the Viewpoint of a Celtic Painter

BY J. B. YEATS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

In these we shall get rid of the major creative, but who will not let us of stand applied before it is symptomatic wonder, as when we see a great mass or a great best-thing, or tiger, or Spanish bull—standing at bay among its enemies and striking back? And so no admiring the false civility the spiritual tongue.

A famous Canadian painter was of English birth, lived at Eton and at Oxford and was a professor, a continuation that would be a confirmation of the same, of someone anterior, to be lived in and equipped for ever and over. Nearly every one who climbed that particular eminence knew from his personality something of value; a policeman or a tax gatherer or public prosecutor might have a kindlier feeling for his fellow-actors—such an array of black in the circumstances of any man inevitably tends to dry up the well-springs of tenderness and leave the field open for pre-emptive and mortal strokes. I remember, twenty years ago, when he gave the world a keen opinion of his deservings in cruel speech. The school of Irish controversy was passing through an acute stage; the people had become extraordinarily poor and wretched, Protestant and Catholic, pouring into Canada and America. At the psychological moment the professor wrote to his papers, saying that as he always despised the Irish he despised the English; he found it may be known who was the Protestant, for while he "the Irish" he spoke in the language of the English people and with wit and wit. He refused and reworked round the world of Protestant and racial hatred. He drew from the natural history books, where it is used to describe the monkey, which, we know, has a large jaw very much beyond forward, it smacked of scientific precision and carried with it an air of authority. It meant that hereafter the Irish Protestants were to be known as men and the Catholics as monkeys. For a few weeks the professor flourished in his Protestant and Catholicism with the word "progrressive" a word sacred to the tongue of scientific conceit. And even now, though the professor is dead, his spirit would still live on, like a half-wilded potato, to out into the house of national pride and reverence. Again and again he had discussed it with his English Irish friends, and now I get it successfully to the last of a lot. "Let us," said, "wonder all over Dublin, and if you show me a single parish where there is no English man, there is no English man in it." The professor was nailed. With his big eyes he found something which he looked at with a keen interest, but which was not progressive at all. Let us describe an incident in his life and what this something was.

It was twenty years ago. I was young and every afternoon I went for a ramble along the roads of his beautiful neighborhood of mountains and water, and coming to a Protestant clergyman. He was a true Catholic man, I found him the most charming of companions, since he came at once upon me with the most complete of men. He was all through and all over his own religion and a man of God, and one of his peculiarities was that he never said anything without a pair of eyes glowing so that he might catch every one and then and "search the horizon" for the spirit or some of a Protestant church. Scotland he was as he was, I had been supposed to have "leaned toward Pope," a suspicion obstinately clinging to him from ministry is say of the disciples as he with his eyes on the ground and so that at the time he was without employment. An exile within his own land. It was with an exile's passion that he looked at the three scattered churches. I am sure he had never heard of the Canadian professor or his new application of a French scientist. The only way he came to know of the professor was as a newspaper, and an form of reality, now this well-worn set of rhetoric phrase-making would have been to him even as familiar as the words that of this simple man was just as discerning as the distinguished professor, since with lucid confidence he also could pronounce, as regards every man we

met in this populous district, whether he was Protestant or Catholic. It would come from him in a whisper and as if he was talking to himself. One day I expressed to him my appreciation of his immense knowledge of the people of the County of Kerry. He looked at me with surprise and asked: "Do you not know that the Catholic always takes the lower part of his face, while the Protestant lets his head and nose?" So, after all, it wasn't such a difficult thing to know the Catholic from the Protestant, only you see it would have added no fuel to any fire if the professor had simply said that the Protestant kept his head and the Catholic set it off. My friend was in his way a man of genius, as is every man who turns truth for his own sake. The professor was much cleverer than anything of that sort, and his self-appointed task was to evade the cool and set people to look each other. It was such a double-edged sword for some people look for glory!

Between the Ulster Protestant and the Ulster Catholic there is no difference in physical type.

otherwise he would have been exterminated. He fought first of all that he might stand, and he fought for the sake of watching the men as he was met with a sort of wild gawdy and laughter, as if in his passion of fighting there was something broader—namely, joy in an intense consciousness of strength and destructive energy. Now fighting breeds valor, but it also breeds friendship. For that reason the fighting Irishman makes a bond of comradeship, as any English soldier would tell you. We have a saying in Ireland that either is better than intercourse, which is another way of saying that comradeship is better than either. Hence, though we often fight, we do not encourage the cold enemies that beat. The professional man, one letter, doctor, and architect do not spend among themselves; in this, Ireland being very unlike England, where there is little fighting but much quarreling. The Irish man raised to strike is at all times ready to be struck, and if he holds out that hands may grasp. Fighting and comradeship are two instincts indissolubly linked together. The Irishman fights for his friend or with his friend, and if the enemy prove himself stout and valiant and fights fair he will love him for his fighting. The evil side of war was not so often enough remember; its good side is the growth of comradeship. I remember all the details of the fight over "The Playboy" in the London theatre. The shouting and the cheering and all the organized uproar continued night after night and yet it ended peacefully. That "Playboy" was right and that "Stage" was right and that they were wrong and outwitted themselves besides. The most distinguished among the Irish players in America have told me that he was "having" for the Dublin audience. Irishmen love the word of the good and the friendship with their friends and in the give and take of war with their enemies and as quickly as possible they change their enemies into their friends.

It was once present at a great meeting of the Sons of St. Patrick, where I had a seat on the platform, and as he was there and the other Irish men staying here, I thought I never saw a finer type of man; and all thought to strike as at all times ready to be struck type. They were not men of thought or sentiment, either of impulse and of action, every movement of their bodies, and as quickly as possible a force acrobatic seemed to leap from their eyes. Englishmen and the round should be of an aggressive type of life, even to its love, and can afford to be mediocres and occasional Irishmen are only listening to speak a long think and have no leisure for the future, it is abundant in the Irish camp. The doorway of the present of a railway or Kerry has become legendary.

Naturally it is fashionable among some artists to design the human form and face according to geometrical laws. Following this plan, I found that the human form was the shape and the skull of the Irishman might be inscribed in a square, whether you see in the shape of a square or a circle, and lead are always a circle, and the Newfoundlander is a long parallelogram—these whether you see in front or in profile. And as we are continually asked to suggest a circle, for they are frequently handy and lead.



Some characteristic racial types as seen through Irish eyes

Whatever original difference may have existed has disappeared long ago. For one thing, they are both highly Celtic and Scandinavian; and besides there is "Dias Caid" who through all the years has kept open his marriage books night and day, not who, having no religious scruples, is delighted with incest as merely to link a Catholic with a Protestant in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The mark of an aristocratic race is the ease with which it produces of tall men it needs. So do not forget that if such walling has come from Irish shores, behind all this have been men who never favored, men of the type I have called short-crooked and square-faced, and that behind the humor, which is honest and playful and sophisticated in its odious, rounded in most charming looks and stories, has been another humor, lower-class, hard, and terrible which has no such humor. There is nothing except in the writings and actions of "the mad Irish peasant," Donn Byrne and lastly in the plays of Synge. The Irishman is a fighting animal, since

the Scotchman, and assured the Frenchman that, for the same reason he takes to associate with his services, they make such incomparable partners, while the Irishman and the Scotchman consort with their equals. As to liberty, equality, and fraternity, they are to John Bull but moonshine. The innumerable ideas that have come elsewhere with the quackered and reasonlessness do not stir his stagnant mind—these are a flock of bright spring birds that will almost every country, yet have never alighted on the cliffs of Albion. He is hardly a brother to the one brother-lessly should he concern himself with the brotherhood of man? Even the scholarly Englishman is variously wretched here. Who was not a laughing stock, otherwise his work. "Am I my brother's keeper?" would have made him the first Englishman instead of the first scold.

Yet, notwithstanding his headlong opinion and his disdain for platitudes, let us never forget that the first Englishman, by whom it seems the nation profited in its natural order, and that his right aristocratic front who comes here staggering about being English and anxious to show how ill-mannered he can be in the fashionable English way, stands in the world's history for three things—liberty, law, and fact. For these he has an instinct, which is native as the grass in the sod. Within these limits he is free with a spontaneity and a naturalness that are not to be found in either of the other nations. He is orderly—liberty a rule of conduct most better than his ideas, which only distract him, and he has an unshakable sense of fact which makes him solid with the universe. He sends his roots deep into his environment. And though the words "Am I my brother's keeper?" are repulsive to the ear and full of sinister suggestion, we who have read history know what an ocean of misery and cruelty has flowed from the opposite doctrine, "I am not my brother's keeper"; indeed, no such brooding on this latter would make us ill at ease, so that we have one sense of the true unweariness of liberty. For no sympathy at all is better, all things considered, than such of it, sympathy being a vice that quickly spoils and more so because it clogs and flows, but because it is inevitable and easily becomes antipathy.

Here is John Bull's method, whereby he preserves his peace: every morning of his life he takes his sleeping draught, a strong dose of British stupidity, if I may so describe it, whereby he believes that, since he is living in England, he is living in the best of all possible worlds, where the institutions need only to be kept going to become perfect, and where all the customs and ways and ideas are what they ought to be. The Times newspaper is infallible, and every scoldman who has wealth is not only a gentleman, but a model of all the virtues; while the scholars all read their Greek and Latin classics, leaving science to the scientists, as they leave public order to that well-trained body, the police. Meanwhile the American drinks his daily cocktail of democratic error, thenceforth in his private life he is corrupt and every law and every newspaper the child of corruption administered by corruption. Over the happy English land there spreads a blessed atmosphere which nothing can disturb except, perhaps, an occasional German war. If it be true that the Englishman sleeps and that, on the other hand the American cannot sleep at all, he has in his better jawed with all kinds

of money aspirations, every idealism, and discontent, while the royal English three wretched itself in snoring complacency. When will America have her bird-sung notes and quiet dreams?

The English nation is like water a well compacted of round stones, not through its openings all the winds of heaven can play and waft, making wild music. The Irish and Scotch, on the other hand, build their social walls of custom and habit, with stones filling so closely that there are no openings through which the winds can play. Here we find all kinds of "Scottish" characteristics and of their intellectual freedom among themselves? And every Irishman who comes to America either starts a club or joins one already in existence. In his own country he is often a conspirator. These nations are both very too ready to part with personal individuality for the sake of the collective individuality, while the English have even their private clubs on the idea of a complete retrogression among the members, so that it is a breach of club discipline for one member to speak to another without a formal introduction. It may be said of every Irishman that he is "close" to some other Irishman and of every Scotchman that he is "close" to some other Scotchman; the same can be said of Englishmen with Englishmen. Yet all the Englishmen lacks the scoldish charm he overcomes his temptation; having a particular desire to be friendly with his neighbors, he can, if the rare fit be on him, more easily be honest with himself; even the Scotch mind sometimes nobly gravitates toward the royal truth rather than toward that which is ultimate. To be honest with one's neighbors is good and pleasant; to be honest with one's self makes the truth of art and poetry; it is not a matter of the intellect or of the moral consciousness. It belongs to the domain of the personality and of the emotions; it is, perhaps, the rarest and most difficult kind of truth, yet without it there is no art, and for those who have it, human nature itself loses its nerve and its self. Its abundance and its variety. It is this kind of truthfulness making expression which makes the best without which friendship and the possibility of love itself are lost pale convulsions.

English politics affects us like a spectacle at which we laugh with jolly laughter, but we seldom laugh with it, while Scotch gravity is infectious, were behind it is always the "whole light" of intellect appraising the national mind and sympathetic tenderness and every other sort of social virtue. Irish geniality, like American decency, is a form of destructive criticism and a distrust of the spirit, yet it gathers something and keeps all its directions when its subject is flat, by himself and by others, but especially for himself, mark the word—and mark the word—pressure, the great English Party. The Irish may not care much for the divine form of naked truth, but we do enjoy stripping a human filth he shows in his shirt. Still that not have him even his shirt, for the great Deas breaks no one's leaders, and we may call ourselves cynics and lament that we are without convictions, yet we have the virtues of cynicism, one of which is sincerity, with its organs and organs speech, while our lack of conviction makes us all the quicker to detect the false movements, the false ruin of others. It was No. 1's sincerity that made him so terrible, and Godsmith's that made his weakness so gorgeous; all St. Sago's have come from

his deep and being and anxious sincerity, and if some of us objected to him it was because every ill-advised individual had fallen for once under the English spell. These things are true, and one to me "had should not be told." Shaw's belief in socialism seems him in some degree from Irish cynicism, but by his gift of severity and bold utterance he is Irish of the Irish; like a hand of merry music, his plays and poems have shot arrows of light into the English fog of gushing sentimentality, self-decoration, self-complacency, self-inspiration, and self-orientation; for inconsistency—that is, the keeping of things "dark," the constant protesting that things are other than they are—the Englishman's religion, it has its virtue and its grandeur, and its service of eternal good. Shaw is Irish of the Irish, only, being of middle-class extraction and training, he has the refined and the provincial, and of less grace as the dream of wit and logic, and preached in woman and out of women the middle-class doctrine of "practical ethics" whereas St. Sago, coming of a family with aristocratic traditions who had never learned the depressing doctrine, held these people like a brother. Indeed, he lived among them and became one of them, and so gave us the drama of a people who live in a reckless phantasm and use the language of phantasy. A friend in New York told me that when he returned to Ireland his servant assured him how glad she was to see him back, "see" said she, "there was the color of loneliness in the air while you were away." The gratuity of the Irish peasant is not in the least like the gratuity of the Irish noble; rather is it the strong drink flowing in a narrow cup. Leaving out of count the "upper classes," we are chiefly useful to themselves, the Irish are a great people, with truth and poetry in their hearts. These people are poets in intention, and if any one would teach them to think individually they would be poets in achievement. Unconquered with them, Godsmith learned how to describe the lunatic's gape, contrasting with them and fighting their battles, the captured St. Sago and his powers of ferocious criticism, for those kinds of people have a humor which smokes like a sledge hammer. St. Sago's heroes, though pure as snowed sunshine, sentiment, as we know, talks like Dr. Hodge. The Irish literary movement which is gathering in the minds of young men and young women all over the country draws from the elements all of its inspiration; in that deep well Irish poetry has been sleeping three many years.

It seems to speak of the Irish fate of the long and type. To this type belong many Irish priests and many Irish mothers, and in this type have always belonged the most beautiful women of every age, nation, and class. Doubtless my mother Eve, who presented Adam, was of this type; otherwise she would not have persuaded when the arguments were all against her. There are also the Venus de Milo and the Venus de Medici, and the Virgin Mary has so appeared to all the painters. Peppie Miki, the woman of the fighting type with the flashing eye and intrepid tongue, who would have sought her lover at the gates of hell, is unperished, for the intimidators; and the critics were right when they said that she is not the highest type of Irish woman. The other knows nothing of conflict, being in continual harmony with herself, a perfect woman, a perfect mother, and, like the morning stars, reveal with the primal poetry of the earth.

WISHER  
A RESPONSIBLE LIFE

TRYING FOR AN UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT

THIS WATER-PROOF, INVENTED BY A NEW-BRAND, WAS RECENTLY TRIED IN THE HUMAN LIFEBOAT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NAVY. IT HELD UPON THE  
SIXTY-FOUR FEET LONG AND SEVEN FEET IN HEIGHT AND AROUND SEVEN FEET IN WIDTH. IT HAS NO OTHER PARTS.

# A REMARKABLE ART SHOW

The International Exhibition which Opens next Week in New York, at which the most advanced Painters and Sculptors of Europe and America are for the First Time adequately Represented. This Exhibition is unquestionably the most extraordinary Display of Pictorial and Plastic Art ever Assembled in America

BY FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

(See the double-page of Illustrations in this issue)

**T**HE Exhibition of International Art (February 15th to March 15th), at present the main landmark of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, a body incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, was planned to introduce to the public the works of a number of foreign artists, who, though they are well known in Europe, are for the most part but names to New York and America. The method adopted, however, was not to choose an "extreme" contemporary at the heads of the public, but to show, by a process of selection, from what they had developed. No figure was taken as the starting-point, the line continuing with Delacroix, Courbet, Corot, Daubigny, Pissarro, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cezanne, Matisse, Picasso, and the "Futurists."

Until the present occasion the most that Americans knew, in America, of the "movement" abroad, outside some few examples shown at certain small exhibitions here, were the works of certain young men who had gone to France and become immediately and liberally, perhaps, sensitive to their new environment. Many of them were but weak imitations. It seemed that it was the extravagance of the new foreign painters and sculptors that excited them, and of that extravagance they were the facile detectors, all the strength of the originals having evaporated in the process.

The result was the natural one, the public looked on the productions of these disciples as a joke, and could not be convinced that it had any real or valid reason for its existence. The association, in bringing over the work of the men so eagerly imitated wished to allow Americans to see among other things the difference between the substance and the shadow, between what has set a fashion unwittingly and what was merely fashionable. In the case of those who are now really influential there can be no difficulty about surpassing a man's early with his later work. It will be found, on comparison, that the change is the result of a certain logical development. Each step has been in a definite direction and follows the one before. It was not a case of "going somebody one better," or intended to cause surprise or even astonishment. If there was an explanation offered, though it might not explain, at any rate it gave people something to think about.

It was found by Mr. Davis and Mr. Kahn, the committee of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors which was sent abroad to select works for the New York exhibition, that most of the German Post-Impressionists were mediocre, the result being that very little of what they had done had any real significance. A German of Cologne, speaking at the academy of his fellow-countrymen, said that they were becoming "ultra-intellectual" as distinguished from "ultra-intelligent." That, they went so far, deliberately, as to make their work "stupid." As for the English advanced men, or so-called advanced men, with certain notable exceptions, their work did not exhibit much force or show real development, which in the same way they are not more widely represented. At the same time there are British painters and sculptors not shown here who ought to be here. But, owing to the shortness of time, all committees, foreign or not as America, found it impossible to cover the field. This is why, for instance, the English Modernists, who are affected by the subtle faith set of the empire, are not shown.

As for the "spikes" believed in selecting the work, it is to be kept in mind that the entire exhibition is the result of a plan of the committee. It decided to go over the old American and foreign art that it considered suitable to the purpose. This it did. But it is hard to consider American work that it had not invited, in cases where artists asked to have their paintings and sculptures inspected. It is to be observed that this is a very difficult matter from sending the best works which would have to be regular jury. In fact, the association might not give to any man had a special purpose in view in arranging it. We did not try to put as many pictures as view, or wish to give an opportunity to exhibit in this, that, or the other person. We desired to give our public the chance to see what has been going on abroad, as it is important for us to have to what extent we have not come under the influence of the period, whatever they may be.

It is natural that the artists most interested in the notable group made up of Cezanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh. The first, the old man of Aix, "was made possible, and good," whom his friend Edouard had not understood, though he drew the painter's portrait as a young man. In 1872, he made his own after a life of neglect and even contempt. His friends were not moved him from Impressionism. Cezanne did not believe in "breaking his predecessors," or that "the old masters exist to reveal us what it is avoid," as was said recently. He used to insist the Louvre gallery as Van Gogh used to find the Dutch galleries. He became a heretic not through hatred of "humanity," but through conviction, as at night, as he had from his



A portrait of a girl, by Matisse



One of Gauguin's Tahitian landscapes

ascended in painting, as the ascended first from his life. His determination to let an ear "get his grappling-iron" on him but showed his determination to work out his own development as his own line. Richard of the Salen with Pissarro, Claude Monet, and Seurat, he and Emile went beyond Impressionism, while Courbet and Daubigny were among the men whose work helped his progress.

Gauguin, no more than Cezanne, stopped his art anywhere. But whether in Tahiti or in Brittany—he let an assured career the duck-outrage to make painting his profession—he sought after simplicity, a simplicity leading to the artistic—simplicity and strength. If his drawing is false, it is voluntarily so. Whatever "fault" he has has its purpose. That is why he paints the vulgar.

Van Gogh, the third of the Titans, is revealed, not only in his paintings, but in his wonderful letters to his brother and Emile Bernard, letters that have a deep meaning. Although he gave painting his whole attention only when he was twenty-five, and died by his own hand at thirty-seven years of age, a great career was crowded into the interval. A leader in new paths, he, too, believed that "as long as there are those who are living, the dead will live." His theory was of the chief thing in it: afterwards men will not only through reality, without any preconceived plan and without any watered-down belief, Paris. He showed his belief in the inter-relationship of art when he painted not an ear as was said that the early Italian, the German Primitives, the Dutch School, and the later Italian school fundamentally constitute a group, a series.

Next in big masters of the Modernist movement, Cezanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, come a lot of men whose names even have not been known to the present rank of American artists. There is a group of sculptors, of various nationalities including Maillol, Brancusi, Lehmbruck, Maillo, and Amisano. Maillol, who is no longer young, is a Spaniard who came to the front only recently. Although his work was thought highly of by even conservative sculptors for years, he had difficulty in getting it shown. His portrait of his friend and admirer, Mr. Kahnweiler, is one of his most notable performances.

Brancusi, his youth had to be a conservative, exhibiting at the Salon. He disappeared from view some years ago and emerged from his hiding-place with a new manner. He now dwells in his studio at a trade-school. He at the art school in Bucharest, and five at the Beaux Arts in Paris as "fifteen years of waste" and the early work from the sale of which he still makes a living as "a new bookshop." He goes further than Maillol in the direction of making his sculpture "objective." His work is in fact to show how the subject affects him, not to suggest representation. He is a great believer in the use of the chisel

(Continued on page 25)



The American Prerogative is still impressionistic



The poetic of



How a crowd impresses the Cubist Picasso



A big decoration by Robert L. Chasler



Skating in Central



Joe Davidson believes in objective fidelity



A painting by the naive Henri Rousseau



Movement in a Van Gogh landscape



George B. Luks's "Philosopher"

## THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE WILL GIVE AN IDEA OF THE REMARKABLE CHARACTER OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT OF THE MOST "ADVANCED" MOVEMENT IN CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE ARE REPRESENTED THESE

THE READER WILL FIND INFORMATION CONCERNING THEM IN



Arthur B. Davies



The decorative quality in Van Gogh



By William Glackens



Study of a nude by Rodin



Result of Rodin's search after Gothic simplicity



The old-masterly quality in Vermeer's Portrait



By Augustus John, head of the new men in England



The German Lehnbrack is an unusual

## ANNUARY OF ART SHOWS

EXHIBITION WHICH OPENS FEBRUARY 17TH IN NEW YORK. THE FOREMOST EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN EXPONENTS  
 THERE ARE MANY RESPONSIBLE CRITICS AND CONNOISSEURS WHO TAKE THESE MEN WITH ENTIRE SERIOUSNESS  
 ARTICLE BY MR. FREDERICK JAMES OGDON ON THE FORTHCOMING PAGE.



## "NAB"

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

**M**R. ALAN MAC WITHERS, late of Liverpool-shire, but at present out out by the firm of Crowden Brothers to take the chief engineer's berth on one of their freight-ships, the *Therapia*, came briskly down the last pier. At his heels trailed two longshoremen, staggering under the load of a brace-bound sea chest, while the beautiful stinkship of a Scotch terrier that was ever whined fretted awkwardly before. Its crooked stumpy legs making hard work of a heap of wire coils, piles of lumber, and the many other odds and ends that litter a big freight pier.

"Here she is, sir!" one of the longshoremen gasped, letting his end of the chest drop. The other red came down with a crash.

"Ye're on frae Scotland, air ye?" Mr. Mac Withers asked; but the delicate snow was lost on the pasting Irishman.

"I'll sign aboard yer. Bide ye here till I send you her box." The longshoremen started in astonishment as the wily Scotchman scrambled nimbly up a very steep plank, the terrier a close second. At the ship's red Mr. Mac Withers stopped; the terrier stopped; man and dog gazed love and aft with scrutinizing eyes. Then Mr. Mac Withers looked down and the terrier looked up.

"Nab, 'tis a dirty sea-ban!" The dog's little pointed ears drooped and its wire-bristled tail wagged dispiritedly.

"Nab's no like our said Aberdeen, is the Nab?"

The terrier was dejection itself at the line in Mr. Mac Withers's wavy hair. Cool dust cling to everything. Here and there patches of white paint straggled to show through it, but almost in vain. Monotonously his whiskers clanked and ponderous druck bones swung backward and forward to the billowy slaps and—two—three of white steam. *Maidsy and Lawson* scurried along the red-rusted iron decks, while from down No. 2 hatch came the hoarse voices of men stowing away the last of the cargo, over it all the hot afternoon sun. Glimpily peering his way, the Scotchman made for the upper-deck ladder.

"Nab, I'm tellin' ye many times that ye wrenn built for terrier-ship; be mad, affectionately, as ye stowed the terrier under his arm; 'as' for sic a scunner, neither am I; but there will be squabble better, Nab—'tis the good Lord's will."

When up the narrow iron ladder and on to the bridge deck he released the dog. Nab scurried across, peered over the side at the silny water, and vanished beyond the high sill of a door. He was back in a moment, whining softly.

"So be—the said sea, eh?"

Just then a yellow hand was dexterately laid on Mr. Mac Withers's arm. He turned.

"Bosser Master no show dog on ship, air! Ye thinker go Hong-kong? Mebbe please way? See Bosser Mate; talker-talker; teller you ever'ting."

Mr. Mac Withers looked the Chinaman up and down, then took the end of the neatly plaited queue and brushed a few grains of dust from his sleeves.

"Same said Chinoo, Nab? Nothing new?"

The terrier squatted in the shadow of the bridge, waiting.

"Ye teller Bosser Master fustan shaft cross—'tis that's Arabic, Nab, air! Ye'll an be understand by sic a folk! Caller Bosser Master—'twould fare?"

"Steward!" followed a voice. "wha the devil is aintin that ye outside?"

The Chinaman disappeared. Mr. Mac Withers made himself very comfortable—in a deck chair, and Nab

craved beneath it. The dust of the last of day's work was settling slowly, and the blasts of ferruginous came less often as the Scotchman counted the minutes by his watch.

Shipper Witherton came out of his room, saw the figure that crouched placidly in the deck chair—

"Come, come, my man, ye should have asked the agent for a passage. I am not empowered to do any thing for you. Is that your dog?" The hearty English skipper, stalwart in his authority, gazed at Nab.

"I do not allow dogs on my ship," he added.

"Wall, Skipper, an' 'has air ye ever'ting? Ay, ye're an awc bit terrier. I was thinkin' maybe ye'd—"

"No, I cannot do anything, and I'll thank you to take yourself and your dog home."

The Scotchman got up slowly. "Come, Nab, we'll be gettin' our gear aboard!" Without a look at the sea thoroughly angry skipper, the wry little man went to his room.

"Below there, on the deck!"

"Aye, see?"

"Fetch up me hat-ban an' show it in the chief engineer's room. An' dis- an' drop it—'as' I'll be down among ye!"

Flicking his eyes ash away, Mr. Mac Withers spun on his heel and faced Witherton, whose face was appalled—

"'as' I'll thank ye, Skipper, to have a chief engineer when ye see one! It been me built that the parcel I run' out on broke a valve some thousand miles off Sandy Hook, so as I'm a wee bit late. D'ye intend leavin' the vessel?"

"Ye're—sir! Where are your papers? Leave that rhead on the main deck!" Witherton raved.

The Scotchman gazed at him incredulously for a moment. "Eh, man, but the sun an' the whiskey air too much for ye! Reasonably I'd advise ye to give up fate to Witherton!"

The skipper started for the cabin, but the latter slipped aside on the Englishman's dress pants and pushed an envelope into his hands. Witherton had in read his contents.

"So you are my chief engineer?" he said, indignantly.

"Na, man, I'm in 'your chief engineer'—'as' thinkin' the English man. 'I've been chief engineer of the *Therapia* ever sin' I put by o'er her drive an' and 'as' in the employ of the Messrs. Crowden Brothers. D'ye get that remark—the last one? We've got kind permission I'll be na see o'board taken to me room." He deliberately turned his back on the rising skipper and called:

"Bide there, rery aft!"

"The dog can't go, anyway, steward!" Witherton's fellow crewed deck-hand, a scowder, and the crew to look up. The Chinaman appeared instantly.



"Na, man, I'm in 'your chief engine' "







Interfudes

COMPOUND COMMUNUTED USURY

A YOUNG negro at Louisville, Kentucky, who had accumulated a big roll of greenbacks shooting craps along the levee, put one hundred dollars of it in the savings-bank as a safe allowance for "winter use" before starting out as a regular gambling rover among the restaurants on the steamboats down the big river. He was so lucky that he did not come back to Louisville for a long time, and when he did return he was prosperous, but he commended his money and thought he might as well get it. He went to the savings-bank—which, by the way, was owned and managed by negroes—and walked up and down the front office. He was smoking a good swag, his clothes were new and neat, his durbill-tong shoe were polished like black mirrors, and diamonds flashed on his hands and in his shirt front. He walked up to the window marked "Cashier."

"What de cashier 's' d'olger bank?" he inquired, loftily.

"Hush be in, right bank," was the equally lofty reply of the hair-shirted black man at the window, twirling his respectable blacky eyelids side-whiskers. "I is de cashier, sah. What 's' a do fo' you, sah?"

"Ma sa'm's Henry Fleming Jackson," said the stranger, loftily. "Fo' yuh sah ag' 's' avah ah dose 'pound er hundred' dollahs in d'olger bank. B'yuh's ma paan-bank. Ah wants ma moary."

"Yassuh, ah, yassuh, I 's'p' 'y' doos," the cashier answered. "But h'ol' passah on de regularity 'o' yo' solikation, fo' de hona' be mook er 'restintion on de accumulation ob de cash'."

The cashier was gone five minutes, ten minutes, while Henry Fleming Jackson paraded to and fro, filing the bank with the aroma of his good swag. At the end of eleven minutes the cashier returned. His face had turned gray, but his voice was as smooth as ever and his manner most convincing. He said:

"Nitch Henry Fleming Jackson, he d'ahs de 'pound yo' moah was five yuh ag'—not 'o' yuh. Yassuh, yo' 'pound dat kind' dollahs fo' yuh ag' six months ago, an' seven dat time, sah, de interest—interest' done er yo' hundred dollahs all ag'."

SUBTLE

"Am you doing yourself anything this Lent, Bobby?" asked Winkler.

"Yes," said Bobby. "I am denying myself to my creditors. She's't me anybody I owe for six weeks."

"Dish—yo'll be huzant. Won't you?" said Winkler.

A PERFECTLY NATURAL QUESTION

Dr. ———, who is an exceedingly eminent and busy New York physician, goes to many clinics and sees hundreds of patients weekly, so he has never had taken about a few days ago when, in response to a telephone call, he took up the receiver and heard a thin, elderly, foreign American voice say these words: "Victor, I want you had verb. What shall I do agud?"

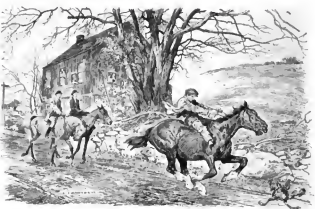
AS THE MINSTREL TAULD IT

RAN out to Wallie's house to spend the evening in debonair and edifying conversation, Wallie invited Rah to be the house, and like any top a chair on either side of 't' inglishah Wallie drew out his knee always "havy-jach. An' took er forget-me-nots, filled his pipe," lit it, and drew whiff after whiff in grand contentment.

Rah offered the rock and looked at the wreath of 't' handling you.

"Oh, Wallie," said Rah, "yo's a grand 'havy. Whim'd yo' got it?"

"Aye, Rah," said Wallie, "fo' a grand 'havy. I had it wad down fo' Yiddiserrah."



SOME EUCENTRIANS AND A HOSS-BACK HORSE

Wallie smokit an' smokit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'havy.

Wallie Rah said: "Wallie, will yo' ple me a match?"

an' Wallie g'ah him a good match 'o' a blue hoo."

Rah snatched his right 's'at pocket an' his left out

Wallie smokit an' smokit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'havy.

Rah snatched an' took up his said furr 's'ap.

"Tis a 'perry," he said. "I mean tin ewa' hame an' get ma 'havy."

Wallie smokit an' smokit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'havy.

"Well," said Rah, "I mean just dang awa' hame fo' ma 'havy."

"Aww," said Wallie, "very dere an' 'pawby, 'if yo' wad gang awa' hame, Rah, will yo' please gie me awa' match?"

HIGH OFFICIAL AMENITIES

"Good morning, Mr. President," said the President-elect.

"Am you going to give up anything this Lent?"

"Why, yes, Governor," replied the President. "I think I'll give up the jump and supremacy of power somewhere about the Fourth of March."

MAKING AN IMPRESSION

BOB DWYER, fresh from college, opened a real-estate office in an attractive suburban neighborhood and hoped to make his fortune. For days he sat unharmed in his little office, staring out at the dusty roads or twiddling his thumbs. In the afternoon of the fourth day he saw a most crossing figure stride diagonally toward his door. Scarcely this was a customer. He must be made to feel that business was flourishing.

As the man stopped over the threshold Bob held the telephone receiver at his ear and was talking earnestly into the transmitter.

"That's correct," he said as the man stood before him.

"Right. We will accept your \$100,000 cash in mortgage and let the thirty thousand remainder stand on a five-year mortgage. What? Yes, I'll bring the deed around at eleven to-morrow morning. Good-by."

Bob hung up the receiver and turned an important visage to the visitor.

"Not 'em," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Why, I just came over," said the man, grinning.

"To connect your telephone instrument with the wires."

YE BROKEN VIEWS

A LITTLE OVERDOSS

I wass all awate, and thra-ah me—

Dear Chio came along, and she

Raised her sweet lips in summer shy,

Well, atyook.

I was a fool to make that vow,

And he'd be there a week, but

Who'd dismount a girl like that!

I wass off all tobacco, too,

And meant to keep the vow all through,

When to me wass great regard

Dear Phyllis lit a cigarette

And passed it over with twinkling eyes,

And I—

Well, it's no joke,

But vava like that all out in smoke.

I wass I'd had a hermit's life,

And flew away from worldly strife,

And spend an' could work away

From all the joys of life so gay;

And on the second day—well, true

Have into view,

And smok'd on me with each new grave

Honoring her lovely face

Th' I—

Ah me! Oh me!

What me the hermit truth to tell!

'I'll never, I left you!"

And left that hermit stand to change

Who have no stir left in their stumps.

MORALS:

To keep your Leaba, curra and curls

Go somewhere where there are girls!

CAROLINE SPIER



'CHONS-EYED UNFORTUNATE: HANG IT ALL! I'VE LOOKED HER STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AND SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT

pockets an' snatched his right waistcoat pocket an' his left waistcoat pocket, an' slipped the right pocket of his brooks an' the left pocket of his brooks, an' then shook his head.

"Aww!" he said. "I haw left ma 'havy at home."



"AMN'T THAT A SHAME, NAME! THERE WAS A WIDOW WITH ENOUGH RIBBON TIED TO IT TO TIE HER HAIR UP THE WHOLE FAMILY."



Copyright by Charles Frohman  
Julia Sanderson in "The Sunshin' Girl," at the Knickerbocker



Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," at the Cort



A scene from "Gypsy Life," the new spectacle at the Hippodrome

# UNCLE SAM'S WOMEN FLAG-MAKERS

BY WALTER L. BEASLEY

**T**HE vast array of flags that "went up" the one hundred and thirty-three was recently assembled in New York, forming a glittering mosaic of color twenty miles long, was one of the most impressive and picturesque sights of the great naval program. Few, however, who viewed this spectacle knew that all these beautiful outlines, brilliant in many hues, with a wealth of choice embroidery, were the exclusive handiwork of women. The United States Naval Department has trained a group of fifty expert needlewomen in the New York Navy Yard who cut out and finish the varied flags for the battleships, amounting to some 20,000 in a year.

The flagroom is on the third floor of the Bureau of Equipment Building. On entering the large room the visitor's first impression is a blaze of color. Rolls of bright hasting are heaped up, waiting to be cut, while long lines of electrically driven sewing-machines, with women operators, are moving of and putting the finishing touches to American and foreign ensigns of many different hues and patterns. The flags are cut out from measurements arranged on chalk mark lines and metal markers on the floor. Large strips and certain designs can be seen continuously stretched in the air. Daily this crowded section of the floor is thronged at all hours with different flags, with the women cutting and sewing in close on the machines, each of which is swiftly run by a small electric motor. Some of the women are of the same age as the stars; others are skilled in finishing parts of the flag. The thousands of

white stars used on the flags are cut out by an ingenious machine, especially devised for this purpose, operated by electricity. Only a few years ago the stars were cut out by hand. Now a plunger, fitted with steel knives the shape and size of the star wanted, with a single down stroke cuts out from fifty to one hundred stars at a time. Some eight different sizes of stars are used, each having a special cuttting.

A good idea of the number of flags that must be carried by a large battleship can be gathered from the considerable pile fifteen feet long and almost shoulder high, recently finished and sent aboard the United States Steamship Hoquiam. The foreign flags are crossed in thick paper bags. The name of the country is stenciled on the bottom. The remainder, including the flags for ordinary use, signal wire, the international code, etc., are not wrapped, but tied in round bundles and lettered. The pile contains 480 different flags, the regulation number every large war vessel of our navy has in its cargo. The material and making of which cost the government just \$2,000 for

each ship. This sum, multiplied by the number in the service, adds up to hundreds of thousands. It is necessary to equip them for all forms of ceremonial and official occasions, sailing and starting, both at home and at foreign waters. With an extensive array of flags stored on board, the ship is prepared to meet all high-rank officials of any nation who may come aboard, or into whose waters the vessel may enter while on a cruise, and to observe the proper etiquette.

The largest flag made in the United States ensign No. 1, with 48 stars, which is 30 feet long by 19 wide and cost \$40 to make. The President's flag requires the longest time of any to complete, as it takes one woman a whole month to finish it. This consists of a blue ground with the coat of arms of the United States in the center. The life-size eagle, with long, outstretched wings, and other emblems, are all hand-embroidered and involve the most patient work. This flag is made in two sizes, 10 feet by 14 feet, and 2 feet by 3 feet. The ensignoid silk used on this and other designs costs 80 a pound. The foreign flags are

25 feet long and 15 feet wide. Certain of these are full of animal shapes, curious designs, and marine landscapes. They are, therefore, difficult to make, and require a surprising length of time to finish. This is notably the case of the flags of the Central and South American republics, one of the most interesting being that of Salvador. This has for a large centerpiece, a regular landscape consisting of a hissing volcano, a rising sun, set in a curved design of draped banners, cactus branches, cactuses, and other emblems. The top is a curved diamond, with the date of the independence of the nation inscribed at the top. Nearly one hundred different designs are used in this flag.



Putting the finishing touches to the dragon flag of China



Skilled sewers inserting the centerpieces of foreign flags



The "Wyoming's" complete outfit of 480 different flags

## A REMARKABLE ART SHOW

(Continued from page 15)  
by the artist himself, finding modeling in clay "too raw." His example has been followed by a lot of the younger men, of Brunner's severity, there can be no doubt. The enthusiasm for the work of other artists when his studies in, like his love for music, a sort of passion. He does not believe in the quality of any artist's style, and believes that he will never on changing indelibly.

Archipenko is a native of Kiev. He used to be an adherent of the Cubists, but is such no longer. It is said that he thoroughly disapproved of the great influence of Picasso in the direction of extravagance.

Matisse is better known here as a painter than a sculptor. He is a graduate of the Beaux Arts, but came early under the influence of Cezanne and Bonnat. He has a wide following and his work is in great demand in Russia and Germany.

The name of Matisse naturally suggests that of Picasso, a Spaniard who arrived in Paris at the age of seventeen, and has been active ever since. From the first his paintings had a marked, very fresh character, an inherent quality and freshness and precision of color which has brought his earlier work. He has been of initiative, against whom the charge is made that they do not express their own emotions or conceptions, but are concerned only in suggesting the method of their idolized master.

One of the most interesting of the moderns is the

late Henri Rousseau. He was a custom-house officer who took to art in middle life, working on Sundays. His friends used to consider it a great joke to tell him that he was a great man and well on the way to becoming famous. The strange, developments of the students who perked at Cezanne, could have before his contacts at the Independents. But the fan-makers were astounded prophets. Henri Rousseau, whose funeral even was half a job with some, is now recognized as a true master by the very whose judgment has authority.

Bonnard, formerly the pride of Jullien's, became through the influence of Rousseau, a follower of Gauguin and Roden. He paints big pictures, and has demonstrated his collaboration with Bonnard and Vuillard. One of his pet theories is that artists ought not to accept official honors of our sort.

Delaunay is the philosopher of the moderns, and is noted as a teacher. Some say that his work goes to prove that a man cannot be a great theorist and a great original artist at the same time. One of Delaunay's notable works is a series of water-colors distributed the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis of Assisi. Dufy, like Bonnard, has hidden himself from the world for the purpose of growth. He does decorative work for public-house purposes. Gleizes used to be an impressionist, but now strives to conceal any signs of that influence in work.

Nouze's work is very scarce, and since his death has fetched big prices. He is akin to an artist to

Sorval. They became friends when they discovered that they had been going along parallel lines without knowing it. Vuillard is best known for his black and-white work and his vigorous use of the line. He is noted, among other things as a portraitist. The lithographs of Toulouse-Lautrec were exhibited in this city some years ago. Nonat-Carlson is a Portuguese whose paintings have a great vogue in Moscow and Berlin.

Here are some remarks made recently which are worthy of the attention of those who go to the exhibition at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory.

A man prominent in art and literature in Berlin said:

"The smallest always attracts attention as the initiator for the 'new grandeur'; the independent work is done by the collector of the initiator of the French moderns, the very men who formerly bought pictures by Kirind and Delvaux."

The noted Munich said: "What have I to say about my present style of painting? It is as I feel at present. Maybe the word 'thing' I will be with and definite, or dark and gloomy. My work of today represents a period only."

Leon Marcia said: "Van Gogh is a great personality, but not a great artist. Cezanne and Matisse began to paint where he left off."

The moral is that there is nothing dead in art, so last word, and that the main thing is not to be taken in one hand, and not to be filled on the other.

WHERE THE OPPORTUNITY SEEKS THE MAN



Illustration by Arthur B. Cook







"How to Make the Home Attractive"



"Flippant Flora, or a Venus Come to Earth"



"Short Talks on Health for the Busy Man"



"Cupid's Curves, or the Deadly Dart"



"Growing Things for Beauty's Sake"



"She Loved But Once"



"A Prince of the Blarney Blood"



"Gee! Gee! or Taty's Triumphs"

SOME RECENT "WORST SELLERS" AND THEIR AUTHORS

DRAWN BY E. W. KENNEL





Costly Furs

London is one of the great fur markets of the world, and it is claimed that a year's auction sales in that city after amount to more than twenty million dollars.

Many curious incidents and episodes of the London market are recorded. For instance, ever since the Middle Ages ermine has been the fur of royalty, and it is recorded in the *Chronicle* of the great garments of kings and queens. In time, however, it fell into disfavor with women of fashion. White ermine skins became as cheap as the Canadian, Siberian, and Chinese furs, and no longer sent them to market. About twenty years ago, however, the west wind arose from some mysterious fashionable source that ermine should be once more the mode. Whereupon all the buyers began to demand ermine skins and the price went up in a high figure. As might be expected, the market was soon glutted. Chinese buyers went to London no fewer than ten thousand ermine skins in the spring of one year. And thus they promptly went out of fashion again.

The ermine is white with the exception of the tip of the tail, which is black. These tips, dressed with the white fur of regular lengths, make the spotting of the skin in most of the extreme of ermine.

One of the roughest of furs is the American sable, which is valued because it is said to be rapidly around the point of extermination. This little ermine, known to scientists as *Martenia arctica*, has about eighteen inches long, with a bushy tail and a sharp whiskered nose. It has a remarkably red ear, dark brown black, and very lustre.

The Imperial Corri at St. Petersburg has always declared that he would like the sables to be reserved for his use. They are known as "crown sables."

Kitchens of Other Days

The kitchen of olden times seem to have been of extraordinary size, judging from the investigations recently made by an English historical society. At Hurstmonceux, for example, there was a kitchen twenty-eight feet high, with three huge fireplaces, and a bakehouse with an oven fourteen feet in diameter.

There is an old Welsh kitchen near Llanfahan, dating from the fifteenth century, which has many peculiar culinary contrivances, some obsolete or superseded by modern devices. Among these curious devices may be mentioned a meat-jack with a firebrick, a steel heating stand, and a fat-burner.

At Battle Abbey there is a curious old kitchen containing much of interest in the antiquary, and a kitchen at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, is remarkable for the famous "bunnet" post, in which, it is supposed, rich noblemen were frequently attached by way of punishment.

There is a medieval kitchen at Westminster Abbey, although little remains by which to identify it aside from the public flooring, the battery boiler, and an adjoining cellar. Thomas Court, Palace shows its "great big boys," with vaulted roof and set of stairs on its walls. Englishmen at the present time fully recognized the advantages of a large kitchen. There is extant an order, dated April 13, 1376, wherein John de Nevill is commanded to have the king's kitchen at Clarendon roofed with shingles and to make four new kitchens to be covered, one at Marlborough and the other at Ludlow-hall, in which "to draw" the royal dinners. In this order it is stated that the king particularly desired that his kitchen shall be provided with a furnace sufficiently large to roast two or three oxen.

The Pumpkin

There seems to exist considerable doubt as to the origin of the pumpkin. It is certain that the pumpkin, in all its forms, is nowhere more highly esteemed than in this country, and it is not without some reason that it had its birth in America, although some authorities claim that it is native to our continent. They contend that the aborigines of America planted it with their maize.

Authorities incline to the view that the pumpkin is of Asiatic origin, while others yet contend that pumpkins have been cultivated either as a curiosity or as an article of food in England since the year 1576.

Even in these days America has no monopoly in the culture of this attractive product. The pumpkin, in one form or another, is grown in various European countries, notably France, where the market gardeners near Paris use their pumpkins more in April in a hotbed under glass and nurture them carefully until they are transplanted to the open ground.



SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION AT THE BROWNING CLUB TEA

"Butter the size of an egg!" "With lace insertion!" "Far be it from me to say a word against her, but—"



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BOOKLET SENT ON REQUEST

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
by  
Woodrow Wilson

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The College Man of 1413

GREEN UNIVERSITY is composed of twenty-one colleges. Among the lapses of the one that, although it has stood for five hundred years, is still called "New." It was built a hundred years before the discovery of America by William de Wykeham and was an expression of the most advanced ideas of education attainable in his day. Not far from architecture and plan of the buildings concerned, the few restatements that have since elapsed have suggested but little that better. English and American college-builders still follow de Wykeham's model.

The undergraduate in de Wykeham's time, in order to obtain his B.A. degree, studied the logic of Porphyry and Aristotle, something of Aristotle, and enough of arithmetic to enable him to read Euclid. Three years more were usually spent in studying geometry, astronomy, and astrology.

He lived in college. His allowance of money was one shilling a week. His breakfast was a piece of bread and a pot of beer at dawn. His dinner was eaten at ten in the morning. He was given one meal of chicken yearly. Three times a year each student was required secretly to test the masters of the minor-hall of his fellows, who then received "competent satisfaction."

The rules laid down by de Wykeham prohibited visits to taverns or "public houses," the keeping of dogs, the playing of chess and other "nocturnal and illicit sports," shooting with arrows or other missiles, dancing, running, wrestling, or other insanities and inordinate amusements.

The only recreation permitted was the assembling around the fire on winter nights to indulge in "singing or the reading of poems and chronicles of the saint and of the wonders of the world." The refuge was summoned to dinner by two poor scholars, who ran the quadrangle shouting in bad Latin and French: "Tempus est comedere, O comederis!" The scholars were obliged to eat to satisfy silence.

The Mexican Cadets at Chapultepec

MANY incidents in the Mexican War are still recorded to the honor of Mexicans. One of these occurred during the defense of Chapultepec, a defense that was as gallant as was the attack. It is this fourth-century Mexican order, among others, that lives. The story is a stirring one.

For many years the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec, where Montezuma held his barbaric court in the surrounding grove of cypresses, which, in the perspective of centuries, lived the ancient vicerege of Spain and where Maximilian made his imperial home, has been the West Point of Mexico.

When General Scott had taken the plaza before him, the brave boys of Chapultepec, Mexican cadets, only fifteen years of age, seeing the fall of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, decided to fight to the banner from his place, would it attend his body, and still down, intending to slunge over the precipice under any other colors from falling into the hands of the enemy.

That act of heroism being frustrated, the brave boy, with the banner still wrung around him, fought until he was slain in pieces. Fortunate that the boys, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, lie buried in one grave at the foot of the castle, where the Mexican cadets of Chapultepec draw flowers upon this spot.

Ships' Lucky Coins

It has long been a superstition among seafaring men that the possession of a hoard of the mementos of a newly built ship for luck. It is considered profitable that the coins of the ship should be well done. The coin should have the date of the year wherein the ship is built; and before being placed in the chest, it is carefully wrapped in cotton. Its resting place is the stripping of the equipment.

Naturalists are aware of this practice, and the contents of the chest, as old ship is broken up, rapidly analyzed. There is always a gathering of coin over broken instruments along the coast. It is said that one collector obtained in this way a specimen of the rare American dollar which, when it was examined a high price for many years.

It thus appears that, by reason of this one coin, many lives have been preserved. The only silver Scottish penny, known as "dixie," that is known to have been so said, found in some old Scottish ship.

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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

MIAMI, FLORIDA, FEBRUARY 2, 1913

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that it would be impossible to give the subject due consideration in the few remaining days of the present session.

We think this decision was a mistake. The Republicans should have been compelled to fish or cut bait. If they were not to be pardoned—which we must doubt to make a purely personal issue of a great reform measure, they should have been forced to go on beyond that effort. Moreover, thirty-eight state legislatures were in session were in a position to act promptly.

Nevertheless, in view of the pressure of the appropriation bills, it is difficult to see how Chairman CLAYTON, in his performance of his general duty, could have done otherwise.

The matter now goes over to the special session, and we shall soon know whether a Democratic Congress will violate a direct party pledge and stand like a lump of inactivity and faithlessness in the way of a constitutional amendment greatly needed and earnestly desired by the great body of American citizens.

**T. J. and W. W.**

Speaking of President TAYLOR's *over* covering into the classified service all fourth-class postmasters not already included, and thereby extending the terms of 40,000 Republican officeholders for life, DR. CHARLES W. HEART, president of the National Civil Service Reform League, says frankly and fully:

I greatly regret to criticize a President of the United States, and I greatly regret that a President of the United States should issue such an order as that issued just after this election. The fourth-class postmasters were patronage appointees. They are to be continued in office now simply because of the application of the spoils system. Do they have been drawn from the capital at great expense?

Whereas our notoriously unprincipled neighbor, the Tribune, is so ardently agitated, dear! dear! Dr. ELIOT mistook his dates. The previous order was issued "three weeks before the election of 1912 was held." How, then, was it possible for Mr. TAYLOR to be influenced by the spirit of partisanship? Well, it wasn't, of course, if he felt sure that he, and not Mr. WILSON, was going to be elected. How could a Tribune think he did?

What nonsense! The Tribune can squint all it likes, but Dr. ELIOT is absolutely right, and everybody who possesses sense—including the Tribune—knows it. Maybe Mr. TAYLOR would have extended their 92,000 terms if they had been Democrats. What! It was a plain, impudent grab made in the wholly transparent guise of "civil service extension," and if we were in Mr. WILSON's place, the order would be revoked right quick, if they say down South. The idea of imposing Republican postmasters for life upon the people of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and all of the other states where Democrats have had to become Republicans to make enough Republicans to hold the jobs, and are wholly out of accord with the wishes and sentiments of their communities! Is that right or fair or decent!

Dr. ELIOT says it isn't. He doesn't propose to have his livery stolen to serve the devil in, anyway. Possibly he recalls that JOHN ANAS and his gang tried the same trick on one THOMAS JEFFERSON, only to get what was coming to them before the most surprising lynch could shake its tail.

T. J. was a true Virginia squire when used wrong. W. W. is like him in a good many ways. We hope this is one of them.

**In an Interesting Condition**

As-forever Theological Seminary, after drifting along for a good many years as an endowed institution with an income that scarcely met its needs, is spending it on, moved to Cambridge. The move, it seems, has been successful. At any rate, the seminary now has students, and is in that interesting condition where the prospects of an increase in its faculty warrants it in calling on the Congressionalists for funds. In its barren present, which lacks a vessel which scarcely can sink, but not, with returning fruitfulness. It stands glad for half a million dollars for the proper fulfillment of its fine opportunity. It seems to have come fully back to the normal. It wants a donation wing (\$15,000), several new chairs of instruction, and so on, like all the active colleges.

**We Urge the Congressionalists will come down.**

Our Worship of Apparatus  
Not on its sporting page, but in its consecrated column of religious news, the Springfield Republican records that "Rev. DR. WILLIAM HAMBRO, pastor of the South Third Street Methodist Church, Williamburg, New York, noted last

Monday, after having preached twenty-one sermons in twenty-one consecutive hours, beginning at midnight Saturday, and ending at nine o'clock Sunday night."

The details of this interesting exploit are as follows:

Each sermon was from a different text and each required from forty to forty-five minutes for delivery. The view of Dr. HAMBRO was a bit hazy today, but he said it would be fit to recite Sunday and be worth the effort. His congregation included a pair of sixty-two members of his church by reason of his long-extended discourse. For each hour of the twenty-one hours which Dr. HAMBRO preached a sermon, there was a leader who read a few verses from the Scripture, suggested the songs to be sung, and offered prayer. Then Dr. HAMBRO, following his usual custom, took the hour and a half to read the hands of the clock indicating that the service for the next hour should begin. The largest attendance, about four hundred persons, was present on the smallest at four o'clock Sunday morning. During the services frequent pots of coffee and many sandwiches were sent in by the workers from the parsonage and sent down to the church.

Well, you see just that? Who will deny that Brother HAMBRO has soul; who that he is fully up to date! He goes about filling his church by just such means as the theater managers use to fill their seats, the newspaper publishers to fill their advertising columns, and the college presidents to fill their colleges. He advertises; he makes a sensation, and his jaws fill up. Some day he will be to Professor FURNACE's suggestion that the churches shut down for a while, in which President SHAWKIN, of Wesleyan, found a reason to accept his resignation.

In this land and generation, and for a generation or two past, we have been giving enormous attention to the strengthening of apparatus. That seems to be the biggest part of our contemporary work. Of course, Mr. HAMBRO'S twenty-one sermons in twenty-one hours in total, but what he is after is to build up his church, get circulation, make a strong machine. That is what CAMERON does, DR. KEETLER does, HEART does, and all the hard-working managers of colleges and schools and hospitals do. Who will say it's not necessary—not the most necessary kind of thing that man can do, but necessary at this time and it half to laugh and half to cry at it. We have it dinned into us that education is lost for the time being in the halls of its factories; that the schools wobble immensely, but the scholars are not trained. We don't hear that complaint about the churches, for the churches seldom attract such occasional energies as Mr. HAMBRO'S, and are consequently not so open to criticism. But if they were we should hear—should hear that sixty-two new-collareds to church are nothing to the good unless they are fed with truth when they get there; that a million readers of a newspaper are nothing to the good unless the truth is fed to them; that there is more education in the mind of a great teacher than in a fifty-million-dollar university; that what comes out of the college goes further and lasts longer and has more effect than what comes out of the pocket.

Some day we shall wake up and discover that apparatus has dwarfed the mind, and then teachers who know something worth teaching will begin to get their jaws, and preachers who can preach in large the life will be more valued than bankers, and newspapers will be printed and given per directly in proportion to their ability to discover the truth and tell it.

**Mr. Reid Wants a State Newspaper**

Meanwhile ex-Candidate DIMM, of Massachusetts, is after the newspapers of that commonwealth a little. He has ceased to be introduced in the Massachusetts legislature a bill, whereby the two chief paragraphs read as follows:

Resolved, that the governor, with the advice and consent of five persons, citizens of this Commonwealth, one of whom shall be designated an chairman, for the purpose of conducting a campaign, shall cause to be printed and published in newspapers and periodicals are published in a false or misleading manner or intentionally suppress for political purposes or other ulterior motives; and the result of newspapers or periodicals relative to the preference of their public duty fully, fairly, and impartially to ascertain and disseminate the truth, including relating relative to political events, and current opinions, and freely and fairly to comment upon and criticize the same; the conduct of such newspapers or periodicals relative to such campaigns and elections and their relation to candidates for office and political parties; and also for the purpose of investigating the desirability of the establishment of a newspaper to be conducted by the Commonwealth.

The commission shall investigate other laws and existing conditions in other states and countries, shall correspond or confer with commission and commissions in other states regarding the same subject,

and shall report in writing to the next General Court on or before the second Wednesday in January, 1914, as to the advisability of further legislation for the regulation of newspapers and periodicals relative to false or misleading matter and the suppression of news, or the dissemination of news, and whether it should be conducted by the commonwealth, cooperating with the report such drafts of bills as possible, if any, as may be deemed desirable in order to carry out the recommendations of the commission into effect.

What is interesting, but COLMAN wrote a verse, to wit!

The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Both wash your city of Cologne;  
But what, my friends! that flows down  
To make you think the river Rhine?

The state might clean up the newspapers, but then what would clean up the state!

Mr. Bam was displeased with what his house newspapers—except Brother McVey's *Journal*—printed in the late Roosevelt campaign. They wouldn't print what he thought they ought to print, and what he thought was due to his candidate for President and in himself as candidate for Governor. Now he wants to have them looked after, and he wants the state to print a paper that the people can rely on to do its duty to the public.

We sympathize with him.  
Do it yourself, Mr. Bam. There is no other way. A state paper would be very, very dull. It is a great art to tell the truth in a newspaper. It is some art even to be acceptable. Your state couldn't do either. Its paper wouldn't circulate. You would have just another piece of apparatus, and so on and so forth.

Do it yourself. You see the habit has been for a long time for the extra honest and able men in Massachusetts to be paper-makers and bankers and cotton-mill agents and super-mine owners and managers and beneficiaries of Harvard College, and such men as these, in the management of newspapers to persons not able to establish themselves in more lucrative and respected vocations. It has been much the same in other places. If you could get enough leading citizens and very promising young men in Boston to stop making money and attend earnestly, strenuously, exhaustively to making newspapers, you might in time, if they were sent out enough, make the management of newspapers to persons do not seem to us as any wicker than the average of those we see.

But the best way to get dear the job you want done is to do it yourself. It is a job that takes great ability, and absolutely requires personality. A newspaper is not a ham-bill; it is a weapon; the sword of the spirit that handles it. The state can no more make a real newspaper than the state can paint a picture. Neither can more money do it. It requires a man, and a very, very scarce man at that.

**Bar Harbor Democracy**

Bar Harbor's laws having voted two to one last week to ask the legislature to repeal the special law having to do with the management of newspapers that must be reckoned, we suppose, an another triumph of the people over the interests. Every-where else the motor-car is an emblem of luxury and ease, but in Bar Harbor the emblem of that is the two-horse survey, and the motor stands for the simple life, commerce, transportation, and the vote.

**Missy Loves Company**

Now there will be an income tax, and there should be one, and of course it will be painful. But of course our representatives in Congress will share it with us, and so help us bear it.

**Scott, England, and the Poles**

NEWMAN, dying in triumph at Trafalgar, commended Lady HAMBRO to his country. CUMMIS II, a republican but no coward, bopped those about him as he died not to let poor NELL GUYTON starve. SCOTT, a hero and no hypocrite, dying for the ideal for his defense and glory, sent from his icy death-couch a message equally human and simple. He asked his great and rich country to contribute for those who were dependent upon him and his dying comrades.

The storm-swept ice-plains, the dustless march, the cruel disappointment, the slow and agonizing surrender to death—some of those things had kept the slightest change in man's nature, which is always, at bottom, so simple as a child's. At the last and foremost, simple human love was paramount and supreme.

England will not fall or prove unworthy. Neither Yale is here, but both are monuments forever in the unshared devotion and heroism of Englishmen.



# THE HIGH COST OF BEING CITIFIED



BY ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. GOULD

**I**f you are determined to be citified, there is, of course, the question of what sort of place will suit you. You cannot support a family in New York, and keep a decent margin between pay and expenditure, for less than \$12,000 a year. In any other American city you can do it for twenty-five per cent. less than that. If you are content with the census classification, you can be called "urban" as soon as you live in a cheap little town of 2,500 inhabitants.

listed about 7,000 butcher shops, and 7,000 small variety stores. These three lines alone mean one merchant with at least ten clerks to every thirty-five families. Indeed, you will find a staggering number of New-Yorkers engaged in keeping shops and doing no more than make the purchase and delivery of goods quiet and convenient. And if you glance through the whole Directory, you will gather that, if New York is typical, it is distinctly citified, for most of the people make a business of simply doing things for one another—things that in the country people either do for themselves or do without.

of riders on New York's street railways has increased more than twice as fast as the number of inhabitants. Five years hence the transit facilities of the city will have been tripled. Then nearly a tenth of the adult males will earn upward of \$75,000,000 a year merely by holding the rest of the people aloft.

It is distinctly urban to use the telephone. New-Yorkers make 20,000,000 calls a day, and there is one instrument to every ten inhabitants. It takes 9,000 people to keep them working.

It is distinctly urban not to share yourself. In New York you can be shaved, manicured, hair your shoes shined, smoke a pipe, and read the paper, all at the same time. There are 6,000 barbers successful enough to have their names in the Business Directory. That is one shop to about every 250 men old enough to grow a beard. As for musicians, bookbinders, cigar stores and news-stands, they are too numerous to need their names in the Directory.

Perhaps it is not distinctly urban to drink alcoholic beverages, but there is one saloon to every 500 inhabitants in New York. Even if we assume that all adult males and a fourth of the women and minors patronize saloons, it takes at least four New-Yorkers to serve every 100 inebriates.

Among more dignified and equally non-productive occupations in the Directory there are about 28,000 agents and brokers—one to every 170 inhabitants. There is but one newspaper to every 2,500. Evidently in New York it is much easier to get a broker or a lawyer, a hardware or a haberdashery, or do something for you than it is to get a carpenter.

Still, the latter is not difficult, for to the city come its quality numbers the men whose work adds value to material things. New York is digging a new aqueduct and new subway—undertakings altogether about double the magnitude and cost of the Panama Canal. These will have given employment to upward of 50,000 skilled and unskilled laborers before completion. Another array of mechanics is kept busy merely housing the city. New York spends close upon \$200,000,000 a year on new buildings; her belated skyscraper represents an investment of over \$15,000,000.

Of what use would these mammoth buildings be in Wyoming, or the Subway in South Dakota? Such great works would be impossible without New York, and the net result of the well-labored work expended on them is nothing but the improvement of New York's public and private real estate, the buying and selling of which keeps busy every broker in the city. And everybody knows that every "sky-scraper," and school-house, every tunnel and transitway, every asphalt pavement and elevated apartment complex in the city meant increase the tax rate or raise the rent of New-Yorkers.



The black states lost part of their rural population during the last census decade, those dotted failed to maintain their increase by 3 per cent. or more.

A generation ago (1860) nearly three-quarters of us were engaged to be called "rural." By 1930 nearly half of us had determined to live in communities of 2,500 or more. The big shift came with the present century. Of the nearly 14,000,000 souls added in the United States since 1860, less than 5,000,000 were recruits to our rural territory. At that rate, the nation will be more than half citified by the end of the next Presidential term.

Where in the farm if we want to release our wheat? Even the Roosevelt Country Life Commission admitted that "advantages" must be provided to hold folks on the farm. Advantages are easily in the country, and the farmers are slow to cooperate in providing them. Who blames the farmer's boy for not going there where they are already provided in profusion? And why not in New York? Most of that city's successful men come from somewhere else, they say. And if the farmer's boy succeeds there, isn't the country all the better for it? It would be shortsighted to make a country clerkship the goal of our village Hampton.

True, the farmer's boy must capitulate his wife to the city—but his count will win his battles: "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich man"—he must be somebody to enjoy New York's advantages, and not become "poor man, hazy man, thief," though even these are the city advantages.

Apparently a good many farmers' boys have felt that way about it. In the New York Business Directory are the names of nearly 8500 doctors—more than in the whole Dominion of Canada. There are also the names of nearly 14,000 lawyers—more than in the British Isles. In no area on earth are doctors and lawyers so plentiful among the inhabitants as in New York. But if the learned professions stay in the city they necessarily provide there the churches and schools, the medical attendance, and the litigation living in the country.

The merchant in New York also gives and gets advantages. Even the small tradesman brings his wares to every door, and the patronage of a dozen families gives him a better start in business than could a whole country village. In the Business Directory about 14,500 grocers and delicatessen stores are

It is distinctly urban not to walk to work. And when the farmer's boy comes to New York he rides a good deal. The city has 1,563 miles of railroad track within its limits, more than in the whole of Portugal, where there are about an equal population. The number



Where 77,000,000 of us are already citified

THE 44 BOTTLED REPRESENT 1/25,000 OF THE AREA OF OUR COUNTRY. HERE ALMOST THIRTY PER CENT. OF US ARE MAKING A LIVING BY SERVING URBAN SUBJECTS, OR IN NEAR OR BY LABORING CITIES, AND HERE THE POPULATION IS INCREASING AT A SPEED NEVER DUPLICATED IN EUROPE.

There is but one other sort of productive work possible in New York—manufacturing. And in this line, by virtue of output, New York stands first. To maintain this pre-eminence for her requires the labor of only 600,000 operatives—less than a seventh of her inhabitants.

The farmer's life is not likely to join them. Farm labor in the Northwest is worth \$2 a day, while in the factories the same grade of work brings no more than half that. It pays better to become a doctor, a lawyer or a banker, or a railroad or a mill owner, a hawker or a broker, or even a carpenter, a mason, a housepainter, or a "man-hag," the work of all of whom is made easily in the great cities, where the advantages and conveniences to be enjoyed and paid for strictly within the city limits. And unless the farmer or his family comes to pay for them, six in every seven New Yorkers could not make a living, as now, in these profitable pursuits.

Thus, when the farmer's boy comes to New York, he practically joins a class which is not to be added to in new members in order to pay running expenses. No matter the city prices float on almost doubling in twenty years—without the membership there, in living costs, have almost tripled.

Yet, so far, ahead and advantageous New York has induced only about five per cent. of us to join her ranks. More than forty per cent. of us have remained elsewhere. Maybe it suits the farmer's boy better to come and build up our modest communities of 200 or so, and to grow them into New York cities that are lacking in rural life. In that case, even with a slight majority of an urban, it is easy to imagine the United States, by 1920, thickly dotted with five little towns, bringing out inspiration and culture not cumbersome closer and closer to the country.

The Census shows that we have towns containing between 2,500 and 5,000 inhabitants. All told, they contain fewer people than New York City. Twenty years ago such towns contained only a third more of our population than did New York, and now New York contains upward of a fifth more than they do. In that time New York has been absorbing our population just five times as fast as they.

We have had to add Chicago and Philadelphia to New York to find exactly the number of people now living in all our towns of between 2,500 and 10,000. For twenty years these three cities of over a million have been absorbing our population almost four times as fast as such towns. And if we again add all our villages of less than 2,500—not even dignified as urban by the Census—we find that all the advantages of the 12,500 towns of less than 10,000 have not yet attracted twice as many people as our three largest cities. Twenty years ago such places contained nearly three times as many people as such towns.

Apparently the towns of less than 10,000 seriously suit the farmer's boy of all. The people of the Pacific have been orientating themselves during the last decade at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world. California is now more urban than New York state with New York City left out, more urban than Illinois or Pennsylvania with Chicago and Philadelphia left in. The net result of that remarkable movement is that more than 4/10 of the people of our big Pacific states now live in their down-hill regions of 25,000 or more.

Less remarkable is it that now the most urban section of our country is New England. More than 1/10 of New Englanders live in communities of 2,500 or more. But nearly half of them are found in communities of 25,000 or more, and all but four of these are in our two great middle-sized states, where but 4 1/2 per cent. of the people remain rural.

Neither in the East nor in the West are the advantages of the small town on a comparative basis. More than two-thirds of all our transients have now settled in cities of over 25,000. When that many people gather in one community they have already set up the same sorts of activities as we see in our highly advantageous in New York. And when they prove to be

100,000, so one will guess that they are completely settled.

Around forty-seven cities of 100,000 or more the Census has drawn circles with a radius of five miles. Within these are now living upward of 27,000,000 souls, with probably another 3,000,000 just beyond, but actually more than a third of our people completely settled in habit and occupation, all crowded within 1/20,000th of the area of continental United States.

On the map these clustered circles appear by no means isolated in the midst of rural territory. Most of our communities of 25,000 and even of 2,500 have grown up close to the water. And the farmer's boy is determined to be settled. It will suit him best to go north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi or west of the Rockies, leaving the rest of the country less urban than was the national average a generation ago. And it is most likely to suit him to settle in one of his forty-four black blocks that represent so many more than half of us who are already completely settled, and where at the present rate more than half of us will be living by 1920.

It is to plain from the map that, whatever they may do for the farmer's boy, our most settled folk have passed the farmer himself farther and farther away from the rural advantages. Over the whole of New England the rural population has in ten years decreased five per cent. It has either decreased or failed to increase sufficiently in twenty-five states, all lying within or just on the edge of our most intensely urban territory. The great majority of our transients must now feed themselves from afar, and get only pay for their work—of which they are already becoming an specialized urban distribution. The process is illustrated by a railroad president who cites a railroad of Wisconsin. The Southern farmer got five cents apiece for them; the railroad, seven cents apiece for hauling; and they sold for sixty to seventy-five cents apiece in the city. The flock sheep went all the way to the farm, to the Mississippi. What a splendid investment for the farmer's boy to get a job on the railroad or, better still, to go direct to the city and share in the handsome profits of the new producers!

When the boy who left the old farm ten years ago says it is a vast to-day he finds that the old man, too, thinking where to get on the edge of our most intensely urban territory, has not only gone round any more. The boys, by leaving him so thoroughly on the farm, have inadvertently made him prosperous. And when he in his turn visits the city he will be sure to find some some of the only city advantages that are for "farm-people."

The boys are anxious for him to buy. They have worked hard to build up the factories. They have doubled their investments in them during the decade, and have induced people to work in them forty times as fast as the old man could possibly induce anybody to work on the farm. The result is that the factories now bring for sale over \$100 billion dollars' worth of products a year. As yet they have managed to sell but a scant two billion dollars' worth of those abroad, and the boys are rather depending on the old man to take a good share of the rest. For if he did, the city folks would have to lay them all, since some one must pay for the 12 billion odd dollars' worth of materials, the 4 billion-odd dollars' worth of labor, and the 4 billion-odd dollars' worth of expenses that enter into them.

The factory payroll for 1909 was \$4,265,612,600—almost exactly 4 billion more than the farm payroll. Yet scarcely 4 billion turned out that year products worth \$4,265,612,600—a couple of hundred million more than all the values actually added to materials in manufacturing, half of which were city rent, taxes, power, and overhead expense. Economically the farmer is losing the balance of trade with the country. And the farmer is becoming a good customer, for if he ever thinks of the old days when most of the things he needed were made right in the neighborhood of him, 2,500, without having the rising costs of raw ma-

terials, city real estate, advantages, and conveniences added to them, and when he could dispose of most of his own products without much help from the railroads, he will remember that that life he did not have money in the bank to buy much of anything.

By leaving the farm and taking the factories with them, the boys have virtually doubled the freight loads in twenty years. The railroads could not have been built up otherwise, but passenger traffic has been greatly increased and the movement of crops has almost to one-third of the annual tonnage. The other seven-eighths—the movement of raw materials and manufactures in and from the cities—has enabled the railroads to be employed in the way of their own producers. And since the railroads are the best customers of the factories, they have absorbed the productive labor of at least 1,000,000 mill-hands who were all the things needed in railroading.

Thus our transients have bonded the farm, the factory, and the railroad—these three vehicles of our production—by taking of at least 1,000,000 highly educated men in every six or seven years becoming either non-producers or producers only of values in city real estate. And this has not so to triple our prices for raw materials, double our freight bills, raise the cost of raw materials, and yet probably still contribute 10 billion dollars' worth of manufactures a year.

Strangely enough, most of the objections to this head-on system come from the urbanites who have built it up. There is just another in the cities about public markets, dealing with the farmer direct, and abolishing the middleman. But if he were abolished, half of our urbanites would have nothing to do. Some of the boys in the city are urging the old man on the farm to buy more land and raise bigger crops to lighten the load supply. They are offering to educate him up to better farming methods, to let him have more money on mortgages and crop movement. They are even offering to establish special banks for him and to build more railroads. The same railroad president, dealing with the farmer direct, says we need 27,000 mile more tracks in the Northwest right now if it is to be to him to stem the nation's closing food supply. If we build them, it will require close upon 200,000 more new producers to run them and an equal number of railroads to manufacture the iron and steel. They are also urging the old man to buy because of high living costs, and lowering the day when the railroads will be allowed to raise their freight rates.

If the old man on the farm is waxy, he sees that the one thing the boys in the city are set offering in is more back and help him get the crops in and out. What one set new railroads to open up new farms without new farmers? What of the 10th acre in Maine and New Hampshire and the abandoned wheat areas in Ohio? There is still land enough right in our most urban territory to lighten the food supply if it were put under intensive cultivation. But even if we could spare farmers from the West, they would not be expert enough to work these lands to capacity. Only fifteen per cent. of all our farmers have received any education other than that afforded by the little red school-house, and agriculture is not taught there. What one to educate the farmer at all unless he can buy sufficient labor to carry out improved methods? That is the very kind of "help" the boys in the city are most inclined to give him. They can't even spare him a few factory hands, and they are not putting themselves out a bit to see that he gets his quota of the foreign labor, who come here, presumably, to take the boys' places on the farm.

The doctor and lawyer and merchant-and-politician, whose prosperity depends on the raising of these aliens, are not seriously driving them out to the farms. Our urbanites are all too busy providing advantages to attract more aliens to provide more advantages.

By the game goes swiftly on toward 1920, and, if we are determined to be settled, there is always the fifth bill.

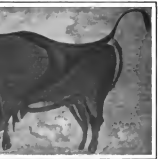
## PAINTINGS FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST ART GALLERY

BY W. L. BEASLEY

PICTURES from the oldest art gallery in the world are now being placed in the Museum of Natural History, New York. These are reproductions of the wonderful polychrome

paintings and frescos by the paleolithic, or early prehistoric, inhabitants of France, Spain, Italy, and probably other parts of Europe in the Stone Age. The accompanying photographs show a lion and

group of horses from the most famous of all the caverns, that of Altamira, on the western coast of Spain. The scene is that of the life of the Stone Age, some 25,000 years ago.



These reproductions are from two drawings by cave-men who lived some twenty-five thousand years ago in northern Spain. They are among a number found upon the walls of a cavern, and are now being placed on panels in the New York Museum of Natural History.

# SCOTT'S TRIUMPHANT FAILURE



Robert Falcon Scott

**C**APTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, of the British navy, lies dead, with four of his companions, in the storeroom waist of the *Admiral's Cockade*. He died on March 29, 1912, while on his homeward journey from the South Pole, overwhelmed by a blizzard and too weak from hunger to struggle on eleven miles farther to a camp stocked with provisions and fuel. No man again has happened since the ill-fated Greely Expedition of 1861-62, when all but seven of the party died. To find a close parallel one must go back to the year 1847, when Sir John Franklin and his men perished in the Arctic while on their homeward journey from the discovery of the North-west Passage.

Scott reached the Pole on January 18, 1912, and found there the flag erected by Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian, at that spot only one month previously. It must have been an unrelenting experience for the men who had made their objective point at such a sacrifice to find that they had been forestalled. Yet Amundsen had gone with the avowed intention of reaching the Pole, while Scott's expedition was to have been scientific and not spectacular; he did not hurry, and meant to reach the Pole, if possible, but not as his chief purpose. The hungry, exhausted men who struggled to safety carried with them no less than thirty-five pounds of geological specimens.

Those who died with Scott are Dr. Edward Wilson, chief of the scientific staff; Lieutenant H. B. Bowen, of the Indian Marines; Captain L. E. G. Oates, in charge of the transport animals; and Petty Officer Evans. These were the picked four who had been selected by their leader to accompany him in the final dash for the Pole. They should have been back at their base in early March—corresponding to our September—before the opening of the rigorous winter season, to that month provisions were deposited in the camps along their route. But the end of March found them still miles from Cape Evans and safety, and eleven miles from the *Top Camp*, where they could have saved their lives.

In October of last year Scott's ship, the *Terra Nova*, which had been unable to reach the exploring parties in the preceding months, on account of ice, left New Zealand to join them on board, and reached Cape Evans without delay. Not only did this save the lives of the men there, but it also saved the lives of the men on board, who were in charge of the exploring party, carrying provisions for the three months, and returning westward. When the *Top Camp* was reached, and it was seen that Scott and his men had not visited that spot, little hope was left that

they had survived. Nevertheless, the party pushed on southward, and on November 12th came upon the explorers' last camp, still standing. Tracks were found the bodies of Scott, Wilson, and Bowen, the two others having died earlier in the year.

Almost till the last moment Scott had written an account of his journey. Besides a sketch of the progress the following was found, which gives a graphic picture of the last struggle:

### MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC

The reason of this disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to accidents in all the risks that had to be undertaken.

First, the loss of the pony transport in March 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended and obliged the limits of the staff transported to be narrowed.

Second, the weather throughout the outward journey, especially the long gale in 83 degrees north, stopped us; the stiff snow in the lower reaches of Beardmore Glacier again retarded the pace. We thought these estimated events with well considered, but it did not enter our previous views. Every detail of food-supplies, clothing, and depot made on our ice sheet, and on the long stretch of 100 miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection.

The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with a surplus of food but for the astonishing failure of the men whom we had most expected to fail. Norman Evans was thought to be the strongest man of the party, and Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fair weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fair day. The dry marches, these circumstances came on very suddenly, and our wreck was certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather for which there was no satisfactory cause.

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing in the course which awaited us on the latter. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate and that no one in the world would have expected the temperature and surface which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit, in latitude 84 degrees to latitude 86 degrees, we had snow 20 to 30 feet deep.

On the barrier in latitude 82, 10,000 feet lower, we had snow 20 during the day and snow 41 at night pretty regularly, with continuous head winds during the day marches.

These circumstances came on very suddenly, and our wreck was certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather for which there was no satisfactory cause.

I do not think human beings ever came through such a storm as we have never through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the shortening of our miles and the shortage of fuel in our depot, for which I cannot account, and finally but for the storms which have fallen on us within eleven miles of this depot at which we hoped to secure fuel supplies. Surely Antarctica could scarcely have exceeded this last fate. We arrived within eleven miles of our old *One Ton Camp* with fuel for one hot meal, food for two days. For four days we have been unable to have the fuel and a pole has been blowing about us. We are weak. Writing is difficult.

But for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has done us the Englishman one entire hard-slip, help one another, and meet death with as great bravado as ever in the past. We look risks. We know we took them. Things have come out against us and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but

how to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last.

That if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend upon us are properly cared for. That we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the hearts of all Englishmen. Those rough notes on our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely a great, rich country like ours will see that those who depend upon us are properly provided for.

(Signed) R. Neave, March 25, 1912.

Evans died from exhaustion of the brain on February 17th. The next to go was Captain Oates. He



Scott's ship, the "Terra Nova," off the Ice Barrier

lost the use of both hands and feet from frostbite and suffered intensely for weeks. The manner of his death was heroic. (On March 17th, realizing that he could travel no farther and that his comrades would not leave him, he crawled out of the tent into a blizzard. "I may be gone some time," he said. He never came back. "We knew he was waiting for his death," writes Scott in his diary, "but though we tried our best to dissuade him we felt that it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman.")

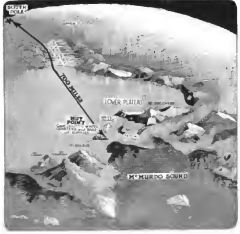
Scott, Wilson, and Bowen then set off again toward *One Ton Camp*, but on March 21st they could proceed no farther, for they had enough fuel to heat one meal, and supplies for only a day or two. A nine-day storm held them there until they died. A ruse and cross were cooked by those who found them, and the bodies were left there.

While Scott and his companions were struggling northward from the Pole, Gerrard and Demerit, attached to the western party, were pushing north to meet them. They reached *One Ton Camp* on March 22, but seven days later were compelled to withdraw, owing to illness and lack of food. Scott was overcome by an unparalleled combination of misfortunes.

Some remarkable experiences befell the northern party of the expedition under the command of Chief, Leonard Campbell. They had been headed at Cape Jarek in January, 1912, endeavoring to make a short sledge journey for scientific purposes, and carrying only a single month's supplies. When they returned to the coast there was no ship to be seen, an atoll island, the remainder of the ice had made an approach as possible. They were forced to make their way toward Cape Evans, two hundred miles distant, but the journey could not be attempted until the ice had broken over. A tiny igloo was constructed, and here six and a half months were spent, the weather apparently making the sea journey impossible. The appearance of seals, which were killed and added to the scanty harvest, alone saved their lives. Their diet was seal meat and blubber, with a minute portion of ship's stores and cream; they lived in their summer clothes, which were soaked through with seal fat. Euteria attacked the party, but in spite of this they continued their observations until climatic conditions made the return journey possible.

Scott is dead at forty-three, but the purpose of his expedition has been accomplished, and the scientific results are only in the hands of the rescue party. The most pathetic feature of the event is the presence of the explorer's wife on board the *Thalanda* in New Zealand, widowed his almost a year after his death. The outcome here affected Gair had more deeply than any calamity of recent years. It is anticipated that a special revenue will be made to the explorer's home on behalf of the families of those that perished.

The tragic end of Captain Scott's expedition marks the first fatality that has occurred in the Antarctic, though the number of victims of the Arctic since the ill-fated expedition of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in 1573, is estimated at about 250.



The long road which had no turning





# Washington, the American Mecca

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR  
HARPER'S WEEKLY

Illustrations by Frank Coeg

**M**ORE and more Washington becomes the Mecca of the United States. Every year an increasing number of people come to Washington, some on pleasure, but some with their hands so full of serious business that they have little time or inclination to think of pleasure, some who study medicine to my business with pleasure, to the profit of both. There was a day when Washington was abandoned by every one who was not compelled by stern necessity to go there, and when Washington was so unattractive that it was not to be wondered at that to one went except those who had to do business for their sakes. In those days Washington was a snail-hole, a slattern among cities, unkempt, sprawling, shabby and ill-shaven, uncleaned of its patches, and in the afternoon shivering in its dirt and general squalidness. There are persons still living in Washington who remember when they were children the perils involved in crossing the street, so deep and thick and foul was the mud; and who have vivid recollections of their carriage ("coaches") they were called in those days being stalled in the mire when they went to evening parties, and in that prohibitive time parties began when the sun went down and cooled long before the moon came up. Now parties are arranged in Washington on the reverse schedule. It is not unusual for them to open about the time the moon rises and for the ladies to be dressed to be played as the sun is beginning to show its unobscured face. In the prohibitive era people went to Washington because they had to and not for pleasure or amusement; the way was long and hard and there was little or nothing on arrival to compensate for the hardships of the journey. Washington had neither comfortable hotels nor fine shops nor beautiful streets. It was a place to avoid if possible or to get out of as quickly as one could.

As it grew in years it grew in beauty, although its youth gave no promise of its rich maturity. There



An impression of Pennsylvania Avenue

are some ugly girls who develop into distinguished-looking women and become partners with their years. Washington suffered under a long period of "Uncle-Sam-like" childhood, but suddenly found itself, and from the ashes of its squalid past, forth the princess. In the transition stage it had little to offer and, like some

of its own several chambers of trade. It was so unattractive to be accepted by the great that it was treated with the scorn and properly stunted, just like our present-day offenders. There it was the exclusion of every body and grown to spots of Niagara and to work hours from the moon to the sun of the running stream, but now Niagara is a back number, and Benedict brags Heavily to Washington, where they get more for their money and in greater variety, for there are shops in Washington where Heavily can enjoy herself to her heart's content and where Benedict can buy his favorite brand of cigarettes. Will some moral philosopher explain why it is that the first thing the stranger in a strange city does—especially if the stranger be a stranger—*is to go shopping?* One can understand the fact that about half the American or the shops of New York for a Georgian from a cross-roads afterward, but why do Boston women in Washington for a day or two always find there are things to be bought in Washington, just as the Washington woman in Baltimore on a casual visit is ungladly unless she has done the shops? It is a problem less credit for any one visit a woman to answer.

But the change in marriage fashions, that now leads the bride to Washington instead of to Niagara Falls in typical of the whole changed attitude of the country toward its capital, and that change means rather an interesting study. As the people more and more come to Washington and look to it as the center of things, as they go less and less to their state capitals and look to them less to regulate their affairs. It is a new and altogether delightful phenomenon, and Washington people have become Federalists, and Washington sympathize Federalists. They rely on the central government rather than on the governments of their states to regulate, to control, to improve, to correct, to prevent wrong-doing. This may be discouraging to Democrats, with whom a centralized government is equivalent to the doctrine of democracy, and the enlargement of the powers of the Federal government is an invasion of the powers and rights of the governments of the states. That phase of the question I am not discussing. I am simply stating a fact, the proof of which is nowhere so apparent as it is in Washington.

In the days past the state capital was the "big" place politically as well as socially. Whatever was to be done or left undone, to be picked up or to be prevented, must be originated or settled by the state legislature. It was by its meeting place the politicians went, the news of the interests of the people was its influence. There was good reason for this. In the first place, Congress exercised less power than that in its entirety might give us power in the states, which were indifferent about the exercise of their power. Another reason given stronger was that Washington seemed a place very remote and somewhat foreign, but the state legislatures or high courts of legislators and other officials, but after all, Assemblyman the Honorable William Jones was to the majority of his constituents only "Bill," farmer or small merchant or lawyer like themselves, and Bill Jones's constituents stood it no particular awe of him and, as a rule, had been pretty carefully misled up to that point. There was a very easy set of a place where there was little formality and much hospitality.

Washington is different. No farmer took his seat to Washington, for Washington was a steep-hearted oligarchy who had neither time nor inclination to bother with such trifling details as the faces a trustee might see fit to change or small merchants or trades. It is true that when there was a tariff to be made Washington was all important, but the making of tariff laws at long intervals, and the farmer was wise enough to admit that his wisdom wasn't great enough to enable him to comprehend the mystery of the tariff. He took what was given him, satisfied or

not as the law might be usually construed that, while it might be a great deal better, nothing could be much worse. And Washington was not only remote physically, but far removed spiritually. There was none of the racy freedom of intercourse of the state capital. Bill Jones, Assemblyman, was known to every one who voted for him; Congressman William Jones was known only to a handful of the voters, and was nothing but a name to the rest. The average constituent could have a very good time at the state capital, but at Washington he had a very dull time. And then there was the question of expense, by an average an important question in those days, when every one was poor and every one lived the simple life and every one was happy and there was no easy or unorthodoxness in the benefits of men, as the modern chroniclers tell us. It cost more to come to Washington than it did to go to the state capital, and the hotels were more expensive and the individuals more unscrupulous. If one wanted to get away from the farm or the shop or office and have a change and see life, the state capital was the place.

All this has changed because in the last thirty years or so the entire political and social life of the American people has changed. Beauty is a thing no longer stored up, art is now regarded as of more value than the material, utilitarianness has to be overthrown. The big sprawling city all by its arms, with its tall, tall and very much more a more a female woman of the world, proud of her beauty and conscious of her power, Washington, the middle-class, is now a thing of the past. Washington is now a place to visit. The past and the which have gone with the old customs and the old ideas. Bread and well-paid streets, stately five-lined avenues, public buildings that have not sacrificed one to beauty, but in remembering one, have not forgotten art; hotels and restaurants of the first class; theaters and shops and many fine residences make Washington one of the most attractive capitals in the world. Formerly people used to come here, see they live here, which is the difference between transience and permanency. It is no longer fashionable or considered necessary for one statesman to carry their democracy with them to the table or to show their love for the people by their contempt for good manners. A statesman may lived at any time in building for the rights of the non-tradition, and still wear clean linen. To talk in no longer the stigma of degeneracy. To live in a hall bedroom in a boarding-house is not the worst way to maintain a certain amount of respectability. In a word, the world has moved very fast during those last thirty years and Washington has moved with it. There are now many people living in Washington who have no connection with the politics, but who are not interested in the tariff or the trusts, to whom it makes no difference whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in the majority, and who are in Washington to see they find his life more agreeable than that of other cities; they are more interested in patterns than in schedules, in things means means something, and politics little, if anything. To the ordinary tourist, to Heavily and her Benedict, to the third business man and his wife who want change and diversion, to the school boy or girl, to the man or woman seeking a holiday, there is always much to see and interest in. To the statesman, the person who comes to Washington with letters of introduction there is no other city in America where he will meet so many interesting men and women.

This bringing of Washington closer to the people by the people coming to Washington and knowing it as it is, instead of seeing it through the haze of a distant, unimportant, and uninteresting, and uninteresting, which would lead to have beautiful results. The more intimately the operations of government are studied, the greater will be the understanding of the problems that must be solved if government is to fulfill its true function of doing the greatest good to the greatest number.

# THE WRECKLESS RAILROAD

The Search for a Safety-stop Device and Automatic Signaler to Eliminate the Uncertain Human Element

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

**T**he operating expense of the railroads of the United States—the cost of “getting the train over the road”—is about one thousand million dollars a year. The wreck bill of the railroads is approximately one-fourth that—two hundred and fifty million dollars. The greatest problem of the railway management to-day is how to cut this down. But, though there has been a gain of over twenty per cent. in the safety ratio in the last fourteen years as compared with the time preceding, the vast sum annually paid for the ruin, damage, and waste of wrecked locomotives. The wreckless railroad seems an ideal that may never be realized. For the ingenuity that will provide some new way of eliminating wrecks, a vast fortune, suitably bestowed, will be reaped.

The greatest need of railway operation in America and everywhere in the world is some practical safety-stop device which can both halt trains and signal them simultaneously when danger lies in their path.

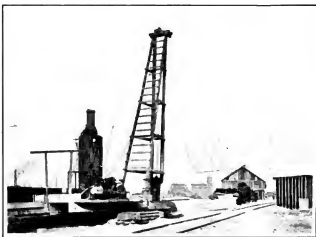
The reduction of the wreck waste of one year by ten per cent. would be a saving as great that railway dividends could be increased by two per cent. If half the waste could be eliminated, the net savings of American railroads would be one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This would be about ten per cent. of the total capital invested. It would solve the financial side of most of the transportation problems. It would transform the railway business by eliminating its chief element of loss.

Injuries to persons, damage to freight and property, and clearing wrecks are only one-fifth of the wreck bill. The other two hundred millions are made up of the lives of thousands and repairs to the rolling stock caused by wreck damage directly or indirectly. Beyond that is still another total that never can be calculated—the cost of interruption of traffic. This increases faster than the rate of arithmetical progression. On a busy line a stoppage of traffic for sixty seconds means a loss of \$250. In an hour this loss may reach \$25,000. It is more than trebled the second hour, and goes on increasing until in the third hour the blocked railroad is losing a thousand, two thousand, five thousand dollars a minute—one can easily calculate how much. The material damage to property becomes insignificant compared with it. Traffic piles up on both sides of the obstruction, and an increasing number of employees are idle. Also the longer the delay the greater the hazard of more serious events.

The railroads appreciate better than the public that safety is cheaper than wrecks, and do not hesitate at the expenditure of great sums for block-signal systems. These investments have saved many times their cost, but they do not put an end to wrecks. They have decreased the human element in railway operation, which is the weakest spot, but there is still a huge margin left for further improvement. The Board of Block-signal and Train Control is still seeking a mechanism which will not only signal the presence of danger ahead, but stop moving trains, and do it without human agency, without uncertainties, without the fallibility of complicated mechanisms, and without regard to weather conditions. When this is found the golden age of railroading will be at hand.

According to data which have been compiled by transportation experts, less than two per cent. of all accidents on railroads are due to hidden or latent defects or “acts of God,” about thirteen per cent. are caused by the negligence of the public, and eighty-five per cent. are due to the negligence of employees.

In the opinion of the chief transportation experts of America that wreckless railroads will come when



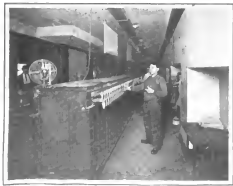
A temporary wireless telephone station for operating trains

wreckless railroading goes. The officers of the railroads have not been idle while waiting for the improvement in safety devices. They have been busy attempting to educate their employees—to teach the human part of the great railroad machine to be more efficient. They have been trying in one way and another to make their men take an increased interest in their work by commending and promoting they have striven to reward concentration of effort and to lift the railroad employee's task to a dignity that is higher than the questions of wages, discipline, or the interest of organized labor. The Union Pacific Railroad, for instance, for the last three years has had a bureau established solely to increase the efficiency of its employees and prepare them to fill better jobs. The chief object of this bureau has been to eliminate lost motion—wasted energy, which is more expensive in large bodies of men than it is in machinery. Saving this waste is the keener economy in railroading. It can be cut down somewhat by teaching men how to do their work intelligently and efficiently. It may be eliminated when there is also sustained attention to work. On the Union Pacific this is stimulated by the knowledge that the railroad will not only reward the efforts of its men, but that it will do its utmost to elevate them in their duties so that they may be able to climb up the ladder of promotion. Other railroads in other parts of the country in other ways are trying to track their men what Napoleon did his soldiers—that every one of them carries in his knapsack a marshal's baton, the possibility of becoming a commander.

If it were simply a question of railroading by rule there would be no wrecks. There are rules to cover almost any emergency, just as there are laws for guiding guidance and punishment in every contingency of life. Yet rules have not made a perfect railroad man any more than a multiplicity of laws has made a perfect citizen. Discipline among railroad men is almost as strict under normal conditions as it is in the army. Theoretically the book of rules is the Bible of the railroad man, and to go contrary to it is considered as bad as disobedience in a clergyman.

As a matter of fact, however, there is hardly a trainman or engineer who makes a trip without violating one or more of the rules of the standard rule. The constant cry of the operating department is to “get the trains over the road,” and this has to be done very often in defiance of the book of rules, time-card fast-times, and extra incentives. For the man who now common sense without being careless there is nothing but “train.” The man who sticks closely to the rules gets into trouble more or less. The proper knowledge of when and how to violate certain rules where such a violation is safe and means expediting traffic is the fruit of years of actual experience and train service. It is just how, however, that the human element steps in and is at its best—and its worst.

Within the last year or so a number of the big railroads have organized “Safety Departments.” These comprise a central safety committee, composed of high officials of various departments; an each operating section there is a division committee, and at each



Two views of the underground switch-signal “tower” at the Grand Central Terminal, New York. On the left is shown the tower director viewed in front of the diagram of the tracks on ground level, the movement of trains being indicated therein by lights. On the right is shown the electric switch-signal system.





EVERY CLOUD HA

DRAWN BY AN



# A SILVER LINING

MAC DONALL



# THE BLUE JAY'S NEST

BY ELMER BROWN MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. ROEBNER

"Then that find a blue jay's nest, if they look left, still see a little sign on it. The other is good left, other, no health. If it touches the ground, the, it will be a sign."—The little landman.

**I**n the valley soft shadows spread a veil of mystery over the buildings of the lumber-camp, through which the weather-beaten gray of un-painted clapboards shone no silver light as the faded lining of dark clouds. On the mountainside, stripped of spruce by the reckless lumbermen, the quick-growing popple and white birch scarred hairy leaves from brown but endless—a mat of greenness. Above, saved by their inaccessibility, the spruce and balsam grew thick and black, outlining sharply against the evening sky, the rugged contours of the ridges.

"Now still flung on the summit. The air breathed a vague sweetness—the earth's scattered soil of rot from the water's strain.

On a ledge, which the sun's rays still reached, a boy sat looking out over the valley. His small chin rested in the hollow of one strong, brown hand, the other was clasped about his elbow, his muscled feet dangled over space a sheer drop of a thousand feet to the scarred slope below. In the absolute loneliness of his splendid young body there was the same suggestion of wildness and vitality as in the pose of a leaping deer—it required but the quiver of an eyelash to make it a pulsing life.

Words and sounds ran fast lavishly through the great silence; the air bore his feet to race her hand and her eyes came sweeping back to her avowed protection. The boy shifted his body infinitesimally and the movement, slight as it was, told a considerable story. Something was coming quite noticeably through the thick birch-ery of the bark of the cliff.

The shadowy waves above parted and a girl stepped out on the rock. She barely hesitated—time enough only for the boy to realize her presence, and then meeting swiftly to him, slipped to a seat on the edge of the precipice and with unconscious inclination leaned her warm cheek against the palm of one hand and let her hair stream rest in the other.

The shadows were deepening. Darkness, which filled the valley like a velvet sea, hid the lumber camp. The misty green of the mountainside was tipped with purple, the mountains themselves seemed to float. Far, far down the slope, a stone, hewn by the winter's frost, fell with the quick clank of two silver coins striking together.

The boy spoke:

"It's he."

The girl's eyes flew to him:

"It's mine," she said.

"I want to see the hell of it," he continued, and as though inspired by the sound of his own voice, "and beyond. I want a lot out there, I'm strong. I'd send money home," he added, defiantly.

The girl's eyes were very dark and she was very still. The night was coming on swiftly, and when she spoke her voice was low as though uttered in the shadows.

"Why don't you go?"

"I'm scared."

"You know I can't get no start. I can't leave now. If I could get a start, get money in Iowa behind, I'd go. I'd go now."

The girl nodded comprehensively. It was a common place; the tiny mountain farm, work in the lumber camp that brought the simple means of subsistence for the woman who lived high up in the forest clearing a few stony fields to till, and then the same mountain

man story, repeating itself over and over again under the great shadows of the mountains. Four years had slipped by since his father drifted away on the spring drive and never returned. His mother waited always and hoped hopefully, her one haunting fear that her son would follow in his father's footsteps.

The last rays of light were lingering on the mountain-tops as they slipped through the cherry bushes. At their very feet a blue jay rose with its harsh scream. The girl grasped the boy's arm with a little cry. He shook her off good-naturedly, much as a large dog pushes away a puppy.

"I'd like to find that nest with the star you are always talking 'bout," he laughed. "I could go 'way here."

"We'll look for it tomorrow," she answered.

**II**  
There is little to do on a mountain farm. A few days' plowing with an old horse, for whom, later, he would be sad that he saw life; some fowling to be hunted and split, and then time, time stretched and uncounted, flowing by like some smoothly worded paragraph, wind for common, rain for serenade, trumpet for release, and the changing seasons for the terminal



She stood looking at the rude handle of sticks

period, while always best metals from the valley and cold winds blew from the mountain-tops.

The boy was not quite sixteen, a child of the great silence, strong as the everlasting mountains and unconsciously filled with the mysticism of wide spaces. It was this, perhaps, that carried him unawakened through the primitive vines of the lumber camp. He knew them, but they were no part of him; he obtained them as instinctively as he avoided the black-dotted leaf of the poison sumac or refused to crush the unwholly, green-tipped shrub ridings. Quite as slightly he accepted the language of the girl who left her numerous brothers and sisters in the valley and came up the mountain. Their companionship had spread over four years and she was no such a part of his lonely life as the drifting clouds or the deer that stopped in gaze at him—and no less so.

The spring plow was over, water had broken earth, the potatoes were in the ground, and the garden "man" was carefully tacked into the best wind-protected corners. There would not grow on the mountain farm; the season was too short, the soil too poor, and the wind too restless. There was little for the boy to do but to dream of the "beyond."

The sun was hardly up before the boy and the girl found themselves on the ledge which had tacitly become their meeting place. The whole day was before them. The tremors of the wilderness lay stretched at their feet.

"Let's find the nest," she said, eagerly. "Birds are just hatching now."

"I want food," he answered. "It will be warm when we get to the tunnel hole."

Unconsciously she followed him down the mountain, slipping along a trail indicated only by the lightly perceptible break in the tree-trunks, and slipped, at the lower levels, in dry warm air in an old pasture. The boy snatched a broken and dilapidated spade with which he turned over the sod, while the girl picked up the wailing earthworms and dropped them into a circle last hole. A snake inhaled up and down at a respectful distance, non-interfering with evident satisfaction the lady which was being opened to him. A diminutive shrike-like, with all the assurance of his race, perched on a nearby bush.

The girl tossed it half of a worm when she thought the boy was not looking, and, with true feminine level, before he spoke when he grunted contemptuously and suggested that, if she had to feed the birds, she might use something for the blue jays.

They worked with surprising rapidity and mutual comprehension. Every movement of the boy found its supplement in the girl and as an inevitably short time the hill top was heaping full.

Passing with hardly a glance over the turbulent stream, down which the logs had gone in the Connecticut—fish do not survive log-drives and dynamite—they stopped near the mouth of a small tributary. There two five-foot willow stands were set, and with three feet of the mud a sharp bank, the warm barely protruding over the bank, the bank was complete.

The water was still rid from the melting snow above. The broad struck now, like lightning, and then were gone. These two banks, were masters of their art, and the basket was rapidly filling with fish of fair size.

Always the stream grew smaller as they ascended through the water in the mountains, and at last at the edge of a fatal clearing, it was barely a foot across, its tiny pools scattered at wide intervals. Here, in the character of the forest changed, a heavy growth of spruce, hemlock, and yellow birch was intermingled, and the popple and white birch had disappeared.

It was high noon when the boy and girl reached the edge of the clearing, their basket brimming with fish.

Protected from the wind, they nevertheless sought the straight and were soon engaged in cleaning the fish and cooking them on green birch twigs over a hot fire. They shared their labors and equally disposed of an enormous amount of food. The boy and girl were parched—too well they knew what a marvelous snack meat in the forest—they lay back with their stomachs content while some came from food longed for in the open air.

A chipmunk, rambled in the leaves. For away a distance, participating in the work of the boy and girl, on the mountain-side, whistled softly to her lover. Suddenly, rambles with treacher, the scream of a hawk broke from the treetops.

The girl sat up quickly.

"There's that jowly bird of yours," said the boy.

"You're the one who wants it, not me," she answered, quickly.

Something in her voice jarred on his dreamy composure. With an unconscious mental resentment at the necessity for movement, he turned on his arm and looked at her.

She was sitting bolt-upright, her lips half parted, her eyes fixed on nothing, her frankly unweary young bosom rising and falling rapidly beneath her coarse laces. Had he got her wrong? It was wonderfully beautiful, like a wood nymph, a creature of the forest, child of the warm sunbeam and pure airwaves.

Some hint of this reached her mind, however, in resentment at the heavy loadback of lace that had so lately escaped from the somewhat untidy pile at the side of her head and momentarily hid her face. The spell broke with her eyes.

"There ought to be some. They say there is. There are lots of blue jays and an owl ain't found no nest. That's funny, what? If there was a nest, you could sell it for . . . for a hundred dollars, maybe, and then you could go to beyond."

The boy smiled.

"That would be enough. I could work and go all over the world. I'm strong," he said.

"Yes, you're strong," she admitted. "What would you do?"

"First I'd earn a big stack of money, then I'd get a big nest and a dove like the one you had. Well, I'd be a man," he concluded, somewhat faintly.

"Would you smoke cigars," she asked, "and get your drink like the walkin' horse?"

"Suppose so," he answered, dubiously, not quite liking the prospect, but recognizing necessary social amenities.

"You'd send money back to your ma?" she asked, breathlessly.

"You bet, and I'd find out and send him back too. You'd like that better, wouldn't you?"

They talked the matter over again and at the main stream equally divided the booty. The girl started down and the boy up the mountain.

As he climbed through the close second growth a clear trail came to him from below.

"Well that nest just got," it said.

## III

The days lengthened out into long summer evenings. The woods were a riot of bloom, and the low grassed and scale apple trees, planted in the valley, looked as though fights of fairies were resting on their heavy branches.

The boy and girl wandered over the mountain or, with inactive caution, curiously avoiding all human habitation, explored the valley.

There were a million things to see, a thousand mysteries to solve, and endless forest happenings to be discovered, and each always in fascinating circumstances about the blue jay's nest.

The vines who made her make under the shadow of the precipice was carefully marked down by her prospective family and used as prey when winter should have made her fat of value, the baby curls, whose life began before the snow had gone, friddled contently on the edge of their nursery nest in their mountain den for food, only to find that the noise which surrounded the chick, a parent's warning, came from the ridiculous laughing human beings below; even the sportive and dowered wood duck looked eyes as bright as her own peering down on her as she sat down, as her nest.

With such adventures and interests the days fly by. There was always something left unshown, always expeditions left undischarged.

The sense of enjoyment was roused when, in wandering aimlessly for a while, they came upon the unmistakable tracks of a bear. The day's work was done, further investigation, but no enthusiastic expedition was planned for the morrow.

It was still dark when the boy and the girl met on the precipice, two shadows, one of which carried the woman's only necessity—a tin. A few whispored words and they started up the mountain, a light breeze stirred, which heralded dawn, blew down to them as they crossed the next to highest ridge and went clear to the virgin spruce.

As light came they picked up the tracks where they had found them the day before, and set down close to pillow, on a huge rock, to cut a new trail.

"Don't know," he answered, "hope so."

"You won't shoot it if it's a she?"

"Not now I have to. You know me."

"You won't hurt the cub if she has any? I ain't never seen none."

The boy laughed gently and shook his head. They took up the trail.

From the place where they had found them, the cub of the tracks made, the man picked for a mile or so, and then went over on a rim of rock that surrounded a dip in the topography. It was a mere dip on the mountain's back, a very heavily wooded hole about half a mile across.

They followed the edge, silent as shadows, peering into a shade below, until they had all but climbed it when the girl, with a quick intake of breath, threw her down to the rocks below her. Together they peered into the space and fifty feet below found the object

of their search. A great she bear lay in the snow-drift out of a rotten hemlock box, two fat cubs above and beside her belly. She lay half-tamed from then, up and her great head swaying as if reading some Marconi message from the slight breeze. A dip in the snow current brought her some faint of the walkers. She was on her feet so quickly that the eye could not follow the movement, and, spilling the robe without ceremony, circled about, her nose high in air and her little eyes examining every nook and cranny of the cliff, the cave after one involuntary spring landed beneath her. The boy and girl held their breath. For fully five minutes she stood sampling each wisp of wind, and then, apparently reassured, relaxed and sank back into the hollow which fitted her great body, a moment which the eyes instantly interpreted as an intention to breakfast.

"Ain't she a beauty?" whispered the boy.

"Them cubs in like kittens," breathed the girl.

"As fat as a hog."

"None that he is nowed?"

"No, no," bowed the boy; "she'd be afraid he'd eat 'em."

They watched in strained silence but minutes more, and daring to stare, then the boy suddenly raised his rifle and aimed it up the snow bank.



She was sitting bolt-upright, her lips half parted, her eyes fixed on nothing

below to shoot; the girl knew that he did not intend to shoot.

"But I could kill them two cubs to eat," he whispered.

"No, no!" gasped the girl and put out a restraining hand.

By the impetus of his position the touch on his arm added just the final break. His finger tightened on the trigger, the muzzle jerked up, and the heavy bullet went hurtling through the tops of the spruce.

With a roar of fear and anger the bear was on her feet, the frightened cubs huddled behind her. For a moment she hesitated and seemed about to charge up the cliff, and then turned and, driving her cubs before her, with incredible rapidity for so large an animal disappeared in the heavy growth.

The boy's brow was crimson as he faced the wide-eyed girl.

"Ain't I jowly smart, ain't I?" he said, though clenched teeth, and tamping back the back track, the girl, trying in vain to control her sobs, following.

It was barely noon and their day of happiness was done.

In the afternoon the girl slipped into the woods she did not intend to go up the mountain, but climbed to the right, climbing slowly. Impenetrable she edged ever toward her goal, until, with brainiac self-deception she tried to persuade herself that she was compelled to find it out (a few rods away). As she hesitated a flash of blue darted from a young spruce

to be followed by the raucous cry of a blue jay in mid-air. Her heart nearly ceased beating as she cautiously approached. There was a rustle in the branches, and not five feet above her the mother blue jay left the nest.

For a long time she stood looking at the lone handle of sticks. A bird came back, perched on a spruce by tree, and was gone. The nestlings raised hungry heads, all mouth and throat, and demanded food.

There was the "hey-ay!" for the boy. In the next by the talons that would open the gates to "good luck no rickon," the key to the world that would make him a man with a "diner" like the walkin' lion, a fat one, and furnish him real manly dressin'—and would take him from her forever. With a sob she fled down the mountain.

Above, the boy, a lonely figure, was waiting on the ledge.

## IV

The wind came and blew away the night. Starvation-hungered down and thirstily drank up the dew. The children and tiny grass-creepers thinned out from the top of the rock night and all began to sing at once because they were glad.

Slowly the girl went up the mountain trail, her eyes very bright, her head high.



Slowly the boy came down the mountain trail, his eyes dark with thought, his head bent.

"I've heard it. I've found it, and a real find here," she said, "the blue jay's nest?"

"You still think of it?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Think? I've found it."

He followed her from the trail to the young spruce. Two flashes of blue left the tree and flew like jets, landing with excitement, perched on a purple hundred yards away.

"There's them!" She pointed at the nest.

The boy never took his eyes from her. Her mouth was trembling, her breath came quickly, her eyes had the dewy appearance of violets.

"Get the stone," she begged. "Don't drop it. You can have everything you want. I ain't ever back."

"An' I ain't go 'way 'no' be rich, an' never remember," he asked.

The light died from her eyes. Blinded, she leaned forward, nearly reaching him.

"You want to go so jowly bad," she whispered.

"Hell!" choked the boy, the area wet and red gathered his in like a tired bird, he left the crowd, mere presence of her body against him, and as his lips met hers he knew he had found the "hey-ay!"

Two blue jays returned nobody to their nest. They knew they had secured a great pearl, but some-thing unaccounted for had taken them that thought directed, they had to return for their lives.





## Interfudes

### NOT THE LEAST OF HIS MERCIES

**M**EN and women of a downy nose and a score of languages and dialects come and go in the big savings banks of New York, and the clerks are masters of many tongues. Some of them go so far as to guess a depositor's error by his appearance, and greet him in his native speech. These polyglots find it quite possible to make mistakes, though, as young Mr. Cashdollar, of the People's Home Savings Bank in the Bowery, learned the other day to his discomfort. A short, stout, blue-eyed old fellow with curly reddish-yellow hair came to the desk of the paying teller, and Mr. Cashdollar, without waiting to be asked, pushed out a \$1000.00 bank to him. The old fellow filed it out for the effect that he wanted forty dollars, and pushed it back under the paying payment.

"You haven't signed it," said Mr. Cashdollar. "The yellow-haired old fellow looked as if he didn't hear."

"You'll have to sign your name," said Mr. Cashdollar.

The old fellow favored him with a bowing stare from his blue Testino-looking eyes.

"I s'pose you're a Greek?" asked Mr. Cashdollar, looking kindly, pointing at the check. "I s'pose you're an Arab, tell me."

"Heard me, young man," the old fellow interrupted. "I'm a Jew. Oh, may be a little deaf, but thanks be to God, I'm not dumb!"

### THE RURAL PHILOSOPHER

"Of course I approve of a college education," said the Rural Philosopher, "but all the same, ye can't teach a hog how to leer later with a piece of chalk on a blackboard, any more'n ye can teach a bear to make the kind of pie hee makes better made by himself" in a series of lectures on the History of the Ancient Greeks. Farmers by long-distance telephone haven't plowed no fields, nor harvested nothin' but yer olden's yit."

### CHIEF AT THE PRICE

"Bill," said Mr. Burghalind, "when the R. F. P. man comes around this mornin' tell him I want to see him, will ye?" "I'm thinkin' of tellin' some o' them new-fangled parrot-words the gov'ment's arter for their own fence around the chicken run. They say they come to about the cents a peck, 'nd they's cheap'r's cuttin' 'em."

### THE ECONOMIC VIEW

"Water paid me just any how," roared the exasperated laborer.

"What good an it?" returned the fat. "Why, dat, I'm a consumer, and I'd like to know what would become of the farmers if there weren't any 'consumers'."

And the old man went out into the barn and threaded the wisest without an inch of his life.

### AS TO THE BOYS

"Yass," said Uncle Zeb, with a smiling glance over the hardy youngsters that constituted his devoted party, "boys is peculiar. I notice that when so he's long-haired, they're bestickin' Bill's advice to be found on deck lookin' after his share as helpful as a mother hen after her chickens. When the curly-locks is on the table an' the pinks is in the pie, as the poet might



### SINGING THINGS IN PRESHYTERIAN DAYS

he' said, my boy. More ain't any kin back'n'is in claims' his share, and on them popular occasions when the hard rider's hair's passed around, an' the jug gets to 'sumpin', ye kin hear his share a gurglin' down his throat, an' ye begin to worry some about your own, or so ye kin't had it yit. But they's one share

garden behind the barn, and ye'll find a year's supply 'o' pull manin' for ye right clear among them three weeds."

### BUFF!

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can just dare make when all about you  
Are flying bridge, and grinning hard at you,  
While halfpennies with snore and jingling float you  
Because you like the job you have to do,  
If you can smile the while your younger sister  
Has fallen faint, and you sit by the wall,  
And when you feel the grove-ward member's blower  
Don't ever show it outwardly at all;

If you can pass a growing bargain table,  
And never even pause to glance at it;  
If you can go to bed and 'mid the label  
Glide out one thought to how your garments fit,  
If you can hear a fall-out purely snuggly  
Any never whisper it to any one;  
If you can greet a glance that's cold and haughty  
With smiles as fresh as shimmer from the sun;

If you can bear to hear the words you've spoken  
Tossed and turned for talk-talk at tea,  
In such a way that friendships long are broken  
By gossips alive as a pack of lies;  
If you can rock such you as once your mother  
In days of old was always said to be,  
And satisfy a husband, son, or brother,  
With any god-darned thing your fingers make;

If you can greet your husband home returning  
With smiles, no matter what a slob he is,  
And squawk within your every natural yearning  
To help along some silly fad of his;  
If you can sing, while he is raising thunder,  
And when he rages keep your tongue still—  
Well, truly, dear, you'll be a perfect wonder,  
And what is more, you'll be a jake, my child.

HONORABLE CLARENCE



### AT 2 A.M.

MR. DE WARD A VERY IMPORTANT COMMITTEE MEETING AT TWO THIRTY P.M.

MR. DE WARD WAS ON HIS FEET, AND HIS HEAD WAS

they's allers willin' to give up to each other with a smile face like the kind-hearted little comes the he."

"And what is that?" asked the visitor.  
"The philosopher!" roared Uncle Zeb, with a wink at the boys, who nodded their approval of the old man's sentiments like the good blind toothy they were.

### A VALUABLE INFLUENCE

"I tell ye," said the grizzled old veteran of the farm, with a broad grin on his face, "these here lectures they give before them society people up in town on the subject o' farmin' is mighty fine. My darter Mandy attended a dozen of 'em up in New York while she was visitin' that dead winter, and by Gorry, what she don't learn about improvin' a cow's head, raisin' water lilies, and growin' roses on an old-time m'or ye kin read the catalogue in a small city flat without attractin' the attention o' the Board o' Health, hasn't worth interestin' 'em."

### A PLENTIFUL STOCK

The Product had returned, and was trying to justify himself.

"Of course I've been a failure," he said, ruefully, "but how could I have been otherwise? You can't get anywhere in this world today without pull. Wherever you look it's pull, pull, pull—sneaking but everlasting pull. In politics, it's pull. In literature, you can't get anybody to look at your stuff unless you have pull. In business, if you haven't pull you might as well put up the shingles before the sign—read what you want to, and unless you've got the pull of a lame leg, you can't get a word out of 'em."

"That's all right, 'course," said the other. "Ye know it's some right hard here. There's a lot of 'em to get what ye need. You go out and get 'em."



### THE NEW DOWN

MR. DE WARD A VERY IMPORTANT COMMITTEE MEETING AT TWO THIRTY P.M.

MR. DE WARD WAS ON HIS FEET, AND HIS HEAD WAS



THE ISLE OF UNREST



Sophie Bernard in "The Man With Three Wives," at Weber & Fields'



Elsie Alder, the Berlin musical comedy favorite, who will appear in America soon



Vivian Rushmore in "The Lady of the Slipper," at the Globe



Sara Allgood, with the Irish Players



Doris Keane and William Courtney in "Romance," at Maxine Elliott's



Ethel Mc Gee, with the Irish Players



A scene from T. C. Murray's tragedy, "Erlingrigh," as given by the Irish Players at Wallack's. The players, from left to right, are: Eileen O'Doherty, Sydney Morgan, J. M. Kerrigan, and Fred O'Donovan

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

WHAT THE THEATERS ARE OFFERING







## Human Fossils

The study of human fossils first became established as a recognized science in 1844-45. Darwin meanwhile had assumed the existence at a certain period in recent geological times of an animal type of man or "missing link" between humanity and the big ape. In 1868 Huxley made a guess sketch of the creature in question, whose discovery he declared would soon take place. Twenty-eight years later Dr. Dubois ascertained a Java bone which corresponded to the assumptions of Huxley.

In 1868 there was found in Germany the fossil skeleton known as the "Man of Neanderthal." This was a man five feet two inches in height, of robust build and well-developed muscles, and possessed of great animal vitality but a limited intelligence, since the skull, although large, contained a relatively small brain. Of later date and more evolved was the "Man of Cromagnon," discovered among other skeletons in 1908. In him also the brain development was slight. Both these fossils are dated from the middle of the Quaternary age and the other from the end of the same period, are inferior not only to the white man of today, but to contemporary humanity in general.

There remains the third example of the third type of prehistoric man, the "Man of Trinidadi," as christened in honor of the reigning family of Monaco. He is also called after the Red Rocks graptolite that grew directly on the sea near Monaco. There are also in number and of the Tertiary period. To determine the age of the fossils it was necessary first to ascertain that of the strata, to which tradition ascribed various dates. Superficially estimated, in 1912, these strata were subjected from 1905 to 1902 to a methodical search, which resulted in the discovery of some fossil skeletons. From 1904 to 1908 four new specimens were brought to light, which, with those already found, made a total of sixteen. Of these, which all belong to the earlier end of the Quaternary period, fourteen resemble the "Man of Cromagnon." The other two, a young man and an old woman, call for a new definition.

## Dickens as a Criminologist

Dickens selects Lombroso as a criminologist. The law's delay and its attendant inconveniences serve as an advertisement in many of his works. In *Barnaby Rudge* it is to be found a complete history of the criminal code.

"Crime has tempted many authors, but it was Dickens who discovered the crime." Kuroda, the anthropologist, maintains that the descriptions of the English authors reveal the makefactor in a new light, with a quite peculiar psychological organization. Certain it is that Dickens was first in the field with his allusions to the facial and other physical characteristics of the criminal. See, for example, his description of Jack Dawkins, the youthful pickpocket: "He was a scabbard, but broad, common-faced boy enough, short of his age, with rather fat legs and little, sharp, ugly eyes." Moreover, Dickens laid stress on the theory of heredity.

Where Dickens shines especially is in his delineations of the economic factors of crime. Poverty and misery have been depicted by him in all their aspects and involving agonies. Unfortunate and crying children, that frequent the sordid alleys of the city, is shown up by the author as the doomed and often irresponsible victims of criminal surroundings. Another favorite theme of his is the conduct of a prison haunted by the recollection and scorned by the long concealment of a crime.

## Artificial Clouds

In order to preserve crops from frost, the idea has been taken up, in cold and semi-cold regions, in Europe, of producing artificial clouds of smoke, or burned oil to retain the heat in the soil. The smoke clouds are produced by tar, resin, or petroleum, according to the abundance of the particular product in the locality where it happens to be needed.

The success of the system is said to depend entirely on the promptitude of its application, in which case results are instantaneous. Vats of tar or whatever substance to be used may be, must be at hand at the various points necessary, and immediately after a sufficient fall of temperature the laborers must be instructed to produce the cloud by the application of slowly kindling kerosene to the substance at hand.

A system has been perfected for some large areas by which one man can fire a line of vats. The explosion is produced by means of a wire.



## A Princely Coupe—The Cadillac

Aside from the fact that it is a Cadillac with all that the name implies, we believe we are justified in describing this as the most sumptuous car of its type ever built.

You may key your expectations as high as you please. There is no danger of disappointment.

Consider first, convenience. You enter the Coupe at either side. Your foot presses a lever and the engine starts. You press a button and the electric lamps are lighted.

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By luxury we mean both motion and the "creature-comforts."

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## The interior arrangement

The illustration shows the interior arrangement of the Cadillac Coupe. The driver's seat is about 8 inches forward of the side seat. This gives greater elbow room. To allow entrance from the driving side, the driver's seat folds back. There is ample room on the wide rear seat for two passengers beside the driver and the fourth passenger occupies the front seat, which may also be folded up if desired. The trimmings and appointments are elegant in the extreme. The four side windows may be lowered and they are specially made to be vibration proof, whether up or down.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.



## CAMP LIFE IN THE WOODS

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A treasure-book for sportsmen, young and old, and of convenient size for carrying on trips.

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## SIMPLE ITALIAN COOKERY

By ANTONIA ISOLA

THIS book of Italian recipes was compiled by an authority who has lived much in Rome. Though frugal, the Italians are excellent cooks. The American housekeeper will find many interesting suggestions for preparing not only the numerous varieties of macaroni and risotto, but also many new ways of cooking soups, meats, vegetables, and sweets. It shows that Italian cookery is far from being all "garlic and macaroni."

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

for MARCH

## WHO ARE THE BLOND ESKIMOS?

MR. STEFANSSON describes in this instalment of his experiences in the Arctic his first meeting with the strange, unknown people of Victoria Land—people with blue eyes, blond or reddish hair and beards, and heads and faces of distinct European cast. MR. STEFANSSON'S discussion of the various theories as to the origin of this race will be found of extraordinary interest. With photographs.

## THE GREATNESS OF THE GREAT

LAKES—Few of us realize the greatness of our inland seas; their beauty and their vast industrial importance. Yet the ports of Duluth, Chicago, Buffalo, and Cleveland are among the great ports of the world, and each year play a more important part in our commerce. EDWARD HUNGERFORD gives a vivid account of the entire lake system, which is brilliantly illustrated by W. J. Aytre.

## A BARN-DOOR OUTLOOK BY JOHN BURROUGHS

—From the door of his study in an old-fashioned barn, the veteran naturalist has looked out on the world in which he finds so much of interest which most of us neglect to see. A delightful nature study with many charming observations of bird and animal life.

## MR. HOWELLS IN SEVILLE

Another of MR. HOWELLS'S charmingly graphic glimpses of one of Spain's most famous cities and the countryside around it. Illustrated with many drawings in tint by Norman Black.

## THE UNDERGRADUATE AS THE PROFESSOR SEES HIM

—The college undergraduate is the subject of much discussion and condemnation. Yet after all he is a likable person, and if he often neglects his real opportunity, is he to blame or should the responsibility be placed on his parents and his teachers? Prof. HENRY S. CANDY, of Yale, contributes a thoughtful and charmingly sympathetic paper on the subject.

## PRESERVING THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL

—Here is the problem which the farmer has neglected, and which the scientific experts are trying to solve. A. D. HALL, of the Rothamsted Experimental Station in England, gives an interesting account of the work which is being done in this field, and what it is accomplishing.

## SEVEN COMPLETE SHORT STORIES

Notable among them are stories by MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY, JAMES OPPENHEIM, FANNY HEASLEP LEA, GEORGE SCHOCK, CHESTER HOLBROOK BROWN, MARGARET CAMERON, Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, and others. ;

# GILBERT PARKER'S

Great Novel

## "The Judgment House"

## Good Winter Weather

W'e's Grampa's give you our own tracks  
As' and show you get those red checks.  
An' things that you on whole all  
speak.

W'y, it's "good winter weather."

W'e's Gramma's hibern pump it where  
Like it was said, "It's plow."  
An' let's hang up an' freeze—  
Nou it's "good winter weather."

W'es Grampa opens our front door  
An' gets his "spies" all out before  
He sees how cold it is some more.  
Nou it's "good winter weather."

Mus' in "best twenty years to-day"  
Ole Mercury went down an' stay  
Right in his silver lath—be "w"  
'Cause it's "good winter weather."

W'es Gramma told her best an' all  
She got a draught from th' front hall,  
Mo' frozen say, "Ain't cold at all."  
It's jus' "good winter weather."

My Grampa's ladder that he sees  
W'if sometimes—be will light 'cause he's  
All 'stead th' chicken's comb will freeze  
W'es it's "good winter weather."

But w'e's th' yellow fur skins down  
All over an' my "w'arm coat"  
An' it's "so still your voice will come"  
In th' "good winter weather."

My Grampa gets "th' cutter" out  
An' W'if jingle-lull—era in my "spies" about  
Tou see in "mud w'at she's about?"  
An' it's "good winter weather."

My Gramma's fun' th' buffle robe,  
Safe from th' "Maid" in "Southtown  
Glede"  
(T'N her' ma's' look in Comin Job).

'Cause it's "good winter weather."

My Gramma's "let th' sunset here,"  
(O'ay her' will like a nice warm spot)  
'Cause "Father's" wa'ite' like an' act"  
In th' "good winter weather."

W'es Grampa let th' parson there,  
'Ray, 'w'ay behind w'at his new map,  
He say in "how—be" w'at he's thinkin'—  
An' it's "good winter weather."

MADE LOUISE TORRENS.

## Jet

JET, that substance from which many classes of ornaments are made, very extensively used in the manufacture of coal, from wood and vegetable matter. It differs from coal in that it contains a much smaller quantity of earthy impurities. There is soft jet and hard jet; but only the latter is of much use in the making of ornamental articles.

While the jet industry in England has never attained great importance, it is one of the oldest that country knows. Extraction has been carried to the point where ornaments were popular in Britain during the bronze period, so there is but little doubt that jet ornaments were among the very first to be worn in the British Isles.

Aside from England, the chief jet-producing countries are Austria, Spain, and France, where it is easily obtained. Much imitation jet has been made from volcanic ash and sand.

The German jet is found associated in large quantities with amber. Since the latter substance is of considerable commercial value in the making of pipes and various ornaments, jet in Germany is treated merely as a by-product and allowed to go to waste, or is used for fuel, if demanded. There it is called "black amber" by reason of its similarity to the more valuable commodity.

## Some Curious Petrifications

Petrified objects are found in a great many sections of the world, most of them in sections where limestone is prevalent. Petrified wood is quite common. This is wood preserved in its original shape as the more common, but in some places whole logs are found, and these are so well preserved as to show the bark as well as when the tree was growing. Different kinds of wood petrify. It depends more on the amount of time than on the quality of timber.

In Arizona whole trees are petrified, and, in fact, whole forests have been turned into stone. In some places the petrified trees are to be found there. The petrified trees are sometimes cut up and converted into various articles of value.

Petrified wood is found in many places. It is very beautiful. Petrified grasses, stems of trees, and petrified seeds and fruits have been discovered in some places. Petrified reptiles and small animals have also been found.

Cobs from which the grains of coals

have been removed make rather curious petrifications. One of the most curious found is that of a pine cone honeycombed, turned into solid stone, but showing every honey cell perfectly shaped and equally distributed, and as if the cones were built it. If the comb had contained honey the water had dissolved that, for the cells were empty.

Petrified wood remains are not uncommon. In some of the crevices in sections where limestone prevails in abundance hollows have been filled to correspond to other crevices, and they were found to be turned to stone.

## Apple Rust

What the apple-rust is in operation there may be observed certain deep, rich, golden-brown or golden-red spots scattered by the junction of the apples, or they gather in the crevices. This characteristic hue of color is almost as pleasing to the eye as the flavor of the fresh sweet juice in the same of taste.

A French chemist has shown that the apple contains a coloring ferment which produces the golden-brown or reddish color of color. The manner in which this substance produces oxidation can readily be proved by any one who cuts an apple open and leaves it exposed for a short time in the air. The red particles gradually form and are the oxygen of the air united with the juice; in the end, the apple ruts.

Roasting of an apple may also be brought about by simply maintaining it for a short time breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground are covered with a reddish brown with the browned rind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the dust or introduced among the tissues of the fruit, and it becomes active through the breaking of the cells that enclose the oxidizing ferment.

If an apple is exposed to the air its skin is broken its tissues do not oxidize when exposed to the air. This is explained on the supposition that the oxygen and the ferments are destroyed by heat.

## The Velocity of Light

The first determination of the velocity of light was made by ROYCE. The method was based upon the observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, phenomenon of frequent recurrence and easy of observation. Assuming that light requires time to travel to move from place to place through space, a considerable difference in the time between successive eclipses would appear so short when the earth is approaching Jupiter as to be almost imperceptible, and so long when it is receding therefrom. ROYCE found in his observations that such was the case and that the interval was modified by the rate of speed at which the earth changed places relatively to Jupiter. From these conclusions ROYCE computed that light required about one second to travel 186,000 miles in crossing the earth's orbit. From this it deduced a velocity of about 186,000 miles a second.

## How the Locust Breathes

DR. JOHANN REEVE, a professor of Natural History in Ypsala, has conducted a detailed study of the respiratory apparatus and mechanism of locusts. The apparatus is composed of a crystal tube with an aperture at the end. In operation in this locust, in the effort to extricate himself, turns over, bringing his thorax into contact with a level of a ball in the tube. In this way, thanks to the ascending and descending movement of the ball, the air is drawn into the apparatus. The movements of the thorax are registered on a plate or metal leaf. It is thus possible to study the movements of the thorax and the length of each breath of the insect and, what is more important, the strength and action. By this means has been ascertained that insects respirer in a manner directly the reverse of mammals. We are required to put the neck into the air, drawing in the air while expelling it is largely automatic. The locust, on the other hand, inhales automatically, but expels it with more force.

## Thibetan Tea-making

An Englishman, while in Thibet, visited one of the tea and learned the art of making a special kind of tea. The method appears to be somewhat as follows:

For six persons he took a brazier of iron. Three pieces of water he measured out, and brought down to a point of boil the infusion into the churna, with a pound of butter and a small ladle-quantity of salt. These are mixed in combination of the consistency of cream.

The Thibetians pour butter hot in it. The best is added forty, fifty, or even sixty years old.

## The Evolution of the Organ

It is a far cry from the pipes of Pan to the great organ of Westminster Abbey. Yet the roads down by the river were the first civilized line of the "king of musical instruments."

The growth of this "king" has been slow and its evolution has seemed to most exactly keep pace with the development of art and civilization in the human race. Certain it is that some of the greatest achievements of cycles of human skill and ingenuity.

The legend goes that Pan pursued Syrinx, a water nymph, who to evade him, turned into a reed. Pan cut the reed into seven pieces, bound them together, and drove a hole through each section. So this instrument was ever after called the Syrinx. The Emperor Nero was much interested in the Syrinx and encouraged makers in its improvement.

Oddly enough, the Chinese, who cannot be counted among organ-builders, were the first to invent an instrument which really foreshadowed the modern organ.

Another form, very like the Scottish bagpipes, was known in pastoral Greece in the fifth century before Christ. Aristophanes mentioned "double pipes" and Plato makes an allusion to them. It was centuries later before the instrument took the form which really entitled it to be called an organ. Christian of Alexandria about 300 a. d. made the first instrument in which the air was supplied by a hydraulic system. The wind was forced by the "efforts of water to rise to its own level."

The hydraulic organ had, after Christian's, many builders who introduced improvements, but water continued to be the power for a long period even after the invention of the pneumatic organ. Two hydraulic organs, partially drained, were used in the ruins of Pompeii and are now in the museum at Naples. They have fifty nine or ten pipes made of bronze, and all of the same diameter, which would indicate that men did not know of the regulation of sound by the size of the pipes.

The pneumatic organ to which the wind is supplied by bellows, but not in the manner of the modern organ, was first used in Constantinople in the sixth century according to Theodosius the Great, a. d. 391-395, are seen two small organs placed in wood and supplied with detached bellows.

An interesting point in its history is the time of its use in the church service. The organ is said to have been in the time of Pope Vitalian I, about a. d. 666, though other authorities declare it was known in Spain much earlier.

Byzantium was the first to become an important center in the art of organ-building. Pippin, king of the Franks, father of Charlemagne, in 752 sent a dedication to the Emperor Constantine stating that an organ might be sent to France. It arrived in due time and with great ceremonies was placed in the church of St. Corneille at Compiègne. Charlemagne's great love for the organ caused the Caliph, Haroun al-Rasid, to present him with one built by an Arab in 822.

All this time the organ was very far from being the instrument we know. As an old drawing in Trinity College, Cambridge, represents two men playing and four men blowing the bellows. Six men to be using sound out of a small affair of fourteen pipes and one limited bank of keys! Originally there were two rows of such bellows and often ten or twelve blowers needed. It took several hundred years to cut out that row and couple it to the wind and now era that one is supplied by electricity, though in many small churches he may still be seen working his small staff at the bellows.

As to the appearance of the keyboard activities seem to differ, some say that the first one was used in the organ of the Cathedral of Singapur at the close of the thirteenth century. It was made of iron and of six inches broad. These many keys had to be pushed with the fingers of the hands. It was so inferior that there could have been no discovery of touch or rapidity of action, and the sounds were crude and unharmonious.

"Bardamuth," the name given the organ by the Anglo-Saxons of the thirteenth century, would seem to have been singularly appropriate.

Narrow keys to be struck by the fingers did not come into use till about the fourteenth century. The keyboard also given in this century till it reached three octaves. In the "St. Cecilia" of the thirteenth century, the John Ford (thirteenth century) there is seen a keyboard very much as we know it now.

The development of the organ in Europe for more than two hundred years does not surely any record of an advance in organ-building. In the thirteenth century it was greatly extended by the clock moved from the Latin and Greek churches declaring against its use. The Latin Church was opposed to the

in the Greek organ has never been reinstated.

The fourteenth century saw enormous strides in its development. Almost every church had its organ. These were portable, so that they could be moved to different parts of the edifice as the service required. In 1312 an organ was built for the church of St. Andrew in the cathedral of Geneva led the world in the building of organs. In 1356 a monk of Trier became one with forty-two pipes.

Dutch builders ranked next to the Germans, the French doing very little at any amount and the English even less, though now and then they were excellent workmen. In France scarcely anything remains of its early work except the organ made in Lyons, which goes back to the seventeenth century. It has five manuals, a pedal organ of two octaves in complete, twelve pairs of bellows, and forty-nine sounding stops.

One of the greatest achievements of the eighteenth century was the organ of the Bowdoin-Henriette at Weingarten set up in June, 1750, after six years of labor, and thirty steps and an enormous number of pipes.

English organs were behind all others till the nineteenth century, when they took a great stride forward and stood with the best. One reason for England's backwardness may be due to the fact that she was too busy with the French war. Organs were denounced as "weapons of the devil," and in 1644 an ordinance was passed in London, which gave back to the seventeenth century. "The destruction of monuments of idolatry and superstition." This was the second edification of the eighteenth century for fifty years. Soldiers rode into the churches, battered down the railings, and tore away the organs. The organ of St. Paul's, York, Durham, and Lincoln cathedrals and Christ Church, Oxford, Organ-builders left the country or were forced to work as carpenters and joiners.

Organ pipes for fifty years have been importing its workmen and is now well supplied in organ-building by any of the countries of the world. The first electric organ was sent to the Exposition in 1876.

Organ pipes have been manufactured of all sorts of materials—wood, brass, iron, copper, glass, paper, tin, silver, and gold, but the English tin has been found to be the best. The organ is made of wood, and its susceptibility to change of climate. Valves could be written about the different forms of ornamentation, the organ from the early baroque ages, modern, and gilt splendor down to the classic dignity and simplicity of the Renaissance.

## Birds' Tongues

A German scientist has gathered some curious facts with reference to the tongue of birds. As he points out, many persons suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp-pointed tongues as darts with which to attack their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the humming-bird, can dart out its tongue with extraordinary rapidity and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose, yet investigation shows that the object of their swift motion is only to reject the prey, and to pierce it. For the woodpecker it is a woodpecker, and the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a sticky secretion.

Just as it possesses the power of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's tongue does. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than many other birds, but because its tongue is better fitted for articulation than theirs that it is able to amuse us with its chatter.

In some respects the humming-bird's tongue is the most remarkable of all. It is double-barreled from end to end, so that the little creature is able to grasp its prey very much as if its mouth were furnished with a pair of fingers.

## Taste and Temperature

Some of taste resides in little flesh-shaped papillae imbedded in the skin of the surface of the tongue and in the upper part of the throat. Each of these has a ball of a nerve connecting it with the larger nerves of its region. Anything to be tasted is first dissolved in the saliva, and then comes in contact with the interior of the papillae, and differences in taste depend on the varying influence by which the impression is transmitted through the nerves. It is not surprising, then, that the tongue is very much influenced by temperature and may frequently be stopped altogether by extreme heat or cold. The organ of taste is destroyed at a temperature between fifty and sixty degrees, Fahrenheit.

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The Postal Bank

HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE TO SUPPLEMENT THIS PARCEL POST

By Don C. Betts

The announcement that the newly inaugurated parcel post carried 400,000,000 packages in the first month of its operation is an interesting indication that there existed a long unmet want. The unmet want was an "air-mail" service. The unmet want was a service that would deliver the goods between the producer and the consumer in the shortest time possible. These are the reasons for the parcel post.

There are two reasons for the parcel post. The first is that the cost of the service is too great for the profitable transportation of farm products and the mail of weight too heavy. The second is the lack of financial facilities for country people—and for that matter the average city dweller as well. The ordinary citizen does not have a bank account outside of the savings institutions, where check-drawing is not permissible. Many city banks require balances that cannot be maintained by the run-of-home-keepers. While banks are plentiful in the cities even if not in the country, the country is poorly supplied, and the farmer who wishes to use checks or to cash them is forced to march to a bank, something he desires to avoid.

But an expansion of the postal savings system can correlate with the post and create a nation-wide convenience. Every post-office should become a depository and paying-point. Facilities should be provided with check-books. The stamping of the check by the postmaster would mean the certification. The change machinery of the postal-order system would disappear and the uncertainty of the registered letter be done away with. It would not be necessary for the government to pay interest on these accounts. The sum of the benefits afforded would be a national system on the deposit, if the interest system is retained, the placing of a one-cent stamp upon the check, and the bringing a large return to the government and be but a small tax upon the depositor, as against the present cumbersome money-order system.

In this way farmers and countrymen would be provided with a safe and convenient form of exchange by which they could do business directly with each other at infinitesimal cost with great mutual advantage. It could displace the existing financial institutions, because it would serve people outside the pale of banking.

Under present conditions, it is impossible to finance parcel-post transactions conveniently, and this limitation serves as a great check upon the reaching of full success. There is nothing contemplated about the plan advanced. The machinery exists for its successful operation. The office in every town in the United States has ample room, and in nearly all cases plenty of clerical help. A certified check from one office to another means nothing but clearing.

The cash-balancing will be made as the checks will be in a large way, but each other, just as they do in the clearing houses at the banking centers. Checks either then postal notes collected without loss by the simple method of not allowing them to be drawn against until the money is received. No bank poses such a means of identification that prevails at the same post-office. It is the one place in town where everybody has a check. In no case does the money have to be paid until the return is safely in hand. It would prove a business without risk and a facility beyond measure.

Hippopotamus Ivory

One of the curiosities of African trade, now far more much more than ten years ago, is the "ivory" of the hippopotamus. These teeth are much harder than those of the elephant, and for a long time were used by the manufacturers of false teeth, which were skillfully carved from that material. Of late Vaillant remarks, in his African Travels, now more than a hundred years old: "It is surprising that Europeans, especially Frenchmen, should make an article of commerce out of the teeth of the hippopotamus, for with the help of science they are made to replace our own, and we may see them flashing delightfully in the mouths of a pretty woman." Science has found a better substitute for this, and the trade in hippopotamus teeth has fallen off. The making of spectacles, or whips, from the hide is still a flourishing industry; and during these hard times, the manufacture of a solid mass strips of the thick hide at a selling price to a thousand of Cuban "cigars" is really calling the attention of the world—that is, one dried head. The tooth of the walrus was once used to replace elephant ivory, and now is used in Japan for small carvings, and found ivory from Siberia has long been used in China.



JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. "And now that you are man and wife, let me say that I hope you will be happy."  
STRONG-MINDED WOMAN. "If we ain't happy, Judge, I'll know the reason why."

Cold and Appetite

As everybody knows, there have been developed various methods whereby severe low temperatures have been attained.

While the arctic regions prove so factory cold weather—many, many at seventy-five degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—the scientists have been able to surpass nature's achievements in this line, and when they wish our hands and feet to be a hundred and fifty degrees below zero they can obtain it. How this is done it is unnecessary for us to state, but it is interesting to note the effects of such low temperatures on animal life.

Dogs, when induced to stand in an enclosure, withstand it well, provided they are covered in blankets and wool mats, provided the experimenters of about six degrees. But a curious fact is that when they emerge from such a temperature they are fearfully hungry.

Having seen that dogs stand the experiments well, one experimenter tried the effects of intense cold upon himself and went down into his "cold pit" carefully dressed in warm clothing and furs. The temperature was maintained steadily at one hundred and ten below zero. Fahrenheit—some hundred and sixty-six, Fahrenheit. After four minutes the experimenter felt very hungry and was more so when he got out and to the experiment, coming out of the cold after eight or twelve hours, he took a hearty meal and enjoyed it thoroughly; and this served all the more strange, since for years he had not known what it meant to be hungry. Appetite had been a word without meaning to him, and the digestion of such food was exactly what a painful process that he ate very little and water enjoyed it.

He repeated the "cold experiment" daily for a week and after eight cold baths of eight or ten minutes each, his pain and distress after eating vanished. Appetite was restored and digestion became painless.

The Peopling of Our Continent

Voyagers to Oregon and the State of Washington are impressed by two features that possess a particular degree of significance. The Columbia River is one of the marvellous chains of estuary valleys comprising Mount Tacoma, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, and other great peaks.

This part of our country was once abandoned to regard as being a great future in store. But in one sense it may have been no less great. According to various authorities, it was here that the entire of migratory originated from which the American continent was peopled. As the Avianes thousands of years before Kolumbus began to cross the Atlantic.

It is interesting to note that there is a kind of pathway across the Pacific which follows the shortest course, a great circle of the globe, and begins with the Archipelago in the Columbia River basin. It skirts the shore of Asia on one side and that of North America on the other, being thus a mile course for voyagers at a time when the art of navigation was in its infancy.

If this theory is correct, a very interesting, though perfectly natural, fact would be to fight the migration, thus by opening them to the action of radium. A German who has devoted himself to this study has obtained remarkable results. He has brought up a number of birds and kept them in a box with a small quantity of radium. At the end of a week the transformed birds are as follows: white pigeons had become yellow; blue, green, violet, blue, white-colored doves; red; black, white.

Radium and Gems

It is possible to change the color of precious and semi-precious stones by exposing them to the action of radium. A German who has devoted himself to this study has obtained remarkable results. He has brought up a number of birds and kept them in a box with a small quantity of radium. At the end of a week the transformed birds are as follows: white pigeons had become yellow; blue, green, violet, blue, white-colored doves; red; black, white.

Aeroplane Tires

It is in the demand for special tires for aeroplanes that it is not long since one big concern has made the production of such tires a branch of its business and found a ready sale for the output. The special requirements of aeroplane tires are strength coupled with extreme lightness and resilience. They must be strong for the work they have to do when the machine is on the ground, and yet so light that they shall add but little weight

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## MRS. CLEVELAND'S SECOND MARRIAGE

The former Democratic mistress of the White House was married a few weeks ago at Princeton, New Jersey, to Professor Thomas J. Preston, Jr., of Wills College. The ceremony was performed by President John G. Hibben, of Princeton University. Mrs. Cleveland's marriage to the twenty-second President of the United States took place on June 2, 1886.





# TO WILLIAM H. TAFT: GOOD MORNING

From "Harper's Weekly" of March 6, 1908

Good morning, Mr. President.

To you we prefer to turn with serious eyes. Solemnities drop less naturally from our pen, we must own, in this greeting than in that tentative farewell we have just been pronouncing. We can imagine you saying what Charles Sumner said while Sir Oliver paid his respects to Brother Joseph: "If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me by and by?" And we could fall into that mood; for, strange to say, we seem less in doubt about you at your coming in than about this other at his going out. Certainly you do not suggest painful reflections on the exoteric of human nature and life and fate. Rather you invite to joviality and matter-of-fact.

But we are to watch your every act, listen to all your words, to praise and dispraise you, for four years, perhaps for eight. Frankly, we have much love in you, and it is hard to believe we shall ever feel bound to assail you with bitterness, to taunt, to deride. You have our liking—in common, we think, with that of nearly all your countrymen. But you know how hard it will be to keep from being this well-nigh universal goodwill. For Lord Russell was right, and the poet wrong. Government causes and cures countless ills. You cannot for a day exercise your vast powers without helping and hurting thousands. Wise or unwise, right or wrong, your acts will cut deep into human lives. We trust that you sleep well.

Frankly, again, there have been some things we do not like. Like your predecessor, you in your youth revolted against that system of so-called protection which, in its present phase, we count as indefensible surrender. First of your party, and then of the government, to greed; and you, like him, here failed to defend in plain words this acquiescence of mankind against that rebellion of youth. When you touched upon your change of heart, speaking to young faces, in the place of your youth, your words went lame. You said then that you still approved of your youthful principles, that you held them still orthodox and sound—"if only the application of them is not carried to such an extreme as to interfere with the public welfare." You certainly cannot believe that free trade or any other *laissez-faire* principles run riot in our present tariff laws. Now that you have declared yourself a protectionist, however, we will not ask you to act as if you had never crossed to be a free-trader. We should like you to study the life of Sir Robert Peel. But so will be content for the present if you will merely insist that Congress shall squeeze the sheer robbery out of the schedules, although the real protection remains. All you have said since Election Day indicates that this is your purpose. Since you have progressed thus far, we have our hopes concerning the next step.

Frankly, again, we could wish there had been, in your campaigns for the nomination of your party and then for election, less apparent dependence on the help and favor of your predecessor. It were, alike to your rivalry with other leaders in your own party and to your contact with the candidate of the opposition, a character not unaccomplished in our history. That Van Buren was similarly championed has not been to his credit with historians. But we Americans understand personal loyalties, and respect them, too, when they do not mean disloyalty to principle or to us. Let us feel that in office you hold yourself

responsible only to us and to principle, and we will not ungrudgingly keep you in mind of the manner of your elevation. But we do not envy you the difficult choices you will have to make between independence and gratitude. There is but one safe rule, we think. Do the right, and be careless of interpretations. We shall probably understand and approve; but since you are only one man, charged with the interests of millions, it is not justly of the first importance whether we do you justice or not.

Frankly, again, we do not like your apparent participation in an insincerity which your party has too long practiced successfully. Every four years it goes before the country with words which can only be interpreted as a demand for interference by the government of the nation between the two races now living together in great numbers in the Southern States; and yet, though in full control of all departments of that government, your party takes no such action as it seems to demand. We could disapprove the practice as barren, since it deceives few; but lying is objectionable in itself. It is unbecomingly in this instance to the intelligence of the country, and particularly to that of the unfortunate race most concerned. We believe you will in time set yourself against this practice.

For of the things we like there is none we like better than your impassioned declaration in the heat of your campaign that you did not wish to be President of half your country, and your decision to break all precedents of nearly half a century and go and offer yourself in person to our fellow-citizens of the South. We cannot help thinking that your thorough awareness of our place in the world as one great republic precluded you to this malice and rancor. We cannot afford to keep a Poland, an Ireland, in our system. But sheer sentiment played its part. You would be rid of the dominance of "old unhappy, far-off things." You know already how warmly the South responds to your challenge. We think we can assure you that your course has alienated no Northern friends worth keeping.

Of course, the problem of the African in our body politic, as in our industries, our social relations, remains. You do not, we are sure, fancy you have solved it; nor are we ready to tell you how to solve it. We are not at all sure there is any solution, and fancy it may be misleading to use that word, or "problem" at all. What we have to do with is a situation, a condition, desperately permanent, yet measurably changing and changeable. No mere inequity will transform it. Evasion and dodging will not avoid it. Violence usually heightens the difficulties inseparable from it. It will always be in your power to stir its embers into angry flames; your power to alter it for the better is doubtful. We commended to you, therefore, the spirit and the methods, the infinite patience and sweet reasonableness, of that our strong our predecessors who did, in fact, nevertheless deal with this perplexing situation more boldly than any one else ever did. You are less fortunate than he, in that in kind it presented a reasonably plain question of right and wrong. You are more fortunate in that you can freely take counsel with the true and accepted representatives of both these two great masses of human beings, who find their destinies linked together under one flag. We are confident that at

least you will not, by flying in the face of facts, and contradicting racial human nature, aggravate what you cannot alleviate, merely disturb what you cannot change; yet that no force or agency which makes for human progress will find cause to upbraid you for coldness or neglect.

We are glad you have been a judge. Granting your concentration instead of ambition, we think you will find that to do justice among men will be your most constant function, though you wear no ermine. Our hope is the greater because you have propounded no theory of life, profess no allegiance to any one principle in your own life, but have merely risen from task to task by virtue of efficiency and good nature. You will not set *abster dicta* above decisions. The case itself will be your business, and you will wait for cases to come up before you decide them.

In nothing will that habit and procedure serve you better than in your effort, following your predecessor's lead, to make government stand for right as between man and man, class and class, force and force, in all its relations to our upspringingly complex industrial system. To proceed from one specific evil to another, to formulate no rules not based on actual experience, to try no new experiments—to go on step by step—this, simple as it seems, is the sole secret of England's success in free government. She arrives at generalizations only by amassing precedents. Her genius is the distrust of genius, and her caution and foresight consist in keeping pace with the demands of her civilization, not in running ahead to meet them.

It is better to go slowly than to go wrong. You do not possess, we do not think you imagine that you possess, the colossal genius to direct into new channels the immense social forces now contending on this continent as on others, to devise and impose a new plan for producing and distributing wealth. But you have the training and knowledge to correct abuses of the plan now in operation. At many points we have broken with the individualism of the past, though we once thought it the essence of our democracy. Perhaps we are moving toward socialism. If it is the best and final form of society, however, we will attain it without forcing our pace. We do not know our goal, and must yet hold fast to all that has proved soundest in our past experience.

Your limitations, therefore, commend you, Mr. President. Our greeting is the more cordial because we do not take you, and you do not take yourself, for a man of destiny; because we are not moved to make our salvation an violence.

Nevertheless, we commended to you all the inspiration to be got from considering the magnitude of your trust, the terrible weight to which you are lifted up by our will and choice. Your station is like Caesar's, or Charlemagne's. It is not less because railroad and steamship, electricity and the press, bring far things near and make the mysterious commonplace. Because you hold it, Europe and Asia are daily mislead of you. Maintain it, then, so we have no doubt you will, with dignity, and be conscious always that the great mass of your countrymen, of all races and parties and creeds, know instinctively the line between that criticism and opposition which a republic permits and that which patriotism sternly forbids.

Good morning, Mr. President—and good fortune!



# TO WILLIAM H. TAFT: GOOD EVENING

Good evening, Mr. President.

And pray believe us when we assure you of the same hearty good-will with which we bade you good morning four years ago. You were then taking up the most difficult of roles, and we sincerely wished you well in it. To-day, in laying down your great office, you are taking up a rôle almost equally difficult—that of a private citizen who has been President. In that rôle, too, we heartily wish you well.

More than that, Mr. President: the good-will of a single journal is not important, but we are also convinced, strange as it seems in view of the overwhelming character of your defeat, that you still have the good-will of the mass of your countrymen. Not of all, of course. You have been assailed with almost unexampled bitterness, and we cannot doubt that a considerable number of your assailants sincerely felt the animosity they expressed. Perhaps we should go farther still and concede that this animosity can by no means be attributed entirely to personal disappointments and resentments. Much of it doubtless comes of a respectable and entirely disapproval of what, as President, you have done and failed to do. Nevertheless, we are quite sure that in respect of the real feeling of the mass of your countrymen toward you the tone of the press and other organs of public sentiment is a better criterion than the returns of the election. As you fortunately possess a sense of humor, we venture to assure you that we, the people, have voted you out of office with much the same friendliness with which we called you to our highest service.

Here, you will agree, is matter for reflection. An epigram promptly suggests itself: The man is popular, but not the President. But we do not like epigrams. They get rid of difficulties; they do not solve them. This one does not explain the disappointment of your administration. For it has been a disappointment, a great disappointment. With your admirable candor you have frankly told us that you yourself share with us all precisely that feeling about it.

Why, then, has it been a disappointment?

Assured of our liking, you did not resent our equanimity of the barest view of the matter. Indeed, you here came near taking it yourself, for from the beginning you have expressed doubts of your fitness for the Presidency, along with a preference for another kind of public service—namely, the judicial. Looking at the matter broadly, we feel bound to agree with you, though we nevertheless admit rather than merely deprecate the several decisions you have made in conformity to your own self-knowledge; for we believe that you took the Presidency, as you took the governorship of the Philippines, from a sense of duty and not from preference. Still, we do agree with you, and mainly for the reason you yourself have given—to wit, that you are not a politician.

Do not mistake us; we mean no flattery; we use the word in its proper sense, and not at all as a term of reproach. For four years politics has been your business; and it is not a low business. It is really a high and noble business. That low men, governed by low motives, constantly engage in it does not prove the contrary. The show of political skill by such men—the Cardinal ASTORIAS, the MARSH, the BURNS and QUINCY and PLATTES—make no case against the splendid use of it, for the welfare of great communities, by the CAVENS and BANCROFTS, the GLADSTONES and JEFFERSONS and LINCOLNS.

That skill, that art, for it is an art, you clearly have not possessed. The want of it is quite as apparent in the most praiseworthy as in the least

defensible of your Presidential endeavors. When you set yourself to establish the entirely sound policy of reciprocity with Canada, you defended it with an indiscretion of speech that potentially helped its enemies to defeat it. When, with the best of motives, you essayed to conciliate the South, you fatuously continued to listen to counsels which you should have known would be fatal to that patriotic enterprise. Worst of all, after fully committing yourself to the plan of an honest Republican revision of the tariff and leading the country to expect, as you yourself expected, that it would be a revision downward, you put yourself and your policy into the hands of men whom every instinct of a true politician would have prompted you to distrust. Then you capped the climax by accepting, at the worst moment, the worst conceivable advice, and in violation of your own good nature, your own sense of justice, you used your power of patronage against men who had done you trust and in behalf of men who had undone you. It was a thing to make the angels weep. We cannot forbear reminding you—though perhaps you never knew it—how, at that crisis of your career, we fairly went on our knees to you to take the opposite course.

It was lamentable. To great numbers of your countrymen it was also the cruelest of political surprises. For they had known you as an admirable judge; competent critics have said, a great judge. But to review action judicially, justly, is one thing; to use good judgment in the stress of action is another thing—and the higher of these two gifts you have not displayed. You have also failed to display certain other gifts that go to make a great Executive, a great man of affairs, a great politician. You have shown good sense, but not inspiration; sound principles, but not the grand style in presenting and defending them; you have the power of clear and reasonable speech, but none of the eloquence that stirs the blood and moistens the eyelids; you win men's liking, but not their devotion.

And yet, by the irony of fate, it was your lot to face a situation from which only a very great politician could have emerged with credit! You were the leader of a party which had lost its pristine virtue, which has fallen under evil influences, which was already breaking into bitterly hostile factions. You were the chosen heir of a great political character, who thus left you to face the dangers he had himself avoided; of a man who, having seen the wind, permitted you, in the name of friendship, to reap the whirlwind.

Well, you have reaped it; in the language of the street, which even SHAKESPEARE sometimes found indispensable, you have "got what was coming to you." Your party is disrupted. Your administration is accounted a failure. And the man whom you thought your best friend, and who had the most to do with your elevation, has sought to win his own way back into power on the strength of your discomfiture!

Why, then, do you ask, are not we also, and others like us, since we began as your good-wishers, now reproaching you! The best answer, Mr. President, is the smile on your own lips, the twinkle in your eyes, the undiminished sanity of your entire deportment. You have lost, but you are a good loser. You have been humiliated, but you have not whined or whimpered or sunk into melancholy. Best of all, you have not sought to throw the blame on your associates and subordinates. If you have failed as President, nevertheless, as an American man—

But no, the epigram is still misleading. Even

as President you have had successes. Even when, as President, you have seemed to fail most obviously, there is room to question whether the failures may not have been in some measure only apparent, only temporary. You did not persuade your party to revise the tariff honestly; in the crucial moments of that struggle you were pitifully hoodwinked. Nevertheless, you have faced the issue, you have not run away from it; and therefore the reform is imminent. In that regard the outcome of your leadership still permits, as its beginning suggested, a comparison with Sir ROBERT PEEL'S. Sincerely, you have failed, too, in your still more commendable endeavor, steadfast and long continued, to quiet the mood of wild expectation in which, by the extraordinary vagaries of your predecessor, your countrymen had been left. That mood still prevails; there is still danger that it will, before it wanes, do some damage to our institutions. But your steadfastness in sanity has not been altogether wasted. What is left of your party still stands for preservation and not for destruction, for sense and not for sheer and unbridled impulse. Even in the midst of your enterprises, and the boldness, you have not failed entirely. The arbitration treaties are indeed concluded; we do not wonder that you hesitate to sign them. But they are not dead. It is quite believable that a century hence they will be accounted the beginning of the world's permanent peace. The glory of it will be America's, even if it is not yours.

In all probability glory will not be your portion, Mr. President. We are speaking with entire candor and that is our impression, as it is also, quite likely, your own. Still, we know what change time can work concerning the esteem of Americans for their Presidents. It is even now working a great change concerning the reputation of your unfortunate Ohio predecessor, President HAYES. To the multitude his name is still a signal for ignorant depreciation. Nevertheless, to the trained and competent historians who are beginning to review his administration he appears more and more as a man greatly underestimated, as a President who, notwithstanding the cloud which will always rest upon his name, rendered to the American people services that are simply incalculable. He was the true initiator of civil-service reform; he was the first President after LINCOLN who honestly tried to treat the Southerners as his countrymen.

But we forbear, Mr. President; the worst of Job's afflictions was his comforts. What we had in mind to do was not to offer you smelling-salts, nor yet to read you lectures, but to make you our respects.

You have chosen, wisely we think, to become a teacher of young Americans, and you are amply equipped for your new duties. You will not, we are confident, teach them bitterness. You will not only their "white shields of expectation." You will, on the contrary, try to prepare them to do their best cheerfully, in all circumstances, for their country. Nevertheless, there will come at times, in spite of all your good-nature, intervals of austerity. For you have walked the heights of human destiny; you have sounded the depths of human weakness and depravity. Sometimes, to leave your smile, you will wear that air of "grave and melancholy reflection" which MACCABAY praised in Theophrastus. And it will be well. It will be well that these young minds shall learn from you, though you will not wish to teach it, something of the human weakness that lead to great glories, something of the helpful human passions that keep us all, nations and men alike, forever on the verge of tragedy.

# OUR NEW INDUSTRIAL CONSERVATION

BY ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND L. THAYER

This is the last of three articles in which the author deals with various aspects of the movement for improving the efficiency of labor and regulating its relation to capital. The first and second of these articles appeared in the issues of "Harper's Weekly" for November 30, 1912, and January 25, 1913

## III.—"Humanizing"—An Overhead Expense

**I**N INDUSTRIAL "peace at any price" is not what we want. We want peace at the right price. None of us are afforded to be shortchanged if we want to secure general industrial peace at anything like the right price. It has been said that the real question between capital and labor today is not how much wages shall be paid, but whether those wages are a fair proportion of the earnings of the business. It is a vital public question. Strong combinations of labor run exact from capital more than the business will stand. That would mean speedy ruin, were it not possible for strong combinations of capital to pass such inequalities on to the public.

It is an universal habit to explain all sorts of industrial ills by the disease, "Corporatism here has no soul." Our only national method of furnishing big corporations with a soul has been expensive and spectacular lawsuits in breach of law. These are always accompanied with such political heat, and most people also are trying to do a legitimate business feel that the dust has got into the public eye. Why should America be afraid of anything simply because it is "big" they say. "American should be able to tackle the biggest proposition." Secretary Sargent has recommended a proposed Federal Commission on Corporations with supervisory powers, on the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, of big business. From the president of the "Steel Trust" down, have declared themselves in favor of public regulation, even to the fixing of prices. They suggest that a body of independent, respectable business men be selected to settle disputes between corporations and the public, and that corporations be entered into a permanent federal court, appointment to which shall be no such employees as specialists in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Our attitude toward corporations has not been constructive. If we discontinue suit after another we have simply made capital "wary" without settling the conditions of doing business. "Why don't you dissolve the business Trust?" asks capital—and with reason, for in our individualistic prejudice and superstitious stupidity we have forgotten that corporate labor also has a soul. So we have some capitalists because about this time they are buying space in the newspapers to advertise the doctrine that "trust-nationism must go."

We have managed to get ourselves into pretty much of a squeeze about industry. But public opinion has not been tapped at the cost of thoughtful efforts to abolish combinations of either capital or labor. Each one has outgrown modern industrial conditions. Ancient industrial conditions were ripe in the days of the "cotton mills." They were the first "closed shops." They differed from the modern ones in that they were residentially with employees and employers were working together harmoniously for the public welfare. Can we no longer modern conditions as to reorganize industry along this spirit of the medieval guild?

The answer can come only from the special study of specific conditions. The study need to be impartial; attention, if any, must be made upon a business basis. The present study of investigation in the interest of the public good is being hindered by hard-line business men, not in favor of the moderate labor leaders, nor intimidated by popular clamor for low prices. It is time going to other industrial conditions everywhere need pay his fair share of the expense.

It is for example it is true that the operators in our woolen mills and cotton mills are not receiving a living wage, we should see that they get it. If we are to have peace at any price, it is we should pay a little more for our textile mills. The policy of a protective tariff is that "the American workmen need not compete with the power labor of Europe." A tariff on textile mills that before the Lawrence strike the operators in our cotton mills were receiving less than is paid in similar mills in Europe.

It makes no difference that the Lawrence strike was "unfair foreclosures." Foreclosures are allowed but by our cry of "no protective tariff" and we are committed to the policy of assisting them into

American shores. We cannot do that merely by "keeping order." We ought to know, for instance, precisely why "ignorant foreigners" is the usual reason still given. "Cosaak, Cosaak" is the motto of the "Consolidated of Pennsylvania." We need to know more about costs of living, domestic environment of workers, and earnings of the business, not only in the coal region but in all industries, so that we may set what is a fair price for us to pay to prevent "paper labor" in this country—and if we can't get a fair price otherwise, we should use the "police power of the state" to secure it in the interests of the state.

Now years ago a family of ignorant foreigners, just landed and passed through old Castle Garden, were walking up Broadway, New York. The man came first, smoking a pipe; after him trailed his wife leading a child by the hand and carrying a heavy trunk on her head. Suddenly they encountered an Irish "cop." Despite difficulties of language, he made it clear to the man that if he wanted to walk through the streets of an American city, he must abandon the trunk himself. The ignorant foreigner was "actively within his rights." Probably neither he nor the "cop" knew that. The foreigner relieved his wife of the trunk. He had been taught a valuable lesson about American institutions. The "cop" had interpreted "without due process of law," the "police power of the State" to include something more than the mere keeping of order.

The Supreme Court of the United States interprets it, and has sustained under it recently the right of the State to abrogate the common law doctrine in damage suits, in order to put an end to the

it will be shown absolutely out of work. It will mean that the "free public" will have to pay considerably more for the burden of unemployment than of peace.

If we need a minimum wage law to prevent pauper labor we need all the more a maximum wage law to prevent "gagging." If we are already under heavy expense to "prevent pauper labor" and to "assistive foreigners" we should be able to say, when the locomotive engineers and the Brewster demand \$22,200,000 a year. "You are getting on pretty comfortably as it is; you can't have a raise unless you prove to us that the business will stand it and that the additional cost of it won't be passed on to us."

On the other hand, the match industry furnished a splendid opportunity for the "police power" which hardly interfered last year. By that time we had piled up a shocking record of disabilities and deaths from "phosphy jaw." There is only one way to prevent the match worker from contracting it. All nations but our own had taken that way and excluded white phosphorus from the industry by law. The "Match Trust," which controls sixty-five per cent of the industry, was willing to retrocede its patent rights to the process that would make this possible. Ninety-five per cent of all the match factories were willing to abandon the old method. The remaining five per cent held out for it because it was a little cheaper. But still Congress stepped in with the "police power" to accomplish the abandonment. The additional cost of this change to the public amounts to about five cents per factory per year.

Here is an example industrial concentration at its best—less than one cent per capita yearly, not only to save the workers in the industry, not only to save ourselves from the cost of their inevitable illness, blindness, and ultimate poisoning, but to save the babies in their own homes from the danger of getting hold of these deadly white phosphorus matches and causing them, almost inevitably from their own stupidity, as abjectly heavy.

Yet for upward of a quarter of a century, despite the example of other nations, we were unable to seize this opportunity, because capital was too busy carrying on the carrying on of the business, and labor was too busy striking for more wages, and the public was ignorant and indifferent regarding its approach. Can we then put a soul into those three great pillars to industry—capital, labor, and the public, with a common spirit of accord? That is the ultimate great question to be answered by any study of investigation into the conditions that confront us.

A partial answer has already been furnished by the private initiative of some half dozen men, the majority of them the largest. They, they represent but 500 of the nearly 200,000 men in the United States who are employed in the country, but their example and the boldness of their efforts make an excellent book out of business conditions here. That is what a man who has helped to organize some of our largest unions says. He says that business is in need of to-day. It does not mean altruism, philanthropy, or charity; all that is necessary is that it be understood that these employees have begun the study and development of the human element in industry.

The fresh purpose is to conserve the best working condition of the human element in the industry, and to improve it, has been made on the purely physical side. Progressive employees not only provide themselves with the best of the physical law requires, or more so, but they carry attention into the private life of the working community. They are providing proper housing for their workers. They are better taking instances where this sort of "colonizing" has been done by employers. But it is not enough to have a factory in a town where workers work, where the most amicable relations exist.

The company has recently acquired land on which it is erecting modern houses for its employees. Most of them now commute from the city, consuming energy and wages. Hence better than can be obtained in the city and at lower costs will be a high level of work and the "police power." The fact that it is not to be offered in any other way. The power is to conserve the power to produce.



He made it clear to the men that he must shoulder the trunk himself

useful and embittering fight struggle between capital and labor. But though the Supreme Court may be inclined to interpret the "police power somewhat broadly, it is not the law "up to" the state to require that power at its capitalistic body. Only Constitutional Convention made provision for a minimum wage law that would authorize the legislature to require hours of employees and employers to say what that wage shall be. The latter adopted the new constitution last fall, and this is the first state to follow the constitutional example of the British Parliament. But who raises the new question as to what minimum standard of efficiency in the worker is necessary to earn the minimum wage. If it stands and is established, those who are unable to come up

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offered by the company. The undertaking amounts to a voluntary raise in wages.

Medical attendance in both factory and home, lunch rooms, rest and recreation rooms, baths, gymnasia and physical culture, and the active encouragement of athletics and outdoor sports are features of the working community that is ahead of the times to-day. None of these things are free, and great pains are taken to make the worker feel he has a financial interest in them. Experience has taught that otherwise he will have nothing to do with them. If they could be given free, it would still be good business. Says Congressman Redfield to his fellow-manufacturers: "Does it not occur to you with anything of a shock that we are all careful to have a machine heavy and strong enough for its work, but that we rarely think whether a laborer may have some heart trouble or some other physical weakness that makes him unfit for the heavy lifting we ask him to do?"

The principle suggested by the question has been carried several stages of progression further than mere medical attendance. Campaigns of instruction in healthful living and domestic science are features of many industrial communities. Two charts for injury during work were recently made upon the treasury of the State of Washington under the new law. Upon investigation it was found that one man had trimmed a corn too deeply and then wrapped his foot in an old sock. Infection had followed. The other man had suffered from ptomaine poisoning as a result of eating soup made from starchy peas. Both cases were thrown out. It would pay in the long run to teach such people, perhaps "ignorant foreigners," something about aseptic handling and pure food. A large life-insurance company that does a big business among the industrial classes has found it good business to start a great campaign of instruction in disease prevention. It reduces death claims, and other companies are following suit.

Ignorance is industry's arch-enemy. A workman may know just enough to get through his day's task, but must know something more to be efficient. That is why no employer has undertaken educative work, not only to improve the physical condition of employees but also to promote their intellectual, moral, and spiritual outlook. Clubs are formed among them for frisking intellectual recreation and social intercourse, such after the manner of the modern social settlement. Night schools are provided where both general and special knowledge may be acquired. One large department-store even has carried this work to great lengths, providing means for his employees to learn about anything from stenography to music. It results, of course, in cash girls and counter-jumpers leaving his stores for higher spheres, but he feels that while they stay they give better service to him and his customers.

One of the most valid complaints against trade-unionism is its failure to set any standards of skill or efficiency for its membership. It is more concerned about limiting the number of boys that may learn a trade than about the technical education of its own offspring. An example of educative effort on the part of labor is furnished by the Workmen's Circle, a national organization 80,000 strong. It has \$200,000 invested in government bonds. It has established Sunday schools where 12,000 children



Medical attendance, baths, gymnasia, are features of the working community that is ahead of the times

members are taught by the Ferrer method, that economic conditions are all wrong and that the strike is the only means of righting them. They against this stand the splendid technical schools long established by several of the large industries where skill is essential. In these the children of employees may be trained up to take their fathers' places and to meet the demands of expanding business.

Technical instruction as a business proposition has taken a great hold also outside the industrial field. The American Bankers Association is preparing to spend money to teach scientific farming the country over, as some local bankers' associations have been doing and West to supplement the inadequate efforts of the States. Three-fourths of our railroad mileage is owned by companies that are actively educating the farmers along their roads. The railroads want bigger crops to move and the bankers want more money to handle. One of the largest mail-order houses has just put up a cold million dollars to establish one thousand trained agriculturists in as many counties of the country to improve the yield of the land by instruction to farmers. The firm frankly says that the more money the farmers have the more business they do with them, and they are ready to put up another million if the first does not.

Do these humanizing activities in industry, after all, answer the assertion of labor that it is not getting its fair share of the product? Large employers, led

by the great railroads, have voluntarily provided savings and loan systems, insurance schemes, systems of compensation for length of service, including retirement on pension. This is the American approach to the problem which England has sought to solve with her strike-protest, and England and Germany with compulsory state insurance. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies has just established a ten-million-dollar fund, the benefits from which will be enjoyed by their employees entirely without assessment. The United States Brewers' Association is about to adopt a most ambitious program along these lines. The National Electric Light Association has inaugurated one no less ambitious. Of it, President Inghill of the Association said, significantly: "The best test of this welfare work will come when we propose to include these various matters in our cost to customers, which has to be passed on by the public authorities." It is, after all, the public that must pay for the rehabilitation of industry, and the public must stand outside of seeing that it pays on a business basis. The public should insist on co-operation by which all parties interested will enjoy the benefits of the business. That was the situation during the regime of the guilds of the Middle Ages. Their spirit was "price of production"—employer and employee working harmoniously together to give the public its money's worth.



### SPRING STYLES IN MOTOR-BOATS

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MOTOR-BOAT SHOW RECENTLY HELD IN BAYVIEW SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY, WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT EVER HELD IN THIS COUNTRY. EVERY STYLE OF GREAT RENOWN IN MOTOR-BOAT EQUIPMENT WAS ON VIEW, FROM A SHIP 61'50" (ACTUALLY 50') IN LENGTH TO "SPRIT SPINNERS" 14'6" WITH 27 H.P. THE HARBOR WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A GREAT PIER, WITH A REPRESENTATION OF THE OCEAN LEAVING MORPHED ONE ON EACH SIDE. THE DISPLAY OF THE SPRING LINE FORGED THE PROMENADE AND BOATWORK OF THE TWO MAIN SHIPMAKERS, AND HERE WERE EXHIBITED ALL VARIETIES OF MOTOR-BOAT ACCOUTREMENTS.



# THE MOTOR-TRUCK AND THE FARMER

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

**T**HE Commission of the State of Kansas completed its report on the returns for 1912 a few weeks ago. In it there was very striking evidence that the motor-truck is now being used on farms in Kansas faster than there were four years ago. 18,000 more motor-cars and motor-trucks, and 20,000 more motor-trucks, were sold in the past year alone than the state had 18082 horses. As short a time ago as the summer of 1908 there were 1,200 motor-cars and tractors in all Kansas. Now the number is very nearly ten times that, and it is said that since March 1st, when the assessment was made, 5,000 more and motor engines have been bought by Kansas farmers.

Kansas is typical of all the Western states in the way in which her people have taken to the motor-truck for agricultural purposes. The Western farmer first bought a motor-car partly for the pleasure of himself and his family, partly for convenience in getting into his market and landing farms, and partly to save his horses. Being a practical man, fertile in expedients and with more or less knowledge of machinery, he quickly found it possible to make use of the motor of his new possession as a power generator in a score of different ways. He moved wood with it, chopped feed, shelled corn, pumped water, ran his alfalfa tractor with it. It was a very useful portable power plant, a thing to forty-horse-power engine on wheels. Though he had bought it chiefly for his own use, keeping no horse about keeping it at work all the time, and his lack of carrying small loads of crops and possibly for running a mill, he soon discovered that it became immediately apparent to him. Unless his farm was too small to make it practicable, in a year or two he was carefully looking into the merits and possibilities of making a substantial investment in one, keeping his original machine just in case.

All over the West the faithful horse is being superseded in this way. The motor-truck is doing the work of about six per cent. a year. He has been found an unnecessary expense except at certain points here and there in the farm and on the highway. It is the most progressive farmers that within a very few years there will be nothing out in the open that a truck or engine cannot handle more cheaply and better. Already traction engines are doing the most of the plowing and doing it far better, breaking ground that is too hard for a horse to break. When it comes to speed, for long journeys or short, about the farm or around the neighboring country, or carrying heavy loads, there is no comparison. The horse is so inefficient that the Western farmer has no hesitancy in getting his vehicle to begin with to be completely supplanted.

The farmer has this advantage: he is his own chauffeur and his own mechanic. He has no chauffeurs, and few cases where his truck or car is not operated to perfection and run at the minimum of cost and with almost no repairs at all. The manufacturer has found these new patrons as intensely satisfied. Comparatively these country folks to the west of the Mississippi River are the best buyers of motor vehicles today. A farmer must be a practical man and a shrewd one to have a truck or car of any sort. It is with him but a question of pride, half of good judgment, and the other half of common sense, to buy such more profitable and much more pleasant.

The motor-truck and even the ordinary car has made a great difference with the farmer boy. The farm is infinitely more interesting to him than the city. There is nothing that has done so much to arrest the movement of the young men on the farms toward the city as the installation of power trucks. Farming by the aid of machinery has this advantage to lose all its monotony and tedium. It becomes a fascinating pursuit quite as scientific as a great factory in a city, and the boy on the farm has now possibilities of efficiency output, production at a small percentage of the ordinary cost, and inspired methods of marketing. He has a vision of a life many times larger than his father's and sees himself a great factor and a man of fortune in the new mechanical agricultural world.

A great proportion of the motor vehicles now sold through the West are for the farm. The cities and large towns have long since had very nearly their full complement of pleasure automobiles, and while there is a steady market for cars the real business is in trucks. As nearly as the manufacturer

can figure he gets the cars west of the Mississippi are trucks for serious agricultural use or automobiles that are really farm cars. These range from the inexpensive passenger car for five to six tons and the more expensive touring car for eight to ten tons in service, at one thing or another, all day and will last into next spring, and the motor farm wagon that will haul a ton, or make quick time at doing it, up to the twenty-ton tractor that are being used in Arizona and are proving immensely successful.

The farmer of the West is not satisfied with one truck. He usually has several. In addition to the stage of a single car or truck and some money in a "fleet," such adapted to some special purpose. Along with a motor truck he has some on the farm for the part of such over to save time and labor cost and eliminate hot action as much as possible. Thus the progressive man nowadays who has an unlimited number of acres gets a traction engine for plowing and for hauling his wheat, or whatever his crop may be, to the railroad for shipment. His may be two tractors, but still another truck in addition for carrying his produce rapidly. In any event, he will have, besides, several smaller cars and a runabout for his own use in driving his fields and entertaining. Nobody walks over a Western farm in these motor days. It takes too much time and uses up altogether too much energy. The big and powerful require too much fuel, and the smaller and lighter vehicles make the trips to market, yet still lighter vehicles carry the workers to and fro and run the crops, and they are not so expensive. They can be saved by a hurried trip into the nearest town.

The saving is tremendous. With his motor vehicle the farmer can do his work in half the time and with half the cost per acre could not be pushed before him. Any good motor truck now does it. It is fully forty per cent. less than the horse and man to plow ground that is too hard for horses and men to turn up without immense labor.

Work one finds farms today with three or four horses, where four or five years ago there were thirty to forty horses and men. The farmer has found that the motor-truck is doing the work of about six per cent. a year. The extra tax laid upon the charge has come a marked improvement in the quality of farm-hands. The old yard rule is being quickly replaced by the one which is not only an agricultural expert, but a skilled mechanic. He is a man of the normal labor that it was. There is practically no more brute force and sweat left about it. It is the interesting business of machinery, the power itself doing the real work, the man having to guide and control. The new farm-hand costs the farmer more money a month but he does twice or three times the work of his predecessor. What is more, he is satisfied. A day's work does not wear him out. After his day's work is done, in place of sitting idle around the cottage he takes out into town for a walk in the middle class. The motor-truck has done so much to improve the condition of agricultural labor that the farmer who has not a truck of any kind is a very difficult thing these days to get reliable and efficient men. The men worth while will not work for him, they will go to seek their own with the heaviest of the labor market.

In a word, the motor-truck is rapidly becoming a part of the newly developing, progressive farm. The farmer now has a telephone, bath-tub, piano, radio, graphs, and a lighting plant. The motor-truck is becoming an adjunct to all these. It provides the cover for the sheep, effective, and reliable power. The farmer looks upon himself as a manufacturer. If he is not, he is sufficiently big in a business way and reasonable, he has a frame building in a central location, his office, with roll-top desks, a stenographer, a bookkeeper, and a private telephone over his head. He simply says: "I will have a truck of any kind, but I will have it in his own little way, watching his machines as carefully as if they were all gathered together under one roof. He "spontaneously" in cost production precisely as if he were running a factory.

Of course comparatively few farmers, even in the most progressive sections, have managed to build up a large business. But those that may have done so are working along in that direction and, if need be, borrowing money to make payments on power wagons of this kind. They are not so afraid of the motor-truck as no longer grow crops high-priced and then bewail the price he gets from the middleman. Nowadays he is constantly studying two things: first, to lower his

cost of production materially; secondly, to get his goods to market more cheaply. The motor-truck has proved that it can solve both problems for him, and the more the goods he is increasing beyond all probability, the more he is increasing his local agricultural conditions everywhere and increasing new trucks and wagons to suit special needs.

In the question of getting to market," as well as managing his own affairs, the big or little more economically, the motor-truck is starting a revolution. A vast amount has been done for the past three decades as to better methods of getting to market, but the days are gone to date, when the rail-line country is considered. Close to the big cities and cities from metropolitan to metropolitan there are few roads, and the situation, it must be acknowledged, is steadily improving.

But there still remain thousands of miles of wretched rural roads. It is these that worry the farmer, and naturally. They are a great obstacle to his prosperity. No matter how able he reduces costs on his farm, he cannot be fully successful if the roads from his lands to his trading town are in a wretched state.

Still now the farmer has been used to growing—effectively. Today, with his expensive motor-trucks behind him, he hesitates. The investment of the farm is beginning to grow so great that the farmers have a new power. They have analyzed hauling costs and find them running high. With even moderately good roads, the cost of the farmer's hauling expenses of transportation will be so reduced that the value of farm land will rise appreciably. The farmers who have been buying land for a city or a town, or who have been so slow to get a stake that they will not tolerate any further delays. Thus the question of good roads is not, as it was in the West, coming to the issue. It is essential that it should.

For this much has been discovered by the analytical farmers who have traced themselves out of the slough of debt and out of the city mortgage days and are now prosperous in the new motor-truck era: on the average in this country it costs twenty-five cents a mile to haul a ton of produce over a good road, and it costs eleven cents per mile per ton in Europe. The average load of the American farmer from his fields to his house is some miles. The extra tax laid upon him is, therefore, very evident. On the average a ton to a ton and a half is a fair production for an acre.

With roads approaching the excellent highways of Europe it would be quite possible to make these transportation costs down to the figures of the European farmer. Until he becomes a through-passed business man and a keen money-maker, with motor-trucks taking the place of horses, the American farmer never seriously fought for superior roads. Now he sees that his property value is being diminished. Experts calculate that with proper facilities of haulage the American farm will be worth ten dollars to twenty dollars an acre more. It is this realization that is the great reason why the farmer is building his own splendid national highways which will eventually connect up all sections of the country with a series of perfect roads.

Out in Nebraska there is a country that used thirty horses. It had a four-horse team, three two-horse teams, and four one-horse teams. The owners found that a single motor-truck could do all the work of this large stable. The truck was installed and had a motor farm of four or fifty miles each day over country roads, hauling fifteen tons of milk and while it is not engaged in delivering milk, thirty-five tons of grain.

One's judgment farm is a broken truck which, with a trailer, carried fifty dollars in twelve hours by hauling twenty-five tons of corn over three loads. Three horse teams would have been required to do the same work. Yet another truck in the same region hauled 11,500 pounds of alfalfa twenty-one miles in the same time that it took a team of four horses to draw 2,000 pounds six miles. These figures are interesting and conclusive. If there were only a few scattered motor-trucks over the West they would not be especially significant. But if they were to be used as they are becoming almost universal among American farmers.

A Wisconsin farmer should be mentioned. He saw one of these trucks and he was very much interested. He bought a truck for a town twelve miles distant. Before he got this truck he had to keep three teams running and a driver to take care of them. Now he runs a daily run of sixty-two miles and his motor-truck has made it possible for him to dispose with four teams. And the work is done in half the time.

## A SONG OF VIOLETS

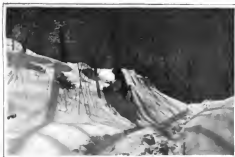
BY LOUISE COLLIER WILCOX

Here are purple violets  
Born to die for you,  
Born to grace my trinkets  
Born to die for you,  
Just when doubts all repress,  
Let them die this year,  
Here are purple violets  
Born to die for you.

They shall do as I would do,  
The trinkets you could  
Not a trinket is granted free,  
They shall do as I would do,  
Let them die this year,  
Live their little while,  
And then do as I would do,  
Do beneath your smile.

But from ashes odors the  
Of sweet violets dead,  
Sifted down the memory place  
Of the violet that has  
Will you not mind the signs  
And our words once said,  
What from ashes odors the  
Of sweet violets dead?

Dear, the world has been before,  
The black bones death to send;  
Sons are falling fast and sweet-  
Dear, the world has been before,  
What from ashes odors the  
If he break Louis' heart?  
Dear, the world has been before,  
The black bones death to send.



With each new height another picture presents itself



An evening stroll by lantern-light

# WINTER IN THE CATSKILLS

BY A. W. DIMOCK

**I** was midwinter when she came to us in the big city—the beautiful Southern girl from Alabama. We christened her "The Comet" on the day of her arrival, and were sorry the next day, the name was so absurdly inadequate. I introduced her in the snow in the streets, and she wanted to take a horseback ride out into the country of snow. When I refused to go with her she threw snow at me, and if she had had the least idea how to do it I might have been compelled to call on the police for protection. Two days later the snow in the streets had changed to sleet, and The Comet upbraided me because of it. Still I told her that I wished she was snowed up in one camp in the Catskills.

"Why not go there now?" she asked.

"Because you'd have to tunnel through banks of snow and climb mountains of ice to get to the camp," I answered.

"Well?" she replied, and, like the historical com. I saved time by coming down promptly. The next day we started for the mountains, and we slept that night in a small town on the Hudson River. When we left the train on the following morning, at a little station in the Catskills, the girl wouldn't trust us alone to lead up a trail. The owner of the village stables laughed when I told him what I wanted, and said:

"I couldn't get you through. You don't know what kind of a road that is."

"You'll have to try it," I replied. "You don't know what kind of a girl this is."

Then The Comet took charge. She was told her of the narrow road along the side of the mountain, dangerous even in summer, the drifts that might be responsible, and said she didn't dare to risk sending her over a precipice or leading her in a snow-bank for the night. The girl fastened her big brown eyes on his face, and began, reflectively, in her soft Southern drawl:

"I don't reckon I ever heard a man, down where I live, say he didn't dare do anything I asked him."

Then, apparently, "I never saw road snow before—"

There was an excuse for my writing any longer, so I went to the store and bought supplies for a few days' camping. By the time the goods were ready a double sleigh was at the door, with The Comet, strapped in robes, sitting beside the proprietor of the

stables on the front seat. He explained that he would drive, as he thought we would be safer with him than with his men. I looked reproachfully at the girl, and she had the decency to blush. There were two hot bricks for me of the back seat, but for those in front there was only one, since our driver seldom suffered from cold feet. Two shovels and an axe in the bottom of the sleigh attracted the attention of The Comet, who expressed a hope that she would have a chance to dig in the snow. The driver was able to comfort her with assurances on that subject.

For six miles the road had been traveled and the sleighing was fair. Thereafter the snow was unbroken, the road was a mere trail through the woods, and soon the horses were stalled in a drift, from which they turned inquiring eyes back upon the sleigh. We tramped and shoveled a path, while the girl, standing waist deep in the snow, tried in vain to coax her horses out of the robes which entangled her.

"Women are harder to manage than men," she whispered, as she waded in the horses, which had become restless and were plunging about. She waded there with the risk, mellow tones of her voice as she pulled and pulled the ice, and when I shoveled a way for the girl, she called back:

"What do you have about horses?" she was brought up with 'em."

There were more drifts, and then the road became a steep trail cut into the nearly vertical side of a mountain of bare black rocks. The trail was filled with snow, which sloped from the wall of rock on one side to the precipice on the other. In many places we had to level it with shovels, and often stand on the inside runners of the sleigh as we passed the narrow places.

Where the hill was steep and the road dangerous the driver walked ahead of his team, and his passengers scrambled along behind the sleigh. The horses, playful at the start, became serious-minded, and while the ice axe hugged the vertical wall of rock which rose beside him, his mate ran and retreated away from the back of the proprietor at his feet. There, when a foot of the snow here stopped over the bank, he rose straight up on his hind legs and, leaning away from the trail, nudged his fore feet over the back of his mate. It was the call of the girl behind the sleigh, "Steady, boy," that held the frightened stevedore until the driver could reach the horizon and lead the team past the dangerous point.

Many times we stopped to rest, and always I wan-

dered at the proprietor that had so long been hidden from me by the green leaves of summer. For a space our road lay beside and beneath a smooth wall of rock a hundred feet high, over which rills of water had trickled and turned to ice, until the frost of a winter, two hundred feet wide, had been formed of immense columns, girdled by great stalactites and fringed by huge icicles. The sun was so high in the heavens as it gale in the Catskills in midwinter, and although hidden from us by the top of the opposite ridge, its cold rays were reflected with dazzling brilliancy from the ice-bound cliff above us. For the first time since I knew her The Comet was quiet, and remained silent so long that I asked her if she was tired.

"Tired?" she exclaimed—and as she looked in my face and laid a small hand upon my shoulder, her lips quivered and tears filled her eyes—"tired, of the mountains, the snow, and this? I never dreamed of anything so lovely. I want to stay here forever."

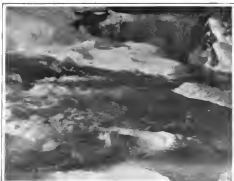
There was a sympathetic laugh at the ingenuous enthusiasm of the young stranger, and the girl came back to earth. She was once talking over with him, which never ceased to hold with us stopped before the cabin of logs which we called our camp. On its north side snow was piled to the eaves, but the door on the south was nearly clear, and a big blaze in the fireplace soon drove darkness and cold from the cabin.

From the beginning The Comet took charge of the camp. She assigned rooms and appointed dishes, loaned the mule, cared for the horses, and in her spare time waded in the deep drifts, climbed hills, and slid down steep planes. She crept among ice-caves in the hollowed eaves of a ravine through which the brook tumbled, and I followed her as she wandered among stragglers and beautiful skeletons of bushes in thirty feet long, in masses that weighed tons. When the orbit of The Comet became too eccentric for me I persuaded the driver to trail after her, not to keep her out of mischief, but to save her from his company. The girl called me to account later, and when I had confessed the instructions I had given, demurely asserted me that he had carried them out conscientiously. For three days we persisted and stayed in the snow, free from care as the slaves in the West, and on the fourth came back to the bareness that grows upon most bare—in a city.

The consequence of this was a summer in New England and his sisters in the South, the glories of the North and never sees the living North, with its activities, closed masses. Making out from



Ice-choked streams and fields of dazzling white



Footstep of melted snow rush through the streams



An ice-encased waterfall by moonlight

clear skies; quick fountains springing from bleating stambers; roaring waterfalls rising out of shimmering snow; exuberant fish, herds of their kind, rippling trout, vegetation that grows visibly, and cooling breezes which make restless nights rare and snoring unknown.

I had summaged for years among the potterous peaks of the Catskills without knowing them. I had heard that the green leaves of spring, the fancies of summer, and the blazing foliage of autumn made up the beauty of the mountains. It was that midwinter visit which taught me that the best, excepting the evergreens, were but temporary veils drawn over the fascinating face of nature. For the first time I really saw the black, vertical walls of rock through which caverns opened and over which streams of water leaped. The new view of familiar cascades and waterfalls, heavily fringed in ponderous ice, fringed with fanciful designs and underlaid by massive monoliths built by the Frost King, was a revelation.

Now it is the solemn beauty of the silent woods in winter which irritates me irresistibly, and the grandeur of the snow-capped mountains that beckons me to their summits. The forest, which in summer hides everything within it, conceals nothing in the winter, and opens its snow the corner of every crevice that passes is registered, in characters which vary from the clay imprint of a mouse to the solid signature of a bear. The feet that show in the snow from behind a tree two hundred yards away can be seen, and the partridge

that flies from the thick foliage of the talus beside you finds no hiding place in twice that distance.

As you drag yourself up the steep bluffs, clinging to the splittings of maple or fragrant branches of birch, the slipping of a foot or the breaking of a twig drops you into a drift, out of which you crawl snow-covered like Santa Claus. With such raw height you scale, however beautiful it may be, another picture, never to be seen in summer, precedes itself. From every mountain-top there is spread before you a panorama of peaks and valleys, rock, forest and snow clad, or rock-creaked streams and fields of dazzling white; and of dark green patches of balsam and pine, in otherwise leafless forests. Even the outline of a building on some distant peak, or the fat-of-neck that curls upward from a locomotive, is powerless to plague your spirit, supplanted by the solemn beauty of the snow spread out before you. The peace of the wilderness presses you, the risk of civilization fades out of your memory, and you quite forget the service you brought from the city.

In the dry air of the Catskills one may be much alarmed by the thermometer, but the cold will not hurt him. I have seen the same man, working with bare hands, photograph snow-snow, some of which accom-

pany this article, while the thermometer marked twenty degrees below zero. As we waded through deep snow of clouded, ice-croaked rocks and hills, we wore canvas shoes that ching to the ice, and thick sudden socks which graduated our feet in zero weather and worse. With iceless feet our fingers and feet were pulled over our ears, we tramped the dry snow that crunched beneath our feet, waded through drifts in the valley, and climbed by ledges with no other danger than that of getting overheat.

The privation of winter in the mountains are of the hairless fabric of dreams. You may be fifty miles from a doctor, but you are five hundred from the need of one. Instead of causing any appetite with excursions, you bring to each meal a healthy hunger, born of exercise, fresh air, and freedom from care. It is in winter in the mountains that one can best learn the luxury of warmth of which a furnace-heated home never gives more than a pale imitation. In the early darkness comes in the mercury in the thermometer outside your door passes the zero mark on its downward course, you pick little sticks of Scotch birch, or hickory on the open fire. Then, as you sit in an easy chair, with a book in your hand, a pipe in your mouth, and on a stack beside you apples, nuts, and a jug of cider, you think with compassion of friends whose existence are cramped within the limitations of city life. Sometimes, as the clock strikes twelve, while you drowse in your chair, the silence of the night's night is broken by a long, tremendous roll, followed



Huge stalactites of bluish ice

by the crash of a tree-falls, and you dream that Herold Hudson and his jolly crew are at their games again, and wondering, wonder how much of the enormous ice came down with the avalanche that arrested you.

Even people become picturesque in winter in the Catskills. With each new fall of snow, men are out at dawn, with yokes of oxen, breaking paths through the drifts. Young children come down from the hills and for miles through the valley to the little school house in the woods. On an ex. stop, in a sleep, in pairs on a horse's back, or more frequently walking through the drifts on foot, these infants come, even in arms weaker, more faithful in their attendance at school than the average child of a city.

Some live long in the Catskills. One said last Sunday a man and his wife came wading through snow to our house. They had traced from the valley beyond by a mountain road. Their sleigh was buried in a bank of snow three miles distant, with a mile away their house was waiting as he dug out of a drift.

In the final struggle of the season, when softening spring winds warm rains upon hill and valley, they are sometimes seized by winter as they fall. These peaks are glazed with ice, horizontal bands beneath their borders; the rays of the rising sun light up a landscape blazing with gems which flash back the colors of the spectrum, from the red of the rocky, through tawny yellow, the deep green of the conifer, and the bright line of the alpine up to auriferous violet.



The solemn beauty of the silent woods



Familiar cascades fringed in ponderous ice



# Interfudes

## DISASTROUS

UNCLE JUD was enjoying his first experience in the line of military travel. For years the trains of the P., D. & Q. had thundered past his farm, and the old gentleman had watched them plunging madly ahead, confident of not one thing, that sooner or later something would happen to lead them to the ditch. He had often vowed that the Lord hadn't intended man to be whizzing along at so lively a pace, and added that he for one wasn't going to trust him by trusting his premises such to suchlike no rockers. But the years passed and the train continued to speed by, and finally Uncle Jud's loss of terrible consequences faded away, and now all that he had yielded to his son's frequent invitations to get aboard the Flyer, and come to visit him in the city. The train was thundering at a terrific rate of speed, and then the thing happened. An open switch turned the track that Uncle Jud had for years been anti-parting. The engine was derailed, and the plunging cars went after it, but the latter being of steel construction, no serious damage was done to anybody. Uncle Jud's car twisted, turned, overturned, and finally landed on its side at the side of the road, ending in a nice soft spot that seemed almost to have been made for just such an emergency. The old gentleman gathered himself together and gazed about at the wreckage, and then observing his eyes-glasses rattled beyond repair at his feet, he groaned.

"There, gold-dust?" he muttered. "Ye've gone an' busted my spectacles!"

## A SOLEMN ODDITY

IN spite of the suddenness of the anti-quarantine, there are still some few old epitaphs that have not been published. A regular has brought down from northern New York the following example of early nineteenth-century elegance:

Burst here of premature grief before,

Pluck'd from the parent's breast;

The eldest son of the state,

And here's a receipt for the pen.

## APPROVED

"I see," said the second-story man, as he glanced over the paper, "that there's a society in New York for the suppression of unnecessary noises."

"And a good thing, too," said his pal, "if they'll only get after them there bagpipers. They never alarmed a bagpiper yet."

## WORTH ALL IT COST

"Well, Sidas, after you have scamped and snored and dawdled yourself a lot of things, you'd naturally like to have, to send your boy (via through college, are you satisfied with the results?" asked the victor.

"Ye bet I be," said the old man.

"Ye learned something, did he?"

"Ye bet," smiled the old man. "I not Gas down in the corn-field dicitio" has had summer's vacation, and



## AFTERTHOUGHT

MISS SERVENS: "WOULDN'T IT BILLY IF WE SHOULD RUN UP AGAINST THAT BRICK WALL?"

SPARKER: "PERHAPS NOT INSTANTLY, BUT I'M AFRAID WE'VE NEVER MET OVER IT."

What with his chin' an' his collage roll they weren't a dud-gadger ones that come over the place all summer."

## HAD FOUR LEGS, ANYHOW

CHARLES had decided to give up the sporting life and settle down to business, and was now buying a cow.

"Now here's a cow," said the agent, "that I can highly recommend to you. She has won several prizes at our county fair, and—"

"Really?" said Charles, looking the animal over minutely. "Is—trotting or sleep-trotting?"

## OLD SAWS MADE NEW

"Prayer who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," said Jamerson.

"What some one?" said Wiggley. "In these days of plate-glass insurance it's the safest thing in the world."

## A SAD CONDITION

"Yes," said Biddis, sitting back comfortably in his chair. "I must confess that I've got almost every thing I want."

"Poor chap!" said Diddisigh, sympathetically. "Not a thing left to look forward to, eh?"

## NOT WORTH TANNING

"Er it wasn't for one thing I'd take the hide off 'em," roared the trade hunter to his son.

"Who's the one thing, Dad?" asked the boy.

"Tannin' the snail enough to pay for the trade-hide!" returned the old man.

## IN LENT

When Bucks would borrow some rare tome I'd much prefer to keep at home because it is too fine to lend in any one, even though a friend, I love the sound of the sob, after that, with nothing to show, or word I later might repeat, I can reply:

"Alas, it's Lent."

Old Gent!

I'm mighty sorry, but

it's Lent!"

When Jimkins for a trip afar would commandeer my motor-car, the which I fear he'd muddle later along the dirty muddy jibe, I love this season of restraint imposed on avarice and no more, because with naught of detriment to truth the answer comes:

"It's Lent."

Old Gent!

I'm mighty sorry, but it's

Lent!"

And when old Spange with wild eye observes me painting pretty big, and says a handsome dollar note hid in the pocket of my coat, and asks the loss, that season's blood that helps my cause and interest, enabling me to fail his best by saying:

"Sorry, but it's Lent."

Old Gent!

It grieves me deeply,

but it's Lent!"

BOYD'S DREAM GALLERY.



A TRAGIC MISTAKE



THE 7:12—CAN  
DRAWN BY C



THEY MAKE IT?



# SPRING THAW

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

It was a relentless weather. Jennings, shuddering beneath the blankets of his bunk, was yet alive even in sleep to the wisterly gray of the air. He was aggrieved before he awoke with a subconscious knowledge of raised ice in water-bucket and frost on stove-top. When he did wake he lay huddled beneath his covering, one eye, one nostril, a strand of white-rimmed moustache exposed to the biting air, and pondered. It was the twenty-second day of March. By all the rules the ground should have been almost ready for plowing.

"And it ain't been above zero in three weeks," the cabin attendant blazed. "Well—gals to get up sometime!"

He reached an instantly assumed hunch for his trousers and boots, drove them toward him—and set up lightning.

There it was unmistakably, the tiny sound which had disturbed his sleep. It was clearer in waking moments—a little grilling of displaced snow, a shifting and heavy breathing close beside the wall of the cabin. To man-trained ears there was no mystery in it. Something—solid or shrouded dog or wandering bobcat—was at the strip of lichen bare lying outside the door.

Jennings discarded boots for socks, stole across the room on stockings feet, and lifted down his rifle. He had an instant's glimpse, as he opened the door, of a black head, head and forelegs lost in a willow of snow. Next instant it was only a black streak of light.

The waterer fled too successfully. The third time, as the dog rose for a fence, his shot was rewarded. There was a hoot, a sudden crumpling of the lean, crumpled body.

"Get him that time!" the marksmen rejoiced. He knifed a handful of shavings, laid on wood, and set flaming about the blaze. Nook waited and as if that wasn't enough, thrust a stick of light.

"Wonder if I killed him?" the avenger speculated. He crossed to the door window and surveyed the ridge. There was no break in its white surface. Evidently the snow had settled sufficiently to cover the animal or it had been able to drag its way toward home.

"That 's what O'Farrell says," Jennings muttered, with not unexpressed anticipation. "If that dog of his gets loose about—"

He let his eyes travel along the line of half-buried fence-posts to the grove of cottonwoods a mile away. There was a thicket of snowdrift waving above them—near his own, the only snowdrift in a radius of twenty miles. He could picture the letter of the ribbon from which it came, the hills, the early, early, grizzled Irishman challenging among his brethren, the arrival of the dog on the threshold.

"I told I would!" the avenger justified himself. "I always said if that dog of his come back'd round here—What's he keep a hound for? Macque's and mine!"

It was comfortable to have a cause for work on a morning when every circumstance demanded inaction. By the time he had finished breakfast he had fairly established a grievance. "Mirrielee's! The dog was nervous, think you ain't?" Mirrielee, surveying the line with a neighbor crumpled up against you.

The water-bucket had thawed sufficiently to discharge its glacial ice. He packed it up and drove on cap and mittens for a journey to the spring. As he pulled open the door his breath expelled itself in a puff of grayish exhalation. The dog was surely gone. And across the field from the group of cottonwoods a muffled figure glided its way through

the snow—a watchful figure, too, for with the opening of the door it stopped to shoot something which the distance rendered indistinguishable. In thrust its arms into the air in a gesture of defiance.

"Jennings set down his basket. "He's mad," he warned himself. "He's crazy mad."

Automatically he reached through the door to his rifle, and, carrying it, started slowly toward the wire fence which surrounded the cabin. There was about the advancing figure a glittering something—it might be no more than a buckle on a frock-coat button—which flashed out now and then in movement and on which he fixed his eyes. He held his own weapon conspicuously.

With his advance the continuous monologue of the avenger began to be intelligible. He could catch the word dog many times repeated; his own name; the fragment of a threat. The little man was breathless from haste and difficulty of walking; but the steady stream of his abuse poured forth without ceasing.

"... shoot my dog ... show you if you'll shoot my dog? ... You stinger to keep a dog yourself? ... You shot ago!" said Jennings, in a sudden shout. He modified his terms instantly. "I don't care what you say! Talk all you like, but I tell you one thing: Don't you come across that fence! You set foot on my land!"

For answer his opponent broke into a run. "Don't you do it," Jennings warned. He brought his rifle up level with the individual lip.

O'Farrell had already reached the line. His mittened hands grappled with the strands of wire. He talked continuously. "... tryin' to scare me out! ... This 'narrow race first you own the place! ... the round about! ..."

The wire gave, twanging. As he stopped to force his way between them his eyes came up to meet his adversary's; his hands drew suddenly back to his sides.

"See—!" he began. And instantly with the downward pressure of his knee, Jennings fled.

The body of the shot man had been pressed against the wires. Their points rasped it for a moment; then, with a little stir of iron clinking, it slumped down upon the snow. Jennings dropped the barrel of his rifle, swung round, and strode toward his cabin.

He was not cold any longer. He hung his weapon on the rack in a gesture of satisfaction. No O'Farrell thought he wouldn't shoot! Well, he'd show him! He'd show my man! He guessed the place was his! Any man try to come on his place—!

He began moaning about, pulling the room to rights, replenishing the store of shavings in the wood-heap. It occurred to his proximity that he was, finally, nearly dry and throat constricted. He turned toward the bench on which he was accustomed to throw his water-bucket, and, mistaking it, stepped to drink. None enough, he had taken it out. He had been on his way to the spring when O'Farrell—! All set was he aware of an immense posthumous at-the-thought of being outside for the bait, at the vision of his journey to the spring to fill it.

"Too cold to go," he devoted himself. He dimmed a little candle from the breakfast grounds and prepared satisfaction.

But his effort would not do. He grew commiserate. He snatched open the door at last in a rage of irritation. It was to be expected the little man would be gone as he started. It was not so. So that was O'Farrell! So that was O'Farrell! The heartiness of the thing, the shoving offness around! When he knelt down at the spring he was colder still at ease to have that increase at his back. He freed himself looking over his shoulder in an immediate, though unobtrusive, glances.

It was while he was looking that a new anxiety arose lower in him. A real man along the outside of the fence! It was no absurd man, the little figure, distastefully, that he must answer the obstacle. He had been entirely justified in his shoot; he was entirely

prudent if, but still the sign of the shooting 1904 he removed.

He approached the body unwillingly, stopped, forced himself on. It was only a body. He recognized himself; it was no more than a dead sheep. Through his hands the corpse gave forth a long moan.

He was inside the cabin before thought came to him. He found himself breathing hard, uttering in broken phrases.

"... just thought I heard ... nervous ... I shot a fool ..."

He looked out through the open door. There was a glare of sun on the snow. There was the shimmer of its own brightness above it. And, yet, something for that—

"He's mad," the waterer decided, with conviction. "He's mad over on his side."

At once, with the certainty of assurance, the whole person was shifted. O'Farrell was alive, O'Farrell, out there in the snow, was alive and freezing.

He turned his back upon the skirt. He pushed about the door. But the end was fortuitous.

"No harm to take a look at him," he excoined himself. "I got 'em!"

The body was still tangled in the lower wires of the fence. With labor he released it, turned it over. There was a stamp of frozen blood beneath. The back of the coat below the right shoulder was stained and stiff. Evidently the bullet had entered there.

Obviously, the thing was clear to him. He had shot the man in the back. He turned back, but turned to obey, and in the net of obedience he had shot him from behind.

For a moment a kind of paralysis held him. Next seemed to be the wounded man in his arms, was stumbling with him toward the cabin.

The wound was a trivial thing to see when he had slipped away the clothing from it—a tiny puncture, a surrounding rim of blue. It began to bleed again under the influence of warmth in little, smart, snow-falling drops. He hoisted packed snow on the place to stop the bleeding, rolled snow, too, on the fractured face—stood still then, watching his work, perplexed.

There was an doubt that O'Farrell was alive. He twitched, sighed occasionally, there was a mounting pulse in his wrist. He began, presently to pluck at the covers and thrust them away.

"He's going to be out of his head," Jennings recognized, fretfully.

He slipped on slars out at the drilled road. It was a three hours' journey to the nearest ranch. By the time he could reach up a horse, get to help, get home again—

"He'd be froze," the waterer decided. "Well—I got to arrange, then. If somebody'd come along!"

The wind was not a prayer, for it lacked the element of hope. He gave over his survey and went back to the bunk. O'Farrell's fever was rising, he tossed his arms, muttered. As Jennings bent over him his voice rose to a shriek.

"I'll show him! You wait—!" He struggled to rise.

"Now you lay still! Now lay still, Mike," Jennings retorted him.

He sat down on the edge of the bunk and began to draw in the snow—stirring, scoldingly, without concern, the whole man's motion.

O'Farrell talked, too. Part of the time he threatened. Part of the time he was excoining every thing he wanted.

"Now then, Mike dog! ... Steady now! Steady till I die!"

"And it was no shot him," the listener concluded himself, bleakly.

He let off his efforts when the patient became quiet, and stole a few more times to take up his part of the watch. There was always the bare chance of some one's passing. And if some one did pass it need inevitably be the doctor. Only a doctor or a man the best of our kind of our world venture along such a road on such a day.

He sat down to keep watch, but he must have done it in his own back in himself with a start in exaggerated sense of danger, passing down to him. As he raised his head he saw that clouds

lead thickened outside, that the fire had burned itself out; it was beginning to grow dark in the cabin. "I'm from the back eyes," Miller stated at once sternly, firmly, with resignation.

"Jeannus rose instantly. "Awake, Mike? Feel better?" he asked. He crossed the room and laid an unguessed hand on the sick man's wrist. "Fret's gone down some. Buck hurt you much? Want a drink?"

"No," was an answer, only the unobtrusive regard of fever-distorted pupils, and suddenly in the presence of that regard Jeannus found himself hideously embarrassed. It had not been the look in O'Farrell's eyes, but the look in a reflection of the shooting only, but only of the indistinctness following it.

"You want to lay still," he admonished, speaking for the sake of speech. "Head cleared up pretty well? Can you remember?"

"No," said the sick man, whistlingly. He had been altogether silent before. Now suddenly he was verbose. "No—something 'most w' hit me. I don't remember."

The questioner got up from his place. He went to the stove and heat above it, his back to the bed, pretending to have himself with its rattling. All at once he recognized the look in O'Farrell's eyes—the watchful fear that he had seen in the eyes of rabbits and trapped wild things. Not remember? Oh, O'Farrell remembered!

"But what's wrong with him?" the observer wondered, peering at the coals. "Ain't I brought him in and took care of him? What's he scared of?" The question broke off unfinished. He sat down with a plop, the poker clattering out of his hand. If O'Farrell got well—when O'Farrell got well—what of him, Jeannus, a possible murderer. When you begin a thing like that—and left it unfinished—

He got up and lit a lamp. The light shone in the invalid's face; he raised the table and sat down beside it, interrogating his shades.

"Now you go on to sleep," he ordered. But there was no sign of sleep in O'Farrell's eyes. It was an anguish to the watcher to see the strained expectancy of them—an anguish and an irritation.

He scraped himself in his chair until he could not see. "What's he think I'm going to do?" he explained. "Take a shot at him? He'd ought to know—But what will I do? If he gets well he'll get me. If he once gets of this place—"

It drew in all the closer with thinking, the victims work of consequence, knotted, every one of them, to that first individualist movement of lifting down his gun. If he had let O'Farrell get beside the cabin; if he had wanted long enough even to be sure that he was armed, but he had not wanted. He had shot at him as he had shot at the dog—made with no more intention. It was his own look of intention which most appalled him.

"I must 'a been crazy," he argued, mused. "But he's got me now. I'd got ten years—more's that. Oh, he's got me all right!" A spitting of bitterness against the injured man began to stir in him. He had brought O'Farrell in and taken care of him, hadn't he? He had done him twenty kindnesses in the year; they had lived neighbors—pleasant kindnesses. And yet Jeannus to-day his right forefinger for one single second had reached around a piece of metal—

He folded his arms upon the table and let his head drop forward on them. Let O'Farrell do the thinking for a while. If he wanted to be there staying—All at once a thread of cold like the passing of a drop of icy water, spread down his spine. Suppose O'Farrell had looked him armed when he rose? There—if he had—his gun was in his clothing still. Suppose with those watchful eyes and his gun, his hand was reaching, reaching—The thinker jerked round toward the bed. O'Farrell was lying exactly as he had been.

"But he's got his eye out," Jeannus noted. He set down the other for a while till the passive presence of his hand was insupportable. Then, with a sigh, he resumed his earlier attitude.

"Let him do it! If he wants to do a trick like that—"

For a single, relaxing instant sleep surged up toward him. Next instant, somewhere in the remote corners of the cabin, a bug had croaked, and instantly he was awake, open and attentive of him quiveringly conscious of the man at his back. It was an hour after his taking his place that, with a faint realization, he again moved his head forward and set his back over his ears.

"Now then! I don't care what noise, I want—What's that?"

He lay still, listening through opened fingers. This time there was no doubt of it. The other shape had been him, always, all of them; this time beyond a question O'Farrell had stirred. He snatched a second, two seconds. There was no further movement, an crash nor shock of bullet. He sat up.

O'Farrell was risen on one side, his head bent forward, eyes upon the distant window. Every fiber of him trembled.

Jeannus listened low—listened and heard. From across the snow came the ruck of falling snow.

"Somebody on the rack," he interpreted, aloud. He strove to make the announcement usually. "Find right—far outside—You get down—You get down—You start that thing to breathing—"

In spite of himself his voice shook. He looked at the man upon the bed and saw the way in which he spread clear in front of him. Plainly O'Farrell would not ask him to sustain him. No long as his nerves straggled with him, O'Farrell would never ask. And he was desperately weak. . . .

It need not be violence; it need not be any active cruelty. Only to let the wheels creak past to their destination. Only to let the man whose neglect him a little—All at once he found himself at the threshold.

"Hey there! Hey! Hey Nipples!" The terror of his own voice clattered back at him.

There was an instant cessation of the creaking, an answering shout. Jeannus pushed out the door.

"It's Nipples, all right. He'll fix you up—" He broke off and laughed. "He'll fix us both, I guess," he said, and sat down at the table.

He did not rise even when the doctor bent across the threshold—a figure monstrous in form, bristling with the irritations of winter.

its banked coals. He would not look round, he would not! If O'Farrell was pointing at him, whispering—he heard the man retreat once and set his teeth at the sound. He heard the quick, crisp rattles of the doctor's reply. It really was not a long time before the worker disappeared from the back and spoke.

"Now hell do. Keep him warm and perfectly quiet." He dragged the table back to its place and began fidgeting his feet. "The wound's not very serious—more loss of blood than anything else. How did it happen?"

"My gun," said O'Farrell, suddenly and faintly. "Gotta" through a fence—no gun—"

"Some way you made out of her get shot," the doctor agreed, but his eyes were not upon the speaker.



He recognized the look in O'Farrell's eyes—the watchful fear that he had seen in the eyes of rabbits

"Miserable sight! What's wrong, Jeannus? I thought you were being murdered. If it's anything that takes time—"

The slight sight of O'Farrell in the bunk and was beside him.

"What's the trouble? Has he been unconscious like this—No, he's not dead! That some whiskey?" By the time Jeannus had produced the flask his outer shaft was discarded, lamp and table moved close to the bed. From his more distant place the watcher could see the swift, deft movements of his hands about the sufferer's body, could hear his voice, distinct with encouragement.

"All right, O'Farrell. You fainted for a minute. Now, lying some blood? Just a minute till I get you turned. Some water, Jeannus! You might help—" He looked up suddenly and loudly. "You're spilling that water. Here, give it here. I guess I can manage—"

"I guess you'll have to," said the owner of the cabin. He crossed to the stove and stood poking among

"Well, keep him quiet, Jeannus." They heard him shuffle through the snow.

Jeannus stood still by the stove. A night more overwhelming than his fear pressed down upon him—a burden of despondent gratitude. No Mike meant to let him die. He meant to let the thing go. It came over him that he must say something to O'Farrell. If he could ever get something real, some force his eyes up to meet those of the neighbor he had tried to kill. With an effort like that of a man caught in quicksand he turned and took a step or two toward the bed. It was the lastest thing of all that O'Farrell was watching him as he came. Involuntarily he put up his hand to ward off that regard. His tongue stanchered over the unthought name.

"Mike—I didn't—"

The door was thrust open from without, and the words were drowned in a puff of new-risen wind.

"Black a thanksgiving service, somebody." The doctor's voice demanded. "It's begun to thaw." See here, Jeannus, there's one of O'Farrell's hands outside with his leg tied up. Want to let him in?"





## ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS

A recent portrait of Miss Billie Burke, who is appearing on tour in Powers's drama of London theatrical life, "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Miss Burke plays the part of a "Gaiety girl" whose success was made by her singing of a song with the angular and piquant title mentioned above.

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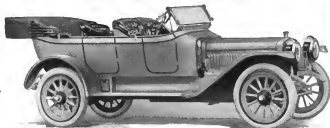
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### Complete Record of All Cars Traveling 5000 Miles or More in the Five Annual Winton Six Upkeep Tests of 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912

CLASSIFICATION	Number of Cars	MILEAGE		REPAIR EXPENSE		
		Total Miles	Average per Car	Total	Average per Car	Average per 1000 Miles
Cars making the world's lowest repair expense record	70	1,035,185.2	14,788.3	\$ 302.25	\$ 4.52	\$0.292
Cars making the poorest records	37	391,970.0	10,438.6	\$769.18	74.84	7.16
*Cars running without repair expense	35	408,837.8	8,541.0	.....	.....	.....
Cars not otherwise classified	33	471,079.4	8,888.5	\$20.12	6.04	.68
Totals for five years	215	2,362,093	10,986.4	\$331.55	\$15.77	\$1.43

\* Not included in any other classification.

Average repair expense for 215 cars, traveling 2,362,093 miles, is \$1.43 per 1000 miles. All these cars were regular stock-model Winton Sixes, driven in the service of their individual owners. Each owner made monthly reports of mileage and repair expense, supported by his sworn affidavit.



France's National Scourge

FRANCE now has to face the serious problem of her depopulation. On November 23 the congress of an extraordinary parliamentary commission, for considering the depopulation of France, convened and immediately began its work in the Palais National at Paris. The congress consisted of more than five hundred members, subdivided into five committees. The Minister of Finance, M. Klotz, made the welcoming address, setting forth the importance and extent of the evil to be fought.

The figures are alarming for France. For example, the average of births over deaths, in the year 1910, was in Germany,

479,112; in Austria-Hungary, 573,250; in England, 412,175; in Italy, 461,771; while in France, it was only 71,418. Military inferiority, economic inferiority, a weakening of France's power of expansion in the world, these will be sooner or later the inevitable consequences of the increasing infertility of our people," said M. Klotz.

One of the chief evils to be overcome by the congress is the great number of still-born children. The general cause of these calamitous births is the well-known fact that the working mother is obliged to continue her daily toil during the entire child-bearing period because she has not sufficient means of support if her work were ceased. To ameliorate this unfortunate condition of the French working mother, the congress will take immediate steps toward establishing a system of maternal insurance such as Germany has already begun. The definite object will be to enable every expectant mother to take four weeks of repose before and four weeks after the birth of her child. But the important fact is that the government will now coordinate financially, to a greater extent than it has hitherto done, to all the efforts of assistance to mothers which may be established or furthered by the congress.

The congress will also study the subject of abortions in its relation to fertility. As to the voluntary limitation of children, the press code covers only a certain branch, the sex matters, and other causes cannot be reached by any legislation, but only by a re-awakening of the public conscience. However, that encouragement may be given to well-to-do parents by a modification of the present provisions, giving more liberty to the father in the partition of his property, and to the power by the erection of cheaper habitations and more convenient assistance when the number of children has passed a certain limit.

M. Klotz's view went so far as to ask why colonies should not be started in order of the same time to decrease the taxes upon the families who emigrate. In 1908 there were in France 1,350,000 emigrants more over thirty years of age, and almost the same number at present. There were besides 1,004,710 families with six children at least, and 2,238,780 only four children at most. The most recent statistics relating to French families have just been published by the Minister of Labor. According to those figures, the average number of children born is only 2.2 per family. Categorically, most children are born to laborers and mechanics, the next to workmen, and fewer still to employers. Generally stated, the productivity of French mothers, as observed, diminishes with the increase of the family fortunes. This state of affairs, M. Klotz explained, is fatal to France.

But it is a tragic social condition under which a father and mother sacrificed themselves and their two children, as the French papers reported the other day, because they could no longer sustain their struggling family in poverty. If the new congress can save the children in such families as that, it will accomplish a feat for which the world has long been waiting.

Yet France has already done much to preserve her diminishing population. She has taken the most efficient laws vigorously known as those for the protection of young children, she has organized work for the most advanced and the most children in the world, and constantly gives succor to families in distress—besides the immense number of private charities and those of Catholic institutions which accompany much of the time of every noble and disinterested woman. But the direct help to the mother has waited long to be accorded. For fourteen years this measure has lain dormant in the slow-moving Senate of the Luxembourg, and only a few days ago was reconstituted and brought again before that body. The December 8 measure was passed at last by the Senate. It is now believed that the Chamber of Deputies will confirm the new law without delay, thanks to the pressure brought to bear on public and legislative opinion by the new Congress for the Repopulation of France. L. M. NIEL.

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1.  
JANE -  
"OR FREDRICK - THE OPEN ROAD WINDS AND  
BECKONS. LET US TAKE OUR PACKS AND  
BIET ADVENTURE - LET US BECOME VAGABONDS.  
FREDRICK: "YES YES. SLEEPING IN THE HEDGE-  
BOWNS UNDERNEATH THE STARS. WE WILL FLING  
OFF THE SHACKLES OF SOCIETY AND BECOME  
CHILDREN OF NATURE."



2. DRESS REHEARSAL.



3  
EDISON - "WHAT WALK? COME WITH ME IN THE CAR,  
THE SHIRTS A THOUSAND TIMES. NO, WE DEER. A WILD  
LIFE-FREE LIFE. VAGABONDIA FOR OURS."



4  
WILD AND CARE-FREE.



5  
"THE FIRST HOUR.  
FREE-FREE FREDRICK!  
LET US ALWAYS BE  
VAGABONDS."

# The VAGABONDAGE of the SMITHS.



6  
JANE -  
"THIS GUY SLEEPING IN THE HEDGEBOWNS BUT  
THERE AREN'T ANY CRAWLY BUGS HERE."



7  
"THEY MEET THE SIMON-PURE ARTICLE.  
THE S.P.A.  
"WOT'S THAT, LADY? JOYS OF THE OPEN  
ROAD'S IF YUH MEANS NO GRUB, NO  
PLACE TUN SLEEPS BULLDOGS, CONSTABLES,  
THEN I'M THE JOYFUL LITTLE PARTY."



8  
DONE.



9  
NOW THE KNAPSACK AND HEAVY  
ROOFS BELT ON THE SECOND DAY.



10  
"THE TUNELY ARRIVAL OF ROBINSON -  
"I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR  
YOU TWO MARINERS. HOP IN AND I'LL TAKE YOU  
HOME". (THEY NOB)

The Sword

Countless legends and superstitions have attached to the sword since the days when fighting was the principal occupation of life. No highly was the sword revered that Mohammed, in the Koran, declared it to be "the key to Heaven and Hell."

The warrior or knight gave a name to his sword; he vowed at the altar never to draw it in a false cause; it was his companion and friend and descended from father to son for many generations. One sword, named "Brother of the Lightning," had a golden hilt inscribed with magic words. In times of peace those who used it to slough, but before a battle "they glowed red as blood."

It was believed, moreover, that a sword after long use acquired a life of its own. Many famous swords were said to utter cries before battle, and after a weapon had killed five or six men it became blood-thirsty and longed for its work at the approach of a foe. Certain swords were said to refuse to give a wound in a bad cause. Among these was the broad Excalibur, which was given to King Arthur by a fairy and which Richard Coeur de Lion professed to own.

The family of Coopers, in England, who their estates and have held them for centuries by virtue of their possession of an old-fashioned sword which according to tradition, they asserted that a knight, their ancestor, stole the famous Dragon of Wandering.

In the East superstitions reverence is still paid to the sword. The Dhimshah of Japan, when the first sword surrounded their rank, kept, as a rule, the wonderful Masam which had been landed down from the mountains to generation, and some cases for more than a thousand years, and which had absorbed, as they believed, some of the character and life of the men that it had owned.

Following the Same Line

It is related that one day, as an English statesman was walking through the New Forest, he came upon a laborer mowing his lawn. When, in response to the statesman's question as to his name, the man replied "Parkins," the statesman said, "I thought so much."

He then asked the laborer whether he was descended from the line-burrows of that name who carried away the body of William Rufus when he had been slain by Tyrell's arrow. The man replied that he was; whereupon the statesman shook hands with him and congratulated him on his long descent and on bearing one of the oldest names in England.

In Scotland one of the most famous of long continuance is the name Knapke but honorable condition is that of the House of Lockhart, who are traditionally alleged to be descended from a man who came to Scotland in the twelfth century and who in any case have been famous in Scotland since the Reformation. Curiously enough, there is an almost parallel instance even in a family of almost identical name in the east country—a, the House of Cranston, who, until recent times, continued to hold the lands given them by the father of Queen Mary—"The Gate Man of Ballingaleich," to Jack Houston, a plowman, who received that notable passage from the gypsy.

Rock Cannon

When the island of Malta was under the rule of the Knights of St. John, they defended their fortifications with cannons bored in the living rock. Each one of these strange weapons contained an entire barrel of powder, which it was not possible to vary the aim of those cannons they were made ready, facing various directions from which the enemy might approach.

When the fame of these arms of defense became known in the world, the idea was taken up of transporting rocks to attempt to serve the same purpose; but it was soon recognized to be impracticable, and the cannon of Malta, but in solid rock, have passed into history as the sole weapons of the kind ever known.

Beer and Sunlight

The color of the bottle in which beer is contained is of great importance, because the article, when exposed, has a injurious effect on this liquid. A German employed by a large brewery in Berlin has recently made the following experiments: He says that there is a crystal, whatever may be its color, that serves to protect beer absolutely against the deteriorating effects of sunlight. Although bottles of certain colors protect it more than others, Dark red is the color that gives the best results.



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### The Late Joaquin Miller

UNUSUALLY HEINZ KUNKE knows to the world as Joaquin Miller, died in his home on the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay on February 17, at the age of a very old man. The boy was burned on a stove pipe which he had craved for the purpose of his recreation. He had been ill for years.

Miller was California's most picturesque character. The name Joaquin was given him by the public on account of his delivery of a famous lecture named Joaquin Maestre who once terrorized the district in which he resided. He was born in Indiana and was taken by his parents to Oregon when ten years old. He labored in the California gold mines, served under the illustrious Walker as newspaper editor-in-law, and was for some time a county

big on a chestnut. It is thought that while sometimes iph against ships in their attempts to rid themselves of their unwelcome tenants.

Notwithstanding their feeble power of vision, harrises cannot live long when deprived of light. Almost always found in salt water, there are still certain kinds that live in fresh water. Darwin speaks of a kind that he discovered fastened to the tail feathers of a bird. The organism not only ate the snail but "saw shells" which suggest the marks between tide marks on the ocean.

Huxley's description of this creature is highly picturesque: "A harrise may be said to be a creature that sits on land and kicking its food into its mouth with its legs."

### To Charles Major

Died February 13, 1913

Sove with a wreath of laurel, and come with a wreath of bay—  
But I with a heart-bone word or two that I know not how to say.

With a wreath of bay, I indeed friend who has loved the further way.

None with a wreath of roses, and some with a wreath of oak.

But I with a word I cannot frame that I have sought never to say,  
But I thought you knew, for the long ago made it lasting, deep and true.

Some with a laurel tribute, and some with a wheat right—

But I with a word I know not how to express or even say,  
For they are too deep, all these thoughts we keep of the golden days gone by.

Friest of the kindly speeches, friend of the chipping hawk—

Whether in marble spaces far, or near in an answer hand,  
All I would say to you to-day, I know that you understand.

WALTER D. NEMER.

### Joaquin Miller in his last days

Miller, in 1870 he went to London with a volume of poems, *Songs of the Sierras*, which had been rejected by many publishers in this country, but was accepted there and made a sensation. Returning to America, he engaged in newspaper work in Washington, and finally, in 1887, settled as a hermit in the little cabin which occupied until his death. On his little property he built other isolated cabins for his mother, daughter, and visiting relatives and indigent poets, all of whom were welcome to come and live in it without invitation or ceremony. About his home he planted thousands of evergreens, which formed a huge cross on the mountainside.

Among his works are *Songs of the Sierras*; *Life Among the Rubies*; *Songs of the Sierras*; *Love and a Novel*; *The Drama of the Sierras*, which was dramatized and enjoyed a successful run in New York.

### The Trembling Pillar at Rhine

"The trembling pillar" at Rhine presents a curious problem to architects. The Church of St. Severin is surrounded by a wall of masonry to prevent the walls from sliding. At the entrance of the church is a bell tower. The one of the bells is so heavy the phenomenon of the trembling pillar is observed. When this bell is rung or even touched the top of this pillar wavers.

It goes and returns about seven inches on each side, although the base of the pillar is immovable and the stones are so firmly cemented that it seems like a solid piece of stone.

The authorities, after a careful study of the recently reported phenomenon, which is a satisfactory solution is offered, state that what is most singular about the pillar is that although the four bells are about the same distance from the trembling pillar, only one of them has any effect upon it. The others may be rung singly or all together without moving it.

In 1773 a little window was made in the roof of the church opposite the pillar. A board was placed on top of the pillar and it was put two inches of water. Then the bell was rung, immediately the pillar began to sway and at the fifth stroke of the bell the two gallons were thrown off.

The existence of this bell has an effect on the pillars between the "phenomenal" one and the tower, and on any of the others. This fact was proved by the fact that which swayed, that it became immovable, and some years ago the one next to it became the eccentric one.

### Scientific Discovery by a Cat

The cat has often served the purpose of mouse, but recently and to her own comfort and profit, with the loss of her life. One cat in Australia, however, proved her usefulness in the advancement of human knowledge by the way she compelled to survive herself on the altar of science.

This cat belonged to a member of an expedition to the interior of Australia. The day it brought to its master a strange little animal which was very like a mouse. The trouper had captured among the rocks. The trouper treated the animal over to the anthropologist of the party, who saw at once that pussy had made an important discovery.

The animal she had caught was a new and apparently rare species of the little insect-eating mammal belonging to the great family of which the giant kangaroo is the most conspicuous representative.



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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1913

[No. 1,431  
Vol. 30, 1913.]

## Public Service and Public Journals

*As earnest supporters of the Administration, we hope to discuss all its measures temperately, and when we differ to differ as friends.—HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 11, 1871.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY disclaims all party allegiance and maintains a wholly independent position toward men.—HARPER'S WEEKLY prospectus for 1881.

Two principles in journalism are fundamental: (1) The chief function of a public journal is the watching of public service; and (2) the first requisite of full exercise of that function is perfect freedom.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS initiated the movement which struck the shackles of party subservience from the American press and gave to it the spirit of independence which makes it to-day the greatest power, save Christianity, within the nation.

"Serenity to party spirit," he declared at Utica in 1861. "It is the abdication of that moral leadership of opinion which is the great function of the political press. It is a subservience which destroys the independence of the paper, but it does not save the party. There is not a party in the history of this country which has been utterly overthrown, not the Federal nor the Whig nor the Democratic party, that might not have survived long and victoriously if its press had been courageously independent. Its press should be led by party leaders, while its duty is to lead leaders."

"The journalist," then, "revels a successor of Mr. CURTIS at New Haven in 1868, "must be independent not only of politics, but of his community. His responsibility is to the whole people, but to perform fully his part he must be independent of the whole or of any portion. Above religion, above labor, above wealth, above poverty, above class, and above people, subservient to none, quick to perceive, and relentless in resisting encroachments by any, he should stand as the guardian of all, the vigilant watchman on the tower, ever ready to sound the alarm of danger, from whatever source, to the liberties and the laws of this great union of free individuals."

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never been subservient. It tolerated BREXIT; it supported LEWIS with fervor, and held fast to the Republican party till 1854; then it broke away upon a moral issue and three times stood staunchly with GEORGE CLEVELAND; it rejected free-soil Democracy in 1856 and 1860, but upheld sound-money Democracy in 1864; it supported TAYLOR in 1868 and opposed him in 1912. Its record is candid; its judgment has been justified by the people in all instances save two; it offers no apologies; it harbors no regrets.

For an even half century its candidate invariably was a name; never sure did it think its duty, not for a moment did it waive its right to comment, to praise, to criticize, or to condemn the acts of an individual. And then it deliberately disowned the principle enunciated at Utica in 1861 and reiterated twenty years later at New Haven.

Seven years ago, on this very day of this very week, the following editorial appeared in this place:

At a dinner given the other evening by the Lotus Club of this city it has been, as we ventured to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

It was not a hasty or ill-considered utterance. And yet, though based upon careful conviction and due reflection, there was no expectation that such a suggestion of this very day would evoke substantial response. That it has done so justifies a reference to the subject in these columns. Elsewhere we reprint some of the journalistic comments based upon the meager reports in the daily papers. Is a more personal way, verbally and by letter, we have received a surprising number of approving messages, which we are not now at liberty to quote. It seems worth while, therefore, to invite consideration of some of the reasons that might properly be adduced in support of the proposal.

(1) Mr. WILSON, as we stated, were that the accomplished scholar, the practical educator, the competent executive he has known himself to be; he is, in truth, a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity. (2) He is an idealist, yet not a visionary. (3) He is a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction. (4) He stands for everything that is sound and progressive. (5) He holds the respect of every one with whom he has come in contact, and the admiration and affection of all thoughtful men. (6) His fidelity to the interests of the whole people is as unquestioned as his integrity. (7) He represents an class, an era, a nobly, no vain language. (8) He is at the fulcrum of his power in age and experience. (9) He has profound convictions from instinct and reasoning and the courage of heroic expression. (10) He has an economy in his own style. (11) He possesses in a degree unexampled since the days of BLAINE that indefinable quality known as personal magnetism. (12) He is not only high-minded, but broad-minded and straightforward. (13) He was born in Virginia and held from New Jersey.

His nomination would be a recognition of the South which the South nobly deserves. His election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united in fact, in determination to solve all besetting problems, in aspiration to fulfil America's highest destiny. Such is the man, and such a man is needed by the country, from whatever political party he may spring. We have no hesitancy, therefore, in inviting serious consideration of the suggestion.

For the first time in its long life this journal is-verse an advocate, not merely of a party, but of an individual. To make clear the reason for so abrupt a departure from the course pursued undeviatingly for half a century, it is necessary to recall the situation which then existed.

It was 1896. Political conditions were worse than disheartening; they were appalling. The present party had grown so drunk from power and assurance that it was threatened with disruption from within. In the White House was a rampant caste; in the Capitol was a senseless oligarchy. Back of both as partners were as partners were the illegal, illicit, and irresponsible aggregations of transportation, industrial and financial corporations. Whichever of the two contending forces in Washington should win in the inevitable struggle for supremacy, here lay and would continue to lie the actual authority. The great mass of honest-minded, country-loving people were as pawns upon a chess-board, in the face of an impending peril. Underneath was a sin-

ister smoldering of the embers of discontent and resentment.

And there appeared no way of escape. The party of the opposition, the time-honored party of liberalism, of constitutional government, of true Democracy, was torn in twain. Three successive times, twice as a radical and once as a conservative, it had gone down to foredoomed defeat. It utterly lacked coherence; it had no purpose; its very reason for being seemed to have disappeared. Clearly, as was quickly proved by the event, no hope of success lay in the preliminary triumph of one faction over the other. Clearly a new standard must be raised, a new leader discovered, and a fresh inspiration found; else the very fabric of popular government was imperiled by possible collision of the greed of statutory and the rage of the mob. One has but to pass in review what has happened since 1908 to realize the gravity of the situation as it then appeared to thoughtful and far-seeing minds.

Argument had rendered the Republican party ineffectual to afford relief or achieve reform. Wretched was the condition of the Democracy. It alone pointed the way of hope. But the road was dark. Twice its most winning personality had failed and was doomed to fail again. Appeal to vaunted common sense had been made in vain against an aggressive and spectacular leader of hosts.

But one resource remained—a reversion to faith in the power of ideals as embodied in an individual. To set forth forcibly, even convincingly, the merits of an abstraction and the need of its support was not difficult; it had been done for us long by many—but aimlessly and without avail. Not ideals alone, nor a mere individuality, however vivid, could suffice. Personalization of ideals was the absolute requisite of success. The condition not only justified, but compelled subordination of all other considerations to the mere possibility of rendering public service through specific performance. The question, as ever, arose: Who is the man?

It is a mere statement of fact, set forth as such simply and for no purpose of either seeking credit or inviting debt, that this journal thereupon proposed WOODROW WILSON for the Presidency, and began a direct and unqualified advocacy which, having a brief interlude of silence for which it was in no way responsible, it has continued undeviatingly to the present day of complete fulfillment. A partial summary of its endeavors is published elsewhere in this number for the gratification of those readers who manifested accord with the purpose from the inception of the movement.

It is a mere record. The somewhat difficult preliminary task of stimulating sound prejudice against the scholar in politics seems to have been done with sufficient patience and thoroughness.

The quick recognition of inaccuracy that the candidacy of a Southern-born man had become an advantage instead of a barrier still possesses happy significance. As time passed and the idea began to take root and form, partly in consequence of certain efforts in the field of practical politics which call for us recital here, welcome camping was evolved. Advocacy so zealous and so persistent, involving constant explanation, careful interpretation, unqualified praise, and unremitting defense, was pronounced unwelcome, in questionable taste, of doubtful value, "idolatrous," and generally violative of the highest standards of journalism.

The warrant for these criticisms could not then and cannot now be gainsaid. But there was no false pretense. The attitude of HARPER'S WEEKLY toward Mr. Wilson during these seven years has not been judicial; it has been that of a lawyer to his client. As an advocate, urging the greater accomplishment, it neither could nor would be distracted by minor faults, if such there were. Weighing of the large and broad against the small and narrow forbade recognition of petty and trivial things. There was but one goal in sight, and there was but one way to reach it. That is the reason, the quite simple and most excellent reason, why an insult or suggestion of criticism of Woodrow Wilson has ever appeared in these columns.

Not, of course, in consequence of, but happily coincident with, the efforts of this journal, the aspiration tentatively adventured, but vigorously—perhaps too vigorously, too earnestly, too determinedly—pursued upon attention is now realized. The credit and honor of the achievement belong to the man himself, whose keen intelligence, remarkable insight, and amazing self-reliance bore him and his cause to triumphant issue. It is only the estimate of personal attributes and the precedence of eminent events on the part of HARPER'S WEEKLY that has been confined; only its intent to fulfill its obligation as a public journal that merits passing recognition; only the joy of service that could constitute full reward.

The period of advocacy now finds a natural and proper ending. A President of the United States stands upon the highest pedestal in the world, far above the plane of possible competition. He wants no exploitation; his every act is noted. He seeks no defense; his deeds make answer to accusation. He needs no interpretation; his faintest whisper carries farther than the combined speak of hundreds. He requires no spokesman; his own is the voice of the people. For there he stands as their chosen tribune, immune to unjust criticism, sure of deserved rewards; necessarily alone, but serene in his solitude and consciousness of right.

No argument is needed to show that inferior-intending praise would not only be an unkindness to a President of the United States, but would come unworthily from a public journal.

"The press," said Mr. Cramm, "is never a more beneficent power than when it shows the country that, while loyal to a party and its policy, it is moral and honest and patriotic. It is the palladium of liberty because it is the only power in a free country that can stand withstand and overthrow the crafty conspiracy of political demagogues. If it does not lead, it is because it chooses to follow; it is because it does not know that no office is so great as that of molding opinion which makes parties and Presidents; that no patronage is so powerful as the just fear of an unqualifying criticism brought home to every wool and every ear of every public man, and recommending its judgment to the intelligence and the conscience of every citizen."

HARPER'S WEEKLY reaffirms the principles of its great editor. It repeats nothing that it has done; it rejoices in the re-establishment in power of the party which—bold and can be great, liberal, and

truly Democratic; it feels that it has peculiar reason to wish for the administration of President Wilson the greatest conceivable measure of success.

To that end and in that hope, as a natural sequence of the month accomplished, it now resumes the exercise of its normal and highest functions as an independent Journal of Civilization, free and glad to commend generously all that it deems justly merited, and equally free and ready to criticize frankly or condemn unapologetically whatever it may justly deserve of censure.

From this day forward the attitude of HARPER'S WEEKLY toward the administration of President Wilson will differ in no respect from its attitude toward the administration of his predecessors.

No holder of public office can be as big as his party; no party as great as the nation; no group of politicians as potent for good or ill as a fearless and independent press.

#### "All Forward-looking Men in My Side!"

Everybody hopes that Mr. Wilson will prove to be a sound political leader and will eventually receive the support of all the political truth-seekers who understand him.

But whence will transpire the intelligence to understand him?

In the closing words of his inaugural he says: "I summon all honest men, all patriots, all forward-looking men, God helping me. I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me."

When are they coming from, these forward-looking men to whom his summons thus goes out? Where is the requisite natural power to estimate Mr. Wilson's character, penetrate his political intentions, and rank him if they are sound?

Of course he is the Democratic President and we look to see the Democratic party furnish him, at first, his chief support. But Mr. Wilson's mind and his spirit are very interesting faculties. Few people even think they understand them as yet. To the great majority Mr. Wilson is an unknown quantity, or he is followed and he is followed because known and gradually understood and will attract or repel support for mental reasons. Folks who comprehend what he is after and think it desirable will cleave to him. Folks who think otherwise will obstruct him if they can.

In the present condition of parties, wherever there is the brains to understand Mr. Wilson, he may get supporters. Almost everybody will enough afforded to him, but almost everybody is more or less in doubt about what he is and what he means. But after a while most people will think they know whether he is their kind or not.

Then it will be very interesting to watch the realignment. There are very able men concerned with "the interests" and not all of them are money-blind. They will watch him closely and if they conclude that he is the doctor the country needs they will be for him, no matter how great the shock of their support may be to him. And there are hordes of wild asses, some of whom he may lose by disregard of details that they think all-important, or by taking kindly on matters about which their thought is unclouded.

Mr. Wilson's appeal is going to be to the intelligence of the country. Wherever that intelligence exists, among Democrats, Republicans, or Bull Moose Futurists, he may enlist it on his side if he can convince it that it belongs there. Wherever there is the brain to understand him he may and probably will get support.

#### The Inaugural Address

President Wilson's inaugural address is short and readable. It is not up to his own best course in literary quality, but it should rank rather high among inaugural addresses considered as "mere literature." It does not show any of the "artistic" qualities. It has not the persuasive quality of Jefferson's first. It, of course, hasn't the directness of either CLEVELAND's first or his second. There is nothing of WASHINGTON's formalism shot through with purpose, and nothing of the biting quality of the ADDRESS. To tell the truth, the address is fuller of resignation than of commitment. It tells us that it needs a man very much more, very much more, but not disposed to make a fool of himself. Evidently the new President understands that the Presidency is not a medal to be worn, a prize to display, but a troublesome undertaking to be approached warily. We suspect he is right.

Barring some misadventure, possibly necessary

the rest of the day, it is a pretty shrewd document. The President understands the things that ought first to be done. They are: Tariff reform; banking and currency reforms; reform of our industrial system (a large order; naturally, not reduced to specifications); the improvement of agriculture, both scientifically and by better financial arrangements; conservation; the guarding of the health and vitality of our people.

These aims are admirable. They are more than that; they are the inevitable aims of any administration in the United States at this period; that is to say, the period of the disappearance of the frontier, the period of the realization of the limits of our resources; the period in which we find ourselves developing some of the problems of older nations. After all, it is generally that countries that they used to call "civil geography." The bottom of politics is economics. In the main, the day-to-day fellows who consider the physical issues of history and neglect all but a few men are right. Economic causes turned Roosevelt a radical, just as they turned Calhoun a radical, just as they made Lincoln to be a liberator. President Wilson, too, is in their grip.

But he is not their slave. There is the truth "fell grip of circumstance," but it is not all. Nature imposes economy, but not injustice. That is the affair of men. The new President is entirely right to take account of necessary economies, to sum his expenditures, to set his majorities to accept limitations. But he is equally right to insist that moral count, that ideal count, that men count. We wish he had insisted more on the way parties count, for the success of his administration depends on the way he manages a party. But, at any rate, he has not forgotten, in his careful recognition of the times, the other factor in affairs—that is to say, men, with their wills and consciences. That is the hope of his inaugural address—the comfort of it. The new President has given us no reason to doubt that he will do his best and exact the best of those who will serve beside him.

#### The Scandal of the Park Burn

President Tarr's budget message, though sent in on the eve of his retirement and of the adjournment of the session, is a most interesting one. For one thing, it was worth while as the most effective answer to the absurd contention of Congress that a President must not send in a budget or anything like it; for that was what Congress meant, if it meant anything, by ordering the heads of departments to send in their estimates directly and separately. The President, of course, has complete authority to demand any estimates he wants from the departments, and it is not merely his right, but his duty, to communicate to Congress anything concerning the state of the Union that he thinks important.

And surely nobody can right now question the importance of this matter of regulating government expenditures. We are about the worst and again demands attention to it, but it had already found itself to the front, through the performance of the new defense Congress, until it overshadowed every other question of national legislation. Take the entire list of the appropriation bills of the short session, the way they were put together, the way they were passed, the way they were carried, and the distribution of those amounts, and they constitute a national scandal of the first magnitude. The present method of Congress in dealing with appropriations indicate nothing less shameful than a fall failure in one of the greatest functions of representative government—a function which is of course utterly essential for the country, and which violate every principle of sound business; they work in a fashion utterly ungracious of the general welfare—the only lawful object of any money bill; they are in themselves unethical, immoral, dishonest. For a Congressman has no more moral right to vote away the people's money to promote his own hobby, a ambition than he has to steal it and put it in his own pocket, for they violate One's natural impulse is to go after the men who have done that thing. Notwithstanding the difficulty of fixing responsibility, we trust the press of the country will do all it can on that line; that is to say, in the way of punishment. But the main thing, of course, is to try and find means to put a stop to the practice which has been bringing the country and plunging the taxpayers of the country.

#### What Can We Do About It?

Here, briefly, are the worst features of our present usage with appropriation bills:

There is no plan or device to insure that they shall, in the aggregate, leave any proper relation

to the government's income. In this all-important matter nobody is responsible, for nobody has any real control.

They bear no proper relation to one another, but are prepared by separate committees, each intrusted by jealous of its own power.

They do not follow any comprehensive plan of public development, but spend the public money speculatively, unsystematically, often quite uselessly, nearly always unprofitably.

Individual issues in every one of these are simply expedients to demands of individual Senators and Representatives, obtained by bargaining and log-rolling, for the benefit, not of the public, but of small communities or of special business interests or of the individual lawmakers themselves.

Is it possible to stop these things?

It will certainly be extremely difficult. A proper budget system, such as they have in England, would undoubtedly work wonders. But this journal has already pointed out why we cannot have such a system. It presupposes a relation between the executive and the legislature and between the two Houses of the legislature, which simply doesn't exist in this country. Even in England a great constitutional change was recently necessary in order to establish the present happy relation between the two Houses of Parliament.

We can, however, have some sort of a budget system, and President TAYLOR is probably right in reluctantly agreeing that a budget committee of Congress will be better than none at all. It should at least secure some preliminary consideration of the appropriations as a whole, and the executive will have something to say on the subject; if it will have nobody else, we see no reason why there should not also be a committee for the executive departments. The statements and reports of the two bodies might still further promote publicity and stir up public opinion.

For that, we fear, must be, after all, our main reliance for effecting the needed reforms and intelligence of the country. It is slow to act and often clumsy in action; but surely it will not remain forever inactive in the presence of such a national reproach as the forever growing pork barrel. It cannot devise a perfect escape with money bills, but it can make it dangerous for any party or any public man to be any longer complacent with this outrage.

#### Delay and Diligence

An irrevocable and purposeful Washingtonian, who had dined with diplomats, was once moved to inquire why the district messenger service would not do the diplomatic work that regular mail, as well as the established machinery, with its numerous and expensive formalities. It struck us at the moment that he had an idea. Of late it has struck us that there is an idea he hadn't composed.

Look at this Panama Canal talk business. Suppose we had tried to settle that by telegraph and cable. Suppose the United States had wired or telegraphed our position to Great Britain and Great Britain had had to reply with equal readiness. Where should we have been! The only safe answer is that we should have been in an elegant room, with no prospect of agreement until somebody's head was broken.

Behold, therefore, the wisdom of expediency, the utility of pluck breeches, the horse sense of going through forms. A few months ago the English sent us over this thing—and some of us were pale. Since then nothing has happened except that nothing has happened. There has been an exchange of notes. Time has elapsed. Both Americans and Englishmen have had a little thinking. Englishmen have stopped talking foolishly. That has permitted Americans to listen to CINCINNATI and not some other place. It does nothing of the kind. An honorable exit that is also possible is no longer despairing of. On the contrary, the best bet is that the United States will do the right thing—as England did in the *Alabama* matter—and that England will not even have seemed to threaten us.

Our friend was wrong. The district messenger service couldn't have done it.

#### Congress and Prohibition

The so-called Wren-Kayton liquor bill is a job. Plenty of good people probably accept it as a bill sincerely intended to prevent the shipment of intoxicating beverages into states that have passed state-wide prohibition laws. It does nothing of the kind. It merely prohibits the shipment into prohibition states of liquors to be used in violation of the laws of such states. No state law forbids the consumption of liquors. All the state laws do is to forbid the sale of liquor. Even if the Wren-

Kayton bill is passed over President TAYLOR's veto—no it may be before this is printed—anybody living in a prohibition state will still be perfectly free to order from another state alcoholic drinks for his own consumption. If it is found and proved that he is ordering the stuff to sell he can be prosecuted. But that is equally true now, under the state laws, without any intervention of Congress.

There is the remote possibility that federal agents may be in some way used to help the prohibition states enforce their own laws. That is the only way in which the Wren-Kayton bill can count at all. We hardly think it will count that way even if it is passed. It is hardly likely that federal district attorneys in prohibition states will give the incalculable amount of time and energy necessary to discover how many of the intemperate shipments of liquors into their districts are for purposes of sale rather than consumption and to the accumulation of evidence sufficient to convict juries.

The law amounts to nothing. We are cynical enough to add that if it had amounted to anything it would never have been passed. Maybe, however, it will help Representatives and Senators in what constitutes the political situation in this country. Mr. Wren, for instance, is a bright young man, very well liked, with a rather serious constituency, the more intelligent part of which will doubtless condone his efforts to consolidate the law intelligently.

Meanwhile it is to note that the actual consumption of liquor in this country during the past year was not so great as when Federal agents do derive from the facts any confirmation of the hope that people can be legislated into the habit of temperance. Sincere and honest legislation can do a good deal to protect young people from temptation and to stop the indelicacy of the liquor traffic, but it cannot cure drunkenness.

#### Amalgamation

In view of the *Courier-Journal's* double-barrelled insistence that Congress "divorce the Mexican divorcee" and "authorize the President to invite Great Britain, Germany, and France to join us in sequestrating Mexico," we are less disposed than we might have been otherwise to regret that Mamie and her children with the admiral will not be so great as it would have been under Taylor.

#### Hypocrisy and Humbug

The Tribune, still spinning, quips and says:

The idea of imposing Republican postmaster for life upon the people of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida was also grand when Federal authority had to become necessary to make enough Republicans to hold the job and saw wholly out of accord with the sense and sentiment of the community: Is that right or fair or decent? Dr. Fayer says it isn't. He doesn't propose to have his liver stolen to serve the end, in anyway—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Dr. Fayer doesn't say anything of the kind. Get up to date. Dr. Fayer repudiated the alleged quotation criticizing Mr. TAYLOR for classifying those 40,000 postmaster. He and the National Civil Service Reform League, of which he is president, have commended the classification. He has recent utterances that says he found no fault with Mr. TAYLOR, but merely disapproved the question of possible examination of incumbents of unclassified places precedent to their classification.

We accepted the original statement of Dr. Fayer's views mechanically. Our authority was the Tribune. We haven't happened to see the revised version acted, though we accept with equal readiness the same authority. But did President TAYLOR direct or does the Tribune approve competitive "examination" of incumbents precedent to their classification? Hardly. Nevertheless, adds the Tribune, promptly, "Mr. TAYLOR has directed that the postmaster on the South for life they can be re-elected if found unsatisfactory." Try, can, on they? Why, certainly. But "found unsatisfactory" by whom? By post-office inspectors, to be sure, every blessed one of whom is a Republican.

Fisher? The forty thousand faithful are blind as to if the Tribune's "re-election" means that fall wall and blow it. It also knows, when it hints non-theologically at our wanting "a whole-sale distribution of spoils," that we wish for nothing of the sort, but that what we do object to is wholesale grabbing of spoils under cover of "civil-service reform."

#### Loney or Doyage

The TAYLOR veto of the immigration bill was the act of an executive who carried only two states in the Union, and who had no protection, and no credit, and positively that he executed the will of the people in

vetoing a bill favored by a large majority of both branches of Congress. If it is wrong for the courts to thwart the popular will by nullifying laws on constitutional grounds, it is equally wrong for a President to thwart the will of Congress by vetoing the wisdom of certain legislation does not agree with the opinion of the legislative branch of the government.—*Springfield Republican.*

Did the people vote for a "literary test" at the latest election? We hadn't heard of that. And does the Supreme Court seem "wrong" when it pronounces a full payment conditional, even though by doing it it "tests" what somebody declares to be "the popular will"? Has Springfield become a hog-house?

#### Official

Department of State—Special Order No. 1: All ambassadors, envoys, and ministers are hereby directed, when appearing before kings, etc., to wear cocked hats.

#### Nearly Wet

MR. MORRIS THE NEW ZEALAND PEARL DIVER, STAYS HOME FOR 92½—LARGE YACHT LEADERS IN MR. REAR'S PAPER.

Thousands of them sold, W.T., for much less than that.

#### You see?

Instead of being sold at a bargain-counter price, steel leads were used to buy up the stock of the various companies needed. Every one of these leads represented its full face value in these purchases.

Yes, and when a dollar was worth, say, seventy-five cents in Civil War times and you paid a hundred dollars for something, every dollar represented its full face value, but what you bought was something worth seventy-five dollars. So when you buy something with a hundred worth one hundred on its face and seventy-five on the counter, what you get is something supposed to be worth seventy-five.

You should not trick your readers with deceitful statements, W.T., you know better.

#### Don't Grumble Too Loud

THE GOVERNMENT OF PA. (CALABAR), of Louisville, is a letter to Representative ANTHONY, in which he objects to exorbitant hotel rates in Washington during the inauguration, is wholly reasonable.—*Courier-Journal.*

No doubt; but speak softly! The coming Congress has liberal ideas and wants to make the people comfortable, and is quite liable, if you complain, to drop a couple of five-million-dollar dollar-walk Washington hotels into the next pork barrel.

#### Petty for Purists

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 25.—It will be a mischievous mistake to give to a candidate for Congress that has no law "thoroughly cleaned" since its last preceding one if a bill passed by the lower branch of the Pennsylvania legislature had slight become a law.—*Evening Item.*

First! And it is fewer years than you could count on your fingers since it ought to have been a mischievous act in Pennsylvania to give the country a legislature that had not been "thoroughly cleaned" since its last preceding one. Was it a duly purified lower branch that passed the "purifying-board bill"?

#### He is Not Dead

MR. WICKHAMBER has earned the hatred of big business and the rebuff equally of every trust promoter and every trust beneficiary in the country.—*The World.*

He may have earned it, but we should be greatly surprised to know that he has received it. What he has received is the respect of all hands. He has conducted the Department of Justice according to the standards of a high-class lawyer and of a gentleman. Such men do not incur the hatred of opponents. Mr. Wickhamber has conducted, admirably, what may be expected of a first-class corporation lawyer when he takes a reindeer from the people.

#### HARPER & BROTHERS

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# TO WOODROW WILSON: GREETINGS!

Good morning, Mr. President!

To you, indeed, it hardly seems needful that this journal should offer assurances of its own goodwill and good wishes. In all its life no political enterprise has ever evoked its sympathies so devoutly than that which ends to-day as you take your solemn oath of office. But to you, too, we can offer whatever heartening there may be in our conviction that you also have the goodwill and the good wishes of the majority of Americans.

We have no fear, Mr. President, that you will overestimate the value of our own or any other assurance in that matter; even if you agree with them, you will not vainly imagine that your present great prestige and popularity are a secure possession. For we feel sure that you are not politically short-sighted. We feel sure that you do not need to be told that the more conspicuously a man enters upon a great trial of his quality the more he has to fear from anything like failure to meet it worthily. You have shown convincingly that you understand the momentous nature of democracy's demands and the necessity of meeting them continuously, unflinchingly—of fighting all one's battles through, as Grant said—if one would survive politically.

In that clear-eyed enlightenment of obligations and of dangers we find, indeed, one of the chief sources of our hope in your administration; for we regard it as one of the many proofs of your political competency.

On this point, no doubt, we differ with many other observers of your career. For we do not in the least share the apprehension that your long years of devotion to academic tasks will be found to have dimmed your eyes to harsh realities. On the contrary, we take comfort from the circumstance that you have all your life been studying in quiet such problems as now confront you, such careers as you yourself are now attempting. You are happy to feel that, like most Americans, but unlike your immediate predecessor, you like politics; that you understand politics; that you have already proved yourself an excellent politician. We shall be disappointed if, before the end, you shall not have proved yourself a great politician.

So shall we all be, Mr. President, and so will you be; for none of us has indicated a clearer comprehension than you have indicated of what the times and the country's mood really demand of you. Administrative skill, executive efficiency—these, of course, are always demanded of a President. But you know that to-day, for you, they will not be enough. You know that you face a crisis; that you may, quite conceivably, inaugurate an epoch. Before we take up, with other journals, our constant duty of unsparring criticism, perhaps you will permit us briefly to indicate what we conceive your full task and opportunity to be.

It is to lead democracy in a fresh advance which it now clamors for. It is to guide democracy wisely while it compasses and overcomes a new kind of opposition that for some generations has been creating itself among us; a kind of opposition to democracy which, in all the more baffling and confounding because it is, in the main, an outcome of democracy itself; because it is, as if, in our started battling with it, a giant stroke with his own giant offspring. In this respect the curious instinct of the cartoonists is no false leading, but a true indicator of our real predicament. For the real foe of democracy in this country

wears no form that privilege has ever worn before. It is not monarchical, it is not aristocratic, it is not military, it is not clerical. It is entirely economic and industrial. The seat and source of it is neither court nor camp nor church; it is the common marketplace. The essence of it is, to be sure, monopoly, and monopoly is old. But this kind of monopoly, self-created and self-sustaining monopoly, is new. It is young and vigorous. Of all the forces that make against democracy it is the youngest and most vigorous now extant in the world.

That is your giant antagonist, Mr. President; and democracy expects of you nothing less than that you forthwith prove yourself its Jack the Giant Killer.

A great expectation, truly! For the movement you must lead, like most of democracy's perilled uprisings and self-assertions, is vague and instinctive, as well as tremendous. But we cannot doubt that you both comprehend its sweep and are striving to find for it definite aims and reasonable methods. Fortunately, you are in deep sympathy with it; otherwise you could never hope to guide it. But fortunately, too, you have yourself written the history of another very similar movement—the movement by which the people, with Andrew Jackson leading, once before "took possession of their government." Turn to the skillful phrases in which you yourself have pictured that advance, estimated alike the gains and the costs of it, praised and blamed its leadership, and you will find there many a true word and many a sound reflection that should to-day be helpful to you and to your fellows in leadership. For the present age seems plainly to demand of you that in many respects you be like Jackson. But it is a later age; may it not therefore demand more? You have had a better training than Jackson's, and no such harsh, embittering antecedents; may we not, therefore, expect of you less of error and violence and excess, and more of restraint and of just consideration and calm foresight, yet without loss of firmness in essential?

Yes, Mr. President, it is a great expectation, a daunting expectation. We should be inconceivably disappointed if you should be merely flattering you—or any other man alive, for that matter—if we pretended an absolute assurance of your proving entirely equal to it. It is enough that, like your party and like the country, we should account you, of all men visible now to the nation, the man most likely to prove equal to it.

We do not neglect to note your handicaps; we shall not forget them when we fall back into our ordinary function of watchfulness and criticism. It was your immediate predecessor's misfortune to lead a party which had been too long in power; it is your misfortune that you lead a party which has been too long out of power. It lacks the training power alone can give. It has the habit of irresponsible protest and criticism, not of responsible action. You will be surrounded by men who can speak only from conviction, not from experience. To keep your leadership, you must be, perhaps, complacent with ignorance and prejudice. Do not, we however, you, be too complacent; for that may prove your greatest danger. We do not underestimate the necessity of tact and consideration and whatever else may make for harmony, but we would, nevertheless, fortify you in loyalty to your own superior training and instincts. For it must be with you as with every other man

lifted up in high place and great power. There is no way to spare you the duty of self-reliance; there is no way to spare you the loneliness of your great station. If you believe it will be a kitchen cabinet, we, for one, shall not be too generous.

Your party is also hungry, for it comes in from a long wandering in the desert, and from this cause, too, you will face temptation and must endure a yearning impetuosity. More than that; because your party is unaccustomed to power, it will not be at ease in power. Part of your great task in leadership will be to teach it self-confidence; yet it will be equally necessary to hold it back from over-confidence and extravagance. There will inevitably be required of you a constant and apparently difficult balancing of restraint and energy, of sympathy and strictness, of courage and caution. For the full test of you and your party will be nothing less than this: that though you democracy shall win victories and yet shall not abuse them.

But if, Mr. President, we are thus candidly mindful of all that confronts you, we are also happily mindful of much, of very much, to hearten and to help you. Happily for you, as for us all, you are the choice of no one section, but of the whole country. As your election entails no one section from power, you will escape a kind of bitterness that has borne hard on many of your predecessors; and yet you will not lack the fine inspiration to be drawn from the peculiar pride in you of a particular section, a section strong in loyalties. Southerners, it is your privilege to restore the South to a full share in the country's affairs, to help her prove her fitness for it, and to strive, let us hope forever, the great tradition of her spacious patriotism in the early days of the Republic.

Less than this, perhaps, but far from little, will be the inspiration of your academic memories. At every crisis there will be the inspiring consciousness that to an extraordinary degree you represent in American public life the training and ideals of American colleges. There will be something still more poignant—the passionate, intimate appeal of your own ancient university, calling upon you, as with bells and songs, to win for her still greater honors. If need be, *alma mater* may see you better still. If the worst comes to the worst, if the path of duty becomes the way of sacrifice, if it so happens that you may lay down even popularity itself on the altar of patriotism, you can still see the tall tower with which she commemorates that other President of whom, in the hour of his seeming failure, you yourself wrote:

"The men who assess his fame in the future will be no partisans, but men who love candor, courage, honesty, strength, unshaken respect, and high purpose such as his."

Yes, Mr. President, the task is great, the dangers manifold, and manifold the temptations. But all your youth will now, surely, rise up and re-inforce your manhood. The great thing has happened—has happened to you, of all men. Surely you will not quail before it. Surely you will not lack in the face of opportunity and of danger the supreme human quality; you will not lack courage—the kind of courage that is one with sincerity. As you go to meet Fate's call, the time's demand, your country's summons, your mood will not be one of pride or self-sufficiency; yet surely it will be as if, in your own heart, a drum beat, or a trumpet sound.







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PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH





THOMAS R. MARSHALL  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



En route for Bermuda



Copyright by Underwood & Lichtenhan  
A profile view of the President



Copyright by Underwood & Lichtenhan  
The first photograph after his nomination



In the State House at Trenton



Copyright by Underwood & Lichtenhan  
He is a golfer, like his predecessor



Greeting the citizens of Marion, Indiana, on a speaking tour



Admiring a baby after his nomination. Most candidates do this before

## THE INFORMAL SIDE OF PRESIDENT WILSON



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## THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. WOODROW WILSON



Miss Eleanor Wilson



A family group: President and Mrs. Wilson and their daughters



Miss Jessie Wilson



Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson

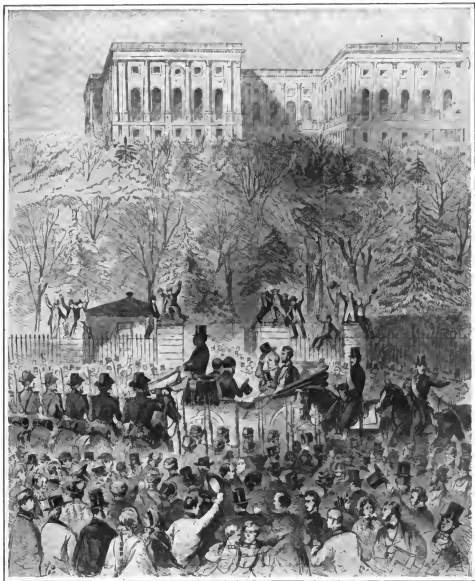


The home at Princeton which Woodrow Wilson left when he entered politics

## THE NEW WHITE HOUSE FAMILY

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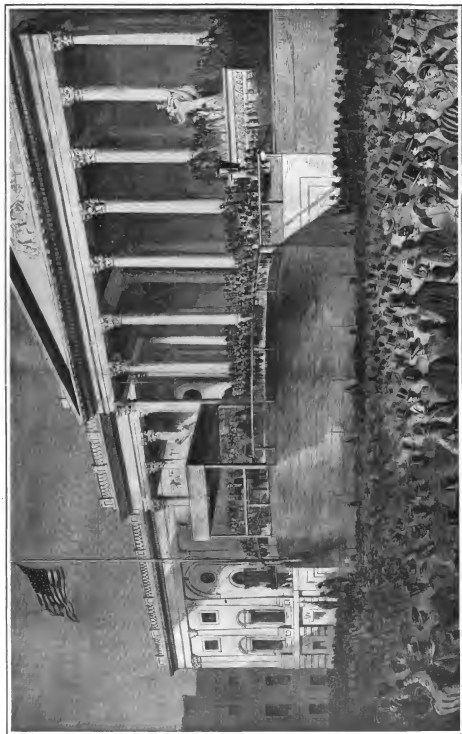




## LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL PROCESSION

FROM A WOOD-CUT IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR MARCH 16, 1861





THE FIRST INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN, MARCH 4, 1861

FROM A "WOOD-CUT BY THE ORDER OF 'HARPER'S WEEKLY' FOR MARCH 16, 1861



President Cleveland's second inauguration—The military parade passing along Pennsylvania Avenue  
FROM A CONTEMPORARY ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



President McKinley delivering his inaugural address, March 4, 1901  
FROM A CONTEMPORARY ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Copyright by C. M. Bell

## TWO MEMORABLE INAUGURATIONS





## THE LAST DEMOCRATIC

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: MR. CLEVELAND; JOHN G. CARLISLE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY; RICHARD B. SPENCER, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE; WALTER Q. GRESHAM, SECRETARY OF STATE; HOKE SMITH, SECRETARY OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LORÉ FOR THE MERRY



## PRESIDENT AND CABINET

ED. OLNEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL; HILARY A. HUBBERT, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY; J. STERLING MORTON, THE INTERIOR; DANIEL S. LAMONT, SECRETARY OF WAR; AND WILSON S. BISSELL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Illustrated by [unintelligible]



The White House in Mrs. Madison's time  
*(from an old print)*



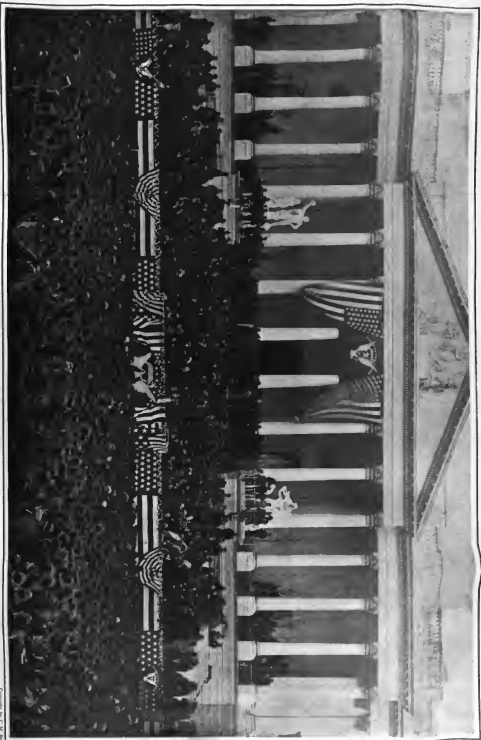
The White House as it appears to-day



Mrs. Cleveland in her boudoir in the White House

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND YESTERDAY

TWO FAMOUS CHATELAINES OF THE WHITE HOUSE



## THE LAST DEMOCRATIC INAUGURATION

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE CAPITOL, MARCH 4, 1893

FROM A PICTORIALS BY A CORRESPONDENT FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



Thomas Jefferson



Grover Cleveland



Andrew Jackson



John Tyler



Woodrow Wilson



Franklin Pierce



James Buchanan



James Knox Polk



Martin Van Buren

## OUR DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTS

# WITH CAP AND BELLS

BY KENNETH GROESBECK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. VICTOR HALL

**A**BOVE the cluster of the dishes and the cluster of the citrus fruit around the long table rose the voice of Gaston Beauséjour.

"You there," he cried, smiling around at them expansively—"you others do not fire, is it not? 'Tis only I taste of the like strong wine when I fly through space an' thousands are drunk. That is life for you, if you will!"

They all awoke at once and looked at him affectionately—the clerics and the horse-riders and the animal-tamers—a madley crowd, still in their ring costumes, for the evening performance was yet to be given. And the lion tamer, in the silence that followed the Frenchman's outburst, drew his:

"We others, we don't do nothing! but earn our livin', Gaston. An' no' much o' that, 'tween bet's hard!" But Gaston Beauséjour was standing, his dark eyes shining with excitement.

"I stan' on the little platform an' all below are the crowd—siln, silent. I rub my feet in the rut—so—as' fly into the air, down, down, with the wind whist' in my ear. The trapeze he fly to me—so—then, whiz! up, up, an' the turn in the air, an'

always I come erect to the same spot in the platform of arrival. An' up from the crowd come loud applause, then roar, motion—'tween that I am an' else none!"

He looked about him apologetically at the still silent table, while the lamps flickered and the candles burned gratefully above his crisp curls.

"The start me," he said, smiling ruefully down at the proprietor's daughter beside him. "So does my 'What conceit little Frenchman have!' She say how hard is our life. Monsieur et madame, all my love's, I ask you' pardon!" And with the most charming of bows he left them to stroll under the stars until the people should begin to arrive.

"You did start him, Dolly," smiled the fittest woman in the world, leaning maternally at the girl opposite. "And he's a dear, even if he does think she acts the only thing going."

"It's good stuff, too," growled the heavy voice of Ryan, the proprietor, from the head of the long table.

"There's not another man this side o' the ocean that can do the dip o' death like that Gaston. That's why I got him!"

They pushed back from the table with a noisy clatter and trooped to their dressing-rooms in the various wagons, most of them to rest up for the evening performance. But Dolly Ryan, otherwise Miss Deemouille, champion lark-bark-er of the world, went out to join Gaston, who was smoking the single cigarette he allowed himself daily, in harmony with the peaceful stars.

They came in shortly arm in arm, stopping to look at Dolly's little sister Frances, the pet of the whole company. Together they stood a moment beside the portable table, and the man smoothed the damp curls back from the baby's forehead with infinite tenderness.

"Sweetest things in the world, babies, isn't?" he whispered, smiling down at the sleeping child.

"Next to ourselves!"

"Next to nothing, pettie," he said, slowly. "Except you!"

It was that very night that Gaston seized his grip on the slender bar of the trapeze as it swung through space to move him and set into the net below. And though he climbed nimbly back and was successful in his second trial, he landed poorly, and the roar that came to his waiting ears seemed to lack something of its usual enthusiasm.

Ryan said nothing on this occasion, nor did he speak when the fall was repeated twice in the following week. But when he came upon Gaston drinking from a pocket flask and eating shortly after, he shook his massive head solemnly.

"This won't do, old man," he said, laying his huge paw on the other's arm. "Cut it out or 't'll get you!"

But Gaston flung away with an angry gesture and Ryan looked after him doubtfully and called his daughter.

"Dolly, my girl," he said, slowly, "Gaston's drinkin'. You've got to be alert. If you want to marry him, it's ruined away a crack twidder before this, and it will be him. It means he'll fall down on his act and lose his job. I believe you know it he'll be down and out. Have a talk with him."

But even to Dolly's grating remonstrance Gaston turned a deaf ear and shook his head angrily from his seat.

"I am no child, I," he snapped. "I know what to look, eh? My nerves they go, and one small drink before I go on, it steadies them. So I become my old self once more."

The girl looked up at him hopefully. "Please stop," she said, slowly. "Please, for my sake. I know what it will lead to, Gaston."

His eyes flashed angrily. "If you have not confidence in me, Gaston Beauséjour, do not trouble with me. Perhaps—who shall say?—I am not worthy of it. So your father, then, say so." He walked away proudly, his hands in the pockets, only to return at once in a motion several of feeling and kiss her head.

"I ask your pardon, eh? I am set myself. Soon I will give it up, entirely—so soon as my nerves they come back to where they were." He smiled at her with all his old charm and left her. But the girl stood still, a far-away look in her eyes, and her lip trembled.

Through the month that followed they did a series of one-night stands, and Gaston Beauséjour went to give with undying regularity. He was over thirty and graying at the age when all acrobats must begin to think of giving up the most seasonal of their acts. This his constant improvement, and the liquor he used in greater and greater quantities worked his will downward. He was nervous, over-cautious, uncertain. With his former member of the company he showed his irritation, except with little Frances. To her he was always the same gentle, kindly soul, ready to ride her all about the circus grounds on his back, or to tell her by the hour the most wonderful stories in all the world.

Then came the fatal day. Decided by all that little company, when Ryan called Beauséjour into his office in the proprietor's wagon and laid his fist down. The fat woman saw him go and wiped her eyes. And the animal-tamer snore softly and kicked the ground savagely at his feet.

"My boy," began Ryan, gently, "you've got to give up your act. It's getting dangerous. I don't know what it is" (he knew well enough), "but we must find another job for you. And an matter what you do you've got to give up the drink if you want to marry Dolly. That's final!"

There was a red spot in each of Gaston's cheeks as he rose to his feet. "You have no right to干涉 me," he said, his voice shaking with anger. "I give you my resignation!"

"Sit down, Gaston," Ryan's voice was very quiet, and he shook his great head patiently. "Think it over. He swears your father, you know?"

"What are you suggest'?" said the younger man, coldly. "What work is left for me to do, since I am a failure at what I love to do?"

Ryan looked at him sympathetically. "There's a particular branch of the profession that pays mighty well for the few men that do it here," he said, heartily. "What most addition you take?"

But Gaston rose to his feet, trembling with passion. "It is not possible," he said. "That you are supposed I become a clown?" (he be laughed at, necked at, by a common mob? I, Gaston Beauséjour?)



Then it shot up the tent pole and crowded madly



the President, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the chairman of the committee on appropriations, foreign affairs, military affairs, and naval affairs of both the Senate and the House, the chief of staff of the army, an officer of the army of high rank to be selected by the Secretary of the Navy, the president of the War College, and the president of the Navy War College.

The history of this bill is typical of all propositions to appoint a governmental committee of a scientific, non-political point of view. A brief review of it follows:

On the 19th of May, 1910, Representative McClatchey, of California, introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives calling upon the Secretary of War to inform the House as to the condition of the country for defense in the event of war, and to recommend the means necessary, if any, to avert a transmissible disaster against successful invasion of the United States territory. This resolution was passed by the House, in which appeared to be a general feeling, on the last day of the session. The official staff of the army spent the following summer in full in the preparation of a reply to this resolution, and on the 14th of December the Secretary of War submitted it to the House. The report was of such serious import that the Speaker returned it the same day on the ground that it contained confidential matter which, under the rules, would not be received, but was held from publication if received by the House.

It would not be vouching any confidence to say that the report did not excite the interest of the House, the standing army, but rather emphasized the necessity for a change in its organization and, above all, that the attention of the House should be directed to this policy, and to this end recommended the creation of

a permanent Council of National Defense. Although the report did not officially get any further than the Speaker's desk, the last recommendation was not carried out. It was not until the following year that the report was returned to the War Department Representative Nelson introduced the bill providing for such a council, but it did not come to a vote. At the session of Congress, and a similar bill was introduced in the next Congress in the form described above. This bill was reported favorably by the Naval Committee of the Democratic House, February 8, 1911, and was embodied in a plank in the Democratic platform of the National Convention, which met on the 14th as the calendar of the House on August 6th a prominent Democratic member objected to its consideration. It never came up again. The Naval Appropriations bill in the House of Representatives is now a "ride", but this was ruled out on a point of order.

The bill was reported to the bill before the House Committee on Naval Affairs of the Fifty-sixth Congress it was endorsed by Secretary of War, Dickinson, Secretary of the Navy, Meyer, General Wood, Admiral Mahan, Admiral Waterhous, General Waterhouse, Representative Hull, then chairman of the Military Committee of the House, and the Secretary of the War.

Secretary Meyer expressed the opinion that "this council would result in a definite policy and would result in a more efficient organization." The bill was passed by the House on August 14, 1911.

General Wood considered the bill one of the most important measures for military efficiency that had ever been considered.

General Waterhouse said: "I consider this decidedly the most important measure that has ever been considered since I have been in the army in forty-two years."

## MILWAUKEE'S NON-PARTISAN GOVERNMENT

### The New Scheme of City Administration which Drove the Socialists from Office

BY WARREN B. BULLOCK

**MILWAUKEE**, by its non-partisan movement, is setting a new code of business ethics for municipal officials throughout the West. In following business success, and its methods are being copied by other cities. This movement was inaugurated by the city of Milwaukee, a great business enterprise. It should be conducted by the municipal officials as such.

What the Gallatin and De Motte committees are the directors, elected by the voters, who are the stockholders in this business enterprise.

Under party control of public affairs, such a business management of the city as should be, is not, and cannot be.

This is the outline by Dr. Gerhard A. Bading, mayor of Milwaukee, of the method under which he believes the city of America should be managed, and the error of the which he is trying to avoid. He is a Socialist, but a municipally, but as a big business, whose financial interest is over five millions of dollars annually.

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Admiral Mahan, in a letter to Secretary Meyer, said:

"The principal purpose of the bill seems to me exactly right. It would result in the organization of a number of men whose special services are especially needed, but are not brought into formal recognition by the present law, and who will be better able to advise the Government on the subject of national defense."

"I believe that Congress, the ultimate arbiter in matters of military provision, would be enabled to do far more effect through the institution of this proposed council."

Secretary of War, Dickinson, writing to the Independent, April 19, 1910, said: "A bill is now pending before the House of Representatives to establish a Council of National Defense, comprising representatives of both Houses of Congress, the heads of the various departments of the War and Navy departments. The establishment of some such organization would, in my opinion, go a long way toward securing the most efficient and best use of our military and naval resources."

Congress has appropriated annually upward of a hundred million dollars for the support of the army. The country does not receive an adequate return for this large expenditure, as has been pointed out repeatedly by officers of the army. The appropriations are made very rarely in accordance with the estimates of the War Department, but the department rarely complains.

The wastefulness of the expenditures is due, therefore, to faulty organization, which in turn is due to poor planning. The Government is expending an overwhelming sum of the people's money on an inferior fighting force can be created only by the most judicious selection of men, and can be assured only by establishing a Council of National Defense.

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# Interfudes

## THE READY REPLYER

A COMPENDIUM OF TITLED CONVERSATION FOR USE IN EARNESTNESS MOMENTS

(For a Young Man Who Has Been Forbidden the Honor of Sight on the Intoxications by her Father.)

FATHER (with great show of heat, as he nervously swings his right foot to and fro): What the dickens are you doing here? Didn't I tell you never to darken my front door again?

YOUNG MAN (with a pleasant smile on his countenance): You were ill, Mr. Winkleside, and let me tell you, sir, that never in the whole history of speech was an idea more clearly and convincingly conveyed than by your good self when you imparted your wishes to me on the suspicious occasion of my last visit here; for which reason I have not only paid heed to your words, but have also followed your instructions to the limit, taking them in their most liberal interpretation. To avoid darkening your door I have chosen the evening for my arrival when the conditions were such that no act of mine could add an atom to the general opacity of things, the night itself having already darkened your door to such an extent that even I could not by any stretch of the imagination be suspected of darkening it further. Moreover I have brought along with me this little electric bulb, which, as you will observe, sir, upon the pressure of this little button on the side, produces a miracle, but since the less perceptible, augmentation of the light, so that in reality I have brightened your door rather than otherwise, which considerably sets on my part, added to the fact that I am possessed of a naturally sunny disposition, has enabled me not only to carry out your instructions to the letter, but to go a step further for the general illumination of all concerned.

FATHER (interfering with a supreme effort of the will to control a natural inclination to remove the visitor summarily): You know well enough that I meant that you were never to come through my front door again!

YOUNG MAN (most obediently): Even that intimation, sir, I have endeavored to the full extent of my power to respect, in pursuance of which endeavor I beg to assure you that I did not come through the front door at all, but at great personal inconveniences to myself climbed up the fire-escape of the house next door to your roof, and entered by the skylight on your roof, causing considerable personal peril in that upward climb, as well as laying myself open to the possibility of arrest by the police as a burglar engaged in the nefarious project of breaking in. I might have come in through the back door and still remain within the strictness of your prohibition, but I assumed that when you used the word front door you meant any door, so that you cannot fail to see in every way possible I have shown complete understanding of and respect for your wishes.

At this point back away slowly toward the window, and, if the old gentleman happens, drop an hour and ask for the daughter's hand, and if, on the other



THE ABROGANCE OF THE HONEYMOON, WHO CARES FOR THE OLD WORLD, ANYWAY!



"HEILA, MISTERS! How's EVERYBODY IN CHINA?"

hand, his right leg swings backward like a pendulum, with his heavily booted foot held rigidly poised for a forward plunge, dive through the window, and take your chances of landing on a tolerably soft passage by the highway outside in order to break your fall.

### PREMONITIONS OF SPRING

I can hear the birds welcoming that the gentle spring is coming on the way; and beneath the eaves and among the trees feel the green things growing that will make a forest showing in the May. Far above old winter's hoarder I can see the sunny gleam of the robin with their blossoms all a glitter, while the early raven twitter is despite the long exiles of the leaves.

I can see the gleamy plumber getting daily gladder, gladder, full of cheer, as his profits for gas-fitting and his joy for sitting, sitting, on a frozen poppet biting, slumbers.

I can hear the rook's rasping grating, and his hard led new hawmousing, as he sits, that there'll be no cash in fuel when the snows in their dust show old winter hard and cruel crushed to bits.

Oh, the lovely days of springtime, with their hawmouch and their swag-time, soon we'll spy, on a certain soft sundown in the general infusant and the presence of all men, sir, prophyl!

HOWARD DOUG GASTRIE.

### YET IT PAYS

The American genius for advertising, so often and so justly praised for its fervor and its artistic excellence, at times shows the need of a restraining hand. An honest Broadway hatter recently displayed in his window a mound of hats, with the placard, "The genuine pseudo-Panama." Not far from him was an establishment that here stood aloof from this flattery sign: "Bergin's! Bergin's! Wadsworth's! Underhill's!" They are rare, too. In many streets one of late a hawking company that is big enough to know better has been prancing an appealing life-size portrait, in color, of a bottle of beer, endowed with the following rhyme in pseudo-New-Yorkish dialect:

"Minister empty bottles soon run into wine.  
That's why we pay for their return."

### REPARTÉE

"My only fear is to meet in woman's college," said Mr. Bullfinch, "is its possible effect upon the public life of the future. Woman's love of a bargain would cause her to go in for cheap education."  
"Yes," said Mrs. Bullfinch, with an indignant smile. "Well—look at the pile of illustrious romances you see are still selling like hotcakes!"  
Whereupon Mr. Bullfinch began to look like a slump-speaker, but nothing came of it. His eloquence was not equal to the occasion.

### A REASONABLE PROPOSITION

"Buy your own time for a fellow you was good forty miles an hour," said the constable.  
"Hush—hush!" whispered the driver, sotto voce. "I'm trying to sell this car to that old chap in the town, and I've speeded up the motor seventy-five per cent."  
"It's—all right, boss," said the constable. "You gimme twenty-five per cent. of the profits, and I'll let you off."

### HURRY UP!

"Naw's the time for a fellow to win fame at the wire end of a telegram," said Hobbs.  
"In what way?" asked Wilton.  
"Just telegraph a friend in a newspaper that you have been offered a place as Mr. Wilson's outcast," said Hobbs.



THE LAUNDRY ARTIST  
IN "MARVEN" SHE IS CERTAINLY FINE.  
SHE CAN TURN OUT A "WASH" THAT'S BOUND,  
AND LIKE ALL, ON HER HONY  
SHE IS NEVER CONTENTY  
THE GIRL SLEW HER WORK "HUNG ON THE LINE."



AFTER HIS TWENTY-YEAR SLEEP

"IS THIS THE VILLAGE OF FALLING WATER?"

DRAWN BY E. W. SOBLE



## The Gentler View

By Florida Poe

## Premature Critics

By the terms and trends, ideals and activities, are making toward any agreed goal, it is toward a happier, sweeter, simpler and of the same time more interesting life for each individual. With this as the surface destination, it becomes a small contradiction that we look with disdain on the few people who have already arrived there. We each of us know so fully that success is the requirement of the model family of the future, it lies outside the city, yet near enough to come to it for the home. It is home in a place of such perfection that it lends them dignity, yet does not force splendor upon them, and is so air of elevated atmosphere, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say of its aristocracy. The husband and wife work at the same thing, these activities are many, but principally carried on inside the family circle. Their children are masters of healthy pastime, their education, the best combination of genuine beauty understood by their possessor. The kindness, originality, and tolerance of each member are above the average. They are precisely the product which idealists and reformers, each in his own way, hope to create by the thousand.

It would seem obvious that they should be studied with fervor. They are professors of the future, and if we believe that to be authentic we should give them our closest attention and imitation. What we actually do is amazingly different. The majority regard them as queer, spontaneous and unorthodox coupled with intelligence being for some reason increasing to the many. There are others who advise such a family, if they be so fortunate as to know one. They glance over each detail of their lives. They are beset with questions from friends who delight in the family as a novel thing. Their delicate simplicities are lauded to the skies. The felicities themselves are loved, their ways are justly imitated, their ideas they make in modern life is a tonic and refreshment. Yet there is a mortification in the approval bestowed upon them. Instead of being visited as a group that is living as it should, and alone out of all the world seems so change exempt about in the world, they are seen as a delightful but wholly natural fairytale having an airy connection with the rest of civilization.

We go to them as we would to "Peter Pan," sure in advance of the beneficial results of so innocent and healthy a practice. When we come away we feel it to be a return to kind ground, a descent, a fact, from Peter Pan's tree-top. It is

just possible that the weight of our own morality brought us so far, for, though we like to see Peter Pan living in the tree-top, we do not see a moral balance that the tree-top is a feasible environment for the majority. We go farther, and wish a generous, firmness of opinion to insist first that a residence in the tree-top cuts one off from the great masses of people who are living on the ground, that to be cut off even by being markedly alone is to be somehow in the wrong. We feel that the residents of tree-tops lead a life that is more certain of those below them, when and unless entirely of their own choice. The pleasant but apparently isolated existence of our delightful family is, we feel, but much nearer the clouds than it is to solid earth. We, of the earth, take our solemn pleasure in this. The heights have their advantages, we gratefully admit. They give a broad view of existence, but the advantages arising from normal life, while every one else is reduced to the scuffling space seen in a bird's-eye view. When we have gone so far as this the cheerful faces become disquieting, we find that our perfect family has a little the effect of being a selfish little group, and that the very thing helping that its content is premature.

Why we should insist upon rating this moral high life is it impossible to tell. It might be traced to Puritan disapproval of happiness, and, if it were, it would be a novel and a few harmonious friends also some of normal size, while every one else is reduced to the scuffling space seen in a bird's-eye view. When we have gone so far as this the cheerful faces become disquieting, we find that our perfect family has a little the effect of being a selfish little group, and that the very thing helping that its content is premature.

Whatever the reason, we cannot sleep away our feeling that these groups remain lovable and diverting along everything, they are somehow elevating. They might be so strong and their nature so pleasing and disinterested as we are. If we have to go through these unpleasant phases, it was not friendly of them to have failed to go through them with us. Here every word and every sitting down and taking their own under the tree of Arctive-Northern-And-Kew-Continued, while we wander along within view, appears, in the light of our own self-pity, a heartless thing to have done.

## Forcing Plants with Radium

Professor Hermann Mesner, the famous Austrian botanist, who has been experimenting with the growth of plants for many years, has been working on the effect of radium emanations upon the rooting buds of trees. He placed small tubes containing a quantity of radium against the terminal buds of a lilac bush for from one to two days. After a certain length of time the buds that were treated sprouted, whereas the others remained in the resting state. After a treatment of 24 hours with a tube containing 400 milligrams of pure chloride of radium, the buds opened a month later, instead of in the following spring. This method of forcing led to the development of a theory, namely, that the buds of trees are not as hard as they are treated other experiments in which the radium was made to act upon the buds, and in these tests the results were more nearly uniform.

Curiously enough, the effect of the emanations of the radium could be obtained only if the buds were treated in the latter part of November, or in December. After treatment in September or October there was no result whatever. On the other hand, if the treatment was delayed until January or February, when the resting stage of the buds was coming to a close, there was no acceleration evident. Indeed, in some cases the effect of the radium was actually to retard the development. This would indicate that the bud may not be completely formed in the autumn, until several weeks after the leaves have fallen from the tree.

To produce any effect at all, the treatment must not be too short, for there is a point below which the radium seems to have no influence upon the plant whatever. The buds of trees are not as hard as they are treated other experiments in which the radium was made to act upon the buds, and in these tests the results were more nearly uniform.

For buds can be forced by other vapor and by warm water. Similar positive results were obtained with several other plants, such as the chestnut, the lily, the Norway maple, and others. Some plants, however, remained indifferent to the treatment, among these were the gladiolus or Japanese "maiden-hair fern plantain," the plantain, the horch, and the lily. The horch and the lily also failed to give results when treated with ether and with warm water.

## The Metal of the Standards

There are, undoubtedly, no products of finer skill or which a greater degree of care is expended than the standards of weight and measure in use among the civilized nations. Two things, in particular, must be considered—accuracy and durability. Nature does not, it is contended, furnish any single metal or material which exactly answers the requirements for a standard of measure or weight that shall be as nearly as possible unchangeable.

It is held that the best substance yet produced for this purpose is an alloy of ninety per cent of platinum and ten per cent of iridium. This is called iridoplatinum, and it is the substance of which the metric standards prepared by the International Commission of Weights and Measures are composed.

It is held that it has been offered by first that any pure metal, it is practically unobtainable, or not subject to rust, and it can be fairly engraved. In fact, the lines on the standard measures are hardly visible to the naked eye, yet they are smooth, even, sharp, and accurate.

It is said that if crystallization should ever be lost and pieces of it should be discovered in some lighter age in the various letters, which would be made by higher technology in its character than these standard measures of iridoplatinum.

## Travel In Comfort



When you travel, be comfortable.

The tracks and trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad are built for comfort.

The roadbed is rock-ballasted and evenly graded; and the rails are solid steel. The cars, both Pullmans and coaches, are all-steel, heavy and easy riding. The through express trains have parlor smoking or club cars with moveable easy chairs, and a la carte dining service that is unexcelled. All sleeping cars are the last word in appointments; the coaches are cheerful, commodious and restful.

Limited trains, like the Broadway Limited between New York and Chicago, the 24-Hour St. Louis, The Pennsylvania Limited, Congressional Limited, and Chicago Limited have Pullman observation cars on the rear with moveable armchairs and large windows, as well as an open platform, for viewing the passing scenery. Up-to-date libraries, current periodicals, daily papers, and courteous attendants are features of the Limited train service.

Pennsylvania Railroad service enjoys the reputation of being distinctively high grade and comfortable.

Try it.



## WANTED—SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Wanted for the sale of the new and improved "The Ways of the Planets" by Martha Evans Martin. The book is a masterpiece of scientific fiction, and is being sold by Harper & Brothers, New York. The book is a masterpiece of scientific fiction, and is being sold by Harper & Brothers, New York.

## The Ways of the Planets

By MARTHA EVANS MARTIN

Author of "The Friendly Stars"

With Illustrations and Charts. Cloth, 32, 25 and 15. HARPER &amp; BROTHERS, NEW YORK



Federal soldiers resisting the successful attack of General Diaz upon the Arsenal, which was captured with 50,000 rifles, cannon, and ammunition



Victims of the street fighting. They had sought refuge behind the lamp-post, but in vain



Two of the non-combatants, shot down in a garden in front of the cathedral



The late President Madero riding to the National Palace after a street battle



Citizens cheering for General Diaz after his release from prison by the revolutionists



The north front of the National Palace fifteen minutes after the first repulse of the revolutionary troops by President Madero

## MEXICO CITY IN CIVIL WAR

AFTER TEN DAYS OF CIVIL WARFARE, precipitated by the rebellion of General Felix Diaz, who entrenched himself within the Arsenal, President Madero was deposed by General Huerta and treacherously murdered. THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW SOME OF THE SCENES IN THE VICINITY OF THE CAPITAL, WHICH HAS BEEN LARGELY DESTITUTE BY ARTILLERY FIRE

Photographs copyright by the International News Service

## The Peanut Industry

This peanut, sometimes called ground-pea, or ground-nut, is known in our Southern States as the pine nut and ground-pea. The Pinck call it *pinus de terre*. It is generally believed to be a native of Africa where it is the principal food of the natives of the Congo tribes. Four or five species of the nut flourish in Brazil.

Our cultivation of it has successfully attempted in Spain. In this country it is raised chiefly in the states of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Mississippi, but has not succeeded in California.

The culture of the peanut is not at all tedious, and may be easily learned by the raising of peas or melons in general, and care is taken that there be nothing in the soil that would stain the shells.

Planting begins when the danger has passed from frost has passed. The ground is plowed five or six inches deep, and then harrowed. The sets are taken from the pod without breaking their stems and are planted two or three together in rows about three feet apart and twenty inches from left to right, being covered with two inches of earth.

In October, when the sets are ripe, the farmers dig the earth and pull up the vines, to which the sets adhere, and turn them over to dry. The pebbles this task only in pleasant weather, when the ground is dry. When the vines have lain in the sun for a day, which is sufficient time for them to dry, the greater shells are broken and a shuck about five feet high.

The vines remain in stack from three to five weeks, after which the sets are packed in places in sacks and shipped to market. A view under favorable conditions often bears more than a hundred sets, and the yield per acre frequently exceeds forty bushels.

The greater part of the Virginia and North Carolina crop is made in more than two-thirds of the whole crop of the country, is marketed in Norfolk and Petersburg, and is used to make soap, stoves, large metal cylinders, from which they pass through the axle, in which a strong current of air separates the fully developed nuts having sound hearts from those imperfectly filled, and the nuts are packed in bags, which fall through the bags upon sorting tables, where those that are diseased are taken out, and the light ones are put on table marks that will catch hold about six hundred pounds of nuts. Each sack is marked with the brand that indicates the grade of the contents.

The dark and the partially filled nuts are shelled, and the kernels are used by ready manufacturers.

Generally speaking, three varieties of ground-peas are grown in this country—the white, the red, and the Spanish. The white, the most important variety—has six or two leaves with pink shins; its vine spreads along the ground, in this respect unlike that of the red variety, which grows more upright and is a bush.

The pod of the red nut holds three and sometimes four kernels, and has a deep red skin.

The Spanish is a much smaller nut, with a richer skin and richer flavor than either of the others possess. The entire crop is shelled, and used especially in the production known as soap.

As the ground-peas are a most useful product than most people think it to be, besides its use in the rounded form, there are considerable uses to which it is put.

The nuts contain from forty-two to fifty per cent of a nearly colorless, hard, fixed oil, resembling that of the olive and used for similar purposes.

More than twenty-five years ago there was a great loss in Virginia the manufacture of peanut-oil, of which a particularly profitable kind is made. North Carolina has long made much of roasted peanuts, and it is also cultivated for oil, and is used as a substitute for coffee. We all know the hot water peanut butter is now manufactured and sold.

The peanut is most nutritious. The negroes in many districts in the South employ it in making "ground-peas," and they also make of it a kind of beverage.

The vine furnishes a shelter as good as clover hay, and helps fattens up what they feed on the fields after the crop has been gathered.

This error has been traced upon by writers of sensational fiction. They have dwelt on it with incidents where the murderer lay in the course, long identified to traces of the "picture" of him well left upon the retina of his eye. The idea is, of course, that as the victim of a murder looks on the murderer, the murderer has taken and retained, as it is put in a picture, a "picture" of the murderer's face which will endure in various parts of the world. Certain investigators, it appears, and scientific photographers, with the aid of the "eye photograph," have been at some pains practically to demonstrate the fallacy of the belief. The experiments were not for obvious reasons made with human eyes. Indeed they were used the eyes of rabbits, not only those of dead rabbits, but of living ones as well; and every effort was made to determine whether the retina of the rabbit's eye would receive and retain an impression even remotely resembling a picture of a "picture." The results were such as to dispose for sure and all of the idea of the "eye photograph."

There is no "eye photograph" subjected to suitable tests showed nothing whatever resembling any picture.

## Echoes Louder Than Sound.

In mad progress it would seem impossible to avoid the eye of publicity, not only sound that produced the echo, but under certain rather peculiar conditions this is really true.

When a revolver is fired into a hollow the report is sharp, but not so loud as it would be if the gun were fired on the surface of the earth.

If the hollow is up something like two thousand feet higher, there will be a few seconds' silence after the revolver shot and then a roar or deep rumble will be heard from the earth.

If an explosive is lowered from the top of the hollow until it hangs a few hundred feet below, and it is discharged in an electric fire, the explosion in the hands of one of the spectators, there will come to the ears of those above a report like a revolver shot, and then a few seconds' silence, followed by a peal of the loudest thunder ever heard.

When an explosive is blown up about or above the hollow into the water or upon the surface of the sea, the air is many degrees below. Thus, when the sound-waves penetrate the denser lower strata of air and then the solid earth, the echo produced is in the nature of the resonance of the hollow far louder than the original sound.

## "Down Brakes"

In newspaper accounts of railway collisions one frequently encounters this statement:

"On seeing the danger, the engineer 'hooked' down brakes" and "reversed the lever."

As a matter of fact, the expression—"down brakes"—has been obsolete for a long time. What the engineer really does when a collision seems impending is to slack off steam, apply the air brake, and open the sand valve. This takes about five seconds, and in that time all that remains left is able to accomplish for the train and passenger safety. Down Railway engineers are instructed never to reverse the engine after the air-brake has been applied, because the reverse reduces the stopping power of the hanks.

## Eskimo Lamps

It is believed that the Eskimo lamp was invented here at presenters originated from their original home, which was probably located near and near the northwest. But the form of the lamp becomes more specialized the higher the latitude is. The shape of several Eskimo lamps is each edge of two inches, while those of Point Barrow and another throughout have each edge of several to thirty inches. The lamp is employed for melting snow and ice to obtain drinking water, for cooking, lighting, and for heating the body in the arctic. It is also a social factor and the sign of the family unit, each head of the family having his lamp.

## Wood-pulp Sponges

Tattlers with chloride of zinc, wood pulp forms a viscous mass. When salt is added and the mixture has been raised with alcohol and compressed a fair imitation of a sponge results.

Two steel vestibule trains, representing in workmanship and artistic finish the perfection of the car builders' art, have been put into service between Boston and New York. They form the "Merchants Limited" of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, the 5 o'clock five-hour train between the two cities.

These new trains are practically indestructible; they are built like battleships. They are made of steel, reinforced underneath with two immense steel girders running the length of the car.

Each of the new trains will consist of six cars, exclusive of the diners. There will be four parlor cars, a combination parlor and baggage car, and an observation smoker. All of them have a stiff exterior and an interior of inlaid Mexican mahogany. For rich, yet unobtrusive decoration, they surpass anything heretofore turned out from the Pullman shops.

The usual drawing room has been eliminated in the parlor cars, giving them 36 chairs instead of 28. These chairs, upholstered in tapestry, with self-adjusting backs, are models of their kind.

These cars are the first to have the new, indirect system of lighting. From a dozen brocade lacquered domes, each containing a 100-watt lamp, light is thrown upward against the white ceiling of the car. This reflected and diffused, the light has the softness of twilight, and yet the finest print can be read without eye strain.

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The interior finish of the observation smoker, with 40 leather chairs, differs from the others, in that it is of rich cocowood. A buffet, in which hot coffee can be made quickly by electricity, is attached to this car.

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## Eye Photographs

Nearly everybody knows that we see objects partly by light that returns to the eye. But of this fact, doubtless, there is some of the popular belief, assuming that the rays that are reflected from the "pictures" may be seen in the eye of dead men.

THE GREAT WESTERN LIFE INSURANCE CO. HAS THE BEST INVESTMENT RECORD IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

## The Old Sea-Clock

Changes came late into Europe during the thirteenth century. There is evidence to show that they were employed at a much earlier period than that, although it is probable that for the most part they were regarded as mere curiosities. The first form was that of the "balance clock," the construction of which rendered it impracticable for use at sea. Its movements were irregular and its utility was nullified by the rocking motion of vessels.

Ingenue had made pendulums for the regulation of clocks on shore so early as 1656, and in 1675 his application of spiral springs as regulators of watches, made them, in a measure, available for use at sea; but the fact remains that the real introduction of timekeepers, when by standard time could be carried to any part of the world, and longitude, as well, be determined, came at an late period as the eighteenth century. With the invention of John Harrison. The rise of modern navigation may be dated from the improvement of the sextant in 1731 and the invention of the chronometer in 1753.

With the compasser of today, and the ingenious instruments on board every ship, there is now no difficulty in ascertaining the time, and, consequently, the longitude.

But such was not always the case. On the vessels of the old days, before the inventions referred to, and when only the wind-vane remains were known, seamen frequently had recourse to curiously contrived devices. These, nevertheless, served the mariner from chaos and destruction; and, even though he could not name the hour with any degree of certainty, and was often misled as to his longitude, he at least knew the day of the week—no small comfort on the high seas.

Relapses of the moon and the positions of the stars afforded some assistance to

the old-time skipper. He was, however, greatly handicapped by his lack of astronomical knowledge and the inferior quality of his "eye-glass." Moreover, eclipses could not be seen for every night in the month, and there were dark nights when the stars could not be seen.

A popular form of sea-clock in the old days was the sand-glass. Many of these glasses were timed to run twenty-four hours and, prior to the departure from port, the ship's glass was set exactly at noon. If it were carefully watched and turned as soon as the sand ran down, the skipper could reckon the days with a fair degree of accuracy.

Side by side with the large glass were placed half-hour and minute glasses. The man at the helm carefully watched this sea-clock and announced the time at regular intervals by striking a bell. It was customary to estimate the duration of any incident by so many glasses. "To dog the glass" was an operation very congenial to late seamen. It consisted in turning the glass before all the sand had run down, so that the watch was appreciably shortened.

The twenty-four-hour glass was even employed, aside from keeping a rough record of time, for the purpose of estimating longitude. The difference between the twenty-four-hour glass and the time by the sun was estimated, and this difference was held to represent the longitude east or west, according as the sun's time might be before or after the "time" returned by the glass.

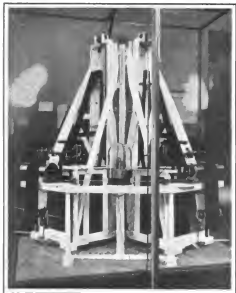
"Taking the sun" was a queer operation in the old days. Those quadrants and sextants were killed, toward mid-day the captain appeared on deck to perform his sextant function. After making a scrutiny of eyes and waggings of the quadrant, the master would level out to the mate, "Make it! ————!"

are stimulated directly similar contractions take place in all the three kinds of cells. For example, an electric shock, or a mechanical blow, will cause the skin in *Scomber* pale. It is not certain, however, whether these stimulations act directly upon the cells or indirectly through the nerves connected with the cells, as a reflex. The slowest response was dark color in the temperature produced simultaneously.

Especially interesting are the results obtained from experiments on the influence of light upon the skin. In these experiments care was taken to determine not so much the action of light impressions received through the eyes, and that of light acting directly upon the skin, but the action of the skin color to changes in the light and especially, that of the skin color to the eyes of fishes. Earlier investigators had observed a contraction of the pupillary cells under the influence of intense illumination in eels and in several members of the salmon family. Dr. von Trosche could get no results when he repeated the experiments. But with other species of fish he obtained quite different results. When one of two similarly pigmented fish was placed in the dark the skin became pale in a few seconds. This is true even after the fish has been blinded. The same result had been observed in minnows; but it was later discovered that here the change in the skin is brought about by the direct action of the illumination upon the skin, but as a reflex result of stimulating the so-called "third eye," a little outgrowth on the surface of the brain. This "epiphysis" probably corresponds to a third eye, since it appears like an eye in the early stages of development, and certain reflexes the resemblance to the eye is complete. Moreover, when this lump of tissue is cut away, the fish will without injuring any other part of the brain or nervous system, the animal reacts to prolonged illumination by a contraction by change in degree of pigmentation of the skin. When this "eye" is present, however, the minnow's skin can be made to change color by directing a beam of light upon the top of the head, even after the fish has been blinded. In some species experimented with by Dr. von Fritch the change can be brought about by playing a beam of light upon a limited area of the skin, or by causing a deep shadow on a limited portion. This no effects was produced by merely illuminating the head. And in all the species tested the red and yellow pigment cells take part just the same as the black.

Changes in color through "paralytic" stimulation are quite common in fishes. It is this species that the change may be brought about by disturbing the nervous system of the animal in some way. In one species of fish the animal became pale when it is mechanically stimulated with the finger! In another species excitement produces a darker color. This difference is compared to the fact that human beings may become pale with anger, or flushed under the influence of the same emotional disturbance, and the analogy is a true one. In both cases the color change in appearance of the skin is brought about through nervous currents from the sympathetic nervous system, or from the spinal cord.

The adjustment of the minnow is the color of its surrounding. It is brought about by the expansion or contraction of the red, yellow, and black pigment cells. In a red, green, and white bottom, the reaction of the fish is the same as that to a stay of a certain shade, according to the illumination. Thus the apparently perpetual readjustment of these pigment cells to their surroundings are brought about without anything corresponding to consciousness or purpose, but are the direct results of the construction of the animal and the constitution of its cells.



## TO MEASURE EARTHQUAKES

THE LABORATORY SEISMOGRAPH IN THE WORLD, RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, IT RECORDED THE LATEST EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN, 2,300 MILES DISTANT, FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

## Color Changes in Fishes

It is a well-known fact that the color of the skin of fishes changes from time to time, apparently under the influence of external conditions. Many animals have been made of this phenomenon, and it has been found that certain cells of the skin, those containing the black pigment, contract when acted upon by certain stimuli, thus reducing the total amount of black exposed. The state of the red and yellow pigment cells has been much more difficult, for the reason that these pigments are dissolved in alcohol, so that the material is not readily prepared for microscopic study. Dr. Karl von Fritch, of

Munich, has carried on experiments that help to understand the workings of these color changes. He finds that the red and yellow pigment cells are connected with the spinal cord and with the sympathetic nervous system by means of nerve fibers, the same as the black cells, and like the latter they are made to contract by stimulation. This is in marked contrast to the reactions found by Fritch, since in certain fish, in which the black cells expand while the yellow ones contract, and vice versa. Dr. von Fritch found the same conditions for many species of fish, belonging to several families.

Another series of experiments led to the discovery that when the pigment cells

## Synthetic Food

For some time chemists have been trying to prepare a synthetic nitrogenous food. It is known that in the work of digestion the nitrogenous materials which are absorbed go to the cells to form the protein of the animal in some way. The organism assimilates them in the simplest possible form. Accordingly, the artificial food must offer to the organism nitrogenous elements relatively simple. A liquid named Hirsch had the residue of the manufacture of artificial nitro-bases, and drew from it the sugar which it contained, washed it, pressed it, and mixed it with carbon dioxide. This change in this way at the end of two or three days a solution in which the nitrogenous present itself in a form which the animal could assimilate. The study recently finally obtained possessed a very pronounced taste of the food of the animal not less than three times greater. Trials of this food made in Brussels by doctors are said to have been highly satisfactory.





The Match

ONE would naturally think that so important a discovery as that of phosphorus must have at once led to the invention of the match, but the fact is our hundred and fifty years elapsed after such discovery before a more chemical match was introduced upon the principle of the present "friction-stick." This principle was that the friction of phosphorus between rough surfaces—for example, two pieces of brown paper—produced a flame.

During the early years of the nineteenth century it was found that potassium chlorate, in combination with leaf sugar, kindled when brought into contact with sulphuric acid. This fact was at once utilized, and attractive match boxes, containing one hundred sugar and potassium-tipped splints, as well as a plant containing sulphuric acid saturated with sulphuric acid, soon made their appearance. They cost a penny each, or about five dollars. The device was not, however, long popular, not so much because of the price, which was ultimately reduced one-half, but by reason of the acidity of the acid for water. It absorbed moisture from the atmosphere in such quantities as speedily to make the device inoperative.

Then it was suggested that if phosphorus were heated in a glass match case formed within upon the glass, and a sulphur-tipped splint were dipped therein, it would ignite on again contact in contact with the outer atmosphere. The great object of phosphorus operated against the general adoption of this idea.

The first friction match, or "hozier," as it was called, was invented by John Walker, a chemist, of Stockton, England. This consisted of a splint dipped in a compound of antimony sulphate and potassium chlorate. Ignition was obtained by rubbing between two pieces of wood, as operation that proved objectionable since the heads were apt to fly off without igniting the match.

This phosphorus was substituted for antimony. This match was known as the "Congress," and gradually it was improved, other experiments being the place of the potash, until the perfect match was developed.

Today phosphorus is the chief ingredient of the tip of most friction matches. The splint is added to insure inflammability of the tip, and the wood may be thoroughly ignited. The characteristic peculiarity of such variety of matches is that the phosphorus is the tip of the tip is red lead, silver, or some other substance securing a proper amount of oxygen to feed the flame. The remainder of the tip is phosphorus, and gum or glue to secure the stability essential to inflammability.

Almost any light wood furnishes a suitable match splint. Birch has the preference in Europe, while white pine is the favorite in this country.

By sundry processes the wood that is to be made into splints is sawed into blocks two inches square. These are fed to machines that instantly reduce them to well-shaped match splints. As rapidly as the splints drop from the machine—round round matches are desired—they fall in regular order upon an endless belt that carries them to the drying trough. To obtain a round match the wood is first forced through dies.

In the dipping trough the splints are brought into contact with a wheel-brush revolving in melted sulphur. Pressing on, they reach a second trough where the phosphorus mixture that provides the match is, in like manner, applied. Then they go to the drying-iron.

These matches are, for the most part, derived from the employment of red phosphorus. The theory of the safety match is to separate the phosphorus and the chlorate, which are united in the head of the ordinary match. The dipping incident for the match is of potassium chlorate or chlorate, antimony sulphide, and glue. This match will not kindle unless it is rubbed against a surface containing phosphorus. To fast some manufacturers put a small quantity of phosphorus into the match itself, so that it is not a safety-match.

The Japanese produce a variety of peculiar matches, some of which are made by hand. The first was made with an evenly distributed flame—no smoking—no pre-vents, a red hot ball of glowing white matter.

Animal Trials

MANY curious experiments are found in the laws of Europe in the Middle Ages. For instance, in the case of a child accused by a pig or a snake bitten by a bull, the trial was conducted roughly as if the animal had been actually responsible. It was inflicted, placed before the ordinary tribunal, and, on conviction, brutally given over to execution.

The treatment of Baringould shows



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that, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, guinea animals suffered death on the gullews, rocks were heated at the stake, and processes against trials, fire, water, and other ordeals, etc., etc., common. Where the ordinary course of justice failed, pulpits, and some men, usually well known, but of no ecclesiastical rank, were summoned by the bishop, because children resorted there to no effect.

A curious trial was that pertaining to the Protestant chapel at La Rochelle, which was conducted by de Beaulieu in 1653. The bell had a tale that was quite dull. It was shipped as a punishment for having assumed the office. It was gathered and disintegrated in order to represent its new birth in passing into the hands of the Catholic Church. It was cut down, and had to reply. It was compelled to recant and promise never again to relapse into sin. It then made simple and laconic recantation. Lastly, it was recanted, leapt, and given to the parish which bears the name of St. Bartholomew.

When the governor, who had sold it to the parish, asked for payment, the answer made him mad that it had been Hagston; that it had been newly converted, and consequently had a right to demand a delay of three years before paying its debt, according to the law passed by the king for the benefit of those newly converted.

Sugar

It is not known who invented, or discovered sugar, but it seems to have been known a slave the dawn of history, but not in all countries. The Chinese appear to have delighted in the taste of sugar for more than three thousand years; and it was known in India earlier than in Europe, being made from a juicy root or cane.

One of the generals of Alexander the Great is said to have carried sugar to Greece in the year 325 B.C., as Sir Walter Raleigh, some two thousand years later, carried tobacco from Virginia to England. But even so late as A.D. 1500 sugar was still a rarity in Europe. The famous physician Galen used it as a remedy for certain malady.

Experiment has demonstrated that sugar has remarkable sustaining power when taken by those suffering with diabetes. The invention of the first process for refining sugar is ascribed to the Arabs, and Venetian merchants are said to have purchased the secret from them and introduced the process into Sicily. The refining of sugar for use in some of its various uses was first practiced in England about 1626.

The Regeneration of Organs

MANY inferior animals have, as is well known, the power of replacing various parts of the body when lost, such as the tail, ear, or eye, or even a limb. A worm may sometimes be divided into various sections, and each section will proceed to live its separate existence. Experiments made by naturalists to obtain a better understanding in this regard, usually resulted in the loss of limbs and extremities have grown again after being almost wholly extracted. Also the horns of oxen have been regenerated with the results. An eye, which has been lost, or an eye which commences with the outside world, and those eyes have been regenerated. Although practically useless for purposes of vision, it is established likewise that the eyelid, eye, or eyelid, which is lost, or taken off, will grow again, although it will be smaller than the principal eye. In some cases, however, in the naked eye, the trunk and bladder, as is well known, can grow new claws.

Artificial Ears

ARTIFICIAL EYES are so skillfully made that they may with difficulty be distinguished from natural ones, it is claimed. When the individual who has lost an eye applies to the manufacturer for a substitute, there is made a pair of eyes, one of which is made of the material of the other, a mold of that part also must be taken for each eye. The fitting of the artificial Manufactures assert that as two ears are made, and that it takes a skilled workman to prepare an ear for the mold of wood.

When finished, the new ear is placed in the mouth, or in the ear, and is fastened to the back of the ear. It is really only the first artificial ear that is expensive, the rest are made of wax, and are made in the same way. Artificial eyes, which are made of glass and silver, have been made in such a way that they are not distinguished from the natural eyes.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



VOL. LVII

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No. 2933

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## THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEA

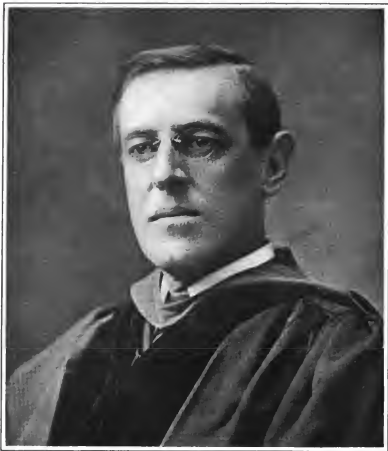
BEGINNING AND CONCLUSION OF SEVEN YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE



WOODROW WILSON

PROPOSED FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN MARCH, 1906  
INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN MARCH, 1913





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## WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FROM "HARVARD WEEKLY" OF MARCH 16, 1908

If he can regain the Jersey voters as well as be a drill instructor or write history, he would be a winning candidate.

### From the Knoxville "Tribune"

HARVARD WEEKLY suggests that the Democrats nominate President Wilson, of Princeton, as their next candidate for President. Such a proceeding would give Bryan and Board and lots of their followers a shaking up that would be the opposite of profit.

### From the Baltimore "Sun"

George Harvey nominates President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, for President of the United States. This might stop Harvard from getting all the big offices.

### From the Columbia "Journal"

The suggestion of HARVARD WEEKLY to the Democrats to try a scholar for a Presidential nominee next time has created a favorable impression.

MAY 25, 1906

### From the "Brooklyn Eagle"

Since the dinner at which the editor of HARVARD WEEKLY suggested Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President in 1908, things have happened rapidly. Democrats at that time did not see things so clearly as they see them now. The threatening danger of demagoguery in the specious dress of one or all of its various "isms" which are now being exploited were not an evident in thinking men as they are to-day. There had not at that time been heard the call of democracy to all who believe in the principles of Thomas Jefferson to rally to the defense of the party and the union.

It took Colonel Harvey's leaves a full minute to make up their minds whether or not the speaker meant

what he said. The assemblage of eminent men gathered about the table in that brief minute did some of the most rapid thinking of their lives.

After the dinner was over and the dinner had gone home they continued thinking about Woodrow Wilson in the new relation which Colonel Harvey had suggested. If the suggestion had been intended as a joke or as a compliment it would have ended there. Dr. Wilson would have understood the joke and would have appreciated the compliment, the perception is too keen, his mind too sane, to permit any misunderstanding on his part. When Colonel Harvey made his speech the idea was as new to Dr. Wilson as to the other guests. Weighing all the facts at his command, he considered, as any man of good judgment and sound sense would have considered, that Colonel Harvey did not mean to be taken seriously. He dismissed the matter from his mind.

But Colonel Harvey was seriously serious. He meant exactly what he said, that in his opinion Woodrow Wilson was exactly the kind of a man to make a President who would give to his country the best possible administration; that he was not only the kind of man, but the very man, to command the united support of working-men of all parties in all parts of the country; that he was the right man to guide the union through the threatening breakers of capitalism.

Colonel Harvey was not the only one who did a lot of thinking that night and the next day. The majority of the men at the dinner were Republicans, but they were men of distinction; men of strong minds and clear heads. These men are still thinking of what Colonel Harvey said. It mattered not to them that the speaker had named Dr. Wilson as a fit man for the Democratic candidate. The question which each one asked himself was whether or not Dr. Wilson would measure up to the requirements of a man to succeed the very active, very energetic Theodore Roosevelt. Measured by any and all standards, the answer was yes; was that Woodrow Wilson was such a man as the country required.

One of the objections which is likely to be raised to

the possible candidacy of Woodrow Wilson is that he is not a politician, that he has never "won his spurs," as the saying is, in the arena of practical politics.

At first thought this objection seems a valid one. Looked at more closely, it loses much of its force. By the admission of all well-informed men there is no one in the United States who is more thoroughly familiar with the historical development of this country than Woodrow Wilson; there is no one who knows in large and in small the results of all the different policies under which the country has been governed; there is no one who has seen more clearly than Woodrow Wilson the threatening approach of popular revolt against the accumulated power of the vested interests of the country, and there is no one who, in argument, at all events, is better able to dissipate the threatening clouds of revolt against the privileged class.

Another objection raised against the candidacy of Dr. Wilson is the allegation that he is a student and not a practical man of affairs. This allegation, as all who have ever known Woodrow Wilson can abundantly testify, is based upon mis-observation or lack of information. It probably arises solely from the fact that he is the president of a university, and the popular idea of a university president is that he is an academician as contrasted with a man of affairs. One of the professors at Princeton, in speaking of him a few days ago, said:

"Woodrow Wilson is not only the finest scholar I have ever known, but he is the shrewdest business man I have ever known. He is not only a sound thinker, he is above all else a man of action."

Some have raised the objection that the people at large do not know who Woodrow Wilson is. That in its certain sense they and the fact that it is true, rather than an intention to promote his candidacy, is the reason for this article.

Woodrow Wilson is a spare man, of medium height, noticeably wide forehead, very expressive eyes, and very attractively personable. He was born in Stratford, Virginia, on December 28, 1856, and today in his 51st year is at the height of his mental vigor. He

was graduated at Princeton in 1879, studied law at the University of Virginia, received his degree of Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins University, was a member of the faculty and afterward at Wesleyan University. He accepted the chair of jurisprudence at Princeton in 1892, and upon the resignation of the incumbent was elected to succeed him as the trustee for the rest of the university.

Under his administration Princeton has grown in every respect more rapidly than the most successful universities, both here and abroad, as America's foremost living historian in that field which deals with the political and social history of the United States.

Woodrow Wilson is put down as a conservative, a Democrat of the old school as opposed to the latter-day Democrats, who are technically known as the "radicals."

"The radicals are in control," says the practical politician. "Nationalism of the present type now is advocated by the Democratic party. If nominated, a conservative cannot be elected. It is certain since Woodrow Wilson is a conservative. He is a conservative because he believes it is the duty of the elected representatives of a people to learn from experience, rather than act upon theory. He believes it is their duty before taking any action leading to a change of policy to gather all available information, to sift, to examine, to deduce, and so to learn why failures have been made and how to avoid future failures. He believes that every American citizen should be taught to think for himself and to be ready for himself. He believes that the only way to have a better reason for being a party man than because he was born of certain parentage or in a certain place is to be a party man."

His views upon public questions are not hard to collect from his public utterances. On the questions which now agitate the American body politic—very strong views, definite, but not all those, and these views can hardly be called conservative. He believes that the present political unrest, of which "Socialism, Municipal Ownership, Socialism, and other similar movements are but symptomatic, is the logical and inevitable result of our defective policy of government, and that the only way to save the party. Dr. Wilson's view of this policy is that it consists of nearly half a century of legislation, systematically based upon the principle that the welfare of particular vested interests. He believes that the American people have already come to see this in a vague way and that their vision is rapidly clearing.

The real issue in Dr. Wilson's mind is whether or not these strongly entrenched vested interests will be permitted to continue this policy at the expense of the public at large.

Dr. Wilson firmly believes that the time will come when the nation must find a way to subordinate the accumulated power of these privileged interests to the general interests of the country at large; and he believes that when this time comes the welfare of the people must be met, it will be the old-time Democratic party which must meet it. Thus he believes there will be a call for more "government," which he knows what they are talking about.

The views of the American people may not clear sufficiently to let them see the real issue. It is entirely conceivable that the "radical" element, the revolutionists who win a phrase such as "free silver," "municipal ownership," "socialism," and so on after it should be plainly, may lose its way again. But sooner or later will come the new line of thought, and there will be a struggle to battle the forces of the people against those of the privileged interests.

Dr. Wilson does not believe that the method of reform will be the destruction of the corporations and trusts, the great modern instruments of business, for he believes that the natural and indispensable machinery of modern society. He believes that the method of their reform will be such an amendment of the laws as will leave away from them all official advantages such as, for example, the tariff gives many of them, and such a clarification of the law, both civil and criminal, as will fix responsibility in an unmistakable way upon the responsible party. The country has never known so much as this in the Republican program. "The country is like a young man who has himself heir to a rich estate," says the conservative. "By neglecting his duties he has squandered his income. But he knows he has a large account and in the fullness of life he draws steadily and recklessly, and he must stop. The end of the time when his fortune will be spent." It is a notable fact that every discredited economist in the country believes that the United States are using up its capital rapidly.

The economists, who are at the same time practical men, know that it will be some time before the nation at large see the truth of this doctrine. The younger element enjoys rapid living. Replenishment is a word which young men do not understand. They are not so-called savants. It implies thinking ahead, planning for the future. The element in the American population which stands for this is the young element elected into Congress through the use of "retrogressive" tactics.

"The nation is great and strong," say the young men everywhere. It is growing daily greater and stronger. They returned to the United States after administration is developing the country, and more than that, it is developing the world. It has made a world power. It will be the greatest world power. Let the distant future take care of itself."

Dr. Wilson is a practical man as well as an economist. He knows that the young element in Congress is at least, most prevalent. And there is just enough truth in it, so far as the capacity of the nation's progress

is concerned, to make it temporarily defensible. Unlike some of his fellow-economists, he does not believe that the young element is so much the present betwixt of the United States to enjoy itself, even though the nation is spending its capital. He is an economist of the old school, and he believes that the end of the path in plenty of time to change to come. And yet, conceding all this, Dr. Wilson believes that the young element is so much the present betwixt of the nation in what the truth and the end of the way. In other words, it should be the duty of the young element to bring about a change which is necessary to reach sound economic living, which is living on the income without reckless extravagance and waste.

In regard to the conflict between capital and labor Dr. Wilson is, as in other things, a consistent believer in the free market principle. He has no prejudice against a capitalist of any class, and he has no prejudice against a laborer of any class. He believes that the only way to settle the conflict itself. It becomes necessary to let the market rule, and the other is permitted to take an unfair advantage. He believes that the only way between capital and labor the law should not take sides, but should hold the balance true at all moments. He believes that if both sides act without malice or false advantage—acting as umpire, never as parties.

## MARCH 31, 1908

It is interesting to note the further comments, newspaper and individual on the suggestion of Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, to be nominated for President in 1908. An important characteristic of the comments, which we quote on another page, is their invariable recognition of the merits of Mr. Wilson. *The Troy Press*, for example, which is inclined to treat the suggestion implicitly, is forced to admit the truth of all that is said in the suggestion of the president of Princeton for the national office. After quoting with approval the tribute which appeared in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* of March 19th, it asserts that Mr. Wilson cannot be nominated, and cannot be elected if he is nominated, because he is comparatively unknown, and therefore it is opposed even to the suggestion of his name. According to this critic, Mr. WILSON has proved himself to be a "competent executive"; that he is "a statesman of breadth, depth, and excellent sagacity"; that he is a notably sane idealist, and that he is a genuine orator; that he "stands for everything that is sound and progressive"; that he has the respect of all men of good will; that he is a man; that he is faithful to the interests of the whole people; that he has profound convictions; that he has no enemies. In a word, it is admitted that Mr. WILSON possesses qualifications for the Presidency in an extraordinary degree, but it is insisted that all these will not count with the Democratic party because he is not well known to it, and that if he were nominated, the country would not elect him because he would be such a recent acquaintance. It is, of course, a mistake to assume that WOODROW WILSON is not widely known. There is no man who writes on government and on politics, who is so generally and so favorably known. However, the fact is not only opposition to Mr. WILSON as a candidate that has not been expressed is put on the ground that the Democratic party will not nominate an exceptional man whom it does not know to-day, and that the people will not elect a man of acknowledged ability and high character, who is not well known to it, and that if he were nominated, the country would not elect him because he would be such a recent acquaintance. It is, of course, a mistake to assume that WOODROW WILSON is not widely known.

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The insertion made by *ST. JAMES ALBION B. PARKER*, during his recent tour in the South, that the next session of the Democracy for the Presidency ought to be a Southern man, has attracted a great deal of attention in Washington, as well as in the states directly concerned. Judge PARKER pointed out that during the last ten years it has proved impossible to secure harmonious action on the part of Western and Eastern Democrats. Mr. WILSON'S name was discussed by Eastern Democrats in 1896 and in 1906, while Judge PARKER himself in 1904 failed to poll the full Democratic vote in the West. The deduction from these facts is that prescience dictates the selection of the next nominee from a different section—to wit, the South, which has no enemies within the party, because it has been so long the Democracy for the Presidency, and neither whether he has been a Western man or an Eastern one. It may also be pointed out that, since the South's manufacturers have acquired considerable development, a Southern man would no longer be accused or suspected of hostility to a

protective tariff, though he could undoubtedly be trusted to advocate the revision of certain chapters of the Dingley act. He would therefore appeal very strongly to the Republican revisionists, of whom there are so many in the South, as well as in some other states. We add that, as there are few, if any, great fortunes in the South, and as the railroad interest is comparatively unimportant, the masses of Northern voters would not regard a Southern man of being a tool of railroads or monopolies.

## MARCH 31, 1908

From a letter by Henry Lozier Nelson in the Boston Herald.

An exceedingly interesting movement is in process of organization. It is a movement which is striving to bring about an end to the present system of management of the Democratic organizations—at least it cannot yet appear to them. Its origins develop wholly upon the way in which public opinion directs itself, whether there is enough dissent in the existing conditions in both parties to stir up a sentiment which will make of managing politicians a negligible quantity.

The will of the combination between politics and money-making are no longer the knowledge of a few. The world knows how corrupt, how base, how unwieldy all kind of control, and to all men self-interest, and the fact that the government is controlled and business. From the Senator receiving fees, to the man of the street, the public mind is now so much soiled by the part of newspapers in the South and West, but of a large number of men who are in the public eye, but who have been convinced that politics in this country must be elevated to a higher plane than they are.

Revolutions which have recently been made have stirred the country, and there is thinking going on. The will of the combination between politics and money-making are no longer the knowledge of a few. The world knows how corrupt, how base, how unwieldy all kind of control, and to all men self-interest, and the fact that the government is controlled and business. From the Senator receiving fees, to the man of the street, the public mind is now so much soiled by the part of newspapers in the South and West, but of a large number of men who are in the public eye, but who have been convinced that politics in this country must be elevated to a higher plane than they are.

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having these qualifications, however, for the farther reason of their availability. However this may be, it is an idea that we should not lose sight of. Men and strong men for our political places who will give us better government, government which is not marred either in its motives or in its results, by a revolt which is sure to be inspired by the spirit of extravagant ostentation.

It does not matter much at present whether those who are thinking in this way are few or many. It is important that a good many respectable citizens are at least in agreement with the idea. At a good many who have agreed to find their profit in carrying public life have at least been convinced that a pure and intelligent government will do more for the welfare of the individual citizen of government. It does matter whether Woodrow Wilson be a possibility or not, it does matter that there is a notable disposition to find the question of the tariff important. It is a man which is entitled, whatever may be the conviction in which it is issued, to respectful treatment. It is an all important question, and the importance of such a name would be met by an inquiry as to his standing with the best-known of the "boys."

The question suggests itself, are we looking for a man at the end of the kind of politics in our country which is so like the politics of the gentlemen of three and Italy who were accustomed to relieve themselves of their money on the highway in order that it might be distributed among themselves and the goodwife? It is certainly not to be hoped for. At any rate, the kindly manner in which the mere suggestion of Mr. Wilson's name has been received indicates that some people are reflecting as to the possibility of changing the politics and relieving the character of our politicians by putting superior men in service. That the South is taking an interest in this particular person is shown from the fact that he is a Virginian.

Here is a man who was born in Virginia, who is trained in the knowledge of the history of his country, who shows that he thinks like a statesman, who has been so successful as an administrator that his experiment at the politics and relieving the character of our politicians in education, and whose relations for many years have been with a Northern state. It is wonderful this fact that in the most interesting work that he has done in education, and whose relations for many years have been with a Northern state. It is wonderful this fact that in the most interesting work that he has done in education, and whose relations for many years have been with a Northern state. It is wonderful this fact that in the most interesting work that he has done in education, and whose relations for many years have been with a Northern state.

HENRY LOUIS NELSON.

#### From the "Troy Press."

In giving due weight to these considerations, we object to his nomination on the ground that the people would not be benefited by the election of Woodrow Wilson. It is our opinion that the election of Woodrow Wilson will answer the purpose, demonstrated by history, which must precede a Presidential nomination. The election of Woodrow Wilson will answer the purpose, demonstrated by history, which must precede a Presidential nomination. The election of Woodrow Wilson will answer the purpose, demonstrated by history, which must precede a Presidential nomination.

This booklet is the compliment of one scholar to another, and an excuse for directing widespread attention to Woodrow Wilson.

#### A Letter from an Educator.

RAMON, N. B. Mox's 1st, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: I read your recent editorial regarding President Woodrow Wilson as the proper Democratic candidate for the next year. I want to commend you upon having the foresight and good sense to take this stand. I know how big a name you have and how much respect you have while I was a member of the faculty at Princeton. It has often occurred to me that he would make an ideal President for our country. I read your editorial in your article I wrote about him some years since. He is my model gentleman, and I believe that there is no man in this party who is more worthy to be elected in this country. Let me haste to say that I am an independent in politics, but my motives be independent. I shall feel that in anything I can to help on this issue you have started.

I am, sir,

NATHAN WELLES BIRM.

#### NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, APRIL, 1906 Whom Will the Democrats Next Nominates for President?

BY A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

It is high time that thoughtful Democrats should begin to consider the question, on what issue they mean to appeal to the American people in 1908, and that standard by which they must be judged their basis of victory. A new Federal House of Representatives will be chosen in November of this year; so will many Governors; so will many State Legislatures, which, in their turn, may powerfully affect the composition of the Federal Senate. The rank and file of the Democracy will be immensely encouraged in their efforts to pluck victory from the coming contest at the ballot-box, if they know that their leaders, far from maintaining an expectant attitude, and allowing things to drift, have agreed upon a sound and attractive policy, and are

prepared to name a candidate for the Presidency who shall be "available" in the true sense of the word, through his power to inspire confidence, to command respect, and to secure the anxious support of the Independents, who in 1884 and in 1896 proved themselves able to turn the scales.

I.

So far as the framing of an issue is concerned, it should prove a much easier task for Democrats than for Republicans. As regards the two great questions of tariff revision and the regulation of interstate railways and other great corporations engaged in interstate commerce, the Republican party seems to be irreparably ruptured. Only with the help of Democratic Senators, at all, can Mr. Roosevelt take any place whatever in the embroiling his personal views upon the statute-book. It follows that government control of consolidated capital cannot be made a pivotal issue at the next Presidential election. It is true that the Democrats may justly claim to have upheld from the outset the popular demand for Federal control of those railway combinations and all other all formidable trusts; but the Republicans may as justly say that the same demand was recognized and pressed by their Executive chief in the White House, by many of their Senators, and by all but seven of their Representatives. It would, therefore, be difficult, if not impossible, to make the tariff issue, or that of 1908, or that of 1912, the *Trois* issue. It is otherwise with the question of tariff revision. The Protectionist Republicans, or Stand-paters, have shown themselves absolute enemies of their party, in both the Senate and the House of Representatives; for, if they permitted the House to pass the Philippine tariff bill, it was the duty of the Senate to withhold its assent to its grant in a Senate committee. President Roosevelt, who, some time ago, was an advocate of tariff revision, seems to have bowed to the inevitable, and, of late, has evinced no inclination to any relaxation of the Dingley Tariff. On the other hand, the Republican friends of revision in the fifty-first Congress, though not entirely free, are resolute and impassioned, and have betrayed more than once a willingness to organize a revolt against the dominant element of their party, and their spirit of insubordination is strengthened by the knowledge that, in many sections of the country, the movement for revision is gaining ground.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Democrats, if we doubt if it would be possible to find a single independent—by which, of course, we mean a man who in theory and practice is non-partisan; who is not also an avowed and earnest revisionist. Under the circumstances, the Democrats are not so much called upon to make a tariff revision the axial issue of the contest as they were in 1902 and 1908 as they are to accept frankly and openly an axial issue already made for them. That they will bail such an issue with enthusiasm is obvious. A party which in the past has demanded a tariff for revenue could not fail to welcome revision as at least a step in the right direction.

We see, then, that tariff revision, which events have made the main plank in the Democratic platform, will strongly commend Democratic candidates, provided these are wisely selected, not only to the great sea-turning body of Independents, but also to that large and growing minority of Republicans whose party allegiance is slack compared with the devotion of the Democrats to their plain reductions of the Dingley tariff. Under the circumstances, Democrats should be able to repeat in Massachusetts the triumph gained by Governor William L. Douglas two years ago. In New York, where the Republican party is rent by faction, the Democrats certainly should be able to do much better than Governor Odell's plurality to lose their next down Governor Odell's plurality to lose their next nine thousand votes. They ought not to miss victory in Pennsylvania, where their nominee for State Treasurer was elected less than five months ago. Bright also is their prospect of carrying Ohio, where their candidate for Governor was successful at the recent election. They in 1902 successfully revived Missouri, which only for transient reasons gave her electoral votes to Mr. Roosevelt in 1904. They have a right to expect considerable gains in Maine, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, where there are more tariff-revisionists in the Republican ranks. On the whole, the Democracy may pretty safely count of preponderance in the next House of Representatives.

II.

Having that proved successful in the preliminary skirmish, what step should not be taken by the national Democracy in order to win the great battle for the Presidency? It will not avail them to

have the right platform; they must have the right candidate as well. They had the right platform in 1880, and if, with or without his consent, they had nominated Samuel J. Tilden, feeble and mercurial as he was, they would have proved as irresistible as were the Christian cavaliers of Spain when they charged with the dead Gid at their head clad in his armor and propped upon his war-horse. That they had the right platform in that year is evident from the fact that President Arthur soon after recognized the necessity of revision, and sought almost immediately to amend the law for the purpose. In 1884 the Democrats did not win by virtue of their platform, which was an evasive one, but because a large fraction of the Republicans in pivotal states led from Mr. Blaine and voted for Mr. Cleveland. In 1888 Mr. Cleveland stood on the right platform, but the non-partisans won in 1896. Four years later, Independents rallied; and as there was simultaneously a good deal of discord among Republican leaders, caused by Mr. Harrison's frigid treatment of many of them, Mr. Cleveland's victory was monumental. It is our judgment that in 1904, after Judge Parker's electrifying telegram to the St. Louis Convention and Missouri's vote, the Democrats would have stood on the gold standard, the Democratic candidate could not have been beaten by any man except Mr. Roosevelt, who, although not, by principle and by practice, a Jeffersonian Democrat, as Senator Tillman justly says, had at that time proclaimed his approval of two Democratic demands, that, namely, for the Federal supervision of those railway combinations of interstate commerce generally, together with that for tariff revision. Having stolen the Democratic thunder by his advocacy of federal supervision of interstate railways and of interstate commerce, Mr. Roosevelt remained the eternal-compelling Zeus, and kept his place upon the summit of Olympus. It is, in view of the splendid record of 1904 did not turn upon platform at all, but solely upon the rote-getting qualifications of the candidates, and, naturally, as Chief-Judge Parker was comparatively little known, and may possibly have lacked Mr. Roosevelt's magnetic personality, he had to succeed.

To which of the great sections of the Republic should the Democrats now turn for a candidate? Nelsons and some other Western states declare that we ought to put forward William J. Bryan for a third time. We have never questioned the ability or the patriotism of the eminent Nebaskan. We believe that, if elected to the White House, and kept in the temper of his own peculiarities, he would evince sobriety and candor, severity and foresight. Neither have we ever seen cause to doubt his loyalty to Chief-Judge Parker, the nominee of Mr. Bryan's party in the last Presidential campaign. Traitors there unquestionably were among pretended Democrats; but William J. Bryan was not one of them. It is, however, almost his misfortune when they confuse a superior feat that he was born under an unlucky star! Never in the history of this country has an American citizen been elected Chief Magistrate who twice previously had been a candidate for that great office and twice had been defeated. Only twice in our country's history has a man been elected after he had been re-nominated and elected. We refer, of course, to Jefferson, to Jackson, and to Cleveland. The only other man whom Western Democrats would be at all likely to propose is Governor Folk of Missouri. He is relatively a young man, little more than eligible, in respect of age, for the Presidency, and is not so well known, as well as by the letter of the Constitution. His career, which promises great distinction, has but begun. He, if any man, can afford to wait. As for the status east of the Mississippi and north of the Potomac, they present at the hour when we write no man whom the national Democracy would be at all likely to nominate. It is possible that Mr. Hearst would even come forward as a candidate before the next Democratic National Convention, unless he should here be successful in obtaining the Governorship of New York. Mr. George B. McClellan has solemnly declared that he will accept a nomination for no other office so long as he is Mayor of New York City. It is possible that Mr. Hearst would be chosen this year Governor of Pennsylvania, but there is reason to fear that this state would still prove inoperably Republican in a Presidential year. We may add that no Pennsylvania Democrat can be said to have a national reputation. We should next point out that the day is distant when either the Democrats or the Republicans will take a nomination for the Presidency from the states west of the Rocky Mountains. That section has yet much to gain in respect of population before it can pretend to such an honor,



APRIL 14, 1906.

depth, and exceptional sagacity; as an idealist, who, at the same time, shall be exceptionally sane. It needs a man who, although steeped in Jeffersonian teachings, can be trusted at a given crisis to subvert what Jefferson did a century ago, but what Jefferson would do now. It needs a man whose nomination would be a requiem of the South, which the South nobly deserves, and whose election would be a decisive proof of the fall restoration of the Union. Such, unquestionably, is the man whom the country urgently requires, by whatever political party may claim to be his champion forward. Such a man is Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia and New Jersey. We add that he is a Democrat, and of course a tariff revisionist. In a word, he meets all the exigencies of the situation.

APRIL 14, 1906

From the *Sarasota "Press"*

Princeton already has one President in her midst, and in our opinion he was one of the best the nation ever had. He is a scholar, in some ways a littérateur. President Roosevelt is an historian and an author who writes interestingly about lions and Federalists.

In this line Woodrow Wilson is superior to either. If his history is open to some criticism from a Southern viewpoint, the volume on *The State* is above reproach. The distinguished author went to school when he was a boy in Augusta, where his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the Georgia city. The *Press* has watched his career with interest and enthusiasm. Several years ago his paper announced him for Chancellor of the State University. Naturally, he was promoted to be head of his own alma mater at Princeton. He may have been born in Virginia, but he is a Georgian, married a Georgian woman, and might be considered to be head of the Georgia side to become a candidate on the Democratic side. We presume, of course, that *Harper's Weekly* is boosting him for the Democratic nomination. With the understanding we are for him.

From the *Columbus (N. C.) "State"*

Mr. Harvey is generally supposed at the public reception given the suggestion that the Democrats make Woodrow Wilson their leader, although he says his remarks in the *Lotos Club* were not hastily made or ill considered. The idea of having a statesman for a Presidential candidate is somewhat novel, but nevertheless it is attractive to the non-politician, and Mr. Harvey has grouped quite a formidable number of names favorable to Mr. Wilson.

There is no reason why "serious consideration" should not be given to the suggestion. Presidential history is not too plentiful, and Presidential history of the reduced variety is alarmingly scarce. It might be a terrible shock to the American people to have such a man as is described by Mr. Harvey appear to the Chief Magistracy, but they would get over it; it could be shown that there was precedent for such a thing; there were statesmen in the long ago, and they did quite well. In fact, much need to be done by Americans in a quiet way. The "big stick" was always the favored policy; it is an outgrowth of modern methods.

From the *Kansas City "Times"*

Woodrow Wilson, whom *HARPER'S WEEKLY* suggests for the Democratic Presidential nomination, is, perhaps one exception, the most excellent Democrat in Princeton, New Jersey.

APRIL 7, 1906.

It is suggested by friends of Mr. WILLIAM J. BAYES that he has made up his mind not to seek the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1908. Where, then, will the national convention of the Democracy look for a candidate? Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, maintains that it should not look to the Southern states. If the opinion is based on the assumption that a Southern candidate for the Presidency would provoke a national sentiment at the time, we believe Mr. WILLIAMS to be mistaken. A more plausible objection is that it is impolitic to take a candidate from a part of the country which the Democrats are sure of carrying. Politicians have long been in the habit of selecting candidates for the Presidency from states that are or have been divided. This objection on the other hand, may only be met by the selection of a man born, brought up, and educated at the South, but who, subsequently, by long residence at the North, has acquired an intimate knowledge of his fellow-countrymen in that section. As we have formerly pointed out, such an ideal combination of qualifications is presented in Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University. No objection to his candidacy could be made on the ground that New Jersey is irretrievably Republican. Local pride plays a great part in that state, and although it was swept by the Republicans in the last three Presidential years, it gave its electoral votes to them and to BREWER and TRUMAN, and not to Mr. CLEVELAND. We add that in 1904 a change of less than 5,000 votes from one side to the other would have defeated the Republican candidate for Governor.

The suggestion that WOODROW WILSON be the Democratic candidate for President in 1908 continues to excite comment from the newspapers of all parts of the country. The most serious effect of the suggestion has been felt in the South and in New Jersey. This is natural and logical, for Mr. WILSON was born in the South, and his boyhood is remembered not only in Virginia, his native state, but in Georgia, where he attended school, where his father preached, and where he married his wife. He has always been as well seen from the remarks of the *Sarasota Press*, in high favor with the Georgians, and was once suggested for Chancellor of the State University. In New Jersey, where he was a student at Princeton, and where, since he has

quiet. The Southern newspapers indicate that their part of the country quite understands the loser that a nomination of a Southerner would be to their action, but they also show that they are chiefly glad that a Southern man is talked about, not because of the place of his birth, but because of his worthiness for the highest office in the land. Mr. WILSON is not mentioned because he is a Southerner, but being mentioned because of his own personality, his own character, his own accomplishments, and his own ability, he also happens to be a Southerner. This makes the incident especially gratifying to the South. Another very significant statement is to be found in the closing paragraph of an editorial of the *Trenton American*, which we look upon to quote in full this week. It says this newspaper, Mr.



Richard Watson Latta President Woodrow Wilson W. H. Howells Henry Mills Allen  
At a dinner to Mr. Allen in Franklin Square in 1906.

been professor and president, the suggestion is as cordially received as it is in the North. The *Sarasota Press* says that it is in favor of Mr. WILSON for President on the understanding that he is to be the Democratic candidate. The original mention of his name was as that of a man very worthy to be the Democratic candidate. It is not quite accurate to say, as the *Press* does, that *HARPER'S WEEKLY* is "boosting" Mr. WILSON. It is doing nothing of the sort. It has recognized in him a man eminently fit to be President and to be the Democratic candidate for President. The statement of this fact alone is a complete answer to the other statement that the *Weekly* has put him forward as its candidate. We would, it is true, be delighted if the Democratic party would consent to make so sensible and proper a nomination as this would be. Not only New Jersey but Pennsylvania welcomes the suggestion. New England newspapers treat it respectfully, while one Western paper shows its appreciation of Mr. WILSON by ranking him with ORVILLE CLEVELAND.

To the *WEEKLY* the interesting feature of all this comment is the evidence it affords that a good many Democratic newspapers realize the value of character, of dignity, of intellectual equipment for the Presidential office. Faith is shown, too, in the strength of repose and in the power of

WILSON be nominated, he will unquestionably have back of him the men of both parties whose ideals are the restoration of primal principles and a return to constitutional government." From all this it will be seen that much good has been accomplished by the mere suggestion that Mr. WILSON's candidacy is one which the Democratic party ought to take into serious consideration.

This advice may not fructify into action, but at least the suggestion has excited comment, and may excite discussion, that must benefit the party and the country. It has made serious editors lift their eyes from the crowd of politicians who are running along in the old rut to contemplate a man who has what we might call real Presidential ability and Presidential virtues—that is, ability and virtues which are his own, and which distinguish him from a mass of people who have mere availability. When it is considered that supposed availability has been the leading virtue of all the Democratic Presidential candidates who have ever been defeated, it seems odd that it is still a virtue so highly considered by those who make dates. It is probably true, however, that no Democratic candidate ever will be successful without a preliminary victory over the date-makers. Therefore it is gratifying to a political onlooker to note the pleasure with which thoughtful men receive a name that would never occur to a pro-







possible that the views expressed are. The characters and tone of the article are such as we might expect from John G. Carlisle, but he is probably not its author. Not one of it is attributed to Judge Parker, although the ideas presented are very similar to some that were expressed by the eminent New-Yorker in recent public addresses in the South. It is, perhaps, an easy way to conceal identity to attribute to any man "privately" as "the ablest Jeffersonian Democrat left, for there are no good many Jeffersonian Democrats left, in spite of the admitted excess of a Democratic bias shown in the among the Jeffersonians during the past third of a century.

The suggestion that the president of Princeton University should be the next Democratic candidate for President of the United States is based on two propositions. First, that the rank and file of the Democrats are Parker's admirer by naming a Southern man (President Wilson was born in Virginia and grew up there); second, that the rank and file of the Democrats are "out of touch" among "the great masses of the higher education." Mr. Wilson is named because, in addition to being a Virginian and a Democrat, his education is his bond that "he is by nature and education, a statesman"; that "he is a genuine historical scholar, who has proved himself a competent executive"; "a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity"; "an idealist who is at the same time" "exceptionally sane"; "a man who would lead in a crisis"; "and whose Jefferson died a century ago, but who Jefferson would do so."

Importunately this is the sort of a President the country needs. The editor of *Mr. Wilson's Weekly* with such quick force that frightened Democrats are in agreement that "the country needs relief from the vicissitudes and humiliations of the White House." We can agree with him that Judge Parker "would have been elected had he not been elected," but who Jefferson would do so? We are not yet out of the woods into which idealizing has led us. But surely we shall get into the open again before long.

There are several university and college presidents in the country who are admirably fitted to hold the reins of office that the great people desire. Eliot, of Harvard, is undoubtedly qualified, and his elevation to the Presidency of the nation would be, perhaps, the best thing that could happen. Fiske, of Princeton, is another good man. The Southern advocates are certainly an important element of his strength. It is a good thing to pro-claim him, and the need here in this *New American Review* article is not wasted.

From the *Columbian (The "Lodge")*:  
 HARPER'S WEEKLY is identifying Woodrow Wilson as nomination for the Presidency. He would find a solid South behind him.

From the *Boston "Record"*:  
 Colonel Harvey of *Harper's Weekly*, has thirty-two compelling reasons for choosing Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. First, he is a Southerner, full of force and magnetism, an orator of broad views, a Southerner resident in New Jersey. He would be an excellent public orator, and his name is already in vogue; we were slow and he neither a political influence as he was in 1902, nor a bad Harry, the idea would be considered. But who is the present Democratic organization would regard it seriously?

From the *Washington (The "Every Evening")*:  
 HARPER'S WEEKLY says Woodrow Wilson, president of the University of Princeton, is the best Democratic nomination for President of the United States in 1908. President Wilson is a Virginian by birth and a Democrat by adoption, thus being ideally prepared in old-time Democratic nominations. His ability is unquestioned, and he would make a candidate for whom thousands of good citizens could vote with perfect satisfaction. But as he is lacking in real political ability of the character that lead to high political government, nothing is more imprudent at this time than to name him as your man.

From the *Michigan "Scout"*:  
 HARPER'S WEEKLY stands its ground in the matter of its choice of Woodrow Wilson as Democratic candidate for President in 1908, and points with satisfaction to the latest issues of *Every Evening* as its evidence. Amalibably wise, there can be no reasonable question of the wisdom of the choice.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Wilson would be a good thing for the country as betwixing a return of his party to historic party ideals and first principles, and a subsequent up after the nation's present condition which have belittled his resources and alienated its sympathies during the past twelve years or so. Theoretical Republicans would welcome a nomination of the man of Mr. Wilson's high character, but would not best, even though he might be a better man in fact than the pale man that, say, a Democrat like Hayes, whose nomination also would be a good thing, were he not acting on the country another campaign of disheartening, harrow, and oppression.

The high character, broad political, profound knowledge of American history and institutions, executive capacity, and personal integrity for the Woodrow Wilson, in the gift of the American people of Western origin, are good things, which would do us back. The best men of both parties could regard the prospect of his election with a sense of at least security. In the "common people" of the North, it is well known that if the Democratic nomination were a matter of preference to the party mark and its such as expressed in the chief of our best learning, it is well known that we have a thousand among that sterling and representative America, the president of Princeton University.

From the *Tribune (The "Herald")*:  
 Woodrow Wilson has been nominated for President on the Democratic ticket by HARPER'S WEEKLY. There is at least an suggestion of left tinter in the name.

From the *Union (The "Banner")*:  
 When such strong Northern sentiment has HARPER'S WEEKLY goes to talk about a Southern man like Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency, but this for the Southern people to begin to take interest in such a movement.

JUNE 2, 1906

A commentator on the suggestion that Woodrow Wilson would be a good Presidential candidate for 1908 is troubled with a new thought. It is this:

As a rule the man who writes history is not regarded as possessing the peculiar characteristics of the politician which qualify him to make it; it is a government which derives power through popular acclaim.

If it be true that the man who possesses the arts of the modern politician is the only man who is reasonably sure of success with the people of this United States, this reputation has to rank as a very high political and social level. Moreover, if the people of the United States are so shallow that they can be led by the transparent wiles of the party leader, or hawk, or tout—whichever he may be—to prefer the man who is seeking place for his own or his party's gain, in a man who has the wisdom and the knowledge of a statesman, they are in no such a way that some one, for them, ought to consider seriously the propriety of their surrendering the right to govern themselves.

From the *Indianapolis "World"*:  
 HARPER'S WEEKLY has suggested President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, as a possible and practical candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908.

Why not? This country has during the past decade witnessed the passage of several acts of unwise legislation—the Presidential chair—McKinley, Roosevelt, Cleveland, et al. Bryan, national; Parker, judicial candidate for the Supreme Court; the lax laws that have been passed beneath an unstable of Republicans voters; Roosevelt, advocate of the strenuous life, bar-basher, man of all trades; in whose opinion the only correct method of attaining the administration may be to "use and employ the "log stick" or else appeal to the mob. The United States has had enough of Roosevelt. That he is not a man of executive and executive respect cannot be denied. That he was, generally speaking, one of the best we have had for a long time is a statement which is made by history, and yet can we ever doubt for a moment but that a continued policy along the lines laid down by our present administration will lead to a more rapid disintegration than the establishment of a common power? Roosevelt has done well enough—but we have had enough of him.

Experience, bitter experience, told by the count of the ballots, proves that American Democracy, under the influence of a man of strong conviction if he would make any bid whatever for success in the Presidency, is not to be counted on for more than a few years. But not two years before. A strong but conservative, a well-managed but firm man is the character whom we should desire to lead us by the hand; and yet can we in naming President Wilson, Colonel Harvey has made a wise, a noble selection, at the same time paying tribute to Wilson's qualifications as a man.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1906

To William J. Bryan: Greeting

Your public utterances, my friend, are with me of interest. Most of your theories have been stolen and applied somewhat feverishly in practice, but you may have others and new ones. If so, permit me to pray quietly that they be so wise. You are doubtless aware that if the Democratic convention should be held in St. Louis, you would receive a third nomination for the Presidency by the United States by acclamation. It may please you also to learn that a vast majority of citizens are firmly convinced that there is only one Republican who could hope to withstand the effect of your present popularity. Truly a gratifying and happy honorarium, which without precedent, and surely most comforting to one who has in his life, in the United States by acclamation. It may please you also to learn that a vast majority of citizens are firmly convinced that there is only one Republican who could hope to withstand the effect of your present popularity. Truly a gratifying and happy honorarium, which without precedent, and surely most comforting to one who has in his life, in the United States by acclamation. It may please you also to learn that a vast majority of citizens are firmly convinced that there is only one Republican who could hope to withstand the effect of your present popularity. Truly a gratifying and happy honorarium, which without precedent, and surely most comforting to one who has in his life, in the United States by acclamation.

The sole rejoinder for the re-establishment of the Democratic party upon an enduring basis are an Issue and a Man.

The issue: Extinction of tariff taxation now bearing upon the poor, and the substitution, for revenue purposes, of graduated inheritance and income taxes to be paid chiefly by those whose incomes have been acquired through privileges accorded by the State and opportunities afforded by a democracy.

The man: Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia and New Jersey.

The Democrats of New Jersey possess a rare and glorious opportunity to point the way, and make a striking contrast by naming the Man as their candidate. The United States Senator to succeed JOHN F. DWIGHT.

Can they rise to the occasion?

DECEMBER 22, 1906

"What is all this talk we hear about Mr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, N. J. In the dimensions of a mild and fugitive intellectual sensation which might readily have passed as a mere distraction of the idle curiosity it has grown of late for more considerable and authentic. At Washington, just at present it may be said to have reached the proportions of an animated discussion, a discussion, too, of no particular geographical or political restrictions. What does it all mean? Is it that we are asked this early to believe that Hazzer was really the salvation of the Democracy? We confess that we should have been gratified that disagree"—*Leading Editorial in the New York "Sun" of December 2.*

APRIL 6, 1907

No Deal, Square or Otherwise

It is difficult to believe that any one who will carefully read and consider Mr. WILSON'S speech can fail to recognize not only its soundness and accuracy, but its essential Americanism. The proposition that there should be no deal, or class in this country favored by our laws is fundamental democratic truth; and Mr. WILSON clearly points out that we have departed from this general principle; that we have built up whatever law-obtained special privileges we possess; and that a strong conviction, perhaps a growing conviction, is forming in favor of the protection of our erstwhile favorites while we retain the vicious principle that has created and fostered them. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S own refusal to consider tariff reduction, his belief that it is comparatively immaterial, are evidences of the prevalence of this sentiment. His loyal advocacy of the evils of trade-protection, of his mono-polistic features, of its demands for the recognition in law of minorities as composing a favored class, although they are a minority of labor, is another evidence. Mr. WILSON is opposed to all class legislation, and it is this view which we have in mind when we say that his statesmanship is not only sound, but it is essentially American because it is essentially democratic. The difference between this statesmanship and another which has captivated some minds by its seeming fairness is illustrated by the following extract from Mr. WILSON'S speech:

If we are to restore the purity of our law and the integrity of our government, we must have a high and all-fairness—that is clear whatever is given artificial privileges or advantages, and that our life must be made free of all such favoritism, whether legal or otherwise class. What we need is not a square deal; but an deal at all—undivided equity and equality of conditions, a purged business and a purged law.

How much nobler and higher than the other is the ideal of Mr. Wilson will be seen at once by all who have not forgotten or rejected the Republican own ideals of individual liberty and equality. It is one of the hopeful signs of a doubtful time that Mr. WILSON'S speech is so fair and so candid, and cordially by the independent and Democratic press throughout the country.

MAY 4, 1907

Some of the Candidates Suggested

In looking about for some one who might be the candidate of a real opposition party, many names have been suggested. Governor JOHNSON, of Wisconsin, is a recent one and will have great aid by the name of Judge Gray and of Justice HANCOCK. All these men have elements of strength among the Democratic voters. Judge Gray and Mr. HANCOCK, perhaps, especially among the Democratic voters of the Southern States. Both of them possess also the respect of the better element of the Republican party with whom they have come in contact. They are public men of character.

patriotism, and they possess those qualifications of statesmanship which, in England and in all European parliamentary countries, almost invariably insure their possessors continuous public careers. It is especially worthy of note in discussing this subject or in mentioning contemporaneous phenomena that the serious suggestion that, next year, the Democratic candidate ought to come from the Southern and not the Northern. It is the well-known fact that the Southerners themselves hesitate; they are not sure that it is yet their time, or that they possess precisely the man whom they would be willing to see nominated. There is no name that is constantly recurring to the minds of men who are looking for a Democratic candidate from the South, whom he will put an end to spectacular tariffism; who will be a true reformer, but who will not be willing to break the law or to play obstruction politics for the purpose of securing what he regards as reforms. Mr. WOODROW WILSON's candidacy was first suggested, in print, in these columns. It was accepted kindly, not only by the South, whence he came, but also by the North, but at first the suggestion was often regarded as academic; but it becomes more and more apparent, as time goes on, that it was a very practical suggestion, so that the thoughts of serious men are coming back to it again and again, as was pointed out in the article copied from the New York Times in the last number of the WEEKLY. As far as the South is concerned, the man who most satisfies the desires and convictions of men who for good and patriotic reasons would like to see a change; who think that Mr. ROOSEVELT's administration is injurious to the country; and who will strenuously desire to defeat any candidate whom he may oppose upon the Republican party—do not seem to obtain their wish, have severely rebuked by more than one prominent Republican newspaper.

JULY 27, 1907

**Woodrow Wilson on Liberty**

WOODROW WILSON has spoken a great many wise and statesmanlike words, but he has rarely spoken more wisely, more patriotically, and more convincingly than he did at Jamestown on the Fourth of July. Several great truths were spread forth in his speech, and one among them is especially pertinent to the subject now before us. In his speech of government to look the objects of those who are administering it by evading, or tampering, or in other ways defying the law. The foundation of this government, he said, "was the law,"—not more law, nor less law, nor even better law, but "the law they could rely upon and live by." The law, in this, was not to be evaded or tampered to meet the needs, desires or whims or fancies or dreams of those charged with the duty of administering and executing it. And again he said: "Too much law is too much government, and too much government is too little individual privilege." All this has a bearing upon the efforts to control, to restrict, to destroy, individual effort by laws that give to government powers which are hostile to individual liberty. Mr. WILSON does not believe that corporations and their business should be destroyed; that the community should be deprived of their services; that the growth of production, so wonderful within a hundred years, with its cheapening of products and of their transportation, should be stopped or checked. In the hands of individuals holding office, it may be, in the corporations they have been guilty of crimes. Punish the guilty individuals, is his contention, but do not deprive the world of the beneficent work and its results of which some of the criminally disposed have taken advantage. And this is sound statesmanship, and the opposite is dangerous, or worse.

AUGUST 5, 1907

**On the Main Line**

HARPER'S WEEKLY is this afternoon to receive "a safety and sanity" in the Democratic party, given a good deal of attention in its last issue to the qualifications of Senator CLEVELAND in Texas as a Presidential candidate. Mr. CLEVELAND, it was pointed out, should cause HARPER to abdicate his "legal and official" of 3 years ago. President Woodrow Wilson of "Democratic Unity" (1) in the Presidential caucus ought to be able in matters of "logic"—New York Tribune.

We have never designated President Wilson as a "legal candidate" (for the quite simple reason that we do not know what a legal candidate is; maybe he is one who, if elected, would not appear in the legal profession. In his case the New York meeting on the main line, has been going particularly strong since he declared that he would

and his advocates to fall instead of rally in support of them for political effect, and his name will be presented to the next Democratic national convention by the still sovereign state of New Jersey.

AUGUST 24, 1907

**The Ideal Candidate**

WOODROW WILSON, a native Virginian at the head of a great Northern university, was a Democrat by birth, training, and conviction, would honor his party as a candidate and his country as a President. But his political writing intimates awarded by New Jersey, there is little chance of his nomination, although there are good grounds for believing he would be strong at the polls. He would be a man of strength with the great and growing independent vote of the South. Furthermore, his scholarship, his mastery of the principles of political economy, and his unswerving intellectual capacity for the Presidential office would compel the respect even of his opponents. The probability that the Democratic party will not adopt Mr. Wilson for its standard-bearer implies not that it might do so with credit and advantage. At any rate, Colonel Casserly is one of the few men who would lead the worthy Democrat to lead his party in 1908. It is not commended for standing stanchly by his candidate. And, if he stands himself as it should, but in its crucial action in convention, it shall cause nobody worse than Wilson—Troy News.

JANUARY 15, 1908

**A WINNING TICKET**

Wilson and Johnson

**For President**

From the New York "World"

If the Democratic party is to be saved from falling into the hands of WILLIAM J. BRYAN as a renegade nominee, a Man must be found—and found. Dissociated opposition will no longer suffice. There must arise a real leader around whom all Democrats undetected by populism, and thousands of dissatisfied Republicans, may rally with the enthusiasm which springs only from a certainty of deriving success and at least a chance of achievement.

*The Man's principles must be sound.*

He must be a defender of the Constitution, but not the worshiper of a fetish. He must realize that "a return to the old ways" of government by Placatory, Privilege, Protection, and Plunder is impossible; that the moral regeneration begun in violence must be conducted in a peaceful way. He must be opposed, as a matter of policy, to gross extravagance in the use of public funds, and he must devote, on principle, any taxing of the people beyond the actual requirements of their government. He must fear immediate reduction of the tariff. He must be a later in equal measure of paternalism to the South, as he must set the example of his own government ownership of railroads, initiative and referendum, government guarantee of bank deposits, and all other populist notions. He must demand from all corporations publicly, obedience to law, and recognition of the superior rights of the whole people, but he must also observe the obligations of the state to protect its own artificial creation in all legitimate and authorized undertakings. He must favor the dignifying and rigorous punishment of individual wrong-doers, not merely the flogging of an impersonal corporation. He must be a radical conservator, not a destroyer, of both public and private credit. He must be an opponent of militarism, materialism, and jingoism. He must prefer the little government to too much government, and must insist unswervingly upon rigid application of the basic principle of government by the people through their authorized representatives in Congress in preference to any government by commission.

*The Man's personality must be inspiring.*

Certain personal attributes are essential to successful candidacies. Known fidelity to high ideals, unquestioned integrity, veracity, courage, caution, intellectuality, wisdom, Experience, Achievement, Breadth of mind. Strength of body. Clarity of vision. Facility of expression. Freedom from contaminating associations. Universal respect and confidence of his fellow-men. Simplicity in manner of dress. Eloquence. Human sympathy. Alertness. Optimism. Enthusiasm. In a word, the rare blending of uncommon intelligence and plain common sense in what might be termed "State Idealism." Finally and practically:

Such are the requirements—many and exacting. One Democrat who unquestionably meets these qualifications is WOODROW WILSON, president of Princeton University.

Dr. WILSON is primarily a scholar—an historical scholar—who in the course of his work and growth has become a statesman of breadth, depth, and

equanimity, a true Democrat who, though steeped in Jeffersonian doctrine, who set what JEFFERSON did a century ago, but what JEFFERSON would do now; a able theorist, but a no less competent or executive, who has had much administrative experience as the head of a great university.

Not only is Woodrow Wilson qualified in every respect for the great office of President of the United States, but he is an available candidate.

Who else could surely carry New Jersey? Who would stand a better chance of carrying New York? Who would more certainly restore Missouri and Maryland to the Democratic column and vindicate all possible doubts of the result in any other Southern state? Who has stronger political feeling, fewer class prejudices, and a stronger national interest, so commitments to capitalism or disorganism?

Who would more surely command the individual support of the powerful independent press? Who would appeal more strongly to the latent moral sense which twice defeated CLAYTON? Who would inspire a more hopeful feeling of security and stability in the minds of all business men engaged in honest enterprise?

The World has already pronounced JAMES A. JOHNSON, Governor of Minnesota, as an available Western candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. But also it has pronounced WOODROW WILSON as a Southern candidate, to less available and with Presidential qualifications exceeded by those of no man whose name will be presented to any national convention.

JANUARY 25, 1908

**A Candidate from the East and South**

IT IS A great pleasure to me to find that WOODROW WILSON's candidacy for the Democratic nomination that was brought out in the World, is the first place should be noted certain considerations suggested by the facts that he is by birth and raising a native of Virginia; that he was admitted to the bar in Georgia, and practiced in Alabama until he resigned the office for the sake of education; and that the lady whom he married was a native of Massachusetts. There is no doubt, then, that he would be accepted all over the country as a man of the South, although the JAMES MONROE, he was used as a young man in Princeton, and as our the candidate. It is not only so, but the fact that the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency should be a man of the South? It is not admitted by the Democracy in general, but it is so by all Northern Democrats and all Independents, that the South, although nominally restored to the full privileges of citizenship, is still practically discriminated against so long as her men are practically debared from the highest honors by the fact that they shall we ever witness a variable name, not of law, but of heart. It is not, with the casual occurrence of a large part of the North, a Southern man, that I would not be able to do so. Another truth that cannot be driven home too often or with too much emphasis is the recognition of the question of the Democratic nomination of the Presidency with the imperative necessity that the first post-bellum Southern administration shall be indubitably that of the Democratic party. If we are independently that the temper of the Republicans, if beaten in 1908, shall be so revived and emboldened, for they will remain masters of the federal Senate, and vindictive and defiant, could paralyze all the efforts of a Democratic Chief Magistrate and a Democratic House of Representatives. The only remedy, therefore, we see in our hands, after nearly two years, that if a Southern President is to have behind him a bright record of constructive statesmanship and useful legislation he must himself be a man of the active support of the whole country; and each post-bellum party is to be guided from a conviction, duly implied in the Democratic party, that the only safe and secure position can rest upon his sympathy, and, above all, upon that intense sympathy without which any party in the South is dead. It is not the mere sympathy exists with reference to WOODROW WILSON. To such all-embracing sympathy, such intimate and comprehensive sympathy, that will be the true interest of all sections of the Republic just now possessed by any other distinguished man of the South? That is the question. It is not the mere nomination of WOODROW WILSON might not only exercise a healing and unifying influence upon the sections, but also have a liberating and invigorating effect upon the Democratic party. He is a man of the active and true of military men, professional or amateur, considered in the light of candidate for the Presidency, he is a man of the active and true of men, and even of judges. He has become liable to the fact that, as things are now, the intellect of the entire South and North is being paralyzed by the mere day the right of consent and lifted words in the educational field to challenge the highest effort in the gift of God to American people the heart and of availability. As a matter of fact, even in the past may be found precedents for the selection of such men for the Presidency. There is, for example, the great American statesman, General BRANTLEY, who was Secretary of the Navy in the Van Buren administration, and subsequently governed the country in London and in New York. He was a prominent lawyer, but in 1821 was made Secretary of the Treasury, and in 1823 was made Secretary of State, and in 1824





## IT TAKES GRIT TO REMOVE GRIME

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 11, 1911

who have said that they are afraid New Jersey with Governor Wallace might be top-heavy." If so, so much the better for the state. But is not our Newark contemporary unduly modest? Out of fifty-two states and territories, New Jersey stands sixteenth in population and sixth in industry. It has \$716,000,000 of capital invested in manufacturing, pays 296,000 wages—worth \$125,000,000 a year in wages, and turns out worthily \$500,000,000 of products. Only New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Ohio surpass her in this respect—and Ohio, despite her vastly greater area, is very little ahead. Even among cities, the home of the Standard Oil stands sixteenth, and its neighbor, Jersey City, seventeenth, in population. A little state! Not at all. It is one of the biggest in the Union, and it ought to

have in its Executive Mansion—which also it ought to have, but hasn't—its very biggest man. In view of the fact that Mr. Tamm got a plurality of 82,000, it may not put him there, but—you never can tell.

AUGUST 6, 1910

## The Effect of a Candidacy

The governments that are best regulated and have most vitality are those which, by means of their institutions, can renew themselves. And the way to renew themselves is to bring the government back to its original principles.

This was the utterance of a statesman who lived centuries ago.

I want to find the best man for the office: the man who is most acceptable to the rank and file of the Republican party and the independent voters.

He, as revised for publication, in view of certain criticisms!

If I am consulted, my position is that we must find not only the best man for the office, but the man most desired by the great bulk of the Republican and independent voters.

This was the utterance of a politician of the present day.

The two modes of procedure thus indicated are widely divergent. With respect to the making of political issues, the one upholds reversion to principle; the other adheres expediency. Applied to the selection of candidates for public office, by the one character is considered its prime requisite; by the other, availability. It matters not to the directive politician what may be the real purposes of a nominee, so long as he has given no offense

to one or more of various classes, and consequently, upon grounds of negation, can be expected to evoke the votes of all. The sole aim is success at the polls, and all means, however disingenuous and seemingly dishonorable, are held to be justified by the end in view. For contrast, to the mind of the patriotic statesman, triumph upon such terms seems unworthy and is consequently avoided. The ultimate effect of precedent established by the adoption of wrongful methods is reckoned more harmful than the temporary gain thus acquired, and no politician is felt in putting the burden of justification of his conduct on the mind of the understanding of the future. But, we are informed, except such as this is idealism, and attempt to apply it in an intensely practical age would be futile.

Surely, if this be a statement of fact, thoughtful citizens must regard the immediate future of the Republic as a little gloomy. But is the premise correct? Is the assertion true? Admit conditions whose existence cannot be denied. Grant that an ignorant and selfish character, by virtue of his attractive personality, appealing eloquence, and helpful environment, has virtually controlled one great political party, to its infinite hurt, with respect to its position before the voters, for sixteen long years. Grant that another adventurous spirit, by exercise of sheer daring and matchless cunning, has, in the same historic interval, achieved unprecedented personal ascendancy in the dominant organization. Grant that a rapacious class has treated an honest and able statesman, for sixteen long years. Grant that another adventurous spirit, by exercise of sheer daring and matchless cunning, has, in the same historic interval, achieved unprecedented personal ascendancy in the dominant organization. Grant that a rapacious class has treated an honest and able statesman, for sixteen long years. Grant that another adventurous spirit, by exercise of sheer daring and matchless cunning, has, in the same historic interval, achieved unprecedented personal ascendancy in the dominant organization.

We begin to ask—and we have reason to think not. The reason is this:

For a score of years an important Eastern state has been misruled by utopians of a party whose authority has been sustained by official patronage—federal and state. The people have chafed under such supervision and have craved a change; but the sole alternative offered by the opposition, provided no better, was not acceptable.

No matter rested, with every prospect of yet another disheartening campaign involving a choice between candidates named by two trading "machines," until a certain recent day, when suddenly there appeared, like a meteor from the sky, another party—well equipped and most eminent citizens would accept his party's nomination if it should come to him unsought and without entreaty. His message was simple and direct. He had no wish for the place; he had other work of the utmost importance on hand; he did not say, but all knew, that his election would involve great personal sacrifices; he would prefer immeasurably to remain at the head of a great university—but, all his life, he had preached the duty of citizenship, all his life he had launched the tendency to civic public responsibilities, all his life he had urged subordination of personal inclinations to public service. Then, at the moment, a large number of his followers sincerely believed that the occasion demanded him as his party's candidate, he could not fail to heed the call, regardless of the result at the polls, without giving the lie in practice to all that, as an educator, he had preached.

Behold the effect! Immediately the managers of the party in power awoke to the necessity of revising their calculations. The "average" candidate would not now serve. They must find a man of the highest standing to cope with such a one in opposition. Their most outspoken public journals enthusiastically declared the state to be "already in the event of their failure or refusal to do so. Instantly, too, precincts were changed throughout the state with respect to candidates for the Legislature. The opposing party at last beheld a chance to win under inspiring leadership if only they should nominate their best man. To effect this something more than a party in power possess the need of naming their best. The entire face of state politics was changed and the standard of fitness for public position was raised overnight by the simple declaration of a conscientious ethics.

Beyond the boundaries of the commonwealth,

moreover, the effect has been no less marked and gratifying. New life has been injected into the dormant and apparently dying-out party of the masses, demands for some platform and strong institutions have been well-nigh universal, a higher level will surely be attained, by the party in the hope of scoring at last, and by the other as the only possible means of holding its own.

WISCONSIN WILSON may not be elected Governor of New Jersey. He may not even be nominated. He is not really an "available" candidate. The likelihood of results throughout the country, and a higher level will surely be attained, by the party in the hope of scoring at last, and by the other as the only possible means of holding its own. Wisconsin Wilson may not be elected Governor of New Jersey. He may not even be nominated. He is not really an "available" candidate. The likelihood of results throughout the country, and a higher level will surely be attained, by the party in the hope of scoring at last, and by the other as the only possible means of holding its own.

The governments that are best governed and have most vitality are those which, by means of their individual activities, have the capacity to attract to themselves a few of the government look to its original principles.

That is not Reactionism. It is not Reactionism. It is prudent Progressionism. Upon that broad platform, we must accept, Wisconsin Wilson will surely fall, as the case may be with the severity of one who has satisfied his conscience by expressing his willingness to perform a civic duty.

That the election of a man of such unadorned ability, courage, and character would be stimulating and a godsend to the entire country is, we believe, beyond question. But the most important achievement of the new candidate is the moral standard which has proved his expression of willingness to become—in the oft-faded phrase—a true servant—not a willful master—of the public, proves conclusively that the American people have been fooled this time so long as they can be fooled, and await with eager anticipation to show that they have not renounced their allegiance to ideals, have not forfeited their self-respect, have not parted with their common sense. So much at least has been accomplished.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1910

#### President Wilson to the Lawyers

Everybody seems to agree that nowadays, right here in free America, democracy needs a lot of looking after. The tide of law-and-order confidence and optimism on the subject, once so common, is fast ebbing away. Few are ready to admit the precise character of the danger. While some fear that "the interests" will simply go on increasing their power, others are more concerned lest there be a sudden rebellion to Socialism. But that there is danger to democracy in the way business is now carried on, and that something must be done about it—something serious and thought-provoking and difficult—this feeling is in the air. Along with it goes the desire for guidance and counsel, the demand and yearning, more or less unconscious, but more and more urgent, for leadership. Now this demand is directed toward the politicians, now toward the law-keepers, now toward the clergy, and those committed to good works, now toward the very centers in business whose power is the most disturbing feature of the situation. In an address before the American Bar Association at Chattanooga last week, President WISCONSIN WILSON, of Princeton, touches it full upon the lawyers.

His speech is so small a fragment, and the reasons he gives why our present emergency presents to his profession a peculiar and transcendent opportunity and obligation cannot be lightly dismissed. It is hardly too much to say that he makes out his case; that he shows that the bar is the profession, that the lawyers are the men, whose aid and help our democracy in America is at present peculiarly in need of.

#### Democracy in Need of Legal Aid

To show how President Wilson sees this would be to give in different form a great part of an address that would surely be better read than it is by himself gave it; but to indicate briefly the train of thought he follows may be permissible. Our present struggle, he points out, like all the past struggles of society, is a struggle for law. The history of liberty is a history of law. What we are fighting for is not right ideas about this new order in business, about corporations and

trusts, about our own and other people's rights and duties, but the embodying and establishing of these right ideas in law, so that society shall be actually conforming to them. And the need is so severely for law; but for a kind of law that lawyers will not readily find or frame. It comes, first, at a time when the understanding of law, particularly constitutional law, is far less general than it used to be, and also the interest in law; at a time when legislators listen with impatient to constitutional discussions; when the great mass of lawyers have been themselves drawn into these distinctly lawyer-like activities which characterize the age, when the understanding of law, particularly the service of particular interests. The lawyer-statesman is the only man who can meet the precise need of society today; and the call for him is all the more urgent because it comes when law and statesmanship seem to be so near a complete divorce that an able lawyer needs a group of good lawyers framed our Constitution. Expert legal knowledge and instinct, exercised in statesmanship—this is the requirement.

It may be put more specifically. The dominant device of the time is the corporation—so distinctly a legal device that it is in great measure a legal creature. In the nature of its existence its nature has substance, the legal mind judges it and raised up a few to a height where they are practically freed from individual responsibility. To rehabilitate the individual—by removing the onerous, by making responsible the corporate and over-privileged—is the task in hand; and this calls for a man of such kind of skill that has created the corporation and made it impossible so lawlessly effective. More specifically still, the problem for the lawyer-statesman, the problem of the corporation, is to "stand on the right point the fatuous, anticipated, and quite unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person," and is the appropriate illustration.

The trouble of the old Constitution, which we had to abandon because it failed to govern states and could not command individuals.

And there is a wealth of amplification and enforcement of the central appeal which makes it, one would say, irresistibly by men of any nobility. It would be hard to find in the history of reform a more direct, more positive, more vigorous act a new standard of conduct with public institutions, another taking account of our present state which goes straight to the vital issues, or offers so practical a lead.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1910

#### Well Done, New Jersey

It is a great day for New Jersey and a great day for the nation when a man like Wisconsin Wilson comes forward to help maintain and vivify our political life.

So says the *Evening Post* and so say they all—the *World*, the *Times*, the *Nax*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Indianapolis News*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, the *Charleston News and Courier*, the *Boston Herald*, the *Philadelphia Record*—all of the big independent public journals of the country. No less vital and significant is the attitude of the press of New Jersey. The Democratic newspapers, led by the faithful old *Trenton True America*, are enthusiastic, of course. That was to have been expected. But New Jersey has strong independent newspapers. The ablest and highest-minded in the United States is the Newark *Evening News*, which says:

Wisconsin Wilson is the savior of the Democratic party by Governor. He is more than that, though. He is the candidate of thousands of Jerseyans, who have turned to him for help and comfort in their political life. No bar as the Governorship goes, the campaign this fall is not to be conducted on strict party lines. Two of the ablest men have been chosen in this year of grace and emergency.

The crying demand throughout the country is not for party government, but for good government, for representative democracy. It is not for a party government, but for good government, for representative democracy. It is not for a party government, but for good government, for representative democracy. It is not for a party government, but for good government, for representative democracy.

A noted student of governmental affairs, he has always been a student of political history. A political economist, he has stood consistently for a square deal in both labor and capital.

As the law and moral integrity he has insisted that personal wrong be shown, even when paraded in cooperation roles, most thoroughly punished.

He holds that no question in the public service, or

NOVEMBER 8, 1910

## Next Tuesday

We are not a real prophet, but as a guesser we beat them all in 1894 and 1898. So we guess again.

That ROSSWELL will lose New York by 100,000. That WOODROW WILSON will carry New Jersey by 40,000.

That BALDWIN will carry Connecticut by 5,000. That HAMMON will carry Ohio by 25,000.

That the results in Massachusetts and New Hampshire will be close, with the chances in favor of Foss and Biss.

That BRYAN will be beaten.

That the Democrats will have a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.

That Democrats will succeed the Hon. CHAMBERLAIN M. DEWEY and the Hon. JOHN KEAN in the United States Senate.

Amend! So be it!

NOVEMBER 12, 1910

## The Oratory of the Campaign

Again, after the deluge of campaign speaking, the inquiry is pertinent, What has become of eloquence, of high art in oratory? We have all been reading speeches every day for a month or two. Some of us have even had the time to go and listen to a few of them. Can any one of us declare that he has either heard or read a single one that could be called great? Is there so much as a single paragraph that sticks in one's mind because it had the thrill of genuine eloquence—of high thought, suffused with strong feeling, nobly phrased? Our hands do not all go up at once, and, if, after a while, anybody answers, the answer most likely to be mentioned are probably the late Senator DOLGEMAN and WOODROW WILSON'S. Dr. WILSON'S is certainly the one oratorical reputation that the campaign has most distinctly enhanced. But the papers, although they have reported him liberally, have been writing or unwriting in his view or newly epigrammatically in his language than in determining his claim to the really highest attainment in public speech. They have, as a rule, left out altogether the passages, particularly the peroration, in which he sought to move rather than merely to convince his hearers. That seems to be the fashion of present-day reporting, and possibly it is in part responsible for the apparent dearth of eloquence in our oratory. But a more probable partial explanation is that the orators themselves are too much in the habit of speaking to the papers rather than to the audience in front of them. For true oratory is like writing, the highest effort of which it is capable, is immediate, direct. They can be repeated by the aid of print only as the reader is stirred to merge himself in an imaginary audience. If we read the papers we should doubtless not only go offener to hear our public men speak, but also have more exciting public speaking to listen to.

NOVEMBER 15, 1910

## Incidentally

We made two guesses, viz.: That TRIN, HARRISON, BALDWIN, Foss, and Biss would win.

That BRYAN, DEWEY, and KEAN would lose.

That the Democrats would elect a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.

And (10), that WOODROW WILSON would carry New Jersey by 40,000.

Most people think that the last guess was crazy. We have to confess, it wasn't a guess at all. It was what HENRY BULLOCK called a prophecy. We knew, all the time.

The nine guesses came true, too.

## A Clean Slate

The following excerpt from the Trenton State Gazette of November 4th fairly illustrates the type of argument that was used by the Republican press of New Jersey during the recent campaign:

The Democratic machine of city, county, and State, spending more money than it has since 1864, is in a hurry to find the will of the people.

Where do they get it? Every dollar of it comes from the corrupt operation interests of Wall Street. These forces are led by JAMES H. HANCOCK, JR., JAMES NICHOLS, and B. V. LAMBERT, the self-appointed committee, who lured WOODROW WILSON into the part of the thoughtless Democrats of New Jersey.

The effect of such slander upon the minds of the people is accurately measured by the election returns. But, now that it is all over, we shall say flatly—and we know whereof we speak—that

Mr. Wilson's majority will be about forty thousand. That's all.

## Looking Ahead

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910 and re-elected for President in 1912 upon a platform demanding radical economic democracy—HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 15, 1909.

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place, we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations.

OCTOBER 22, 1910

## The Campaign in New Jersey

It is a novel and remarkable canvass that WOODROW WILSON is making in New Jersey. Abandoning all partisan claptrap at the outset, he went straight to the heart of his subject, and not once, in a small multitude of speeches, has let the main theme slip through his fingers. The foundation of his argument is the simple fact that the Republican leaders owe as much to the special interests which have helped to keep them in power that they cannot honorably break the alliance. He makes no claim that Democratic leaders would have acted otherwise under like circumstances. He perceives the difference between the avowed principles of the two parties and more at all between the great masses of voters who comprise them. He meets his case solely upon the condition which has tied the party in power hand and foot and has left the other free to at least to act in the interest of all the people. Whether it can or will so act, if given the opportunity, Mr. Wilson does not assume to say. But he does think the time has come when a test should be made, in view of the hopeless entanglement of the directors of the Republican party.

This is new doctrine, but men can guess its logic or soundness. That it is welcome is indicated by the size of the audience which have gathered in the cities and by the wide-spread attention throughout the country. Probably never before have the utterances of a candidate for Governor constituted the theme of so many editorials. And there seems to be no cessation of interest either within or without the state.

It is not to be concluded that the entrenched opposition continues in a state of stupor. How to cope with him intelligence, perfect order, and obvious sincerity seems to be beyond their ken. At present they are grasping vaguely at straws. The Republican candidate, Mr. VINCENT M. LEVINS, an amiable and estimable young man, first appeared to uphold his stand—post platform, but has now virtually repudiated it and has taken allegiance to the old regime, in which likelihood he has been unwaveringly faithful and to which he owes his nomination. Not so the Old Guard itself. True to its title, confident in the power of its bureaucracy, and disdainful of aroused public sentiment, it marches silently along the same old road. "We stand just as the candidate and the platform," was that key word uttered by former-Governor GORGE as a preliminary to sneering allusions to "the schoolmaster in politics." "He is running for Governor," added Senator KEAN, contemptuously, "with the idea of reforming the whole state, although he never considered it worth while to give the people the best of his advice until he became a candidate for Governor"—possibly because his time was somewhat occupied as president of Princeton University. "They say he is a scholarly man," clipped in DAVID BAIRD, a candidate for United States Senator, "but he doesn't know anything about running the state. When he got through there wouldn't be any states there would be a revolution." Mr. GORGE sees that there is a million and a quarter in the treasury and he wants to manage that. Now don't you people worry about South Jersey on Election Day, for we propose to lick this man." And so it goes.

Meanwhile, Mr. WILSON continues placidly on his steady, unswerving and unflinching course, with simple directness and telling force. That the Old Guard, backed by its beneficiaries with unlimited funds, will make a desperate effort at the finish to defeat him by fair means or foul may be taken for granted. But the people will render the verdict on November 8th as between this most exceptional man responsive to a call of civic duty and the group of men whose impelling motive is mere lust of the power which they have yielded so long to personal advantage and to the shame of the state. The result may be attained with equanimity and the surest of confidence.

financial affairs, or in corporation control is so high as to relieve individuals from moral responsibility for their acts.

By his personality and by his beliefs, Dr. Wilson has thus become, as the result of a Democratic nomination, a candidate who is more than party-wise. His nomination marks a new era in New Jersey politics. His election has raised the political standard to a new high level.

Dr. Wilson has not been named primarily because of his availability as a vote-getter. He has been chosen for his ideas, for the platform, for the Executive of a great state. And, of course, the recognition of that ability means votes.

New Jersey voters will honor both themselves and their state by electing Dr. Wilson.

Another is the Jersey Journal, which for thirty-old years was the sturdy spokesman of the Republican party, but now speaks up frankly and pointedly:

The Democrats have nominated not only their strongest man, but one of the really big men of this country, for Governor. If the Republicans fail to nominate their strongest man, WOODROW WILSON'S majority will probably make the Mease landslide look like a stage performance in comparison.

As a selection of Dr. Wilson stands as a party matter. He is not a politician or an office-seeker. He is a type of the very highest citizenship, an original thinker, a man of great courage, force, eloquence, able, fearless, down, and patriotic. The people understand that the promises he makes and those of the platform upon which he advances will be kept.

The November election in New Jersey promises to become historic.

A third is the Newark Sunday Call, which perceives "abundant cause for the general satisfaction which is expressed on every side, in all parties and factions, by men of principle in the nomination." "The Sunday Call," which has heretofore supported the Republican party, albeit with some qualms, will turn to Dr. WILSON with confidence and with satisfaction. His career, his literary work, his speeches, and his personality have raised him to a position high in the ranks of statesmen, and his is an odd-blooded intellectuality. He is a cordial and sympathetic and essentially modest man, yet he has shown that he can fight and he has led a wholesome life, inspired by high ideals and guided by settled principles. If he is elected, there will be found in the executive office at Trenton a gentleman, a man of honor, a Governor who will command respect for himself as well as for the office he fills."

## True Leadership

The Sunday Call also notes the fact—it was a fact—that "the unrest and deep dissatisfaction of many Republicans with the Republican party in the state and with its failures of administration would have made the election of almost any respectable Democrat a possibility, and the attention to use such a condition for the benefit of honest men here is considerable. That the leaders took a broader view and determined to rehabilitate Democracy, as well as win an election, was gratifying in the extreme." It was, indeed. When former Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr., in one of the most effective speeches ever made in a political convention, declared that practically none of the two hundred and forty delegates from Essex had ever seen Mr. Wilson, that personally he knew him very slightly, but that all were animated solely by a desire to make the highest possible standard, he spoke the exact truth. When ROBERT DAVIS was asked to deliver the time-honored precedent of Hobson voting as a unit, he did not hesitate an instant to voice his strong personal inclinations in the common interest. There followed an absolutely "open" convention, in which each and every one of the fourteen hundred delegates spoke what he liked and voted as he pleased. This was the very basis of leadership; it was leadership of the highest order. Mr. WILSON paid due and fitting tribute to the breadth and unselfishness of those two leaders, in particular when, in accepting the nomination, he declared without reservation of any kind:

I did not seek this nomination. I have made no pledge and have given no promise. Still, more, we will pledge asked, but, as far as I know, none will desire.

If elected, as I expect to be, I am left absolutely free to serve you with all my strength of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said, and in connection with this I feel that the dominant idea of the moment is the responsibility of desiring. I will be free to serve the state, not in order to please the honor of being at its head.

Heartening words, these! It is, indeed, the beginning of a new era when such things can be truly said. No wonder, as the Evening Post remarks, "it leaves the Republicans absolutely stunned."



not one dollar was asked from or contributed to the Democratic campaign fund in New Jersey by any "corporation interests," corrupt or otherwise, nor by any corporation in or out of Wall Street, nor by any individual associated in the remotest degree with Wall Street or anything connected with Wall Street.

### Results Talk

It appears, therefore, that Wilson in New Jersey has a plurality this year which is about one-fifth of the total vote of his state five years ago. The plurality of HARPER and Foss are in each case about one-fourth of the 1908 total, and that of Dix in New York is one-twenty-fourth of the total. Judge BALDWIN needed a plurality of about 8,000 to give him

and New Hampshire would be close, with the chance to leave of Foss and Dix. Both put there, apparently, the former with a liberal margin. That Harvard would be beaten, he was, it seems. That the Democrats would have a majority of 49 in the next House; they were 40.

And, consequently, the Colonel's prediction that Democrats will succeed the Hon. Chaney M. Dewey and the Hon. John Kras in the United States Senate appears a pretty safe one.

The Colonel, as he says, may be a "real prophet," but as a guesser he is not to be reckoned on the third way.

New York, November 5, 1910. J. W. E.

### FROM SUSPICIONS FREED

HARPER'S WEEKLY insists on having WOODROW WILSON for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.



After Wilson crossed the Delaware and beheld the political Elephants at Trenton, many of the vanquished became his fast friends  
FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF DECEMBER 5, 1911

relatively as big a victory as Mr. Dix won in New York.—Harper's Times.

Put in another way, the comparison (taking the combined Republican and Democratic votes as the total of two years ago) stands thus:

	Total vote.	Democratic vote.	Republican vote.
New York	1,517,000	397,000	1,120,000
Ohio	1,025,000	234,000	791,000
New Jersey	447,000	132,000	315,000

There can be no question as to who won the greatest triumph and now holds the lead among Democratic vote-getters of the U. S. A.

NOVEMBER 10, 1910

### Echoes

#### A PALM FROM NEW JERSEY

Colonel George Harvey is entitled to the palm. He predicted that New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Connecticut would go Democratic and that Democrats would succeed Chaney M. Dewey, John Kras, and Harvard in the United States Senate. Colonel Harvey was mistaken as to his comparisons in only one instance. He predicted that New York would give Mr. Dix 500,000. In the other States his estimates were below the mark.—Harper's Journal.

#### A CUP FROM NEW YORK

To the editor of The New York Times:—In the light of what has just happened, a consideration of "Col. Harvey's Views," recently published by the Inquirer, should be interesting. The Colonel said Roosevelt would lose New York by 300,000. He lost by about 100,000. That Wilson would carry New Jersey by 400,000, he did it by about 51,000. That Baldwin would carry Connecticut by 51,000, he succeeded through with something like 3,600. That Hanson would carry Ohio by 25,000, he did it over twice that. That the results in Massachusetts

and New Hampshire would be close, with the chance to leave of Foss and Dix. Both put there, apparently, the former with a liberal margin. That Harvard would be beaten, he was, it seems. That the Democrats would have a majority of 49 in the next House; they were 40.

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Brooklyn, he declares Dr. Wilson as "the foremost American Democrat." Do you hear that, Mr. Bryan? Are you listening, Governor Harrison?—Harper's Journal.

### REPUBLICAN JUDGMENT

Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and a militant Democrat of the old-time battling school, has shown himself an excellent judge of men to a small effect in making Dr. Wilson's candidacy possible. Colonel Harvey believes that a party which is represented in Ohio by Harriman, and in New York by a Taylor, is worthy of a Wilson in New Jersey. New Republicanism need not the meeting of such worthy forces in the field as a tonic which would ultimately be inadvisable in the best interests of their own cause. A weak and dejected Democracy clinging to ancient and abandoned issues is a menace. An established Democracy, however, which stands on a platform of regulation in taxation, regulation of corporations, and economy in administration, is an inspiration.—Great Rapids Press.

### STILL CIVILIZING

HARPER'S WEEKLY under George Harvey's management is still a "journal of civilization." It was happily instrumental in giving the Jersey Democracy a leader to lift it to higher political levels.—Trenton Advertiser.

### LOOKING AHEAD

Well, if Colonel Harvey isn't the prophet himself, he must be one of the Colonel's creditable editors. When we are looking for a political "chance," hereafter, we shall go straight to Franklin Square.—Trenton True American.

### INVITED TO DINNER

For the third time Colonel George Harvey has hit the nail on the head, but it had an eight-day lead. In the middle of HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 24th of November, pointed quite a week before the day of election, contains the complete result.

Good! We declare you in with that dinner which Joseph Pulitzer is going to give another prophet the first Monday in December, 1911. And the star-spangled flag.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### A CITY OF SMALL BIRDS

All the papers are full about George Harvey's guess about the result of the elections in the pivotal states this year and how nearly he hit it. Says the Washington Evening Post: "Colonel Harvey is a wonder. This year Colonel Harvey is a wonder every year, and the other he gets and the more guess he makes the more wonderful he seems. It is now the intention of the Board of Foreign People of Richmond, Ohio, to have him speak here before the season is over about the rights of women, and the ball will not be big enough to hit the people who will want to hear him.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### OH, VERY WELL!

George Harvey didn't do it all, but he did some, and some helps a lot.—Charlotte News and Observer.

### CHEEKY CHARLTON

George Harvey predicted the result absolutely, following in its track.—Charlotte News and Observer.

### PURSUINATION

The most attractive of the political creatures of yesterday is obviously Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey. Long known as a capable thinker concerning politics and government, he proved himself a leader of a stamp a candidate, and yesterday he demonstrated himself to be a vote-getter of great power.

Except those who would not believe in the state as a nation, there has never had a Presidential candidate. There is far proof that he is the man. All over the country Democratic thought will turn today to Dr. Wilson as the appointed one for 1912. His probable rival, Governor Thomson, of Ohio, was a member of the cabinet, and he was a member of the cabinet, and thus (and so) an argument against his availability. In his color academic retreats Dr. Wilson has been identified with neither Democratic faction.

Dr. Wilson, besides being a Jerseyite, is a Southern boy, and he has a Southern party in the Southern heart of Southern birth since Lincoln. When he comes to meeting up delegates to the national Democratic convention, he will not be met by Mason and Dixon's line that he is able to sing "Dixie." A progressive Democrat who is able to escape the anger of the Southern Democrats, and a Southern man who has filled himself out of western strife, Dr. Wilson is plainly being chosen by destiny.—New York Globe.

### DEMOCRACY'S GREATEST ACT

The greatest act of the Democratic party in the election of this year was the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University.

The national significance of Woodrow Wilson's established reputation as a vote-getter can hardly be overestimated. He has won at once as a prominent candidate, and a prominent nomination, a possible figure on which the conservative interests of the East, the middle of the West, and the managing Democrats of the South can unite. The man is a possible figure that fitness and justice from him could be depended on. He is a native of the Hazy South, born in Staunton, Va., where the state is Virginia, and at Annapolis and Annapolis, and he, raised in the bosom of the Mother of Presidents; he trained here in the University of Virginia; he studied law at the University of Pennsylvania; he became a college professor. He knows the feelings of the South as few men possess in the North, and he knows the feelings of the North as few men possess in the South. He is a President's administration. It is a matter of even greater importance in a national contest where the South as a vote Democratic action must hold the balance of power.

It is entirely possible that New Jersey's election of a Governor has given to the national Democracy a suggestion of the spirit in which it will meet the year. It is a gratifying reflection to Democrats in every state in the Union—Harold's—Eugl.

A SAMPLE FROM THE SOUTH

The fact seems to be that, since the repudiation by the Democratic party of Grover Cleveland, Wilson in the New South has been regarded as a man who was contented the respect and confidence of the safe and sane element without which Bryan has three chances removed to five against his election next November. Wilson seems to be thoroughly sound on the basic principles of Democracy and beloved by the sane Democrats of the South. His record in office is almost faultless upon the Democratic machine, to the disgust and derision away of every state and section of the New Democratic party. He has no enemies in any choice. He seems to be imbued with a noble idea of liberty and individual independence, absolutely honest and reliable, a noble fighter, a man of sound and logical doctrine, of Roosevelt and Bryan, on the one hand, and on the other the selfishness and partnership and treachery and conspiracy of Taft on the other hand. Well, it needs no...

We believe all the signs of the times point to the nomination of Wilson by the Democrats in 1912 and the consequent triumph of a more conservative and complete turning-point in American history, the ending out of all the small kind of cowards, opportunists, demagogues, and reactionaries. It is the popular feeling of the hour, and a return to the simplicity of first principles—Greenback (South Carolina)—New Jersey.

FIRST IN THE LINK

It is obvious that his impressive victory, due in great part to his moral stature, in the recently held election with the country, has placed him in the group and command he has also shown of the coastal elements of the national situation, most put him in the best rank of the new leaders. He has the promotion to the highest national honors—New York Times.

WATCH AND WAIT

The victory which Woodrow Wilson has won in New Jersey is not wholly one of personal conquest of the man who have voted for him. It contains more in the leader by the people of a mass of opinion, unconsumable, as his leader in dealing with the large issues of the hour, of a man whose life has been dedicated to a profound study of political institutions, whose books, orations, and speeches have shown him competent to lead in a large-minded and dispassionate way with the theories of governmental institutions which has no equal. His election brings him before the people of the nation as a man whose convictions and beliefs fit him perfectly to lead in the hour of national emergency. If he succeeds as well while Governor as he has as a pioneer for the opportunity to serve in that capacity, he will become a formidable national political nomination to the Presidency. And this is the more favorable in view of his peculiar appeal to the South, where he was born and in part educated. His friends would expect him to lead in the Northern man, should his record as Governor lead to discussion of his name as a Presidential candidate, and it could be expected that he would lead in the powerful appeal he could make on the platform. How practical and efficient Governor Wilson will prove to be under the stress of political conditions at Trenton remains to be seen. Those who have known him longest and who have studied his method of administration during his remarkably successful tenure of the state are confident that he will not be disappointing. The practical politicians of both masses have had a chance to know him and they will be all but glad that everything will be done on the assumption that once the people know the facts they will vote right action. Watch Wilson; that's all—Boston Herald.

IN THE MINDS OF DEMOCRATS

Mr. Woodrow Wilson is yet to be nominated in New Jersey in the subject of wide comment. The present Governor, a Republican, was elected by a majority of about 40,000 votes. He is a man of high character and was his election by a majority that in between 40,000 and 20,000. If he makes good as Governor, higher political offices will be open to Governor Brewster and Governor-elect Wilson are already being spoken of for the Democratic nomination for President. Governor Harrison has the advantage he can carry his state by a majority of 10,000. Mr. Wilson did, and also because he has a record as an administrator that invites confidence. But both are the sort of men to whom the people are attracted in his Princeton address. They are the sort of men the people are looking for. They are certain to get the public interest before they can be a political advancement. Neither may be nominated in 1912 for President, but at this time both are in the minds of the Democratic party as men to mention to that high office.—Harrisburg Times.

JOSEPHUS DANIEL'S JUDGMENT

The country is turning away from the charlatan like Roosevelt, no matter how brilliant, the North-Brawley like Taft, no matter how personally amiable; and is turning to legislative leaders like Roosevelt. They are looking for men to lead who will serve the true welfare of all the people, one no obligations to any special interest, and who will be able to lead in their leadership. Machine politicians and money demagogues have pulled on the public. They are all alone and making a bad case of the New Jersey campaign while carrying all business, large and small. Jersey has assumed all the depths of national politics, subversive to trusts, obedient to railroad domination, the making merchandise of color and of illegals. The Southern and small editions of Aldrich and Bryan. On the other hand, the kind of administration, the other has had his high office to try to

secure favorable legislation for his own business. There has not been a Congressman of the first order for the past twenty years. The men who have led both parties have been treated friends of the trusts, and the people have had no representatives.

This was the last year for New Jersey to repudiate business and trust interests. The Democrats turned Grover Cleveland and John D. Rockefeller into candidates. He is the foremost American college president, and his looks on government are authoritative in this country and abroad. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

The people of North Carolina take great interest in Mr. Wilson and his career. When his father was governor of the First Presbyterian Church at Wilmington Mr. Wilson was for a time a resident of this state. His nephew, Professor W. L. Latta in the University of North Carolina, has written a book on the occasion of his election as law at the University of North Carolina. The law graduates went to Chapel Hill to see him, and never did an orator do so well. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

A SOLITARY "IF"

New Jersey needs at this juncture a strong progressive leader. It is the home of many great corporations which wield a power in and far beyond that recognized. If Woodrow Wilson, who has won so high a reputation as a prophet of better things and evaluated himself as an efficient champion of the people, were to take on the higher mission, he would surely have the good fortune to regain supremacy in national affairs.—Greenback Times.

TO BE RECOGNIZED WITH

Probably the most remarkable victory won Tuesday in the election of Woodrow Wilson, who was elected Governor of New Jersey. His success in the election of 40,000. It was at first thought that the plurality would not be more than 25,000 at the outside, but it has been increased to 40,000. It could be said that it is almost unprecedented. Only three times, and then on the vote for President and in extraordinary years, has the margin been so large. It is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

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NOVEMBER 28, 1910

MURKIN

By the New Democrats, which Colonel Editor George Harvey is a January, Dr. Woodrow Wilson was induced to resign as president of Princeton University for Governor of New Jersey. He has his own political popularity and the strength of the Democratic principles and doctrine which is typical of the New Democracy. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

A SERIOUS TEST

By the way, the fact that Colonel Harvey has proved a good governor on the election. The News

carefully proved his predictions in HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 26th, having seen that they would be a whole lot for what they were. It is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

AN AEROPLANE IN SIGHT

Hats off to George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, as a prophet. When he wrote that at least "we all at guessing in 1904 and 1909, the paper a few days ago made the guess which made his letters hats off to him. It was a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

A SLICE KIBBON

Brother George Harvey of HARPER'S WEEKLY will get the blue ribbon as a political prophet—Boston Herald.

BEHOLD THE RESULT

Colonel Harvey, who supplied the silver platter for the people, has shown us a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

DECEMBER 17, 1910

A MATTER OF HISTORY

Henry Woodrow Wilson, who has won so high a reputation as a prophet of better things and evaluated himself as an efficient champion of the people, were to take on the higher mission, he would surely have the good fortune to regain supremacy in national affairs.—Greenback Times.

Major Harnhill is right and James Harnhill is wrong. As Major Harnhill usually is.—Boston Herald.

ADMINISTRATED, NOMINATED

Colonel Harvey is already electing Woodrow Wilson President in 1912, and is a getting to be an dangerous near a career political prophet that it almost seems like prophecy.—Boston Herald.

TAKING NOTICE

Colonel Harvey, who had more to do with promoting Woodrow Wilson to become a candidate for Governor than any other man, and more to do with the election of Governor Harrison, is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

HEAVY HITTING

After a careful perusal of the current HARPER'S WEEKLY, it is concluded that it is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

A BUREAU THING

Editor George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is inclined to admit that Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, is likely to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1912. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

APPLAUSE FROM THE GALLERY

On election day we rejoiced Colonel George Harvey's forecast of the election from HARPER'S WEEKLY, and the editor has the all so sagaciously on the head of the Democrats. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a man of letters who has written with his own hand, and who has written books, but he knows men and, and the vital problems that need to be solved for men of every class and condition.

not as food for pleasing comparison with the actual results.—*Maxon News.*

**THE NAME**

Colonel Harvey of Harper's publications had much to do with the nomination of William H. Wilson for Governor of New Jersey, and later he made a remarkably accurate prophecy of election results in various states. Governor Harvey's latest political forecast is of special interest. It is as follows: "We fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President at the national convention of the Democratic National Convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."—*Boston Herald.*

**CHIEF OF**

Editor Harvey of *Harper's Weekly*, has his paragraph again. This time he guesses—and will fall far behind in the accuracy of his guess—that the elected National Convention of 1912 will nominate Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for the Presidency, and that the Doctor's Republican opponent will be William H. Taft, of Ohio.—*Washington Herald.*

**REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS REALIZED**

Quite as we expected, *Harper's Weekly* nominates Woodrow Wilson for President next year. *Harper's Weekly* was the original Wilson man.—*Windsor Telegram.*

**IN DUE TIME—NOT YET**

The keen eye of the editor of *Harper's Weekly* has found on Woodrow Wilson now for a number of years, and the paper has been forwarding his fortune with the accuracy of a seismograph. He has seen prophecy as to its final economic, economic relations, and new statements in its current issue, also said.

It is now fully anticipated that the National Convention of 1912 will nominate Dr. Woodrow Wilson for President at the National Convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate.

Colonel Harvey anticipates the prophecy. While the time for the fulfilling of the last has not yet arrived, it is entirely possible that it will, indeed, highly probable, especially if we view in conjunction with the past performances of the prophet.

But the most important of all prophecies is yet to come. Will Woodrow Wilson be elected President of the United States? Of course, it will be highly probable; but the most certain prediction is the prediction, or snuff, after. Whenever, it will be interesting.—*Vorpost Ausland.*

**PARTNERSHIP**

*Harper's Weekly* joins the *Washington News* in advancing the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912.—*Windsor Telegram.*

**DECEMBER 24, 1906**

**A BIG PLACE RESERVES FOR TEXAS**  
March is our favorite month, and Colonel George Harvey is giving trouble again. Because of his political and personal for jumping the fence and getting into the Republican line in 1906, he has, at the same time, we have kept his hatred of late years because we could not trust him to stand with us west into Texas to get the mail and the country. So do not do it because as a result of this protest that we decided after the dawn of the Democratic era of justice the other party would have had some trouble and to give him the freedom of the pasture in which to kick up his heels and snort.

We find we shall have to turn to the post again to resume our ordinary business. Now before we have had time to discuss a Thanksgiving turkey and lay before the Lord of Hosts the expressions of gratitude which have been the result of our work here is Colonel Harvey nominating a candidate for President for us.

"We now fully anticipate," he says, "the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."

Put it from us to inasmuch the availability of Dr. Wilson. For he is certainly only feelings of admiration, respect, and confidence in him, and a number of which he is proud. In character, statesmanship, scholarship, and democracy he is a credit to the party, and an honor to his country. He is a man of a high order of honor to an appreciative people. His election to the Presidency would be no less an honor to the people, and a credit to the party. There is no one who is not to be disappointed in him that we can object to him that we can object to him that we can object to him.

But, Colonel Harvey, we haven't reached the nomination stage yet, and you must remember that a lot of the boys are to be consulted before we flip any banners in the breeze. There are other Democratic men who are entitled to be considered, and it is a fair work and availability—and we must carefully weigh the merits of each after we have prepared for the work. We are not ready at present to give up the receipt upon which we are to go to the country is yet to be made. Dr. Wilson, Governor Harrison, and the other leaders are to be consulted, and the people are to be asked of that record. We will be better able to settle the question of availability after all this has been attempted in.

It will be a year before the party has even begun to see the light with respect to the Elect of 1912. We must nominate the candidate for President in 1912, being the chief consideration, sure it is naturally admitted that Wilson, Harrison and others are in all respect to us in the rank in the party, and we must not forget that. And then when the time comes to nominate, we must let the people have a say. Considering Colonel Harvey's power, we shall be able to furnish them with the need for the cause, and they will have our approval, we expect have the matter in his hands straighter.  
So if he persists in plunging the dinner bell before the fire has been built in the kitchen, we shall have to call him down. We have a new appetite for the

thoughts to some Democratic government, but let all things be done in order. At present we are reconciled to see the Congress as we are going to see make a Democratic victory possible.—*Denton Post.*

Our defiance with Brother George Bailey is limited. Write us by way to receive it, his heart beats as to the right as the possible result. It is in such a question of time when his clear call will take its allotted place in the procession, will up in front close behind the band.—*Edison.*

**OMIX NOMINATED AS YET**

Colonel Harvey has already nominated and elected Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912. He is no longer and likely to be nailed up under the red, white, and blue in—*Harper's Chronicle.*

**VICTORY IN SIGHT**

The Democratic victory was well-nigh accomplished. It seems that he has been in a party with a wide-spread support to its own cause. The state of North Carolina, which seemed to have been holding two years ago, has received itself entirely and has regained the three Republican districts, creating a solid Democratic delegation to Congress. Instead of being weak and unimportant, the Democratic party has led itself up, and following the advice of Colonel George Harvey, has indulged in some "pious and pig-headed fighting." It has not only done so, but it has been in a position to do so, and it will be in this for 1912, and has shown itself not only worthy of confidence, but also entitled to a Presidential victory, which is apt to come—*New York.*

**THE FIGURES OF THE HOBBERS**

Harper's Weekly must be given credit for the discovery of Woodrow Wilson, an anti-imperialist and economic political figure. As far back as 1900 Editor Harvey picked out the president of Princeton as a fit and fitting candidate for the Presidency. He was not only a student of the President's life, but also a leader and a consistently steady to it ever since. In the mean time Dr. Wilson has been growing on the country, and has become a prominent figure in the country. He is well to the front amid the rank of the Democratic leaders for the nomination.

It must be noted that there is no higher or clearer figure on the Presidential horizon than Dr. Wilson, and it is all probability he will be a strong candidate for the Presidency in the national Democratic convention of 1912.—*Maxon News.*

**NOTE WHATEVER**

George Harvey insists that he knew all the time that Woodrow Wilson would get there. Well, now that's got there, in there any reason to assume that he will stay in—*Washington News and Courier.*

**FRONT AWAY BACK**

Many men pride themselves upon being political prophets, but there is only one in America in the year 1910 who has made good to the claim. Early in the year 1904 he believed in the triumph of the Republican in our victories. Colonel George Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, looked for big Democratic gains in our victories. He is a prophet—*Maxon News.*

**WELL, WELL, WELL**

Colonel Harvey's newspaper campaign, though unjustifiably cruel, was well arranged and carried out. It was a success inasmuch as it has the effect of making the interests of Professor Wilson's opposition were well understood among the Philadelphians and New Yorkers. As the names of the party are not yet in the New Jersey contest than they did to those within their own borders, with, perhaps, a single exception, that of *Windsor Telegram*. It cannot be said "all honor," but it can be said all credit to the sagacity of the expert politician who planned and worked out a successful issue the scheme to elect the Democratic ticket in New Jersey. They were master minds and made that led the work.—*Windsor Courier.*

**JANUARY 28, 1911**

**The South Asks No Favors**

*From the Assemblée—Maxon*  
The editorial in the *Windsor Telegram* is an amazing editorial article with the interrogatory heading. "Will the Democratic Party Consent to...?" As the Democratic party still has a political existence, it has never been in a position to do so, but it has at various times evinced a strange inclination for a second reading. It has a demonstrated capacity for doing so, and a demonstrated capacity for doing so in a republican party is known as "the power of the past." The lack of permanency in the party is the result of its failure. It was with reference to the reputation established by the party's conduct in the past rather than any matter of political principle that the question was asked by the *Windsor Telegram*, but it is also warranted by existing conditions. The question is asked, "Who, then, can prevent the election of a Democrat as President?" And this is followed by the question, "Is it not a question of the party's interest?" The *Windsor Telegram* looks with apprehension to a solitary figure in the West that would lead the party, and in the hands of his hands for nearly two decades and eyes now throbbing to give the prospects of success. But with the visible aid of the party in the hands of his hands, he has been able to do so, and has shown himself not only worthy of confidence, but also entitled to a Presidential victory, which is apt to come—*New York.*

With this array of leaders—now, strong, and successful, with the control of the House of Representatives in the hands of the Democrats, and the other issues at all cost, and with a divided Republican party in opposition, the prospects of the Democracy seem to be bright. It is not to be wondered that the editor of *Harper's Weekly* asks what of the House, and declares that of those, "permanently stands the tariff." This is the issue of the day, and it is to be expected and courageously by the Sixty-second Congress.

When the attention is carefully surveyed this combination of circumstances, it is not to be wondered that the tariff issue. It was in the tariff that the House was won, that in the tariff law a Democratic majority of the House was secured. The tariff has always been a profit of disunion, and the discussion of the Payne-Adams tariff bill revealed lack of Democratic principle. The tariff is not a question of revenue, as it is a question of protection. It is a question of the welfare of the people.

There is a correct statement of the party's historical position. The North American Review under elaborates the position of the party. It is a question of the support of its position. "Such," it says, "is the Democratic creed, established by Jackson, amplified by Polk, sustained by Lincoln, and confirmed by Grant and Cuba. It is the policy, not merely of the party, but of the whole people. Wherever it has been adhered to in practice, the party has been successful and the country has prospered. Whenever it has been discarded, the party has gone down in defeat and favored interests have come into complete control of the government."

The trouble with Republican tariffs has been not much the result of protection to business, but of the fact that they created a class of "patrons" of which the editorial article in the *North American Review* speaks. They have been partial tariffs, awarded to favored interests. They have not protected the trusts, instead of safeguarding the "infant industries," and the public interests in general.

The country would prosper under a new tariff framed on the traditional Democratic policy, and the country is ready to see the party stand with honor. It will still be in an honest effort at sensible and impartial revision. Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury, has advised the party, and the tariff of a tariff that served the country for a number of years, now under which the Democratic party had a long record of success. He has said, "The duty should be so imposed as to operate as equally as possible throughout the Union, discriminating against no one, and giving no one any special interest. The new industries of the South will not get protection other than that a properly regulated revenue tariff would afford. The tariff is not a question of protection, and no sectional discrimination. Andrew Jackson said in his second inaugural: 'While the chief duty of the tariff is to protect the industry, it should be so adjusted as to encourage manufacturers.' In this adjustment, however, it is the duty of the government to be guided by the general good." This is the tariff policy of the Democratic party, and it is the basis of the success of Democracy, and it is the basis of the success of the party.

It is the majority in the House of Representatives in the coming Congress and made the chief declaration of the party platform in 1912, the Democratic party will be in a position to do so. The tariff will be in a position to do so. It will be in a position to do so. It will be in a position to do so.

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**FEBRUARY 4, 1911**  
**Knight Arrives of the New Democracy**

The somewhat serious controversy over the Seventy-third New Jersey ended in a decisive victory for Governor Woodrow Wilson over Senator Allen. The result was a triumph for the struggle between the New Order and the Old, and the result was inevitable. Governor Wilson was handicapped from the beginning by the inferior quality of the "primary" candidate whom he left in honor bound to support, and necessarily he had to receive the charges of personal impropriety because of the fact that he was nominated in a makeshift manner to Mr. Surra's endorsement. But he could not escape the conviction that even a half-baked primary law must be upheld and, highly as he esteemed Senator Surra personally, he did not see how he could honestly ignore the fact that former Governor Surra, regarded by the people, rightly or wrongly, as the personification of honorability, as an ally of the opposition. So he went straight to the voters themselves and aroused public opinion to such a degree that the members of the legislature found it impossible.

We doubt if a more daring act was ever performed in American politics. Governor Wilson not only won the election, but he won it on a platform, but also he won his political fortune. He could not just know that, in taking the stand he did against Mr. Surra, he was inviting the antagonism of not just established leader alone, but of all like him throughout the country. Most men would have hesitated long before taking a

step which might easily have proven fatal, and we are not sure that the public would not have held such conduct pardonable, under the circumstances. But the Governor did not fancy the incredible suspicion that he had either been a party to feeding the people or had been fooled himself. So he took the risk and he had scarcely turned neither to right or left, never flinched, kept his good humor—and won in a walk.

What effect the controversy will have upon the reform legislation to which he is pledged cannot be foretold, but it is a fair guess that the dominance which Governor Wilson has already attained over the legislature will be still secure. Moreover, Remond is not only a strong partisan, but a good sportsman, and we have no anticipation whatever that he will try to subvert the new administration in any way.

So far as the country is concerned, Governor Wilson's action has won universal commendation, and his daring has captured the imaginations of the people more completely than anything, except possibly CLAY, BLAINE, and HOWLAND, has succeeded in doing before. Already, in contrast with DEW and HARMON, he is hailed as the Knight Errant of the New Democracy, and as such will be nominated for President in opposition to WILLIAM H. TAFT.

FEBRUARY 11, 1911

## Champ Clark

New York, Jan. 1, 1911.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"SINCE I have just read Mr. Bryson W. Jennings's commendation addressing the constituents of Champ Clark (soon to be Speaker) by the Democratic national convention, which suggests some thoughts—"

"The other day Mr. Jennings, in his capacity of an editorial which is a mass of other things, correct and incorrect, made these statements, that are absolutely true, and we cannot get away from the truth of them, "As to getting the credit for the fact that the people who are taking charge of the Harmon movement are such the same people who organized the Allen B. Tucker movement in 1904, and proved themselves able, capable of holding within a trifling or many votes as the Bryan force could hold."

"The Democrats need moderate who, while not being Mr. Bryan, shall be able to command the sincere support of Mr. Bryan. . . . It is plain as a palmetto that no Democrat is more to be elected in 1912 who has Mr. Bryan distinctly opposed to him."

"If the Democratic party has not one man of Presidential size and confidence, without knowing either the support of Mr. Bryan, without driving away all the moderates in the party, then its chance of winning is nearly gone."

"Champ Clark has never been one of Mr. Bryan's close counselors—Bryan's Missouri John Archer has always been Bryson's closest ally, and has shown a splendid face, able politician, and great tactician. Yet Mr. Bryan would gladly support Mr. Clark for President, and I know what I am talking about. And it makes not a bit of difference whether you love or hate Mr. Bryan—and nearly all men seem to do so or the other—his control is at least a million votes. At least one million men believe in Champ Clark and patriotism to the extent that they will vote as they think he believes. At least a million men who ordinarily vote for Bryan, and who will vote for Mr. Bryan, he realizes this and knows now that there is no use in not now, and perhaps this will be true as long as he lives."

"Another thing: If the Democracy wants the certain to fall on its again, and this time forever, let it try the experiment of electing a President without knowing whether he can work in harmony with his party in Congress. Then was Cleveland fell down and took his party with him, and then was McKinley elected, and we took our work seriously with Democrats in Congress; he got those together when he did not have even a committee organized in good shape, and then those men who whipped the country, and won a great victory at the polls. He found the Democrats of the House a mob; they are now a solid phalanx, and they are a solid phalanx without exception. This is the kind of leadership the party has long needed; hasn't it sense enough to recognize it when it comes? We elect Harmon or Wilson, and we will have more votes than perhaps he will be able to sort of get along with his party in Congress? I am not sure if the man who has proved it or not?"

I am, etc.

OAS PATRIOT.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—March, 1911  
The Political Predetermination of Woodrow Wilson

Whether predetermination is absolute or conditional is a question which of course arises before the Candidate and the American who determines it is essential to the purpose of the following argument. Equally foreign to need in holding the chain of reasoning is decision of the question of dominance over the world—whether of a personal God as of the power of Nature. But two assumptions as to the part of the candidate in the determination of his destiny: (1) That the laws of logic, growing out of conditions and circumstances, are irrefragable as applied to human affairs, and (2) that, even so, irrespective election of an individual, without refer-

ence to the use he may make of his moral agency, cannot be resisted.

'Tis on this hypothesis we confidently base the prediction that, barring accidents of a physical nature, the two opposing candidates for President of the United States in 1912 will be William Howard Taft, Republican, and Woodrow Wilson, Democrat. We do not presume to impute to dialectics the nomination of the former. That, frankly, must be taken for granted. The reasons for his nomination, however, are sufficiently obvious to require no candidate. (1) He controls the federal patronage. (2) He has won the confidence and respect of the people in large measure and is gaining favor daily. (3) He is gradually acquiring the active friendship of the inevitably conservative business men, without whose support no candidate has been elected President since 1852. (4) He will be supported by Roosevelt. (5) He is the practical reason that defeat or election will spell the ending of his career as President, probably immediately, but surely at the expiration of four years. (6) His rejection by the National Convention would be unprecedented and would prove certain defeat of the party at the polls.

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Logic predicates antithesis. Circumstances, conditions, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, demand it. History decrees it. Invariably the opposing candidate has been named, not by the opposition, but by the party taking the lead—by all but three instances by the party in power.

Shift the records! Sharp alignment of political organizations was first made in 1840. Prior to that time the elements constituting general opposition had been segregated and their strength divided. Four candidates had entered the race against Van Buren, and each had his own political and electoral college, but Jackson's (3) He had had a majority over all.

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title, the nominee was noted chiefly as a lawyer and an orator. The leading candidates before the White convention were Clay, Daniel Webster, Scott, and Zachary Taylor. Clay was still the idol of his party and Webster its greatest statesman. Both were lawyers and famous orators. Bark, now rejected. Of the two famous cooperative measures and secured their enactment, thereby so weakening the Whigs in the North without strengthening them in the South that the reunited Democrats aggressively demonstrated their confidence by holding their convention in advance of their opponents. On the forty-ninth day they nominated Franklin Pierce, an inconspicuous and ineffective Governor of New Hampshire, who nevertheless embodied the spirit of the "young democracy." Two weeks later the Whigs assembled. Fillmore was the natural or "logical" candidate and led on the first ballot, but on the fifty-third General Winfield Scott, who had been the best favorite of the young civilian, Pierce, was nominated.

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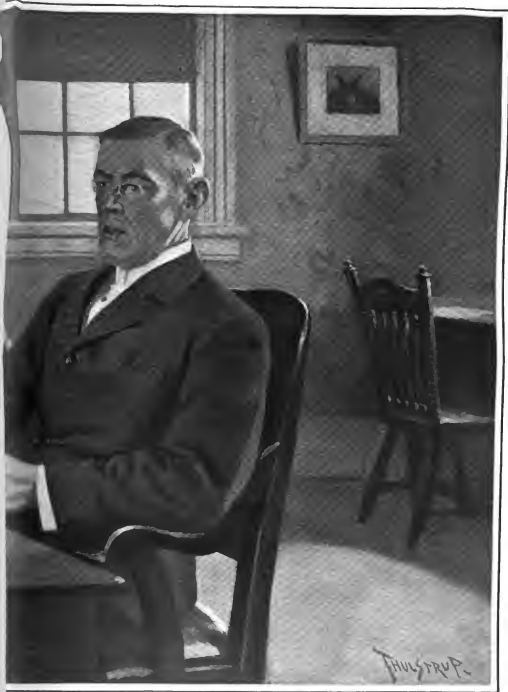
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GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON AND HIS SECRETARY

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Harpes



TARY IN THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES AT SEA GIRT

of Grant; and on the twenty-second ballot not a vote was cast against him.

1872.—Grant again! Grant the sturdy, silent, soldier President; Grant the Democratic turned Republican. Against him, Greeley the journalist, Greeley the genius orator, Greeley the Republican turned Democrat.

1876.—Hayes, the cosmopolitan, the "safe-and-sure" Governor of Ohio, had been designated by the Republicans when the Democrats met in June. Hendricks of Indiana wanted the Democratic nomination. A far stronger, more popular, more appealing statesman than Hayes, his superior, led by the capable McDonald and aided by powerful Tammany, were more than confident of securing for their favorite the prize. But he, too, was a mid-Western Governor; he, too, was prudent, conservative. Tilden, the reformer, the radical, was named on the first ballot, and the men from Indiana in their seats as if stunned, refused to make the vote unanimous. They felt betrayed when, in fact, only the inevitable had happened.

1880.—Garfield was not named as a chief, but as a statesman. He had been the chief figure in the House of Representatives, had just been elected to the Senate, and was regarded as the most eloquent and persuasive speaker of the land. Hayes was the most fit Democratic candidate, as he was the foremost Democratic statesman and orator, but therein he resembled Garfield. Tradition pointed unerringly to Hayes, graduate of the Military Academy, the "superb soldier" who never possessed an assumed, no possess any knowledge of public affairs or any capacity for civil government.

1884.—Blaine at last—the dazzling leader, the experienced statesman, the brilliant orator, the Plumed Knight. Agnis Hayes was a candidate. But he, too, was a Richard; he, too, had served in the United Congress; he, too, was a Republican. For the staid Cleveland, who then was feared only for common sense and sturdy courage, who atoned platitudes monotonously, who had never served in a legislative assembly, and who had never even visited the national capitol.

1888.—Cleveland renominated! But a different Clark, a different Cleveland, a different Hayes, an ardent fair reformer, almost a free-trader, held to be a radical. Against him Harrison the ultra-conservative, "unconqueringly in favor of the American system of protection."

1892.—Again Harrison vs. Cleveland.

1896.—For the second time the opposition took the lead. McKinley, the steady, friendly, polished, painstaking, serious McKinley, was named on the first ballot. Three weeks later the Democrats met in Chicago. The radicals were in full control. Free Silver was the only cry, and Bland, the apostle of Free Silver, was regarded as an almost certain winner. But Bland differed little from McKinley. In its management, its method, its Congressional service, its previous attitude toward silver, even in manner, they were not unlike. It is commonly said that Bryan won the nomination with a striking speech. But who can tell what would have happened if that oration had not been delivered? It was a contention of radicals seeking a radical candidate. Bland could not have satisfied, nor Boies, nor Pattison; nor Campbell; nor any one bearing the slightest resemblance in thought, word, or deed to the prudent McKinley. The nomination of a Bryan was inevitable—prescribed by the Logic of Circumstance.

2000.—Again Bryan vs. McKinley.

1904.—Boswell had succeeded to the Presidency and had been unable wholly to resist the impulse of his ardent temperament to break away from the traditional policies of his party. Already he was recognized as embodying the spirit of the times which has since been termed progressiveness. He had, in fact, appropriated to many of Bryan's notions that the political indications of the two could hardly be contrasted with marked effect. So potent was his tendency that, but for the death of Hanna, the controlling elements of the Republican party would probably have tried to defeat him in the convention. However, he was nominated without dissent.

Bryan had then been absolute master of the Democratic organization for eight years. He held undisputed control of the National Committee, and his great personal popularity had not waned perceptibly. Had a Republican nominee of the McKinley type been designated, his power would have been such that he would have named the Democratic candidate. But the nomination of the towering radical Boswell forced the outcome of the Democratic convention irresistibly. With all his authority and personal following Bryan could not hold even the one-third essential to the defeat

of Parker, when he had attacked viciously; and the staid and sober judge was named in opposition to the fiery Boswell.

1908.—Back again to the pendulum. Roosevelt's progressiveness administration was reaching its close. Taft was nominated—Taft the workman, the peacemaker, the judge, confident, patient, kind, the natural and proud successor, as he has since declared, of his prototype, McKinley. The old Republican leaders breathed more freely. After all the Roosevelt disturbances might prove to have been only an episode.

Such was the condition when the Democratic convention assembled in Denver. Only four years before the conservatives had dominated completely. They still controlled the National Committee. But they were as helpless in the face of the Taft nomination as Bryan had been in the face of Roosevelt's candidacy. Again the fettering orator became the standard-bearer of the Democracy and achieved the customary party disaster.

Such the record! In each and every instance the type of opposing candidate, if not the man himself, has been marked by the party making the first declaration. Invariably someone whose record certainly has yielded to the greater power of the single issue of protection—the irresistible demand of Circumstance for Antithesis.

NUMERICAL

1840.—The assumed nomination of Van Buren compelled the nomination of Harrison in place of Clay.

1844.—The nomination of Clay compelled the nomination of Polk in place of Van Buren.

1848.—The nomination of Cass compelled the nomination of Taylor in place of Clay, Webster, or even Scott.

1852.—The nomination of Pierce compelled the nomination of Sevier in place of Fillmore.

1856.—The nomination of Buchanan compelled the nomination of Fremont in place of McLellan.

1860.—The assumed nomination of Douglas compelled the nomination of Lincoln in place of Sevier.

1864.—The renomination of Lincoln compelled the nomination of McClellan in place of Seymour.

1868.—The nomination of Fremont compelled the nomination of Seymour in place of McClellan.

1872.—The renomination of Grant compelled the nomination of a Greeley.

1876.—The nomination of Hayes compelled the nomination of Tilden in place of Hendricks.

1880.—The nomination of Garfield compelled the nomination of McClellan in place of Hayes.

1884.—The nomination of Blaine compelled the nomination of Cleveland in place of Bryan or Randall.

1888.—The renomination of Cleveland compelled the nomination of Harrison.

1892.—The situation reversed.

1896.—The nomination of McKinley compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Bland or Boies.

1900.—The situation reversed.

1904.—The nomination of Roosevelt compelled the nomination of Parker in place of Bryan or Cockfield.

1908.—The nomination of Taft compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Parker or any conservative.

Therefore, in

1912 the renomination of Taft will compel the nomination of Wilson in place of Harmon, just as the nomination of La Follette would compel the nomination of Harmon in place of Wilson.

Why?

Obviously but one theme of inquiry demands consideration: Who is the real Antithesis of Taft? Bryan? Yes, as in 1908. But Bryan's record have been run. Gagnor? Yes; but Gagnor is disqualified by Fate. Feltz? No; but Feltz clearly is outclassed.

Champ Clark? Theoretically, perhaps, but practically only as a petty compliment. Dix? The carrier of water upon both shoulders! The upholder of party faith, on the one hand, and the source of pretexts to leaders on the other! Neither opposite nor opposite is Dix. Bryan Harmon may be the man, but not the man in the Antithesis of Taft! Until the meeting postulate.

In but one essential particular—that of age—is marked a greater dissimilarity between Taft and Harmon than between Taft and Wilson; and that seriously to Harmon's disadvantage, in view of the facts that the average age of Presidents at inauguration has been under fifty-five, and that of the three elected within more than sixty-four died within the year.

The contrast is complete, conclusive; the evidence overwhelming. The figure of Presidencism, guided by Logic, Circumstance, Conditions, and

History, points unerringly to Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, as the opposite of William H. Taft, Republican, in 1912. Blessed Columbus!

Note the points of similarity and of divergence:

RESEMBLANCE	Age in 1912	61	DIFFERENCE	Age in 1912	56
	Political views	Conservative		Political views	Liberal
RESEMBLANCE	Party	Republican	DIFFERENCE	Party	Democrat
	Education	Yale		Education	Yale
	Marriage	Married		Marriage	Married
	Children	Three		Children	Three
	Religion	Episcopalian		Religion	Episcopalian
	Class	Upper		Class	Upper
	Character	Steady		Character	Steady
	Temperament	Reserved		Temperament	Reserved
	Appearance	Staid		Appearance	Staid
	Speech	Plain		Speech	Plain
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Echoes

MARCH 11, 1911  
THE SCHOOLMASTER IN POLITICS

From the St. Paul Pioneer—Press  
Just at this writing Woodrow Wilson issues upon the political horizon, casting considerable of a shadow. Likewise his situation is one involving some hazard and some uncertainty.

For some months prior to the fall elections Brother George Harvey kept HARPER'S WEEKLY an issue yielding the Wilson story by the way of a President of the United States. He was not a man who would be so easily won over.

This cautious support resulted in Wilson renouncing Bryan and his robotic restraining very grave suspicions of Woodrow Wilson. It argued that Mr. Wilson was, perhaps, too acceptable to Wall Street influences.

Mr. Wilson, promising to be a real Governor, sought New Jersey and immediately started in to be a real Governor. He came out strongly with his own government, the Oregon plan, and other reforms, and he started a fierce battle against the bosses of his party three hours after he was elected. The bosses turned on him with terrible abuse and attempted to seize him out. He would not waver. They tried to batter him and he would not be "bait" for the only attack.

He went to the finish and beat the bosses and corruptors out of their heads.

And Wilson's cabinet leader was laudably beaten, and all honors of Governor Wilson's term in doing just what he told the people he would do if elected.

Now Mr. Bryan comes out and says we are mistaken in Wilson, that he rejects to do his honor, and commands him most kindly as a true and triumphant influence.

Mr. Wilson now stands in the position of being the only Eastern Democrat who has won the regard of the Bryan influence.

The question now is, Did Wilson make his fight on corruption, and especially in winning the Bryan victory, only retain an effective strategy.

At any rate, the former president of Princeton has proved that he is a real leader, a fighter, and a politician of keen insight and effective strategy. He swept his state because he proposed the position that he would fight the gang, he kept his word. Conservative, radical, and generally scorned as a dresser before election by the sporting politicians, he submitted them all—and he did it by keeping faith with the people and taking an advanced stand on behalf of the principles of popular government. He had the nerve to jump into the uncharted waters in his state and leave the legislature to keep faith with his people, while the interests objected the prominent house added the wisdom of an executive dictating to the legislature.

No the schoolmaster has become a national figure, and a commonplace of his virile administration thus far will make him a commanding figure in the next national convention of his party.

THE CANDIDATE OF THE PEOPLE

From the Detroit "Journal"  
What about the "action" of the "super-republican," the "horrorful" Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey—now? He has elected his man, James E. Marshall, the primary of the United States Republic in a fierce contest fought out in the New Jersey legislature. James Smith, Jr., yesterday withdrew. James





## The Problem, the Solution, and the Man

For first that we live in an age of action, not of thought, is charged with new meaning for us than for those of idler countries. They have as guides the beaten fields of their own histories, but the conditions confronting us are without precedent either at home or abroad. Hence the vital need of pausing at intervals in order that we may determine, so far as possible, whether we are being swept un-aidingly along a torrent to certain doom or are gliding peacefully down the river of natural progress to a haven of peace, equality, and common happiness. For while examining our souls with the reflection that the misfortunes heaped upon us are those which never cease, it nevertheless behooves us, as a prudent people, to remedy artificial evils, which invariably have their genesis in want of thought, by the application of thought itself. The poet Lowell expressed the idea in homely but perfect fashion:

"— Leave the man who is ready to stand,  
— He cannot afford to quarrel for the freedom to think;  
And who has been thought, to his course strong or weak,  
Will still do either half for the freedom to speak.  
Caring naught for what transpire the mob has in store,  
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."

## THE TARIFF AND BUSINESS

What, then, is the one great problem upon whose solution depends the entire of our country and our people, that in its solution we shall have it as economic good without strife. That, in a sense, it is moral may be accepted as an obvious fact. Recent manifestations of the instinct of an alarmed people to seek and concentrate upon the concrete result behind the impression that it is the tariff, that the tariff is not a problem. It is not a problem that a pharisee could realize in. Whether impost should be laid for revenue or protection is a question of importance, to be sure, but of far less importance than in former years when unaided judgment outweighed practical considerations. It would be the height of folly to blind our eyes to the conditions that now exist upon any other than a humane and realistic basis. Our old-fashioned governmental extraneousness, but none can deny that application of the most rigid economy would counterbalance but temporarily the increasing cost of administration of a rapidly growing commonwealth. Despite the enormous revenues now derived from various sources, such may add up to more than a thousand dollars to the debit, and this sum would have been doubled by the enactment of the absurd position law recently approved by the House of Representatives. We must, moreover, accept as a fact that actual needs will multiply rather than diminish.

How are these colossal needs to be obtained? By reducing the tariff to a moderate level? In part, perhaps, but by no means to an extent sufficient to meet the requirements. Let us not deceive ourselves in this regard. No intelligent man now advocates the destruction of our great manufacturing industries through the adoption of free trade with other nations. The utmost that is sought is a leveling of the playing field and production on a standard that would ensure reasonable competition to bid monopoly. The effect would be a reduction in the cost of products to the consumer, and to that extent it would be beneficial. But, clearly, there would ensue an material increase in revenues unless the manufacturer were driven out of business, or unless a drastic rate of tariff and duties be levied. There is an ill-grounded belief that manufacturing profits, as a rule, are excessive and should be brought within bounds to the advantage of the consumer, but since there is no thought of abolishing them altogether the industries will survive and prosper, though more moderately, and will continue to meet the needs of the people. The only way in which any increase in revenues approaching adequacy from a levying of the rates. The tariff, as we have said, is no more than a phase—a phase, indeed, of only a part of the real problem, because essential as the procurement of money for government undoubtedly is, it is as a beguile compared with the colossal results.

## THE PARADOXICAL PROBLEM

The vital problem now confronting the people of the United States, the problem involving the perpetuity of five institutions, the problem which transcends all economic, political, and moral issues, is how to make equitable distribution of the combined earnings of labor and capital without robbing the fabric of popular government. The aphorism of Ricardo, still upheld by certain,

Muswell, he asserts as "it." His prophecy is based on the premise that Mr. Taft is chosen by his party as its leader, failing which Governor Wilson must stand aside for the present and await a more opportune season.

If the Republican party should turn from Taft to La Follette, there would be grave reason for Wilson, the shrewd, old-fashioned statesman, as an effect, as an antidote to "Bob son of Biddle" of Wisconsin. This may sound illogical at first blush. Why not nominate the far grander, the far more able, and more universally as against a Democrat? The answer comes from the Tariff table published with the article showing the nomination of the candidate. The nomination of Taft is set down as "profrat," Harmon as "reaction," and Wilson as "daring." It is "brave" the incumbent of the Executive office, and "timid" as a candidate, as seen in "read controlled," but Wilson is "quick, serious." This table of characteristics goes through the philosophical process of elimination, and is designed while the others are mortal. The point sought to be made, however, is this, that La Follette and Wilson are far more able to stand the test of a more severe campaign. In support of this contention Mr. Harvey goes back seventy years to show that national conventions have the "law of attrition." To go no farther back, the nomination of Roosevelt by one party compelled the nomination, not of Bryan, but of Parker, by the other party. The nomination of Taft, the judicial, mildly progressive Republican, brought Bryan to the front the next time.

All this sounds so plausible we are almost ashamed to confess that we are "stumped."

## GIVE THE VOTER A CHANCE

From the St. Louis "Times"

Mr. Harvey's article is a splendid example, which has succeeded in amassing the simple-minded on more than one occasion by the accuracy of his predictions, has been an article of the highest quality. In the *North American Review*, in which he maintains that if the Republican party nominates William H. Taft in 1912 he will be elected, in view of numerous precedents, it will be necessary for the Democrats to nominate Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey.

In the other hand, it is by some revolutionary process the Republicans are to be nominated by La Follette. It would seem necessary for the opposite party to name Jackson Harmon as their leader.

The first thought arising from this "programme of predestination" is that it seems amazing that the average voter is still the tool of a few men who represent nobody as yet, and who have no voice, and who have no consideration for anything save strategy.

The voter is, theoretically, the man who elects a President; theoretically, again, the candidate who is to be made from among the suitable men of the nation. But as a matter of fact his privilege of voting is narrowed down to the choice of one man, and he has no choice, and for neither of whom he may entertain a very high opinion. The few who make the selection have, according to Mr. Harvey, no special thought as to the fitness of the man, other than as his fitness consists of a good chance to defeat the other fellow.

The second thought arising from the plan Mr. Harvey has napped out is that the Democrats seem destined to play in bad luck to the end. For Mr. Wilson, we believe, is a little representative of the "Progressive Democracy" any individual that could be found.

The party of Jefferson seems to be gaining in opportunity to be supplied with everything save promising candidates.

## REMOTE POSSIBILITIES

From the *Spencer Post-Standard*

George Harvey has an article in *The North American Review* in which he says that the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. It is an attempt to predict the nomination of the national convention of 1912 by electrical analysis, to use one take note of the effect which the nomination of the dominant and re-touched party has had in determining the selection of the minority party with reference to the future of Mr. Harvey's argument—that the logic of events points to the nomination by the Democratic national convention of Governor Wilson as a candidate.

Mr. Taft, says the writer, will be re-nominated. It would be unprecedented in the Republican party to select him the nomination of a rival to Roosevelt. The first hint of his administration will be more general favor than he closed the first year and with the prospect of gaining rather than losing popular support.

Taft is conservative, and will be nominated by the Democrats must nominate a radical. Revising the elections from 1840 to 1900, he shows that the party out of power has always nominated a candidate similar to the nominee of its opponents, but dissimilar. While the Democrats have won the radical Bryan nomination in 1908, the Republicans have nominated the conservative Parker against the radical Roosevelt; and the anti-labor party is willing to elect Wilson rather than La Follette for the same reason as between Wilson and Thurston, the only two whom Colonel Harvey recognizes as serious candidates for the nomination of Wilson will be preferred.

Well, Colonel Harvey will admit, such may happen in the next year.

## Among Democrats

You are here made from the measure if you choose, you are desirous to kill me, and I am desirous to see you off and turn away from me, but you cannot deprive me of power so long as I consistently stand for what I believe in. You are not interested and legitimate demands of the people themselves, I believe, and I believe in this which promises to be a historic conference in the annals of the party of the state, you are settling the question of power or influence, or the leadership of the party to which the people with a singular generosity have offered the control of their affairs.

These sentences of Governor Wilson were spoken

in the course of a prolonged conference with the Delegates of the House of Assembly of New Jersey in which he urged them to live up to the letter and the spirit of the platform on which he and they were elected. They are, perhaps, not very extraordinary sentences—certainly a forceful sounding of his faith that cannot be called new. But they were spoken long after—long after—the election; he had not the least even a word of them; to me who know that he meant what he said and that he would not hesitate a moment, if there should be need, to go from them straight to the people and by "publicity, pitiless publicity," make his words good. Must they not also here tell that what he said was not merely sincere, but true; that he would not shrink at withstanding the will of the public and the gift of speech, cannot be deprived of power so long as he keeps faith with the people and will not be made afraid. The future of the party, not in New Jersey alone, but in the nation, does depend on its keeping its pledges. For that party to-day, honesty is the best policy, and it is the best course with which it judges the wisdom of such leadership, but he considers how much stronger Wisconsin Winsor himself is at this moment than he was during the campaign, brilliant and convincing as he was when he was making the pledges which he is now so steadfastly insisting upon keeping. Or consider why Wisconsin is so well kept in mind in predicting that the next New Jersey legislature will be Republican, while across the river Republicans as well as Democrats are expecting New Jersey to remain Democratic.

## The Two Kinds of Democrats

Such leadership is not merely wise; it is essential. Nothing could be more shallow and absurd than the notion that because a party or a people that democracy is any dispensance with leaders. The contrary is every much more being true, and so, if our country is ever to get on its feet, it is not the "interests and legitimate demands of the people" may control the actual working of government, it is simply indispensable that there shall be leadership, and the franker and more open the leadership is, the more clearly its character and character of the letter it will serve, because the better will be the opportunity of the public to express its will effectively.

Unquestionably there are two kinds of leadership offered to the Democratic party throughout the country at present, and a certain division in the party is indicated by the differing choice of different communities, different states and sections. To one group of leaders and their followers the term "progressive" is coming to be used infrequently applied. It is not a good use of the word. That title belongs to one of the Republican factions, "Progressive" and "conservative" are the correct names for the two wings of that party, and they are, in fact, for the two wings lead the party in general for the progress of our country. For the two wings of the opposing party, the party of individual and local self-interest, the party of liberty, the best general terms are "moderate" and "radical." But they do not perfectly fit the division, such as it is, among the Democrats in this country to-day. The latter is a little irregular. It is to such effect, to the two groups of leaders and their followers of the same self-interest against which one of the Republican factions has revolted. "Theosophical" and "half-hearted," or merely "divergent" and "insincere," would be, for the time being, rather more accurate designations of the two kinds of Democrats which the party contains and which are ready-made for every one to apply. They are in the nation. The contrast is none the less real and important because it is confused, because the lines of it are ill-defined. Upon its outcome depends, of course, the control of the platform and nominations. But more than that is involved. The character and the aim of the party for many years to come will depend upon its immediate future control of the government is involved. The fate of the other party also is involved, logically and directly involved, for if the Democrats fail to play their proper role the insurgent Republicans will essay it.

It is by making clear the choice open to all that we may avoid the dangerous leadership as Governor Winsor's is of no great, if any, estimable service at the present juncture. In the other party other men are playing a part somewhat like his; but no other Democrat in the country is so making of his words and deeds—in fact, of his very nature—into such a touchstone of other men's Democracy.

powerful but short-sighted classes in England, to the effect that the laborer is entitled to just enough food and clothing to keep the machinery of his body working until it shall wear itself out, finds no advocate here. We have advanced at least far enough to recognize that humanity is a best, and a very large part, of political economy. But this is only a step. We have now only to begin to insure the laborer the evolution or revelation as an effective force in the development of civilization. Our colonial fortunes have sprung into being so quickly that there has been hardly time to effect a readjustment of the relationship of Wealth to the State which conserves it, but no thoughtful mind can fail to appreciate that readjustment must be effected as a condition of the relief of Labor, but quite as much, if not more, for the protection of Capital itself. We cannot cultivate fortunes. "When two men ride a horse, one must ride behind." Nor would we, if we could, sound the death knell of individualism. But we can try to correct methods and influences which have already shown themselves to be unwise, unneeded, cannot fail to make the disparities yet more enormous. True it is that now before and nowhere else has Wealth been so sensible of its duties as it is now and here. It builds hospitals, libraries, schools and colleges without number, but such remedies never only to palliate the disease. It does not neglect the education of the masses, however, is artificial, discriminatory, and offensive, if, not indeed destructive of, the self-respect of the masses. Less charity and more justice is what the American people want and what they are entitled to receive.

## INTERDEPENDENCE AND COOPERATION

That is the problem. Whence lies the solution? Primarily in the spirit with which the subject is approached. Not independence, but interdependence, has become the law of life in this country. Cooperation, a drawing together in frank and unselfish tolerance of one another's opinions, as positively essential to the settlement of every great question. And this concurrence must be general, must come not only from all groups, but from all sections. Invariably and naturally the older and richer community is the more conservative, the more reluctant to accept innovation, the more obtuse in recognizing either the qualities or needs of the new. The West, we must appreciate the extent of its obligation to the East is apparent to the most casual observer, but no less manifest in the East's obscurity in ignoring the teachings of the West. The historian, Woodrow Wilson, depicts with insight and accuracy "the moral of our history."

"The East," he writes, "has spent and been spent for the West; has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance for the new regions that have been a-making all the century through. But has she learned as much as she has taught or taken as much as she has given? The westward march has stopped upon the first steps of the Pacific. Populations now turn upon their old paths, fill in the places they passed by as neglected in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West—many, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and to be known; and the time has come for the East to learn in the same broadness her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it and lovers of them all."

## THE SOUTH AS TEACHER

This is the true spirit—the essence of patriotism indicative of the brotherhood of man. We need not dwell upon the West's resentment against the East nor the East's distrust of the West. But we do know and must recognize that these unhappy sentiments have retarded the two sections in the past and here not yet wholly eradicated. The cure lies in better understanding, to be acquired through fuller acquaintance. The South is the natural teacher because the South, civilized and prosperous, more philosophical as a consequence of favored conditions, has become less dependent upon its neighbor across either the West or the East. By virtue of the position for stationableness and clear thinking which it developed in the early days. It was the leader for scores of years and should be the leader now.

Its duty is plain. Out of the happy outcome of its own patient sufferance it may well indicate to

the impatient West the advantages to be derived from the exercise of tolerance. From its own bitter experience it can point out clearly to the East that, while great possessions may be lost temporarily to a community, that which a few people come to recognize as a vital truth can never die, that the test of a man's strength and worth is not in the number of his adherents as a selfish view, but that lesser weight loss than brain and brain loss character, that even from a selfish viewpoint it is easier to lift human beings up than to hold them down, and that the soundest security for property lies in interesting the largest number of individuals in its preservation and the smallest number in its destruction. Hence the value of the "middle class" to all, of equitable distribution of the combined earnings and accumulations of labor and capital.

How to obtain such apportionment is the question. Not by violence surely. The exercise of mere force, whether physical or legislative, is destructive, not creative, and at best can only insure a temporary setting of things to rights. We must. Not by decreasing a new system of government as one would order a new suit of clothes, for the simple reason that the tailor does not live and never has lived who could make it fit. And yet not by resumption of principle which has been aptly described as a good enough umbrella for purposes of shelter, but essential, in this land at this time, that our methods should be orderly as that our aims should be rational.

## THE SURETY TAX

May it not be that the remedy lies in direct taxation? Why not frankly acknowledge that our government can no longer be fed by those who have little and are constantly getting less, and must be supported by those who have much and are steadily acquiring more? Attempts have been made from time to time to impose adequate taxes upon incomes and inheritances. State have been instituted; all for one reason or another have been abortive. Is it not now time to undertake the task with resolute determination to succeed? Can a better solution of our most vital problem be devised?

Adrocity of legislation making such imposition does not involve annual upon a class. It is not a question of the class at all, but of the right of man to recognition of the natural rights of free men to establish a system under which all members of each present and succeeding generation shall possess substantially equal privileges. A tax upon incomes is not, as is so frequently said, a tax upon industry. It is not a test of exceptional opportunity, a just reward for peculiar ability, or one levied in proportion to the pains derived from their exercise. And a tax upon inheritances is not a tax upon the carrier, but upon the beneficiary who, having played no part in the making, should be willing to share his bequest with the state whose aid was essential to its acquisition and whose protection continues to be requisite to its preservation and in proportion to the pains derived from their exercise. And a tax upon inheritances is not a tax upon the carrier, but upon the beneficiary who, having played no part in the making, should be willing to share his bequest with the state whose aid was essential to its acquisition and whose protection continues to be requisite to its preservation and in proportion to the pains derived from their exercise.

We are accustomed to regard our very rich as leaders and more generous-minded than the very rich of other lands, and we set forth in evidence their magnificent benefactions. But making big gifts is quite different from paying big taxes. The former not only gratifies vanity, but presumably serves the way to a place among the angels, while the latter merely discharges a just obligation. So we must expect that the opposition will continue as strong as ever, and that the usual arguments must be confuted in fairness and reason. But this is not difficult. There need be no question of double taxation and no antagonism between state and nation. Cooperation is essential. It is useless for a commonwealth to impose a tax which can be evaded by a mere change of residence. But the federal government can make such a tax general and conserve all state prerogatives by allowing a reduction equivalent to the amount paid under similar enactment to the state. The only design would then be compelled to leave the country, avoid bearing his fair share of the total burden. And the justice of the proposal is indicated by the fact that there is no civilized land from England to Italy to which he could go and obtain better terms than the highest we would think of exacting for the protection of his property.

## SECURITY

Other questions, other issues, there are, to be sure, but all are allied with and subordinate to that which is vital and fundamental. We have seen that governmental needs not only exceed present revenues, but must of necessity increase, along with growing population at home and multiplying

responsibilities abroad. Clearly, under these conditions, other sources of income must be found before ordinary business produce will permit the general lowering of tariff rates so much as a shadow to the average basis. The pending reciprocity bill is a neighborly and commendable act, but more can be done if its practical effect will be a very considerable increase in the general deficit, by opening them, by operation, to the extent which fails to indicate simultaneously an alternative method of meeting the enhanced deficiency, is political rather than statesmanlike, a mere expedient to appease public wrath, not the inauguration of a policy which could be made general. Proper taxation of incomes and inheritances, however, could not only meet the development possibilities, but, and greatly advantageous to the tolling masses.

## THE BOND OF INDUSTRY

No less direct is the relationship to our old problem of all proposals to lessen the hands of representative government by the substitution of primaries for conventions, by the election of Senators by general vote, by the extension of the term of office, and so forth. The genesis of these questionable devices is the common and warrantable belief in the minds of the people that the poor bear burdens that should be borne by the rich, and that the failure, so far, of popular will to find expression through enactment of laws proper for the relief of the masses, is a sad indictment. The present trend toward populism, as a substitute for the government of delegated powers established by the Fathers is directly traceable to the obduracy of that alliance of Greed and Wealth which for so many years has controlled the dominant political party. Whether or not the present trend toward populism is a question which need not now be considered. It suffices to point out the causes of its origin and growth—and these are manifest. Can any one believe that assaults upon the principle of representative government would ever have attained their present proportions but for the conviction in millions of minds that the many are being grossly discriminated against in favor of the few, especially in the matter of taxation, and that refusal to tax incomes and inheritances has been deliberate in order to make necessary for revenue purposes heavy imposts upon products essential to maintenance of very existence? There can be no question as to the extent of the many being grossly discriminated against in favor of the few, especially in the matter of taxation, and that refusal to tax incomes and inheritances has been deliberate in order to make necessary for revenue purposes heavy imposts upon products essential to maintenance of very existence? There can be no question as to the extent of the many being grossly discriminated against in favor of the few, especially in the matter of taxation, and that refusal to tax incomes and inheritances has been deliberate in order to make necessary for revenue purposes heavy imposts upon products essential to maintenance of very existence?

## NO MORE FROM THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Who is best equipped to meet the situation? One can perceive little ground for hope from the Republican party until it shall be put out of power and be kept out long enough to disperse its accumulated special attachments. However good the intentions of a Republican Congress may be, recent history proves conclusively that they count practically for naught. The party is tied hand and foot, has made so many treaties with all sorts from Mormon to Mormon, has accepted so many favors, has become so dependent upon the power of money, that it is utterly helpless to break its ties. The Democratic party is impoverished; it may be recast, it may yet be given life if capable. But it is a fortunate circumstance that nobody in recent years has considered it worth while. Consequently it is at least free, so being, to do its best without fear or favor, and so being, should be preferred.

## LIBERAL OR CONSERVATIVE

Fifteen months hence the two leading candidates for President will be placed in nomination. One will be labeled Republican, the other Democratic. But the time has passed when a firm issue can be raised between new appellations. The sharp line of demarcation once drawn between the two great organizations has worn away in the wearing loam of time. The reality will find one regarded by the people as a conservative and the other as a liberal or progress-ive. Assuming, as we may with reasonable certainty, the re-nomination of President Taft, but one question in practical politics will confront the two camps. That which will relate to the treasury of the great body of voters. Is it toward liberation or conservatism? If the former, then clearly the Democrats, if wise, will name a man generally recognized as more progressive than Mr. Taft; if the latter, they will designate one regarded as less liberal. The relative personal merits of proposed candidates will







symptoms of disapproval of the conduct and sayings of Governor WILSON. It began to sneer at him as soon as he started off on a short vacation to get acquainted with the folks out West, and it seems likely to continue the practice with a persistence that has become characteristic. If not indeed unique. It now calls him "the Governor Hiram," who, "withstanding the result in general, rejecting it as applied to judges, at once tickles the neck and revivifies the reactionaries that, after all, he is rather of a conservative sort of demagogue as demagogue goes." This was apropos of Mr. Wilson's remarks in Portland, to wit:

While I heartily favor the use of the sword for all dangerous offenses, I do not approve of it for the judiciary. On the theory that one of the greatest dangers with which we are least in our efforts to secure better government is ignorance. We are prone to use too much haste to take too many short cuts. I admit that locally it is unwise when one who differs with us have the right to recall them, but I don't see a proper place for legs.

Many people will think they perceive a good deal of horse sense in this declaration; but it doesn't suit the *Sax*, which also would have disapproved OLIVER JOHNSON'S assertion, made in the course of the BREWER-TILLEY case, that he was "a Spiritualist, but not a damned fool." The way is one the *Sax* has. It is always disappointed and disposed to be resentful when one who differs with it obstinately refuses to show himself a damned fool.

Certain persons who used to run things over in New Jersey feel the same way. What they objected to last winter was Governor WILSON'S methods as recalled (apologies?) by the *Evening Star*:

The Hon. WILSON, the peripatetic Executive of a neighboring state, addressing the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton clubs of San Francisco, in joint dinner assembled, said:

"The debate as to whether things are wrong is settled. Things are wrong. Now, so must get up a debate on how they may be right."

But the only sort of just debate that Governor WILSON has any use for is one in which he does all the talking, as when he sat for the members of the legislature at Trenton and conferred with them for many hours in a speech in which he outlined what he wanted and assured them that he was going to get it, if it took them all summer to give it.

We fail to see how the Governor could have prevented others from talking even if he had wanted to, so to which, in the words of Mr. WILSON, he didn't. But perhaps the best answer, with respect to the remedial legislation to which the *Evening Star* refers, is that he did indeed get it without encroaching unduly upon even the happy springtime, to say nothing of the lilywhite summer. That is how he happened to have time to travel about awhile in order to see how other Governors and legislatures are doing things. A writer in Brother JAMES SMITH'S *Newark Star* was duly horrified and demanded that the salary of the Governor be stopped during his absence from the state, but so far there has been no general uprising.

In point of fact, the one thing most needed in this country at this time is better acquaintanceship. It would do Brother Dr. EDWARD P. MINNELL, a lot of good, for example, to go to Kansas and Arkansas and Oklahoma. He wouldn't get as good golf as he now enjoys at Baltimore or Morrisstown or wherever he plays, but he would fetch home a deal of valuable information and could leave behind just the variety of conversations that Kansas might chew on to advantage.

It is wholly unnecessary to assure our regular readers that these humble suggestions spring, not from a captious spirit, but from an inherent desire to do good. We would not scold the *Sax*. On the contrary, we would cheer it up, and as evidence of good faith will even now relieve its mind of its most ponderous burden by asserting with the utmost positiveness that if the Democratic convention shall offer the nomination for President to Governor WILSON he will accept.

Also that he'll get it.

JULY 8, 1911.

#### Reforming New Jersey Cities

Trenton, New Jersey, has adopted the common form of government, and New Brunswick and Hoboken have rejected it. So, concludes the *Waterbury American*, "Governor WILSON has suffered his first big defeat at the hands of the politicians." To this extent the statement is accurate: The machines of both parties bitterly fought the measure, and their efforts were supported by the use of the office of New Brunswick and Hoboken was rejected. But these forces combined could hardly have prevailed but for a gen-

eral disposition on the part of the voters of New Brunswick and Hoboken to await the results of the experiment in Trenton. No exception can be taken and none has been taken by Governor WILSON to this evidence of prudence. Trenton is a typical good-sized American city, and will afford an excellent illustration for the assistance of its neighbors, who naturally prefer an objection somewhat nearer home than Galveston or Des Moines. If the experiment should turn out well, the change will be, as the Springfield Republican observes, "not the least of the Governor's achievements during a remarkable administration," from which he will "gain credit in the most ample measure for which he could so during." The bi-partisan machines will continue to fight

He is a little too advanced on some of the questions of the day, which are not questions at all; but he has ability, character, and courage, and would make an ideal President."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

"A good many people feel that way," adds DEWEEN HAZARD, in his most sententious manner.

AUGUST 26, 1911

#### Utopian Thought

If every man in the country read HARPER'S WEEKLY and believed every word in it we should think that Governor WILSON would have a fair chance to become President.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

And it would be a country worthy of its President!

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



July 13 1912

THE NEW RIDER

Price 10 Cents

the reform, of course. They must. Their very existence is at stake. But such temporary expedients as they have won in New Brunswick and Hoboken will serve only to tighten the hold which Governor WILSON already has upon the people, whose battles he is fighting, and time will do the rest.

#### Down in Old Virginia

Said a Virginia of fine reputation and distinguished ancestry and much personal service to the state: "There is some other but WILSON WILSON the Democrats can nominate for President. He is just as sure to get the nomination as the sun shines, and if he gets the nomination he will also get the election.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1911

#### Why Governor Wilson was Nominated

Dr. WILSON was nominated for Governor because he was regarded as a highly respectable and widely respected citizen, who would make a glowing stand in favor of the Democratic machine and its big business favorites.—*Evans News*, in the *Post*.

Perhaps some persons so regarded him, and possibly there were enough of them to have prevented his nomination if they had known in time what manner of man he was, and had wished to prevent it. But no one of average perception, who had never, though a superficial acquaintance with Dr. WILSON, could possibly have estimated him as

man who would make a dead pigeon for any machine. Mr. WOODROW is likely to find, if he goes deep enough, that Governor WILSON'S nomination was due to an impression long and strongly held that he was a first-class man, of firm character and remarkable qualities and equipments, who was needed as a leader in Democratic politics.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1911

## The Same Man He Was

A strange and inevitable metamorphosis is exhibited in the case of the Governor of New Jersey. In Dr. WILSON, university professor, he was cautious and conservative.—Boston Advertiser.

Our Boston brother cannot have informed himself of Dr. WILSON'S career at Princeton. He was no stand-patter college president. He introduced the tutorial system to get more effective instruction for the young gentlemen, and he tried his best to reform and democratize the social machinery of the university. The *Advertiser* thinks that "at some previous time" after he became Governor he concluded that conservatism was not going to be popular and pitched it all out of his head and restacked his mind with more marketable intrusions.

That is all nonsense. The late president of Princeton and the present Governor of New Jersey are the same man to a hair, using the same head and with very few changes in its furniture. The Governor admits that he has changed his opinion about the initiative and referendum and has come to regard them as good means for political house-cleaning. In fact, he got Dr. Princeton some notices that he thought were good, and tried against bitter opposition to get others, in the same mind that in the Governorship has reached out for what it has considered to be political benefits for the people of New Jersey, and that with enlarged opportunities would reach hold of out for what he thought would benefit the people of the whole country.

There has been no metamorphosis. To distrust Dr. WILSON and reject any or all of his views is the voter's privilege, but he is the same man he always was and true to the same fundamental convictions.

NOVEMBER 11, 1911

## For President: Woodrow Wilson\*

There are many reasons why the Democratic party would do well to nominate Woodrow Wilson for President. I shall set forth a few.

Because he is a thoroughly equipped, self-reliant and successful business man.

A good inheritance from a virile ancestry is a great help to one who has to make his way in the world. Money has its uses in this country. Titles are not to be despised in other lands. Good breeding is desirable everywhere. I am more valuable than all combined are the attributes of a good character. Those constituted Wilson's heritage. The stock from which he sprang has produced the best type of American. His grandfather, James Wilson, and his grandmother, Anne Adams, were Scotch-Irish, born in the County Down. His maternal grandfather, Thomas Woodrow, was English. Wilson served his apprenticeship under William Duane on the Philadelphia Gazette, and himself became a publisher of marked ability. Woodrow was a militant minister. Both were Presbyterians, firm in the faith, strong in conviction. Wilson's son, Joseph Runkle, married Janet Woodrow in 1849, and to them a son, christened Thomas, was born in Summit, New Jersey, quite after five hundred years. Character, conscience, convictions, he inherited. Character he developed under the tutelage of the scholarly divine who was his father.

Thereafterward to this day Woodrow Wilson has been fitting himself for public service. Political economy was the passion of his youth.

The facts of government and the social and scientific discursive phrase, became the dominant interest of his mind. He mastered theories and studied the results of practice. He longed to enter public life and work out political problems at close range. The legal profession seemed to provide an avenue, and he obtained admission to the bar. But he established to study and to learn through toiling.

It is not needed to mark the necessary steps in the untold advancement of the poor minister's son to the presidency of a great university. The progress was steady and sure, because it was based upon intelligence and industry.

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CONVULSION seems to be a highly desirable condition. It obviates mistakes and at times averts any unpleasant consequences. Presidents have utilized it to the advantage of the country. Mr. Hayes might have wrought immeasurable harm by attempting greater things than his intelligence could hope to achieve. His wisdom, a commonplace mind in the White House was perhaps the most useful. But greatness was the requisite in Lincoln's day, as in Jefferson's and as now, at the beginning of a period of essential readjustment of the relations of people to production, of government to industrial development and enterprise, and of individuals to direct and indirect taxation.

This problem cannot be expected to solve themselves. Mere negation no longer suffices as a national policy. Constructive achievement is the pressing need. Here common sense, even such extraordinary common sense as is possessed by our present Chief Magistrate, falls short of the requirement.

Intelligence of the highest and rarest is peculiarly essential in a President at this time. And such is the order of Wilson's. His sense is anything but common; it is most uncommon—keen, searching, penetrating, going straight to the root of difficulty, intent upon finding, not a palliative, but a cure. In his case is a most unusual quality of expression rests upon clarity of thought. Wilson is not an orator in the accepted meaning of the term. He does not utilize sound in public speaking. His phrases are not rounded for purely rhetorical effect, and he never declaims. Yet an American now living can hold the attention of a crowd. He does so, not by means of the force of the utterance. And the intuition is correct. Wilson invariably has a reason for an opinion, and always has it ready for use. Although positive, he is never dogmatic. Telling why he thinks as he does is what gives himself no less than his hearer the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. That Wilson has "his own ideas" respecting theories of government than another, or perhaps any other, is not surprising. All his life has been given to its acquisition. But it is not enough to possess knowledge. One must be able to impart and elucidate his lessons. And thanks to his experience as a teacher, few will deny that Woodrow Wilson speaks with authority for Madison or for Hamilton, and stands today actually pre-eminent.

Because his conception of public service is true.

But is he "sound"? I am not his proposals "radical"? What about his advocacy of "referendum" and "recall"? Let us see, in the first place, whether the relative merits of candidates for the Democratic nomination for President. It may be well, then, to note at the beginning that each and every statement whose name has been mentioned in this connection has pronounced in favor of the Initiative and Referendum as a method of giving popular government its true force. I have quoted in this issue as before, three have, expressly in so far as Wilson would restrict its adoption sharply to the obvious and pressing need of a community. Observation convinced him that the system has worked well in Oregon, and he frankly said so. But he added with characteristic prudence:

"I do not go so far as to say that it will work out with the same satisfactory results elsewhere. Its application generally throughout the country in states where conditions are different, seems to me, should be matter of expediency rather than of the principle involved. I believe most thoroughly in self-government, and each state, having local conditions and local needs, must choose for itself the method of applying the principle."

The idea of this method of action is not to supersede the ordinary law-making bodies, but to furnish a means of action to be used, when and if necessary, in order to keep representatives constantly under their dependence upon public opinion and the judgment of their constituents. It is nowhere sought to substitute these methods of action for those now in use. The object is to secure the necessary use of revocation, restraint, control.

The same may be said of the recall; that is to say, that the ordinary powers of an officer and electorate must be used upon occasion. This is merely a means of securing a more direct dependence upon the people, properly safeguarded by the law can only be effectively used for any other purpose. Its intention is to give the people in the field of administrative action the same sure and dependable control which they

possess in the field of legislative action.

In short, these are methods by which we are not attempting to destroy but to conserve that which is essential to repair—the great institutions which have been servicable instruments of our liberty.

In other words, he upholds the referendum and recall, not as a substitute for, but as a guarantee of, truly representative government. It is "the run behind the door," to be used only in extreme cases against those who have betrayed their trust and violated the confidence of the people.

It is as "a method of action," not as a fundamental change, in a government of delegated powers that Wilson supports the referendum and recall and even so draws a sharp line between administration and interpretation of laws. Speaking in the heart of the section whose people, not without cause, distrust man-made and corporate-made judges and feel the need of direct control over them, Governor Wilson said positively:

"That is all wrong. Judges are not lawmakers. Neither are the administrators. Their duty is to determine not what the law should be, but what the law is. It is the responsibility of the legislature to make of freedom should be hampered and prevented."

"But," he was asked, subsequently, "if a judge misuses his office to serve a man like Lorimer, should not the people have the means to recall him?"

"I cannot," he replied, "bring myself to further dangerous legislation. It is only a matter of waiting in the case of a mischievous man. The remedy comes at the end of their terms of office. But to apply to judges the principle of the recall is to set up the idea that determinations of what the law is must respond to popular impulse and to popular judgment. No, no; that is all wrong. I do not believe in the recall of judges."

Here we have the basis of a positive conviction and intelligent discrimination characteristic of the man—the reasons why, simple, plain, convincing, conclusive. Whether a like distinction is held in mental reserve by candidates who consented in general terms the referendum and recall will doubtless be made manifest in course of time. Caution invariably awaits revelation of the effects of frankness.

In any case, by his own confession, Wilson stands convicted of inconsistency. Speaking in Norfolk, he bravely declared:

"For twenty years I preached to the students of Princeton that the referendum and recall was good. I have since consistently and earnestly urged those students. It is the safeguard of politics. It takes power from the bosses and places it in the hands of the people. I want to say with all my power that I favor it."

In the recent review published in *The Outlook* one finds this passage:

"You have certainly shown that you are not afraid to charge your mind, Governor."

"I hope I have grown," he replied, "For fifteen years I might say, because that is not what I am, I would not have worked. I can prove it now, but the trouble is they do."

If such inconsistency be a crime, the most may be made of it rightfully, because fuller illustrations may be had at any time. Persistence in error is the mark of a weak and unstable nature. It is only abandonment of truth, self-reliance, and self-respect that has been in the wrong may be reckoned a certain atonement, for the simple reason that to one of his upbraiding concealment of fact is no less heinous than deliberate falsehood. Most men are technically truthful. Wilson is honest in his mind. Unconsciously he is incapable of acting under the lie. When he says as he may do, wise or unwise, politic or impolitic, tactful or tactless, has been or will be done in the open. His ends are always on the table.

From this conception of conduct Wilson has based his every act as a public servant. If it be regarded as unusual, then truly his election to the Presidency would make for apprehension, for he knows no other way.

Because his proposals are radical.

Whatever it is, is conservative. The referendum is required to effect a change in fundamental law. A proposal to eliminate it would be radical. So is a suggestion to extend its application to statutes. Objection is made on the ground of expediency, but any change whatsoever that is made in principle, interest the opposition team is applied indignantly by the one who considers himself most concerned. From this viewpoint the very provision for making a change contained in the Constitution itself is radical. Again, what was radical yesterday is not conservative today. To five years ago the radicalism of the recall movement was in this country, because the act not only violated

property rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, but was done in frank disregard of the technical provisions of that great instrument, under the vicious guise of military necessity.

Now with the proposal to free the people by restoring to them the power of governing themselves. That is the first and dominant article in the creed of Woodrow Wilson. Not that they are now deprived of that prerogative, as might have happened through the substitution of a monarchical form of government. Nothing is to be lost to them. Only this: that the process has been rendered so difficult that, instead of governing themselves, the many have come under the dominance of the few, who act by infiltration and under cover of the darkness of secrecy to achieve their own purposes. Whether or not this is the actual condition may be a matter of opinion, but it is obvious that we have watched and analyzed the work of state legislators, and more particularly that of the federal Congress with respect to the tariff, it seems a potent fact. Moreover, the constant anarchy of the masses during recent years bears evidence of their feeling that the need for effective legislation has been made too tedious to treat.

Wilson says: Open an avenue through the jungle.

But how? By direct primaries for all elective offices, President and Vice-President included. By popular election of Senators. By open conventions, caucuses, and committees. By legislation in the full light of day. By the constant review now before the faces of the people. *And when necessary*, by initiative, referendum, and Recall.

These are the means proposed. They are radical because they involve change. But the purpose aimed at is conservative—conservative of republican institutions. If it be not achieved, our theory of government is belied, our faith in majority rule as the best method of humanity is crushed, our confidence in the desire and willingness of a democracy to safeguard both property and personal rights is forever. This way, and this way only, safety lies. To conserve the Nation through intelligent legislation. Why not? How else? Let it stand at that.

*Let us be constructive and effective.*  
Innocence may be destructive; passion often is; intelligence never. To-day, in this country abounding in resources, energy, and skill, industry pauses, business lags, development has practically ceased. What? The answer is universal: Uncertainty, resulting in lack of confidence. In such a condition, it is the chief cause of failure. It is the chief failure of popular government; a revival of the recognition of mutuality of interest.

"We have passed the time of excitement, of general complaint, of indiscriminating condemnation," says Wilson. "There has been hostility enough all around. What we need now is to take the common sense as to the means to be used for the good of the country and of the several communities in which we live and earn our bread and also our happiness. We need frank, outspoken, friendly opinion. We need criticism which is not intended to damage, but to create a better understanding all around. To have any power or favor as to the government, is to be in every standard of public duty. We want to put ourselves on a sound basis and with the assurance that when we have done it we have not destroyed anything, but have reconstructed. We want definite information as to what the law means and what it provides. We don't know now how the offense is to be met and the remedy made."

Some assume, to think otherwise, but are disposed to temporize when asked to elucidate. Wilson, he it observed, never blinks a fact. Nor does he hesitate to speak as plainly and explicitly to a powerful aggregation or organization as to an individual. He does not believe that Labor can win by championing inefficiency and idleness through unfair rules, and says he became he "knew of no other standard by which to judge these things than the interest of the whole community," and surely "the laboring man cannot benefit himself by injuring the interests of the country."

So, too, with the captains of industry, who must come to recognize that they are "trustees, not masters," of properties whose management "determines the development or decay of communities" and is "the means of lifting or depressing the life of the whole country." Such men "should regard themselves as representatives of a public power" and act accordingly, because the responsibilities of all are in the same hands, their savings absorbed, and their employment determined by these agencies.

All Wilson asks of corporations is that they give the people broad service at a reasonable rate, not with the primary idea of squeezing and exploiting them, but with the primary idea of serving them. Nor can he perceive any advantage in dissolving corporations, however great, who so doing serve only to throw great undertakings out of gear, to the infinite loss of thousands of innocent persons, and to the great inconvenience of society as a whole. Regulation, not liquidation, is Wilson's remedy for existing evils, without touching the "size or might" of the corporation, "if you will not abandon the fatuous, antiquated, and unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person, as a responsible individual." He would be loath to surrender the "efficiency and economy" which tend to stimulate rather than destroy competition, and he would applaud and encourage the builders of properties, however great, while sternly condemning and exposing more manipulators who deceive and enslave the public.

In working out these problems, moreover, "the Democratic party must be a party of law and of service within the law. If we cannot serve the people under the law, we must urge the people to change the law. We must not take it upon ourselves to change it without their consent."

Upon utterance such as those Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor of New Jersey. To carry out his pledges he was obliged to win the support of a Republican Senate and to beat down the opposition of his own party.

He both by speaking directly to the masses and played upon the statute-books a record of constructive and effective legislation unmatched in the history of any state. Destruction followed—destruction of the control of state government by a public-service corporation; that and no other.

*Let us be constructive and effective.*

We have the highest authority for the declaration that no man can serve two masters; and yet how many in public life have tried and are now trying! Not willingly, many; not wittingly, some; but perform. One owes his advancement to a class, another to a political machine, a third to an individual. We have had such Presidents. One cannot get by not recognizing the claims made to each of the three factors in about equal measure. Being a just and grateful man, he made recompense accordingly. Upon the class he helped to confer great pecuniary benefits; to the "organization" he gave the offices and opportunities to plunder; the individual he raised to a position of honor and respect over all. Conscience and conformity with the customs of his party and with the seeming acquiescence of the people, despite the facts that the class was not ready, but greedy, that the "machine" was shamless in appropriating public moneys to its private uses, and that the individual was the most barren corruptionist the country had ever seen.

When, then, to whom he was most directly indebted, had been satisfied, the good President, who sincerely believed himself to be most fair and honorable, paid devoted attention to the welfare of the millions whose votes he had received, and became, in common parlance, deservedly popular. His motto was to serve, as to a public duty, people were regarded as no more than just reward for services rendered in saving the people from themselves.

Under blame should not attach to the individual for such a performance, even though it be in effect a betrayal of trust. Corruption is a mighty power, and it is not easy to resist it, especially if one is not a great man. If circumstances and environment, too, are most potent agencies. Few have attained great political prominence without making alliances and incurring lasting obligations in the successive stages of advancement. Nor can money withstand the influence upon perspective of association.

It is not, then, so much a matter of condemnation of others as of congratulation upon the mere likelihood that Wilson is free. Whether or not, in like situations with others, covering years of office-seeking, he would have become likewise entangled, is beside the mark. It is the fact that is important and peculiarly fortuitous at a time when, if ever, the President must be free to reward or to punish the whole people as his one and only master.

That such is indeed the case with Wilson hardly requires demonstration. It is evidenced conclusively by his ever word and deed. To the leadership which effected his own nomination for Governor upon a platform summarizing specific measures the President really is indebted, but when that leadership came into conflict with faithful performance of public duties he could

not and did not hesitate to choose and to carry the one master to whom he had pledged his own allegiance. He did not attempt to evade obligations, one against the other; he did not temporize nor try to harmonize. The straight and narrow path pointed out to him in his youth was the only one he knew—and he took it, disdaining of personal criticism and hostility of personal consequences. That exceptional credit should be accorded for so doing, does not follow necessarily. The force behind his conduct was an inherited conscience and developed character, agencies, however, as valuable in the public service as they happily have proven to be irreplaceable in the man.

It is as a highly important fact, too, rather than as a matter of personal merit, that Wilson's environment, associations, and early endeavor have tended to keep high his ideals, to broaden his vision, and to intensify his resolution. To have achieved great prominence and the rich emoluments which accompany success at the bar would have been a meritorious performance and worthy of all praise, but in no way commensurate with the magnitude of the values of an enforced industry, from enforced fragility, from enforced association and sympathy with those who, like himself, were compelled to earn their bread and rear their children with the product of brain and toil.

Such necessity and such environment make for that freedom of understanding which is but the requisite of a great magistracy; that freedom from political obligation to any except to all.

*Breathes he a Democrat.*

That may sound trite or commonplace. Let us see. When the time came for the new Republic to put into practice the admirable theories which its founders had put upon paper, the actual application thereof was entrusted to one man—not even Jefferson—at the time of Washington's inauguration had dreamed of any other possibility. A mighty step forward had been taken. For the first time personal liberty, no less than the protection of property, was guaranteed. Equal rights to all white males were also assured, etc., but the responsibility of the government to the people, as well as the responsibility of the people to the government, was not then defined as a matter of course, upon those fixed by birth, education, and training to bear the burdens safely and solve the problems with sagacity. It was to be a government of the people necessarily; else it would be no government at all. But how was the responsibility to be defined? In the interest of the people ever known, carried on in their interest and with their acquiescence, by the very best and most conscientious governors ever known. This was as far as the Fathers get under Washington and Adams and the other patriotic aristocrats who, during the first twelve years of the Republic, were known on the bench and in the two Houses of Congress.

Government by as well as of and for the people was first proposed and put into practice by Thomas Jefferson, who thereupon became the first real Democrat. As a student and philosopher he beheld danger in heeding the customs of the past and the theories of the law-abiding aristocracy which the possession of actual governing power had afforded. He felt the need of broadening the base of government to insure the stability of the structure of democracy. To do so involved implicit faith in the wisdom and sense of justice in the entire body politic. Not this he had, and, acting upon his judgment, admonished by precept and example to livify the theory, he broadened the base of government to the people. Declaimed as a radical, even as a revolutionist, he grew stronger and more determined under opposition, until what had been only an impulse originally became a passionate conviction. Reaction followed as a matter of course. Habit and mind is not changed permanently with ease.

But such a mind is not killed. It flashed forth inconspicuously for a time in Jackson, then wandered through long years, until it burst into flame in Lincoln, only to subside again in a period of great development and common prosperity, until there arose from stealth and indifference another governing class—the Republicans. It is the President who has really ruled the Nation, as with red and iron, even through two administrations which were nominally Democratic and one as sporadic as Jackson's, to the present day, and it is breaking down at last only under the added weight of heaviest greed.

The time is ripe and the people are now ready for a fresh manifestation of the spirit of democracy, which alone can safeguard personal



and property rights by perpetrating the Republic. It is to be found in Washington, the natural successor by birth, instinct, training, ability, courage, and faith in the people of Thomas Jefferson.

*Because it would be elected.*

I have tried wisely to set forth a few of the reasons why Mr. Wilson ought to be elected. That he would be speaking, of course, from the present outlook—hardly requires demonstration. But this is one of the years when the people must associate as well as read. Will they do it? That is the question—the only one.

GEORGE HAVLEY.

NOVEMBER 18, 1911.

### The Famous Victory

Mr. Woodrow Wilson is down and out. Dear, dear! Who would have thought that! But we may not blink a fact—and this one we have upon the highest political authority. Ex-Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr., emerging from the capacious shell which he has inhabited since he was elected to stay in Newark, doubtfully shakes his wise head, and his good friend, the *Sun*, finds that the Governor has suddenly become a candidate *en route*. It is because of that. Because Mr. Smith has been "repudiated" by his state. Because the "magnificent Democratic organization" of New Jersey has been disrupted by his cantankerous insistence upon keeping party politics. Because, speaking frankly, he fought the lion boss and licked him. Because, as an inevitable consequence, the next legislature will be Republican. But that's what really happened! The Springfield Republicans sum it up neatly:

"The New Jersey House was had because of Essex County, which is the home of JAMES SMITH, Jr.; the loss of Governor WILSON's political aspirations; and Essex County being impossible, from the standpoint of view, to be secured. But SMITH succeeded in convincing anti-Wilson Democrats. The Governor did not contest the county. Outside of it, his followers made gains, and the Senate is more likely Democratic than before."

Supplement this statement with the further information that the next Senate, as well as the next House, would be Democratic if the party had carried Essex County, that the machine candidates for the Assembly were definitely picked by resolutions to oppose reform legislation, that the Republican and Democratic houses alike engaged a sheriff for "legislators," and you have the whole story.

Fear, the cause of good government is not likely to suffer from the presence in Trenton of devout Republicans in the place of puppets of the deposed Democratic chairman when the Governor's constituency kicked out of his office, but it was, indeed, a famous victory. Fresh supplies of oil can now be found for the Department machinery, the entrepreneur can approach his fellow-bosses throughout the country with reinforced blindestness, and the naturally amiable *Sun* can continue to exhort with glee. We need not begrudge them their satisfaction. Rather let us extend felicitations, especially to our neighbor, the *Sun*. It is a shame that one so brightly assumed should feel obliged to go about forever cawing like a crow when it should be exulting like a lark. Time was when its breakfast food was as toothsome as the lightest of muffins, but of late it has run to pickles in variety and quantity. The President has given hopeless, the Attorney-General more than an anarchist, the Speaker or blabber-tongued, the New York Governor distractingly filthy, and the Massachusetts Governor a leech-matched baronet, to say nothing of Brothers BLAINE and ROOSEVELT and other stock objects of satiric preference. The only ray of light that has relieved the gloom of the year is a meagre one, has been an occasional fervid compliment to Uncle Jim. Having met Dr. Syntax on the hip at last, with the aid of the distinguished ex-Senator, the *Sun* can now assume the side of Mrs. Partington in relation to the Atlantic Ocean with pristine vigor and characteristic selfishness in the use of Latin phrases. Let us rejoice and be abed!

### The Voice of the South

Last Saturday the Democratic State Committee of New Jersey picked sixteen counties of New Jersey for Woodrow Wilson's election. It was a strange people, but it formally honored Governor Wilson's Presidential hopes upon the highest political news. About the same time the *Wilson* in its editorial with Governor WILSON's mouthed the little bonnet for 1912, announced as follows: "The call of the day for leadership is for Wilson, and we will organize the South, the rightly interpret public opinion and who

are ready to make that opinion operative." So wonder the Democrats of New Jersey rallied around the Princeton. They in a leader who has made it his life study of the political situation, and who has shown exceptional courage in carrying out the people's will as Governor of New Jersey, a leader who will dare to do as President what he has done as Governor. Wilson maintains that the big question of the day is one of adjustment between economic problems, public opinion, and our system of government. He is not a President, but he is a Governor of New Jersey, and he is a man who will do the adjusting. The campaign of 1912, we predict, will revolve around the one big idea of adjustment, and Woodrow Wilson will be the man who will do the adjusting. From the White House, beginning March 4, 1912, Congressman Edward P. Kirkwood, who lauded his Wilson as Governor, has written and published that "if Governor Wilson is nominated at the national Democratic convention, nothing but the hand of God will prevent his election. The country will, we believe, retire to the present failure in the White House, who, with 'great swiftness of heart,' turned down the people's choice of tariff revision on daily necessities—'Sugar (Alabama),' 'Joneston.'"

### The Men Behind Wilson

Little indeed do they know Governor Wilson who have not changed the political landscape of the State by the failure of one county in the State to elect a set of candidates for the legislature of whom everybody knew that they were not his followers. Still less do they understand the kind of loyalty WOODROW WILSON has inspired who fancy that the men who, great and far, welcomed him to the leadership will leadership will continue to be anywise changed except as they may now see it with an increase of confidence and zeal. Governor Wilson has not shaped his course or his opinions by any imagined demands of his own interests or fortunes. His followers have not perceived his leadership because of his personal success in his respects. He has conducted himself singly with the extraordinary service which he has found a chance to render to sound democracy, to free government, to a state long peculiarly unfavored to sinister and ignoble selfish interests. His nation-wide following has come to him because they saw in all over the country quickly recognize him as not merely an unconsciously well-equipped and a fighter who fought for the good of the State, a champion of good causes who could neither be frightened nor enjayed, a man to whom they could give at least the loyalty they had so long kept undevoted, waiting for a leader they could trust. Such men will hardly be disappointed because he has not made sacrifices without breaking even. They will hardly be surprised because the most extraordinary and successful assault on machine rule ever achieved in this country did not find favor with the machine itself.

### The Boss of Bosses

With respect to the distinguished ex-Senator, under compels the admission that he has now fully qualified as the leader of the anti-Wilson forces, as the Boss of bosses. Already he had paved the way. Shrewdly foreseeing that no Wilson Assemblyman were likely to be elected in a county where no Wilson candidates were running, he went back into the West and Winckled all. The Times told us all of it the time. In its issue of November 14th, we find the following account of his activities:

The return of ex-United States Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr., of Newark, New Jersey, from a trip to the West, which was supposed to be a purely business one, has revealed the fact that he spent much time in conference with men who will oppose Governor WOODROW WILSON as a Presidential candidate. At the same time, however, SMITH conversed with several of the former boss of the Democratic party in New Jersey, who are under the blue administered to his political ambition by Governor WILSON. It is known, we are told, that SMITH is in the West and is endeavoring his attempt to return to the Senate.

Mr. SMITH is not talking for publication regarding his trip to the West, but he has had several of his friends. He is said to have told them of the strong sentiment in the Middle West for Governor WILSON, and he is said to have been in the West to see Mr. SMITH himself in for Governor THORNTON, and back upon Representative the in W. WILSON, of Alabama, as an ideal man for the second vice-presidential ticket.

Mr. SMITH is said to have been while in the West that he saw the anti-Wilson Democrats there in a strong sentiment for Governor WILSON, and he is said to have been in the West to see Mr. SMITH himself in for Governor THORNTON, and back upon Representative the in W. WILSON, of Alabama, as an ideal man for the second vice-presidential ticket.

Among the statesmen with whom the ex-Senator continued regarding the state of the Union and

prospective campaign funds, the Times names the Hon. BOZER BLOW, of Illinois, the Hon. JERRY B. SULLIVAN, of Iowa, the Hon. DANIEL J. CAMPBELL, of Michigan, and the Hon. THOMAS TAGGART, of Indiana. The report continues:

It is said that in the East Mr. SMITH counts very highly the New York and New Jersey on the assistance of National Chairman NORRIS E. MARK. There have been persistent rumors that Mr. SMITH and Mr. MARK figured in a recent conference of party leaders in New York, and a candidate for President. The ticket for 1912 is said to have received much attention.

And outside:

The former New Jersey Senator is credited with being the main force behind an anti-Wilson movement in the New York and New Jersey on the opening of the WILSON sentiment throughout the country, but more especially in the Middle West and in the South.

It will be seen, therefore, that the ex-Senator was, in a sense, on trial in the recent election, not before the people, of course, but in the eyes of his illustrious confederates. Clearly, as we have already observed, he qualified as the leader of the bosses in their great movement to battle up the Democratic party. From this time forward we shall expect to see him receive from his comrades, as we ourselves shall cheerfully accord him, faithful recognition. We begin immediately by sternly rebuking the *Evening Post* for saying that "it would be a grave mistake to regard the opening of Wilson as a candidate for the Presidency, to allege that he had suffered heavily from the vengeance of a boss whose power he had defied and broken," and the Springfield *Republican* for declaring that "the fairest inference is that the Democratic party ought to be proud of Governor Wilson because of the endorsement he qualified as the leader of the bosses in their great movement to battle up the Democratic party. The people must be saved from themselves at all hazards, personal grievances must be heeded in selecting a candidate for President, a barrel must be opened to 'keep the organization together,' bosses must stand or fall together." "Demagogues" must be crushed "open mouths" must be closed, private arrangements with the other side must be lavished; tradition, in a word, must be respected—all in the name of THOMAS JEFFERSON. Hail, then, to the new chief, the Boss of bosses, the combiner of all forces opposed to the man who stands for free government as the trustee of the whole people!

NOVEMBER 25, 1911

### He Takes a Lot of Killing

We do not wonder at a certain gravity in the criticism Governor Wilson gets from such as began some time ago to be sure of the imminence of his downfall. His behavior has certainly been most inconsiderate of the feelings of people committed to that view of his career. Although he has been in office less than a year, his egotism and egotism has cost him an extraordinary number of disappointments in their reasonable expectations.

Some of them began to form such expectations even before he went into office. They were quite sure, and naturally so, that when it came to regular campaigning and stump-speaking before millions of men in office less than a year, his egotism and egotism would be disposed himself and fail entirely to get in touch with the crowds that cordially would bring out to hear him. But he inadvertently threw himself into this experience with positive enjoyment, and he developed a ready sympathy with the throng and the intellectual demands of it. He was not a politician, and was, to say the least, contrary to all the accepted traditions concerning fastidious scholars in contact with plain business men and working-men.

Of course, however, when he was actually in office he was going to prove indulgent to the wishes of the people who had always run things and who had been his friends. He was going to be obliging to conciliate respectable people. He was well-meaning, no doubt, but what could be so against the really practical politicians who were using him? Well, he was this time quite as inconsiderate of the practical politicians as of the people who saw so clearly that he was going to be a new figure. He was not only unacquainted with the fact that he was going to exercise the party leadership in which he had been chosen, but he did exercise it to an extent quite unprecedented. The gentlemen who were going to manage him were greatly disappointed at his irregularity and forsook him in disgust, even leaving him unaided to make his appointments. He was not only unacquainted with the fact that he had previously meant to let him help them to think,

But then there was the legislature and the T'opian legislative programme which he had gone about the state stirring people that he and his party really intended to put through. There, of course, would be the end of him—the end of taking his own actions. The old hands would never dream of letting him get through such a thing as the promised election law, or direct primaries, or a law to regulate public-service corporations that might really force the corporations to pay some attention. Yet at this crisis his contumacy was worse than ever. He was no longer merely incoherent; he was actually defiant and successfully outrageous of all precedents. And successfully, too; that was the worst of it. He not only defied the machines of both parties and insisted on keeping his own party's pledges, but he carried the legislature with him. He got that preposterously honest programme through and the legislature adjourned without a bit of conventional jollity such as the old hands of course expected.

It was the same way when he went out West speechmaking. There were two bundles of contradictory character, but both inevitable, which he declined to make. He did not, in excessive eagerness to conciliate a supposed Western sentiment, make any attempt for making a show of doing so, to show his independence, disregard and antagonism Western sentiment. He merely remained himself and talked his convictions and took the West sympathetically—and the West accepted him with astonishing readiness of comprehension.

His latest feat of contumacy in his worst. This time he went to his own country, to the land of giving every man a vote in favour of his collapse. He let them see it, fearlessly who had all along predicted it none at all announced it. But he capped the climax by repudiating his repudiation—he and his friends also. He and they refused to accept even the positive announcement of his downfall. They pointed out that he had done so, but his enemies, who had been really beaten, really repudiated. They proved that the results of the election showed him to be really as strong as ever. Then it also promptly appeared that his friends and supporters throughout the country, instead of deserting him, were actually aligned to a still more active activity in his behalf.

No wonder such a man has serene certainties. His persistent and obstinate refusal to accept the logical downfalls they predict for him is not merely unreasonable, but extraordinary.

DECEMBER 9, 1911

The Voice of the East

All over the country the editors of newspapers are now discussing the Wilson movement. You find opinions expressed in the metropolitan journals and in the country weeklies. You find newspapers, magazines, in trade publications, and in religious journals, as well as in the daily press.

And these expressions have no possibility of doubt of the universality and the vitality of the Wilson movement.

Yet sometimes you do not purchase without. It could be bought with the biggest campaign fund ever gotten together.

It is simply the spontaneous, honest opinion of the men who are citizens of the newspaper, who in every city and town in the country—who are trying to determine the pulse and convictions of the people. And the more you read of these opinions, the more conscious are the resolute head of the nation.

You see sometimes by individual newspaper men. You see sometimes by individuals in the country. You see sometimes by the support of nearly all the newspapers in one town.

But nobody would believe that you could buy newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, newspapers in country seats and in state capitals, newspapers that would be in the fingers and others that cater to the factory employes, newspapers in the mining districts and in the lumber districts, newspapers that would be in the hands of newspapers that are satisfied with some hundreds of readers and others that boast of hundreds of thousands of readers.

Yet fully as comprehensive as all this is the newspaper support that is being given to Governor Wilson for the Presidency.

The average citizen's support is itself is not of primary significance. You must go back of the newspapers to find out what is really going on.

The average editor will breathe a long sigh before he advances the candidacy of a man whom he believes to be out of sympathy with the readers of his newspaper. He feels that his readers are his neighbors and friends and he has no desire to antagonize them. He talks with them, receives letters from them, and reads their criticisms. He reads their criticisms in their discussions in the public places. He feels the sting of their criticisms and rejoices over their contributions. He then to find out what is really going on, he is "in touch" with the constituency in which he lives.

Occasionally he is influenced by the views of those with whom he is in intimately associated. These occasionally he tries to think, as they think, not to feel as they feel, and promptly the sentiment of his favorite becomes his sentiment, and the next thing he knows he is passing these ideas into his news-

paper. So that, speaking generally, the views of an editor are representative of the views of his neighbors and friends, of the readers of his newspaper, if you will.

And that it is fair to presume that the overwhelming newspaper support of Governor Woodrow Wilson from coast to coast of the country is the better expression of the universal desire of the people of the United States that Governor Wilson be called to the leadership of his party in the next Presidential campaign.—*Trenton—True American.*

DECEMBER 9, 1911

New Jersey and the Boss of Bomes

My, but our philosopher and friend of the second paper, our eminent citizen, HARVEY H. BATES, discoverer and custodian of the WILSON BOSS, is becoming popular. This New Jersey boss, SIR SURRA, who made Mr. Wilson Governor and was sitting by the side of the state over the state, is the only one and a lot of newspapers, including the one which shows for all, have insisted that the return of New Jersey to the Republicans was a question of the Democracy's favorite not for President.—*Waterbury Standard.*

Here are the majorities for Assemblymen as shown by the official returns for the past three years:

	1908	1910	1911
Essex County.....	7,969 R.	1,939 D.	1,939 D.
Other counties.....	32,642 R.	9,531 D.	10,308 D.
Total.....	40,611 R.	11,470 R.	13,047 D.

There is the whole story. Despite the great help of Mr. Wilson's personal candidacy in 1910, resulting in a plurality of 20,000 for Governor, the Democratic Assembly majorities outside of Essex County show an actual increase of 457 votes in 1911 over 1910. Those candidates were supported by Governor WILSON. The candidates in Essex were not. They were nominated by ex-Governor WILSON and elected to oppose Governor WILSON's proposals. Result:

Democratic loss in Mr. SURRA's county.....	10,227
Democratic gain in other counties.....	457
Net Democratic loss.....	11,720

And yet the state went Democratic by more than three thousand as against a Republican majority in 1909 of 41,000. It is remembered, too, that for the treasurer in Essex County the Democrats would have won both Houses of the legislature for the first time in twenty years. It is a very rough way to see who knocked out that 40,000 Republican majority in 1910, as well as whose policies men really favor in 1911. The Boss of Bomes may derive happiness from having created a general attack on the Governor of his party, but if he can feel any ground for pride in the size of his own following he is, indeed, a wonder.

Oh, yes, Mr. Waterbury Standard, the vote in New Jersey was in fact a "repudiation," and a mighty sharp one, too. But it was repudiation of Governor WILSON, not of Wilsonism. If you will see when New Jersey rolls up another 50,000 majority for him for President next year.

No Occasion for Alarm

Mr. SURRA, former chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New Jersey, declares that he will see to it that delegates favorable to the nomination of Governor WILSON for President at the National Convention will speak for him. He has no uneasiness, Mr. Republican!

So! Well, the Democrats of New Jersey will have an opportunity to choose between Mr. SURRA and the President of the United States. The result will speak for itself. Have no uneasiness, Mr. Republican!

Not Inexperienced and Not Misunderstood

One of CLAVELAND'S biographers gives a conversation with him that leaves quite a lesson in the present preliminary campaign for the Presidency. CLAVELAND was asked if he did not feel that he had been unfortunate in coming to the Presidency without the long experience in national politics which most Presidents had enjoyed. He answered that; that any disadvantage he had suffered from that point of view was fully offset by his coming in free from the political debts and all compromises and accommodations which such careers almost invariably entail. It was, in fact, rather fortunate that his experience as an Executive had been in a different field.

It was also, so I should, thought by many that the point of Mr. WILSON did not understand him and what he stood for nearly so well as they ought

to; but that also proved a mistake; the election returns did not sustain it.

Some people are making the same two mistakes about WOODROW WILSON. His experience has been, in fact, exceptionally well adapted to fit him for the real requirements of the Presidency. Compare it in that respect not only with CLAVELAND, but with LINCOLN—never a national figure until two years before his election. Yet it leaves him extraordinarily free-free to obey his own convictions, free to serve the true needs of his countrymen. And his countrymen do understand him and what he stands for better, we believe, than at the corresponding stage they understood CLAVELAND or even LINCOLN. His outspokenness and the uncommonly significant and revealing character of his public acts have made it easy to understand him. Straw ballots and newspaper comments are, no doubt, frequently misinterpreting facts of public opinion concerning public men. So, too, are "many letters" from writers already committed to a particular leader. But there are always a few men exceptionally clever at getting at the drift of opinion and sentiment. CLAVELAND, it is said, used to take to the smoking-rooms of the cars when he wanted to find what people were really thinking of him. He was a man who was, and apparently, indeed, rarely surprised at his own discoveries, reports from a Northern state that by the careful estimate he has been making WILSON led his chief competitor by about eight out of ten. "The people," he says, "like Mr. WILSON'S aggressiveness. They consider him honestly, upright and straightforward in every letter, and his discovery that he is peculiarly strong with a certain particularly thoughtful kind of voters; for precisely the same thing has been discovered in the West.

It is always dangerous to make any judgment or calculation on the theory that Americans are either slow or stupid when it comes to understanding character, to discerning the true quality of a public man. They are not infallible, but that is the best thing they do, and they do it better and more promptly than most politicians suppose.

JULY 15, 1912

The Issue Joint

After much herring and hawing, the Democrats rose to the occasion at Baltimore and nominated their strongest candidate. Granting the probability of the election this year of any reputable statesman who could hold substantially the same sort of course, it is not to be wondered that WOODROW WILSON will poll at least half a million more votes than any other whose name was presented for consideration.

The nomination of a conservative, however liberal-minded, would have served only to open the door to Mr. BOESMANN. A "dark horse" either slow or stupid when it comes to understanding character, to discerning the true quality of a public man. They are not infallible, but that is the best thing they do, and they do it better and more promptly than most politicians suppose. The nomination of a conservative, however liberal-minded, would have served only to open the door to Mr. BOESMANN. A "dark horse" either slow or stupid when it comes to understanding character, to discerning the true quality of a public man. They are not infallible, but that is the best thing they do, and they do it better and more promptly than most politicians suppose. The nomination of a conservative, however liberal-minded, would have served only to open the door to Mr. BOESMANN. A "dark horse" either slow or stupid when it comes to understanding character, to discerning the true quality of a public man. They are not infallible, but that is the best thing they do, and they do it better and more promptly than most politicians suppose.

No Democratic national caucus since JACKSON'S has been suggested more anxiously. The points of vantage may be summarized briefly as follows:

A Democratic year. The people are disgusted with the Republican party and eager for a change.

Disruption of the opposition. The differences of the two wings, for the first time since the Republican party was born, are irreconcilable.

An open and honest convention. In marked contrast with the doings at Chicago, there was at Baltimore an arbitrary action on behalf of one candidate, no suggestion of bribery in the interest of another.

The main issue. At last the line is sharply drawn between excessive protection and a revenue tariff.

An unpugged candidate. Nobody pretends that Mr. WILSON is under the slightest obligation to any man or group of men for his nomination. Elimination of bosses. So far from offering to



## OUR MRS. PARTINGTONS AND THE DEMOCRATIC OCEAN

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 2, 1912

Drawn by C. J. Todd

those accustomed to court, Mr. Wilson defied them. He had not hesitated to denounce Mr. Murray, Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Tamm by name. His sole appeal was to Public Opinion.

Removal of the blight of Bryanism. Mr. Wilson owes nothing to the marplot who schemed to obtain the nomination for himself. Nor is he bound in any way to recognize the vagaries which for so long have discredited the party in the estimation of the country.

Independent support. Almost without exception, the powerful public journals have already pledged the exercise of their utmost endeavor on behalf of the Democratic standard-bearer.

Moral sentiment. The wide-spread revulsion of conscientious citizens against political depravity which Mr. Roosevelt has tried with consummate skill to capitalize for his own advancement now issues to the advantage of Governor Wilson, to the great relief of millions who detested Roosevelt but knew not where else to turn.

A vivid personality. Mr. Wilson has demonstrated matchless power of effective appeal to the masses generally, and to active, enthusiastic, younger men in particular. This means that his canvass will be conducted with the same electric, persuasive energy which achieved his nomination.

Such are some of the weighty influences whose tacit recognition has already induced a common belief that Mr. Wilson's election is a virtual certainty. It is our own prudent judgment, influenced by the bilious enthusiasm of the moment, that he will win. And yet the possibilities ever attendant upon the performance of a great political drama are not to be ignored with impunity. Many a Democrat has been elected in July, only to be buried under an avalanche of votes in November. Mr. Tarr's prospects are now at their lowest ebb. First driven by treachery and shameful abuse to the extreme of unqualified personal defeat, then fought with unexampled bitterness in his contest for a deserved re-nomination, and now confronting not only an open detachment from his own ranks, but also a most successful and daring Democratic opponent, his record of accomplishments upon which he must ultimately rely is for the moment collapsed. But the fact that few Presidents have rendered more valuable service under trying conditions remains

Mr. Tarr's fidelity, his conscientious endeavor, his singleness of unselfish purpose, his purity of intent, his notable achievements, are forgotten only for the time. They will be recalled with gratitude and emphasis with effect.

The value of experience to the mind of the country also is to be reckoned with. Since 1884 no man who had not rendered service in the federal government has been elected President. May it not be possible that, in the final judgment, the advantage necessarily derived from actual practice will be accorded serious consideration? How thoroughly the people are convinced of the practical efficiency of President Tarr's policies and methods with respect to our present problems is undoubtedly a question, but such as they are they at least stand revealed by application, and are no longer subjects of speculation or foolish fears. The temper of the people, we take it, is now strong for change, even though it be experimental, but craving for novelty often subsides under the proverbial sober second thought.

As a matter of history, moreover, nobody since JACKSON has been elected President who did not hold the confidence of that great and powerful group commonly referred to as the business men of the country. If there is any serious menace to the present glowing prospects of Governor Wilson, we should say that it lies in apprehension of official acts, springing from prize-money aspirations, which might tend to retard instead of general prosperity. That Mr. Wilson will avail himself of the first opportunity to make evident that there is no real cause for such solicitude may, however, in our judgment, be assumed with confidence.

Finally, the Republican party is not dead. Though seemingly sleeping for the moment, it will soon be at wide awake and determined to win as ever before in its successful career. And it is still the strongest, most our past, best equipped, and most skillfully directed political organization the world has ever known.

The menace of ROOSEVELT, we rejoice to believe, is removed, but none can gainsay that his activities will inject a new and perplexing factor into the contest. Will his rivaling ever come to weaken Mr. Tarr, or will it attract a sufficient number of rebels from both parties to upset all

calculations? These are pregnant questions to which, in our opinion, answers cannot now be made with any degree of certainty.

One feature of the situation at least is peculiarly gratifying. In view of the sharply defined issues and the repute of the two leading candidates, there is every reason to expect that this will be a campaign of issues which, though illuminative and exhilarating, will be conducted upon a high plane and kept free from personalities such as in times past have effected discredit upon American citizenship.

JULY 20, 1912

## Not a Kick, Just a Hint

CHAIRMAN HULLAN'S initial pronouncements begin like a dirge: "The Republican party," he says, "approaches the Presidential campaign with confidence in the solemnity of its cause." We guess it does. If over there was a time when confidence that gloom overshadows all was warranted by the facts, this is it. Nevertheless, Mr. HULLAN burks up and says, stoutly:

More has been accomplished in the last three years under administration of President TARR than was ever before accomplished by an American President in the same period of time.

Oh, come! Everybody knows that Mr. TARR has done the best he could, and has really accomplished quite a lot, as we have had occasion to remark more than once. But if Mr. HULLAN will tuck a lock into WASHINGTON WILSON'S *History of the American People*—one of the very best histories printed, believe us—he will discover that there was considerable doing in the last three years of LINCOLN'S term, to say nothing of a few others'.

ANYWAY, we are cheered by the reflection that "Upon the solid rock of the rights of the individual as granted by the Constitution the Republican party builds its structure of optimism." The party couldn't do better. That is one of our very best rocks, quite capable of upholding all the policy that Mr. HULLAN has now or is likely to have for some time to come. But we what the wicked Democrats are up to. "Such liberties," declares Mr. HULLAN, frankly, "are now assumed by those who advocate the overthrow of the independence of the judiciary."

Quite true? We venture heartily. But who advocates it? Not the Democratic candidate. He is as not as the media-house against the recall of judges. Who, then? T. R. W. Well, of all things, don't call him a Democrat!

Before leap in the future, Mr. HILLIS. Humbly is going to get short shrift in this campaign.

### Enthusiasm for Wilson

TO THE EDITOR OF HARPER'S WEEKLY:  
SIR,—I have read HARPER'S almost every week since 1868, not so much for the political opinions as for the wit and humor of your editorial "Whiter in face than a man of iron or against them. When you asked Wilson to "run" again a year or two before the best Democratic convention, I did not think you would please to be a good prophet. I did not then know the Princeton reform, but all of us have come to see that you were right and I defy any but to HARPER'S. Your judgment of man proved to be admirable. At most every one here, whether in academic circles or not, and regardless of political creed, an enthusiastic Wilson's nomination and many Republicans joined Democrats in tributes to Bryan and others in the convention urging the nomination of the New Jersey Governor. For my part it seems that the Democratic party has won a new lease of life by this new and progressive move. Public opinion in this part of Chicago is in favor of the nomination. You deserve much of the credit for calling its attention to this remarkable leader and statesman.  
I am, sir,  
WILLIAM E. DAVIS.

JULY 31, 1912.

### To Resign or Not to Resign

The resignation of Governor Wilson has not yet been received. It is curious how many good reasons can be found for not doing a thing which one does not want to do—*Veritas*. "Handspit out."

There is no personal reason why Governor Wilson should resign if he doesn't want to. Governor CLAYMAN didn't. Party considerations, however, deserve to be had approximately the being taken into account. If Mr. Wilson should resign, New Jersey would almost surely elect a Democrat as its successor in November, for a full term of three years. If he should resign after November 5th, the president of the state Senate would succeed him for the unexpired term of the one year. The present Senate is Republican. Whether the next will be is a question, but the chances seem to be about even. Advice in such a case amounts to little, because the advisers are pretty certain to recommend either what they themselves want or what they think the recipient wants. It is a question which Mr. Wilson will have to decide for himself. Whichever determination he reaches can evoke no just criticism.

### A RESPONSE IN ADVANCE

The *Baltimore Evening News* quotes the following from the Democratic platform:

We believe in the preservation and maintenance in their full strength and integrity of the three coordinate branches of the federal government—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial, each keeping within its own bounds and not encroaching upon the just province of either of the others.

It then inquires:

This plank virtually pledges Governor Wilson, as event of his election, to keep his hands off the legislative branch of government. It is most revealing since it is in no way anything at all new. What, to be done as President? Will be applied to the pledge of his party platform not to interfere with the interests and purposes of Congress, or will be repeated that plank and use the "big stick."

On August 29, 1912, Mr. Wilson was quoted in this journal as follows:

When I was running for Governor I frankly said that, if elected, I should like my executive as a mandate; a declaration of the people of New Jersey that I was required to be the leader of the state, the representative for the executive control of its government. My opponent said that if elected, he intended to be a "constitutional" Governor, that he would make many resolutions in the legislature, and then leave the legislature alone to do—without his recommendation—the entire should be carried into effect. I said that if that was what was meant by being a "constitutional" Governor I intended, if elected, to do it. I had a mandate from the people of the state not only to recommend reforms, but to carry every reasonable means to improve them. I had been elected. I offered myself as a leader and the people of New Jersey accepted my offer.

This is the answer.

### Big Politics

Dr. Wilson's election means—  
If Dr. Wilson were elected—  
As with the tariff, if Dr. Wilson were elected—  
Dr. Wilson has been at the head—  
While Dr. Wilson was less vigorous—  
—T. R. W. in the "Gaiter."

WISCONSIN WILSON has been the head of the New Jersey platform for nearly two years. Most people are given as his motto: "But not every THOMPSON. Why? do you suppose. The answer is easy. It is because he thinks the Plain People distrust all high-brow or learned men as being out of touch with themselves, and so to shrewdly utilize every opportunity to recall to their minds the fact that the Democratic candidate was once a college professor. Ain't he the case now?

### AUGUST 10, 1912.

### In Fine Form

MARSH HENRY is in fine form again. For the time being he is out of the awful struggle of Kentucky politics that to one but a Kentuckian understand, and speaks frankly on outside topics. Hear him:

WISCONSIN WILSON had not escape election if he were. He will accept the country. His change is but the same, by simple choice, to that state that he carries every state in the Union.

That's a lot of ahead of fifty dinners. Think of the fine constitutional stability of a man who would buy fifty dinners on one election; all of them, of course, to be paid for and eaten.  
Again he says:

Either the writer of the *World's* tariff article should be "lured" for the simple, or else holes should be dug in the gutter down to let the darkness out.

That is because the *World* has not squared with what the marking Colonel in all Kentucky conceive to be sound Democratic doctrine on the tariff. The language in which General BRYMAN defined our future Colonized WATSONS to define the positive tariff, and any Democrat who varies much from that definition had better not let MARSH HENRY catch him.

### "The Commoner's" Future

Speculation as to happenings to follow November 5th strikes us as somewhat premature, but the following from the observant *Savannah News* is worth passing notice:

There is speculation as to whether or not Mr. BRYAN would be offered a place in the Cabinet if Governor WILSON were elected President. The fact that he has contributed one thousand dollars to the Democratic campaign fund will have the effect probably of stimulating this speculation. The fact that the *Commoner* has had under considerable attention to Mr. BRYAN, but he isn't the sort of a man to let a personal obligation to any other party with what he believed to be his duty to himself, his party, and the people generally. If he believed that Mr. BRYAN was the best man in the party for Secretary of State or Secretary of the Treasury or for other high positions, he would naturally incline to invite him into his Cabinet, not because of any service he might have rendered him in getting the nomination of Governor WILSON, but merely because of his ability to contribute to the success of his administration.

As a matter of fact, Governor WILSON owes nothing to Mr. BRYAN; that Mr. BRYAN didn't advocate his nomination. He planned to bring about his own nomination at Baltimore, and his plan failed, mainly because Mr. Wilson's head was away from him. In the campaign that is just beginning Mr. BRYAN may render such good service that he may place his party under obligations to him, but if he does, Governor WILSON will not sacrifice any personal or party interest to reward him. In shaping his administration, in view of the obligations to will regard Mr. BRYAN as the most of candidates available for the positions to be filled.

It is close to the bull's-eye, in our cautious judgment.

### An English View by Sydney Brooks

One of the pleasantest kinds of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's nomination—I am looking at it from a purely British standpoint—is that there is no end of some strong play of the ball-bowling between the two parties. The outside world, on the basis of mutual understanding. For the past sixteen years the Democratic have been in such alternate from foreign as from American opinion, but to-day they find themselves at any rate through all the imaginable continents—read by the Chicago and Baltimore conventions, the streets of Washington, and the news columns record improvement in Democratic prospects and policies.

There is no sign of any serious public man in that they have never been grounded in the fundamentals

political reform. They rarely depict the state of a social, military, background of reading, culture, and philosophy. Their political views are usually the politics of personalities and committee-room. It would be no small part of Governor Wilson's strength that he had not only as an American, but as a world leader, had not only as a writer and professor applied his knowledge to the Government, criticism, and dissemination of important political and social questions, but also supported a sustained and all-round experience in the steady work of administering a great university, but also that he was a man whose politics was the politics of ideas rather than of personalities. It is true that he is elected in November, as I talk it for granted he will be, the White House for the first time since the Civil War, and it is not surprising that he is not a man of "politics," but of the ways and means of America. His campaign for the Governorship of New Jersey seemed to be a character stroke in American politics; but was none of the usual party election and vituperation, no effort to give any meaningless party lines and traditions, no dealing in common generalities. From first to last Mr. Wilson appeared to reason and to convince. He discussed nothing but specific and powerful issues, and on each of them he stated in plain and simple language. In language that the most ignorant could understand and the most fanatical could appreciate and be stirred by, with no appeal to party loyalty or to honor or distinction, keeping always to a high elevation of thought and feeling and practicality, and eloquent with the propriety of it, is only born of conviction and policy. Mr. Wilson had laid the stones of New Jersey politics and industrial organization, clearly outlined his programme for their reform, and asked for a full and complete change in the Government, the support that would enable him to carry it out. Republicans and Democrats looked to the merits and the merits of the man who would carry it out, and as clearly and as steadily what he promised to do as frankly and modestly; Republicans and Democrats joined in praising him as a statesman in a language that had been heard for the first time since I, at any rate, have had the pleasure of knowing it, New Jersey is a self-governing state, and its political system is beginning to show some approval of the requirements of a modern country. Even in England we were able to follow the Governor's platform with the same interest and vigor and understanding.

I do not think that since his election Mr. Wilson has ever shown so much interest in the real stuff of statesmanship. For all his years in the lecture-room there is nothing "demish" about him. The usual politician, who is not a man of his kind, his grandeur, his calm, clear face of talk is flooded with a strong and spontaneous humor; his whole bearing speaks of freedom, ease, and of confidence, every word of his is of a native confidence in his own American with a will or a sharper vision or one so inflexible of aims, business, and the serious form and appearance of a man of affairs. If any one can knit the heterogeneous units of the Democratic party into a single, effective whole, it is surely he. I would like to see him in England, he would like to offer my congratulations to his countrymen on being forward such a man as such a hour.

AUGUST 11, 1912

### Progress of the Campaign

It was a thoroughly democratic and very political idea of some Democrats that gathered at New York to discuss the campaign and the progress of acceptance. Instead of JAMES in making the formal nomination, he took occasion to lambaste the pretensions of Mr. WATSON's faction, but the candidate showed himself a very different man, and generally took a merely philosophical view of conditions and events. Indeed, his speech primarily was most noticeable for its moderate and conservative tone, and its lack of anything like the Republican party and he paid no attention whatever to the BRYAN platform. If he felt that Mr. Tarr had been successful, he would have been glad to try to link him with BRYAN; he gave no sign, he made good his initial statement that he should speak and act as an independent man, and in fact showed a conviction of the people deeply stirred by the conviction that they have come to a critical turning-point in their moral and political development. He outlined his own programme for the campaign in very specific terms: he merely pointed in clear and beautiful phrases the state of his own beliefs, and he did not show any intention of attacking or attacking, not of strife and destruction but of patient cooperation.

"The Nation" he declared, "has been unsuccessfully unsuccessfully in when these two wrongs come principles of right and of fair dealing which might and should have bound them all together, not as rivals, but as partners. As a matter of fact, we are in a position to undertake the great duty of securing modernization and adjustment."

In the end of saying citizens, as Mr. Tarr agreed, then, to vote in a certain way to win back government, he pointed the wider way.

"What we are seeking," he said, "is not destruction of any man, but a new era of the rule of right and of common advantage." Again, "It would be a chapter of misadventure to be a failure in the campaign of the year." And again, "One task now is to effect a great adjustment, and get the forces of the whole people on one side, and get the forces of the whole people on one side, and get the forces of the whole people on one side. If we are to do it, we need only one point of view and one new spirit and spirit of courage!"

He paid an encouraging, though perhaps unnecessary, compliment to the administration of Governor Wilson, and in the meantime of his is not necessarily incompatible with his best good sense and business success.

"It is a happy hour," he remarked, "that they





Drawn by R. W. Kenton

## THE FINISHING TOUCH

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 2, 1912

Governor Wilson could hardly have acted differently. One is not obliged to be a great even to avoid seeming rudeness. But the situation itself would never have arisen if the campaign management had possessed an atom of experience or capacity. The mist of a great campaign is in its mass and a critical state is no place for the running of unnecessary antagonism through the smouldering of individuals. If Mr. Wilson feels that Governor Du's renomination would endanger the national ticket, he has a perfect right to say so, and perhaps should say so, in as duty bound, frankly and manfully. But there is no reason why a Presidential candidate should permit himself to be dragged into factional quarrels at all either to help a local aspirant or to gratify important newspapers. When it comes to campaign management, Mr. Du does not seem to hold a complete monopoly of what the World calls stupidity.

## The Difference

The discussion of "Wilson's second term" in HARPER'S WEEKLY seems to be about as much a case of good printer's ink as anything the country has ever seen.—The Evening News-Mad.

It may be wonderful, but it surely lacks the imagination involved in inventing a third term for T. ROOSEVELT or anybody else.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1912

## Echoes

## KEEPING AT IT

In other words, Colonel Harvey raps the Democrats' rascal-chaucers. He warns danger and knows Presidential elections are not won at headquarters, at White House, in thirty-six-story buildings, nor yet in private yards, nor in the clubs of the aristocrats. The wisest men the all-wise officials of the New York Democratic newspaper which flippantly affirms that the Roosevelt movement is all faith, while their news columns note that the colonel spoke to thousands on his late tour through New England, supposedly an "evening's company" for T. E.

Meanwhile, he is doing his best best to stir the Democratic directors to get—Johnston's Tribune.

## TWO PREDICTIONS

HARPER'S WEEKLY warns the Democrats not to "underestimate the strength of the Bull Moose, intimating that he may be a closer competitor than Taft. Colonel Harvey has proved himself something of a political prophet in the past, but it does not follow that he understands the situation in the country at large in 1912 as he did the situation in New Jersey in

1910, when he predicted the election of Wilson as Governor by substantially the majority which he actually received. Unless the Republican party has gone to pieces completely, Taft will get practically all the electoral votes that do not go to Governor Wilson.—See Johnson's Express.

## THE MAN TO BEAT

In a recent issue, HARPER'S WEEKLY makes this wise suggestion:

We respectfully suggest to the directors of the Democratic caucus that William H. Taft is not the man whom Woodrow Wilson has to beat.

It is well to remember that those who are in the habit of belittling the efforts of Theodore Roosevelt, Roosevelt and Bluffe though he be, will probably be very much surprised at the result of the November election.

Judging from conditions as they exist now, as far as it is humanly possible to forecast elections, it looks now that Woodrow Wilson will be overwhelmingly elected. It would create no surprise if he carried two-thirds or three-fourths of the states. Still the baneful influence of Roosevelt's personality has been so potent that he will no doubt get a very large popular vote in nearly every section of the country, and will be very likely to get the electoral vote of several states.

Doubtless, HARPER'S WEEKLY is right; Taft is not the man Governor Wilson has to beat.—Pennsylvanian's Journal.

## KEEP TOGETHER! GET BUNNY

HARPER'S WEEKLY advises the Democrats to make no mistake, and that it is not Taft but Roosevelt they have to fight. This is a long run into the stream, but it may be wise. Roosevelt has had some astonishing successes. He has been able not simply to turn defeat into victory, but actually to make defeat appear to be victory. His last performance in this kind, and we do not know how many people will believe it, The Democratic press appears inclined to ridicule Mr. Roosevelt's performance, but it would be better to give serious warning to the people, if it is imagined that the campaign is already won.—Malden Express.

## "A VOTE FOR WILSON"

For several weeks, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Colonel Harvey has been giving the Governor of New Jersey that to win the Presidency he will not have to beat Mr. Taft. Evidently the advice has not gone astray, and if more good were needed than Colonel Harvey's word, it comes from the Vermont election. The Keizerbender Press has called attention many times to the fact that something is happening in national politics. After Vermont it seems almost certain that the tip will go out from Republican national headquarters before another month has passed to beat Roosevelt. The only way to beat Theodore Roosevelt, it may appear, will be to vote for Woodrow Wilson. Roosevelt is in an unenviable position as President of the United States at this time, but as they say in the metropolitan, if Governor Wilson makes one false step, all is lost.—Keizerbender Press.

## Mr. Hillis at Work

Hello! Wilson is a traitor. Mr. HILLIS made the startling discovery last Sunday. Taft having carried Texas and the election being over, the Republican chairman took up his well-thumbed copy of the History of the American People, and his eagle eye lit like the business end of a wax on the following paragraph:

The proclamation, when it came, was no law, but only his (Lincoln's) deliberate declaration of policy for himself and for his party; and through, as he meant that it should change the whole air of the struggle and of politics as well.

Mr. HILLIS threw up his hands; he was shocked. Then he took pen feverishly in hand and wrote:

It is safe to say that not even the most violent re-construction Southern man would attribute to Lincoln this motive, which it remained for the historic William Wilson alone to discover, that LINCOLN abolished slavery to further his own political ambitions and those of his political party.

Yes indeed, it is quite safe to say that. It is equally safe, possibly, although preposterously silly, to say that Wilson wrote that LINCOLN issued the Emancipation Proclamation to "further his own political ambitions," when he never wrote anything of the kind. What he did write and what Mr. HILLIS quotes—namely, that President LINCOLN seized the opportunity to clarify the whole situation by adopting a war measure to solidify the moral sentiment of the North—is the exact fact. President Taft put the case quite clearly, on the same day that Mr. Hillis had his fit, in those words:

Mr. LINCOLN suffered greatly by the criticism and abuse of those who thought he did not act quickly enough in issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, and later from the attacks of those who thought the act was a great mistake. Now, as we look back upon it, we realize that his selection of the time was most fortunate. He delayed action until he could take it as a war measure under the Constitution and could demand what he did so within his lawful power as commander-in-chief of the army and navy in the prosecution of the war.

The emancipation did not free all the slaves. It could not free those who were in territory not within the arena of war, but after he had issued this proclamation the completion of the step needed to secure the abolition of slavery as a constitutional amendment was a necessity and only a matter of time. It is not, then, that Lincoln's should be held up as a hero, as the man chiefly responsible for the freedom of the negro.

If Mr. HILLIS had seen this first, he might have been spared his epiphany. ETC'S, WE'LL SAY—SAY BOTH

log could have prevented him from adding that "apparently, if he could," Governor Wilson "would close every American mill and buy in foreign markets, because, in the first place, he is an aristocrat born and bred, and because he wants the American people to buy where they can buy the cheapest."

It is pretty terrible, no doubt, that one should want the American people to buy where they can buy the cheapest, but that one should wish "because he is an aristocrat"—i. e., the son of a hard-working, under-paid Presbyterian minister—is inexcusable wrong.

Mr. HALL has our sympathy. Moreover, as everybody is remarking these days, "Poor Mr. —!" Never mind who.

### Hot Air in Kansas

The following is from the press report of Mr. ROOSEVELT's speech in Topeka:

He insisted that Mr. Wilson's knowledge of what he did when President was pointed in the audience of the classroom at a time when Mr. Wilson was still being the position of an international banker and was being earnestly groomed for the Presidency by GEORGE HARNEY and other representatives of the Wall Street interests.

It is difficult to see what difference it makes whether Mr. Wilson received his knowledge of the important thing that he got it, and has it still, as the Colonel is finding out, somewhat at his own expense.

If, in the midst of his derivation of bleeding Kansas, the Colonel can receive satisfaction from designating it as a representative of Wall Street interests, the pleasure, in the words of Mr. Wilson to Mr. FERRIS, is all his. No, not quite. A little must be spared to his seventh little Governor, the Hon. CHARLES S. OSBORN, of Michigan.

The difference between the two seems to be that the Governor's moral obligation is buried in his mental chambers, while the Colonel stands forth as depicted by Deverax.

"A man so various that he seemed to be

Not one, but all mankind's opinions;

HE is omniscious, all-seeing in the wrong.

Was anything by starts and catching long;

But in the course of his career

Was chymist, flatter, statesman, and buffoon."

### The Answer

Part 1. TAPPAN cannot be elected.  
Part 2. ROOSEVELT can be elected.  
Part 3. WILSON might be elected.—BURNETT MURPHY.

Engo, vote for WILSON.

### Philip, Sober

ROOSEVELT SAYS:  
The key to Mr. Wilson's position is found in his statement that he is a student in a history of the limitation of governmental power, not of the increase of it." This is a bit of outward academic doctrine which is kept in the classrooms and the professional study for a generation after it had been abandoned by all who had experiences of actual life.

Mr. Wilson's declaration is undoubtedly the "key to his position." It was the key, moreover, of the position of the American people when they recognized in their fundamental law that a monarchy, no less than a king, may become tyrannical, and enacted the great constitutional device forbidding the taking of property without due process of law, guaranteeing equal protection under the law, safeguarding "the freedom of speech and the press, and in all other ways preserving the personal liberties which they had won by revolution against the exercise of too great governmental power.

### Progress of the Campaign

Governor Wilson has been going through the Middle West and making it plain foolish to his audience, who evidently like that kind of talk and are willing to hear as much of it as the Governor can give them. At Longmont, Indiana, he said his respects to one of the G. H. P. devotees. There was a time when former Senator HERRING believed that holding with outside control in the hands of the White House, but Deverax could not get of the job or took up with a more promising party, and Mr. HERRING is now content to be a humble follower working in the Bull Moose position with visions of perhaps an embryo, or even—for anything may happen on a private ship—wed at the captain's table. HERRING was perturbed, but if Governor Wilson is elected President he will be "less controlled." To play this game, which really must be very disturbing to Mr. HERRING, says the "New York Times," is the third reason, Governor WOOD said: "The way you can tell whether a man is going to be controlled by the masses or not is to judge whether he is really a boss or not," and then the Governor gave this concise definition of a boss:

"A boss is a political agent of certain special interests, who see to it, through his, that people they are in the habit of obeying, and that the interests are not out of the status-quo; and the man who does that are the men who are interested in the great interests of the country."

Having given the definition, it is a pity Governor WOOD did not follow it up with a practical illustration of the Governor's definition. Governor WOOD has added: "The special interests that put Mr. Roosevelt into the Presidency by subscribing to his campaign fund did not want the tariff reduced, so Mr. Roosevelt, although he was offered for more than seven years, kept a revised tariff law of the statutes-books." Governor WOOD's long experience in the classroom among freshmen has the casual way to convey knowledge in by a concrete example.

Crowds are deceptive. Nothing is so easy as to draw a crowd, nothing so easily thrown even the best-balanced man off his feet as the presence of a large, shouting and cheering audience. There has never been such a turnout at a political gathering since Jackson spoke, one self-important commissionaire, recalling hourly tradition, tells the candidate: "You made the circus look like a law firm (the First Baptist Church), another tells him, and the candidate would be pleased to hear that. He says, "I don't believe it and want to add to convince himself that the whole village or town or city was assembled to hear him. Making a speech to a cheering still it is not without significance that Governor WOOD has had rising auditors on his tour, some of the streets going so far as to say that the enthusiasm of the crowd exceeded that when Mr. Wilson was in the height of his fame and could sweep an assembly off its feet by a mass of unvoiced platitudes delivered in a strong voice. The same voice, however, of course, to see and hear Governor WOOD, curiosity because he is the candidate of his party, because of the rivalry with which he has come to be associated because of the things he has done and the courage he has shown, because he peculiarly appeals to popular feeling and because the people often do not see but they have their inspiration; and after curiosity has been satisfied he makes a higher appeal. He talks calmly and his words are clear and simple. The impression he made in Pennsylvania has been deepened by his tour of the West. There is an explained this matter of political managers that the moral Agency is in the middle. The people are men to be enticed and are doing their own thinking.

The difference compels that Governor Wilson is following "an outside philosophy." To a man who has thrown him into the sea-ship and regards truth as a joke and honesty a discarded virtue a great man, that is, a man who has been in the "war," but the great public steadily stings to the factitious.

OCTOBER 12, 1912

### A Message to the West

We have received the following communication from a resident of Des Moines, Iowa, who is engaged actively in business:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I beg an ardent admirer of President TAPPAN. I firmly believe that he will be entitled to another term and hope that the Republicans will come to their senses in time to give him the party vote as he deserves. If not the party vote will be divided in the event that he is not to have the endorsement of the voters and I pass to Mr. Wilson, who is certainly not fit to be President. TAPPAN is the only man of the altitude of the business world of the East toward the New Jersey man? Is there any man who will lead to trouble? Have the people become that mental attitude that dare no more toward making trouble when there is a Democratic President? There is now no man in the country who is doing more to make us getting so far away from that narrowness that formerly served that with a Democrat in the Presidency. The Democrats are doing nothing to help us get along just as well with Wilson. Democrat though he is, as with any other reputable man in the office. Have we become great enough to imagine that a Democrat can be a patriot and a man who is the very best possible for his country? I was raised a Republican and for many years thought that the Democrats were a party to be despised, but the feeling now, but how about the people generally? It is the mass of men and women who determine such things. It is the people who determine such things. HERRING's fall as what is likely to occur in the East if the election results favorably in Woodrow Wilson?

I am, sir,

A. C. PUGH.

And we reply: There is no objection whatever in this part of the country of unhappy consequences ensuing from Governor WILSON's election. The Republican and ROOSEVELT parties are doing their best to win the voters, but everybody realizes that they are only haggling at their last-ditch. It is an old story and it is plain out.

The fact is, Mr. PUGH, that folk-heralds have grown, not merely skeptical but weary, of famous intentions that one-half of our people want to ruin their own and their country's industries. Nothing will "happen" here when it becomes known that Wilson has won. But deep down in the hearts of the thoughtful men of the country, the stake in common prosperity there will be labor-relief and such relief—aid at the downfall of a dangerous upstart and moving over to the interest of the personal of popular government which the Republican oligarchy has kept standing

so long and so persistently upon its apex. Governor Wilson is not the only one who will "thank God and take courage." He will have as company his entire country.

If by any chance you should surmise that our judgment to this effect is colored by our desire to seek you, Mr. PUGH, to read what President TAPPAN said yesterday. He congratulated the country upon "existing property" and the "assurance" of its continuance afforded by quite obvious confidence among business men. Now when you consider—no, of course, you do not want—these headlines, does not a fully informed election of Governor WILSON, you can easily draw your own conclusions respecting their state of mind.

Instead of a pair there will be an era of exceptional prosperity, not for a single year as a consequence of longer crop, but of long duration because of a firm conviction in the minds of people that their levels will be normal and that its blessings will be shared by all in such proportions as may conform to the just rewards of individual efforts under laws which confer special privileges upon none.

### A Pertinent Query

Can anybody imagine WILLIAM H. TAPPAN, while he was running for the Presidency, writing from the White House to the Honorable WILLIAM MCKAY, and the purpose of the letter calculated to bring money from a source as well written to the late Mr. H. H. HARRIS in limit? It is a matter of fact that he did not do it. It is in the hands of GEORGE CLAVES, CHARLES A. ARTHUR, JAMES A. GARDNER, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, or ELLIOTT S. GALT—T. H. ROOSEVELT.

(What is that noise to the point—WOODROW WILSON?)

### The Difference

If you want to maintain the prosperity of America, if you want to keep the tariff, the sugar, and the savings-banks accounts full, and the insurance policies from lapsing, and the twenty-five million children in the hands of the present generation, then the kind of what I am sure you are all proud, vote in preserve the public policy of protection for American industry, industry which we have grown so great and strong and prosperous, vote for TAPPAN—ROOSEVELT.

And so larger and contented. But the Senator is quite right. If you want to preserve the PAYNE-ALDRICH bill or get another revision upon you, vote for TAPPAN. But if you agree with Governor WILSON when he says:

"We don't want to disturb the industry of the country. We are not here to disturb the industry which these men have built up. But we are here to take the control over the industry of other people which these men have established and which makes it impossible for us to have grown so great and strong and prosperous, vote for WILSON—ROOSEVELT."

Then vote for WILSON.

OCTOBER 10, 1912

### Wilson and Roosevelt on the Trusts

As the campaign has progressed, Governor WILSON's speeches, instead of falling off, have been steadily getting better. His line of what we are already a remarkable series of discussions of great public questions. Before he was nominated an eminent college president predicted that if he were named his public discussions also would prove of incalculable value to the country. The remark is already justified. Not within the interior of the present generation has any candidate for the Presidency done so much to illuminate issues and to clarify public opinion.

There was never such doubt that on the leading issue of the campaign, the tariff, Governor WILSON would be more than a match for his two adversaries. Neither of them has ever shown the slightest concern that issue, and the fact, moreover, has indicated that it favors the Democratic position. As a result, the Democratic candidate had a clear and increasing advantage every time the tariff has been touched.

That being obvious, some may therefore be inclined to criticize his judgment for giving so much of the tariff issue to the front, and fully. It must be thought that in this regard it would have been better policies if he had not met Roosevelt's challenge so promptly and completely.

President WILSON was right—right in his judgment as well as in his conscience and his conscience. He was right for three reasons. The first was the tariff issue for the first time in the history of the country has again and again pointed out, in fact, to be correct in holding that the tariff is the most potent cause of monopoly in the country; and that phase of it cannot be hidden. The second reason is that ROOSEVELT'S



## TWO AMERICAN GENTLEMEN

"CONGRATULATIONS, MR. PRESIDENT" "THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT"

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

EMPIRE "HARPER'S WEEKLY" 10 NOVEMBER 5, 1912



trust programs, artfully contrived to mislead well-meaning people, demanded analysis and exposure. The third reason was that Governor Wilson knew exactly how to analyze and expose it.

He has done it, and done it so well that nobody should ever need to do it over again. He has done it so well that no intelligent man has any right to be in doubt any longer as to what Roosevelt's and Bryan's trust program really means. Neither has anybody any cause for uncertainty as to where Governor Wilson himself stands on this question.

#### The Issue Absolutely Clear

These enlightening speeches ought to be read in full by every unenlightened American concerned for the future of his country. But it seems to us possible to put into a more paragraph the essence of the matter as Governor Wilson explains it. Indeed, he has by a single phrase put his finger on the heart of the unenlightened of the entire Democratic proposal. He has called it a proposal "to legalize monopoly." When that was said, pretty nearly everything was said that was necessary to enable us to condemn the plan. For the phrase is absolutely correct. ROOSEVELT and BRYAN, of course, prefer the word "regulate," but to regulate is to legalize, it is to accept, it is to validate, it is to legalize. It is, as Governor Wilson has made plain, to endorse and to pardon the methods by which monopolies have been established, methods which are at last understood, and can therefore be attacked by law. It is to give the hands of government. It is in effect to undertake to a thing which democracy has been fighting for centuries.

This is not rhetoric. It is cold fact and clear reasoning. It brings us up with a jerk and makes us realize the actual peril we are confronted with, that it is about as startling a distinction as there is to be made in the matter of justice to follow any longer the leadership of loose-thinking men like ROOSEVELT and his present associates.

Nor is Governor Wilson one whit less clear in stating his own position. He does not, like ROOSEVELT, talk as if he knew all that can be known about this problem of great dimensions. He does not treat the subject of the matter or pretend that he has and be alone has completely mastered it. But he tells us plainly where he stands and what he will do and what he will not do. He will not, he pledges himself, consent to legalize monopoly without considering the methods by which it has been attained. He will not consent to the fact of oligopoly as a proof of itself of superior economic efficiency. On the contrary, he will do all he can to prevent the achievement of monopoly by unfair methods—and he specifies the methods that are unfair. He will go farther and do all he can to destroy monopolies that have been established by these unfair methods and to give superior efficiency. He will thus stand for freedom in business, for the freedom of both the big and the little enterprises. He will thus stand for freedom and for real efficiency, and he will stand for honesty and justice.

There is the issue, gentlemen of the electronic. ROOSEVELT says, "Monopoly is inevitable, let us accept it and try to make the monopolists be good to us." WILSON says, "Monopoly is not inevitable, except in those industries which economists have all along recognized as 'natural monopolies.' The other sort of monopoly I will not recognize. I will not accept it. I will not legalize it. So long as I have a right to my body I will fight it, for in fighting it I am fighting for democracy, I am fighting for freedom, I am fighting for the ideals of this American Republic."

OCTOBER 25, 1912

#### Governor Wilson His Own Interpreter

Last week, impressed with the extraordinary excellence of Governor Wilson's speeches on the trust question, this Journal and many others had a try at putting his contention into fairly brief editorial paragraphs. Some of us, we think, did pretty well, but for our own part we are quite ready to admit that since our effort Governor Wilson has done the job a lot better himself. We have a copy at Wheeling, West Virginia, and we credit this paragraph:

I want to say just about the Democratic party program. The thing that has created the trusts, that has created the monopolies, is unscrupulous unfair competition. If we can only bring it about that new cases shall have a free field, I will not legalize any of the offenses in the trusts, because then the most intelligent competitor will get the market. The only way to get rid of the trusts is to have them broken by the legislature of Congress and by special laws from the government. We can do that by having

Federal laws throw all this system of cure with statutes which make it criminal to do what these gentlemen did to build up their monopolies and which will give them the means when they should offend the law time to think it over in some building from which they will not for some time come out. I am not afraid that the practitioners will be crushed as soon as the law takes hold of these things and men are held the law who want to ignore nobody in particular. In minimizing parties, especially, the policy of favoring of us will advance and there will be another law upon affairs in America.

Especially Governor Wilson needs neither an interpreter nor a condenser. All he needs is a reporter—and that people should read what he himself has said. We think that most of those who do will agree with us in the judgment that his handling of the trust issue is easily the masterpiece of the campaign.

NOVEMBER 2, 1912

#### Our Prediction

I venture to suggest the nomination of President Wilson by the Prussian States as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.—*Harper's Weekly of March 16, 1906.*

II

We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate Woodrow Wilson as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention of 1912.—*Harper's Weekly of November 29, 1906.*

III

We now expect to see Governor Wilson elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910.—*Harper's Weekly of May 15, 1909.*

IV

At the expiration of eleven months since the above appeared in this place we perceive an occasion to revise our calculations. Mr. Wilson's majority will be only three thousand.—*Harper's Weekly of September 24, 1910.*

V

We are fully satisfied that the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against WILLIAM H. TAFT, Republican candidate.—*Harper's Weekly of November 12, 1910.*

VI

We and the entire press prophesy with a prediction that Woodrow Wilson will be duly elected President of the United States in November next.—*Harper's Weekly of July 23, 1912.*

VII

We now predict that Woodrow Wilson's majority over all in the Electoral College will exceed 300.

(Note here: It was 339.)

JANUARY 25, 1913

#### Mr. Wilson's Speeches

Isn't it getting to be about time for Wall Street to remove its blue glasses and take a square look at the rest of the country? Nobody else is having spasms over Mr. Wilson's speeches. Why should the Street that May Be Straight, but in No-Name-Called Crooked? And why not try to get things straight, too? Here, for example, is our neighbor, the Star, whose content of statement is proverbial, printing the following in its financial column:

In these utterances the aim that is in the best President of our country and is to have a party friendly to him in control of both houses of the national legislature has been clearly and emphatically set out. It is that the country are substantially disclosed and most change their hearts; that the banking system of the country stands already "overwhelmed" by unscrupulous and dangerous practices; that society in the country is in need of general reconstruction; and that he, the President-elect, has staved out what may be called a bridge—a bridge to carry the reconstructing process. And he has said that if business disturbance results from all this it will be because competitors have been crushed. To bring it about and how which they will deserve to be named as high as HAVAN. It has been agreed in advance that the President-elect, who is speaking as he did so expertly and so bravely, was carried away by oratorical effusions.

Now let us see about this. We have read Mr. Wilson's speeches, but we found nothing of this sort in them. He did not "declare that the business men of the country are substantially distressed." On the contrary, he advised both in and out so frankly and truly that the country need not be concerned of their spiritlessness and unbelief, and that it was up to them to do the constructive.

There was no novelty in this proposition. Senator East had said it when the Congress drove from Washington as well as up-State New York,

who used to have a law office in Wall Street, and who ought to know what he talks about, made the same declaration far more sensitively and with much greater emphasis in his recent speech to the Chamber of Commerce. These were his words:

There are hundreds of thousands of people outside the great industrial companies who think you are a den of thieves. There are hundreds of thousands of people who think that the manufacturers of the country are no better than a set of confidence men.

The distinguished Senator then went on to urge his hearers to strive to overcome this impression by their acts. And that is what Mr. Wilson did—just that, nothing more. Mr. Wilson has done less than a law lawyer than Mr. East's, but he stated at the same time. And wasn't it good advice? If not, we for one don't know what good advice is.

Then again Mr. Wilson did not say that our banking system stands "overwhelmed by unscrupulous and dangerous practices." He said it stood convicted of general incompetence and specific inability to meet the needs of the country—in just what everybody in and out of Wall Street has been saying for years.

And Mr. Wilson did not say, in either Chicago or New York, that "if business institutions were required to bring it about," and ought to be named "as high as HAVAN." What he did say was that if unscrupulous persons should try to fetch on a panic to serve their own wicked ends or to discredit those who are trying to accomplish reforms, they ought to be discouraged. March 15, 1912, he said and seems—held up or hung up as high as HAVAN.

Well, who wants to deny the righteousness of that proposition? If he had said higher than HAVAN, we shouldn't object. Panics are bad things, very bad things, and no punishment is too severe for anybody caught encouraging them. March 15, 1912, he said and seems—held up or hung up as high as HAVAN.

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The Times' financier, after due consideration, reaches this sane conclusion:

There was an undercurrent of hope that the responsibility of other, one it actually rests on the shoulders of the President-elect, and the really the effect of his public utterances, but the real sentiment of the Street in respect to the influence is carried by the incoming of the new administration was pretty accurately reflected in the course of prices of the Stock Exchange. It remained true, now the less, that individuals need to do with the effect produced by Mr. Wilson's words as had the direct statement of his views as he expressed in Eastern papers; but that is the only real ground for criticism we have found so far.

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## Beginning of the New Administration

THE beginning of the new administration is more than pleasant; it is exhilarating. We doubt if any previous inaugural address has won the universal acclaim that was accorded President Wilson's frank and eloquent statement of his aspirations.

Mr. MARSHALL, too, spoke with a homely simplicity that was truly refreshing. We confess our inability to grasp the full significance of his metaphor of the harness, but there can be no doubt of the inadvisability of using blinders when they obstruct the vision; nor can the value of a stout breeching be overestimated when wearing a perilous descent. It was a quick jump from *crispers* and the like to "the golden network of honor," but we like that, too. It fetches back to mind LOWELL's delicious remark about LASSING, to the effect that "he continually trips and falls but never his metaphor of classical geometry."

Not that Mr. MARSHALL fell or even stumbled. Far from it. His footing was sure and firm, and his penetration in favor of righteousness the world around was in every way commendable. In fact, the only portion of the Vice-President's address which we find unsatisfying is his declared intent to enter upon a four years' period of silence. It is true, sincerely that he will reconsider this unhappy determination, and we tend to mitigate whatever of "severity" his good lady thought she detected in the manner of our new Chief Magistrate.

It was no easy job to construct a satisfactory Cabinet out of existing Democratic timber, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that President Wilson did as well as could have been reasonably expected. Three of the appointees are positively first-class—Mr. McBRIDE, Mr. LANA, and Mr. HOWARD. Each of these possesses rare equipment for the job before him. Less certainty is felt regarding perhaps two of the others, but there is no disposition to prejudice or belittle them. It has often happened that those from whom the least was expected have shown up best in the final accounting.

Mr. BAYAN naturally overbalances all except, of course, the President. He has been a conspicuous figure in our public life for so long—much longer than Mr. ROOSEVELT—and has held so tenaciously to his theories of government that his final triumph over repeated failures adds peculiar interest to his vital personality than to his domain as a responsible officer of state. The ways and whereabouts of his appointment hardly call for further discussion. Mr. WILSON simply followed the precedent established by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, LIVINGSTON, and HARRISON. Whether or not in the back of his head he deemed it safer, as Mr. DORSEY put it, to have Mr. BAYAN "in his bosom than on his back" is of little moment. The real reason for the appointment appears clearly in Mr. Wilson's own public declaration made a year ago in these words:

We have differed as to measures; it has taken us sixteen years and more to come to any comprehension of our community of thought in regard to what we ought to do. What I want to say is that among the most striking things in recent years is that with all the fire and fuel of particular issues, with all the odds and ends of particular projects, there has been one interesting focal point in the history of the Democratic party, and that focal point has been the character and the *doctrine* and the teachings of WILLIAM JEREMY BAYAN.

I, for my part, never want to forget this—that while we have differed with Mr. BAYAN upon this or that, and upon that in regard to the specific things to be done, he has gone severely on pointing out to a mere and more convinced people what it was that you, the matter. He has had the steadfast vision all

along of what it was that was the matter, and he has not only more than ASHER JACKSON did, we heard his career upon education, but has based it upon principle.

Surely one need go no further than this to find the audacity and justification of the President's selection. Simultaneously, it is interesting at this time to recall that Mr. BAYAN himself fixed the basis upon which choice should be made. Writing in his paper so long ago as January, he said plainly:

Cabinet positions ought not to be regarded as currency with which to pay debts. They are responsible positions, and in the hands of those who do not should look to the future and not to the past. A public official has no right to discharge political obligations at the expense of the public. The man selected by Mr. WILSON for the Cabinet should be selected not because of personal service rendered to him, nor even because of past service rendered to the State. The individual counts for little; the cause counts for much. An individual, if he has had a proper motive for working hard without compensation in the triumph of ideas, principles, and policies, he does not need the commendations of others. Others should be used to strengthen the party and to advance the cause for which the party exists. It is not a reward for those who have been faithful, where that reward can be given without sacrificing public interests, but where just service is considered it is better to consider it as an assurance of future service than merely because it has been rendered.

The President declines to discuss cabinet possibilities, but it ventures to express the hope that Governor WILSON will be governed by a higher motive than gratitude in his selection of his official household. A great responsibility rests upon him, and he will need the assistance of the best and bravest for his work. He ought to feel free to select for each office the man best fitted for it; in no other way can he hope to measure up to the expectations of the public. He need not—should not—consider any service but the service which he owes to the people. Mr. BAYAN has been abundantly rewarded for all he has done, and does not feel that the party, through his selection in the party, owes him anything. If he ever holds any office, it ought to be given, whether by appointment or by election, with the view to the service that can be rendered in connection with the work yet to be done, not with the idea of rewarding him for anything that he has done. And the rule which is here laid down for Mr. BAYAN has the rule which he believes should be laid down for all. In other words, the welfare of the party and the welfare of the country, not the ambitions of men or the interests of individuals, should be considered.

Nothing could be plainer than this. It quite dispenses of the action that Mr. BAYAN felt that he was entitled to the first position as a reward for services rendered. In point of fact, so far as our awareness goes, he has never set up a claim upon Mr. WILSON'S sense of gratitude. Those who shout so loudly that the nomination of Baltimore was purely incidental to Mr. BAYAN'S real plan have no occasion to scream; you haven't a doubt that he would say, if indeed he has not already said, the same thing himself. A view of these declarations and attendant circumstances, it seems hardly just to either the President or the Secretary of State to say, as our neighbor the *Star* says, that Mr. BAYAN enters the Cabinet "not as one chosen for manifest fitness, but because of supposed political and personal expediency."

To doubt the question of expediency was considered. There is no man who who is not to be had here. It is the first duty of a President to strengthen his administrative forces in every legitimate way, and if Mr. BAYAN'S great personal popularity could be availed of to that end, it would have been a deviation on the part of Mr. WILSON to refrain from doing so. Nevertheless, as we have indicated, if one but reviews the entire and the handsome job of discharging another, all the evidence goes to show that Mr. BAYAN was ap-

pointed Secretary of State in recognition of what Mr. WILSON considered his true worth rather than of his prominent political position. That, to our mind, is quite as it should be.

Even so, of course the question of Mr. BAYAN'S actual fitness remains and will remain unanswered for some time to come. We are interested to observe that the Springfield *Republican* is just as sure one way as the *Star* is the other, though why it should say in the same breath that JESS BASSER MOON "knows everything Mr. BAYAN does not know in the field of diplomacy" we have difficulty in comprehending. One might almost suspect—but no, one simply cannot suspect the Springfield *Republicans*. A bit of interest, that is all. But very high praise of Professor MOON, to be sure, very high indeed, what!

Our own judgment is that the appointment of Mr. BAYAN is one of the best things that have happened in this country in a long time. He has been jostling around on the outside long enough. It will do him a lot of good to assume responsibility. Some time will be required, of course. A habit of mind cannot be shaken off overnight. And yet we what has happened! On his way to Washington Mr. BAYAN stopped at Raleigh, and, of course, was called upon to say a few words. "Peace" seemed to be a live topic, and he spoke freely, advocating disarming, peace—will to men, etc., etc. It was the same old speech—very good, too—but the circumstances had changed. As Secretary of State, Mr. BAYAN very quickly manifested an indisposition either to dismount our battle-ships or to take the rifles away from our colonial standing army.

And what is this we hear from Cuba! The outgoing Congress and President—a lot had—had enacted an amnesty bill freeing a thousand criminals, more or less. It was all done in the regular way, as provided by fundamental law and statute. The government were being governed with the consent of the governed, precisely as THOMAS JEFFERSON recommended. And yet, say the sheet-punch:

Mr. BAYAN today sent another note couched in the secret terms, in which he said the amnesty bill made justice a job, and besides violating the interests of American citizens whom the Cuban officials have fraudulently taken the terms of the PIATT amendment, which requires Cuba to maintain a government which is adequate for the protection of life and property.

Quite right and proper, of course. But suppose Mr. KROG had sent that sharp note a year ago, just as Mr. BAYAN was about to deliver his famous address, beginning, "Behold the Republic!" Would the world have rung! It would.

It was new habit of mind, moreover, that predominated when Mr. BAYAN made his official speech to the employees of the State Department, saying:

I am not prepared to discuss terms of office. My own tenure as I was about to see tried, but my own term had not begun. I am sure your tenure is, therefore, not more uncertain than mine. I have got and time to leave from the President the general policy that will be impressed upon the various departments, but it is not necessary for us to discuss them. I am sure you can look back upon the past, each other's acquaintance, and I hope that when the time comes for me to reassemble you to instruct you in any necessary case, you can look back upon my acquaintance as the entire Service. So delighted shall I be to see you, and I shall look forward with pleasure to becoming better acquainted with you as occasion brings us together.

True, he didn't really say anything; he was only "about to say"; but the correspondents and politicians immediately set up and took notice. On the morning after, therefore, the Secretary had pooled the whole matter and wondered how any-

body could be so stupid as not to see that his remarks were "jovial"—no think that was the word. Anyway, when Mr. Bayss appeared at the White House, the President, who also has a lively appreciation of the witty, greeted him with the grand old Princeton song: "Here's to you, my jovial friend!" And on Sunday the Secretary of State was a top-notch "think of that!"

Of course there is going to be a clash. Everybody says so. When an irresistible force strikes an immovable body, etc. But is there? We guess not, though that may be because we attach no importance to terms than a good many people do. Make no mistake! Mr. Bayss is a very able man. He knows what he is doing in the country, and so does the President. There is nothing to be gained by anybody from squabbling and there is no cause for disagreement between statesmen whose purposes are identical and whose attitude is one of respect and admiration. Makers of mischief will lay themselves, of course; that is what they are for. But there is plenty of room for all under Mr. Bayss's metropolitan harmonies, and all are needed too, if the Democratic party is going to justify itself before the country.

Although happily, as we remarked at the outset, the new administration starts generally, it is in fact most serious and fully conscious of its heavy obligations. The evidence is everywhere, and needs no doubt. It intelligently is beyond question. Its sense alone awaits demonstration.

#### The President and the Pe-Hunters

We dare not predict that the President is going to succeed in protecting his time and energy against the hunters. But his stand is commendable. He announced, immediately after taking up his duties, that he would see no applicant who had not himself invited to a conference, and that all applications must first be made to the heads of departments.

We are not sure the attempt to use the Cabinet officers as buffers is wise. As a matter of fact and usage, they have less to do with appointments than Representatives and Senators of the party of the President for the time being. Moreover, like the President himself, they are busy men, charged with great responsibilities, and ought to be protected from such importunity.

But there can be no doubt that the President is right in setting the public business ahead of his prerogative and duties as the man behind the pincener. The distribution of patronage is, of course, a part of the public business, and an important part. There is nothing whatever to indicate that he thinks it profitable or is going to neglect it. The trouble is that if he gives it to one-tenth of the time the office-seekers demand he will have no time for anything else. Moreover, the worst way he could go about attending to it would be to yield himself to personal solicitations. If he did so, he would have little or no chance for real investigation of the applicants' merits.

The only question is, Can he enforce his rule? Can he keep the applicants at bay? We trust so, but we are not entirely confident. Plenty of people have refused to be interviewed, and have nevertheless found their remarks on the front page of next morning's newspapers. Yet the reporter's ingenuity and artifice is as nothing to the American office-seeker. The latter's ambition is in truth one of the most extraordinary things to be found in human nature. Nobody has ever quite done justice to it. To caricature it is impossible. The degree of it is in inverse proportion to its reasonableness. There is no reasoning with it, any more than there is with a fever of nature.

Perhaps there is a better way to deal with it, and perhaps President Wilson is the scientist who has discovered the way. At any rate, we sincerely trust so.

#### A Matter of Qualification

"I was elected by the Congress," said Mr. Wilson to a reporter, "on the theory that I was literary."—*Reviewing Post.*

And to Chevy Chase on the theory that he was a scholar. That explains all. Knowing well himself, he accepted the vote election and declined the other.

#### The Secretary of Agriculture

DAVID F. HANCOCK, Secretary of Agriculture, stands very distinctly for one way of choosing Cabinet members. So far as we can make out, he had only one "claim" to any such preferment. That was fitness for the place.

The Secretary of Agriculture is at the head of a big establishment, and of a large group of men devoted to two general aims. One of these

is scientific investigation; the other is teaching. The department acquires and accumulates information which is of use mainly to the farmers of the country, though some of it is of use to the rest of us as well; it also endeavors to impart this information—that is to say, to teach, on a very wide scale. Mr. Hancock's peculiar fitness for his new position mainly from the fact that he has successfully headed three large establishments—one college and two universities—devoted to the same kind of work—that is to say, to investigation and to teaching. Moreover, the three establishments investigated and taught agriculture.

Perhaps we ought to add that Mr. Hancock, as we might infer from this record, is a man of full education and established character for intelligence, firmness, and integrity. His political "claims," however, are practically nil. Though a good citizen and a student of politics, he contrasts as you will observe, never "delivered" a denunciation on anybody in his life, and is not likely to. While Mr. Hancock is very clear that there is no need of politics in his department—indeed, the crying need there has long been to get rid of politics—we are nevertheless afraid that plenty of statesmen and some others will find this appointment surprising. We can only hope that future Cabinets will offer more and more surprises of precisely similar nature.

#### Old Boy and Her Neighbors

New England is out of it. For the time being her representation in the governing group at Washington is nil.

It is interesting, to our mind, it is a mistake. But New England has little reason to complain. For a long time her conscience and patriotism have had little representation at Washington. Her wealth has been over-represented there. She can hardly blame the rest of us if, taking her at her word as to what representation she wants, we have for the moment left her comparatively void.

Nevertheless, there is still plenty of conscience and sense in New England, and we predict that before the end of the new administration it will be called on and will not refuse the summons.

#### No, Mr. Tarr

On Monday, March 24, President Tarr went to the Unitarian Church, where he had worshiped for the last four years, and addressed the congregation. The papers say that he said, among other things:

It always has been a wonder to me why all the world is not Unitarian. I think all the world is within it, that is to say, I think the doctrine of true fellowship, of love of God, of love of Jesus Christ, and tolerance for every faith which depends on a great principle of love, of Christ, which makes for progress toward morality and higher religion. The one trouble we suffer from—if it is a trouble at all—is that there are many churches of other churches who do not sit in the jaws of our church. But that means that ultimately they are outside us.

No, Mr. Tarr, you are going to them. The Unitarians church, those last when the other folks have become more comfortable, the Unitarian church has ceased, we believe, to gain membership. The American people, Mr. Tarr, have a great and just regard for you, but they never would appoint you a candidate of one to go out and ascertain which way the tide is running.

We will not say, Mr. Tarr, that if St. Paul had been a Unitarian, Christianity would have been known in history as a sect in Cappadocia. But we will say that if St. Paul had been a Unitarian, it would not have been necessary to collect his epistles for us, which would never have been enough market for them to warrant it.

#### A Candidate

They do things thoughtfully down in the Tarheel state. At a grand jubilation over some report or other last week Governor Cass said: "I see our own citizenship commensal all the way." and Mr. A. H. Evans passed up a petition for an office reading: "In the first place, any candidate is a non-entity in the second place he is a Christian; last above all he is a Democrat." Surely that ought to last him.

#### Harvesters

The Harvester Trust is under fire just now. Some of the testimony which the papers report in the suit being tried in Omaha casts much doubt on the supposition that Beecher GEORGE PIERCE's grouping trust gets all the farmers' money. For

GEORGE SWANSON, of Crawford, Nebraska, testified he owned 1700 acres of land, 900 acres under culti-

vation. He valued his farm implements at \$3,350, of which amount harvesting implements represented \$230. His testimony also brought out something about the Harvester Trust, and the fact that he had been receiving for the last two years about double the price of ten years ago for what he sold, while prices for what he bought had advanced but very little, and advanced insignificantly and in many instances had declined.

GEORGE SWANSON seems to be doing fairly well, though of course he may be buying Brother GEORGE PIERCE for much for harvesters.

There is one man who had been in the harvester business. He was opposed to all trusts, and to the Harvester Trust with the rest, but out of his experience he had this to say. He said that when the country was full of competing harvester companies, the selling agents sold the farmers more machines than they needed or could pay for. Too many farmers bought new machines, gave orders for them, and let pretty good old machines stand out-of-doors and rot to death. Then the notes came due, and were very hard to collect. That was wasteful. But the trust didn't find it good business to sell more machines on credit than the farmers could afford to pay, and didn't try to do it. The trust was content to get the business that existed. The competing concerns continually got business that didn't exist, and lost money on it.

But we all know that, had as monopoly unquestionably is, unobscured competition has led its change to make this earth a paradise, and somehow slipped up on it.

#### The Republican Leader

From the Congressional Record:

MR. HANCOCK. I have been called over the telephone since five and told by a lady that her young daughter was so one of the State and a coffin placed on the spot and buried her daughter.

MR. MASS. Her daughter ought to have been at home.

MR. EAKER. She ought to have been at her own home. The gentleman might be so advanced of himself to make such a remark.

So he ought. But was he? Could he be? Some think he isn't much of a Mass, however you spell it.

#### Dr. Friedman

It is certainly to be hoped that from the visit of Dr. FRIEDMAN to this country some good will come, directly or indirectly, some benefit to the vast number of sufferers from the disease he has promised to cure. Not to them only, but to the multitude of others who are suffering with them, whether as the bearers of their burden, or from the love of them as individuals, or merely as generous hearts that would be indifferent to any such mass of misfortune scattered over the world. For Dr. FRIEDMAN'S visit has at least served to bring before us all in truly heart-breaking fashion the proportions of the White Plague's silent and ceaseless work. It has at least served us to be for a moment mindful of the sickening expectation with which we gaze upon the multitude who are now promised their relief. Surely, therefore, it will stimulate philanthropy and science to more persistent efforts in the search for the longed-for cure.

In announcing this expectation, in promising the cure, Dr. FRIEDMAN has taken on himself a terrible responsibility. The whole world knows of his promise, and in his promise he makes the most perilous, unshakable, the current criticisms of his behavior, he will take his place forever with the greatest benefactors of the race. If his professions are false, may God help him, for mankind will never forgive him. It will not be possible for him even to sink away into the miserable company of the countless swindlers who have made their money quick resolves on the poorest and most ignorant of consumers. Compared with what he will have done, Dr. COX'S performance, even if we put the worst possible construction on it, will seem a mere trivial episode. Quite apart from the incalculable value of the discovery, Dr. FRIEDMAN'S very attempt to cure mankind, we think, will do the honor of human action, that he may be found to have some truth in his claims.

#### Incidental Aid

It is not a fair distribution of felicitations to say that if THOMAS ROOSEVELT had never lived, or if Charles had never made him President, WOODROW WILSON would stand the present all at March at Princeton University still without post-graduate books. Mr. ROOSEVELT largely owed out from the high right of the Presidency, gave astounding expression to the liberalism which had been the dominant atmosphere of the nation, infused Mr. WILSON, and caused a complete about face in his attitude toward government.

He did contribute somewhat to the net result, we must admit. But perhaps that isn't quite what you mean.

## Pensions

That is a good letter on page 9, in which a correspondent discusses "Pensions for Government Employees."

But the great pension question is not—the pensioners desirable? There are two great questions about them: Where are the money coming from to pay them? and Where are the money coming from to pay them?

It is likely enough that a pension system for government employees will be devised presently. Our opponents' arguments about that are very appealing. But what about all the employees of the great organizations and societies? What do they come in for? When they are used up as work-machines shall there be no pension for them? Should not everybody have a pension for old age or disability except the farmer, and then should not the farmer have one?

Government, local or otherwise, whatever, as it is, to keep all people and helpless persons from starving, and spends vast sums in that duty. How much farther than that government can go depends upon the wealth of the country. But some part of the relief now given might, doubtless, take the form of pensions with good results.

## Two Ambassadors

It is not easy to get the facts relating to the activities of our ambassador in Mexico, but there certainly is a lot of smoke. On the face of things it looks like the substitution of a competent man of level head would not be undesirable at any early date.

There is one resignation, however, that ought not to be accepted so promptly. It is that of Ambassador LEAVELAND, who ought to have a chance to show that he has not made improper use of his prerogatives. If he can do it, well and good; but if he can't ought to be dismissed in such a way as to discourage wrongful practices on the part of representatives of the United States in foreign lands.

## The Crossing of Races

President ELDER, as is well known, is a stickler for purity of race. He objects to the idea that the United States is "the melting-pot of nations," and says against it what a chance offers. In a recent letter to the Springfield Republican he discusses the crossing of different races, and says:

The East seems to me to look most emphatically that it is always and everywhere a bad thing, so bad that the process resulting from such crossings in part set out and in part refer to me here. The other is their real generation. In the East the white race has crossed with all the native races, and the progress is still going on, and both physically and morally to each of the races that have crossed. The term "Fusionism" is a term of contempt all over the East, and justly. The results of crossing often to twenty varieties of what people with native races are seen most clearly in the Sandwich Islands, where the white man has crossed to be good, not over the cross between the Chinese man and the Hawaiian woman, which all agree is the best race crossing in the world. Unfortunately the East does not supply demonstration in figures on these subjects, because what we call vital statistics have not been kept there till very lately.

The East also shows on a great scale that different races can live, and have lived, on a harmony made by sale on the same soil and under the same government, and another showing with respect to the mixing which subsisting as our racial characteristics. The East also illustrates the fact, often illustrated in Europe and elsewhere, that the best and related races can intermarry without harm, and produce vigorous and durable descendants. Thus the Germans, Scandinavians, and the English, and also our noblest minority without harm. It is not so clear that the best of the same race intermarry solely with people of the same blood, but instances of such marriages occur; but there are also many unsuccessful, supposed to be traceable in the present population into somewhat distinct types, and in consequence the new race of China has five or six different colors; but they are probably related or kindred people, and these people are supposed not to have intermarried much in China, and yet the Chinese are a tolerably homogeneous race. In America we may also see the mingling of kindred stocks and the preservation through many generations of strong strains that have preferred to marry each its own strain. In the South, the Scotch-Irish, and the Jews.

The general conclusion which I draw from these and similar large-scale studies is that the effects of intermarriage in the United States were but better seen and entirely the hypothesis that the different national stocks of the United States amalgamated into a somewhat new variety of the human race. The actual knowledge supplies no successful instance of a race being entirely destroyed, or, if once a small proportion of a race is introduced, that race has sometimes been apparently absorbed into a larger proportion of another by successive intermarriages with the stock. The Jews have intermarried somewhat with most of the European races; but in a few generations the descendants are thoroughly Jewish.

In this country we can hardly help founding our ideas of race admixture on the breeding of white with black in our Southern States, mostly as a result of the slave trade, and the carrying trade of Africa slavery. Surely this is not an instance of successful amalgamation. The North-American people are not so much mixed as the people of Africa have done; but the half-breeds have on the whole proved to be neither a large and useful addition to the total population. The experience of the world demonstrates upon an immense scale that people far advanced in the scale of civilization are not profitably mixed with people of a lower grade. The purer a race is kept, the more likely it is to maintain itself and prosper. The Japanese forcibly illustrate this proposition; still it is to be remembered that the mixture of kindred races is unobjectionable.

The fitness of one people to another in this country is not to be overlooked and to be regarded without approving the question of assimilation by intermarriage, school, public employments, places of public education, and the habits of the whole people in buying and selling contribute to produce that external sort of assimilation. So does American equality of rights, and how much more so between the different levels of social life. In hundreds or thousands of years this external assimilation will probably be followed by internal, and then it is not; but that is a question for a remote future. Those who advocate or imagine the amalgamation of different races are not, I submit, a part of the benefited experience of the world, and therefore no sound reason for taking action in this direction. The different races that come, or are now coming, to this country will take care of themselves in those respects and may safely be left to do so. They will promptly Americanize themselves in all respects, but it is there will easily remain diverse and apart.

We have quoted at some length from Dr. ELDER because this matter of race-admixture is such a nightmare to many people in some parts of the country, especially in the South. It will be observed that he negates entirely the idea that a race can be so coming to this country as to take care of themselves in those respects and may safely be left to do so. They will promptly Americanize themselves in all respects, but it is there will easily remain diverse and apart.

## A Contrary View

The view maintained by Dr. ELDER is shared by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the author of *The Foundation of the Nineteenth Century*, whose consideration of the value of purity of race amounts to a hobby. The contrary view is communicated to the Springfield Republican by Mr. MERRILL STONEY, a well-known writer on a disinterested and high ground. J. S. HERRICK, in his recent book about South America, and S. M. BRYCE, by no means as correct as Dr. ELDER in his conclusions about the evils results of racial admixture. He also quotes Mr. SIMPLY OLIVER, a former governor of Jamaica, as saying:

Whatever undesirable characteristics, moral or physical, are introduced by cross-breeding, it is certain that from the point of view of social utility and efficiency it is not the mixed blood class, it says, that is dominant in Jamaica.

Mr. STONEY agrees that prejudice, which has divided the Europeans, a false class in Asia, may have had much to do with keeping them back, and he protests against a similar prejudice against mulattoes in this country. With only too much justice, he says:

There are to-day in this country millions of our fellow-citizens who from an inheritance of their own age and color are suffering, and who are doing a thing of ambition and ability from their white parents. Their path through life is strewn with thorns and they have difficulty in reaching the goal. It is the duty of every man at this time when the prejudice against them is so widely fostered and so quickly growing, to stand by them in their struggle, to defend their rights and the ideal of justice from which they are suffering. We are bound in every way to help these men and women up.

## A Suggestion

I would spend my last dollar for an American citizen's life, but I would not split one drop of blood to give an American citizen's dollar. — President MANNING.

We don't know about that. Suppose a foreign citizen should strike you in the White and then whip you on the Indian-style baseball-stick. What then?

## Remarkable

Our friend DYER LYONS, of Mexico, New York, writes to us to say:

Dear Sir,—I have just read your editorial "Comment" in the Weekly of this date and write to inform you that I have already written you in advance of the negroes. And as I fully appreciate your courtesy, I relieve you from the trouble of consulting to mail my copy of the WEEKLY.

We turn in some perplexity to the WEEKLY of Mr. LYONS, and find it thus worded:

The word for us Anglo-Saxons—English, German,

Jewish, Polish, Arab, African—for all of us, in fact, is patience.

It seems to be a matter of precedence that has driven Mr. LYONS to satire.

## Remember!

When you hear of Scotch-Irish descent in the White House, and a gentleman whose derivation is partly Irish in the great office of Secretary of State, it ought not to be necessary for us to point out to Mr. LYONS that the order of names in type is quite a casual matter, and that the head of the table continues to be wherever McGuffin sits.

## Bull-Moose in Massachusetts

We should like to print the whole of the dissertation upon Bull-Moose politics in Massachusetts, which was communicated from Boston to the Springfield Republican by a "Victorian Observer," who is undoubtedly our venerable and respected contemporary, Hon. FRANK RAYMOND. "These Bull-Moose," says Mr. SAMPSON, "are no more in a normal frame of mind than is a Malay running amok, or a Methodist camp-meeting in the hands of a skilled revivalist."

And then he lets go at them as follows: For the most part the progressives are new to politics, and have written of them as if they were prominent in political activity, the entire campaign—and it seems to have about as many women as men—and they are not so much as they are. They know little or nothing of what has been done in politics before them. They are ignorant of the facts of the case, and are prejudiced, prejudiced, self-satisfied, and active in their own trying to solve political problems, to restrain the exploding hand of wealth, to protect the weak, to save the children, to feed the hungry, to relieve the poor, to secure good pay for all. As well-known with no history the masses have taken the political stage, and they are not so much as they are. They see the evils of the times, and because the evils exist, assume that nobody else has noticed them or made any attempt to remedy them. They do not know the facts, and they do not understand themselves. Their one aim is much simpler and less complicated than theirs, and they are not so much as they are.

Most of the moose have hitherto been of Republican complexion as far as they have taken an interest in politics, and some progress has been made. The plain truth now is that the Moose party has been formed, and is easily nothing but straight and narrow, and is ready to accept of any platform, in what may be formed right propositions—help for women, provision of child labor, minimum wage, child insurance, child pensions, inheritance and inheritance, and so on.

Now that 8-14 is rightfully, historically, and really now the possession of the Democratic party, the progress and progress of this kind of legislation is perfectly well known. Ever since the Civil War it has been under way. It does not begin with the industrial revolution, and it is not so much as they are. It begins with the poor people who are suffering for lack of the reforms demanded. The history is long, and it is not so much as they are. It is the agreement of the workers. It goes back to the struggle for the ten-hour day. It deals with the oppressive conditions of the working class, and it is not so much as they are. It is the employer's liability law, the opening of factory doors outward, the construction of fire escapes, the protection of mechanics and landless more highly necessary and important measures. These always originate with the poor people to be helped.

Help us always, and give us New Economic party. New Economic party. It has always been on its job, faithfully and without retreat. . . . If these moose had shown in the past a tenth of the interest and progress of these reforms would have been several years ago.

Perhaps Mr. SAMPSON will succeed in convincing his Bull-Moose neighbors that they are Democrats and don't know it. If not, events will presently convince them, and in due time we shall have them voting the Democratic ticket as they should.

## The Voice from New England

We have observed that New England is comparatively voiceless in the new administration, but, with all that, we say that New England is chosen to be the constituent of Mr. RAYMOND to be Secretary of Commerce. The opposition from home to the appointment of a gentleman from Boston to that place is understood to have been very intense.

## For Captain?

There are too few admirals, HARRINGTON in terms the interviewers.—*Veepster And Sea.*

Ordinarily, O.S., we ought never to do.

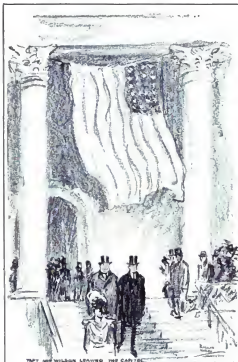
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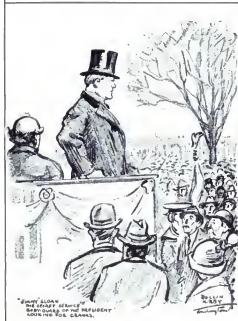




TRAYT AND WILSON LEAVING THE CAPITOL



WILSON GREETING CHAMP CLARK ON THE INAUGURAL STAND.



EVERY SLOWLY THE GREAT SENATE BEING QUINCY OF THE REFUGENT SOONING FOR CLARKS.



GOV. SULLIVAN & SEN. GOMPERS TAKE A WALK.



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Drawing the White House for the inauguration



The West Point cadets on parade before the Capitol

## CHANGING PRESIDENTS



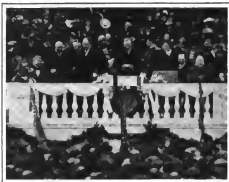
President Wilson delivering his inaugural address from the front of the Capitol



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Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson leaving for Washington



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"We shall restore, not destroy"



The man who might have been. Justice Hughes and other members of the Supreme Court watching the ceremonies



The new Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan

## WOODROW WILSON'S INAUGURATION





# "SEEING" MEN

The Art of Picking Winners in the Business World

By Cromwell Childre

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD



The old man put question after question in quick succession.

**S**EEING men is an art. It amounts almost to a science. Often, it is a business "flair" some men make in a way spontaneously and rapidly in the lap, or even to it. He does not seem to have greater trading ability than many others, but has been favored by a large capital or a more magnetic personality. But the faculty of "seeing" men has been the magical force.

"Seeing" men means recognizing, perhaps under an approving exterior, what a man really is or may grow into, and attaching him to an organization or staff. There are business executives that are generous in doing this. Their success is brought about in great measure by the efficiency of the body of men they have picked in this way. It happens many times that a captain of affairs heads for years for a treatment of certain qualities. He finds him at last, in Cincinnati like work, far down the commercial ladder, a person a hundred other men who really wanted a man of just this type, have passed unnoticed over. They could not "see."

It is no trick at all to discover the man who has triumphantly made a record, who is already a personality in this trade or that. Unfortunately such a man is not usually ready. What he has done, moreover, is no positive guarantee as to his future exploits. Men of great reputation as lieutenants may time pass great disappointments when they shall. The chief who "sees" picks a man whose reputation is yet to be made, and thereby gets the profit himself.

A business man who is now doing splendidly in a certain business organization, one of his able employees, then well down the line, found himself up against a stone wall as regards increase in pay. He had kept by degrees up to a salary of \$1,000; repeated requests could not seem to get him above this. He quietly took himself off to a rival company which gladly paid him something more.

That the big chief knew of him, except possibly by name, he never suspected. But one day, some months later, this occurred. In a moment, the famous employee of affairs, who seemed always to be aware of everything without asking and who at times would cleverly rearrange his man like pieces on a chessboard, and suddenly:

"Get Jones."

He did not add a word to that succinct statement, and passed on to other matters. His assistant, however, understood, however. They knew that they were to bring back the man at any figure he might name, under any conditions he might impose. The command was absolute. Their leader had "seen" where they had not. The great organization is going to have this man who appeared by an unseen agency.

Whoever walks into the central offices to-day and has business up at the top will in all likelihood meet this man, who some years ago, was "seen" by the boss brain at the bottom. In any case he will be of him. For, quietly, Jones has gone past men of far more brilliant records. Why, they, too, did not "see" at the time the command to "get" him was given, his admiring associates of the present moment do not know.

"Call tomorrow morning at nine o'clock" said the president of a big bank in a city of the far West.

The man he addressed was shabby and weather-beaten. In the handsome private office just off the great banking room of gold and marble into which he had just been ushered by hotel valets, he sat out of place. He had entered ten minutes before, nervously, but with a despondency he could not quite conceal. A succession of men had been looking him like the tramp he seemed.

The man and rough clothes, the unkempt appearance, the air of one who is shagged and in luxury had blinded man after man. For an entire day, at any hour, the stranger could have been bought, body and soul, at the price of the market pitiless. The man who turned him carefully aside or would not even look at him, perhaps, he blamed. It is possible, not business to give opportunities to every tramp-like make. However this may be, one man's eye and brain did go beneath the shabby garments and the general air of "down and out." The curious thing about it was that he was the biggest and richest man of the "tramp" had attempted to see. He sat up as far as the board office. "This was no accident that the stranger tried overthrowing the first, and came into it last in pure desperation.

The big banker "saw." He could not, perhaps, have told any one how. The shabby man's personal appear-

ance did not concern him. There was something beyond that in his make-up. What all the other banking men who had had the chance bitterly regretted afterward that they did not do this one man did.

He noticed the shabby man to a chair, and, while staring at his story, deftly analyzed him. The man's story was simple. It was very quickly told. The stranger had held a good position in a bank in the East. He had left this to search for fortune in Alaska. A shipwreck had beggared him. Even the letters he had from his old bank had been carried away with his other property. No man would possibly be more sorry.

It was a short interview, very short. The shabby man had nothing to say that night, but he chuckled at that. He had found work. He knew that one man had the capacity to look beneath exteriors. The big banker, on the other hand, softly laughed as the content, with a totally different eye, went out. As a matter of formality there went out from the bank within an hour a telegram addressed to a city in the East. But there was really no need for it. An expert had been discovered, one that a dozen other ordinarily able men had been too blind to see.

Both men, the discoverer and the discovered, were in the banking office early the next morning. The banker was eager to see his quick judgment confirmed. He placed his "find" in an inconspicuous corner, but where knowledge and experience would tell. The newly dressed clerk looked at the man over his shoulder. That person steadily kept pace with them. What was their surprise when, at noon, the president stepped over to the stranger, and said:

"I am going out to lunch—join me."

The rest of the meeting has been devoted. Over the lunch-table the man who a few hours before had been a despairing, hopeless struggler was told plainly that a future was awaiting him. An advance was arranged for him. Within a month the man who had tramped from door to door, shabbily of the shabby, begging for the work he must have, was beginning to attract marked attention in the financial circles of the city. His sudden checks had filled out. When well dressed he presented an engaging figure. Three months later he was second assistant cashier. In two years he was the president's confidential man. To this day the other banking men of that section, who have seen many a better foot to them since his arrival and credit is power, do not understand how they could possibly have let a man of that ability slip past them. They could not see what was meant by they were told that it was because they were men who could not "see."

A master in the steel trade was looking over a assembly statement with much complacency one morning. Nothing was further from his mind than adding to his selling force. It would be difficult for an organization to be in better trim than he was just at that time. He was good-natured and let a clerk-employee slip in and get his car. That individual was some time ago a man.

Now the above paragraph did not want any new trousers, and he was not given to buying what he did not need. He was known as one of the most hard-bargained business-owners in the entire country. But there was something about the employee's talk that fascinated him. He let him on on. With rare generosity he made the sale and dismissed the individual.



His sole occupation had been eating three meals a day.

eluding him, he felt that salesman a sorry case of wife, hanging out every ounce of skill the dresser had. The salesman had an idea but that it was merely a matter of a few yards of cloth. It was, however, an ingenious "try out." The master of cloth "saw" of the had come across a salesman of rare powers, and he meant to have him.

He brought the cloth. "There's a cunning, though," he said, grinsy looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows. "It's this: that you go to work for me. I'll make it all right with you. What are you getting out of it?"

Confused, for this was one of the great commercial prizes that he was standing before, the salesman commenced to stammer. The result was of his ability had been almost too sudden and dramatic.

"There thousand, you say? I'll double it at the start. Come before the end of the week, if you run. It's a crying shame to waste that gift of gift you have on trouser stuff, when with the same toil you can be selling shirt tails."

This was one of the most brilliant salesmen born in one of the biggest of American industries. It was behind a desk had "saw."

Bob Dwyer, an agent for an oil company, had the rare gift of obtaining business where others failed. He had a plan of campaign all his own. He did not claim that the oil he sold was better or cheaper than his rivals.

He cleverly conceded that there was no difference in the quality of the price. The young man offered to show any man who would buy from him how he could out down his oil bill materially. This was a bold and astute made a capital issue for him, and that ended it. Nobody ever thought of proclaiming him a wonder.

One day he looked in upon the manager of one of the great oiling companies. It was a peculiar impossibility to sell in this manner except for a certain oil company. He always stood by his friends, and Dwyer's chief opponent in the trade had many times gone out of his way to favor the old gentleman. But Dwyer thought he would try. He remembered that he had several times stormed commercial fortresses where there was only the ghost of a chance, just as in this case, and had "won out."

Because was this business druggist's name. He did not make use of the conventional modern method of keeping himself in oblivion. On the contrary, he delighted in showing himself to all visitors, glaring and growling at them from behind a wire grating.

He had heard of Dwyer and was a little curious. He noted that his usual gruffness fell on adoring ears. His guest, "I have oil from a company I am satisfied with, sir. I would not take you off if you gave it to me," did not seem to have any effect at all.

Dwyer simply asked if he would not be interested if he could show him how to cut down his present oil bill fifty per cent. Naturally such a question brought



In the handsome private office he looked incongruous and out of place

forth a certain answer. It was given unvoluntarily and grumpily, but it was an admission.

The order Dwyer was after came inside of a quarter of an hour. The young man was pleased. It was one of the most difficult little battles he had ever fought. It was, however, not so much unlike the others, and he was surprised when, as he started to go to the old miser laid his hand down heavily on his knee and said:

"No, Walt. He stopped, and then went on. 'You're in the wrong business, boy. We need you in mining.'

The old mining manager was one of those who could "see." He had never set his eyes upon Dwyer before, but that made no difference. Men who can "see" see quickly. Long afterward Dwyer came to understand the whole story. Mr. Because had been looking for you for a succession. In all the organizations over which he was master, comprising in the aggregate several hundred men outside of the

hunting forces, there was not one to whom he could trust. The young man steady, sure, but he was smart. It was his habit to get the best of every man he dealt with. He was not one to be outwitted.

**and a -ol Exhibits.** Some the death of the man who... at for what he was at first sight, that in... he has looked into... have had... important exhibitions, has reduced... has acquired a railroad... to meet... several times he visited companies in different parts of the West. Other managers saw in him only the ordinary oil drummer who made fair money.

A man-manufacturing concern was a deep water shoal. It made good soap, delicately perfumed and artistically wrapped. The company was small. Like most unpretentious men they thought the people would fall over one another to buy their soap. When orders did not come in they could not understand. There was something of a reorganization, and a minority element which had more or less business experience climbed into the saddle and forced through the appointment of a new sales manager. The new man took three days to study the sick business. Then he telephoned his decision.

"Your soap is good, but your salesman are no good." Thereupon he commenced the building up of a new staff. Among the applicants that filed past his desk was a tall fellow of careless though pleasing address. Inside, to the ordinary observer, would have seemed to have no business talents at all. He had no business experience, he confessed that he did not. His sole occupation in life, he acknowledged, had been eating three meals a day provided by indulgent parents. He was getting a little tired of this, he went on, and thought he would like to do something else.

The new sales manager had so difficulty in understanding that. From the strict business viewpoint this was the most unimpressive kind of resume ever had come across. But there was something about the boy-eyes, there was something, what it was he did not know. But he could not let that pass. Without one jot or tittle of evidence, against what would have been the judgment of wise business men set of seventy-nine out of a hundred, probably the "saw" in this untried, unformed young fellow a great salesman, the one man he needed.

Did the lad who knew nothing of business succeed? Walt and hear the story, which is one of the most curious of business romances, some incredible, but in its every detail true. The sales manager trusted in his own intuition, and sent the boy out into an adjoining state. The soap was not even selling in the first town he entered. In the very first store he met an experienced salesman in the same line of business. Despite that handicap he looked one of the largest orders placed in that section for years, with a special discount for each on receipt of bill of lading. Inside of two weeks he was as depleting the soap stock of his concern that the factory was running a night shift to keep pace with his orders.

How did he do it? Nobody knew; nobody has ever been able to say. He was simply a matriarchal salesman that no one had been able to recognize. The great odds in any line of action is always "seen" with difficulty. The commonplace man is invariably accepted before him. The reason is that the exceptional man needs an exceptional client. It takes a man of extraordinary capacity to discover the extraordinary.

# HAWKING WITH THE ADWAN ARAB

BY WILLIAM COFFIN

IT is not often nowadays that one has a chance to go hawk-hunting. The glory of the sport has long gone by in Europe, its ramiary vocabulary is almost forgotten, and it exists there only as the lad of a few medieval romances sported.

In the East, where the art of falconry prizes is regarded, it flourishes still. Riders from the Jordan Valley in the west, where we stumbled upon an unexpected prize in the end

of a journey, a day's good sport with Arab hawks, which befell thus:

The Adwan Bedouins had come down from their holdings near Hebron and had been encamped for some three weeks at Tel Nizrin. We crossed the Jordan by the ferry at Danek, rode down the east side of the Jordan Valley, and in the middle of the afternoon drew rein in front of the woe of our friend Hebron Noed.

The check was from loose, but there were many of his camp to come up and give us welcome. We off-

loaded, a carpet was laid in the guest tent, cushions and thickly wadded quilts were brought forth, and the heavy sound of the coffee trays rang out.

Before noon, a man came, black faced, top up and we went forth to greet him. I had not met him before, but Whiting and Karen were old friends of his. Bedouin also, an even as respectable as them, and Nasid was conspicuously satisfactory in his known abode, on long gray mare with her bowled saddle-bags and sword scabbard. Hanging on the pommel was Rihb Nasid's fellow. He had been hawking

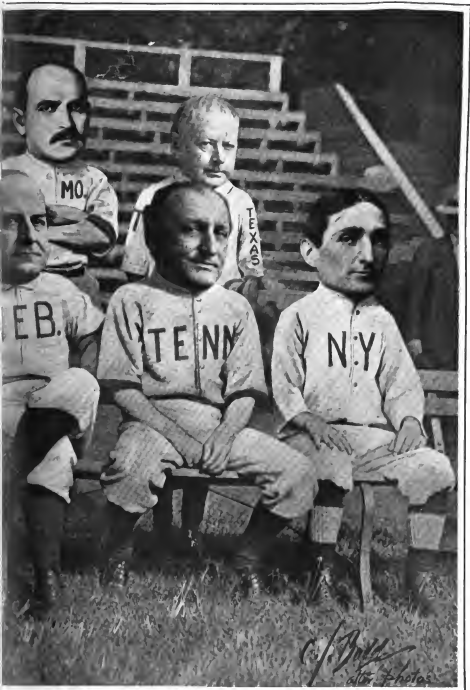


Black Beard and the writer



A group of Bedouins in the guest tent





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# BALL!

The new Administration. The men shown in the drawing are, from left to right: Upper Row—Franklin Knight Lane, Secretary of War; Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster-General. Lower Row—Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; William Brewster, Secretary of the Interior; William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. On the ground—Lindley Murray Garrison, Secretary of War





# InterSudes

## A FLIER IN REAL ESTATE

**B**LANKIN had joined the eager gang of fortune-hunters who, instead of digging in the earth for the pure gold of substantial returns, had sought the short-cut to affluence. In company with thousands of his hungry fellow mortals he had deemed it wise to go into a real-estate speculation that promised quick returns.

"Even if the returns don't return so quick as you'd like," he explained to Wingford, "the land is always there and you know what you've got. You can see it in plain sight."

Unfortunately it remained in plain sight overlong, and after carrying the venture along for a couple of years Blankin began to yearn for just a glimpse of the five thousand dollars he had been induced to put into it. So he sought out the agent who had sold him the property, and whose aluring promises had first led him into thinking that the future was secure.

The agent was delighted to see him. "What can I do for you this morning, Mr. Blankin?" said he. "Want to buy another block of Everbody's Magnificent Villa Sites Preferred?"

"Not on your life," said Blankin. "I'm long on E. S. V. S. F. of this very moment. Fact is, I'd like to have you take that land back."

"Oh, really," said the agent. "Well, real estate is my business, and I guess you have come to the right place."

"Good," said Blankin, gravely. "What'll you take the place of my hands for—on, rather, what'll you give for it?" asked Blankin.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said the agent. "Fifteen hundred dollars?" echoed Blankin. "Why, I paid you five thousand for it, and you guaranteed a return of thirty per cent. on the investment."

"I know I did," said the agent. "That's how I got the figure. Thirty per cent. of five thousand dollars is fifteen hundred."

But Blankin never heard. Before the agent had finished he had led to his own office and locked his door.

"Good!" said he. "I guess I'm lucky to save my socks with a chap like that around."

## WORKING BOTH WAYS

"That's my," said Biddis, reading a farm paper, that giving hickmahk to calves never works.

"No?" said Pottlehog. "That's funny. Since I began drinking hickmahk my waist has disappeared altogether."

## IDENTIFIED

"In that your Prudential Sam?" inquired the visitor to Uncle Zeke's farm, pointing to the youth who spent most of his time swinging in a hammock.

"No," laughed Uncle Zeke, pleasantly. "He's my fatted calf."



HOW TO HAVE A SQUARE IN A HATBANK

## THE AMATEUR FARMER

"Yes," said the dealer, "I have cows to sell. What kind of cows do you want?"

"I—I don't know," said the amateur. "I guess one with four legs and a couple of horns will do."

## A FINANCIAL COURTSHIP

"Come over here to the counter, Justin," said Hinks. "I've something I want to tell you."

"Sorry, Tommy," said the young woman. "but I

heard on my last night that the Supreme Court had decided that corners are illegal under the Sherman Act. If you want to get a controlling interest in me—you'll have to choose some other method."

"All right," said Hinks, folding her in his arms. "How does an interlocking directorate like this suit you?"

## EUPHEMISTIC

"What is old Jimmerson, anyhow—a poverbisher?" asked Hilly.

"Well—yes," said Delamere, "only he wouldn't put it just that way. He'd probably call himself a bookbinder if there were such a word."

## A DEDUCTION

"How old is a man in the editor of the *Times*?" asked Wilcox.

"I don't know exactly," said Wilbraham, "but judging from the way he treats every manuscript I read him I judge he has reached his declining years."

## A POSSIBLE DERIVATION

"I wonder where the appropriation arose that the stock brings the bakers?" said Mrs. Jimpson.

"I guess the man who started it was thinking of the doctor's bill," said Jimpson. "The size of it suggests the real."

## A REAL SURPRISE AHEAD

"What are you doing, Polly?" asked her mother.

"I'm knitting. Mamie died," replied the young woman. "I heard George say the other day he was afraid he'd have to buy a new mother for his car, and I thought I'd knit him one as a sort of surprise."



**QUEEN BEE:** OFFICIAL, WITH WHAT IS THE PROPOSED COURSE?  
**PAYING BEE:** NEGOTIATING SECTION V, STATE MAJORITY, WHICH STRICTLY FORBIDS A MAN TO VISIT THE PORT-FIELDS.

## A GOOD NAME

"I've got a perfect lady's car," said the manufacturer, "and will give a thousand dollars for a good name to advertise it."

"Fark over," grunted Jimmerson. "Call it 'The Last Word,' and every woman in the land will insist upon having it."

## A GREAT CONVENIENCE

"I wish I knew what to do with all this broken crockery," said Mrs. Flatwheeler. "There isn't any place to throw it away, now."

"I have all," cried Mr. Flatwheeler, his eyes aglow with the firm of gums. "Put 'em in the paravels post and mail 'em to some fitful address in the first zone."

## UNTIMELY JESTING

"Mortimer is all well enough," said Jettrocks, as Broder's car skid into the mud up above the barn, "but there is such a thing as running it into the ground."

"Don't waste your wit out here in the old, Jettrocks," retorted Broder. "Go hire a head. We need it."

## NOT A SATISFACTORY ASSURANCE

"An. Maric." Politely murmured ecclesiastically, "I warrant the very grandest you walk on."

"I had all," cried the fair girl, bursting into tears. "Why, when Duddy bought me that new electric I don't walk at all!"

## A GOOD BUSINESS MAN

"What, Mr. Shillford," said the doctor, "it is my pleasant privilege to announce to you that you are the father of twins."

"Well—say—see here, doctor, don't you knock off something for a wholesale order of that sort?" asked Mr. Shillford.

## WHAT IT CAME TO

"I've figured the whole thing out, father," said Habel. "The car to begin with will cost \$5,000 which at six per cent. is \$200 a year. If we charge ten per cent. off for depreciation, it will come to \$240 more. A good chauffeur can be had for \$125 a month, or \$1,500 a year. I have allowed \$50 a week for gasoline, and \$5 for repairs. The chauffeur's uniform and



"GEE WHIE! IT MEYS BE EENSIE TRYING TO GET ABOUT IN THOSE UN-GOODER TINKERS"

fare will come to about \$200. Now let's see what it comes in. Three hundred plus five hundred—

"Isn't that a lot, my dear—I know what it comes to," said the old gentleman.

"What?" asked the girl.

"It comes to a standard, right here and now," said the old gentleman. "Three—here's five cents. Six out and take a toll—right—right."

## RATHER SPEEDY

"How fast is your car, Jimpson?" asked Harkway.

"Well," said Jimpson, "it keeps about six months ahead of my income generally."

## THE PHILANDERER'S EXCUSE

For eyes I love them deeply blue, that rival heaven's fairest hue, and sparkle like the twinkling star up where the hudson planets are; that envy in their slightest glance a gleam that causes hearts to shiver—such eyes, indeed, no girl my gaze when Phyllis o'er my pathway strays.

For hair I've ever been inclined unto the russet golden kind, as burnished as the copper coin that lights my way when day is done, and brings the comfort trod and true—when all my labors hard are through—such locks, indeed, as glorify the world when Phyllis passes by.

For brows the alabaster hue has ever been the kind I'd covet. Not overbrow, nor yet too low, as wrinkled as the fresh-strapped oar; that speak of an intelligence that's normal rather than inferior. In short, just such a brow as Fate always presents unto the view.

In lips—well, you cannot but the figure that is styled "petite"—the slender sort that moves with grace however fast or slow the pace. No gutters would do at all in answering my ardent call, but just a perfect—Venus, say, the dainty Violet or May.

A silvery voice like dew Rubric's; a tripping toe like fair America; the wit of Cleo; and the glass and honey virtues of sweet Jane—these are the points that make for me the perfect most whose head I'd be, and where, I ask, in all the world one all be found in just one girl.

BLANKET GUAT.









# THE BEATITUDE OF JIMMY O'MEARA

BY ELMER BROWN MASON

DRAWINGS BY W. H. D. KOERNER

W

INTER was two weeks old and it was eighteen degrees below zero, which means solid slidding for the lumbermen when Jimmy O'Meara walked into camp. In the first place, he was completely sober, wiser enough to show. In the second place his grub was beyond belief; a cork hot, with a heavy morning hand, a fresh-out of the wood-chimney pot, an extremely discomposed pair of trousers of the best lumber-jack type, and high-leather, button-patch-boaters which made him walk like a small boy making his first attempt at the outer edge. His hair and socks were matted against the cold in the folds of a linen duster, twisted every way, from which one cold blue eye glared balefully. The other had been permanently eclipsed.

To my we were curious who he got it mildly. We knew Jimmy for the best driver that ever rode a proled shaft in a thirty-mile forest, and the wildest stage when the drive was over that ever mixed the whiskey with hot Irish blood. The eclipsed eye had been lost in a river brawl, and he had acquired such a reputation for brutal quickness with hands and feet that he headed, and with reason, that he was the length of the Connecticut shore to "sell" him a police term for robbing the drink-overseer lumber-jack of his winter's earnings. In fact, it was hard to credit him with one redeeming trait, but, in spite of all his riling ways, it was impossible not to like Jimmy.

Our firstayers of words were already straggled off and drying before the stove, and we could hardly wait to flank the evening meal, eaten in that wordless silence prescribed by lumber-camp etiquette, before lumbermen in the incipient.

To eager inquiry and outrageous conjecture, however, he remained equally silent until a white-haired, down-to-the-ear-of-his-shoulders, bearded, in downy tones: "Tell us something, Jimmy, as 'niver mind the truth,' you know we wouldn't believe you, anyway." The leucodermis and violence of Jimmy's answer left no further opening for questionings. We had anticipated a treat of Babalashian adventure and we left choiced and indignant. Our only alternative, physical redress, was out of the question with Jimmy, and the wretched of his apparel and condition remained unaltered and in time ceased to be an object of conjecture.

Memorable, twice daily, perched on a chain-hooped head of leg, Jimmy gazed four hours down a road of which the perilsome obstructions ended only at showing upstaircase of the "loadings."

One Sunday, some six weeks later, I lay in great comfort on the bar from Invermudde River of the "office," which I shared as sleeping-apartment with the camp boss, cook, and cook, my head on a sweater with an extraordinary number of socks. Outside it was morning. I knew the kind of day it would be—warm during daylight, the fakes striking and nothing, while, as evening rose, snaked snaked-jacks or wet rubbers would freeze solid, and bed-covers and outside world slip on half-frozen legs that seemed to be ground. How very pleasant, by contrast, was a pipe-smoke beside a red-hot stove.

The clear, rapid, letting in a cluster of Canadian French and pure Irish from the burrows, as the sleeping-quarters of the men, was Jimmy and Jimmy colored. "Have you any 'chewing,' Scaler?"

The question was part of a formula. I left out the "and never" line the next section by leaning over my neck of Union Leader. Jimmy proffered the more potent "Sticks," but nevertheless filled his pipe again with the same bag. It was some ten minutes before he noted the previous part. The Sunday paper game would soon be on. I awaited the usual request for a stake, but it seemed long in coming. Instead we fell into desultory conversation. The report that a wild eighty-four Elliott-foot-the-haying of the road from No. 2 camp, and other happenings that made up our daily life, made it hard, not believed at a considerable. It was broken by Jimmy. He took a long, deep breath and his one eye grew steady.

"Do you know what about missionaries, Scaler?"

I set up in utter surprise. "Missionaries, Jimmy?"

"I said missionaries," he answered, tranquilly. "The bestest kind. Listen to me, now. When did you see me last?"

"You were making the usual face of yourself after the drive, at Woodville." I responded promptly, a vivid recollection of the scene coming to my mind. Jimmy, now with the concentrated frown of a week of discovery, had been looking with swollen cheeks his initials in the nose low over ceiling of an sanctuary hotel, in the interval of having drinks for a resort of other fools who had, for the most part, reached the saddle stage.

"I left Woodville for down-river, then I went up-river, then down again," said Jimmy. "I had money. After that I don't know where I went. It ended with me taking a beam and pushing a cartload of lumber with me." Here he stopped and considered me carefully. I felt rather bewildered. It was a round-about way for a "look," and I was out of cash, saying.

"I'm telling you this, Scaler, not because I need your help, but because you don't blink." He passed to let the stick in, watching me stily the while with his one cold blue eye. I added gravely, and without father promise he took up his tale.

"I was headed for anywhere, and that's where I arrived. It was dark when I started out, and morning when I woke up in the woods, and—and she was leaning over me."

"Grieved. Here, at last, was a woman! A woman of the lumber woods with Jimmy—Jimmy for her! His single eye was fixed on me, lit with an intensity of emotion. At her expression, however, emotion was promptly reflected to disgust.

"Hello!" he said. "she was sixty, if a day, and wore a shawl."

I relapsed. "What did she do, Jimmy?" I asked, hungrily.

"She didn't do anything. What would you have her do?" he answered, sulkily. "I got up dripping like

from every pocket and winking eleven stars wouldn't chase one another all over the sky. I felt like a lot of people look," he added, significantly.

"'Good morning, ma'am,' I says, polite."

"'Will yer have a cup of coffee?' she says. I kind of stammered myself and looked at her. It didn't sound like an answer exactly."

"She just laughed, and then she reached out and took my hand and led me down a little path till we came to a shack all painted white and covered with vines. There was a red on the door-step, washing at all my sins, and, beside the kitchen looked as clean as after a rain. All of a sudden the sun stopped shining around stove-like, and piled up on one another. I felt then that very and stopped inside. I weren't very steady, and then on a chair, and she brings me a cup of coffee. And she showed me a little image with white shawl on the bed."

"We peered uncomprehendingly. I kept an still as a statue. The camp red jumped in the floor from somewhere with a noise that sounded like an earthquake. Jimmy didn't notice it."

"I was sick," he continued. "I was damn sick. It used have been two or three days. All the time I kind of felt she was looking after me, and I heard talk about missionaries and beatness all mixed up with the sick things I saw. It was not all plain-like, though, every thing got very still, and I guess I must have went to sleep."

"When I got out of bed it was early morning. I felt awful shaky and hungry. The sun was shining into the window—only one of them, this time—and my clothes was folded up on a chair. She must have undressed me, and I often wondered how she did it. She was so thin-like, I wondered about lots of things before I was through, though. Well, I went into the kitchen, looking for something to eat. It was clean and awful shiny, but the only thing I could find was three potatoes under a pan. I can't pretend to raw potatoes, so I lit a fire and put a kettle on. It was time to tell them when she came in. My, but she was a weak, little old lady! The only strong thing about her was her eyes. They were just like fire, but it was a kind of soft fire."

"'Good morning, Albert,' she says; 'come like your man.'"

"You can guess how I felt, Scaler. I'd been drunk, and I'd been sick, and the only mother I ever had used to kiss me with the face of a Balacon. But she just showed three kind of smiling-like and wanted, and, and I did it."

"Now you take the path to the store," she says, "and get some sausage and tea and coffee and flour, and have it hung up to me."

"Yes, ma'am," I says, and walks out. There was another little path beside the one we had come—remembered that—and I took it. It led to the village. I'll be telling you the same later," he added, heavily, and with infinite cunning at my look of inquiry. "Well, I found the store and bought everything I could think of."

Scaler was growing in my soul. "Jimmy," I said, "how did you know when to charge it to?"

"I didn't know," he confessed, with no signs of perturbation. "I paid for it."

"Jimmy," I interrupted, still more solemnly, "how could you pay for it?" It was axiomatic that Jimmy's wealth was hidden somewhere in the week's store, and this one appeared to have lasted some hours.

"Lack was with me," he continued, calmly. "I was wondering how to pay for it myself when I happened to remember that me and another sport started to smoke money at one stage of the game. I took my pipe and pulled a four-dollar bill out of it only a little while ago. Money don't smoke only."

I shuddered. I knew his capabilities, and after all, anything may be true. "I paid for it with the bill," he said, and we both looked. "I had her I see! You had never seen her but, Scaler, she must have been nearly starved—her hair had turned white, and she could always talk like she bid, all the same."



"Head it" Africa "

was eating, too. As soon as the fishes were washed she ate down in a rocking-chair and went to sleep, and I went outdoors to look around. It was awful pretty. There were flowers and rose-bushes everywhere, mostly blue-bells and common-like flowers that don't seem dressed up—just flowers. I found one rose-bush all brown and dead-looking, and it smelled of whiskey. She must have poured my bottles on it. It made me want a drink something awful. I looked through my clothes, and they were quiet, so as not to wake her, all over the house. Nary a drop could I find and I must have had the matter of twenty joints on me when I got to the shack; I remembered I jugged like sleep-bells. Then I started down the little path I had come first. I have three men's houses where I had dropped when she found me—I never got these, though." He passed for a few moments. It seemed to me that the psychological process he had gone through was obvious. "I got tired, and it was painful-like around the shack."

"At night, after we had an supper, she got out some knitting and worked and talked." "I just sat on a chair. It seems I was her son, Albert and a missionary. What I was missing I don't know. She talked

"How?" I asked.

"I persuaded them," he answered, grimly. The modest spread of Jimmy's personifications was primitive.

"Don't be interrupting. I was tired of hanging around, anyway, so I put a job chopping. I'd be off at five and back before it got dark. She always got me breakfast, but she never thought of lunch, and I didn't want to bother her. I'd steal something the evening before. When I got home I'd tend to the hens—she bought some hens and built a place for them—and worked around the garden. After dark I'd sit and smoke. She liked to have me smoke and wouldn't begin to talk till I did, then I'd listen to her soft voice, and maybe go to sleep, and then she'd wake me and come and she'd make me kiss her and we'd go to bed. It was awful quiet, somehow. There was one day that was awful, though. I got home late and she sat me at the door. There weren't no supper cooking and her eyes were wild. "What did you leave me for, all these years?" "What did you leave me for?" she asked. "Ain't I always been a good mother to you?" and she began to sob and moan and twist her little old hands some-

it. The day before I went, while I was looking over things in the night, she sat right, she asked away and was good till night. I was tired. When she came back she had a big package. In the morning my clothes were gone, all but my pants, and she made me put on a shirt and was the place to see her," he continued, grimly. "She and they were over outside."

"What did you say her name was?" I asked in the silence that was the place to see her.

"I hated myself the moment afterward, Jimmy was equal to the question, or his simplicity was deeper than mine."

"They called her in the village the little old lady—never woman, always lady," he said, proudly. "They was called her, I know she was lonely." He remembered, "but it was such a good thingness. She just didn't seem to remember things very clearly from day to day. Kind of only kept the general run of them."

We both sat in silence. I was situated, in my the look. Jimmy, perched lightly on the edge of the croaker's basket, gazed absent-mindedly at a highly elaborated lithograph on the wall exhibiting the excellence of a race for horse-cats. I had drawn myself up to a sitting position on the pile of socks and the sweater, and stared at the stove. A valley of lumber-jack earth, unpopulated in villainous by any productivity on earth, came from the "bar," where the poker game was under full holiday.

Jimmy spoke:

"I'll give you a letter, Saker?"

I slowly got a pen, paper, and envelope, pulled out the soap-box that served me as a writing-desk, and wrote:

"Read it, Alfred," he announced.

"But, Jimmy," I said, "the post-mark . . ."

"Alfred," he rebuked, positively.

"Dean May—I take my pen in hand to tell that the letter of mine which is straight in the hand of a friend of mine who is another missionary going to Woodsville."

He passed her for breath and in gas at me triumphantly.

"All is fair and steady on the missionary job, and all send their thanks. The hundred thirty dollars is a part of what you gave me when I was a kid, and I pay back with much thanks. There is more coming. I come back after that drive. Yours respectfully, Jimmy. I mean Albert," he corrected himself.

"May I change it a little?" I asked.

"Do your damndest," he assented, gloomily. "It took me two days to make that up."

I wrote as follows:

"I have money—This letter will be mailed to you by a friend of mine who is straight in the hand of a friend named the lumberman at Woodsville."

"I need thirty dollars to pay on the amount which you advanced me as my salary and will send more later."

"All is well with me, and I shall be with you in the spring. With love,

Your son, Albert."

I read it slowly to Jimmy, and he nodded. Then he pulled a ten and four five-dollar bills from his pocket and gave them to me. I slipped them into the envelope with the letter, and sealed it.

"Have it registered," I said, as I handed it to him.

"You let your own," he answered, and went out the door, down the road toward the company's store. I was called on to write several such letters during the winter.

The drive was over. The New England spring was fairly opening with warmth and sweetness, so though each day would make up for the rigors of the winter.

The men had been laid off in the morning, and had taken complete possession of the town. Lays, he questioned the mystery of the absence, especially as by his fitness, was fast doing his daily work. By nighttime the place was a hell, the few rural representations of the last season.

I had the misfortune, early in the afternoon, to offend a drink-whisky knight of the pick-poke, and escaped my share of the night's bad luck. I was told he was hunting me, and so was positively quoted, intended to stamp out my gait. (Quite frankly, I was looking for a place of refuge. I found it when I came to another inn in the evening in the back room of a hotel. A roaring poker game was under way, but it was the nearest in a quiet place in the whole town; when the doors were shut and barred, I got a chair, I slept uncomfortably draped over the back of a chair the better part of the night, waking now and then to realize Jimmy had been sitting quietly, principally because he was the only other man in the room. Hearing came at last, and I arose wearily, and took the road toward the company's store. Jimmy was seated out of the door with me.

"I suppose you saw going back," I hazarded, for want of a better letter to say.

"Oh! You mean that damned lie I told you in the woods," he answered. "I'm going to get drunk."

The morning was silent, and Jimmy was always I perceived positively, as I paced my half-hour walk and down the station platform, on the absolute destruction of all things. I held myself in Jimmy for up on letters as a sort of a cure, and so was positively told the news back in his pocket. It was not a meeting for the first time.

Nothing was so exact by a figure emerging from the mist across the tracks. It was clad in a loose shawl, high hat, and foot-out, and walked as though in an uncertain state. One bright blue eye gleamed nervously to the right and left.

Just then she came up over the New Hampshire hills, and a man, as I had said, was sitting beyond question that the morning figures were wide open and caught the fragrance of lavender in the soft summer air.



"When I woke up in the woods she was bending over me"

all the time and kind of to herself. I had answering at first, but she didn't pay any attention or it seemed to bother her, so I stopped saying "yes, ma'am," and just sat. I found out a lot about myself by and by. I had to be careful, though. Now and then she was awful smart. I lost my eye in the cranberry field, and then, without thinking, falling down-stairs. It took a long time explaining that, and I'm not sure she believed me. She'd shoot a question at me and then put her eyes on an old tinning, and I had to answer quick. I got after it, though, and it didn't matter much, because she forgot right away, mostly. For about a week we went along just the same, me working in the garden and fixing up the wood pile, and she sleeping a lot when she wasn't cleaning everything. I found out she kept her money in an old tinpot; there was eight cents in it, and I put the rest of the ten dollars there. He never noticed it. She told me she had passed a lot of stuff I had brought from foreign parts on the white nose-bark. She thought it was cheap to make it grow. Perhaps that it was good for some diseases, but it was bad for others. I didn't deny anything. She was looking at me very sharp. Anyway, she never said nothing about it again or about me being sick. I kept thinking all the time that I'd go back to camp and sleep, but I didn't feel like sleeping. I was all right—not having a good time, but powerful-like, different from what I had been before. Well, then I found out she owed forty-two dollars at the store and they was going to bother her. I made them stop."

thing awful. I got supper, but she wouldn't eat nothing, and just kept asking me why I left her, and getting worse and worse. I finally went crazy. At last she got crying so that I couldn't stand it. I just grabbed her up and carried her around, and that kind of quieted her. She didn't want nothing, so I just humped her up and down till she began to shiver and my she was rdy. I heated some water and got her hot in it, and went by six went to sleep. It was awful."

Jimmy's mouth was twitching and good looks of sweet steel set on his forehead. I looked at the right, slender bulk of the man and marveled.

"It happened the same way once when I was late again, and once when a drunk billed one of our hens and here it is seven on a juicy hen, but that was all. He checks back to get a head of light-bredder every day, and she looks more heavy, and often, in the evening, she'd put down her knitting and sing hymns, mostly the thin, kind-sounding kind. It was great. She'd talk about missionaries by the hour and how few it was of me to devote my life to teaching some word or other—some a river boat."

Jimmy was silent a long time, slowly revivifying the past in his mind.

"Why did you come away?" I asked, softly.

"The chopping job got out, and there was no water worth there. We had only a little money—but the store was paid," he asked, in parenthesis. "I mean I was missionarying," he added, defiantly. "I took a month to break it to her slow till she got over

## Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## The Fifty-per-cent Drop in Stock Exchange Seas

In 1906 \$95,000,000 was paid for a seat on the New York stock exchange. Recently a similar seat has been sold for only \$100,000 in just seven years. In other words, the price of membership in the exchange has fallen 99.95 per cent.

Does it mean that the value of the privilege of doing business on the Exchange in the United States has fallen, or is it merely a case of the price of membership being temporarily depressed? Not a bit. The fact that the price of membership has fallen so far below its former value is not a sign of a general depression in the exchange since such a fall as this would be reflected by a general depression in the price of all securities. It is merely a case of the price of membership being temporarily depressed. Not a bit. The fact that the price of membership has fallen so far below its former value is not a sign of a general depression in the exchange since such a fall as this would be reflected by a general depression in the price of all securities. It is merely a case of the price of membership being temporarily depressed.

Intelligent answer to that question depends upon appreciation of the causes of the decline in the price of membership in the exchange. These are threefold. The first is the war which has been waged on large-scale enterprise, industrial and railroads. The second is the general depression in the price of securities, and the third is the general feeling against speculation which has been developed and which has been reflected in the price of securities. The first is the war which has been waged on large-scale enterprise, industrial and railroads. The second is the general depression in the price of securities, and the third is the general feeling against speculation which has been developed and which has been reflected in the price of securities.

There the first of these things, the war on big capital combination and the general depression in the price of securities, has operated to restrict the buying and selling of securities in the stock exchange. The second is the general depression in the price of securities, and the third is the general feeling against speculation which has been developed and which has been reflected in the price of securities.

Very much the same thing has been true with regard to railroad share-ownership. Many have brought against the railroads. The result has been that the price of railroad stock has fallen so far below its former value that it is now almost worthless. The same thing has been true with regard to railroad share-ownership. Many have brought against the railroads. The result has been that the price of railroad stock has fallen so far below its former value that it is now almost worthless.

That is the first thing that has hurt the stock market. The second is the general depression in the price of securities, and the third is the general feeling against speculation which has been developed and which has been reflected in the price of securities.

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has by no means been completed, but real progress has been made and before long the market will be able to provide a more reasonable relation between business and the government. We have been going through a period of such a nature that economic life and during the process of reorganization have become less and less dependent upon the government. We have been going through a period of such a nature that economic life and during the process of reorganization have become less and less dependent upon the government.

The second thing which has hurt the price of stock-exchange memberships is the war which has been waged on large-scale enterprise, industrial and railroads. The second is the general depression in the price of securities, and the third is the general feeling against speculation which has been developed and which has been reflected in the price of securities.

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There is an market outside in Union Pacific or Steel or the copper or anything else actually dealt in on the Board. But the market for the exchange is on a big scale and it is almost impossible to get a list of all the securities that are traded. It is not listed on the exchange at all. It is not listed on the exchange at all. It is not listed on the exchange at all.

Development of an outside market in which large-scale securities transactions could be carried out would be the effect of making stock-exchange memberships more valuable. But this has not been done. It is not listed on the exchange at all. It is not listed on the exchange at all. It is not listed on the exchange at all.

Waxman is a member of the speed market of the age or something else, according to the dean of the rhetorical corps of the nation. He is a member of the speed market of the age or something else, according to the dean of the rhetorical corps of the nation.

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One planter gathered twenty-seven barrels from his fields, and the following year could get thirteen barrels more. Bringing the land through deep soil till in the second year, he could get twenty-seven barrels more to match all they can and prison the rest with thousands of dollars worth of fertilizer. He could get twenty-seven barrels more to match all they can and prison the rest with thousands of dollars worth of fertilizer.

## Egypt's Debt to Earthworms

The fertility of the valley of the White Nile is renowned. British scientific surveys report that its remarkable productivity is due in large part to the presence of earthworms. It is estimated that for thousands of years, earthworms are reported showing that during the entire six or seven years the castings of the worms brought to the surface there amount to about 200,000 pounds an acre. Several soil casts there would make an appreciable annual layer. Darwin estimated that the castings of five worms would make a layer of soil one inch thick. In the Nile valley the layers of soil are several inches thick. The worms equally numerous after the war appear to be the cause, because the productivity of the soil is much greater than it was before. It is estimated that for thousands of years, earthworms are reported showing that during the entire six or seven years the castings of the worms brought to the surface there amount to about 200,000 pounds an acre.

## The Basque Language

It is said that though the Basque language, which speaks in the Pyrenees, is one of the most difficult of all languages to acquire, the youngest child, conscious of his own mother tongue, can speak it perfectly in it. It is asserted that, in vigor and workmanship, this is the richest of all languages. It is said that though the Basque language, which speaks in the Pyrenees, is one of the most difficult of all languages to acquire, the youngest child, conscious of his own mother tongue, can speak it perfectly in it.

## 50,000-H.P. Lightning Bolt

The "horse-power" of a bolt of lightning, which struck a house in Illinois last week, was estimated by a Viennese scientist at no less than 50,000. The calculation was based upon the fact that the lightning instantly melted ten tons of iron. The current of 200 amperes and 20,000 volts might, it is said, have accomplished the work in one second, but it took it a very small fraction of a second.

## STRENGTH

Without Overloading the Stomach. The business man, especially, needs to be strong. The stomach is not overloaded. The business man, especially, needs to be strong. The stomach is not overloaded. The business man, especially, needs to be strong. The stomach is not overloaded.

That was I was unable to give a breakfast food that had sufficient strength to load the stomach, but give me strength for the day. The business man, especially, needs to be strong. The stomach is not overloaded. The business man, especially, needs to be strong. The stomach is not overloaded.

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## A Plaque of Crayfish

A CRAYFISH of theoretical brain almost as large as that of man is the crayfish of the United States, and in some places a decided obstacle to agriculture. They dwell in various streams, which are not only a source of annoyance to farmers, but also a source of pestilence to man and stock together. Some species of crayfish are very destructive to man and stock together. Some species of crayfish are very destructive to man and stock together.







May Irwin and Orlando Daly in "A Widow by Proxy," at Cohan's Theater



Edith Wynne Mathison in a scene from "Everyman," at the Children's Theater



Lillian Russell, who has been telling audiences "How to Live a Hundred Years"



Edward Bruce (right) in "The Master Mind," at the Harris



A charming pictorial effect in "The Five Frankforters," at the Thirty-ninth Street

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

## Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts and "Greyfriars Bobby"

Mr. W. BURDETT-COUTTS, the English playwright and publicist, who was the inspiration of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, has been reading *Greyfriars Bobby*, Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson's touching story of a dog's life-long fidelity. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts received a memorial to faithful little Bobby in the Edinburgh annual which contains the grave of Bobby's master, where the dog slept for so many years.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts has written to Mrs. Atkinson the following letter, which is published by permission:

January 16, 1913, London.

IT IS A PLEASURE to the second joy give of the association of the "Grand Lady"—by which term in its fullest meaning you very perfectly denote the late Baroness—with the human little dog in an eloquently written, and review so many memories which are dear to me, that I cannot refrain from writing to you on the subject.

The Baroness noble reveal and accurate sympathies made her, in a sense, belong to the world, and your reference must be widely appreciated. But I am entitled in speech in the warmer terms of personal gratitude for the loving tributes to her embodied in the closing part of the book.

I only wish she could have read it all; and I am sure her eyes would have lingered at your sympathetic biography of the small but important percentage on whom such adoration is bestowed, and subsequently a small honor. As you know, she placed death animals very near to heaven, in the trust and knowledge of her long life, and she would have thanked you from her heart for the book, not, perhaps, because of anything in it concerning herself, but because it gives, by a natural and attractive method, heart and effect to the ethics and sentiments which made her love and protect animals.

If I had known of your intention to write about *Greyfriars Bobby* I would gladly have placed at your disposal some illustrations which might have been of use and which now hang at Holly Lodge. It was there, in the summer, that the Baroness had her good time with the dog—being, I believe, a member of the "family" as I see them now, looking back over forty years; and one turned almost like a kitten being by her sympathy, and the acute mysterious sensibility it seemed to evoke. They had a good time, too.

But as it is, all I can do is to ask if you will allow me to send you a photograph of the Baroness, which I will retain until I know this letter has reached you. It is not a large photograph, but the last and best of the ever loved lady. I had a few copies done for her birthday, and on the first anniversary of her death; and it would be a pleasure to send you one.

Believe me, dear madam, with renewed acknowledgments and regards,

Yours very faithfully,  
(Signed) W. BURDETT-COUTTS.  
To Mrs. ELEANOR ATKINSON.

## Torpedo Development

INVENTED IN 1863, the torpedo made its first appearance in 1877 during the battle of the Whitehead and the British dreadnought of 1877 weighed nearly two hundredweight, and carried thirty-three explosive pounds. The first model had twice the weight of the Whitehead, while that of 1898 carried seven times the explosive. Experiments made in 1900 of the 2,000 yard limit with the 1897 torpedo showed its speed up to be 20 knots, its penetration almost equal to a diameter of about twenty-one feet. Prices also advanced. The first models cost \$1,000. Today, \$2,000 and \$3,000 represent the values of torpedoes, although it is hoped to augment the destructive power of the machine without proportionately increased expense. Several kinds of motors have been tried. The Blue-Devil engine is favored. Experiments are generally directed toward speed development and range capacity. Rough weather and a movable target both militate against accurate shooting. Proving the object of attack to be stationary, the torpedo takes 25 minutes to cover 2,000 yards and at a light current, it is easy to make a mistake of three to four knots in the speed of the vessel pursued, and a few yards here lead a mile from the spot also actually occupied. On the other hand, the damage inflicted

by a torpedo goes far to offset this one. In the Russo-Japanese War a Russian cruiser struck by a torpedo had a hole of four square yards torn in her hull. Torpedoes remain but accessories to a ship's big guns. Not long ago it was thought impossible to engage in a naval artillery duel at 2,000 yards now four times that distance and more is possible. Meanwhile the torpedo's carrying power has increased from 700 to 2,000, perhaps 4,000 yards. True, though the proportion of gain made with the torpedo, the advantage in carrying power is in favor of the older gun. Guns, again, have the advantage of speed in loading compared with the time required to recharge a tube. The decisive phase of a naval artillery duel, in fact, will be too short to admit service of the same into trials.

Fatality today is only partly reduced in the torpedo boat, which can only attack successfully at night. The speed of the torpedo boat has increased in proportion to that of the battleship, especially in bad weather. Also, as a protection against destruction it has become necessary to arm torpedo-boats with guns, and their tonnage has, in consequence, increased by leaps and bounds. From 50 to 1,200 tons.

## Control of Wireless

AT MIDNIGHT on December 12, 1912, wireless telegraph stations in the United States, by virtue of a set of regulations recently passed by Congress, were placed under the control of the government. The enactment of the act transferred to the hands of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. While it is realized that most wireless operators are not likely to interfere maliciously with important messages, the idea of the regulations is to make it impossible for those who are less considerate to interfere without becoming subject to severe penalties. The violation of the principal regulations is made a misdemeanor punishable with a fine of \$500 or imprisonment for one year.

Such interference has been a grave menace to the system ever since the installation of radiographic communication, and the necessity for some sort of authoritative supervision over it has been recognized from the beginning. Late disaster at sea emphasized this necessity, and resulted in Congressional action. The London International Conference last June, to which the United States was one of the signatories, fixed the status of the stations doing international business, and it was on this basis that the regulations were enacted by Congress.

The regulations fix the wave lengths of the licensed stations and provide that they shall at all times be in charge of a licensed operator. They fix regular license terms both for stations and for operators personally. To insure the unobstructed use of the air by government stations the outside stations have to "keep out" in the first fifteen minutes of each hour, during which time government stations can send without interference. All licensed shore stations also are required to listen for not less than two minutes at intervals to such any distress signals that may be going. In case a distress signal is sent from any vessel, the station receiving it is to be in which the call is addressed must keep out until all business in connection with such a call is finished, which station sending out a fraudulent distress call is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Under the present law, one thousand ships under the government regulations that are compelled to carry wireless, and provided with the necessary apparatus, furnish power to the ship's radio apparatus in case of accident to the regular machinery of the vessel. Practically no means for ships without interference distance of a government shore station to operate with wireless electrical power, even in case of distress, they are required to use any power or any wave length. The Department of Commerce and Labor has authorized about 324 licenses to operators, and this number will steadily increase.

## Cutting Glass with Cord

A very ingenious and simple way has been found to cut glass tubes. A brass rod a meter and a half long is attached to the point where the cut is to be made, and a wire is hooked to the middle of the rod, causing enough friction to raise the temperature of the tube. This without loss of time, the tube is pulled from the cord and inserted into a jar of cold water. The change of temperature fractures the tube at the point of contact, exactly and with ease as pointed out as if the operation were performed with a mechanical instrument.



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By May Sinclair

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How the lives of these three cross, part, and recross just as they did first in the gymnasium's maze is told with infinite skill and sympathy.

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Gipsies

The gipsies are the most unchanging race in the world. Wherever they are found, and they are found everywhere, from Spain to Mexico, from Central Africa to Siberia, they are the same: a race of outcasts, despised by the people among whom they dwell, yet loving their own ideal unchangeable life to their bitter hair, jealous of strangers, always ready to make a living from the weakness and weaknesses of the people to whom they come. Climate seems to make no difference to them. They are a living remnant of the medieval days that "Man in the evolution of his civilization," for in all environments they remain unchanged, the same "dark faces, the same black, lank, heavy, inscrutable eyes, the same bronzed skin; change in food or conditions of living makes no mark on them, and they only take on the customs or beliefs or costumes of other races. In order the better to cheat and swindle them, a race without nationality, without laws, without a literature, without a religion, for it is said that in their tongue there is no word for God, none for the soul, none for immortality.

Where did they come from? From Iberia, say the French, but they are not really Iberian, nor more northern than those elsewhere. From Egypt, they sometimes say, themselves, to get a better price for their wares. But there is nothing peculiarly Egyptian about them. It really they came from India. Their strange language shows that; patently gleaned from the knowledge of strangers, it has yet been learned, little by little, and comparison shows it to fall of Hindu words, words that you may hear, even now all over the north of India, from Peshawar and Gipsy's country, the Indus and Ganges valleys, to the Hissai and the Bay of Bengal.

Surprising, perhaps, at first blush, that there should be nations of low-caste or outcast Hindus scattered all over Europe, and even wandering through the byways of America, but what strange because we do not think about it. It is reality. Europe is full of Asiatic peoples. For long centuries they came pouring in, especially through the gap between the Ural Mountains and the Caucasus. The first to come, "Scythians the Russian and you led the Tartar," may remind us that the great Tartar invasion, under the grandson of Genghis Khan, conquered all eastern Europe and swelled the Tartar tribes all down the east Yelge Valley, across the steppes, and along the shores of the Black Sea. "Mongols" is the name of the Tartars, as it is in the heart of Russia, but the Tartars are also Asiatics, so are other peoples, like the Finns. No all eastern Europe is soaked with living blood, and if so many people came from southern Asia, why should it be incredible that one race should come from southern Asia?

It seems probable that the gipsies drifted into Europe in the wake of their Khasia invasion, when he came down the Rasia with his vast forest-troops of Tartar hordes, built a million of his tents. The gipsies came from central Asia, whether they had been driven from India, by the Sapharids and distributive in the reign of Mahmud of Ghazni, after also hundred years ago. It was about 1235 that Batu Khan and his host-cavalry from beyond the Caspian Europe. And a century later, driving bands of gipsies were scattered through eastern Europe—Moldavia, Hungary, and Poland. But a horde of gipsies made their appearance in southwestern Germany, claiming to be Chaldean gipsies, from little more than their Christianity was about as genuine as their Egyptian origin. Their distinctive, vagabond character was already manifest then, and they were driven from northern Germany, to begin their perpetual wanderings there, every thirty or forty years, and in the time to cross over to America, in the wake of the white-men, as they crossed from Asia to Europe in the wake of the Tartars.

But the great bulk of them still remains in the Danube Valley, where they find agricultural more profitable than any. In Romania, there are between a quarter and half a million of them. In Transylvania, which is no doubt corner beyond of Romania, there are a hundred thousand more, while Serbia and Hungary had thousands more from their own considerable differences in the different countries. In Servia, the leveling power of which has effected a unity, they are, however, the object of being the alien, either on the condition of the mass of the peasantry. In Serbia, therefore, though they still are their own race, and are not allowed to exercise the rights and powers of citizenship, the gipsies are perhaps, in their own right, the most persecuted race in any other country in Europe. In the Serbian war of liberation,



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the gipsies fought valiantly by the side of the Serbians, and they have a certain dignity and the comparative wealth of a more or less settled community. In India, they were in all probability a caste of smiths, which in part explains their own industry, for so smiths as they were they show considerable knowledge and skill. In Romania, on the contrary, the gipsies were formerly captured, they were captured, and held as slaves, and were treated with a savage ferocity and cruelty that even the worst of our modern slavery never approached. They were without rights, without protection, with no legal name, and in the estimation of their cruel owners, they lived in their number and without any money, and they were sold for less than many of the lowest negroes. Happily, however, the present ruler of Roumania, King Charles, has completely removed the last vestiges of this disgrace from his country; the Roumanian gipsies are completely emancipated, and those among them who pay taxes are given the privilege of casting a ballot.

Names that Cheer

Between Jacques An, the first name in the New York City Directory of 1911, and Marie Zemanek, the last, there are many additions, some of which were compiled by the editor of the World-Telegram. With the exception of February, September, October, and December, every month in the calendar has a living triumphant. Mary May is the prettiest. The list of the names is as follows: Miss Alice Cook, James Cook, Andrew J. Miller, Charles Henry, William Ferry, Ronald to glory are Marie Angel, Elias Apostle, Thomas Henson, Charles F. Pander, and Oscar E. Saint.

The reader is always with us, as witness William J. Brown, Agnes D. Tread, J. Harvie Dew, John F. Frost, Harry H. Hunt, Elizabeth G. Smith, E. B. Hancock, Mollie Wray, and A. Wind. The loveliest names are Lucy Darling, Etanah Fair, Tom Hagg, Pauline King, May Linsky, Mary Lorenz, Sarah Thiry, Mollie Peahy, Mary West, by way of whom we find Mrs. Hensley, Alan, Lager, Fort, Eickey, Sherry, Winnet, and Wierbraye. Naturally, too, we discover Frank Healy and the following social and industrial reflections: Commodore Frank, Frank Abraham Eagle, Harry Fallon, Julian Paul, Alfred R. Goldbach, Irene Horn, David Long, Barbara Low, Edward M. Parrot, W. J. Fagan, Edward Sealover, Henry M. W. Swan, Joseph Eberhart, A. M. Ford, John H. Helm, J. Ed. Lamb, A. Lou, A. Lova, Benjamin Muir, Sid Tiger, A. Wolf, Fred Ives, Axel Smith, A. Knack, Joseph Wray, Anna Worm.

Pine and Hemlock Paper

One of the interesting examples of governmental assistance to special industries is that of the cooperative work conducted at the Forest Products Laboratory, Warsaw, Wisconsin, by the Department of Agriculture and a pulp and paper-making association. The growing scarcity of spruce and hemlock, the approved paper-making woods, has led to attempts to utilize other woods, and industry has developed several promising by-products of pulp-making. Experiments to determine the value of hemlock and larch pine as substitutes for spruce have been particularly successful. Not only have very promising sheets of pulp been obtained from hemlock and larch pine, but paper has been made from them on commercial machines which has all the strength, flexibility, and appearance of high-grade paper. The use of this cheaper material would seem thoroughly practicable. Pulp composed of mixtures of hemlock, larch pine and spruce also shows good paper.

Gluttonous Birds

Chorus in proportion to their weight, probably eat more than any other living thing. It is a mystery to naturalists how the orange-footed booby gets so accreted meat. The dove was found with 600 peas in its crop; another, in captivity, was known to eat 100 bushels of grain, but a third devoured 600 acorns. The robin often eats 15 times his weight in trout-fry before he is full, and a hen with chicks has been observed to devour 475 times in the course of a day. The duck is reported to eat 100 times as much as 2,000 mice in the course of a month, besides other food. To the month of a young bird were found three trout, and a hen was seen to devour 100 mice. Another was found with over small trout in its mouth, a mouse, and a thrush, evidently in the way to lay. The honey-creeper bird seems to have an appetite equal to that of the adult.



# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1913

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## The First Act of President Wilson

When President Wilson declared, in opening his inaugural address, that "there has been a change of government," he spoke the literal truth. It was a change from government of the people by an individual and from government for the people by an oligarchy, to a government by the people, acting through their chosen representatives. But government itself "still lives," vibrant and wide-voiced, unshaken and unchangeable.

It was but natural that friends of the new administration should deplore its unhappy legacies. Even so, it was not the problems themselves that made for apprehension; it was their insolence. The question of time with respect to independence of the Philippines could await impartial investigation. The granting of stretched or territorial rights to Porto Rico was a matter which obviously demanded painstaking consideration. The diplomatic embroilment with Great Britain must take its normal course. But Mexico was a burning issue, Cuba was threatening, and South and Central American republics were on edge. Time was of the essence of understanding, of declared purpose, of definiteness.

Truly, the situation was disconcerting; and yet, is it not already apparent that the circumstance was fortuitous? For the occasion faced the man. A timid President would have procrastinated; a vainglorious President would have issued vain pronouncements. Mr. Wilson did neither. He acted with the requisite promptitude, with the requisite firmness and consideration, and with the calm dignity which befits the responsible head of a great nation charged with mighty obligations to weaker peoples.

We believe that we are well within the mark when we say that no act of any President in twenty years has produced results more immediately beneficial, from combined reasonance and indicated resoluteness, than this initial act of President Wilson. The peoples for whose fair opportunities to cultivate peace and prosperity we have become so largely responsible are informed at the outset precisely where they stand in the estimation of their virtual guardian, and precisely what they may expect in the way of protection and encouragement. And so do we of the United States—which also is of vital importance.

Better even than the definiteness of this understanding and the promptness of its declaration is its rightfulness.

"The United States," says the President, "has nothing to seek in Central and South America except the lasting interests of the peoples of the two continents, the security of governments, intended for the people, and for no special group or interest, and the development of personal and trade relationships between the two continents, which shall rebound to the profit and advantage of both and interfere with the rights and liberties of neither."

Here is no violent protestation at unfounded as-

pendencies, no baitment, no assumption of either moral or physical superiority, no one of the many careless expressions which have proven so exasperating in the past; nothing, in fact, but a simple voicing of the real spirit of our own people; simple, but convincing.

And yet it must not be understood that tolerance of lifeless, that we are mindful of our duties to civilization, or that we forever for our moment the basic principles of popular government. The Monroe doctrine, sanctioned by the world for nearly a century, still lives as an integral and inalienable part of our national existence. Primarily for our own protection, conformably to usage among nations from their beginning, no foreign monarchy shall establish itself upon this continent; but incidentally, though no less essentially, respect and oppression of the helpless is forbidden. One has but to contemplate what might, what surely would, have happened in South and Central America during these many years, but for the restraint enforced by our great declaration, to appreciate the magnitude of the indebtedness of the feeble sister republics to our own powerful nation. In return for this service of incalculable value, we ask what? Territory? No. Concessions? No. Advantages over others for our citizens? No. What then? President Wilson puts it clearly.

"Co-operation," he says, with tactful consideration, "is possible only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government, based upon law and not upon arbitrary or irregular force. We hold, so I am sure all thoughtful knowers of republican government everywhere hold, that just government rests always upon the consent of the governed, and that there can be no freedom without order, based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval. We shall look to make these principles the basis of mutual respect, respect, and helpfulness between our sister republics and ourselves. We shall lead our influence of every kind to the realization of these principles in fact and practice, knowing that disorder, personal intrigue, and defiance of constitutional rights weaken and discredit government and injure none so much as the people who are unfortunate enough to have their common life and their common affairs so tainted and distorted."

Others have rights, others whose lives and possessions are at stake, others whom, forbidden by us to seek protection from their own governments, we are in duty bound ourselves to protect from the ravages of unconscionable strife. That we would deny to any people that which Washington declared as "the divine right of revolution" is unthinkable, but sharp must be the line between justifiable revolt and the anarchy of self-seeking.

"We can have no sympathy," adds President Wilson, becoming more specific, "with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance

their own personal interests or ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interest of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provision. Mutual respect seems to us the indispensable foundation of friendship between states as between individuals."

"From these principles," he concludes, "may be made so much of the future policy of this government as it is necessary now to forecast; and in the spirit of these principles I say, I hope, he permitted with as much confidence as earnestness to extend to the governments of all the republics of America the land of genuine, disinterested friendship, and to pledge my own honor and the honor of my colleagues to every enterprise of peace and unity that a fortunate future may disclose."

So it transpires, perhaps to the surprise and surely to the chagrin of the ZELAYAS and the CARRAN, that a change of government or of governing principles and governing men does not and cannot mean unshelved license so long as "the government at Washington still lives." The doom of "dollar diplomacy" does not and cannot imply encouragement of lawlessness and riot and subversion of that peace and order which is "based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval."

That the warning was needed is apparent. The worst element in Cuba lost no time in inviting it, and the picture, shown by the reception accorded the susceptible Venezuela at the Executive Mansion in Albany, were waiting and watching, like vultures eager to spring upon exhausted and helpless prey. But now they know, as they never understood so unmistakably before, in whose behalf this nation stands ready to "lead its influence"—its influence "of every kind."

It is a statement, says the *Evening Post*, "justacular enough for its purpose, and no more, combining a maximum of impressiveness with a minimum of offense."

"The President is quite right," admits the *Tribune*.

"In short," says the *Sun*, "the Wilson administration will not be hoodwinked and is not to be trifled with."

"There is not," says the *World*, "a word of encouragement here for the big exploiters, not a word to lighten a mindless uprising, not a word to stir the greed of a dictator disguised as a deliverer, and not a word to predile the sales of stocks and lands in the United States by marauding corporations. It is all for liberty, independence, justice, and democracy, the national honor and good neighborhood. It is true that it contains a warning, but there is also a benediction."

And so throughout the country.

Great is the power and inestimable the value of intelligence in high places.

## The Bill, Small Voice that is Crying

The orator picture-show has shut up and moved to Chicago. It was a noticeable show, and we are glad to have seen it. It was a great many inquiring minds took in what Mr. KENNEDY (C) had to say about it in the WEEKLY last week. So many clever and sincere people have talked about the exhibit in a fashion that showed perplexities in the minds of the simple that Mr. C's own speech was comforting and much appreciated.

This is a very exciting world just now, and full of futurists in all the lines of endeavor. Our good friends the social-split folk seem to need working as much as anybody. Their new sensation about the wages of girls is capable of making much mischief unless it is handled with judgment. That it is a wholesome sensation, and so is the prevalent disturbance about prohibition, which is had to talk about, and all the more needs to be discussed. We seem to be suffering from too much commercialization of life. The apparatus in all things has been developed at too much cost of the living creature, and the living creature is now getting situated. That is right, and good will come of it, but will come, as does, in the old-fashioned way, and we must, in the end, to wade the mountains and break the rocks, an earthquake, a fire, and after the fire a still, small voice. And it will be that voice, and not the gale nor the earthquake nor the fire, that we shall finally see embodied in legislation.

Just when we are now in this process is neither for the personal judgment of the simple, which is had but it blew hard and the mountains of politics were rent, and we had a shake-down, and there seems almost warrant enough already for listeners for the still, small voice to be attentive.

## Reasoning

People who keep in mind the way our tariff bills have been made, and the way tariff-reform movements have usually been defeated, might well have been troubled at some Washington correspondence of the Charlotte (North Carolina) Observer, printed on the 11th, which began as follows:

WASHINGTON, March 11th.—It became definitely known to-day that since Congress adjourned, Senators SIMMONS and ORINMAN have been very industrious in the formation of a group of Senators from states adjoining North Carolina.

It is thought that these Senators, who will be prepared to stand together for the protection of the interests of the Tar Hill State when the time comes for re-adjusting schedules in cotton, tobacco, and other state industries.

This movement is being looked out for, and, for defense, groups have long ago started giving of warrent. A group of Democrats from seven Middle Western states initiated the idea, and the Senators from the cotton mill states of the South are simply looping in. It was rumored to-day that the Non-Confederates are also forming a similar organization to protect their manufactures.

The Observer's correspondent went on to state that similar sectional groups, with similar sectional objects, were being formed in the House. In other words, he pictured the precise state of affairs which to sincere low-tariff men would seem most ominous, and to protectionists most encouraging. Naturally, however, being a protectionist paper, he rejoiced editorially.

It is, therefore, highly reassuring to note that as promptly as possible Senators ORINMAN and SIMMONS contradicted the statement of the Observer's correspondent. What they say is worthy of prominence, and for obvious reasons low-tariff papers would do well to give it publicity as a matter of record. It is over their own signatures, in the Observer of March 11th, as follows:

To the Editor of the "Observer":

We have just had article in Observer, March 11th, under the name of GEORGE H. MANNING, in which it is stated that there is a combination between certain Southern Democrats, including ourselves, with a view to support to tariff duties on certain Southern products. We wish to state with all possible emphasis that the statements in the article, as far as we are concerned, are without a scintilla of foundation. If there is any such movement among Southern, Western, or Northern Senators as described in Mr. MANNING'S article, we have never heard of it, and we are our own best in such movement.

LEW. S. ORINMAN,  
F. M. SIMMONS.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 12TH.

Let us not promptly and gladly accept as entirely sincere the statement of these two eminent Senators. Let us not be led by the Democratic Senators who are similarly under pressure from protected interests in their own states will stand by the platform and principles of their party, support the President, and obtain from every form of log-rolling. Even such Democratic Senators

as sincerely believed that it was right to grab what they could in the making of a protective tariff by Republicans must see that the case is different where it comes to a far-revenue tariff undertaken by Democrats. Even a Republican protectionist may well feel that the time has come to try a Democratic tariff, and that it would be wrong to defeat or confuse the experiment by any of the old methods.

## The Tariff Reform Republicans

The new tariff, we repeat, ought to be made by Democrats. It ought to be made by Democrats who believe sincerely in the tariff-for-revenue policy, and both the Democrats and the Republicans who believe in the tariff-for-protection policy ought to give them a free hand. That is the best way to carry out the will of the country as expressed in two general elections.

There is, however, another factor in the situation. There is a group of Republicans, headed by Senator LA FOLLETTE, committed to some measure of tariff reform. These men have not the least objection to the tariff-reform policy. In the House they supplied an impressive percentage of the majorities that carried the DUNDON bills. In the Senate they fought the PAYNE bill stubbornly and ably. Naturally, in view of the doubts that long prevailed as to the Democrats securing a working majority in the Senate against the Democratic disaffection, tariff reformers have kept these men in mind, and have considered the possibility of having to call on them for help.

And as we are of the prospect that this may not be necessary, there is still no reason whatever for ignoring these men, no reason why we should not accept, wherever appropriate, whatever support they may continue to give. On the contrary, policy and justice alike demand that we recognize cordially and candidly the value both of what they have done already and of what they may do in the future.

President WILSON is now, of course, the leader of the tariff-reform forces, and evidently that is the way he feels about it. His inviting LA FOLLETTE to a conference was a natural expression of that feeling, but he had already expressed it in public speeches. We see no good ground for criticism. Certainly, if recognition of any kind is to be extended, it should be open and above-board; it should not savour of intrigue and concealment.

After all, the main thing is the brighter and brighter outlook for a genuine and thoroughgoing tariff reform. We are not yet out of the woods, or free to relax vigilance. We shouldn't be till the bill or bills shall be actually signed. But the good odds are, indeed, in a good way. It is permissible to feel that the bill or bills that are now pending will lift our eyes and hearts to a prospect that the promised land is at last truly in sight.

## The Bull Moose University

Now that Colonel ROOSEVELT'S public speeches may be regarded rather as lectures than as battles, there is no reason to worry over their being so long. It is not as if they could be so counted now in the one at Philadelphia the other night, except perhaps his recognition of the fact that the Bull Moose party is not going to run the country yet while, and that its plans must be shaped accordingly. True, he isolated that all his and their present "studies" of public questions are to be left to the committee, and that they must for some time continue to be left to the party in power. It would seem that the only immediately practicable part of the Colonel's admonition to his followers is the advice to study things hard and correctly.

That advice we feel bound to commend. There are plenty of things in this country that need earnest study, and the Colonel's following ought steadily to benefit by the opportunity to study them. Hereafter, there has been need of so much hurry in the Bull Moose movement that such an opportunity has been denied. Indeed, our prominent Bull Moose actually got and proclaimed the notion that anything like deliberation was out of place in such a movement, and that the only thing to do was to pitch right in and do everything at once. We are glad to see that idea authoritatively refuted and outlaw given that it is quite reasonable to think and even "study" a bit before transferring our faulty politics and circulation. We do not, however, understand that this deliberation is going to be restricted to anything in the programme of action which was adopted before deliberation began. Its object is merely to determine the best ways to get that programme actually enforced.

Even so, it may well be worth while. It may possibly raise in some few Bull Moose minds a question as to whether there may be any way to carry out a plan of universal and immediate modification of everybody's led by government in a world that has hitherto proved a trifle difficult to govern at all.

## Going Too Far

The present President of the United States is a progressive, but it is not going too far to say that he might not have been a progressive if the advanced example had not been set for him by a past President.—The Chicago Evening Post.

To say even that is going much too far. MAY on the safe side. Say that the present President would not have been a progressive if he had never been born. That is probably true.

## France

Few Americans understand European politics. We do not pretend to. We try to avoid the usual intimations of complete intimacy with the affairs of a dozen states on the other side which our friends, amusingly enough, in various American newspapers, usually insist on making us understand. Mr. BISHOP has done a bit for it. So has the Associated Press. We wish, by the way, that Brother Simon would treat his own country's affairs with the same scrupulous intelligence with which he tells us what he thinks we can stand of European affairs.

We suffer from the A. P. dispatches that Empege is still unusually ill at ease; that Germany is particularly so; that Russia is unusually exultant; that England is about where she always is—reasonably in funds, and in hearing of the sea; that Italy is still obedient to the vast impulse of Cæsar's genius, and therefore still lean, in spite of poverty, to the lack of capture, on imperial enterprises; and that France is once more the center of the continent.

Once again, for the how many hundredth time! In both arm and navy Germany is far stronger. The cry "Oh in Berlin" was almost enough, as we saw recently, in 1918, when Prussia was only one of many little states, and not a great one. Yet we are told it is bound. We are also told that in Germany stock exchanges are paucity. There are no proprietary utterances from the Emperor. Germany is spending more money than ever on her prodigious army, but is nevertheless disturbed because the French Chambers also are apparently about to be taken captive, on imperial enterprises.

What does it mean? We sincerely trust, nothing. But in Europe, armed to the teeth, anything may at any time mean something. Read PAUL CANTAR'S articles on Germany, now publishing in one of the magazines, and you cannot escape the idea that there are limitations to the German character as to that German energy which has been for so long a time assembling this world. Read something worth while about the French and you will hardly escape a kind of supposition that they will keep on forever, in spite of their weakness, playing the phœnix and upsetting all calculations. Let a Jovis of Am or a Napoleon arise, and there is nothing that cannot be done.

Certain it is that there is happening in France a resurgence of national spirit. They have elected a man for President. Their writers are moving away from salubrious to parity. They have outdared the world in serenity. They have neglected the landmarks of Paris, but built up something that German energy which has been for so long a time assembling this world. They are extremely modern, but still, to all appearances, they are quite as resolutely France—and seem to be nothing else.

It is no wonder that Germany should be talking and worrying about Alsace and Lorraine.

## College Clubs and Merit

Wood comes from New Haven, by way of the newspapers, of social revolution at Yale, and the signing of pledges by virtually all the Sophomores not to join any of the senior societies ("Bones," "Keys," and "Wolf's Head") "until all society is abolished and the new chosen as merit clubs." "Merit" is the basis of merit! First, scholarship, public-utility, manners, money, or efficiency in athletics!

For a successful club, except where it exacts special qualifications, the only form of merit that counts for much is the merit of being acceptable to the existing members. That merit includes all the others. On the basis of that, and not otherwise, is the membership of the little college clubs as those at Yale be recruited. The Yale senior clubs will get along better if they will cut some students in their gear (little tonlike houses, abandon public life, and settle

shown into organizations of young gentlemen who like one another. Their mutual mysteries are out of date. As they now exist their university has outgrown them. They were created by it as a kind of a few hundred members, and they have managed to maintain a struggle-like procedure in the undergraduate affairs of a university with thousands of students. That is absurd. They ought to welcome readjustment, and very likely they do.

#### In Very Bad

This LADY (likely daughter-in-law) of (China) was of the best, moral, feminine kind.—*Harvard Current.*

Good heavens! "The female, normal, feminine kind"! And when did it become normal feminine to be feeble? Will the *Current* stand up—in the context, please—and explain!

#### Brother Bird of the "Journal"

On page 6 of this paper is a letter from ex-Candidate BIRD of Massachusetts, in reply to some comments of the WEEKLY of February 22d, on his suggestion that Massachusetts should publish a fair show in which everybody's policies should have a fair show. We urged Mr. BIRD not to look to the state to do this duty, but to attend to it himself, and it was a great pleasure to find shortly afterward in the new columns of the *See*, this item, to wit:

Boston, March 10th. FRANK A. MERRICK brother of the Boston Journal at MATTHEW HALE, National Committeeman for Massachusetts and state chairman of the Progressive party. Mr. HALE, of course, represents some of the honored ones of the Bull-Moose, including FRANKLIN SHERMAN BIRD of Walspole, and CHARLES H. HAYS of Cambridge.

We hope this news is true, and that Mr. BIRD is one of the gentlemen implied as above, and that there is no warmer now for us to speak of him as Brother BIRD of the Boston *Journal*.

This item makes his letter all the more interesting, though it was written before the *Journal* changed hands, and apparently before Brother MERRICK determined to sell it. He had been flogging with it for some time, and it had not gone to suit him, as he raised the price to three cents, and gave out, the paper, say, that if it did not do better on that basis he would give it away. Since it was the sole organ of the Bull-Moose party in Boston, and the only paper that Brother BIRD could count on in the late campaign to print all his speeches in full, there had to be something done, and we read that MATTHEW HALE, the Bull-Moose BANNERMAN of Boston, took steps at once as above recorded, and dropped the *Journal's* price back to one cent.

That's good, and now we shall watch with the liveliest interest the paper with which Brother BIRD is reputed to be concerned, and we hope it is going to be the very best paper in Boston and one of the best in the world.

Certainly enough it seems to be extra hard to make a first-class paper in Boston. Since it is not many of them, anywhere, but a world-wide expectation to be one of the places where they grow, and, to be sure, the *Transcript* is first-class of its kind, yet hardly, one would say, a great newspaper. Brother FRANK MERRICK, who is reputedly rightly spoke of Boston as the graveyard of children, would it be odd, but Brother STANLEY ought to know, for his memory is large and accurate. It is a fact, though, that no Boston newspaper has been able to maintain a standing and an influence equal to that of the *Republican* in Springfield, of whose founder Mr. BIRD speaks. That is a paper that no letter open without acknowledgment, not named with others, who are named, takes by its name. Who is paper in educating and civilizing the community it serves?

Brother BIRD wants to translate the newspapers. The best way to do that is to beat the bad ones with a good one and get their circulation away from them. If he can do that he will be a service of immense value.

#### Is Journalism a Respectable Profession?

Brother BIRD says, in his letter: "I have believed that journalism was a great and respectable profession."

Was he mistaken about that? Has journalism ever been respectable?

We have often wondered and passed for a noble. Journalists they have been who were respectable.—BRYANT, SAMI BOWLES, and others. Newspapers they have been and are that were respectable: the Springfield *Republican*, the Boston *Journal*, the *Evening Post*, and several others, that was justly taken by and largely ever respected! Was it not in the line of BRYANT and SWIFT, or FRANKLIN, of the elder BANNETT and

the  *Herald*, of DANA and the *Star*, of PLETCHER and the *World*, of HENNER and the *Morning Journal*? Respectability is founded on the opinion of other people, on a different matter from self-respect. Respectability rather a clinging attribute in a newspaper. The great success in journalism seems to be made by men who are rather indifferent to it; superior to it in some respects, inferior to it in others.

Respectability may be too much aimed at, too much sought, and a newspaper, that grows in an careful thought, but the key to it is that decent people are fallible and that the numbers and the methods that they respect are not always so worthy of respect as some things that they resent and disapprove. They usually hate publicity and publicity is the great medicine of demagogues. The office of a newspaper is to reveal, to offend, to often destroy, and sometimes shocking. It is seldom consistent with politeness and so it is seldom respectable.

#### Usualy

Perhaps Mr. CARR is better known as architect of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—"St. New."

Perhaps so, but usually an architect is better known as a man whose design by himself than by something done by some one else. The Cathedral of St. John, as will be remembered, is, so far, almost entirely the work of HUNTS and LA FARGE.

#### Quit Kidding Captain Bird!

Remembering upon the reported return to Texas of Captain BIRD, Mr. DUNHAM, lately chief of Texas Rangers, has observed:

Where is the white southern, bigger than Rhode Island? Where are the long climbing boots, the mirror of the Ranger and bridle than the highest mount. Where are the drab trousers and the drab horse boots, those boots, those boots, those boots? Where is that eye to threaten and command, that voice of thunder and stern tone, that heart of gold? Where is the boundless confidence of Texas? A word should be revealed. Captain BIRD McDEVITT, the terror of Texas and the pride of Washington, must be kept on eye.

This is naughty of the *See*. It cannot be that it has never seen Captain BIRD. Certainly if it looks for a person to fit the description it gives of him it will always find somebody else. Captain BIRD is an excellent man, and one of the most unobtrusive people ever. The point about him is that he is efficient, and, like other efficient men, he works with the minimum of noise and display. Captain BIRD's remarkable qualities are all qualities of the spirit. He has no show-bill clothes, no display-head neckwear (Rhode Island size), no monumental feet. He is the kind of a decent, ordinary man that you would like to have sleeping in the basement of a girls' school subject to attack by troops or rogues.

But he is a discreet, efficient instrument of justice. His line is not clothes, but character. His specialty is order. Think of the debt this country has incurred within five years to its discreet instruments of justice. Think of BRASS and the union dynamite; think of WHITMAN; think a little, maybe, of FRANK A. SMITH, to whose epithet among the West Virginia striking miners, "The Scourge of Satan" is a proper name. Think of all of others whom there is not space to specify. Then think of all the white-slaver murderers and all the black-head and red-head scoundrels who still go loose, terrorizing, kidnapping, bomb-throwing, destroying life and peace, and will keep at it until they are hunted down and killed. Think of these, and think with respect of our discreet instruments of justice.

It is a mighty high calling in these days to be a discreet and efficient instrument of justice. But Texas, they say, is pretty well cleaned up. The country's great frontier towns are now New York and Chicago.

#### Julian Hawthorne

It has never occurred that this was quite a real world to JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Son of a great reformer, he has apparently lived more in an imagined world than in this one we know. And he has been better equipped for his imagined world than for ours. When somebody put him up a question about the distribution of wealth among people who know the world for what it is and are using shares for what they are look it for granted that the prospective profits of the mines were imagined profits. They did not believe in them themselves, but they easily believed that JULIAN HAWTHORNE did; and while they deplored that his own mind should be so weak, they were, in such a way, they did not greatly by it up against him.

But people who do not know this world and its

mining shares were deceived and lost money, and so JULIAN HAWTHORNE goes to jail for a little while to do a penance.

We are sure; everybody is sure; and everybody must have their fill in an imagined world may not be so bad as in a real one.

#### More Trouble for the House of Lords

DUNHAM is an unequalled master of phrases. One can see GLADSTONE's face as the Jew killed him and his educated colleagues as a man who had just voluted. They were a disaster. But no such volute would apply, even if there were a DUNHAM to make it, to the present Liberal Government in England.

It has astonishing vitality and resistance. A little while ago, the opposition seemed confident of forcing an appeal to the country. It is doubtful if they could now really do anything. The government is so far from exhaustion or apathy that it talks, apparently, with confidence, of putting through a reorganization of the House of Lords before the present Parliament expires.

Democracy, like Christianity, is a terrible thing. It does not know its goal, but it drives on as naturally as a man does by himself than by something in which rank would count for nothing in government. We are not sure we should like to see such an England; it would be so different from the England we were brought up on.

#### Religion and the Churches

Professor FOSTER proposed that the churches be closed for a year or two to give the Christian religion a better chance, and President SHANNON, of Wesleyan, forthwith accepted Professor FOSTER's resignation from the faculty of that college, and the WEEKLY said something about it which inspired the letter from Mr. FOSTER of Flint, Michigan, which is printed on the next page. Mr. FOSTER says:

The writer of this editorial says: "It is obvious that whatever the proposition of the Christian religion goes on very extensively outside the churches." How do you mean to imply—and that will be the point, his interpretation—that this religion proposition is without the churches' approval or given impulse, or inspiration? If it means this, there are doubts in my mind.

We don't seem to imply anything, but merely to disclose an impression that there is a great deal of Christianity about which does not seem to derive immediately from any church. Also, it might be added, we suppose, that there is more or less tracking in the churches which is not Christian; but that is an old story. There always has been.

Is there anything reprehensible in the idea that the Christian religion is making gains outside of the churches? Mr. FOSTER seems rather resentful of the suggestion. Professor FOSTER, so far as we know, was sincerely respectful of the religion, but was separated from Wesleyan because he seemed to have been incapable to the churches. When you think that Wesleyan was named for the WESLEYAN, and that the special agent of the WESLEYAN was that they broke away from the roof-line churches of their time and started something on the outside—in the fields; anywhere they could find people to listen—the honor of the churchmen of that time has been made by the churches, and Bible, like the rest of that apparatus, to send drastic overhauling from time to time. So it is with the schools; so with the courts, the professions—everything. When we speak of the churches we do not quite mean The Church, which represents another idea, more inclusive and more exclusive.

Christianity exists not for the churches, but for the people. Any way as the people get it! It works outside of the churches sometimes, and always has. In the end the churches gather the crop and are helped. They should be. They are very valuable socially, religiously—every way; and they have been incapable to the churches, and Bible, like the rest of that apparatus, to send drastic overhauling from time to time. So it is with the schools; so with the courts, the professions—everything. When we speak of the churches we do not quite mean The Church, which represents another idea, more inclusive and more exclusive.

The notice about Professor FOSTER was that his talk about the churches might be in the line of a purely religious, like Dr. FOSTER's biting discourses about our colleges and medical schools.

#### A Little Of

When Mr. MERRICK took over the business of Harper & Brothers' Publishing Company, he acquired control of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and The North American Review.—*Wilmington Leader.*

Correct, except (1) that Mr. MERRICK never took over the business of Harper & Brothers, and (2) would not, if he had done so, have acquired control of The North American Review, which has never belonged to Harper & Brothers, or even controlled by them in any way.





BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING—OFFICE

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

*C. J. Budd*



He is humbly told to go into the parlor

## ENTER THE LANDLADY

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRINKHOFF

**T**HE boarding-house, in the ideal, is a substitute for home. Thousands of people leave home every year, in order to live under the sway of a landlady. In her domain they learn to become citizens; to make accurate reference to the land; to hand over the banners for work; in general, to prepare, each for himself, that he is not part of a menagerie, but a free (or free) citizen living under the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of these United States.

He is quite a connoisseur. Boarding-house rooming is an art that vies with theatrical criticism—transcends it, even. Any old corner of a boarding-house could, for a few well-chosen remarks, raise the business of a \$100,000 brokerage shop, if he were given a valance space in a newspaper, for her the advertisement—

is not taken curiously into the hold until he has met his first job on the letter. Then he is selected. Already defrauding the landlady would be looked upon with hostility. Even the gentle spirit who wanders through piazzas and parlors, and then paid a sweet tribute to home would have become a scold had he gone to live in a modern boarding-house. He knows ever so well, there will always be multitudes of the younger generation roaming board parlors and piazzas. The first station on the way is a temporary domicile, on the threshold of this place the landlady is encountered.

And so say, the wanderer is not likely to appear as the meretricious person who now stands before him. He detests her immediately. There is a wild ringing in the heart of the adventurer as soon as he is confronted by the landlady. There arises in him an ill-defined foreboding of evil, the while he is avowedly in quest of shelter, food, and varied hospitality.

At this first meeting to make the contrast between the landlady and the man's ideal of her. He expected a good, genuine, homelike, modestly dressed in old-fashioned and polite respect attire. He hoped that she and her surroundings would bespeak generosity, luxury, coziness, peace, and goodwill. Where this ideal? Perhaps from the advertisements. He had read the wail ads of Boarders Wanted. He is a prospective boarder, and he needs. He has seen curiously in her to waste him.

The advertisement had like unto this.

Large small running water, clean warm steam telephone, newly lit shaded light airy, quiet bath. Excellent appointments, excellent table.



He arranges for quarters and moves in

He rings the bell. He is humbly told to go into the parlor. There he sits and loaves nervous. What little he has already held may not be a realization of his value; or it may exceed them. In the latter case, he knows that the furnishings are probably an impulsive and brazen display in conjunction with a signally dining-room. A parlor piano is silent on the piano square.

Enter the landlady. Then and there something drops within the heart of the prospective boarder. As he gazes wistfully upon her for a glimpse of his departed vision, he knows that such tender a position. He does not believe that she has at her disposal all those beautiful things she has advertised. If she had, she would not look thus weary and forlorn. She would not enter with that nervous transparency, that nervous melancholy as if in full knowledge that a vague spirit is ever lurking in the shadow of her home.

The cause of her gloom is obvious to the experienced lover of furnished rooms. She meets so many fastidious masters of happiness (in furnished rooms) that her optimism has gone, never to return. Seeing a yard of blue in irritating work, they say—selling the substitute for a home is a task for a long time.

The visitor is shown over the house. He inspects the room on the second floor rear and on the fourth floor front. He asks a few questions. He goes to be assured in detail and cupidity. She must guard to welcome him and explain the comforts of her household. More than that, the "deposit of money" must also speak for themselves now. While the landlady is thus describing her possessions, she realizes that her visitor has formed a positive opinion upon her very exterior, and that he could not run away without speaking to her; or his opinion may have been irretrievably formed upon being told the price. Although he disliked the house at the first glimpse of the interior, or though he may have been appalled at the work, beyond the means, he must stay until he makes a pretense of looking over the appointments, or disapprovements, and then, if not satisfied, never that he will withdraw and register upon the result of his last-mentioned. All this the landlady, in her wisdom, hath known full well. She does not realize that it is wisdom that is the cause of her successful appeal. She knows that she is miserable because she has to sell the same food she serves her boarders.

Well, she treats him liberally enough, and, as his praise of this and that adds to her hope of selling him to her list of grumbling guests, she becomes more agreeable and human like. Presently he begins to like her. She has a quiet dignity that can be interpreted as hospitality and gently portions of roast.

After some deliberation he arranges for quarters and moves in. Within the course of a week or two he returns back to his first impression. He believes that she is lacking in some quality that is present in the ordinary specimen of humanity. Of course he is wrong—only wrong because he was in search of an ideal home, while she is acting in a business capacity. His dream is made the subject of dollars and cents. Now can't he say happiness unless you are willing to pay more than the market price.

However, let the landlady be described truthfully, showing at the same time, why she is misunderstood. In the first place, she has, and needs to have, what is known as infinite will power. She is a philosophical soul. She becomes more after many trials at selling happiness for so much per week. In her humble way she dabbles with human nature. In its needs and its dreams, she understands the boarder in the very depths of his soul, especially in conjunction with the market value of words and vegetables. She knows that if she were to appear more human the boarder would take advantage of the fact and inquire why he is not served with an adequate dose of beefsteak. He might even go further and demand to be informed of the mystery of mystery—why he can always sell the day of the week by the food that is served. He yearns to have a bit of choice between boiled ham and cold cutlets; and so on through the week, day by day. The landlady understands it, perhaps she does not, but she will, with her unobtainable mind, she would not order it so. And for the sake of various other details of her household she knows about the boarder. It is a matter of accurate ability and discipline. The













THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE



*Interfudes*

A PROPER DEMAND

RASTUS, in spite of the fact that he had been caught red-handed in the unauthorised appropriation of Major Hinkelomper's best breed of truffles, was putting up a pretty good fight. He was a good deal of a politician in his way, and at election time had always merited a good deal of influence with the voters of his own race and color, and there were previous few of the new progressive ideas with which the old man was not thoroughly familiar. So when the indictment against him was read as a preliminary to his trial, and it appeared that the plaintiffs in this action were "the people of the State of Mississippi," and that they were prosecuting "the said Rastus Johnson, for crimes and misdemeanors of the following nature: to wit, that the said Rastus Johnson, on the evening of the nineteenth of November, between the hours of midnight and four o'clock of the following morning, did with felonious intent break into the chicken-yard of the said Major Hinkelomper, and when there apprehended was found to have concealed upon various parts of his person seven henlets belonging to the said Major Hinkelomper." Rastus came up with becoming dignity and addressed the court.

"De I askstated, yo' honor," he said, "dat dese yere proceedings, sah, is a substituted by de people o' de State o' Mississippi?"

"That is the situation," replied the judge.

"Dee I make, yo' honor, dat dese yere proceedings is be equated, sah, on de ground dat de people o' de

State o' Mississippi ha'n't never held an referendum on de subject, sah; or at dey has, it has been without proper notification to de people o' de State o' Mississippi, an' has been put 'em on de quiet, an' he'n' dese yere trial proceeds I demands to see de returns on dat vote authentic' sah; proceeds, sah."

that we were arrested every night, and I stayed in the county jail at the county's expense. They were very considerate."

AD ASTRA PER REPARTE

"All right," said Chaffin, as he gathered himself together after her father had thrown him out of the house. "I'll have you indicted for this."

"Assault and battery, I presume?" grinned the old gentleman.

"Not on your life," said Chaffin. "Under the Sherman Act. Your daughter and I were almost to swap voters, and that kind of yours was distinctly an act in restraint of trade!"

And the old man was so pleased that he selected, and the next day the resignation was announced.

A PERTINENT QUERY

The old gentleman looked Perley in the eye.

"Can you support my daughter in the style in which she is accustomed?" he demanded.

"No, Colonel, I can't," replied Perley, "but let me ask you, sir, could you have done so at my age?"

AN EXPLANATION

"JAMES," said Mr. Wiggles in his chauffeur. "I have very good reasons to believe that somebody besides myself sees my car. What have you to say on the subject?"

"Well, sir," said the chauffeur. "I can't imagine who it can be, but—"

"Well," said Mr. Wiggles, severely.

"Well, sir, you know that car is one o' these new self-starters, and it may have been taking a little run on its own hook, sir," said James, his face the picture of innocence.



MANAGER: WELL, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN GET?

"PLEASE, MR. I'M A MOWING-BIRD."

A CANNY SCHEME

"I've let you suffer from rotten hotels on that side of yours through the mountains," said Wimpston, after Jinks had returned from a night tour.

"Not a bit of it," said Jinks. "I had things on



AS IT IS TO BE  
"LADIES, A THOUGHT: THE GENTLEMEN, GOD BLESS 'EM!"



A MATTER OF ARITHMETIC!  
NOTHING FROM NOTHING—LEAVES NOTHING



## FITZHUGH LEE

On April 6, 1865, as the main column of the Confederate Army retreated over the bridge near Ft. Fisher, he was closely pressed by the Army of the Potomac, till there remained with him but a handful of brave men. There he sat, a grand figure, in his own hand, directing the movements of the last troops that fled across.



## AT THE BRIDGE

At Appomattox, Virginia, Fitzhugh Lee held the town with a small force, gradually diminishing his front, which was  
Scated on his horse near the bridge, he calmly watched the preparations for firing it, and directed  
the last remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia. He fired the last shot and was the last to cross

# A TENEMENT BOYHOOD

BY JOSEPH COLLINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRINKENHOPF

But not until he had reached his own "block" and the door of the tenement to which he lived did he stop. Then he shot a fearful look at the clock in the father's room—and gasped with surprised joy. Teacher had gone out only ten minutes! And he had bathed her and had washed out nicely! He felt on fire. But he would make it up to her!

Momently—there was play. Now, however, that it was late, began the daily delicious agony of deciding where and what to play next. The fellows would not be around for an hour. There was no playing until night on the street, for it was too crowded with cars, wagons, pushcarts, and passersby. The doors would be closed on an afternoon like this, but they were the property of "deck gangs" and "minks" who robbed and lent all other boys they caught. The open country was miles and miles away, no matter in what direction. The boys had never seen it because it met at least two miles to go and come. And there were no playgrounds, no Howard Park or Hamilton Park, Park on the East Side twenty years ago.

There was the roof and kite-flying, of course. It had ceased for them all day at school. But there, too, was the clothes-pole in the back-yard, that he could leave all to himself at this time of the afternoon, and the out-of-door dows which he could slide on as often as he pleased without having to wait his turn. It was as hard to give up one as the other.

He was, however, not fat. He was hungry. No one climbed those flights of dark stairs to his home. "You, mother!" he greeted his mother. An usual, she was waiting at work over her wash-tub and trying at the same time to scold Maxey, the lady, who was as usual drifting on top of a pile of unfinished work from the shop. At the Boy's coming, Maxey gave a gasp of joy and stopped his usual crying, and his mother sighed with relief.

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Maxey screwed up both his eyes tightly and gazed in the glare of the sun, but after a while became accustomed and craned as presently control as he left the Boy's arm about him. But the Boy had forgotten Maxey in his dim mood. He was now comparing between big bites at the bread and butter.

"Hey, Joe-ey? Who else read?"

The Boy looked up at the fire-escape in the rear of another tenement on the next block was "Chinky" who snarling, roared and also reading a dime novel, but was hampered by a baby. The Boy yelled across the top of his dime novel.

"Fink!" yelled back "Chinky" "Peter's letter!"

"Heiter! Liden t' that!" And the Boy skinned across the yards.

"Crack! Crack!"

"Nick Carter's revolver sped right and left, dawning a hail of ever short missiles strong with snore, for their guns."

"Dr. Nick Carter!"

"Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!"

"Out with the lights!" yelled Nick Carter to him. The Detective, Crank, went the heavy lamp. The

fire was plunged in darkness. Nick Carter and Bob dragged to the door as the headlights rained toward them the detectives' guns went like wildcats.

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

"The guns' apt" yelled Nick Carter. "Har reader!"

"Crack! Crack! Crack!"

"I'll give you my book and a ten-up for a penny for your book," he offered.

The Boy weighed the proposition in a spirit of serious consideration.

"Nah, I want your book and the penny without losing for it."

"Disappointing," angrily denounced Chinky. Then he said, prophetically, "All right. Meet you on your roof."

And he started into the room out of sight.

The Boy looked the last piece of crust, tacked his dime novel into his blouse again and considered. He came went into his room through the house and up the stairs—but there was nothing to give up that night he could go up by climbing up two stories by the fire-escape and over the coping on to the roof. That would be better. Best of all, however, would be to climb down the fire-escape three stories to the yard, there to slide awhile down the cellar door, to climb up the clothes-pole for a look around, and only then to go up to the roof.

So he looked down cautiously from his legs to see if Mrs. Lipky's window was open. If it was, he would have to give up his plan for Mrs. Lipky was the wiser for to begin who related the fire-escape past her windows. But her window was closed and she seemed not to be at home.

"This was the glorious chance to play fireman without a child and to do it as the pictures always showed. The fireman, at a dizzy height, a long body over his arm, is making his way down the ladder, leaning out far above the sea of white waves looking up at him, only his trusty other hand, his hands



Mrs. Lipky had seen him pass her window

THE Boy was seeing the Spanish Main danger arithmetic on a giraffe atop he had drawn on his slate-board. Teacher spun him a world away, in a flash of temper at a post of honor, launched out at him: "You should be ashamed of yourself! Your father leaves all day in the street-sweep and your mother is nobody ever remembered it. You should be ashamed of yourself! Will you never learn to rock?"

Max was angry, and she knew it. She remembered that for a boy of ten he was a voracious reader and took no end of pains with his compositions. She regretted her words, but it was too late. Thirty pairs of large eyes turned on the Boy and looked actions reproach at him.

The Boy's face paled with the disgrace and—the justice of it.

Work! He never could understand just what people meant by work? He always wanted to do what was right and kind and never refused to help his mother. But evidently that was not work—he nobody ever remembered it. They reproached him with wanting alone to play!

Well, he did. Hearty as he was, he would give up going to play. Tired and sleepy as he always was at night, he would give up sleep to play. Work, therefore, meant he would give as he had as play was sweet to him.

At Teacher's words and under the gaze of his classmates he felt the hot tears coming. So he shouted out, to beat them off.

"I hate—but—what work?"

And it was for this that he was being kept in after school, while the clock on Teacher's desk ticked his minutes—his years—away! Already had she rubbed him of what seemed to him whole hours of golden play. Over the foremost row, through a line of seats to see the best of all, his eyes were mounting up into the sunlight sky, their heads wagging and tails cricking respectably in the brisk, spring breeze. Who could tell if another such brief afternoon would ever come again! The best part of his life was slipping away while Teacher was keeping him a prisoner for a meaningless nothing. Would she never stop writing and look up? Oh, he hated her the afternoon—she whom he had loved in secret so deeply, so dearly!

Teacher left the brass in the Boy. Looking up she said go.

"Jumping to his feet the Boy rushed out of the classroom a throb in his forehead. (Understand teacher!) She looked after him with a gasp. The Boy, as he ran down the stairs, knew that he had hurt her, and felt a glow of reverential satisfaction in his heart that quenched a little of his own pain.

And it he ran all the way to his own home block he could still snarl back some precious minutes of play of which he had been robbed. He ran—and ran lustily, shouting and gasping as a stinging pain entered his side; not as he would run the same night, on his toes, gamboled, in "prisoner's base"—"eye and tubers," and "star and"!

The crowd thrived Street he leaped into everybody. His gaze, as his breath gave out and the sills in his ears rattled low in order, changed to fear, outside. He ran, his head clasped to his side and tears rolling down his cheeks.



Chinky was already there, flying a kite

on to the ladder, being both iron being dashed to destruction or being devoured by the flames.

The boy was almost sure he could carry Maury down that way and lounge to try it. But the thought of what his mother would say if she found out troubled him. So he deposited Maury into the room and intercalated his gathering tears by promising:

"My mother's right and her house's my only grown goat Maury a nice—a nice, red apple! Yeh, baby!"

Chinky's faith in his big brother was great, so he stuck his thumb into his mouth and, with his eyes large with confidence and expectation, nodded and set down to the pile that he had received from the wire, and made the fire to begin to bring him.

The boy himself had stepped out gingerly on to the fire-escape and had begun to descend. He tried on to the stairs, iron ladder with a hook, and the other was crushed in carrying a beautiful succession, gulping hard little girl. He saw below him the sea of white strokes, but standing in looking up at him. He heard the howled shouts come up faintly to him as great tongues of flame shot out of the windows in his path.

But instead of fire, there shot out suddenly from Mrs. Lippy's window a deluge of cold water full on the boy. He gasped, choked, and almost lost his hold. Mrs. Lippy had seen him pass her window and was now leaning out, dropping pail in hand, scolding and glaring down at the boy.

A falling of water sprang in the boy's lips—blistering water that could pierce the toughest heart and scald such it. He had heard that from the boys in the truck-drivers, from fishwives on Baker Street and from young toughs and old drunkards on the Bowery in St. Charles. He had longed to hang in Mrs. Lippy's heart with them! But he hit three back, his mother would hear.

Dejected, uttering a lamentation, the glow of his imagination quenched, the boy creaked to the remaining stairs into the back yard and climbed the great mass of a clothes-pole to dry himself in the sun.

Gradually the sun warmed the chill out of his blood and his heart and imagination glowed up with visions of revenge. Now he was done, done, done, done, done was in his power. He had lined up his whole hand, and at his command they were rattling her with bullets. But that made him feel that Mrs. Lippy's wonderful jumping frog full of shot, and because it made him smile he gave up that dream and became thoughtful. Mrs. Lippy had been looking up at him. With a scintilla sleep as a razor he was working Mrs. Lippy to pieces while she was striking and begging for mercy. He only laughed heartily and hitled away.

But a glance about showed him Mrs. Lippy still whole and mopping off complacently her still dripping window-curtain.

At this moment her little son ran over into the yard to play. The boy's heart leaped fiercely. Revenge was his! Now he knew what would really catch Mrs. Lippy's tough heart as nothing else would—her little son, raised in walking. The boy slid down from the pole and made straight for Mrs. Lippy. His imagination he could hardly bear the full-throated heart of the latest woman's son—a howl to laugh it to great over!

"Hello, de—!"

Full on the boy's nose landed the boy's vengeance. The boy stopped back and looked up at Mrs. Lippy's window, anger even for the first glimpse of her stained face. But he heard no breath-stopping hand from the window. Instead there came a little girl, a little fellow, for the show and the play, had taken his breath away.

The brand leaved as if it were going to burst and great slow tears and blood came down his face. At this moment he looked so much like the Boy's own baby brother when he was suffering in love that the boy could have torn his own hair out with remorse and hated himself.

He stared long's face to his nose, started his bleeding nose, and thrust all the wealth of his own pockets so eagerly upon the youngster and begged him as respectfully not to cry, that, when the sting of pain had worn off, the boy had received a new breath. Lippy out, sobbed a little and then backed off to examine his nose's acquired wealth.

He felt further for himself, his hand touched the boy back to slide down the cellar door and left him in sole possession of it, while he himself climbed up the fire-escape again to look about. He saw Mrs. Lippy looked so happy that the clamp of remorse loosened from about the boy's heart and he felt in his place "I guess out of jail."

The postal afternoon sun warmed him and dried his water and blood soaked nose. He hid himself in a blinal, dreaming possibly. He hid the pole all at himself, the end of it, and he had received a relief from the great mat to the walls of the tenement-house being two large bedsheets together.

As the boy opened his eyes, he saw a man in the rigging of his pirate ship *Elbowed*, trimming sail and keeping a lookout for Spanish treasure galleons. But over head he heard the sea and the wind, and slowly in toward him the sheets inflated grandly in the breeze and the pulleys creaked delightedly, as still as a tickle slanted. The boy's eyes were fixed on what one hand about the mast and, watching his eyes with the other, heed but not the sea below for prey for prey.

But the evening suddenly appeared. The woman in whose still eyes the boy's side were rubbing hot her breasts, traveling away from the boy's side, and set up a yell. There was a long yell of lack from the basement, a man's angry shouts—and the mother and the boy, who had been playing in the yard, dashed out to the attack.

The mother was screaming and snatching his throat round his brutally and the boy, who had been playing in the yard, dashed out to the attack.

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who whimpers as he creeps slungly down to punishment and shame. . . .

But Maury and Maury were too wretched-out to stand out long against the spirit of his mother's hungry for play. Ten minutes later the last snuffle died away on the tenement stairs as the boy climbed them to his key to the roof.

Outside the door of his own home he stopped to listen for a moment. Maury was crying again and he could hear, above the snuffle of his mother near the washboard, her attempts to soothe the baby.

"Yes—yes, baby! Maury's coming! Don't you hear Maury coming! He'll play with baby!"

But no third sound but voice that it served on conviction even with Maury. He would stop crying for a moment at Maury's name and begin again when there was no Maury forthcoming.

rolled the last line of his page to only ten minutes of flying of Chinky's kite, instead of all the time till the follow came.

Chinky deliberated. The Boy took his *Express Mystery* out of his house to assist his decision. Chinky at once noticed the wretched condition of the dime novel and promptly withdrew the penny from the offer. The Boy was taken for a moment aback. Recovering peace he pointed out that the book was stained with real glue and announced as his final price Chinky's original offer—the penny would have to be "traced." For Chinky would have to glue it with the dust before the Boy counted three.

"Oh—oh—oh!"

"All right!" yelled Chinky, loudly.

The Boy had the "two-up" and the penny went back to Chinky's pocket. The Boy headed him the soggy



"School for you, Joey—school, as long as father and I have breath in our bodies!"

How the Boy yearned to rush into the house. He could just picture Maury's gurgle of delight and the glad relief with which his mother would sigh—she would so find! But, no, he could not do it! If he saw his heart—but he could not give up the roof that afternoon! The hours were so short and the roof were following, outright, lower, and sport to fill his heart like a heavenly draught for which he was parched. For one glad hour then on the roof he would give up hours and hours even out of his sleep!

An inspiration! That was it! He would work—work like a slave that night in return for his play! His mother, to help make both ends meet, subsisted on his father, where that in the unshined coats from the shop every night after he and his father went to bed. But that night the boy would make his mother go to sleep and he would work on the roasts himself. He knew how he could pull out the bastings, which was a large part of her work! Oh, he knew at last what work meant—and he would do it gladly, eagerly.

"Only phone, and just now—just now!" his lips began, proudly of something inside. And shouting out of his own Maury's crying and his mother's tired voice, he led on the stairs and stumbled out on the roof, blinking gladly in the cold of the afternoon sun.

Chinky was already there, firing a kite from the top of a brick chimney, and eager for the breeze in show matter. You can't, in fact, let her go good. For the Boy, observing his neighbor, announced that the price of the *Express Mystery* had come up. It was now Chinky's dime round the penny—and he followed with a certain zeal Chinky's kite soaring in the heavens—

and the boy, who had been playing in the yard, dashed out to the attack. Chinky glared and gulped with indignation and waddy landed the Boy, and went off, to get straight to the bottom of the matter. He was so angry that Chinky, who had been playing in the yard, dashed out to the attack. Chinky glared and gulped with indignation and waddy landed the Boy, and went off, to get straight to the bottom of the matter. He was so angry that Chinky, who had been playing in the yard, dashed out to the attack.

*Express Mystery* and received from Chinky the last string of Chinky's kite—

"But only ten minutes, mad lad!" warned Chinky, and, sitting down at the foot of the chimney, was now passing the mail bundles with Nick Carter.

The Boy himself, kite string in mouth, climbed to the top of the chimney and was now crawling out there in a hunched and wretched manner. His body around the smoking brick and thick smoke that came out of the first, third, and fourth vents, and made full use of the narrow, six-inch margin between the vents and the edge of the chimney—which was also the edge of the roof.

He lay low up, the kite-string gently pulling to his head. High above him he saw, between ill-lit shafts like, the kite itself—great beauty—graciously soaring and nodding. The sun and the breeze playfully jostled each other to cross the Boy's face—now one the stronger than the other. The Boy had then gone over his lips and eyelids, while the breeze buffeted down under the opened curl of his shirt to his neck and bosom. It whimpers and puffed gently in his ear as a kitten's paw. Though the Boy's mind there dithered the long, long dreams of Bordeaux.

From different roofs, by ones and twos, like cats to the call of crying, kite strings he heard, but himself in 'dreams, while the sun shone and the breeze blew and the kite-string murmured if you put it to your ear each picked out his chimney and set to kite-flying.

Each kite, in this best of perfect sun and wind, that speak was sufficient. So such as he lay on his chimney-top, kite string in hand, feet himself in 'dreams, while the sun shone and the breeze blew and the kite-string murmured if you put it to your ear each picked out his chimney and set to kite-flying.

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Olive Wyndham in "What Happened to Mary"



Ruth St. Detie in her Japanese "dance play," at the Fulton



Copyright, 1914, by Charles Frohman  
John Mason (left), Charlotte Ives, Martha Holman, and Julian L'Estrange in a scene from "Liberty Hall," the old comedy revived by Charles Frohman to celebrate the opening of the Empire Theater twenty years ago

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS



**When Spring Days Come**

When Spring days come and I have  
 ought to do,  
 I jump a rest beneath some spreading tree,  
 And gaze aloft into the heaven blue,  
 And think of all the wonders sweet and true.  
 A gracious father hath prepared for me  
 The earth all fair, upon whose verdant breast  
 The sun doth sit, as on a throne;  
 The freshness of the air; the songs of birds;  
 The crooning hum of the distant herds;  
 The lovely mysteries  
 Of budding trees;  
 The dawning beauties of the garden  
 The violet, the daffodil and rose;  
 The saffron hills now growing in the sun  
 The twilight brightening when day is done.  
 These things delight  
 All ears and eyes,  
 Whatever may amaze,  
 In me, as in each other,  
 Therefore is crying I love to rest and  
 brood.  
 On Good-Friday,  
 JOHN KENNEDY BAYNE.

**The Revenue-Cutter Cadets**

The public is familiar with the history and traditions of West Point and Annapolis and with the system of discipline and instruction of our country's future generals and admirals, but it knows little of the hawker but not less rigorous life of the young men who are trained at that most important branch, the revenue-cutter service.

Entrance upon cadet life in the revenue corps is attended by conditions vastly different from those of the other governmental institutions. Arrives with the candidate's register are an agreement to follow general and admirals, but it knows little of the hawker but not less rigorous life of the young men who are trained at that most important branch, the revenue-cutter service.

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**Hunting the Mammoth**

More than once a complete mammoth skeleton, skull and tusk has been found in the perpetually frozen ground of northern Siberia not far from the ice-bound coast of the Arctic Ocean. Whether there are many more mammoths there still, to be discovered in future years, in this cold and great continent of the North Pole, is not known. Discovered in 1801, and the first was still quite fresh and greedily devoured by the dogs of the

Mammoth formed a steady article of diet among the early races which inhabited Frigid Asia in the warmest intervals of the great Ice Age, when Scandinavia, northern Germany, and the British Isles were a deep hinter sea, and covered with snow and ice exactly like that which covers Greenland at the present day. In those times, the mammoth was common. It has been estimated that there were a hundred thousand years ago, the climate of southern France and northern Spain was probably much the same as that of Labrador today, when to us about the same phase of latitude. This climate was exactly suited to the woolly rhinoceros, the reindeer, the bison, the musk ox, and the large breed of horses very similar in the American horse or mammoth of today, which is a direct descendant of those which they sawed the Western prairie two or three generations ago.

**Told All Their Friends**

The fact that dogs have a way of communicating with their kind is well illustrated in a very singular and amusing fashion in a certain district in south Georgia where no yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals.

One bitter night, as a "cold wave" frequently brings to that locality, a Georgian farmer, who has a dog, and a cow, made for the comfort of domestic animals.

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**Worth Looking Into**

The choice of a table beverage frequently has much to do with the health and happiness of a family, not only the children, but grown-ups too.

**The New Food Drink**

This new beverage requires

**No Boiling**

It is regular Postum percolated at the factory and reduced to a soluble powder.

**A Level Temperature**

A level temperature in a cup with hot water, and cream and sugar to taste, produces a very fascinating beverage instantly.

**Instant Postum is free from caffeine or any harmful ingredient.**

Sold by Grocers everywhere, 90 to 100 cup tin, 50c-40 to 50 cup tin, 30c.

**A trial tin (5-cups) sent for grocer's name and 2c. stamp for postage.**

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 312 N. 1st St., Minneapolis, Minn.

**Macaroni and Spaghetti**

In the modern macaroni factory, when the dough has been well stirred and kneaded in a powerful machine, it is ready to be formed into macaroni, which is of about half an inch in diameter, or into spaghetti, which is a solid stick of about one-eighth inch in diameter.

The dough is forced, by hydraulic pressure, through a cylinder with a flat circular bronze die at the bottom. This macaroni die, or mold, contains many holes each of diameter of one-fourth of an inch. Each hole has adjusted within it a small pin, directly in the center. This is the device whereby the "hole" in the macaroni is made. The pin divides the dough on one side as the mass starts through the hole, before the dough arrives at the end of the hole, however, the divided sides come together, making a perfect tube.

In the case of the spaghetti tube, the extrusion only pulls back about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, arranged in groups. When macaroni and spaghetti emerge from the cylinders, the next step is not then into series lengths, some depending upon the mode of curing or drying to be pursued. Sometimes this curing or drying is done on trays and sometimes over racks.

It is highly important to the macaroni industry that there should always be a constant supply of freshly milled durum wheat macaroni. For the most part, the chemical analysis is necessary to determine the percentage of gluten and starch, and whether they are present in the proper proportions, in order that they may be obtained a well balanced product of proteins and carbohydrates.

Macaroni made of fresh durum wheat macaroni flour, where a portion of the flour is very much like that of the macaroni. Moreover, it is translucent, inviting to the eye, and it is very tender, and is the best macaroni, will not be translucent.

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**The Mussulman of the World**

Transient periodicals publish statistics of the Mohammedan population of the world; and although it is difficult to arrive absolutely the statistics of a country whose name and flag are imperfectly kept, the approximate results are as follows:

The Ottoman Empire contains 25,000,000 Mohammedans, 10,000,000 in Europe and 15,000,000 in Asia. But of these not more than one-half profess the faith of Mohammed.

The Russian Empire has quite a proportion of the followers of Mohammed, and in the British India there are some 5,000,000 Mohammedans, mainly in Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, and elsewhere. It is estimated that there are about 20,000,000 more. The Dutch colony of Java, with Borneo, the Philippines, and other adjacent islands, contains several millions of Mohammedans.

All the northern and central part of Africa rests firm in the faith of the Prophet.



**Worth Looking Into**

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**The New Food Drink**

**INSTANT POSTUM**

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"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 312 N. 1st St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Canadian Postum (Instant) Mfg. Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

# FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## The Influence from Abroad

AN ESTIMATE OF THE BEARING OF THE DISTURBANCE IN EUROPE ON THE SITUATION HERE

**S**OME \$100,000,000 worth of American stocks and bonds are owned in Europe. What would be the effect on the markets here if securities elsewhere were allowed to make the owners of those securities suddenly anxious to recall their own small part of the "holdings"?

Because of the fact that in this country the gold market is "free"—that is to say, that the supply is unregulated, the government or anybody else—may not of the three great markets of Europe as in a position to take practically no such gold from here as it is willing to pay for. Suppose the development of such conditions abroad so might determine the great foreign banks to cease here for a really large amount of gold, even if they had to pay a stiff premium to get it. What kind of an effect might that be expected to exert, with the banks, so that it is able to show only the thinnest kind of a margin of gold holdings above legal requirements?

Is the "foreign situation" really of great dominating importance as a market factor? With the above considerations in mind, not a great deal of room for doubt on that score would seem to exist. The revision of the tariff may be accomplished in a way satisfactory to manufacturing to large business interests, and the revision of the steel tariff of "London" may be put on a basis pleasing or displeasing to the "steel," but if Europe really starts to sell out her securities or pull out her money, that is going to take precedence of everything else. Let that once begin and it will really mean to see what is the dominating factor in the market.

But Europe has owned our securities all along, and the big foreign banks have always held this potential control over the gold supply—why should there be any particular anxiety to pull out their money?

Money in Berlin at the time of writing is worth about per cent, and in Vienna has lately been as high as eleven. In Paris the exchange rate of the Banque de France is steadily maintained at the figure touched when the 1907 panic was at its worst, and gold even in the smallest amount is in demand. Turkey and the Bank of London are even more difficult to get, the "Old Lady" maintaining her official bearing rate at the high figure of 10 per cent, with every prospect of an advance in rate in the near future.

To the question as to what is responsible for the trouble in the foreign financial markets only answer is possible—the war between Turkey and the Balkan states. And yet to say that the fight in southeastern Europe is directly responsible for present conditions would be anything but an exact statement. The trouble, it is true, was originated by the commencement of hostilities in the Balkans, but had it been merely a question of a war between Turkey and her neighbors, could never possibly have reached the stage it has. From the original root of the trouble other and far more important roots have grown. There is, in the first place, the aggressive attitude developed by Austria and the resulting danger of a clash among the first-class powers. There is, in the second place, the development of a new power of hitherto unimagined strength and which has completely upset the existing balance. Paris and London are not worried because there is a fight going on in the Balkan Peninsula. What worries them is, first, the danger that what is now to arranging terms of peace Austria and Russia interference will make serious trouble, and second, that as a result of the creation of a new and powerful Slavic nation in the southeast of Austria and Germany, there will have to be a radical change in existing conditions, diplomatic and military.

What, however, interests us far more than the cause of the trouble in Europe is what it is doing here as a result. Because Germany considers it necessary to add largely to her fighting strength we have no corresponding increase to make in our gold. The disturbance of the political balance in Europe makes any particular difference to us. But what does make difference to us is the threat to which the disturbed conditions abroad will result in the selling of American securities and foreign holdings of American gold. Already we have been called upon to take back a very large amount of gold from Europe. How much farther is the selling movement likely to run? Already Europe has taken out of the pockets of our banks more than \$100,000,000 of gold. How much more of the previous metal—gold—prevents it is at the present time when the banks hold so little of it—may we be expected to lose?

Bearing as the first of these two questions—the probable extent of foreign liquidation of "American"—the fact that, prior to the outbreak of the trouble in the Balkans, a yearling selling movement was in progress here and here and here is the most important. Back in the summer of 1911 when the controversy between Germany and France concerned "Maurice Auguste" and the "banion," Europe started to sell out her speculative holdings of "American." Later in the year when the situation became acute and the French bankers brought Germany to a stand by withdrawing funds from Berlin and almost precipitating a panic, the selling increased largely in volume and a good many million dollars worth of American shares and bonds were unconsciously dumped on the market here. Nor, when the crisis was finally passed and the threatened war averted, was any remarkable progress of these securities repurchased by the foreign sellers. There was, actually, some little taking back of securities indicated when the post-war "gold buying black" led to one knows better than the houses handling this kind of business on how moderate a scale these repurchases were. Furthermore, very shortly after that (that was at the beginning of last year) political conditions in this country began to develop in such a way as to undermine the confidence of many foreign holders of American securities, with the result that the selling movement was resumed and on a substantial scale.

All of which is important in showing that when the Balkan trouble broke out late last year, Europe, so far as speculative holdings of "American" are concerned, was pretty well sold out. The great bulk of the speculative holdings abroad were, consequently, liquidated, but in the accounts of those great European banking-houses and wealthy individuals who are generally referred to as the American market from a speculative standpoint, relatively few securities remained. Actual outbreak of hostilities, therefore, cannot be held responsible for the foreign selling that might have been expected. The liquidation of earlier in the year had set, of course, except the state of affairs in the world, and the selling of speculative and semi-speculative holdings, but the total of these sales was not very great. The fact of the matter was that when the Balkan trouble broke out, the "exchange" of "exchange" of the amount of our stocks, and that three simply wasn't such to sell.

That is, as we have seen, the present, for during the months since the Balkan allies declared war on Turkey, Europe has certainly taken on no fresh supplies of American securities. The American market, judging from the number of old certificates coming to the brokerage houses from the other side, there has been quite a little liquidation of foreign government holdings of "Yankees." Some of these certificates, it is reported, bear a date twenty or thirty years old, which would seem to indicate that a lot of old sterling lines of that past quarter-century were unable to accomplish in the way of abatement the situation of the past few months has succeeded in accomplishing. The percentage of such sales to the total amount of American securities held abroad is, it is seen, very small indeed; but when you are dealing with figures which run up into the billions it needs only a trifling percentage to make up an amount in itself considerable.

The present situation, then, with regard to Europe's holdings of our stocks is that most foreign speculative accounts have been closed up and that there has even been some little liquidation of fixed investments in American stocks and bonds.

Considering the present state of things abroad, that is most fortunate for us. Making every allowance for the commutation on to foreign countries which has undoubtedly taken place, it is certain that if Europe at the present time held a speculative position in our securities, any second liquidation would be in full swing and we should be liable to take back our stocks in quantity. With the country's investment appetite no more robust than it is, it is certain that a second liquidation would be a serious matter.

So far as speculative issues are concerned we are safe, roughly—whatever happens. But how about the fixed investments in our securities? It is probably a very conservative estimate of what they amount to. What is the chance of the present foreign holders of our securities any considerable selling of these shares and bonds?

Very slight indeed upon the situation abroad should become such worse than it is at present—

which, indeed, there should be a actual deterioration of war against the first-class powers. "A reaction in the markets" will not do it; on several occasions in recent years there has been far more "reaction" in the markets than there has been in the way of a selling movement of investment holdings having been started. Merely "fear of war" will not do it. It took in 1911 when Germany and France were almost literally at sword's points over the North Africa question, and all the world knew it, nothing of that sort happened. So, from the foreign situation as it stands, not a more rapid advance by higher and the fight for gold becomes even more strenuous than it is, the stock market on this side has little to fear. What would happen in case of a great European war is, of course, an entirely different question. Europe's investment in our securities has gone through all sorts of tests—tariff and trust trouble on this side, and periods of strain and tension abroad—but never since the foreigners increased their stake in our markets to really large proportions has the permanency of the market been tested by a war between powers of the first magnitude. That such an event from its very nature would result in tremendous liquidation of American shares and bonds now held in Europe for investment is as certain as anything can well be.

So important as are the effects of the disturbance abroad on the market for bonds and shares, of even greater importance, probably, is the influence on the money and credit position of the country. There are no less our own place as one of the world's great financial powers, sharing in the case of the other markets when such a crisis as that of the United States is in the air, other important points are high. Long past is the day when money conditions here were independent of conditions abroad. Development of such conditions as arose in Europe in Germany, especially, exerts a strong influence on the situation here.

Visibly, this influence has taken the form of large amounts of our currency being sent to Europe for the making of the loans having been accompanied by the export, as has, of course, very little influence in gold. Desirable, it is, to have our own money in a situation stimulated by active business and speculation and the issue of immense amounts of new securities not particularly favored by the investment public, the Berlin market, however, has been very important for us. Nor has our bid for funds been turned down. It has cost the German bankers a high rate of interest, but the needed money has been obtained. The only one previous occasion in our financial history (in the fall of 1911) here we advanced to an outside market anything like the amount we have advanced to Berlin during the past month.

The bank-credit which has been transferred from New York to Berlin we have had to make up for ourselves on the outflow of gold by which the transfer has been accompanied. Because of the fact that a good deal of currency belonging to inland banks, and temporarily controlled by the banks here, is accumulated in New York, money needs have remained easy and, to outward appearance, it looks as though we could afford to spare the gold we have been sending out. That, however, is very far from being the case. A glance at the reserve position of the banks is all that is necessary to see what a very significant amount has been brought about through foreign takings of our gold. Because of one thing and one thing only have we escaped highly unpleasant effects, and that is that our own reserves are thereby being used no far less than normal.

It becomes a very important question, then, whether this foreign situation is going to keep on affecting us in the way of a drain on our gold, whether it is going to keep capital flowing from here, with an accompanying outflow of gold. Already we have sent out all the gold we can spare—and as things continue, there will be. If in addition to what has already gone out we see to how any further considerable quantity, the effect is bound to be serious.

Everything depends on the development of the situation abroad. Settlement of the trouble in the Balkans and the bringing of the war to a close, if it is, as the Germans would seem enough bringing to an end each element of financial conditions so to make further aid from this side unnecessary. If, however, the present state of things continues, there will undoubtedly be called upon to furnish the foreign markets with a further considerable amount of gold. We have no more gold to send to the markets than we already have. Plans are not philosophy. They need gold, and we've got it, and they've got the means of taking it from us, and that's all there is on that.

## EASTER EVEN

BY MARGARET FRENCH PATTON



Ye home-bound birds, take  
Ye whistling flight, that from our budding bough  
Your sweet lullabies you may make;  
Ye will be Easter day,  
And I would have my garden gay  
On Easter day.



Ye strutting white ducks  
Out your drooping tails, and henceroad take  
The air of your own day, whither it is going  
To-morrow will be Easter day,  
And I would have my garden gay  
On Easter day.

Early in the morning while 'tis dark,  
Like Mary Magdalen, with silver hair,  
I will be Easter day, with my white  
To seek our risen Lord, who knows? For here  
Of birds and buds (He may be walking)

O my dear Lord now is taken from the cross,  
His bloodied body wrapped in linen now,  
And laid by loving hands in a tomb,  
Outraged Nature hoves her head and shows;  
The ground is wet; Jerusalem is still.

Ye sleeping buds, break  
Your young green reveries, and wake  
To fragrant blossoming for His sweet sake;  
To-morrow will be Easter day,  
And I would have my garden gay  
On Easter day.

## Yarns from the Balkans

A Magician's Mishap

In the region between Prizred and Scutari there was a certain man who had devoted his life to the devil, and so much evil that at last the Pasha threw him into prison. One day the Pasha had many guests and thought him that he would amuse the magicians from pieces to do some tricks. They brought before the company to ask for a large bowl of water. This being given him, he performed sundry charms over it and asked the guests what part they would like to see. "Milk," said they. They looked—and there, they saw Milk pour clearly—and, however, see, and a steamer in the water just about to start. "I have your permission," said the magician to the Pasha, "to depart in that steamer?" "Certainly," said the Pasha. The magician put his foot into the bowl of water and at once disappeared and went to America on the steamer. In America he had more than ever to do with the devil and had a wicked servant who aided him.

One day when he had prepared a quantity of magic liquid in large bottles, he ordered his servant to kill him, cut him up, and bottle him. The servant refused. Then he wrote many letters to all parts of the world and made the servant post them. "I shall kill myself," he said; "I can not cut me up and bottle me. Put the bottles in the cellar, leave them for nine months, and tell no one; I shall answer the letters, and you will see that the servant must open the cellar and I shall come to life again." He killed himself, the servant buried him. Some time elapsed and then answers to the letters began to come, written by the magicians himself. The terrified servant gave the letters to the authorities. The letter was opened, and it was found that the proofs had actually begun to come to life. After the nine months were completed, there is no doubt that the steamer would have succeeded and this wicked one would have lived some day, and authorities ordered the paves to be destroyed and that was the end of him.

### THE BEHAVIOR OF MEN

When our fathers were young a certain man of Djikova and a certain man of Scutari were known, each in his own town, as the bravest men in the world. The man of Djikova, in anger, swore to kill the man of Scutari; there must be but one bravest of men.

"No the man of Djikova journeyed over the mountains to Scutari, in which city he knew no one, and in the street he asked, "Which of you is the bravest man in this town?" And the people said, "He is the yonder in the house." And they showed him the man's shop.

The man of Djikova stood without and looked at the goods. The man of Scutari asked him whence he came and what he wanted.

"I come from Djikova and I want nothing," he replied.

"Have you friends in the town?" asked the man of Scutari.

"Not one," said the man of Djikova. "If you have come to me," said the man of Scutari, "you must be weary and thirsty. Come in and rest."

No man of Djikova returned and sat down.

The man of Scutari gave him cold water and they sat and spoke kindly in him. The man of Djikova drank the coffee and said nothing. Three did the man of Scutari serve him with coffee, so in word he was honored great. They he said to him: "You here drink and have rested. Now tell me your business here. In all this time you have heard nothing; it will be hard for you—but we help you."

The man of Djikova sat silent and bitterly thought of the bond of friendship that he had made with a man so kind to a friendless stranger. The man of Scutari urged him to speak.

"I cannot trouble you with my business," said the man of Djikova.

"But you have come so far," said the man of Scutari; "to you it must be important."

"I have come to shoot you," said the

man of Djikova at last and told him the whole.

"Shoot me, then," said the man of Scutari. "Here I am. It would be a pity for you to take so long a journey for nothing."

"We cannot fight here," said the man of Djikova, reluctant.

The man of Scutari arose and thrust his pistols into his sash. "Come out on the field if you wish," he said.

The man of Djikova followed him till they came out to a lonely landscape.

"Now shoot me," said the man of Scutari; "here is my heart."

"That you must shoot, too!" cried the man of Djikova.

"I have made no vow," answered the man of Scutari, with a sigh. "Shoot, but when you go back you must laugh at you."

The man of Djikova drew a pistol, fired, and it flashed in the pan.

"I have lost. It is your turn," he cried, much relieved.

"No!" said the man of Scutari. "There is one thing I can never do, and that is kill a guest from under my roof. You have your second pistol; remember your vow."

The man of Djikova, reluctant, drew his second pistol, fired, and grazed the man of Scutari's nose. Then throwing down his weapons he embraced the man of Scutari warmly. "I could not stand up to be shot at without shooting myself. You are the bravest man of all the world!" he cried. They were brothers and remained fast friends ever afterwards.

### THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD HEARTS AND MINDS

A certain man was gifted with the power to understand the talk of beasts and birds. But one evening that, should he ever tell what he had heard, he would drop down dead.

One day he overheard the dokey talking to the horse. The dokey's remarks were very funny and as he came from the stable he laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" asked his wife.

"I am laughing at something the dokey said," he replied.

"What did the dokey say?"

"You know I cannot tell you. I should drop down dead."

But she was waked, as all women are, and she said, "What did the dokey say?"

"He said at last he could hear no more."

"Tomorrow I will tell you," he said. He called his little children, and said goodly to them, and told them he must be tomorrow. They cried bitterly and begged, "Oh, mother, do not kill our dear father!"

But she answered only, "I want to know what the dokey said."

No the poor man went out to take a last look at his yard, and there he saw the cow standing on her legs, waving his wings and crowing like a hen, could.

"Oh, you wicked bird!" cried the dog. "How can you laugh and sing when you do not master, who is so kind to us, must die tomorrow?"

But the cock only crowed the more. "Laugh," said he; "I shall die of laughing! Look at him—the silly fool! He can only see with one eye, and he knows all in his life."

"He has heard this. He picked up a large stick and went back into the house."

Do you want to know what the dokey said? He said only one word, and that was "Laugh," said he; "I shall die of laughing! Look at him—the silly fool! He can only see with one eye, and he knows all in his life."

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Governess' officials state that, by the time the Panama Canal is opened, ships may sail through terraced green lawns instead of the bare yellow earth slopes which are in evidence. That reason is not altogether an ostentatious one.

It is believed that involving the shipping industry in Canal business will give the city a strong green surface, through the use of frequent and well planned the wearing effects of the tropical rains. An expert from the city of Panama, the Institution has been entrusted with the task of

## for the Canal

ing this theory, and the Department of Agriculture has recognized the value of shipping in Panama thousands of pounds of grass seed.

It is believed that involving the shipping industry in Canal business will give the city a strong green surface, through the use of frequent and well planned the wearing effects of the tropical rains. An expert from the city of Panama, the Institution has been entrusted with the task of

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Scenes for "The Movies"

# POSING FOR THE "MOVIES"

## The Gentler View

By Florens Per

## Our Appalling Conscience

Those people who deplore the general worthlessness of modernity always give an impression of crabbiness and detachment. They are much more at home in the past than in the present than from observation. There is a vital despair about them that appears in one of the most respectful manners which we need to feel as children when our grandparents demanded the name of the person who had taken their cat's tail while their grandfathers gnawed the corners of their dear beds. We feel the same assurance that those earnest folk who think the virtue of the world has reached the deeps, run the same enormous risk of discovering unexpectedly the things they seek. They demand to know what the world is coming to, and it is a more marvellous accident before they are handed to receive sharply with modernity's chief characteristic, the overpowering consciousness.

The claim to which we mean well is almost depressing. Good intentions of a wide-reaching and avocative kind have become a profession, and one which becomes to be shortly overworked. The reduction of some kind of well is the only thing in which any one feels justified in being interested. Universal reforms have ceased to be started to deal with the crowds of people who have such good intentions that they can't stand to see anything which they really realized the danger of good intentions in a national state. One or two of the most advanced states have established, at the expense of the taxpayers, a chair for teaching social reform. When every one is to be taught to be a saint, it is better to speak of morality has been reached that should gain the attention of every one, even those abstracted souls who think the world hardly worth consulting.

Brilliant young politicians, too, feel that the old party politics is being handed to the orthodox party politicians, just as in social reform as their fathers went in for it. Young women in great numbers are protesting of having a thorough education on their hands and nothing to do with it, without the help of the state, for social reform. The fact that they receive no remuneration for their arduous task, just as in the past, is what they view as so almost the wholly natural thing about their surprising situation. It helps them to clear their minds of the old ideas, and to know the state of things from the strange sight of the most glaring of the younger generation, spending their days in the National House instead of at home.

The married women who do not like to be asked to do more than their share of housework, is not enough to keep our fully employed, work on hand and so extremely rapidly at the back of our heads, that they find their income, though not precisely the result of their work, is more severely appraised by their own consciences than it ever has been before. Even the most frivolous

people pretend they are not, and worldly old grandmothers, in their effort to be correct, attend public dinners and solely risk in disregard of their conscience may be given to the many speakers who long to utter the words, "Something must be done!"

It is a rush that carries some of us off our feet, and, protesting pitifully at such precipitations, we demand to know what is to be the end of it. If every worker has a solution way, and all his children are well nurtured and well educated and well educated, and if certain luxuries help him to choose his work, and labor exchanges help him to get it, and efficiency engineers make his work so agreeable and profitable that he becomes a substantial consumer, and if one so easily makes his money and makes his heredity of the best, and if legislation removes criminal and inherits from being strong, and if public opinion makes the terms "man" and "woman" merely terms of differentiation and not terms of degradation, used with mutual heat by both parties, and if economic pressure forcing toward to press makes all the conditions of life well—only then, if in a hundred years' time, what will there be left for any of us to do?

Will our reforms ever be finished and all the bad lines are over, won't we be, either, as it were, hence? Of course we will have to make in reality, not in spirit, our money according to the high standards that will then exist. That will be something of a nuisance, and there will still be the weather, and with so much leisure on our hands we will have the very greatest perplexity of wondering what to do with it. Behaviors! They will still remain: no one has thought of doing away with relatives, though there has been a least tendency toward improving them, and that how could we have forgotten?—there will still be us. We will each be as he is, but a considerable number of the least reform are no longer lighter any one.

Nothing, everything as it should be, we will still make have ourselves to battle with. The rich, inexcusable fund of our men's occupations and failures, details, like the strikes and labor troubles, and graft and immorality, of which we each receive a share, and which we know they will always furnish for us that large quality which we spend our days in trying to eliminate. If we eradicate war between countries we can still experience it in the nursery, and if we banish poverty we will continue to find it warring our relations of our world. If the world is of a beautiful orderliness, we will still retain as a souvenir of its past existence, and which we are sure to have, the private explosion of our invariable human perversity we will choose to think that the same who created the perfection existing outside.



## A manufacturer insures against fire losses and takes out policies in credit indemnity and bonding companies for the protection of his business.

Fire, failures, and defaulters represent more or less tangible losses which can be guarded against.

There is one form of loss, however, that is *intangible* and *insidious*, because it cannot be computed in dollars and cents nor can it be readily detected—but it is a *real* loss and saps the profits of the business. It is the *time loss*.

Loss of working time cuts into your business in the three ways illustrated just as surely as mistakes in figuring the cost of material cut into your profits.

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## The First Bank-Notes

The beginning of the bank-note is a rather surprising custom, very on the line of the people of that time. The first man in England was printed forms with the names of the king and queen for forty pounds and upward. Despite the fact that this offered an excellent chance for dishonesty, forgeries were made in great numbers. The paper of the ordinary white kind, but Wales took the prevention of manufacturing a mentioned in marked paper. At the end of the eighteenth century small notes for one and two pounds were in circulation, and the first instance to such an extent that 312 persons were convicted in England in one year.

The authorities then set about to find some method of telling the forgers. Special water marks were forged, ornamental embossed designs were used. In 1825, however, was tried in the manufacture of the notes with considerable success. They called the discovery of photography, which proved a boon to the inventor, and forgeries again increased.

In order to check the issue of spurious notes, Henry De la Rue invented a process called "anti-photography" bank-note printing. This consisted in painting one portion of one note over with another protective color was used, and over this a third.

When copper plates were used for engraving they so easily were not that impressionless because dim and blurred. This also made easier the work of the forger. An American named Perkins in

1829 introduced plain England a transfer process. The impression was taken from a steel plate on a soft lead cylinder which was pressed flat and hardened. Another method was a film of steel on copper. The paper was made by hand of three machine-made, but all bank-note paper is now machine-made, so it is as good as ever grain and texture.

The lowest denomination of the English bank-note is now five pounds, a little less than the lowest in the United States, and a little larger to Americans, for it is five by eight inches in size; but it is always clear and distinct, and is very difficult to counterfeit. Its average life is only about six weeks, and it is not re-issued after being returned to the bank.

"Wild cat" paper money, so called because of the private making of the notes, often of good venable ability, was current in this country about the middle of the last century and is still within the memory of many. It was a very cheap and light instrument to the larger that a large force of detection was kept busy, but the passing of different laws in the different states after a time abolished entirely the issue of these notes.

The earliest paper money issued in America was in Massachusetts in 1690 in order to satisfy the demands of clamorous soldiers. The first authorized by the Continental Congress was in May, 1775. Six years later it ceased to circulate as money.

Benjamin Franklin and his partner, B. Hall, printed the bills of the Colony of Pennsylvania. The law of the note in its own words was the warning, "To counterfeit is death."

**THE "PORK BARREL" PROBLEM**

(Continued from page 9)

wind of some plan which makes contributions from large external sources of supply depend both for their existence and their size upon a community's general willingness for internal financial cooperation.

It would encourage statesmanship. The four worst examples of broad constructive legislation at Washington have been the "pork" system, the high protective tariff, pensions, and the restrictive number of private bills, and the "pork barrel." They are all the direct result of the same basest special-interest idea. A generation ago a Congressman was apt to consider his duties merely accomplished if he could secure for federal jobs, favorable schedules, and liberal pensions for his favored constituents, as well as a good share of "pork" for his district. The remarkable progress of civil-service reform has greatly reduced the first trouble, and the national springing against tariff-making by big manufacturers is slowly curbing the second; but the third and fourth are as threatening as ever. As long as there are large uncontrolled opportunities for spoils of any kind, the less far-sighted Senators and Representatives will be apt to spend their time pulling wires to secure local appropriations, instead of devoting it to the study of national problems. If the system, rather than the individual Congressman, that is responsible for these conditions—conspicuously we should all share the blame. If the system can be altered, the ability of Congress will be freed for constructive legislation.

It would encourage local self-reliance. The late Dwight L. Moody used to say that he never gave away a tract, because a man did not get much benefit from a thing which cost him neither time nor effort. Similarly, it is the community which invests itself in a new high school or any other public building that really appreciates it most. If a small town wishes an unusually fine post-office or a large Congressional appropriation to deepen its own particular harbor, local pride and self-reliance should be encouraged to meet at least a small share of the cost. The tendency today in America is to rely too much on the state postoffice at Washington, and a little annual self-reliance efforts at home. It would help to revive the proper habit of a community being required to show the necessity of a large expenditure from the national revenue by its willingness to help pay one itself. It is reasonable to suppose that where the application represented real needs community cooperation would be forthcoming. In the line of harbor work, such as a small large and impressive building or a relatively small wharf, the better would have to contribute toward the cost or else request that with federal service in modern quarters until the grade of local public opinion became sufficient to meet the national government's conditional offer, largeness for a ship's direct returns are reduced and local taxes are diminishing to the civic sense of the recipient community as they are to the detriment of one individual.

It would help achieve a right balance between federal and local government. If our system of government is to be regarded, it is essential that we should feel that both the community and the national bond are strong and that they are ultimately inseparable. To break the connection between them is inadequate, owing largely to the highly specialized nature of our industrial work. It does not directly remind the average citizen of his relationship to the federal government. The new federal budget and financial participation by the locality, it would help maintain a right attitude of the public mind. Would not citizens better appreciate their twofold allegiance to their home state and to the all-embracing nation if they were to be asked to contribute small proportionate contributions to meet the cost of permanent local improvements undertaken under the direction of the central government? And is it not of great importance to have this underlying principle recognized before the nation is drawn, as it will almost inevitably be drawn, into the greatest potential pork barrel of American history—federal highways?

This article merely indicates the outlines of a possible policy which might be adopted by Congress so as to reduce the demoralizing effects of the present inopportune way of voting public money to satisfy local interests. That the plan suggested would be a reversal is not claimed, nor are the difficulties of framing legislation to meet the existing unsatisfactory. Perhaps the best opening wedge would be for the Appropriations Committee of the House to pass resolutions to the effect that the interest of the lawless taxpayer demands principles of economy and of local responsibility. It would make his recon-



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missions of grants for purposes which usually affect a single community depend upon the latter's providing one-tenth of the total cost required. If the plan were issued to work well after a few years and public opinion were behind it, it could then be incorporated as part of our statute law. This result would be facilitated if the commission of inquiry, wisely called for by the last section of this year's "Public Buildings" act should report in its favor, under the clause directing it to "frame a standard or standards by which the cost and cost of public buildings shall, as far as practicable, be determined."

My impression is that with the passing of such a resolution the days of the post-war as a national scandal would be numbered. Congressmen might at first oppose the plan as cutting down their opportunities for reading horse events, but in the end self-interest would drive them to its support even if enlightened statesmanship did not. They would find, as they have found in the case of the "merit system," every possibility to make one constituent grateful by the granting of spoils is more than counterbalanced by the necessity of making two people through their behavior with it. In the real Senate and Representative would welcome the relief from charges of favoritism, with all its attendant irregularity, so often raised by the local representatives of some particular federal project which has failed to pass. Building and harbor workers at Washington would have their numbers cut in two in a year, and those that persisted in their efforts would have to pass the "merit" test of proving their claims by their willingness and capacity to pay a small share of the necessary bills.

**Wooden Spider Webs for Saving Birds**

The life-saving light-house has become a death-dealing instrument for migratory birds. The feathered emigrants, attracted and blinded by the light, often dash themselves against the glass and masonry or fly round and round the tower till they drop from exhaustion. The wretched birds, their slaughter because that aviators have not in work to decrease means for safeguarding the birds. To give some idea of the enormity of the contrivance, instances where actual count was made of the birds killed may be of interest.

One British light-house killed five hundred woodcock in one night. In September, an American light-house, woodcock were killed in four nights, besides eight thousand birds of other kinds. Their dead bodies covered the ground.

A device adopted by a Fishland light-house consists of a horizontal wheel from which hangs a loose net which catches the birds, thus preventing their fall to the rocks. But Professor Thayer has invented a life-saving device which has far less been adopted by the most efficient of them all. It is a sort of wooden spider web and forms a restraining-place for the birds. They go to sleep covered by the night and in the morning are ready to retrace their flight. This wooden web can be seen in north Island on the tower of the Trevellick Light-house. In one night alone two thousand chaffinches and two thousand other birds were saved, and on another night three thousand seafarers escaped the same lodging-house.

**\$24,750 Per Second**

The Germans have recently in the harbor of Wilhelmshaven a Krupp cannon that is capable of firing 24,750 shells per second. Each explosion of this gun of endurance cost \$1,500. Only 80 discharges were possible, because the treated explosion of the explosives produced erosion in the bore. When it is considered that after the combustion of the powder the explosive does not remain in the cannon longer than the fifth part of a second, it is no matter of surprise that after the thirty-fifth discharge the cannon would have been six and one-third seconds of effective service. According to this calculation, such a second in firing life of the cannon would cost \$24,750.

**Improving the Boomerang**

The boomerang of the Australian natives is of various shape and pattern. It has remained for an Englishman to improve the Australian cross-shaped weapon that it is no more than a cross of plain wood, the lower strip of the cross being curved longer than the other arm of it. In throwing this the legs lower end of the cross is held firmly between the thumb and finger vertically, with the place of the cross inside his face. Through steady force, the boomerang will sail return, but after it has traversed a bounded foot or more the revolution increases rapidly until it curves and begins to return right to the thrower.





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## The New Administration and China

### "AVOID entangling alliances?"

This was the first and chiefest admonition bequeathed by Grover Washington to his countrymen. Despite the inevitable changes wrought by mighty imperial expansion, it has lost no part of its force or its wisdom. Steam and electricity have worked wonders in drawing countries closer to one another, but the United States still remains and must necessarily continue to be an isolated nation. Barring a "world power" has not altered and cannot alter the situation created by nature. Hence the immunity from international strife which affords our chief advantage and constitutes our greatest blessing. That by our own voluntary action we should initiate forfeiture of this priceless heritage seems incredible; and yet that is precisely what has been going on under the Knox "diplomacy"; that is precisely what President Wilson has declared must stop.

The wit of man could not conceive a more entangling than that involved in the matter of the proposed Chinese loan. Consider the facts. The new government of China needed large sums of money for liquidation of indebtedness to its subjects, for internal improvements, for currency reform, and for other purposes essential to its stable life; for a practically unimpeded monetary way to European bankers for a loan. Ordinarily, thanks to the traditional financial integrity of the Chinese, no difficulty would have been experienced. None was experienced as a matter of fact, and the comparatively insignificant transaction would have been completed without causing a ripple but for a peculiarly unprecedented circumstance. The governments of Germany, France, and Great Britain held the possibility of obtaining exceptional, if not exclusive, commercial advantages for their traders if they could shape the conditions attendant upon the accommodation, and they promptly assumed supervisory control. The nature of the business was changed forthwith from financial to political. Russia and Japan, though huge borrowers of money and ill equipped to make advances, demanded participation.

The United States followed suit, probably at the instigation of Germany, which, viewed approximately the performance in the case of British France, and Russia. But why? Mr. HAYDEN WILSON, former Assistant Secretary of State and reputed originator of the proposal, sets forth the reasons in his letter of resignation.

"The repeated utterances of the last administration," he writes, "most have made it perfectly clear that the motive and purpose of the policy was absolutely first and primarily the preservation of China's integrity and sovereignty, the uplift of the Chinese people morally, materially, and governmentally, the development of China's resources, and the maintenance of our traditional policy of the 'open door,' or equality of opportunity for American enterprise. President Wilson's attitude toward the proposed loan is a measure of foreign control of China's finances, which may be inferred from a study of other countries which have found themselves in a similar situation, it was deemed imperative that there should be American participation in the liquidation of China's finances in order to make sure of the present, friendly and disinterested influence of the United States. The only practicable method of such participation was by the use of reliable American bankers."

The "first and primarily" is transparent language. Not the most glib of minds has been or could be conceived of a primary purpose to in-

sure "China's integrity and protection" or the "uplift of the Chinese people morally, materially, and governmentally." Vaunting ambition to take a high place as a "world power," to fulfill our "manifest destiny," and incidentally to build great personal reputations was at the bottom of it all; and, secondarily, were the possible commercial advantages frankly admitted by the other nations as the chief desiderata.

And who was it that "deemed it imperative" that there should be American participation "in order to make sure of the present, friendly, and disinterested influence of the United States?" Was it China? Not at all. If a request for intervention by us had come from the new government, the fact would hardly have escaped Mr. HAYDEN WILSON'S attention or due embarrassment. No; it was our own sagacious State Department and some other that felt the crying need of making "use of reliable American bankers." And so the United States was dragged into a complex situation as a virtual partner of one European power to maintain an equilibrium against three rival nations. Talk about entangling alliances! It is to wonder that the grave at Mount Vernon still holds its previous loans.

But it is a far cry from the prosaic mind of Grover to the "entangling alliances" sentiment. Mr. HAYDEN WILSON, that in the work of advancing the national interest and promoting the welfare of other nations the financial force of the United States could be marshaled in some manner to present a safely united front abroad, where it would be like the apex of a triangle, but would have at home at its base broad equality of opportunity both for citizens desiring to invest and for bankers desiring to engage in these difficult and relatively risky ventures. It seems, however, that the conclusion reached are expressed upon other grounds.

"I have always thought," from the cradle, so to speak, "of our country as a creditor nation," says Mr. HAYDEN WILSON, "that in the work of advancing the national interest and promoting the welfare of other nations the financial force of the United States could be marshaled in some manner to present a safely united front abroad, where it would be like the apex of a triangle, but would have at home at its base broad equality of opportunity both for citizens desiring to invest and for bankers desiring to engage in these difficult and relatively risky ventures. It seems, however, that the conclusion reached are expressed upon other grounds."

As a figure of speech we venture to assert that this has not been suggested. If, indeed, it has been equaled, by words comprising diplomatic utterance. A demonstration so conclusive of the power of language to conceal thought whose existence is nevertheless clearly admitted, would have wrung tears of joy from the eyes of MARSHALL.

The idiot fact, however, remains that President Wilson's utterances were indeed "entangled" with "other grounds." And those conditions are:

- (1) We shall not be a party to "the pledging of participation loans, some of them entangled and burdensome, to secure the loan."
- (2) We shall not assist in requiring "the administration of these loans by foreign agents."
- (3) We regard as "objectionable to the principles upon which the government of our own people rests" any arrangement which would require, even by implication, for the payment of such a loan, even if it were "to some subsidiary contingency," "any 'forcible' interference in the financial, and also the political, affairs of that great fraternal state just now struggling to a consummation of its power and its obligations to its people."

"The government of the United States is not only willing, but earnestly desirous," the President says, plainly, "of aiding the great Chinese people in every way that is consistent with their untamed development and its own immemorial principles. The awakening of the people of China to a consciousness of their possibilities under free

government is the most significant, if not the most momentous, event of our generation. With this movement and aspiration the American people are in profound sympathy. They certainly wish to participate and participate very generously, in opening to the Chinese and to the use of the world the almost untapped and perhaps untapped resources of China."

But the government of the United States will not become a party to enforced imposition of a loan or of anything else upon a helpless people. Nor will it persist in a mistaken understanding which not only involves extending alliances, but also implies a readiness to turn the gears, if need or pretext should arise, upon those struggling to achieve self-government.

"The conditions of the loan," the President continues, "even to us to touch very nearly the administrative independence of China itself; and this administration does not feel that it ought, even by implication, to be a party to those conditions. The responsibility on its part which would be implied in requesting the bankers to undertake the loan might conceivably go the length in some unhappy contingency of forcible interference in the financial, and even the political, affairs of that great Oriental state, just now awakening to a consciousness of its power and its obligations to its people. The conditions include not only the pledging of particular taxes, some of them antiquated and burdensome, to secure the loan, but also the administration of those taxes by foreign agents. The responsibility on the part of our government implied in the encouragement of such a loan, and the administration to be plain enough and is obnoxious to the principles upon which the government of our people rests."

So we withdraw quietly but definitely from our enterprise into which we should never have drawn. Whatever our government can do properly and conscientiously to aid the new republic will be done freely and gladly, but the intimation is plain that nothing will be done except with the full acquiescence, if not indeed by specific request, of the new republic.

So far as our own trades and manufacturers are concerned, President Wilson's recently pledged administration to "legislative measures necessary to give American merchants, contractors, and engineers the banking and other financial facilities which they now lack, and without which they are at a serious disadvantage as compared with other industrial and commercial lands." That should suffice. In any case it is as much as the government ought to do under circumstances to do or try to do. What, if any, specific "legislative measures" the President has in mind are not divulged, although surely needed extension of banking facilities seemingly is one. To this there should be no objection. The complaint of our exporters that their business suffers from the necessity of dealing with foreign bankers, and the association with their rivals is well founded and should be heeded. Our total export and import trade with China now amounts to less than \$100,000,000 and is growing two-fold. The breaking of the loan agreement, while wholly justifiable in itself, clearly intensifies the duty of the administration to remove all artificial barriers in justice not less to the Chinese than to our own manufacturers.

The American bankers who were involved into the disjunctive enterprise better to sign of disinterestedness at the inevitable outcome of a change in government which necessarily involved a change in policy. They understand the business situation for the primary purpose of widening the market

for American products. That they could have handled their proportion of the loan successfully and at a profit may be taken for granted, but it would have been a complicated and harassing operation, and it is by no means certain that the money that would have been employed cannot be invested elsewhere to good advantage. If the ultimate outcome should be in favor of the millions set aside for China in the development of Alaska, as a consequence of a liberalizing in the Alaskan policy which is actually depopulating that most promising territory, there would be occasion for genuine rejoicing. But that is another story. The incident is not so much that the bankers have emerged from the affair considerably out of pocket, but with distinct credit to themselves.

The minor phases of the somewhat abrupt change in governmental policy require only passing notice. Undoubtedly Mr. HEXTENSON WILSON, after having continued in office by Secretary Hayes's urgent request, had technical cause for complaint at being ignored as the proper officer to promulgate the declaration. His insistence, however, that he should have been "consulted" was silly. What would have been the sense of the President perfunctorily seeking advice which he knew in advance would not be accepted? At the terms in which the Assistant Secretary couched his resignation, moreover, were quite pernick and pompous enough to justify the curtness of the President's acceptance. We must, nevertheless, accord Mr. HEXTENSON WILSON credit for his popularity in requiring that, since it was impossible for him to resign, the President should, though of the same name to mitigate our affairs of state, he was the one whose stepping aside would be the most favorably regarded by the public. EVEN MR. HEXTENSON WILSON could hardly expect Mr. WILSON to resign during his first month of service.

To take no notice of the report that the administration contemplates revisiting the Chinese republic forthwith. The existing government is as wholly personal as even the Mexican government was under DIAZ. The National Council no longer makes even a pretense of exercising authority. The astute and cynical YEN SHUN-KU, who is full proof of the wisdom of the "bushido" will continue to do so for some time to come. Some sort of election is to be held shortly, and it is possible that the adoption of a constitution will clear the atmosphere, but in the mean time there can be no question that the present method of ruling is, in the words of President Wilson, "obnoxious to the principles upon which our form of people rest." Surely it will be time enough to act when a Parliament has been actually chosen.

It is to hope and expect that by that time Secretary HAYES will have come to full realization of the utterly discriminative nature of President Wilson's heartily message to the Chinese high day party to the effect that it is from Mr. HAYES's benign presence, not from his probed absence, that he derives so large a measure of what he and his happy dignitaries designate as "comfort." (N. B.—A red tag is attached to the last paragraph.)

#### Better and Better

Whatever else we may hope for from the special session, everybody understands that its first business is to read a Democratic declaration of faith; that, the success of anything else in any attempt will depend so very largely on this, its initial enterprise, that sensible people are disposed to postpone all talk of other things until we have assurance that the tariff job will be handled rightly and expeditiously.

Of course there can be no absolute assurance till the thing is done, and we are no advocate of cock-sureness while there is still even the possibility of failure. But it is no more than just to praise at once the admirably business-like way in which the Democrats have gone about this task and to congratulate them on the number of speeches they have already delivered. We think they learn well in the short session when the House Committee on Ways and Means held its preliminary hearing and did a lot of preliminary work. The Senate, during the brief session called immediately after its inauguration, promptly did its part in organizing the Finance Committee in a way to handle the tariff by the methods of going tariff reformers. Now we learn that the leaders of the two Houses have arranged a plan of conferences and of cooperation which, while it leaves each House with its proper freedom and prerogatives, bids fair to prevent any serious hitch between them. It looks as if we were soon to go to have the old procedure—a House

bill and then a Senate bill and then a conference-committee bill—but merely a bill or bills which, originating, no they should, in the House, will be only reasonably amended in the Senate and will give the conference committee comparatively little to do. Meanwhile the President is felt to have made his own contribution by his cordial assistance toward the low-tariff Republicans.

Excellent! Excellent! This is not only the right way to tariff reform. It is the right way to everything else the Democratic party has promised to the people; it is the right way to the party's own best chance of holding the people's confidence.

#### One Way with the Combination

THE question is, how best can the ideal be obtained? There seems to be no question, judging from experience, that the present day-against-management and ownership, substituted to public interests and under national control and regulation by national, state, or municipal bodies—is the best.

Such is the thesis concerning great incorporated enterprises, and particularly those which are public utilities and natural monopolies, which President VICE, of the Telephone and Telegraph in connection with his own, has made his own special contribution by his cordial assistance toward the low-tariff Republicans. He does it so simply and clearly that anybody can follow him, reasoning first on general grounds and then from an admirably candid résumé of the history of the Bell Telephone Company. By "the present way" he does not mean the old way of corporations, but the new way of corporations, which has been accepted, the rightfulness as well as the fact of governmental regulations, the right as well as the right of the public to protect itself. He takes no complimentary view of such corporation heads as still try to hold out for the old arbitrary way.

His way, therefore, be reasonably taken as the latest word of enlightened corporation heads, which developed as at the present time, and therefore something that we cannot afford to neglect. For it is not clear that we must sooner or later make up our minds definitely either to accept and try to perfect, or else to reject for something else, this general plan with the larger kinds of business. We must do this or else. We must do this, then we ought to shape our laws accordingly and do it conscientiously, systematically. If not this, then what?

That last is a question it is high time we were asking ourselves, not critically or in a fight or a hurry, but very seriously and responsibly. Indeed, we have to give all these "heads" with government—whether executives, legislatures, or courts—the constant necessity of asking it. For how can they deal with this great matter at all to any good results unless they have some clear conception of the general end and ideal which we ought to be aiming at? Yet deal with it they must.

One alternative, of course, is government ownership of certain utilities now private; it has sincere advocates. Another, of course, is Socialism. Perhaps we ought to say that a third is the destruction of big combinations altogether, but it seems to us too plainly impracticable to be worth considering. Indeed, we know there are other alternatives. But the main thing is that here is the plan we have gradually though imperfectly evolved in practice. Shall we stick to it and make the best of it? If no, then surely advocates of something different should come forward and expound and argue their theories as candidly as Mr. VICE does his.

#### The Constitution in France

The sudden downfall of the Bismarck Ministry may have come a little inopportune for this and other journals which had just been debating on the possibilities of what the London Times calls "the new France." But a mere change of ministers is no longer terrifying to believers in the Third Republic. For our own part, we decline to be troubled by the mere change of ministers, and trouble ourselves only with the problem which Bismarck's fall particularly emphasizes.

It is, however, a very grave matter indeed, this setback to electoral reform in France. For electoral reform, with the particular object of destroying the influence of party-men on election as well as of the influence of party-men on the vote, is more open to talent, and their results more truly expressive of the popular will is urgently needed. It has also been clearly demanded by the people. The ordinary of the Senate, due to its own unrepresentative character, creates, accordingly, a situation quite comparable to that in England which finally forced a great constitutional change

when the Commons took away power from the Lords.

It seems probable that France will have to make a constitutional change also, to get rid of this injustice in her system. True, it is announced that the new Bismarck ministry will drop the issue for the time, to get through the army bill and other pressing measures. But the postponement can hardly be for long. It is true, too, that France has so much means of accomplishing change as the English constitution affords; there is no even progressive, for instance, to be used in cramming a vote obstinate Upper House with new members, for the time, to get through the same irregular, even violently. Still, it would be a poor sort of faith in the Republic that would not credit her with strength enough to change one feature of her system, even after her people have willed the change, without destroying, upsetting the whole.

#### The Administration and New England

New England has already, as we predicted, been called on for men to fill a post quite as honorable as membership in the Cabinet. To two of her eminent citizens in succession our most distinguished ambassadorship has been offered, and with general popular approval. Both have declined. The first was Mr. WILSON, who is, of course, now of a generation older than that now generally found in office! We trust not. Nobody wants to believe that New England is running out of the stock that has borne so many stalwarts of truly national quality. Perhaps it is merely that of late years New England has, in the matter of state-ambassadors, come to wear getting all her eggs in one basket. The Republican basket is broken and the eggs spilled. But we trust they are not, therefore, regarded as broken, and it certainly won't be like New England if the in's soon bringing other eggs to market, anyhow. When the Federalist basket broke, that didn't long prevent her sending out such notable Amans and a Westons and a lot of others besides.

#### The Pay of Ambassadors

MR. McCORMACK has declined to be ambassador to France because he cannot afford the time or the money, and President WILSON seems to regard it as a matter of course that the country has to send such sacrifices of those who are invited to serve it abroad, a service which every year becomes more exacting and more important.

Yes, it is a pity. The manner of life of our ambassadors in the capitals of Europe could be considerably simplified without detriment to the service, and the provision now made is utterly inadequate for even such simplified life. Take our embassy at London. There is no need of sending men to London to spend \$100,000 a year in our service, but we should provide for them to live in a manner modestly suitable to the station we expect them to fill.

But it can be done. It is provision for our ambassador to London is a salary of \$17,500 and a little something for office expenses.

We suppose that some will buy in London what it will buy in New York. A man that has \$5,000 can live himself a very modest city home for \$2,500; can keep, say, one or two domestic servants, and live comfortably in a family of six or five persons. That will cost for wages, food, drink, fuel, and household supplies \$6,000 a year; but his entertainments must be few, small, and modest. He has still \$9,000 to spend on clothes for his family, on the education of his children or their own, on a house, and on what he likes to live in, in summer, on clubs, car fare, newspapers, travel, charities, church, the relief of relatives, life insurance, and all the other incidents of living. To keep a carriage or an automobile is beyond his means.

A polite family that is not too large can probably along on \$17,500 in a modest but perfectly healthy and cheerful manner. It is not so bad enough. But it is not half enough for an American ambassador in London. He should have a house big enough for many people to get in and out of and more about in. It will cost him ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year at least. And to run it suitably—not extravagantly, but just suitably—will cost him or two or three thousand dollars a year. And he must have suitable vehicles to go about in, and lots of other things that our seventeen-thousand-dollar citizen in New York has no occasion to bother his head with at all. It is absurd for our friends in Congress to pay ambassadors so meagrely. It dignifies all the poor men in the country, and certainly excludes from them the men who are most fit to hold them. As a rule,

the men who have much money have either made it themselves, and been too much engrossed in that work to have developed the talents which we look for in diplomats, or else they have inherited it, and avoided hard work, and missed development and high reputation in that way. So it comes to pass that our most available citizens for ambassadorships are the hard-working men who have happened to marry rich wives.

That could not be so. However worthy these gentlemen may be, and however many of them there are, we should not be limited to them in our choice of ambassadors. Congress ought to build suitable houses for ambassadors in all the great capitals, and pay living wages to the men we send to live in them.

#### A Great Gift to a Southern College

Not Southern alone will be heartily glad to note that a Northern university has come in for a very large bequest. By the will of the late Hunter P. Bourne, a banker of this city, his entire estate will eventually go to Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, and an inventory shows the estate to be worth two million dollars.

Great gifts and bequests from private citizens to colleges and universities have been justifying common in America. There has been nothing in any other country to compare with this country's largeness in this. But hitherto the South has not had its share of them. Yet its need has been greater than that of any other section—for reasons which we all understand. No other section has had so much a struggle to keep up its educational standards. The main reason, of course, has been the heavy expense which comes with the construction here; but there has also been the practical necessity of maintaining two sets of common schools instead of one. As the higher learning is the most costly, and under modern conditions is constantly growing more and more costly, the smaller colleges and universities, no matter how valuable their traditions, have been particularly hard put to it to have their studies and studies advanced. It is a remarkable fact that even during the Civil War most of the greater Northern institutions of learning kept right on growing. Many of the South's, on the contrary, were practically dismantled then, and the task of reviving them was for years little short of a never-ending one. It is for all that glad to have been revived. It is for all that glad that from now on their proper maintenance will be more and more assured. They will be more and more Southern able to help them.

Mr. DORRIS is not exactly a Southerner, but he had a Virginia boyhood, and it is fine to learn that his leisure was devoted by a life-long admiration of Lee, with a desire to measure up to the man making with his fame, to spend his last years as a teacher of Virginia youth. How valuably and irretrievably valuable to a state the possession of a man of his rank may be!

#### "Why Children Weep"

There is a remarkable piece in the April number of McClure's Magazine—"Why Children Weep," by HELEN M. TOUL. It is moving, heart-breaking, and very informing indeed. We commend it to the attention of everybody. The gist of it is that children weep because their fathers have been ground up in the machinery of contemporary industrialism, because their mothers are new to our American machine-made life (to which, indeed, we are all new), and do not know what is good for their children and what is fatal to them; because they (some of them) suffer in the schools, where they are not taught suitable things suitably, and have to go to school. Those are the most important reasons, besides one or two that Miss Toul gives, but it is the way she gives them that is remarkable. Her story of the Swedish father who had his only son, thirteen years old, working eleven hours a day in his planing-mill in Chicago, and going to the night school, is illuminating. Miss Toul is a factory-inspector. She found this child toiling strips of wood to a buzz-saw, saw he was ill, took him to the manager, and behold he was the manager's (and son's) only son, learning the business. The father was perfectly well disposed to the child, and wanted nothing but his welfare, but overwork, bad air, and lack of sleep had done already for the boy. He had to weep.

We don't know Miss Toul, but her story would be a truthful narrative. It is a story of Chicago, and her subjects are surely the children of new-comers—Polish Jews and imported European peasants. The moral of it is the immense need of connecting the intelligence and direction of the country with contemporary life. The people who have

the means and the heart and the education and the brains or can get it, and who know how to live, must look out for and look after the people who have not these advantages and who don't know how to live. If we are to keep school in this country for all creation and leave the Ellis Island door open to a million new-comers a year, we may as well shut the schools that our culture is to be teachers, and that it is time for a good many of us to qualify in it.

#### The Social Workers

We greet the historian who writes in the latter part of this century will say that the most notable event that marked the close of the nineteenth century was the rise of the social workers. Probably he will compare it to the rise of the Wesleyans in England. It is a great movement, which seems to be giving to our Protestant people, and especially our Protestant women, a vent for benevolent activity such as has long been afforded to the religious work in the Roman Catholic Church. Of course suitable work is nothing new among Protestant women, but settlement work and all the kindred activities are new as a calling, and the training for them is new, and the organization and the salaries and the recognition of the need and usefulness of this sort of work, and the comprehension that it is an immensely remunerative sort of life—all that is new or less new. We have got a great many people on our hands that need looking after. Many of them are people whom we have allowed to come here in the last twenty years. Many more are country-born, old and new, some-what out of touch with stimulating influences and all that modern knowledge and science available to healthy and energetic city life. Our schools, that we brag of so much, are still very largely an experiment. We are sure we must have schools, but we are not at all sure what must be taught in them. Our enormous factories and industrial institutions cannot be left to themselves. The life they give them must be safeguarded, or it will be used up like so much straw or wood and turned into manufactured goods. Laws will do something, but they will not do much. The chief thing they can do is to give power to intelligence and devotion. The real work must be done by people. A creed is nothing by itself. A woman's kind is nothing. A new way of life, if it is to be lived, its application and enforcement needs its work.

#### Out on the Job

We have lots of good people—women and men. It is to them that we must look to make this a better country than it is. It needs improvement; it needs a new spirit. There is a widespread white-slave traffic, and the dreadful mix-up of the police forces of New York, Chicago, and most other cities with prostitution. Somehow that has got to stop. We observe that women are such stirred up about it. It is today the leading argument for woman suffrage. We call the attention of all men and of all our self-respecting friends to the fact that the suffragists throw it in their faces that there is a particularly infamous and intolerable traffic in women going on that thousands of vile men live by, and that hundreds of salaried public officers are enriched by, and that the men, in whose hands political power is supposed to rest, do not stop it. There is an immense power in this issue to blow up Tammany Hall and elect as the next Mayor of New York a man who can be relied on to clean up the police and chase the last man out of association with the business of prostitution.

And there are the Italian black-hand and hand-carrying gangs. The business of the public worth is haunting for them, too, and beating for ever other, high or low, that hurls obstacles to impede their extermination.

There is a great deal to do, and part of it is in the way of being done. Mr. WHITMAN seems an earnest man. But the great power in setting in to hold the power of the majority of our police force from exposure and correction. That the suspicion is justified is not at all clear. Very likely it is not. But it is an imagination that just and honorable men should feel free to frame.

Are you scorched by it, Mr. Mayor?

Remember we see our Mayor and his Commissioner of Police under a strange suspicion of being the innocent cooperator of our police force from exposure and correction. That the suspicion is justified is not at all clear. Very likely it is not. But it is an imagination that just and honorable men should feel free to frame.

Are you scorched by it, Mr. Mayor?

Are you scorched by it, Mr. Commissioner?

The District Attorney seems to be doing his

best to rid our shirts of the shame of maintaining a police force that protects prostitutes and pimp and vendors of women, and extorts a tribute from the melancholy gains of prostitutes. We are with him in his efforts to the best honest man, and we to any politician, backed by whatever group of rascals, that tries to use powers delegated by the people of New York to impede his honest efforts!

#### Suffrage and White-slavery

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—If the suffragists hadn't found the white-slave traffic needed for their chief argument, don't you think the suffragists would have got it up? And would they now be willing to have it raised without votes for women?

#### No, we don't think they would have got it up. Oh no!

Whether some of them would not prefer to nurse it along for the good of the cause seems debatable, for all five causes have overzealous adherents. Female immorality as a consequence, for example, of the white-slave traffic, is rather in a fashion that has already produced reaction. The argument that low wages made bad girls has been pressed to such an extent that the friends of the working-girls have been constrained to come forward with details. Poverty is an evil and a parent of many evils, but certainly it is not inconsistent with good character, either in men or women. The pieces on this subject by Miss KELL, Miss TARRILL, Dr. GRACE PICKMAN MERRILL, and Miss GILLES in last Sunday's World were timely and significant. All these women protested against the current slanders of working-girls, all denied the existence of any close relation between poverty and wages, and all maintained that the private conduct of the working-girls averaged as high as that of any other group of women.

#### Mr. Bird Not a Brother Yet

Our good friend Mr. BIRD of Mr. Saxe's office says that the report, which is quoted, and he is one of the reporters who reported the Boston News in a mistake. He is not a newspaper man yet.

Well, the profession is by an inch or the poorer; and we suppose Mr. BIRD is by so much the richer, but we are sorry.

#### Mr. Saxton's Suggestion

CHARLES FRANCIS FOX was called for England on Tuesday, to deliver in May letters on our Civil War, which he is very competent to do. President WILSON could not do better than to nominate him as reform ambassador to King EDWARD. He is not too old—nor so old as FRANKLIN was when he filled a more exacting post; he has wealth enough, and a reputation and experience almost which would make his return here. He cannot be expected to agree long with any set administration; not always has he agreed with himself for years at a time; he is not Secretary BIRD; would make a pair in English eyes that would open those eyes still wider at the offices of "those Americans." I am serious in this: Mr. WILSON could not make a better appointment for a year or two, and it would be generally approved here and abroad.—FRANK SAXTON, the Springfield Republican.

Dr. EAGER has declined the President's invitation to go as Leader of the Mr. Saxe's suggestion is very interesting. Other gentlemen have had Mr. ANSON in mind for this place.

Mr. Saxe's, by the way, we were mistaken in attributing to him the dissertation on Bill-Mason politics in Mr. Saxe's lately communicated to the Springfield Republican by "Newman Observer" in the Weekly World of March 15th. It was the work, he says, of some finer believer in the Democratic party than himself, and he adds:

I was brought up a Jeffersonian Democrat and so I remain; but the party has out got so many of Jeffersonian notions, especially the new opinion, that until I am quite ready to decline, and do so, I will work I cannot have much faith in the sincerity of their democracy.

It is entirely reasonable for Mr. Saxe to want to see "the first work," and the prospect is bright that he will get them.

#### So May It Be

It may be that WOODROW WILSON with some of the capitalizing and flattery qualities of CLEVELAND, METZGER, and others, has been chosen by HILL, as WASHINGTON was chosen to evade and LINCOLN to save the Republic, and if that be the meaning of his elevation to the "White Magistrate," the *Courier-Journal*, widely forgetting its own wrongs, is wronging American in crying "Honor to Everidge," will call him blood-red—Colonel WOODRIDGE, in the *Courier-Journal*.

Mr. HENRY is still first of all for the United States.







# TOURING WITH AN ORCHESTRA

## The Humors and Tribulations Incident to Taking a Symphony Orchestra "on the Road"

BY W. E. WALTER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. BROTHMANN

THE spectacle of the manager of a metropolitan orchestra, dressed in a costume which skirts between the red and white, extending the glad hand to the usual constraints of Modesty. He, on any drablike fate, is responsible for the concert, is only too sign of the mastery of temperament he must have if he would hold his job. Back on the stage in dress and glasses are forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy "artists," as the case may be, playing their wretched "pieces" inside of their streaming waistcoats, the while they emit deep-breathed German, French Italian, and noble French comments on the character of the artist which has given them supper, the quality of the sleeping cars the Pullman Company has furnished, and the thousand and one other things which rub the severity of these gentlemen when they toiled at the expense of the management on a series of one-night stands. In lone grandeur is the star's dressing-room the conductor is waiting the call to the stage—mediating on the programme he is about to play, perhaps, but more likely wondering if he will ever be able to digest the fried steak which had been the prior delectation of his dinner.

Moulding the audience, delicate in, chiefly in the cheap seats. The president, secretary, and treasurer of the Women's Musical Club, whose romantic promise was that the audience will be distinguished, even if not so large as they had hoped, and the owner of the opera house to signify in the vindication of his judgment that a good musical comedy has any highway show like this taken "three ways to the park." Yet could the manager smile, although he has just wired home for money to make the next stand, and is wondering what new arguments he can use in the effort to open again the pocketbooks of his subscribers.

All concert-going press agents foster the tradition that orchestras go on tours to spread the evangel of art in distant places; to rescue the perishing from ignorant fiddlers, pianists, and guitar boys, to my mind a good thing for the country in general and music in particular. Conditions are very different now, thanks to these tours, from what they were when the earlier women and his hand used to travel up and down the country on the sabbath and early morning, and when the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the only one to make trips to the Middle West twenty-five years ago. Not now, even in Middle West or Palmyra Paul—to use those names generically—would such an incident be possible any more, nor could the late Fred Cramer, for years the assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The show was not in the West, but a thriving city of twenty-five New York, and the three just twenty-five years ago, driving in town with the orchestra for a concert that night, Cramer went direct to the theater to see what the sale was, that being the most important question of the day. He was greeted by the local manager with that calm indifference assumed when the business is treated and the money over, whether or not any of the business is sold. The advance sale was discouraging, and Cramer turned to the local manager for comfort and suggestions.

"How do you parade?" asked the local man.

"Parade?" queried Cramer in a panic.

"Nonsense. Don't your people always parade before the show? You won't do business without it." And the music was right.

Although the local theater managers do not regard an orchestra as a marketable troupe, they still attend toward it in all sorts of suspicion, tinged with contempt. If the house is large is just the foolishness of the women that accounts for it. It is



The management is buffeted by Conservatism on one side and Art on the other

in small it is the highest character of the "show" that is responsible. The darkness of the musical middle ages of America has not yet entirely disappeared. Within the last few years a New England city had more than one hundred and twenty-five million. Boston made application for the services of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give a concert to be followed by a fall, the local committee hoping that the "leader" had a good collection of dance music. Yet the manager of a symphony orchestra who arranges a tour of cities and towns that have an orchestra of their own, on the presumption that these committees are still in the depths of musical ignorance, is certain to get into difficulties.

The music of America is in all interests and purposes in the hands of women, and it is with women chiefly that he must deal. These women such who spend their money and their husbands' money in the name of musical spirit usually know what they want and in the end are likely to get it. The mighty man who is the manager has no terror for them. With all the devil and of women there could be few orchestras in this country and fewer tours.

For weeks before the tour began the management is buffeted by Conservatism on one side and Art on the other; pulled in one way by the patroness who wishes to satisfy, and in the other by the conductor he must satisfy. His programme is all ready for the printer when there comes a stern message from a distant city that the principal stander, a favorite "war-horse" of his conductor, was played two years before he died. His wife has not heard him and his orchestra play it. It is therefore a work in so short a time when they have so few concerts. He goes to the conductor, who tells him gravely that, even so, the good people of this city have not heard him and his orchestra play it. It is therefore a work in so short a time when they have so few concerts. He goes to the conductor, who tells him gravely that, even so, the good people of this city have not heard him and his orchestra play it. It is therefore a work in so short a time when they have so few concerts.

What is heard that a conductor to realize it that the average city of the Middle West is usually lower in the matter of programme than cities which possess their own orchestras. Having from one to five concerts a season by visiting orchestras, the committee is charge of them, almost always women, plan their general scheme of programme for the season. They know what has been played in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and let a novelty have steers in any of these cities, they are after it, indeed. So much so that it is becoming the fashion to send these cities, judging from the newspaper criticism and the talk in the cities, to treat the great classics with great untiring tolerance, and a procession is given up that can only discuss Debussy, Strauss, Reger, and other after-works, but doesn't know the "tone" of the first movements of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony when they hear it.

When a conductor, as sometimes happens, is compelled to allow a conservator to play a concert or a compromise between Conservatism and Art—a Wagner programme or Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony, New York, Symphony Hall in Boston and Orchestra Hall in Chicago. He tells this matter give as a potent in cities that have fifty or more orchestral concerts in a season, to go to the Middle West to test the magical drawing power of these. What is true of the smaller cities is true of Carnegie Hall in New York, Symphony Hall in Boston and Orchestra Hall in Chicago. He tells this matter give as a potent in cities that have fifty or more orchestral concerts in a season, to go to the Middle West to test the magical drawing power of these. What is true of the smaller cities is true of Carnegie Hall in New York, Symphony Hall in Boston and Orchestra Hall in Chicago.

Often, however, the conductor has ideas of his own. Sometimes they work out well, sometimes the contrary. One of the latter was a conductor in a university town. The conductor set in his programme, which contained three symphonies and nothing else. The hundred women were in the audience and he had a goodly number that such a programme was a bit stiff. The conductor smiled sweetly, and inquired where he could play three symphonies in one concert if not in a university. They said no, unworkable, and the job of it was that the conductor had guessed right. In that particular town they still talk of the wonderful concert when they returned to three symphonies all in a row.

But it doesn't always work that way. Years ago a distinguished conductor with distinguished



"They will understand Brahms after hearing my performance"

derior was to make the first visit to a prominent city of the Middle West. Some think that city has had its own orchestra, but in those days it was unusual to be invited. It was agreed to have a program out of town, but the conductor had to build a very heavy one around Boston's U. Music Symphony, which even New York and Boston then regarded as impressive. The manager, with prophetic vision of an empty house, took his life in his hands and asked the conductor please to put a Harvard School, or even a Beethoven symphony in place of the Brahms, which would never be as desired, even if the name of Brahms meant anything to that public. The answer was characteristic:

"They will understand Brahms after the performance."

Maybe they did, but there weren't enough people in the house to pay the fees.

Two cities, even in the East, have symphonies, and most concerts need to be given in the local theaters, arenas, risks, and convention halls. Ambitious towns of the Middle West, when they build a hall for concerts, usually do so on a gargantuan scale, with a view to gathering in all sorts of conventions, and if there is one thing more discouraging than no audience at all it is the spectacle of a large audience—one which means real money—all but lost in the ravages of one of those huge earthquakes. When such a place happens to be an old risk, used as a garage, from which the automobiles have been removed just in time to place the kitchen chairs on which the fashionable audience must sit, the case is even worse. This happened to an orchestra a few years ago in a large Coast town. To stop the rains, the risk was covered with its, and at the opening of the delicious "Walden" from "Nightingale" the rain began to patter



The combination was a huge success

greatly down. At first nature and the tin roof helped the vividness of the picture of forest rangers which the genius of Wagner has painted so skillfully in text, but before the last began to twitter the roof ceased with descending torrents of rain, and the orchestra was giving a rapid imitation of a missing picture. Had the conductor established the lightning-defying Ajax and thrust up the whole of his face in the storm of the "Flying Dutchman" Orchestra, that rattling roof would still have been an easy matter.

Once the Boston Symphony Orchestra was to give a concert at one of the principal universities of the East, which in the possession of a very pretty hall, hired a small one. When the librarians arrived in

the afternoon to arrange the desks and chairs for the musicians, he discovered that the order of the chairs was held by an elaborate managed chair of marble, evidently the producer's seat of honor at university gatherings. It was permanent, not to be moved, and as the stage was so small that every inch was needed to find space for the seventy-odd musicians, the chair had to accommodate some one. He thought over the situation carefully and decided that the honor of this piece must go to the first bassoonist, for he was a most dignified-sounding man, and the bassoon, although often put to lower ranks than the first-class composers, is really, in its best estate, the most subtle and dignified instrument in the orchestra. The combination of the marble throne and the dignified, bald-headed German blowing carefully into his long, black tube, is the very center of the spotlight, as it were, overshadowing even the swaying conductor, who has the advantage of the subject and most serious music could not rob the audience of his happy mood.

Many by orchestras are not underlain with the sole idea of making money, for orchestras on the road are a poorer business proposition than they are at home. Of course, any profit is gratefully received, but usually it is good luck when the receipts and expenditure balance, coming against the former, of course, the salaries of the men for the time involved. If any one city could give sufficient support to an orchestra for a sufficiently long season, the railways would lose a very considerable income in the course of a year, but no city can, not even Boston, which spends annually more money on its orchestra than does any other city. Properly to maintain an orchestra it is necessary to offer the musician a long enough season to make it worth their while to give up "jobbing," as it is called. Twenty weeks is a minimum, and yet very good results can come from an short a season as that. With the more important bands the regular symphony season runs from twenty-five to thirty weeks, with an additional five to ten weeks for special work in the way of tours, popular concerts, and the like. Two serious concerts a week from an orchestra seems to be the maximum a normal public desires, and if a manager limited his work to such an amount even his most generous and enthusiastic granadians would rebel, though the road tours.

In those orchestras led the high road of living as much as the business. In the good old, bad old days before the interstate commerce law, the railways wanted an orchestra manager and were not particular in their offers of low-priced transportation. Now managers wait on railways and tell them where to board if they can so arrange a tour which will admit of a return-trip rate. In former years five dollars a day was ample for the maintenance of the work on the road, and some of the finest generalities of the roading art were made up of it. Now, however, they consider that double that amount barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. In the old days they were so glad to get a sleeper on a long jump, that the conductor himself did not wear a necktie when a drawing-room was not to be had. Now it demands the finest diplomacy of a manager to decide who shall have lower berths and who upper. The humble but lifting manager which need to keep from the instrument case of the traveling musician has disappeared, making way for the *vis de vis*, passenger, seated on road chairs.



The late King George, who was assassinated at Salonica last week at the age of sixty-seven, after a reign of forty-six years



The new King, Constantine, and Queen Sophia, with their family. From left to right are: Prince Paul, Prince Alexander, Queen Sophia, Prince George, King Constantine, Princess Helena (behind her father), and Princess Irene

THE DEAD KING OF GREECE AND HIS SUCCESSOR



# HOW CANCER WILL BE PREVENTED

BY LEONARD KEENE, HIRSHBERG, M.D.

**T**he American Association of Clinical Physicians at its recent convention in the New York Academy of Medicine, followed the lead of the Clinical Congress of the American Medical Association which was held also in New York City at the same time, and upon the subject suggested by Dr. Cullen, of Johns Hopkins, adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the time has arrived when, if the interests of America and the health of its citizens in this country, a campaign of publicity should be at once undertaken to bring to the attention of every woman in this country the early symptoms of cancer. If detected in its early stages cancer can often be cured."

"That this society at once appoint a committee of five, to be named by the president, to disseminate this information."

"That this committee be instructed to write or have written articles to be published in the daily press, the weekly or monthly magazines, as may prove most successful."

President Edward Martin named the following members: Dr. Thomas S. Cullen (chairman), associate professor of gynecology at Johns Hopkins; Baltimore; Dr. Howard C. Taylor, of Columbia; Dr. J. Jeff Miller, of Tulane University; New Orleans; Dr. F. F. Simpson, one of the leading abdominal surgeons of Pittsburgh; and Dr. F. C. DeLee, of Chicago, editor of a standard work in this country on diseases of women. As chairman of the meeting of the American Association of Clinical Physicians, to endorse this resolution, a committee and a division of effort upon the adoption of a similar resolution I endorsed the same committee.

What does this resolution mean? It is the public and official recognition at last of the fact that in medicine as in other phases of our civilization, cancer is the medical scourge of medicine next to alcoholism.

Hitherto, with a lofty disdain, a patronizing ignorance and a superior aloofness, the surgeon and physician have held that the physician or scientific writer who dared to enlighten the public upon important medical subjects should be judged from a medical or scientific rather than a literary point of view. To-day certain reactionary doctors still cling to this Puritanical absurdity. In fact that a medical writer may secure a name for himself and a good opinion of our leading doctors than who publishes books on the appendicitis or who die despite in fair words is not to be feared. I do not wish to quarrel with either. Happily, however, this ancient type will not survive the present generation, and the physician who is satisfied by having written a book or two upon cancer will be honored as the protagonist of the coming time.

Five thousand years of credulity and superstition among doctors, a new day is about to dawn. In place of the superstition which still survives among many physicians, doctors are being the cooperative of the public. They find that not only do they know less than they were willing to admit, not only are they limited in their abilities and the application of their skill, but they are absolutely ignorant of their alternate interests unless close relations can be established with the masses in general.

Recognizing this, a new series of non-medical workers, anti-intellectual societies for the prevention of the Captain of the Sea of Death, associations for the prevention of kindred, clubs of social hygiene, actively endeavor, and scientific legislators—and many more are aided and abetted by men and women who without any special training in dress and physicians find that such work may be done with the aid of well informed public opinion and the fact that a new series of men and women are to be the latest group of workers who are rallying in the wilderness to help the women of the world with the help of the non-medical workers of the International medical associations, with a membership exceeding three thousand, all find themselves at last grasping the wrong end of the stick, the end of the stick and their hand now is an effort to stamp out cancer. Their appeal is to you, the man, the knowledge, the instrument of their disposal are restricted in their last purpose. They demand that every doctor find that knowledge may draw upon, may advance in the future as rapidly as in the past; but not less the suffering individuals of the race, the wives, the mothers, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts are furnished with appropriate information, cancer can be eradicated, cannot come to be the scourge that it now is.

Women are no more uneducated or physically timorous than men. In fact without the aid of the medicine the impression received in that women, when medical facts are correctly presented to them, exhibit an such a power of discrimination and judgment that their ignorance and superstitious are only too often obscured and descent at the discovery of advanced and hopeless cases of malignant disease. Their capacity for initiative is being mainly if distinguished in the following. This unhappy situation is directly traceable to absence of information. Many dangerous conditions

of cancer in patients could have been simply and personally avoided had they only been made generally known to the doctor or to women. It is actually calculated that ten thousand women—just the size of a high school—should attend and receive every year through ignorance, delay, faulty knowledge, failed medicine, and non-medical methods of treatment. The medicines, blunders, and the neglect that included them a year or more before to return, avoid, or raise a simple consultation with an expert surgeon has led to their suffering, has become the cause of their death, has caused them to suffer miserably and cost them a year or more of a home-leave, and I dare say, in some cases, to lose a limb.

Merely and modestly let me advise it, I never rely upon my own skill and diagnostic acumen when a woman presents herself to me, the clinician, practitioner of a home-leave. I see here in children's purity more or less; let me not from any sense of modesty avoid unpleasant but necessary truths. At these delicate periods of life after forty years of age, up into the office or any time thereafter, our medicine, and other relations of the female sex, and the cyclical years of middle age. It is at this sensitive period that a rational investigation of a woman's life takes place. Now the physical and the mind of their years. My life has had at least been an even, stable existence. At this point in the life of womanhood, the most intelligent diagnosis and the most complete medical knowledge should be available.

"Resolved, That the time has arrived when, if the interests of America and the health of its citizens in this country, a campaign of publicity should be at once undertaken to bring to the attention of every woman in this country the early symptoms of cancer. If detected in its early stages cancer can often be cured."—Resolution adopted at the recent convention of the American Association of Clinical Physicians.

Around this point, not unaturally, perhaps, is a tissue of malnutrition, asperities, and illiberal traditions. Thus it is common among that all sorts of violent and unscientific asperities should accompany the immature enthusiasm then occurring. Physical signs, deviations, elevating, planned-like, imitations, irregularities of the rhythm, and even signs of blood are all extremely likely to be normal and healthy accompaniments of a perfectly normal and regular rhythm.

Nothing is further from the truth. At this juncture in the human cycle, just a woman passes and takes a certain amount of time in a normal and healthy state. This is not even almost without her being of all states of the change. If she is made suspiciously familiar with all the signs and symptoms, and has had many early of the other signs and symptoms (called by grandmothers and neighbors "perfectly natural"). Her appeal should be your family doctor, contact you at once to an expert gynecologist. It can do no harm other than a slight fee, which the specialist, in spite of a popular notion to the contrary, can very well do without and does not have to charge.

On the other hand, a simple examination may prevent the disease and simply a more scientific than the sprouting branches of a vicious, fatal growth. Of the earliest and most noteworthy symptoms of cancer in this only too familiar form. If you but ignore this warning, this first indication of a malignant growth; if you await the conspicuous signs of the final trouble, such as pain, it may be too late.

For a woman to have had cancer, and have an infirmity name to consult me professionally. She had never married and was perfectly shy. Yet she desired to get into a certain line of work. She had seen the appearance of those discolorations common in all women at younger ages. She had been without such evidence a year or more, and she was very young and very young and healthy looking. Without heeding about the signs or coveting the gravity of the situation, I made judgment of the common possibilities, to wit, the possible existence of cancer of a hereditary or acquired nature, I predicted, I judged, I applied to a life-long, strict internal regard for her. She refused to consent to any further or further examination, and the serious cancer. Indeed, she declined the diagnostic possibility absolutely and refused steadfastly to consent to any further or further examination. A wrong letter to her family brought me a better result.

The best cancer treatments with money-hygiene, and the most advanced in their knowledge, and in their sense, remarkable publicity advertising such as you send from one to the other in form of "curing" her, health, and ability, and while slowly declining in health, never heeded to friends of her steady improvement. For some time she was present to me, and she found me more and more before she died and admitted that her mistake had gone for her life.

Fortunately this young woman acted as a warning to the results that the result that the five or six Baltimore women were used. Within a year of this, serious physicians were consulted by dozens of women

with signs of irregular or unusual hemorrhages, and several of the patients who had been previously referred to the doctor or to women. It is actually calculated that ten thousand women—just the size of a high school—should attend and receive every year through ignorance, delay, faulty knowledge, failed medicine, and non-medical methods of treatment. The medicines, blunders, and the neglect that included them a year or more before to return, avoid, or raise a simple consultation with an expert surgeon has led to their suffering, has become the cause of their death, has caused them to suffer miserably and cost them a year or more of a home-leave, and I dare say, in some cases, to lose a limb.

That cancer must not be a fatal disease if discovered early is never certainly established. That it is often the lack of acquaintance with the dangers of delay and ignorance and the neglect that caused the most of life is proved by the physician's everyday experience. Let me here present Dr. Cullen's very words. He states that "if taken in the unaccommodated facts tend to show that at least thirty per cent. of those suffering from cancer can be cured."

For the best of cancer or twenty years ago, perhaps all over the world have been improving their methods for the removal of cancer. At the present time, if the patient comes while the cancer is still small, the most splendid result may be expected. Indeed, at the earliest stage malignant growths are just as circumscribed as a wart. If it is not a blood disease at that time, as is often supposed by the public and some doctors.

Physicians and surgeons are often called to see advanced stages of cancer, where, if the patient had been six months or a year earlier, the chances for a permanent cure would have been good. Nothing like this, nothing like this, is to be expected. The only way of drawing attention to the subject, but hitherto little impression has been made and the information has been properly presented for general dissemination.

The prevalence of cancer obtained by operation is some of the larger hospitals, both here and abroad, and that the only case present favorable prognosis. It is appalling to learn how many patients came too late for operations. Thus is the terrible disease that confronts us today. Delays are never so dangerous as with cancer. It is realized that the medical profession allows many valuable lives to be lost by not making it known that at least thirty per cent. of all cases of cancer in women could be permanently cured if they find in the earliest stage, submitted to operation early, and did not come to us in the later stages of the disease.

It is now realized how great an amount of good has been done by the public in disseminating information concerning cancer, and how much more must be done to use this most potent medium for the spreading of information about cancer. It is now evident, however, that in so many cases the most favorable prognosis is threatened. The national medical bodies that appointed this campaign committee of specialists and instructed it to make known to the public the signs and symptoms about cancer have solicited the cooperation of the whole educated world as well as the daily press. It was felt that if this were done, the good offices of the reactionary physician had to be looked if women were to be properly enlightened on the subject of this dread plague.

So impressed were the members of the congress, 2000 of whom registered during the session, with the conviction that this was the only way in which results could be obtained that had more conviction the campaign committee passed without a dissenting vote.

In cancer there are two chief kinds of cancer, one of which has been mentioned, namely, of the internal organs. The other is located in the human, if a woman notices a lump in her breast, she should consult her family physician immediately. It may be only a breast lump which has been formed in time and time again, and it may be a cancerous growth. In the latter case it should be removed at once.

Internal cancer is recognized by hemorrhage. If the hemorrhage is a cancerous growth, it will be noticed, she should report immediately to her physician. He will tell her whether her ailment is a cancerous growth or a cancerous growth. If a cancerous growth, an operation should be performed forthwith.

This is the news to be disseminated throughout the country and the world, and it should be disseminated by every medical man and woman. The United States should stand with many well equipped hospitals and with many capable physicians and surgeons, women suffering with cancer will not have to leave the country to obtain the necessary medical advice or surgical treatment.

Just as soon as the women of the land are as fully educated as doctors about the first signs of cancer and about the danger of delay, and will report promptly to their physicians, and an operation from thirty per cent. of those at least will be rescued from this hideous disease. Until a few years ago cancer was not a name that was known to most women. It might have made it remain so, but knowledge will free you from the danger.

When a woman has cancer in everything. Let the patient submit to operation while the disease is in the early stage. After it has spread the chance of cure is lessened greatly. First of all, you are impressed with the seriousness of the publicity, the first step is to obtain it. You pass the information on to every woman whom you can advise on the subject.

# THE SPY OF TRADE

## How the Big Business Firm Uses His Services to Outwit its Rivals

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

**T**HE modern big commercial firm, in order to get the advantage for every possible contingency, needs a business detective attached to its staff. Generally he is not called by that name. As a rule not by any name at all, for officially he has no connection with the concern. It is quite likely that he does not enter the firm's

office twice a year. Sometimes he has office of his own, and it is quite likely he is "detaching" far more than one enterprise, in lines that do not conflict.

The really able business detective is very like his prototype in the field of crime. He has the "death" head. He watches new enterprises, discovers new leads, points the way to virgin fields, hounds customers whose trade has never been secured before. A specialty of an expert of this sort is the carrying through of delicate missions. Such a man costs money, but he is often worth his weight in gold. There are many instances that get beyond the verities of the least of salaried and the shrewd diplomacy of the lowest "boss."

A situation of this nature came up in the manufacturing world not long ago. It was a case of a big order, and there was every indication that competing concerns were going to slash prices to win it. This did not sit well with the hardy, hearty executive president of the M. N. O. Works and his most efficient salesman, a brown little man who was a "strawman" to the trade, and whose commissions averaged thirty thousand dollars a year. Both men wanted that order, but at the popular figure. There must be a way of getting it.

"What we want," said the president, "is to know what those fellows"—he spoke the name of a famous foreign firm of mining engineers who were placing the order—really have in their minds. All we do know is what they say."

"Huh!" replied the shrewd little salesman thoughtfully. "Mr. Matson, one you spare an hour like this afternoon?"

"Yes, of course."

"Be in your car at Columbus Circle at five. It'll arrange to have Blowing meet you."

Blowing was the business detective who had discovered many little things that had helped along many of the M. N. O. Works' campaigns amazingly.

The first and greatest art of the skilled detective is to throw the company he serves off their guard and get them to talk. In the hands of a man who has this power a "chain" becomes valuable. He does not continue him in an ordinary way. Thus when—

—by the second chance—Blowing and the American representative of the foreign mining engineers closed together a night or so later, the engineer, when he was blowing merely as a man of charming personality and some large private interests downstairs—a very well-informed fellow he had always found him—was not surprised when the other, ever the deceiver, casually said:

"You are going to get very few bids on those boat-building engines?"

"The best order. All the houses want our trade and we are playing them one against the other."

"Clear idea. Did you get it?"

"Yes, the Grand Mogul of the engineering firm, set on a purchase in London."

"He'll be glad to see the American partner."

"The shrewdest of 'em" went on the over-confident detective, "in your story about your desperate hurry. Let's see, you sell to the government, don't you? God, how those chaps 'I about down prices'!"

"The engineer looked pleased. "We don't chime too much credit. It's a tough job," he said.

"That we must have the intention in a week or so, really the truth."

"Yes!" Blowing was wilyly interested. It was nothing but a way to get money at stake in, and you could see.

"We must have the first, certain sure, the work from the contract, our clients lose their lease on the mine—no in the least concerned."

A pretty commercial point. Blowing let off the end of a cigar and reached the cigar case to his companion.

"Huh! Suppose your low bidder gets the contract and fails to deliver the first boat by one day?"

The shod had told. The detective had discovered exactly what he wanted to know, and had planted the seed of

distrust. He casually eyed the engineer, and deftly began to get observe all other concerns on short-strings which frequently undertook more than they could carry out, and big firms with which reliability was the basis of life.

The little salesman of the M. N. O. Works had a telephone call at his apartment on Riverside Drive late that night, and the next morning, before he



"Suppose your low bidder gets the contract and fails to deliver the first boat by one day?"

started out to see about his bid, he stepped into the president's room.

"Blowing has found out the weak point," he said. "They absolutely must have those boats on time. There mustn't be a shadow of doubt about it. Leave it to me, we'll close on that agreement. Five steel cut my figure at all."

The salesman was right. Two hours later he came back with everything fully settled. The statement he made when all the competing salaried men were gathered together will long be remembered.

"We do not compete in price, only in quality. We have put in the highest bid—naturally one would be the highest. We had to make a high figure because of the unusual conditions, to compensate me for the extra expense we must incur. If the unexpected happens, the entire loss of our plant will be thrown to deliver these boats on time."

A well-dressed man stepped into the office of a paper-manufacturing concern, and sent in a card to the manager. The card brought an immediate request for the visitor to come into the private office. Not a clerk knew that the unassuming stranger was the concern's most important customer. They would have been amazed had they known that he was in the same line as Sherlock Holmes, only turning his skill to commercial purposes.



They would have been amazed had they heard that he was in the same line as Sherlock Holmes

What this business detective had behind closed doors cannot a salesman be sent for and printed with facts. The salesman strode down the street, and before the manager had shot his desk on the day's work a very small closed room had been attached, a rival had been wiped out so far as a certain printing firm's business was concerned; it was all of his handwriting on his bill, in place of any handwriting on his bill, so they had been doing for years.



the company that had the detective on retainer would have heard, it was very likely, get all of it.

"People talk of 'psychological economics.' The man who is not an up-to-date in his phrases says 'in the nick of time.' This was how it came about."

The manager of the printing establishment was a man who lived up quickly, but always concealed his wrath. Among the many curious bits of information this business detective had acquired was a knowledge of this fact. Quietly "sneaking" one day, he made the discovery that a little question had come up as to one of the statements of account of the opposition paper company. The question concerned the quality and weight of some stock furnished, and very diplomatically the opposition company were insisting that they were right. As a matter of fact they were wrong. What interested the detective was that in the printing man's heart was a considerable

"Business men do it," he had said, when he had outlined the situation in the secrecy of the manager's office. "See how you like this idea, Mr. Denton. Put business men to the whole thing now. They find it hot. He has just one thought in his head. Have business men his inside of half an hour. There his make a proposition just at that stock, making else. He'll have him say a word about the people across the street. See if he doesn't get an order, and more, too. I think you'll have the rest of that business now, sir."

In this day the opposition firm does not know how it lost one track after another on its own side. Not a statement graciously when it discovered, a few hours later, that it was in the wrong. Why a minor error like that opposition should have put it in the position of the runner, it does not know. It has never yet discovered how a man who he never suspected was in the game perceived a rival's hidden wrath that was already smoldering, and turned it to advantage.

Mr. A wants to know how much the B Company, his own competitor, are paying for a certain line of merchandise. There does not seem any way of finding out by ordinary business methods. But Mr. A is resourceful. He has needed special information on this subject and that many a time in the past year or so, and he is in touch with Mr. C, who has a considerable side of office in one of the big buildings on lower Broadway. A very progressive man—Mr. C, in all appearances.

Though the other branches of the building and the scores of men know all about the company, Mr. C never suspected if C is a business detective. Were this fact discovered his occupation would be gone—at all events, his ability to get on in his present very successful way. He passes himself off as a very capable business man, an agent of some sort on an important scale, and then he does just enough real business to give color to this supposition.

"It will take a little time," says Mr. C, when he receives his orders. "About a few thousand-dollar order, about a year ago. That's about all I have. I'll let you know how to drop your price. You have a copy of my telephone card, haven't you?"

For this business detective had some secrets which slip out over the telephone, has a tiny secret code book for his checks, by the use of which instant and

quite misleading words can be used for vital ones. This rule is not new. There are scores of ways in which you may have sold out their employers before now and have never been suspected.

In the role of a detective, however, you must start in to buy. All the B Company's office he discovered that while the goods were him amassing and showing this to the business men, there were many of those, a man, A, two blocks away, who names a letter P.P.P.

The report may readily be imagined. Good, solid customers like this do not appear every day. Very pretty relationship is formed by help C from buying of A. The price is finally shaded, just at this juncture A reduces the price further, so that the profit might fall of the desired result were it not that C is a consummate actor. His plans are effectively as the best business men in the world. The B Company let him see the articles to measure him what the goods really cost them and how A, if he is a real genius, priced just further, making it selling a lower quality.

Information like that furnished in these cases is worth much money to big concerns at all times. In these days of steep competition ordinary channels of trade now are frequently of little avail, and the trained eye and specialized brain of a professional investigator are necessary. There are scores of ways in which such an expert can be of service. Now he will be retained to "name about" and study what seems to be a possible cause of a particular product, now to ascertain the difficult and delicate proposition of why a certain firm will not buy of his client when it continues to order from other firms. Half the battle is in knowing the precise facts. There are men in New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and here in London who are men of the highest skill in this branch of detecting as William J. Burns is to him.

The business detective is a very different sort of person from the detective of the agency, of course. Most of them would never be called detectives. If frankly asked, however, they would be able to give their peculiar performance for a fee. The profession requiring an individual, peculiar ability—any other name. They work in what amounts to a disguise, and have all the means of the detective of crime in getting into the good graces of the people whom they investigate. It is still told that a man in the far West had, several years ago, the present account of one of these business detectives directed a very valuable freight account from one big railroad to another. A

mining company that was producing heavily and was a constant shipper gave all its business to the A. B. C. road, which could do just as well, found themselves unable to get a dollar's worth, a particularly annoying situation, for the business was



The B Company let him see the invoices

running into many hundreds of dollars each month. There was a moment when two things happened simultaneously. The railroads were tied up by one of the greatest snowstorms of the year and the mine began to be flooded with a tremendous body of water.

The pumps at hand bottled noisily with the surge, but the water was only a few feet high. Nobody ever knew the mine would be flooded. Some hundreds of miles away the mining company could get their hands on the pumps they had supplied, but they could not solve the problem. But the pumps might as well have been on the Atlantic Coast, so far as they were concerned.

A business detective now how things were at a glance. He had been retained by the A. B. C. road. Without losing an instant's time he caught the general idea of the situation. The water had reached its channel in a second.

"Get that pump, I am going to send my special car to get it," he said, and he was off. The water was rising of the supply house, and had her up. Well get through.

One half-hour of the road was put on the little special. The supply house was delighted to have its customer obliged, and before the favored railroad had arrived the pump was in the hands of its competitors.

The general freight agent took no chances. At a certain point he arranged to have a twelve-hour team to carry the pump over the mountains. On the other side another engine and car were waiting.

How much money he spent to get that to his destination has never been told. But he did it. Nobody ever knew the amount of personal exertion and skill he himself put into the task. His own engine took its way to the mine, the engine that had killed the station where the big wagon stood. That car of his most trusted men, carried along for this special purpose, accompanied the pump, and the engine of the horse was substituted for the exhausted one. The second train journey was made in safety, and the A. B. C. road, in the exquisite facility of calling the mine on the telephone.

"We have just received a pump consigned to you. Understand you are in a race for it. It will be on the platform in five minutes."

"You've received a what—what? Eh, what? No, you couldn't! What the—say, you fellows, get out."

"One of the Blue Line freightmen happens to be standing here, and, if you wish, we can see you time by time."

"Fine!"

As a matter of fact the Blue Line truck was at that moment being loaded with the pump. Within an hour the big sucker was working with steady rhythm and lowering the water. The business detective had triumphed.

## A GLIMPSE OF WAR

BY HENRY W. FARNSWORTH

AFTER spending a week in Constantinople, posting from one official to another in the way attempted to get through and see all the sights. I finally realized the Turkish method of saying "no." Every man I saw was posted at the door, and as far as he was concerned, eager to let me go. That uncertainty he was not qualified to give me an satisfactory answer was needed. So I decided to make at least a start without a pass. I bought a middle-class, a park-borne, and a donkey, and high up the side the donkey and intercept for me. I started from the Pera Palace Hotel about noon, and slept that night at San Nifantia.

The little of Lala-Burnaz was at this time about ten days old and the roads were filled with the fleeing peasants or citizens photographed. The town of San Nifantia was crawling with soldiers, many of them fresh from Asia Minor, being served very well by their heads. It was, of course, a very interesting sight in itself, but of every one of those. I was a free and kept merrily to himself about Alak, whether because he was sure from riding or because he was trying to keep his good horse clean I could not make out.

We started early the next morning and got away as far as Katchik-Burnaz. There was a rather cautious discussion as to whether I should be allowed to cross the bridge. After considerable talk we got through and were at the bridge. I was on the front and so made bridge to cross. The roads, as we proceeded along, were even more and more crowded with soldiers, many of them fresh from Asia Minor, being served very well by their heads. It was, of course, a very interesting sight in itself, but of every one of those. I was a free and kept merrily to himself about Alak, whether because he was sure from riding or because he was trying to keep his good horse clean I could not make out.

All right I could see the silhouette of the ammunition wagons behind me working their way along the ridge. Not a light was to be seen for three times offered (I should be) but in attention was paid to me. With the first light of dawn we got under way, and shortly after a long, low, dark, and suddenly down upon the lake and

harbor at Bush-Cherkmez. To the right was the Turkish camp, a horde of dirty white and brown tents, piled one on another along the hills. Thousands of soldiers were moving about, steadily apparently getting breakfast and feeding horses. A long line of horses was waiting with painful patience at the hill from the little tower at the foot of the bridge, which, white and deserted, stood across the narrow entrance of the lake into the Bulgarian territory. There was a constant hallooing between the Turks and the camp on the hill, and every horse stopped and dash there and then went on slowly at the hill. There was a constant hallooing between the Turks and the camp on the hill, and every horse stopped and dash there and then went on slowly at the hill. There was a constant hallooing between the Turks and the camp on the hill, and every horse stopped and dash there and then went on slowly at the hill.

There was no wind and six swallows were flying quietly in the harbor. Suddenly my eye caught a dash, and then a puff of white smoke, and a big gun loomed out from the highest hill. About two minutes later the shell over behind the hills, where the Bulgians were camped. Those dead shells settled down again. At fifteen-minute intervals during the whole morning this continued. Not a sign of any kind came from the Bulgians behind the hills. About one hour there or four correspondents turned up from somewhere, stood about on the highest point, looked with frightened eyes, and returned. The Turks set quietly in the trenches, and the line of pack-horses stood steadily up and down the hill from the town to the camp.

In the afternoon I left my Greek to guard the pack-horse and started down toward the town. The soldiers looked at me with dark curiosity, and said nothing. Along the side of the road were many dead horses and bullocks, with cows lying about them. As I moved along I began to feel depression. The Turks set quietly in the trenches, and the line of pack-horses stood steadily up and down the hill from the town to the camp. In the afternoon I left my Greek to guard the pack-horse and started down toward the town. The soldiers looked at me with dark curiosity, and said nothing. Along the side of the road were many dead horses and bullocks, with cows lying about them. As I moved along I began to feel depression. The Turks set quietly in the trenches, and the line of pack-horses stood steadily up and down the hill from the town to the camp. In the afternoon I left my Greek to guard the pack-horse and started down toward the town. The soldiers looked at me with dark curiosity, and said nothing. Along the side of the road were many dead horses and bullocks, with cows lying about them. As I moved along I began to feel depression. The Turks set quietly in the trenches, and the line of pack-horses stood steadily up and down the hill from the town to the camp.

at Bush-Cherkmez. I was met by a colonel, who politely told me that my presence was no longer desired in or about the camp. I noticed at the same time that the Turkish flag was flying from the hill, was hoisted signaling Tehtabdzin.

On the second side of the camp was a miserable little Turkish village, a flat top on still now deserted of the Turkish army could be seen. I got my horse on the path and decided to spend the night there. About half past five, the moon was low and faintly started to his feet, jerking the bridge almost out of my hand and waking me up. The most instant it was that I was in the middle of the bridge, on the side of the Bulgarian end of the bridge. The terrible outlying of machine-guns burst out, the whole hillside burst into a series of explosions, and the Turkish ships began to fire, and from the end of the bridge came the answering crackle of rifles and hiss of machine-guns. In three minutes there was a pause, a few random shots, and again complete silence. Four-hundred yards up the hill and signals flashed all along the Turkish front. Those men quieted down and their firing ceased. The Bulgians had fired, in the dark, to force the bridge. In those few minutes—not more than four—three hundred Bulgians had been killed, wounded, or captured, and about 5000 Turks.

With the first streaks of dawn the cannon of the Bulgarian army began to fall. The battery after battery came into action. Howdahs joined in, and down in the plain where the Turks were camped the firing of the guns was heard. The Turkish heavy artillery on the hills. Two batteries of eight guns each began to move from behind the Bulgarian front. The Bulgarian heavy artillery was not the slightest danger in that spot, yet every time the windows rattled many percent gone back. I found it very interesting to see the firing from the hills. In my hand, I again noticed my bill. About noon I made out a detachment of infantry advancing from the hills. They were in the line of the hills. The Turkish field-guns burst over and around them. After advancing for about half a mile they began to retreat, and after a short distance they were seen to be in the line of the hills. The Bulgarian heavy artillery was not the slightest danger in that spot, yet every time the windows rattled many percent gone back. I found it very interesting to see the firing from the hills. In my hand, I again noticed my bill. About noon I made out a detachment of infantry advancing from the hills. They were in the line of the hills. The Turkish field-guns burst over and around them. After advancing for about half a mile they began to retreat, and after a short distance they were seen to be in the line of the hills.

I took over to a Greek village to get some breakfast. The only coffee shop was crowded with trembling Greeks and Jewish peasants. Although there was not the slightest danger in that spot, yet every time the windows rattled many percent gone back. I found it very interesting to see the firing from the hills. In my hand, I again noticed my bill. About noon I made out a detachment of infantry advancing from the hills. They were in the line of the hills. The Turkish field-guns burst over and around them. After advancing for about half a mile they began to retreat, and after a short distance they were seen to be in the line of the hills. The Bulgarian heavy artillery was not the slightest danger in that spot, yet every time the windows rattled many percent gone back. I found it very interesting to see the firing from the hills. In my hand, I again noticed my bill. About noon I made out a detachment of infantry advancing from the hills. They were in the line of the hills. The Turkish field-guns burst over and around them. After advancing for about half a mile they began to retreat, and after a short distance they were seen to be in the line of the hills.



"In the Garden," by Charles C. Curran



"Mother and Child," by Lilian Gerth



"The Glade," by Walter L. Palmer



"An Idyll," by Olga Popoff



"Portrait in Black"



"Rock Chasms," by Paul Dougherty  
AWARDED THE SYNTHETIC GOLD MEDAL



"The Grand Exit"  
AWARDED THE GOLD

## THE ACADEMICIANS

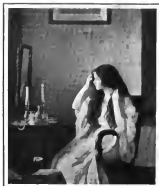
Following close upon the heels of the recent sensational exhibition in New York of "modern" show of the National Academy, with its adherence to the main-traveled highways of art.



Irving R. Wilson



Gifford Beal  
5 YEARS OLD



"Girl Combing Her Hair," by William M. Preston



"A Portrait Study," by Cecelia Beas



"Brother and Sister," by M. Jean McLane  
AWARDED THE THIRD HALLGARTEN PRIZE



"The Library, New York," by Colin Campbell Cooper



"Youth," by Gardner Symons  
AWARDED THE FALTY'S MEDAL

## HAVE THEIR TURN

and, with its audacious display of "cubism" and "post-imp. impressionism," comes the annual  
 This page are shown some of the notable exhibits now on view at the Fine Arts Galleries

# APPROACHING THE UNSINKABLE SHIP

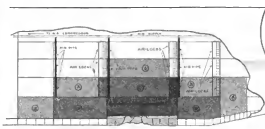
BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT

**S**INCE the foundering of the *Titanic* almost a year ago, various ocean steamships have been extensively re-modelled. There has been a partial insurance, but it is not clear that it is not the substantial remedy needed to provide against the possible consequences of collision with a submerged obstruction.

The *Titanic* remained above the sea's surface two hours and three-quarters after she was so grievously injured by the fatal iceberg, and in this fact lies the story of the real direction in which preventive measures must be taken. (Over as the original injuries were, by which water flooded certain of the liner's compartments at sea, those leaks were easy the approximate cause of the disaster. The ship finally sank because the enveloping bulkheads and the overriding decks gradually yielded to the invading sea, and thus still larger spaces were progressively inundated and the vessel's reserves of buoyancy utterly destroyed. There was nothing to inhibit the over-stressed partitions from the opposite side. Our naval constructors realized the need of additional security, but the puzzle was how to provide it without too much increased weight and cost. The manner in which the problem has been solved by an ex-engineer, Mr. W. W. Wetherpoon, is worth the telling.)

Mr. Wetherpoon makes every water-tight compartment of a ship a potential caisson, and he provides simple facilities by which these spaces can be speedily filled with compressed air to drive the intrusive water out. Not only are the flooded spaces filled with air under pressure, but the adjacent ones, as well. The air is the unpaired substitute in at least pressure, but it is sufficient to reinforce greatly the structure immediately enveloping the damaged compartment. The net result of this is that the wounded spaces, in their resistance to the oncoming sea, draw support from a wide area of the contiguous and nearby ship structure, and there is no danger of a fatal yielding because of a bursting force concentrated upon the steel partitions immediately exposed to the intruding sea.

Every man-of-war has a series of pipes leading to all the water-tight subdivisions for the purpose of maintaining forced ventilation. By means of a flexible coupling, easily attached, these pipes can be connected with the air compressor which all fighting ships carry. Thus the only connection to the connecting link. Each of these compartments has water-tight hatch covers, and the change Mr. Wetherpoon introduced involved



How the United States navy is making its latest dreadnaughts unsinkable

1. INJURED COMPARTMENT UNDER MAXIMUM AIR PRESSURE OF FORTY-FOUR POUNDS. 2. OUTWARD FLOODING COMPARTMENTS UNDER AIR PRESSURE OF SEVEN POUNDS. 3. DEFENSIVE REINFORCING COMPARTMENTS UNDER AIR PRESSURE OF THREE POUNDS. IN THIS MANNER THE WOUNDED AREA BECOMES EXTENSIVE AND EFFICIENT SUPPORT, AND THE DAMAGED SUBDIVISION CAN BE EXTENDED AND TEMPORARILY REPAIRED BY MADE AFTER COMPRESSED AIR HAS BEEN APPLIED.

After this system was experimentally installed aboard the armored cruiser *North Carolina* and thoroughly tested a short while ago, Mr. Wetherpoon conceived another and equally valuable service which the plant could render without adding to the structural features. Fire is dreaded as a shipboard evil every seafarer, and especially so where a fighting ship, with her tons of explosives, is concerned. Instead of turning compressed air into the compartments, Mr. Wetherpoon uses the same conduits to carry a non-combustible gas into any space where a conflagration threatens. In this manner a fire can be speedily smothered without the disadvantages attending the use of water, which may do as much damage as the flames.

In a general way this protective system may be adapted to the structural conditions of ocean steamships, and while its installation would not be quite so extensive as that provided in our latest dreadnaughts, still, it could be made comprehensive enough to insure the floating of the craft despite wounds

so hopeless that her owners abandoned her to the underwriters. She represented a value of a million and a half dollars, and a promise of sixty per cent, was charged by the insurers. Winter was approaching and there was the danger of the river freezing over. Time was pressing and only something out of the ordinary was likely to refloat the ship. This Mr. Wetherpoon volunteered to provide, and his proposition was promptly accepted by the anxious interests concerned.

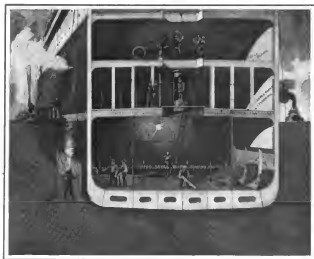
The illustration shows how the vessel was refloated and then how her damaged bottom was effectively patched so that she could go to sea in safety. The latches over the flooded compartments were sealed with metal plates and temporary airlocks attached, while air compressors were placed on board and the necessary connections made with the injured spaces. The covering wooden deck was made airtight by means of layers of tarred paper and a cover of steel flooring, and the strength of resistance against the bursting pressure of the confined air in the adjacent compartments was obtained by shores reaching to the deck above. With these arrangements completed, the compressors were started, and the air turned into the water-filled spaces. Inside of fifteen minutes the water had been driven outward until it was level with the top of the highest partitions.

Then the men began to do their work. Pieces of planking, called "podge-boards," were fitted in over the girders, and the crevices were generously plastered with a mixture of mud and oakum—the compressed air driving this plaster stuff firmly into all the cracks. The water reached as the "podge-boards" extended downward, and thus progressively the holds were emptied and the vessel floated. But, even so, she was not seaworthy, and under ordinary circumstances would have been taken to the nearest dry-dock, which happened to be more than a hundred miles away up the river, a substantial repair. The season made this risky, because there was the likelihood that navigation would close and that the liner could not return to England to prepare for the spring service. Apart from this, the dry-dock charges would be very heavy, independently of the cost of repairs. Again Mr. Wetherpoon came to the rescue, and offered to make the ship ready for sea without dry-docking. This was no less startling than his first achievement, and yet, as we shall see, he accomplished his end in a simple and efficient manner.

From within, carpenters made fertile wooden patterns of the necessary patch-plates and marked upon these templates the shape and size of the openings in the vessel's bottom the places for bolt holes. From these the steel workers fashioned the patch-plates and screwed into them iron bolts. These plates were let down over the outside of the ship and guided down place by place—the threaded bolts entering the holes previously made for them and temporarily sealed from within by wooden plugs. As the bolts came aboard, nuts and washers were attached, and these were screwed down until the patch plate was drawn snugly against the skin of the craft and the ruptured bottom securely sealed.

The underwater damage to the vessel affected nearly forty per cent of her bottom plating, the straining made by means of Mr. Wetherpoon's system settled a saving of fully \$50,000 and made it possible for the liner to get out of St. Lawrence before the river froze. She was way bound to Halifax, where she was temporarily dry-docked for inspection before making the longer run to England, she encountered very trying weather, but in spite of the shaking, her temporary repairs proved equal to the best.

Soon after the ship had left of the ship's crew a small motor launch, called the *Halifax*, was sent off and, like the carrier craft, was repaired for the run to New York in the same manner. She was way bound to Halifax, where she was temporarily dry-docked for inspection before making the longer run to England, she encountered very trying weather, but in spite of the shaking, her temporary repairs proved equal to the best.



How the stranded steamship was refloated

merely carrying these latches to the deck above and thus turning them into air-locks, the purpose of the airlock being to provide a source of entrance into or egress from a compartment filled with compressed air. The design is not above intended to expel the water which can be driven outward only down to the topmost part of the rupture in the vessel's plating—led to close the holes and to keep the division drained while temporary repairs are made by which the craft can go on her way portions. The airlock makes it possible for men to go to and fro in doing this work.

even worse than those that carried the *Titanic* to the bottom. A very good application of this general scheme was recently made in the salvage and the repairing of a large trans-Atlantic liner which was stranded in November upon the rocks at St. Lawrence. The steamship went ashore at high tide, and the seriousness of her predicament was aggravated by the tidal drop of sixteen feet at that part of the river, which ten miles below opened. Part of the cargo was removed and the steamer tried to drag the stranded craft into deep water, but without avail. Her position seemed



# Interfudes

## SOME MERRY JESTS FOR APRIL FIRST

**For a Busted Father to send to an Extravagant son.**  
A check for ten thousand dollars, drawn to the young man's order, and mailed by special delivery post in time to reach him at breakfast on the day of April 1, so long as it is assumed the deception will prove easily unmasking and will cost only twenty cents, the amount of postage required for its prompt delivery.

**For an Old Head of household to send to a money-mad daughter of love at first sight, accompanied by a violent protestation of everlasting devotion, and ending with a proposal of marriage.** This, written on a strange typewriting machine, and sent through the mails without signature of any work, or other clue to the identity of the author, will create much excitement, and result just to nothing.

**For a Dishonest Debtor to send to a Dunning Father.** Dear Sir:—Please find enclosed my check for three hundred and forty-eight dollars and ninety-eight cents, in full settlement of your account to date, which I regret to have overlooked for so long," says this, and place it in a sealed envelope addressed to the father in question, omitting disclosure of any kind and mail. Much amusement will be gathered from the expression of his face when he finds the check missing, if you can so arrange matters as to be where you can see it without his seeing you.

**For a Fond or an Inconceivable Social Visitor.** A handsomely engraved invitation purporting to invite Mr. and Mrs. Wessley Snodden to meet Mr. and Mrs. Landgrave at dinner at eight o'clock on the evening of April 1st, at Number Blankety-Blank Fifth Avenue, using the address of the Public Library as that of the host and hostess. It will be well worth sending to sit in the corridors of the library and witness the arrival of the dinner party.

**For a Pungent Bore of a Philosphical Party of Mind.** A fulsome letter from a metropolitan University announcing a resolution passed by the trustees and faculty concerning upon him the degree of B. E. D. in his reply accepting the honor he will imply the meaning of the letters, and you will gain considerable amusement in framing the explanation that if he will go and live on a rural free-delivery route he will find out.

**For a Young Wife to Play on a Grieving Husband.** Make a pair out of red-hot-iron washers, make in molasses and covered with a crust baked to the brittle power of a piece of armor plate. Place this in a neat box tied up with pink ribbons, and all determine how it delivered by messenger at your house, accompanied by a card bearing the inscription, "With Mother's Love, to Alice." Then when he has dined upon the pies that mother used to make, serve warm and with a straight face.

### HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE

"No year for Jim has decided to be a dentist," said Mr. Bitters, meeting Uncle Jed at the post-office.

"Yes," said the old farmer.

"Hasn't he ever discover that he had a liking for 'B'?" asked Mr. Bitters.

"No, he never let his pallid stamps out of the cow-pasture," said the old man.

### A VALID EXCUSE

"Kiss ye deary ye was coveidin' the aped limit?" demanded the judge.

"No, I can't, judge," said Larrup, "but I had a good reason, your honor."

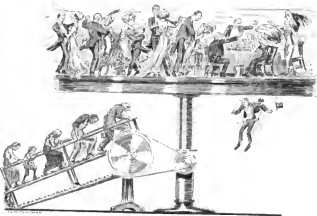
"What was that?" demanded the judge.

"Why, my geeseen was getting low, sir, and I wanted to hurry in before it was gone out," said Larrup.



HEART THROBBLER

"ALTHOUGH THE DOCTOR SAID HE WOULD BE OUT 'Y' ENO DAY, HE ENDED HIS WIFE NOT BE OUT IN A MONTH."



THE TREADMILL

"'Wm.—waa.' said the judge. "I'll let ye of this time, and send a law 'Fm not only justice of the peace, but the marriage-keeper here, I'll just sentence ye to buy a couple a gallon o' gas from me, in view of the scarcity of the stuff, it'll come to seven dollars a gal."



"NIP, I WANT A BUNNAY W'CH COME ALONG, AN I'LL WASH MESSUP SOME WED THAT FEELS OVER THERE."

### AS TO ART

The students of the Early Summer Art School had just passed the Lathberry farm, and old Uncle Jed Lathberry watched them with curious interest as they walked along. Then he laughed as he turned to his neighbor Dingdell.

"What do ye make out's this here art game, Birm?" he said, stroking his chin.

"I don't know," said the artist.

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"I don't know," said the artist.

"Waa," said Uncle Jed. "That's about how she looks."

"An' then one of our sisters rises up all to a sudden," said Mr. Dingdell. "an' sends on a good college an' takin' a course in painting, an' just to keep pace in the family we let her go."

"Naw," said Uncle Jed.

"An' arter awhile she comes back, an' in two weeks she paints the Grandest, loveliest, pink and yellow, prettier-herbage looking picture of the place ye've averted all yer life to build up, calls it the old home by the river, puts a seven-dollar frame around it, and sells the framed thing to one of them millionaire brokers down in the city for five thousand dollars!"

"What do they call 'em when they sell 'em?"

"Paintin'," said Uncle Jed.

"Yes," said Mr. Dingdell. "De paintin's in the farm."

"I guess that's it, then," said Uncle Jed. "It's the old home, it's the old."

### THE HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE

They were discussing extravagance at the club, and Uncle Bitters pronounced the query: "What is the height of extravagance, in your judgment, Colonel Birm?"

"Well," said the Colonel. "I should say that the height of extravagance was building a low ally of polished ivory, and playing to you on it, using quart bottles of champagne for pins and gas-pipe for balls."

### THE AMENDE HONORAIRE

"No!" roared Birm, waving Wiggins by the arm. "I've found you at last! You sold me a jacks at the club the other day, and, by gorry, you've got to apologize."

"All right, Birk," said Wiggins. "Anything to oblige—let me to the real jacks and I'll apologize in his face."

### NOT TOO WELL

"In this well water?" asked the power-by, passing for a drink at the farm-house.

"Waa," said Birm. "I reckon it's as well as it kin be expected to be, considerin' it's been draw where the cow-shed mostly draws into it."

### APRIL

April is the month for me and Floss, month I ever see; dearest month of all the year, and the reason's very clear, for, of all the months they are on the blessed calendar, not another one is there so much like my Daphne!

First of those remembrance, April just overtake us. You can't tell by April akes just what in the future live; you can't reason from today what tomorrow brings your way—ad dear Daphne in the same, regrettably uncertain time!

April smile with smile so sweet it sighs when you off your hat; then a moment later loom clouds compelling in their gloom; and where smiles depicted your face falls an endless stack of tears—just like Daphne, don't you know, alternating joy and woe.

Come along a sunny best making life a fragrant bower, and you don't gaily sing with the very joy of Spring; and ere night the Spring is lost and there comes a chilling frost—just like Daphne's whimsy game hitting Spring and wintry days.

Yes, indeed, those April days fill my soul with joy, even when I love them! You can't let it do, with a lot that's staunch and true, just because they change to be wayward, contradictory. Just as Daphne is the blessing—when she keeps her lover guessing!



Year 66.



IF WE ARE TO HAVE ART ON OUR COINS, WHY NOT HAVE DESIGNS THAT WILL SHOW SOME OF THE USES TO WHICH THEY ARE PUT?

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE





# WE VISIT THE CIRCUS



**E**VERYBODY knows that there is a show where dreams and wishes come to life. Most of us have visited some part of these Magic Kingdoms, and have perhaps met their him who has been called Ayrault, or AIRR the Youthful, in whose company (as it is said), one is aware that the greatness of grand does not really pass nor the beauty of a wild rose lady. It is quite true that you will not find any true people who agree as to where these Magic Kingdoms are to be found, or who call them by the same name. For some they are the Isle of Apple Trees, for others the Fane of Honey. Others know them as the Land of Heart's Desire; still others, who are troubled and sorrowful, and who therefore must be wrong (for of course no one should be troubled and sorrowful), may tell you that the true name is the Hills of Silence. But those who insist that the right way to speak of this country—at least when someone the country where miracles greet you constantly, as familiar friends, and all the winds are spring winds, and the sun is always innocent, and there is always dancing and singing in the groves and fields, and every one has everything he wants, from grapes as big as apples and apples as big as pumpkins in games as perpetual as the hills—those we say, who insist that the true name of this most meritorious and desirable region is Turman (y, or the Land of Youth, are probably more nearly right than the others. They will tell you (though perhaps only the old and weary will agree with them) that the Plains of Honey and the Isle of Apple Trees are nothing but mirages; that the Land of Heart's Desire is but a name to be used in the doorway, a fadler in the wind (they have used those very words); and that the Hills of Silence are shut away by an imperceptible wall. But, they say, Turman (y) is no delusion, and is shut away by no forbidding curtain of mysterious vapor.

Everyone read when we say "everyone," we mean, of course, everyone under sixteen—the others don't count (as you and known AIRR of the Young, of whom we have spoken. He wears many disguises; but always he has the power, not only to keep the

and he is now to be seen any day. He is at his old game of making wonderful things come true, of making them appear before your very eyes. You can prove this for yourself any afternoon or evening by going to the Madison Square Garden. For we shall get larger con-

and "hilly-hilly" twopence; and the breath-taking performer who sees them are indeed marvelous artists. The women, we venture to observe, seemed more confident and satisfied in the performance of their part than did the men. Moments of confusion and multitudes of wondrous crowd upon us, and they are not really disappointed. We are favored by a huge and stupor-inducing and purpose-driven in which are mingled deliciously the grotesque and the splendid and the comic. We remember the inconceivable base-hilly-playing of two deliciously solemn elephants, the milk-white horses who turned themselves into dancing marionettes; the accomplished and relentless kangaroo who taught a successful loving match; the Icelandic wrestler who vanquished, single-handed, three marionette desperadoes; the fabulous hand-back-riding of Miss May Wark's eighteen years of age and the greatest ruler that ever lived; as the grotesque affairs with elaborately restrained enthusiasm; and we meet not even to slight the stuporous "Chopin's" spectacle, which is at once characteristic, dramatic, and comic, and in which three thousand costumes gleam and glow upon the stage of the Garden.



Shew ever green and the moss ever fresh, but to endure for so the things we wish for and dream of, all the time we wish for them to be true—which, when you come to think of it, is quite the most desirable gift anyone could have. Well, the time of year when you may see most likely to meet AIRR of the Young is here,

and the fact that the Circus has two an undebatable conviction that the Circus should always be capital-and, like Congress and the Constitution—that the Circus, we say, has come to town.

Was it Cattle Herds who asked, once upon a time, Where are the noses of the Isled Apple? We do not know; we meet, like Dr. Johnson in Russell's account of the boy who interrupted his conversation a future life, "I leave the matter in obscurity," that as to the Circusmen of all the Isled Apples of the past, we entertain no doubts; we can say with perfect and serene confidence that they have all come to life again in the delightful show that everybody can see even at the Garden. Here AIRR of the Young, of whom we have been speaking, has taken stage, as the center of many wonders, in the composite person of the Messrs. Hapling, who wear with such grace and elegant the mantle of the belated Sunman.

Never, surely, were there such shows as you can see sporting themselves in the Garden arena. We make no apology for speaking first of our pleasure in them; for we have already approached the show as a completely reasoning system of the joy of life. No bug as the show enters, it is possible to hear the admiration of the Tent Maker, and is the first of Spring your Winter-remnant of Repentance. The show is a challenge sang in the teeth of morality, that's reinvented Moon will shatter.

... heretofore being long for us Through this same Garden—and for our in vain;

but the show will ever stand, unshaken and unshakable, as a symbol of immortality, and of this show, his show and utility are established. We have not memorably thrilled, perhaps, by those who program precisely and gently with "social artists" had not completely realized before that there are so many different kinds of tripe. We know not that there are not merely understood "tripe," but "double," "acrid," "flying,"

and the motionless stage of a tent. And when we see one say that of the Circus it is possible to find, not only a corner of Turman, but Hasty drawing its eternal doors—surely, then, we may conclude that, after all, the world is full of enchanted by-ways.





# FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## The Union Pacific Muddle

A TRAFFIC ALLIANCE RATHER THAN CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC SEEMS THE LOGICAL SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY

On a gray Saturday morning not long ago a special train from New York, carrying a small party of Union Pacific officials and their counsel, pulled into the Union Station at St. Louis. Just one day remained before the expiration of the syndicate, formed, reorganized and governmental approval of the dissolution plan, to take over Union Pacific's holdings of Southern Pacific stock. Opposition to the plan by the California State Railroad Commission had resulted in its being greatly modified, and, in its modified form, being represented to that body for sanction. If approval were granted by the California commission the Circuit Court at St. Louis, it was well understood, would interpret an objection to the plan's being operative. If, on the other hand, the commission withheld its approval, there would be no use of even presenting the plan to the court. It would be an end as a demand, and, consequently, the syndicate of bankers formed to carry out the provisions would be automatically dissolved.

On arrival in St. Louis the railroad men found a telegram from the California commission, which, while it did not denounce the modified plan, failed to give the necessary approval. Nothing further, conse-

quently, was done about getting the consent of the court and the plan was abandoned. At midnight the dissolution project and having become effective, the banking syndicate formed to carry out its program expired by limitation.

Monday morning the holder of a stock-exchange house which had been given a \$100,000 participation in the syndicate was opening up his mail when he came across a check for \$100,000 in firm's share of the \$100,000 per cent. commission promised the members of the syndicate whether the dissolution plan went through or not. He glanced at the ticket and checked. Southern Pacific was coming out on the large at a point and a half below par. "Lucky for us," he remarked, "that we didn't have to take the stock. Rather have this check. The rest of the syndicates left that way about it, too. At the time they had agreed to take a share in the muddle over the stock was selling at 100. The little five-cents commission, if it is true, was nothing like what they had hoped to make, but certainly better than the big loss by which they would have been faced had the dissolution plan finally been made operative and they compelled to take their allotment of stock.

By the failure of the plan and the expiration of the syndicate the whole problem at how Union Pacific is to get rid of its controlling interest in Southern Pacific is opened up again. The Supreme Court has approved the plan as to make it a real dissolution, and has given the railroad till May 1916 to do it. Two plans proposed have been rejected. It is up to the railroad now, within the remaining six weeks, to come forward with an acceptable plan. Failure to do that means that the government can step in and bring about a separation of the properties on any basis acceptable to itself.

The hope of continuation in the plan in which the California State Railroad Commission has just rejected its assent was the proposed preferential use by Union Pacific after it had divested itself of its holdings of Southern Pacific stock, of certain of the Southern Pacific's lines in California. Southern Pacific at the present time owns Central Pacific (the mid-west) which Union gets from the Great North Lake to the Pacific coast, and this road the Union Pacific, under the proposed plan, was to buy from its present owner, Paragon, of the Central Pacific, however, work its end the justice. It was stipulated that under the new order of things Central Pacific was to have important and valuable trackage rights over the Southern Pacific's Sacramento to Oakland line—the so-called British Cut-off. That was the rock upon which the plan split. There is no reason, the California commission said, why the Central Pacific or anybody else should have a preferential use of this line. To allow it would be to prejudice the interests of competing roads and of shippers.

Well then, if the British Cut-off deal is the only thing in the plan the California commission object to, why does not Union Pacific cut that out and adopt the proposed plan without it? That is the question which comes naturally to mind. The answer is that the proposed deal with Southern Pacific is of so great moment to them without it that they could not afford to pay anything like the price it offered for Central Pacific. What Union Pacific

would believe that if he didn't do it some one else would, but with a more, rather than so. Things do not work quite that way today. Railroads do not rush to and buy each other up as they used to. They are being bought up as they are being sold. Now, having acquired control of a connecting piece of land like Central Pacific, can any mid-rail road do so, an reasonable terms, to other lines. In 1904 the Interstate Commerce Law was amended to take care of that. "All common carriers," the amendment reads, "subject to the provision of this act, shall according to their respective powers, afford all reasonable, proper, and equal facilities for the interchange of traffic between their respective lines, and for the receiving, forwarding, and delivering of passengers and property to and from their several lines and those connecting therewith, and shall not discriminate in their rates and charges between such connecting lines." With a law like that no effort is hard to see just how Union Pacific could be "botted up" at 100 cents or anywhere else.

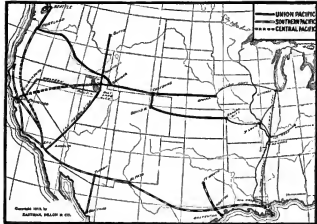
The Supreme Court, furthermore, in its decree ordering a dissolution of the Harriman "empire," stated expressly that the purpose of Congress in originally granting opportunities for the building of Central Pacific was to have a continuous Union Pacific-Central Pacific line from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast. Certain advantages of operation and prevention of discrimination," the decree says in one place, "are said to have destroyed the latter if Rio Grande's carrying trade as a connection for the great transcontinental system." It is under the statute an discrimination adverse to the Union Pacific, and by equally violating the letter and spirit of the act of Congress. Certain discrimination could be retained by the courts. The Union Pacific, in other words, can carry its west-bound traffic, and then as it comes through it to take care of on terms at least as favorable as those of any of its competitors.

Now, under the circumstances, should Union Pacific want to buy Central Pacific and pay a big price for it? Why is it not altogether more reasonable to expect that Union Pacific will simply make a trade-exchange agreement with Central Pacific, leaving actual control of the property to remain just where it is? What might such a thing cost Union Pacific in terms of the act of Congress? It cannot get by means of a long-term traffic agreement.

For the making of such an arrangement the condition is that the stock of the Central Pacific territory is given, Union Pacific gathers an immense amount of business, west-bound, which it lays down at Ogden for Pacific shipment to the Pacific coast. On the other hand, originates a vast amount of business, east-bound, and requiring to be moved with the greatest despatch over the Southern Pacific's Central Pacific has this business gets as far east as Ogden where it has to be turned over to some one else. (It may return and receive that is that that somebody should be the Union Pacific?) A traffic arrangement by which Central Pacific enters into an agreement with Southern Pacific to take care of the traffic west-bound—that would certainly seem to be the logical solution.

Now an arrangement, indeed, would have important advantages from a Union Pacific standpoint, over actual ownership of the Central Pacific. It would be a matter of interest to the California State Railroad Commission. But of even more interest to the California State Railroad Commission is that a traffic agreement with Central Pacific, Union Pacific would avoid the competition with the Gould's Central Pacific line, which, if it took Central Pacific away from the Goulds, would be a serious blow to Western Southern Pacific gives up its ownership of Central Pacific—where then is Southern's incentive to give the line to Union Pacific? It is a competing line? But suppose Southern Pacific, instead of giving up Central Pacific, enters into an agreement with Union Pacific to take care of the east-bound business coming into Ogden. How much of the rich business originating along the Southern line in California will it send over to the Goulds? For as getting traffic west-bound east at Ogden is covered, Union Pacific would be a lot better off under a traffic alliance with the Goulds than if it were to buy the Goulds.

In the standard newspapers, of course, and the book-keeping strategy, interested only in the "profits" of the Goulds, there is a strong disposition to say that if the dissolution of the Harriman "empire" is effected without essential changes in ownership, but that the Goulds will be left with a line that is only too probable. In the relationship of these Pacific railroads properties there existed, a down years ago, the probability of almost immeasurable competition for traffic between them. That probability is no longer so. The Supreme Court has decided that Union Pacific must rid itself of its controlling interest in Southern Pacific. It has long been known that it was a startling change in the Western railroad traffic current, and the established course of the Goulds' traffic current, was to be broken up by the Goulds' line. Indeed, it is that Union Pacific and Southern Pacific will, at least so far as business coming into the Ogden terminal is concerned, be made to appear as one line. That traffic very much as they have been doing all along.



Map of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific system



  
**PLAYS**  
**AND**  
**PLAYERS**  




FROM "ANY NIGHT," A BARELY PIECE OF THEATRICAL REALISM. THE SCENE IS A RAINED LAW HOTEL.



KATHLEEN SWANWAT, IN "THE LADY OF THE SHIFFIN," AT THE GRAND



FROM "FEAR," A TYPICAL GRAND OTTOMAN. "BOGHER" WITH A THEATRICAL DISGUISEMENT



KATHLEEN SWANWAT, IN "A MAN'S FRIENDS," AT THE GRAND



FROM "DAILY PEAK," A PARODY OF "A TRIANGULAR" THEM

Scenes from three of the plays presented at New York's newest theater, The Princess, a little playhouse seating 350 and more-so, as to its character, on the Grand Guignol in Paris

**The Horse-hair Industry**

Few persons are aware of the commercial importance of horse-hair and of how elaborate a process is necessary to prepare it for the trade.

Horse-hair arrives at the factory in bales up to half a ton in weight and a hundred dollars in value. The chief sources of supply are the United States, Great Britain, New America, Australia, Germany, Russia, and China. The tails are the best, since tail hairs are hard and strong, those of the mane being soft and of inferior value. The specially long hairs are, of course, suitable for particular purposes, but those of ordinary length are prepared for shoddy hairbrushes.

The hair is first cleaned by action, which carries away the dirt. Color forms the first basis of classification. Then the hair is divided according to its various lengths and quality. That which is to appear black is dyed in liquid, washed, and dried. The next step is roughly to sort the various kinds in such manner as to form shadings of the various grades. After this the material is passed through a series of mixing-machines or mills, which are provided with cylinders for taking out any particles of dust that remain. The first rough mixing is accomplished on the floor of the factory, and the use of the machines completes the process.

Next occurs a very curious part of the process. A short wick is prepared, somewhat similar to that on which hairpins are made, and then the hair is twisted up in firm ropes. Each pair of wicks is followed by a boy who loads up a fresh supply of material and that which is dropped with two sticks, then going it ready for the factory. The ropes are again twisted upon themselves, soaked for two hours in water, then baked at a temperature about 320 degrees Fahrenheit for twelve hours. The damp heat, as may well be imagined, destroys all insects like the larvae which remain on the hair. At the same time it fixes the curl.

The ropes are hung up to cool for three days. The inferior qualities are then unwound and matted by machinery. The best qualities are opened out and hand-sorted, the open ends being placed on the best piece of the comb which gives somewhat, as they are fixed into leather that is to be used for a comb.

The finer the quality the smaller the rope and the finer its curl. The hair from English carriages is sold by many to be the best, since it possesses the greatest strength. Black hair is somewhat stronger than white.

**The Lace of Venice**

The lace of Venice has been celebrated for many centuries. It was made originally with the use of the shells of murex shells for mechanical purposes. Then, with the fall of the Venetian Republic, the murex shells were closed and the lace industry ceased to exist for an entire century. In 1870 the Princess Margherita, sister of the Italian King, took measures to revive it, especially as a means of providing employment for Venetian women. At present there are several schools, subsidized by the government, in which the art is taught.

The pupils are women of all ages. Each sits at a new stand and back with a square cushion in her lap. On this cushion is pinned a strip of paper marked with the pattern to be followed, and this pattern the able-bodied worker sticks glass-headed pins about which she weaves her threads.

From twenty to fifty shuttles depend from all sides of the cushion, and these are worked across and back with the swiftness of a typist handling the keys of her machine.

The process is so simple that it looks like play, but the lace produced represents thousands of dollars. The simple hand goes rapidly under the decorative figure, but the expensive work is done at one point and other similar points are worked much more slowly.

**Co-operation vs. the Wolf at the Door**

COOPERATION is considered. In no way is this more strikingly shown than in the conduct of a properly managed life-insurance company. As members live, they do not more than see man in a business, on his own savings and profits, and a proper provision for his family in case of his death. The other style, one would have to go through life and out of it as a wolf at the door for the welfare of their wives and children.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT IS  
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driv were it not for the safeguard provided through co-operation. Just as civilized men does not know, feed, or clothe himself by individual effort, but rather by the efforts of his fellow-men, so he cannot the welfare of his family through the combined savings of thousands of his fellows. Unity of purpose and of action under a wise and economic management makes the blades light. In the annual report of one of the leading life-insurance companies one finds that eight hundred thousand persons combined within its organization hold more than one million insurance policies, which make provision for their families if they prematurely or for their own old age should they die young. These eight hundred thousand men have set up a scientific corporation based upon sound character, physical condition, and money paid in. Should they all die at once, the company would be called upon to pay more than two billions of dollars.

It is inconceivable that all these men should die at one or in the same year or at the same decade. Yet we will surely die each year. Nine thousand died in 1912 and the company paid for their families more than one hundred millions of dollars. It is certain that nine thousand more will die in 1913 and the same number will die in the oldest year those in the heaviest health to live. The prudent man knows that accident or worry or exposure to peril unforeseen may at any time cut short the thread of his existence; and he buys life insurance as certainly as he buys in advance a warm clothing for winter.

**Japan's Singing Crickets**

One of the most curious things to be seen in Japan, after in the houses of rich and the middle class of poor, is the singing crickets which possess the singing cricket. The male only has the "voice," which can hardly be called a singing voice because the sounds emitted are much more metallic than those which ordinarily proceed from the throat of a bird. The well-to-do who hear these sounds for the first time start up under the impression that they are hearing an electric bell. In order to correct this, the crickets are shown through a very amusing performance. He takes himself on his front feet, grasps with his mouth a kind of "microphone" attached in the cage for his convenience, and sends his wing-shells, and rubs them against each other with great regularity. The rhythm of the movement varies with individuality and this explains why the sound produced offers a certain variety in meter as well as in pitch.

The Japanese have reared this insect from time immemorial. For a long time the superstition of these crickets was prohibited under severe penalties, originally because a religious superstition against it existed among the peasantry. The Imperial family has cultivated the most illustrious spirit, but no one but a member of the family may rear the crickets. It is permitted to own a specimen. The recently deceased Emperor was a devotee of reared crickets. He had no and they sometimes amused himself by taking the cry from the cricket, and creating music. These little insects pass the entire day in song if care is taken to maintain their food supply, which consists of lettuce-leaves, with those of the tomato, carrot, and cucumber. Salt puts an end forever to the song of this little insect.

**Depth and Speed**

INCONCEIVABLE though slight deviations in the speed of boats led an English scientist to the conclusion that the depth of water might have something to do with it. He made his first series of experiments in water which was about 45 feet deep, and his next series in water about 250 feet in depth. Varying the speed of his boat from 12 to 24½ knots it was found that the increase in the speed of the water's depth on boats was not perceptible at 50 feet.

Experiments made in France with a depth of 185 feet displacement and a maximum velocity of 10 knots showed that 12 knots was made at a depth of 10 feet and 15 knots at 18 feet. The influence of the water's depth on boats was not perceptible at 50 feet.

**Strawberry Wine as a Tonic**

PHYSICIANS in Spain have been conducting experiments in determining the relative value of wine as a tonic. In comparison the juice of the grape, was prepared and served in liquid wine, was very valued the greatest strength given by a weakened condition, but recent tests have shown strawberry wine to be better in some instances. The most interesting of the observations are being given for wine alone.

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*Author of "Keeping Up With Lizzie," "Shoe Shiner," etc.*

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**The Memory of Fish**

It has long been an open question whether fish are capable of associating ideas after the manner of some of the higher animals. Oiler has recently given to the Paris Academy of Sciences material that may throw light on the subject. Olinger denied that fish were able to associate ideas, since their attention first waxes to be hooked repeatedly. Oiler, also, made observations from this standpoint. He drove up the same fish from an aquarium again and again, day after day, but he thought this did not prove anything except that the hook was so well hidden that the fish could not distinguish it from the ordinary (unhooked) food. In another series of experiments he also did the hook, but put the food a little square paper about five centimeters from the bait. In each pond to which he fed was introduced a kind of fish, most of these recently caught with the net. For several days the fish rejected the bait, and it was not until the eighth day that they bit it. Oiler, after overlooking these caught, put them back into the water. Three days after they again bit the bait, were caught, and returned to the water, but after this had gone on some days longer, the sign of the paper on the end began to take effect. Third of paper was taken off, and the fish bit the bait as before. On the paper being replaced, the fish were shyer for a considerable number of days, even if very hungry. On the fourth day, the paper was replaced, and the fish gnawed about it without actually biting into it. This continued for quite some time. The experiment was repeated many times with various kinds of fish, always with the same results. Oiler concluded, therefore, that there is some association of ideas between the pain produced by the hooking and the escape as the result, as much as that the fish rejected food when the sign of danger appeared—preferring the pieces of danger to the risk of being caught.

**Wooden Cannon**

Are you familiar with the construction of modern weapons of warfare and the explosives used in them would naturally suppose a cannon made of wood would be of little or no value as a weapon. Wooden cannons have been used with considerable success, nevertheless, in recent revolutions in Cuba, in Haiti, and in the Dominican Republic. The wood used in the construction of these crude weapons is a very hard variety, having a close grain that splits about the log in such a way that to split the timber with the ordinary means is almost impossible. The best iron are selected, and a piece of the log five or six feet in length and about one foot in diameter is cut. After the work has been done, the log is made perfectly round, it is swung up on a crane, and a hole is bored into it from one end to the other. The log is wound with strips of muslin over from the skin of a steer. When the cannon is covered with the strips of hide, another layer is wound on, and this is continued until the weapon has increased several inches in diameter. After the log is covered, and the hole is finished, the weapon is treated to a hot draught, which tends to contract the hide draught, which becomes almost as strong as wire. These crude cannons have been used with success in a number of instances, and it is astonishing the number of times they may be fired before they burst or become otherwise disabled.

**The Borgias Poisons**

A French doctor (Lagard) claims to have discovered the principle of the mysterious poisons with which the Borgias were away with their enemies. The strange thing about these poisons was that they worked in such subtle fashion that even physicians could not state with confidence that any had been employed. It now seems certain that the Borgias used iron poisons, one dissolving slowly and the other gradually, and that the first, while the other was a sudden injection of arsenic working instantaneously. Both preparations were imperceptibly absorbed in composition.

**Gifts**

I gave my first love lingerie,  
I gave her second love,  
I gave my third love silver  
Throughout all the years,  
My first love gave me nothing,  
My second, years ago,  
But, oh, it was my third love  
Who gave my need to me!



"Say, Ma, when did your birthday come, the day we hatched out of the day we were laid?"

**Monkey and Cobra**

MANY animals exhibit remarkable sagacity when dealing with snakes. Natanielle wrote us that an intelligent pappy knows, somehow, that snakes may consume, and break them accordingly. If he attacks a snake, he does it with a series of quick jumps and recoils, and occasionally strikes his head against it to avoid a possible dart from the serpent. A horse kills a snake by leaping upon it with his fore feet kept together so that the snake's fangs can not wedging into the horse's head to strike him. The knowledge of these special tactics is a part of the instinct of all animals. There is an record an interesting example of how a monkey treats a snake. The monkey slowly left his perch in the forks of the tree, and quietly with great caution, moved downward until he had approached within about ten feet of the reptile. He raised his head from side to side, as if intently inspecting the object before him. Then he took forward and to the tree with one arm, and snatched his tail closely around the trunk. He reached forward and touched the snake, and then quickly withdrew it. The witness who observed this curious scene was a little doubtful whether the monkey had a realization of the dangerous character of its adversary. The little fellow seemed shamelessly to be playing with death. The hand of the monkey again moved toward the poisonous reptile. It looked as if the monkey was going to seize the snake. The supposition was correct; for, suddenly, like a flash of lightning the monkey grasped the cobra, and the neck, close to the head, in such a manner that it could not bite, while the snake's body coiled round the monkey's arm. An extraordinary scene followed. The snake hissed loudly; the monkey shivered and screamed and danced and leaped in frantic delight. He would crawl now and then in his wild contortions, and seriously examined the snake's head and eyes, and protruded his tongue. Then he would dash about again. When he had had enough of this sport, he began to rub his face with the serpent on the hand ground, continuing this work for some time, with repeated retreats in suspicion of the strength of the snake. Finally he had rubbed the head of the cobra entirely off. Then, with much giggling and chattering, he dropped the mangled body and disappeared away to join his companions.



**"See the New Holeproof, Dad, They're Mercerized—the Twenty-Five-Cent Kind"**

"Do you mean to say, son, they put a fine hole in light-weight sock like that to wear six months without holes?"  
That is exactly what we are doing. We do the overlying ourselves. The process, the latest, adds 25 per cent to the strength so it goes to the bone a beautiful silk yarn. Its pure cost \$1.20, guaranteed six months.  
These new hosiery are not, phable, ugly.

**Holeproof Hosiery**  
Look for the Trademark and Signature, Guaranteed on Every Pair. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in every store. Write for the dealer names. We also direct where there is no dealer name, direct ground, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of socks, heavy mercerized, 100 yards, for men, \$1.20 in \$1 per box, for women and children, \$1.00 in \$1 per box. Four pairs of four pair, heavy weight, all sizes and colors.  
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**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.**  
Mills office, Wisconsin  
200 North La Salle, Chicago, Ill.  
100 Nassau, New York, N.Y.  
Wear Holeproof Hosiery and Find the Mead!

**Arizona's Lighthouse**

There are many old lighthouses throughout the world, but so far as is known the oldest one in the world, if so it may be called, is that situated far out in the Arizona desert. This "lighthouse," as it is called, marks the spot where a sea supplies fresh water to travelers. This is said to be the only spot where water may be had for forty days' sail to the west. There is located every night a lantern, the light of which may be seen for miles across the desert. The lighthouse is a tower, most and cold, is mixed in a large barrel made from a barrel. The revolving drum above is propelled by a small boat which just before every round it makes it before the barrel aims to the point a mark it tips itself into a trough.

**CHALFONTE**  
**ALANTICO CITY**  
RESORTS  
ALWAYS OPEN ON THE BEACH

**A Lake of Soda**

In English East Africa in the richest bed of soda in the world. It is estimated that it contains 200,000,000 tons. The lake has a surface of more than 50 square kilometers. During the rainy season, which is this being in short, its surface is covered with a shallow layer of water. When a thick cloud is taken out, another cloud and the water is so hot that it evaporates so quickly that an equal amount of soda was abstracted for a number of years from the same place.

**Half Lion, Half Leopard**

There was presented in the Zoological Society of London recently the skin of a lion-leopard hybrid. The animal was born in India and lived nearly two years. He ate his prey like the lion, but he leapt and hid like the leopard. The skin of the body is smooth and dark. The abdomen is spotted, and the tail terminates in a tuft like that of the lion.



# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

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## The President and His Ambassadors

"HOME, SWEET HOME" asked a London columnist respectfully saluting His Excellency the Honorable JAMES HENRY CHAMBERLAIN as he stepped from the Mansion House at the conclusion of the Lord Mayor's dinner.

"Home?" repeated Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, indignantly. "You do not know me. I am the American ambassador. And the American ambassador has no home."

It was a simple statement of fact. The most brilliant and distinguished of recent representatives at the Court of St. James was living in a house which he was renting at a cost somewhat in excess of his salary.

That is one reason—perhaps the chief one—why President WILSON is experiencing difficulty in filling the important posts abroad in his own satisfaction and to the credit of our present country. It was no new trial, that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. One THOMAS JEFFERSON, minister plenipotentiary of the United States to France, wrote from Paris in 1784 to JAMES MONROE as follows:

I must say a word on my own affairs because they are likely to be distressed. All the ministers who came to Europe before me, came at a time when all expenses were paid, and a sum allowed in addition for their time. If anyone else had had their outfit. Afterwards they were put on fixed salaries; but still those were liberal. Congress in the moment of my appointment struck off five hundred guineas of the salary, and made no other provision for the outfit, but allowing me to call for two quarters' salary in advance. The outfit has cost me nearly a thousand guineas; for which I am in debt, and which, were I to stay here seven years, I could never make good by savings out of my salary; but be assured we are the lowest and most obscure of the whole diplomatic corps. . . . I have here about as well as we did at Annapolis. I keep a hired carriage and two horses. A riding-horse I cannot afford to keep. This still is far below the level. Yet it absorbs the whole allowance, and returns when I will be America. I shall be the outfit in debt to Congress. I think I am the first instance in the world where it has not been given. . . . I ask nothing for my time; but I think my expenses should be paid in a style equal to that of those with whom I am placed.

That was in 1784. A hundred and twenty-nine years have passed and the population of the United States has increased thirtyfold, but the situation, with respect to our foreign representatives, is practically unchanged. President TAYLOR became it sadly.

"We boast ourselves a democratic country," he said to the National Board of Trade in 1910. "We say that there is no place within the gift of the people to which we may not select the most suitable inhabitant, providing he is fit to discharge its duty, and yet we have an arrangement which makes it absolutely impossible for any one but a millionaire to occupy the highest diplomatic post. Now I ask you whether this is consistency; whether it is not the worst kind of democracy. By democracy I mean the advancement of an argument which seems to be in favor of democracy, but which, when it actually works out, is in favor of plutocracy."

In his Message to Congress on December 3, 1912, Mr. TAYLOR continued:

In line with the object which I have sought of placing our foreign service on a basis of permanency,

I have at various times advocated provision by Congress for the acquisition of government-owned buildings for the residence and offices of our diplomatic officers, so as to place them more nearly on an equality with similar officers of other nations and to do away with the discrimination which otherwise must necessarily be made, in some cases, in favor of men having large private fortunes. The act of Congress which I sponsored on February 17, 1911, was a slight step in this direction. The Secretary of State has already made the limited recommendations permitted by the act for any one year, and it is my hope that the bill introduced in the House of Representatives to carry out these recommendations will be favorably acted on by the Congress during its present session.

The act referred to was "a slight step," to be sure, but it was so deplorably short as to be wholly abortive. The impossibility of acquiring a suitable residence in London, Paris, or Berlin for \$120,000 being apparent, Representative FLEEN, of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill appropriating that amount for Tokio, \$60,000 for Rome and a pitiful \$15,000 for Mexico, but even that failed to pass.

"It probably would have been passed," says Mr. FLEEN, sentimentally, "but for the fact that so much money was appropriated for other purposes"—for public buildings in Sweden, for deepening Ditch-water Channel, and the like.

Even so, the present provision is obviously and hideously inadequate. Former Ambassador HERRY WHITE, speaking from actual experience in nearly all of the foreign capitals, tells the *World*:

I do not think it possible to buy a house suitable for our requirements in any of the leading capitals for less than \$400,000 or \$500,000, possibly more. In the small capitals the sum provided in the present act would be ample, sufficient, if not excessive, within the great capitals are such as they are in our large cities. A \$400,000 house in Fifth Avenue is not a large one.

The embassy or legation house must be in a respectable quarter and of a character in keeping with the dignity and business interests of the United States, and not be immeasurably inferior to the embassy houses of other great powers. This is such a more important since we became, in the eyes of the world, a great power.

An additional advantage in our owning such a house is that an ambassador, he be possessed of many millions or a small income, is compelled to live in it, which from a democratic point of view seems to me an important consideration. I cannot believe that the party now in power will consent to perpetuate a condition of things which prevails to the world that the United States alone of all countries insists on being represented by men of wealth, and draws from such points as ambassadors and ministers to the many important countries those of moderate means or no means at all.

I do not believe it possible for any American ambassador to get on at Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or even Vienna, with less than \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year, and of course many of our ambassadors have to spend much more.

In other words, the existing condition impels absurd extremes. An exceptionally opulent minister, like our speculating ambassador at Berlin, makes American representation a laughing-stock by his lavish expenditures, while another, such as his capable predecessor, is obliged to forsake his post because he cannot keep his end up.

Other nations adopted a more creditable policy

long ago. All of the important embassies in Washington are either owned outright or are rented by the countries represented, simple funds are provided for upkeep, and salaries range from \$20,000 to \$50,000. England pays her ambassador at Paris \$45,000; and at Berlin, \$40,000; at St. Petersburg, \$30,000; at Rome, \$35,000; and at Vienna, \$40,000. Germany pays her ambassador at Paris \$50,000; at London, \$37,500; at St. Petersburg, \$37,500; at Rome, \$25,000; and at Vienna, \$30,000.

The French ambassador at Berlin receives \$28,000; at London, \$40,000; at Rome, \$24,000; at St. Petersburg, \$40,000; and at Vienna, \$35,000. The Austrian ambassador receives at Berlin \$31,000; at Paris, \$35,000; at London, \$45,000; at Rome, \$32,000; and at St. Petersburg, \$35,000. Russia pays her ambassador at Berlin \$40,000; at London, \$40,000; at Paris, \$40,000; at Vienna, \$40,000; and at Rome, \$32,000.

Three prefer by President WILSON of the most important ambassadorial appointments have already been declined—a circumstance quite the reverse of complimentary to England and France. Undoubtedly other reasons actuated Mr. OLNEY and possibly Dr. ELDER and Mr. McCOMBS, but the fact remains that any one of the three would have been obliged, in the event of his acceptance, to draw upon his personal funds. Despite the fact, then, that most of those mentioned for the larger places either have plenty of money themselves or have wives who have it and are willing to blow it in for personal gratification, it is little wonder that the President is annoyed and embarrassed by the restrictions in choice imposed upon him.

"It is a great pity," he says, truly, "that the country has to ask such sacrifices of those who are invited to serve it abroad—a service which every year becomes more exacting and more important. The sacrifice of time, of means, and of opportunity at home is very serious for any but men of large means and leisure, and the diplomatic service is unnecessarily hampered."

Secretary BRYAN has formed a like opinion from personal observation, and the press universally applauds Mr. WILSON's apparent intention to urge the adoption of a more liberal and more enlightened policy.

Undoubtedly the President will restrict his special message to tariff recommendations, but he will surely leave the way open for other proposals later—and we doubt if he could do a more popular thing than to put this matter squarely up to Congress in such a way as to demand attention.

The American people rightfully demand attention of any kind, but they are not mean and they neither wish to compel their representatives to appear in an unfavorable light nor want to handicap their President in making fit selections.

Even the justly complaining JEFFERSON received \$12,000 a year at a time when \$12,000 carved much from water and when the salary of the President was just one-third of what it is to-day. But the important thing is to fix a standard which will not only enable, but compel, our ministers to live an official life in which simplicity and dignity will be happily blended.

## Mr. Morgan

Woe comes of the death of Mr. Morgan as this paper goes to press.

A great banker—the greatest of his or perhaps of any time.

A matchless upholder of property, who never encouraged or profited from destructive performances.

A faithful trustee of billions, ever conscious of his tremendous responsibilities and ever ready to protect and defend to the limit of his own resources all interests intrusted to his care.

A man of amazing comprehension and extraordinary insight, possessing a capacity to foresee events which amounted almost to genius.

An optimist full of faith in his country and in his fellow-men.

A most human, lover of humanity who never in his long life rejected an appeal for aid to the helpless and suffering.

A Christian, staunch, devoted, and untiring in fidelity to Christianity as he understood it.

A generous but shy giver.

A proud and sensitive but extremely modest man. A citizen of the highest integrity and the unshaken fidelity.

Above all, a true patriot, the most distinctive and most vivid embodiment of the spirit of his time—a lover of power, but not of money; a great, a very great American.

The life of Mr. Morgan has never been seen in this land and probably never will be. It is a gratifying thought that he lived wisely in the hope and belief that in his last days he had come to be known for what he was, and that he held the affection so less than the admiration of his fellow-citizens of the great Republic which all his life he had secured and loved with the intensity of a powerful and loyal statesman.

## Wrack and Ruin

The rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew, and we have been reading the story of it for a week, and at this writing have not got much further than to have in our minds a great picture of desolation and distress. Both are abating at this writing. The immense mass of surplus water is hurrying to the sea, the rivers are falling, the railroads are clearing their tracks and rebuilding their bridges, the wires are being restored, the dead are being found and buried, the refugees are being sheltered and fed. Happily the early death of a million by flood is steadily diminished. The loss of life in Nebraska, Ohio, and Indiana is large, but it promises to be reckoned in hundreds, not thousands. When the flood was highest at Dayton and other places communication was cut off, there was very little detailed news, and nobody could tell what had happened or would happen before the waters subsided. Even now there has been no chance to take account of stock in any accurate fashion. There is a reckoning of the loss of life which, presumably, is somewhere nearly true, but estimates of property losses are all very wild yet. It seems likely that the property loss will exceed that resulting from any disaster in our previous history, but it is distributed over a very rich stretch of country from Omaha to Albany, and will be met by vastly more people than had to sustain the calamities at Galveston or San Francisco.

The response to the call for aid and relief has been prompt and feeling. Whether it is adequate we shall know better when the tide of loss has more fully receded and more is known about the work that lies ahead. But there is great sympathy throughout the country for our fellows in distress, and abundant means out of which to express it, and whatever is needed to tide over our homeless and impoverished brethren and help them to go on will be forthcoming.

## A Vast Problem Ahead

These floods seem to have been an impossible to predict against as the tornado which dealt so roughly with Omaha. They were due to sudden and enormous rainfall, proceeding out of abnormal weather over some section in Ohio. These floods seem to have been due to similar conditions unimpeded, against which effective provision could hardly have been made, and against which a provision that might have been effective would not

have been warranted by anything that has happened heretofore. What the Seine did to Paris a year or two ago the rivers here done to the cities of Ohio and Indiana, but more so. No doubt future provision against such floods will be more thorough. We have had a new exposition of what is possible, and our engineers and foresters have some new light on a vast problem which they will be called upon to consider. It is partly a national problem, to be dealt with by Congress, and it presents enormous difficulties. It remains to be seen how much new the wit of man can do to solve them than has been done in China, when the Yellow River by its immense destructions has so long been "China's Sorrows."

## In This State

The floods in this state would be notable if those in other states were not so much worse. All over New York state, as elsewhere, high water made a new record. No lives have been lost, or only very few, but the bill of damage will be considerable. The Erie had an early report of a vast damage to the unfinished harbor canal, a damage that looked ruinous to contractors. We shall see. New York has an extensive road system which has suffered very much. If its indebted canal had suffered very much it will make the country glad that our national canal project is being carried on in a reliable climate where nothing worse than leaded hills happens.

## They Differ to Agree More Freely

Some people may find it frightening that already, before the beginning of the special session, the President and other of the Democratic leaders have been exchanging their individual views on the tariff policy steadily, and developing some differences on details. On the contrary, to our mind, the fact is most encouraging. For it is infinitely better that such differences should be recognized, and a working agreement reached, before any bill is introduced, than that they should be allowed to come up later, to cause indefinite delay. That there would be no differences at all nobody with any knowledge of the vast detail of tariff legislation ever for a moment expected. It would be a strange thing indeed if any two Republicans or any two Democrats in Washington should be found in private agreement as to every article of a tariff bill, or even as to a new freetrade or Reciprocity Agreement on principles and on a general scheme of duties in all that is necessary and an ample basis for successful work. It is not only permissible, it is highly desirable, that before the bill or bills are finally shaped there shall be the freest and frankest interchange of opinions.

There is the best way to get the new law right, and it is the only way to secure it in a reasonably smooth and expeditious passage to the statute-book. Of course, there must be ample time allowed for debate in both Houses, and we may perhaps hope for some valuable corrections and improvements from that indispensable process. Nobody proposes anything like railroads, or a reliance on more brute majorities. There is no brute majority in the Senate, anyhow. But experience does not justify us in hoping to see any tariff bill very much bettered on its way through Congress. The opposite has happened much oftener. The Democratic leaders are making no mistake in trying to see to it now that the tariff bill in Congress shall know its own mind clearly when it begins to render the first great service that is promised to the country.

## Careful with the Income Tax!

They are certainly making no mistake in giving plenty of preliminary study to the proposed income-tax feature of their great enterprise. We wish, however, they were more time to consider.

We must not forget that a revenue tariff is after all, a tariff for revenue, and that the amount of revenue it yields is sure to be a very important and by no means neglect criterion of its success. From that point of view too great care cannot be taken of the income-tax provisions. They will be an experiment, and their actual results in revenue will vary considerably, even though a flat rate or a sliding scale is finally preferred.

That is not the whole of the difficulty by any means. There is the practical certainty that any rate or scale of rates adopted will provoke strenuous objections. There is the probability that any federal income tax at all may give a supporting vote to the protection class, even though the country as a whole decidedly opposes the principle of it. There is the question of the advisability of beginning at all, in time of peace and of

reasonable prosperity, to rely at all largely on this new means of raising money.

Of course, there are considerations on the other side, and the strongest of them, we think, is the very simple one that when people pay a direct tax they know it for a tax and they know how much it is. That makes for watchfulness and some other things Americans have been upholding. Nevertheless, we for one, shall not be grieved if the money-raising quality of the tariff bill proper shall exceed present expectations, so that the portions of the income tax may safely fall below them.

## The Decks Out: A Good Idea

No wonder the author of Congressional Government ventured an infringement of a Washington tradition to get an early start at the transformed House of Representatives. Others of us with no such claim as his to special knowledge of the character and functions of our American parliament await with lively interest the results of seating our Lower House on benches instead of at desks.

Yes it is very likely there will be quite notable results, apart from the mere change in the looks of the assembly. Even in that regard some change was worth trying; the desks gave the Chamber an unwholesome aspect, making as they did against compactness and imposing much evident incongruity both on orators and listeners.

Of course, there are considerations to be worked in the Chamber that would have been otherwise impossible, but it was work that ought not to be done there, and they impeded debate not merely by the space they occupied, but by inviting interruption. It was unweary, not to say discourteous, the way members went on reading and writing and clapping for long periods, in utter disregard of the speakers addressed to them unwearily, to the way they crowded, standing, about any speaker they wanted to hear. It was about as fit a place for discussion as a counting-room.

The British House of Commons offers the natural criterion for judging the probable serious effect of the change, though the new seats, unlike those in the Commons, are so low and wide, and there are enough of them for all. If we may indeed judge by the Commons' procedure, the standard of debate ought to be distinctly raised. One specific effect should be to make the House less tolerant of bore; if members have nothing to say there but their, they are naturally less inclined to say more than they are necessary, for our own part—and for the *Record's* sake—we shall not be sorry if they even learn to lose. We shall be disappointed if they do not also learn to accept fewer committee reports and other things on faith. Indeed, we shall be disappointed if they do not get in the habit of attending to all their proper parliamentary duties both more carefully and more expeditiously.

## The Value of Adriatic Trade

Cabled comment on the fall of Adriatic is a trifle confusing. Indeed, if the whole business were not so likely we should be tempted to call the Eastern European Powers the Balkan Powers. As we add, are rather indignant with the Balkan allies for pressing the siege to a conclusion, arguing that more fighting was unnecessary, since peace was already "in sight." Maybe so, but was not peace at least equally "in sight" seven months ago, when the parties to the war all went consistently to London to make it and diplomats of the great Powers undertook to give their supervisory assistance? Was not Adriatic, unspoken, then the main stumbling-block in the negotiations? Until Adriatic finally was taken, was there any change in the situation to induce the allies to stop fighting and try negotiating again?

Somebody, no doubt, has already suggested the analogy between the Balkan war and that other warfare in the East which we read about in *Iliad*. In the Homeric war-making, as we all remember, the actual violent combats were but a part of what was going on. Always, above them, a very human lot of higher powers were intent on winning their struggle, quite regardless of taking a hand in it, and pretty steadily minded, although far from conceivably minded, to have the final say about the outcome. Substitute "greater Powers" for "higher powers," and we have again pretty much the same state of affairs before us.

With this we might think the Homeric example would justify the Balkan allies in abandoning all efforts to control the outcome themselves. It did not turn out that way with the Greeks and

Trojans. Achilles' victory over Hector and the strategy of the wooden horse did count in the end, notwithstanding the gods' supervision. For the gods themselves were divided. Nearly the little nations of the Near East are excusable for perceiving that there is division also among those who would play the part of the gods today. Somewhat they need not disregard the ruffled defiance of France and Germany, the intermingles of Austria and Russia, or Italy's conflicting impulses, or the fairly obvious mind of England to be something like justice done. They would hardly be wise to throw away the possible effort on a note too resolute Europe as of many *foils* accomplish, but as this of taking Adriatic, as they can have to show when the final settlement is made.

What they had themselves won by the sword before the armistice, counted at London in the terms which even then they might have obtained. Will not what they have since won and may yet win also count when negotiations are resumed? Europe would have let them take much from what they merely wanted. They will certainly not be compelled to deal more gently with Turkey completely beaten.

#### Not Flattering to the Women

The intimacy so much cultivated of late between conduct and income got a striking illustration on March 10th, when two thousand girls and men who went on strike at the Oliver Mills in Pittsburg held a meeting at the residence of Senator Quinn, asking his help "to induce your relatives to grant us wages sufficient for our men to support families and our women to retain their honor."

These strikers may put it that way, but it is not flattering to their women, and of course not justified. Moreover, it is not true that where wages are sufficient for men to support families, the situation is saved, for the most part, for both men and women! It was written the other day at the end of a letter of LINCOLN CHURCHILL to the *Evening Post*:

The girls who will bring about a wage for men sufficient to support a wife and family at the early age when most people married fifty years ago, will do more to abolish the hardships of women workers to-day and will add more to the strength and happiness of the nation than any investigating committee now in sight.

To the same effect are the conclusions of Dr. M. G. SCHAFER, neuro-psychologist of Cornell University. At the conference on Mental Hygiene in Philadelphia on March 10th he spoke of the causes of the growing number of insane persons and criminals in every country in the world. These causes he declared to be industrial labor among women and alcohol and blood disease among men. He said that the rate of increase of insanity was twice as great among women as among men, and that in the United States it was 25.4 per cent. of the insane female patients were there through diseases induced by excessive physical labor. And he added:

This is the destructive force that is filling our asylums and jails, killing one-third of the babies born in the first year of their lives, restricting more and more every year the means of mental hygiene, and demonstrating that these physical disturbances are due entirely to industrialism.

The men who employ women in our men's work in our factory leaves they are cheaper in the one who is destroying motherhood and childhood.

While more labor is being consumed than ever before, while specific diseases are on the increase, insanity among corrected women is the greatest plague which we must cure, if we want to save the nation.

#### Industrialism and Women

We seem to be just beginning to learn what machinery has done to us. Industrialism means machinery, a thing only two or three generations old as a controlling element in the life of the world. To machinery, and to the industrialism born of it, is chiefly due the great current disturbance among men.

Now, then, if the social workers and investigators and reformers get wages raised for all the industrial women and establish minimum wages, the upshot will probably be that a good many women will be thrown out of employment and the rest will live better. Both of these results would accord with the hopes of Dr. Schaffer, and probably both would help society. But the woman driven out of employment at low wages will have to be supported, and that will mean readjustment of some kind; more men working at better wages, or else a drop in the cost of living.

When we see movements going on that threaten the prosperity of the present order, and quake

at them, it is well for us to remember that the present order has some very bad diseases, of which it would probably die pretty soon if it continued to prosper at the present rate and on the present terms. One of its most threatening diseases is this reckless using up of women in industrialism.

#### Women's Clothes

The papers do not say whether anybody took advantage of the high water at Columbus or Cincinnati to throw in LOUIS H. CHURCHILL, of Cincinnati, the member of the Ohio legislature who has introduced a bill for a state dress-reform commission for women "to have testimony and collect data concerning the effect of the prevailing wearing apparel of women on the morals of the community," and "to prescribe rules and regulations for the designing and manufacture of women's clothing, and to prohibit such styles and patterns of garments as the commission, after hearing, shall deem detrimental to virtue."

Any state legislator can get no better advertising than this sort of act by introducing a bill of violent absurdity. We suppose Mr. CHURCHILL is the kind of representative who likes that kind of advertising. Of course his bill would come to nothing even if Ohio had not so many other things to think of, and was more in a humor to joke. The legislators of Ohio undoubtedly think that they cannot make laws to regulate the fashions of women's clothes, and if they did not know, they would learn in short order.

All the same, current feminine garb is harmonious with all other current manifestations in being severe than usual. The hobble skirts that still linger on our streets are amazing restrictions of the gait; the way skirts generally tend to cling about the ankles makes observing men wonder at the unnecessary nature of women, and the openness of frocks in the neck and chest makes their women at women's physical endurance. In these very days of spring, so apt to be raw, one sees girls on our streets with hardly more on their arms and chests than in midsummer. There is no incentive about it, but it is something one remembers at "at" that that was the congress of the physicians held in Rome last week and a resolution was adopted to the effect that the fashions in women's dress have largely contributed to the great increase in tuberculosis, and urging that some international arrangement be made for such correction in women's dress as may arrest the progress of the disease."

It was in the papers that WALTER, of Paris, who lauded here one week ago, said that "poems for the summer and fall are to be more daring than ever." Perhaps it is the cubist influence. Where is Brother Box and his American fashions for American women?

Of course no woman has to keep in the fashion, and civilized women are apt always to be fairly sensible dressers. Yet few women, however sensible, discontinue the fashions altogether, or are willing to be conspicuously out of date in garb. It makes a difference to almost all women what the fashions are, for practically they have to follow them. That they control them so little, and have so little choice about what kind of attire they shall wear, seems astonishing. If they were allowed to add in the shop or contrived by the dressmaker, and to get anything else necessitates stronger individual taste than is common, and an ability for original design which is rare.

#### A Soldier of the British Empire

Field-Marshal Lord WOLSELEY, now dead in his eightieth year, was for many years a great name in America, but a rather vague one. We all understood that he had done some things as a soldier, but we were hazy as to details. He had done fine things. He had played the hero in sunny years of the empire. It was his misfortune, however, that these all happened to be comparatively little wars, and in far quarters, and that when they were contemporaneous with bigger wars. But that he it is noted, did not share in the merits by his own government and countrymen. Great Britain never neglects to honor the subject who renders good service to the empire. It were well if in this we followed her example more consistently than we do.

There was one episode of Lord Wolseley's life of us that is particularly notable. Like the Count of Paris and other distinguished Europeans, he sought experience and knowledge of his profession on some of the battle-fields of our Civil War. Serving under Lee, he conceived the highest admiration for that American soldier, and became his subject and to some extent his biographer. Happily, the time has passed when

his playing that rôle might have set against him Lee's fellow-countrymen of the North. In our time the same rôle has been played by an Adams and a Hazard of Massachusetts!

#### Norton and His Friends

CHARLES ELMER NORTON, who died four or five years ago at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the house he was born in, left some letters that a good many people here have been eagerly waiting to see. They are now beginning to appear in *Scraper's Magazine*. Unless expectation is disappointed, they will be rather extraordinary letters. For Mr. Norton was an extraordinary man. He was for many years professor of the history of fine arts at Harvard, and he wrote several books about his subject. He was also a student of Dante and made an excellent prose translation of DANTE'S masterpiece. But the peculiar interest of his life did not come from those admirable labors. He was a man whom many men loved, and among those who loved him were many of the fine spirits of his time in the country and abroad. Probably no other American ever had such friendships. The mere list of them would fill pages, and on those pages would appear the names of nearly all our greater American writers and artists of NORTON'S time—the last two-thirds of the past century—and an astonishing number of their English and Continental contemporaries. What we may see of his letters to Mr. Norton, and of his to them and about them, will be deeply interesting to thoughtful Americans.

We shall hardly say anything we could not do to see. For these interesting friendships were genuine, and as men ever lived with a keener sense of the sacredness of friendship, or of any other high relation, than Norton had. Most of his friends were of the best of their kind in the world, and he was to see the world as a whole in the right handling of great men's literary remains—CHURCHILL, for instance, and BOSWELL. He was scholar and student, connoisseur and traveler, but the best notion of him is conveyed by the phrase "an American gentleman of the nineteenth century." It is a serious question how many Americans of to-day could conceivably live such a high kind of life as he lived, or even would if they could.

#### Conclusions for Professor Fisher

PROFESSOR WILLIAM U. FISHER, of whose detachment from Wesleyan University mention has several times been made in this WEEKLY, has received from the faculty of Cornell University an elegant resolution of condolence on his dismissal.

The resolution does not precisely commend Professor FISHER'S performance, but records that he is a distinguished alumnus and former fellow of Cornell, and has been dismissed from the chair of economics and social science at Wesleyan by the Faculty of that university. It credits to him the Cornell faculty's "greetings and assurances of regard, with the message that his alma mater still seeks to maintain and extend the spirit of liberality, toleration, and loyalty to truth illustrated by the lives of its founders, ENNA CORNELL and ANTHONY D. WHITE."

#### Our Brothers of the English Toy Fair

The English Toy newspapers have been finding the most of whatever offense could be found in Mr. BRYAN'S St. Patrick's Day speech. Whatever the merits of the controversy they have raised about its propriety, it was simply the same sort of speech that any number of American public men were this morning making in the American galleries. It was the regular thing.

Mr. BRYAN said nothing to make Sir EREWAN GALT, in particular, mad. Is it a good idea, from the English point of view, to make Mr. BRYAN mad? The *Standard* fears that "the Irish electro-mechanical machinery" in this country—whatever that may be—may be brought to heel "in favor of discriminating small tools. Is it not a bad idea, then, to make that mad?"

We are sure it is, if the interest of Great Britain, in its relations with this country, is the main consideration of these papers. That is what we are assuming when we call their course impudent. It may not be impudent, however, if the main consideration is circulation or to delay Home Rule. Even the best English papers make the little effort to inform themselves and their readers correctly and fully about American affairs. Dr. CORMAN'S Anglo-American School of Public Learning" is desirable, but some of our English journalistic brethren need positive instruction as well. That would be an extremely profitable of the CUMMISSEY press fund.

# THE PASSING OF A GREAT FIGURE

Some of the Outstanding Facts of Mr. Morgan's Wonderful History.

The Career of a Great Banker, a Great Citizen, a Great Man



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Mr. Morgan at forty

**J**OHN PIERPONT MORGAN was born at Hartford, Connecticut, April 27, 1837, of old New England stock. The sons of James Spencer Morgan and Juliet Pierpont Morgan. His father was a successful lawyer, his mother the daughter of Julia Pierpont, an eminent ethnologist. Young Morgan was graduated from the English High School, Boston, and was for two years a diligent student at the University of Göttingen. He was brilliant in mathematics, fond of good books and porters, an excellent singer, and well versed in music. At the age of twenty he entered the bank of Dunham, Sherman & Co., and three years later became agent and attorney in the United States for George Postels & Co., bankers, of London, in which firm his father was a partner. In the following year (1861) he joined the firm of Hoopes, Morgan & Co., and in 1871 became a member of Drexel, Morgan & Co., which subsequently became J. P. Morgan & Co. He married, in 1861, Maria Morgan, who lived two years, and in 1862 he married Frances Louisa Tracy. Their children are Louise Pierpont Morgan (Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee), Julia Pierpont Morgan, James Juliet Pierpont Morgan (Mrs. William Purson Russell), and Anne Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Morgan was a power long of success. From the day when, at the age of thirty-two, he won his first great fight and took the Albany & Saratogian away from the veteran Jay Gould and his confederate Fisk, practically everything he did turned to gold. To be asked to join in a Morgan enterprise was to be given an opportunity few cared to refuse. And just there lay the secret of Mr. Morgan's phenomenal power. It was not that he controlled world-wide capital in the sense that he could force it to do his bidding. It was rather that, as a result of successive demonstrations of his genius, it came about that in every financial center in the United States and Europe millions upon millions of capital awaited his call.

Constantly, throughout the half-century of Mr. Morgan's active life, was this great power exercised—in what manner the vision of great and desirable rail ways and industrial enterprises which bear his stamp are the best possible witness. But on three occasions particularly was his power made manifest. The first was in 1865, when, with the government in almost desperate financial straits, Mr. Morgan stepped in and guaranteed to refund the Treasury with gold taken from abroad. The second was five years later, when, having developed in the country's leading industry, steel, what Mr. Morgan regarded as a dangerous condition, he put an end to it by the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. The third was in 1897, when, at the moment when the panic had not as yet, seemed as if it would inevitably grow far worse and involve hundreds more of banks in ruin, Mr. Morgan hurried himself and his millions into the breach and saved the day.

For the profit he made on the first of these three great transactions Mr. Morgan, it is true, has been bitterly criticized. The time, however, has not yet for splitting hairs over the question of remuneration. Work gold steadily going out of the country and the whole supply in the United States Treasury drained down to about forty million dollars. It was not a question of the size of the commission to be paid for getting the government back on its feet, financially, but of whether the thing could be done at all. Mr. Morgan was the man of the hour. He, and he only, because of his standing with the great banking interests of Europe, was in a position to get them to give up the needed gold,

For the second great exercise of his power, the working together of the country's divergent steel interests into the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Morgan has also been widely criticized, but here again the achievement is in itself the best possible retaliation of the charges made. It is not that the United States Steel Corporation is the biggest company in the

before had been strife and waste. Hereafter, when it was announced that the government intended to bring a suit against the company, Mr. Morgan took his true American custom of silence and came vigorously to the defense of his his greatest creation. "The corporation was organized for business reasons," runs the statement, "and purchased its various plants in pro-



Copyright by Buck

Mr. Morgan, his son, J. P. Morgan, Jr., and his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee. From a recent photograph.

world or that it employs the most men or that it owns the most money. It is that the corporation is what the genius of J. Pierpont Morgan foresaw it would be—a great stabilizing influence in the country's principal industry, a favor for good operating in the interests of harmony and economy of production where all

made such business and not to restrict trade or obtain a monopoly. In all its operations the company has unflinchingly observed the law and recognized the just rights of its competitors and the consumers of its products.

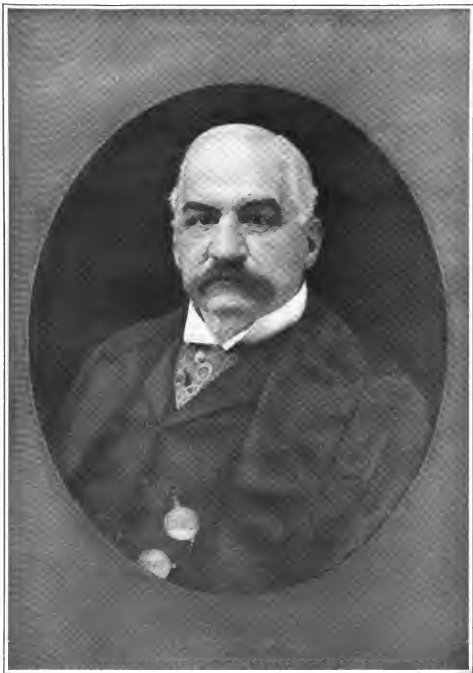
But however Mr. Morgan has been criticized for his financing of the government in 1865 and his formation of the United States Steel Corporation, for his demonstration of power in settling the panic of 1897 not even his sharpest critics offer anything but praise. Following the collapse of the British copper pool and the closing up of the banks associated therewith, the situation at New York had become one of such gravity that there was no telling the limits to which the panic might go. Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost, that was the principle on which things were being done—that the famous conference at the Morgan offices following which it was announced that Mr. Morgan and his associates stood ready to lend \$25,000,000 to the stock exchange at once. In that moment, by the great financier's display of strength, the back of the trouble was broken. Conference after conference took place at the Morgan library for weeks after, but that was mainly for the purpose of determining the best way of repairing the damage done. When, in that darkest hour of the panic, Mr. Morgan was able to gather round him the disorganized and demoralized forces of American finance and, by the sheer force of his own personality, weld them into an effective fighting unit, the real victory was won.

The passing of a great constructive genius which carried American enterprise to heights previously unknown—that is not the country's principal loss in the death of J. Pierpont Morgan. What the American world of business, rich in any financial strength, had principally lost was a leader.



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Mr. Morgan's famous library adjoining his Thirty-sixth Street home in New York



Copyright by Paul Bruns

## JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

BORN AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, APRIL 17, 1837. DIED AT ROME, MARCH 31, 1913



Copyright by the International News Service  
**Rigging up rescue wires in Dayton**



Copyright by the International News Service  
**Searching for dead bodies in the streets of Dayton**



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**Both fire and flood at Columbus**



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**Escaping by wagon from the railroad station at Cleveland**



Copyright by the International News Service  
**Escaping from an engulfed house by walking across wires**



Copyright by the International News Service  
**When the waters in Dayton had almost submerged the roofs**



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood  
**The encroaching flood at Fremont, Ohio. Many of the smaller Ohio towns suffered as did Fremont**

## THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE MIDDLE WEST

DEWAR'S FLOODS SWEEP A LARGE SECTION OF THE MIDDLE WEST DURING THE LAST WEEK OF MARCH, CAUSING A LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY SO GREAT AS TO MAKE THE FLOODING OF CALIFORNIA AT GRAYSON AND JOHNSON, OHIO AND ILLINOIS REFERRED TO AS THE GREAT FLOODS OF THE MIDDLE WEST. THESE FLOODS WERE ALSO REFERRED TO AS THE GREAT FLOODS OF THE MIDDLE WEST. THE NUMBER OF DEATHS IN OHIO IS NOT KNOWN, BUT IN OHIO ALONE IT IS PLACED AT 500. THE TOTAL PROPERTY LOSS WILL MOUNT INTO THE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS.

# A SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM SHILOH

Major Robert Barry's Vivid Impressions of One of the Great Engagements of the Civil War, as Recorded in a Hitherto Unpublished Document

**MAJOR ROBERT PEABODY BARRY** was born in New York City on March 20, 1839. His father was Samuel P. Barry, originally of Boston, and his mother was Martha Lewis, originally from Salem, Massachusetts. Robert Peabody Barry was the youngest son.

After education in private preparatory schools, he attended Columbia College. When he first entered the institution it was located at Church Street, between Murray and Barclay, but during the time that he was there the grounds were sold and Park Place was cut through. The college then moved to Madison Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. While at college he became a member of the Delta Psi fraternity, and an delegate attended a convention held at Raleigh, North Carolina. In his memoir he says:

"Here I met members from many states, but what impressed me was the tone of our Southern members. All expressed a sort of dislike for and a repugnance to the Union. It struck me as very strange and most unusual for up to this time I had never heard anything like it."

After the convention he visited friends in South Carolina, and his memoir continues:

"It was a very enjoyable visit to me, but I noticed here also the strange views of my kind which may remark were made about the country, how the government was regarded, not as theirs, but as a sort of hostile one."

The memoir further continues:

"I was at an evening entertainment given by a young friend—a Southern girl—the night the news arrived of the attack on Fort Sumter. Hearing crying 'Extra' ran along Fifth Avenue; some one went out and brought one and, bringing it into the parlor, read aloud the news of the attack upon the fort by the Southerners. An instantaneous still fell upon the guests and the party soon broke up. The next day troops were being mustered to go to Washington, and on the Seventh Regiment, New York militia, being called, I volunteered. I hurried home and told my parents and, without any soldiers, joined the regiment and left with it for Washington. We quartered at the Tompkins Market, near Eighth Street and Bowery, and marched from there through Broadway to the Jersey City ferry. The houses all along the route, also the passengers, were filled with an excited and cheering crowd."

He served as a private in the ranks of the Seventh Regiment during its historic expedition to Washington in 1861, but upon its return to New York he sought a commission in the regular army, and through the influence of Hamilton Fish and other influential friends of his family he secured a personal interview with Secretary Cameron, and received an appointment as captain in the newly organized Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry of the regular army. He was first detailed upon recruiting duty in a salient territory on Lake Superior, but his regiment was subsequently attached to the Army of the Cumberland and sent to the front. They took the field at Nashville, and it was shortly after this that his regiment participated in the battle of Shiloh, which is described in the accompanying letter.

After the battle of Manassas, in which he was

wounded, he was placed in an ambulance to be sent to the hospital at Nashville. A part of the wagon train, including his ambulance, was captured by Confederate cavalry, but he and other officers were paroled and ultimately reached Nashville. When he was wounded his sword slipped on the battle-field, where it was subsequently found and, having his name engraved upon the hilt, was sent to the regimental headquarters. While in the hospital at Nashville, his general called upon him and brought him the sword which had been thus recovered from the battle-field. Had it not been for this incident it would undoubtedly have been taken from him at the time of his capture, but in this rapier of fortune it remains a treasured relic in his family to-day.

After his convalescence he was duly exchanged and returned to the front, where he served throughout the Atlanta campaign, under Sherman, at times acting as the assistant of officers, being himself in command of the regiment. During his active service he has been promoted to the rank of captain, but subsequently received his commission with the brevet rank of major for gallantry in action.

Subsequently to the war Major Barry went into business in the South as a cotton merchant, and in the early eighties retired from business and settled upon a farm of approximately six hundred acres which he purchased near Warrenton, Virginia. Here in October, 1912, he passed away.

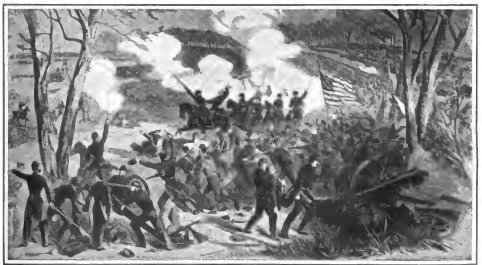
The letter referred to runs as follows:

My dear Mother—My last letter was written at our camp at Mount Pleasant. The next morning we were up at four o'clock, and that day made a most fatiguing march. At 10 a. m. we came to a river, where we rested half an hour and were told to fill our canteens, as there was no water for ten miles. We crossed the river and commenced a most dreadful march. The sun was scorching—the road, a light clay, was a continual dense cloud of fire, white dust, blinding in the eyes and choking to breathe. Often I had to put my handkerchief to my face for breath. No shade during our route—oh, it was horrible! When we came to the next water it was barely possible to keep the men from knocking marks in a body and rushing to cool their parched throats. At 7 p. m. we came to one camping-ground on the banks of a lovely stream. Here officers and men battled, then a good drink of whiskey and a short nap restored me. My men, though, commenced to fall and I had to give some frequent drinks of whiskey from my flask, to keep them up. For myself, I never drank till after the march. The next day at 4 a. m. we were again on the march, and this day saw many hours of Union people, who greeted us with waving flags in very rare sight down here. One flag at Waynesboro had on it "Home and Union." We made but fourteen miles this day, the roads were so bad. We had a beautiful place to camp, and, this being Saturday, were told we would not ever start Monday, but some we received orders to have reveille at 4 a. m. Sunday, which indicated a long march; so at 4 a. m. we rose. Mother, let me tell you that the old man, Early had led and early to "rise," etc., an immense host—there is no track in it. I have tried it now for some time, and from experience can say that he who can sleep and drink so well as he is a big fop. This day (Sunday) the roads were still worse than the day previous—they some times became so narrow and so steep, running on they did through deep gorges, that it was difficult for us to march. How our heavy wagons could pass seemed a question; but they did, and indeed it must be a very, very bad and impassable road that will stop any wagon.

About 9 a. m. we first heard the distant sound of cannon, and then they commenced to fire on us. It was terrible, loud. I stuffed my cap with grass, but still could not prevent a raking bombardment. Still we pushed on—up steep mountains, down valleys, till twelve, when we were met in an open field and given an hour for rest. Here word was received from General Buell to leave our trains and press on. The trains of the whole division were left here, covering hundreds of acres. Oh, how hot it was! I took up my coat and left it in the wagon, keeping only my blouse and pants (Cady's set). How I have suffered for that (Cady's set)! Now commenced our march. When the road went straight we followed the road; when the road turned for hills and streams we left the road, broke down trees, and took short cuts, up hills, down hills, over hills, through streams; nothing stopped us. Our general had had orders evidently to bring us there. It seemed as though, too, the sun would kill us. Still on we went—the booming of artillery growing more distinct as we pushed on. There was evidently a battle raging and we were warned. The song and jost were no more heard. We were too tired to talk, too solemn in jest. Once we stopped on a hill where a noble stretch was building; in this the officers of the Fifth and Sixteenth took shelter from the sun. I threw myself down and offered a mental prayer to the Almighty for strength for the coming trial.

Soon the bugle sounded, the men fell in, and again was that mad, mad, mad march up that 4 p. m., when we were within ten miles of Nashville; here we were given two hours for refreshment! Our refreshment consisted in lying down on the river bank and regaling our palates with hard bread and water. I tried to sleep, but could not. I was too cold (all the night we sold) and too tired, as I sat on a log and talked. It was rumored that the Union had got the worst of it, but no one knew anything definite, as I concluded not to bother my head about the numerous stories that were circulating.

Between 8 and 10 p. m. the bugle sounded and we commenced our march to Nashville. It was slow march—the road was filled with troops and the transportation was limited to take them over the river. It was past twelve when we were in the boat. The scene was impressive, the streets filled with artillery and infantry, all moving toward one point. No word was spoken. Only the masses of men drawn up in close columns could be seen, with the occasional reflection of sunlight on the brass cannon. Then, too, the buildings filled with the wounded and the lights that lit up their rooms. To see these thousands of men and these scores of batteries and to hear no loud talking—no shouting—only to be aware that the dusky mass kept moving steadily toward the river. To see all this, mother, I swear, and then to know that many of us would never see another night, was in a measure stunning to the senses. Our battle were frequent, and the men, who were warned out from marching from



General Grant leading the final charge of the Union forces at the battle of Shiloh, April 7, 1862

From a Woodcut in a Contemporary Issue of "Harper's Weekly"





# That TIRED FEELING

by LEONARD K. HIRSHBERG  
MD, MA, AB

Drawings by F. Strothmann

**A**T THIS time of the year you feel tired. You wind your way hesitantly to your friendly dragged with discouraged nerves and warring slumps. A haunting fear of impending physical exhaustion and mental inertia shows itself to your nervous neighbor.

"You have spring fever," he insists. You do not deny it.

"Get some relaxed and sane, and Hirschberg's Tired, the spring blood tonic," she promises. "It will purify your blood and make a new woman of you. Ah, you're ready that what my husband had April—"

These are told you the story of what in an entirely different mood, but which she and you believe to be the same. You are comforted, however, and happily accept another prescription from this accommodating pharmacist. Though he tells you is a bit "under the weather," you smile with gratitude the great chance to reconvert your system with "tonics" and "blood purifiers."

You have an "spring fever" and a low "tired feeling." The truth of the matter is that this periodic lagging and "down-up" feeling is a constitutional disturbance due to something entirely different from over-work and long hours.

Bleed throughout the long, weary winter, your muscles, stretched tissues and all assembly like hot-house flowers, forced in their capacity to withstand the extremes of wind and weather, halcyon mornings and frosty nights. Your throat, your nose, your chin, and your hands, though able to adapt themselves to indoor air, or even over outdoor weather for a time, soon reach the limits of their endurance, or, as the scholars say, the point of strain or collapse. Then the mischievous colony of germs, with their devilish sagacity, sweep down into your body, the thickest unguarded opening, such as a chilled nose, a hood-stuffed trail, or a fur-lined hood, not being too much for these small organisms to tackle.

Though ignored because of the wintery cheer, the halcyon hours, the tempting outdoors, concentration of attention or rapid resolution will reveal to you that just before or as your tired, druggy feeling started, you had a strange sensation in your stomach, a scratchy feeling in your throat, a sneeze where from your nose. You calculated, and made them, and then, what on Christmas or the Fourth of July would be blamed upon a "cold" or a "bad strain" in the recent days passed commemorated, the air of prearranged measures or your physician, the trifling ills or redness is ignored.

But this hardly perceived trouble is the usual indication of more serious maladies. What should be immediately brought to the attention of a doctor is hesitancy in the endurance of animal spirits. For as matter how hard you work, how much you worry, or how melancholy you were in the wintery days, a new touch of spring makes you forget it all. Like-spring is nature's cruel ruse.

That touch really is a restorer is proved by the fact that what would have developed from this unassisted organism, other serious conditions, pneumonia, bronchitis, joint diseases, or worse, in many cases now drugs or maldeveloped as your "tired feeling."

How, now, shall you rid yourself of this tired feeling that is not a tired feeling? How can the victory be won, the balance struck on the side of our vital powers? How shall these microscopic enemies of health be driven forth? Can you master them by sulphur and soda-salts, ammonia and nuxia?!

The ignorance of the fathers is here shown in the children even upon the third generations. This is true of disease. Even though you was tissues are a language you know well, by conveying to you the knowledge, writing, and social habits, are needed that you would instinctively employ for help, he observes nature's hint. Instead of wailing like a weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, he lies of relaxing muscular movements, the expenditure of energy, by stopping all work, your blood organs are resting, but light and to work. Pseudo-scientific, synthetic methods, and Lady White's Pink Pills are relied upon to take the place of rest, change of line, and dietary changes.

As means of prevention may always be considered with a pound of cure. In the same way too or more dry rest or bed are better than a Pacific of tincture. A few days of absolute quiet—and this unceremoniously means fat on your back and undressed—bring into immediate action against germs all of the living energy expended in nervous and un-nervous actions. When the body rests from work it is the more powerful against disease. A week in bed in April may save you six weeks in June.

There are various ways of resting your vital forces, but none surpasses your own or a hospital bed. Second in value for the "tired" case, however, is rest of mind and body by a few weeks' visit away from home. Usually, where or when it is possible, the two are combined. The work in bed is then followed by a week or two away. If some beloved friend or sister will rub your exhausted limbs, knead your neck, and stroke your arms and legs rhythmically about thirty minutes each day, beginning lightly and increasing the vigor of the massage slowly, it may be unnecessary after the first day to give Solfista powder, Epsom salts, or the usually harmless cathartic water, again. Should your system require a strong internal washing—and this is avoided in the beginning of more serious infections—the salt mixtures and saturated salt water mentioned are preferable to

cure the threatened trouble herself. At such a time if cellulitis, bone-tissue, thrombosis, or tracheal artery nodules are given they receive unkindly the credit.

Now I shall try to describe the specific dietary and other directions that I advise for the woman who does her own housework, for she perhaps is attacked most often by this kind of ailment. The first thing to do is to rest. You must forthwith go to bed and get up improved, after for a week or ten days. Copious draughts of good water and the diet may be as follows: At first at times it is helpful to give a pre-digestible tincture of effervescent citrate of magnesia, hydrocarbonate of milk magnesia, phosphate of sodium, Epsom salts, or some other salt. If the husband, relative, or neighbor, is unwilling, a visiting nurse—in large towns—is shown how to manage the patient. The bedclothes are arranged so that air may come out above and enter below. Cervical books are read to, and conversation held with, her at alternate intervals of an hour or so. This is begun not before eleven in the forenoon or after six in the afternoon. No tea is expected to have any "effect" for the reason that the stomach is not to give at six in the morning, the massage at eleven, and a tender rub down before the liberal seven-o'clock dinner.

The hours of the "meal" are eight, ten, twelve, three, five, and seven. At eight o'clock, give two level eggs, poached, on wheat biscuits, with a portion of cream or milk, and a grapefruit or an orange sliced. At ten o'clock a glass of milk with vanilla or any amount. At noon shortly, ice-cream, expressed meat juice, sliced apple, prunes, and crackers with jelly. Then, after a three-hour nap, a milk shake (with flavin and white of egg), at 4:00 an afternoon, a small—two egg white water up with sugar, fruit juice, and a pinch of table salt. At seven o'clock broast, chicken liver, asparagus, potatoes, rice, toast bread, and all the water desired. Use water on the hall after, sweetbreads, or chops, have oatmeal or rolled hot milk loaf, french custards, olives, and various tempting delicacies are given at nine o'clock.

By this diet it may be seen that the prime essential is a non-stimulating, nutritious kind of food, one easily assimilated with no extra strain upon the de-toxifying stomach cells. Such especially includes as venison, cold fivers, kidneys, thick soups, soup soups, Irish stew, turnips, fried fish, chicken, mince, cornstarch, cream, coffee, tea, cream, pie, squash, pickles, pastries, and the like are rigidly prohibited.

The plan to be followed is varied a bit for working girls, society women, and school girls, but the general principle is an inviolate law. Thus the working-girl of the salary-giver group receives a judiciously increased quantity of iron-stuffed food, such as peas, spinach, and perhaps some nutral tea. On the other hand, the leader of the social world, the teacher, the writer, and the self-willed worker receive more eggs, milk, and fat than the others, while the most individuals are given butter-milk, whey, and no butter, egg yolk or cream.

At the first sign of spring feelings, whether "tired," "feverish," or otherwise, go to bed and rest for your medical adviser. If it is your baby, or child, it is as "bothering." If it is you, do not rest at more to the drug stores. If the emergency be such that you are unprepared for the first sign of trouble, you may use a "bothering." If it is you, do not rest at more to the drug stores. If the emergency be such that you are unprepared for the first sign of trouble, you may use a "bothering." If it is you, do not rest at more to the drug stores. If the emergency be such that you are unprepared for the first sign of trouble, you may use a "bothering." If it is you, do not rest at more to the drug stores.



Do not run at once to the drug store

ills, powders and lotions. Frequently the diet, accurately regulated, effects this purpose.

The prevalent fallacy about a change of diet from the winter fare to the spring one is on a par with those other popular notions about forwarded medical theories. It is the more serious disease, such as typhoid. The rest in bed also dictates another dietary regimen. The healthy, the average, the timid, unless illness all demand a carefully regulated diet. Allow me to warn you, though, against the omission of skilled medical guidance—and I say this knowing that, strongly enough, "water" will many times

# WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE CURRENCY?

BY JOHN D. LAMSON

**T**he present banking and currency system was invented during the Civil War. As with the Monitor, it was a product of the emergency of the moment. The chief reasons of the war found the government hard up for money or other means to finance—that was the necessity. The present currency system—that was the invention.

Some bright mind conceived the idea that if any bank buying bonds from the government were given the privilege of issuing bank notes, a lot of bonds could be sold. That turned out to be the case. Each didn't hesitate long when Egan offered to sell him his bright idea for a mass of postage. The banks didn't hesitate long when they were given the right to issue. The government offered them its bright idea of issuing currency.

The Monitor did good work in '62, and the present currency system did good work in '64. But times change. Egan's invention was a wonder at the time, but you would hardly expect the old Monitor to go up against a modern battleship. No more can we expect to get today's business properly done with the help of the old currency system. In fact, between the old eleven-cent-on-dollar and the modern dollar-on-dollar there is a lot less difference than between business conditions in 1862 and business conditions at present.

You can get up on either side of the question. There are lots of intelligent people who believe that the brain ought to be let alone and let it alone as they think they can do better things down there. But on the question whether or not the present currency system is obsolete and needs to be made over to fit modern requirements, you don't find any difference of opinion. You see men who say they don't know anything about it and so are not competent to judge, but you see men and the statement isn't made for sweeping—and yet one who knows anything about the system saying that the system is not right as it is and ought to be changed. We forget this easily, but the time when practically every bank in the United States suspended payment is only five years away and money has fallen far behind.

Experts differ on the diagnosis, and they differ on the remedy, but they don't differ on the fact that there is something radically wrong with the present system, and we go about peacefully cultivating our vineyards, but we know very well that it won't be long before there will be some radical change, probably, than the last. We shudder at the thought—this glimpse up at the present situation and the time when we are required, and we are required to pay.

For a while we manage to get along, but what happens eventually is only too familiar. Sometimes, as in 1862 and 1864, we get off completely, and the business men who have good collateral to offer paying only a dividend per cent, or so for money. Sometimes, as in 1862 and 1864, the machine breaks down entirely; the banks practically fail, and everything comes to a standstill. Whether it's going to be just a "ferry" or one of these regular bankruptcies is always an interesting question. You can't tell anything about it in advance. All you can know for sure is that as long as we sail along with the present fiat-warehouse currency system we're bound even more so to get into these squalls with the certainty of being badly knocked around and the strong probability of being scuttled.

But to get down to brass tacks, what is the matter with the currency system, anyway? Three things. In the first place, the banks, instead of all pulling together, all pull for themselves. They are all hoarding up stocks of trouble each bank tries to grab all the real money it might get, regardless of how its neighbor bank may be doing. In the second place, the banks are hoarding up the money that passes from hand to hand, hence no relation to the country's varying needs for currency. The third place, things are so bad, so that it is more reasonable and profitable for the big banks to hold their money to speculate than to merchants.

Let us look at each of these banks separately. In the first place, the big banks are hoarding up the money. We have in this country 7,200 national banks, all under the direct supervision of the federal government. Banks located in any one of the three "central reserve cities"—New York, Chicago, and St. Louis—are required by law to hold twenty-five per cent of their deposits in any one of these cities. Banks located in any one of the forty-seven "reserve cities" are required by law to keep a reserve of twenty-five per cent of their deposits in any one reserve city. The rest of their deposits are to be deposited with a bank in one of the "central reserve cities." All the other banks in the country are required to keep a reserve of twenty per cent of their deposits, of which twenty-five per cent may be deposited with city banks and two-fifths must be held in the form of actual cash.

There you have the hoarding up of money in a nutshell. It isn't necessary to go into any long explanation as to why the country's cash drains into Wall Street or New York, Chicago, St. Louis,

and St. Louis are designated in the Bank Act as the three central reserve cities. When business is active throughout the country cash stays out through the banks, and business is inactive, it stays in. The banks don't want it flow into the central reserve cities, just as naturally as water flows downhill.

So, as long as you don't own the money themselves, the interest banks are quite content to let it drain into New York or Chicago. But after a while things get active again through the country, and then these banks want their money back. They can get it without trouble. Sometimes they can get it with trouble. Sometimes they can't get it at all.

It all depends on how New York looks around to let them have it. If the stock market is quiet and the money doesn't happen to be tied up in New York, the banks are all right, but if the market has been active and most of the currency has been loaned out on stock collateral, it isn't quite so easy. The big city banks call on the loans of course, but they are usually to be shortly repaid, so they may not want to do that. They themselves, in the first place, are likely to be interested in the market and afraid of the effect which the calling in of loans in a closed market will have. Then again the people who have borrowed the money may be good friends of theirs and not likely to be "put to bed" by New York or Chicago. So, in some cases the city banks may find it highly inconvenient to send the interest banks the cash they want.

Then, if the situation in New York is "tight" enough—as it has, for instance, at the end of 1907 and all through 1907—there follows a regular scramble for currency. There is only just one and so much to go around and no possibility of any more being brought into existence. So the banks fight among themselves for what there is. There is no question of this bank which doesn't happen to need currency passing up along to that bank, which does. It is a regular question of every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

That is the most of thing responsible for the lack of a provision for currency. With this lack of provision, there is no safety in the system. One per cent of its deposits in cash and hoarding up every bit of currency on which it can by its banks, and the result is that there is no safety in it. It's no wonder that other banks that have been hoarding up cash getting their first into the trough have been "put to bed" by New York or Chicago. We can't get enough cash in pay, you see with it. It's all locked up in banks in New York, Chicago, and they simply refuse to let us have any.

Thirty-five and forty per cent of deposits held idle in vaults of all our central cities. It's no wonder that thirty-five or forty per cent of a man's blood should suddenly run into one part of his body and stay there. That is the first great fault. How is it going to be remedied? All the thinking men of our system are co-operation among the banks. By fixing it so that as soon as a demand for money arises every bank in the country would be compelled to grab all the currency it might regardless of the fact that as a result of such action its neighbor bank is likely to "go broke."

The second great fault is that the amount of currency in the country is not in the least regulated by the country's varying need for currency. When business is active in the country, the amount of cash is used that when business is quiet—no extra money around in your pockets, for instance, and the amount of cash in the country is not increased. You test the fact that business is active and that money is in demand, or that business is quiet and that the banks are hoarding up cash, and you find that the supply. The amount of currency is regulated by the amount of government bonds available for banks that want to increase their circulation.

The whole system was started, as has been said, back in the time of the Civil War, in order to give the Union government a chance to sell its bonds. "Buy the U. S. Bonds" is the slogan. It has been said that you can put them up as security and have your own notes against them. It was a good provision and the banks did it until it was abolished. They bought these they loaned notes. The amount of notes they issued depended entirely on the amount of bonds they held.

It is just the same today as it was then. There are no more money government bonds outstanding, and the practice of issuing currency is regulated against them. The government has issued more bonds which the banks can loan notes against and so the total demand is not in demand. But, on the other hand, the banks do it as they do now. If you have the same good times and bad, business active or quiet, currency in demand or not in demand.

Simply this. Take it at its time when business is quiet and all these bank notes aren't needed to carry on trade. What happens to them then? Are they al-

lowed to be left? Hardly. Some sort of use has got to be found for them in order to make them pay for their lives. If they can't be used to carry on business they are taken up in a different way. There is always plenty of speculators around willing to borrow any money that may be offered. While the speculation is not a very profitable thing, it will be necessary, maybe it will be in real estate. While it isn't so much as a bank, what counts is that it will stir up money.

That is, when there is too much money around. When there isn't enough there are naturally even worse. This is a big country, and we do things in a big way. When business gets really active a lot of money is needed. It is just as with an automobile—when you're running you don't need much oil. But when you're running fast you do. With a lot of money in the country, it is just as with an automobile. If the money of a country is in the same place as the business of this country, you are in every case in a while when it gets going too fast on an inadequate supply of money.

That is the second fault. What is the remedy? Clearly, to arrange things so that when currency is needed for business purposes it will be there, and so that when it isn't needed for business purposes it won't be there. In other words, instead of the present rigid currency, to have a currency which is elastic—that will expand and contract according to the needs of the country.

That is the kind of a currency every first-class power expects to have. How can we institute such a currency? By following the example of those who in banking matters are the most successful and wise. They are the commercial notes—the tangible evidence of a business transaction—the basis of our currency. Smith sells Jones a bill of goods and takes five cash notes in payment. Jones's note represents value received. There is no more logical basis on earth for the issue of currency than that note. Why have we added to it anything else? It is a matter of whether reasonable that the note has taken should be readily convertible into money. In all other countries that is the case.

The third great defect in our present currency system is that everything floats the dollar in an artificial way. It is not a true measure of the value of the dollar. We have more or less of a system of discount. It is true, by which the banks lend money to merchants at a discount. The banks are not the chief business of the big city banks being to furnish the money to the country. They are not the chief business to issue our stocks and bonds as collateral.

No one there is just one great wrong which has in an Account in the present law of the United States (of 1864), no national bank can "accept" a sixty or ninety day note drawn upon it by a customer or by some other bank. The result is that the "bank" is not a bank in the ordinary sense of the word, and the result of that is that there is no direct discount market for any kind of paper having a term of weeks or months to run. All bank, having discounted a note for a client, knows that it is "long up" with that note till it matures. Under our present system, for a bank to try to rediscount a note is often taken as a serious admission of weakness.

As plain as daylight in the newspaper. Keeping full well that the bank is not a bank, the bank is not a bank to merchants—they tie themselves up all the paper matters, the banks simply do not buy their paper. It is not a bank in the ordinary sense of the word. If they knew that at any time they could take this paper into the market and rediscount it and get the cash, they would not buy it. It is not a bank. But that's just what they know they can't do. Having bought the paper, they know they've got to keep it—no knowing that, they don't buy it in the first place. They prefer to hold it until they can get the cash or to let it out on call on the Stock Exchange. In either case they can put their money back any time they want. It is not a bank in the ordinary sense of the word. The real lawlessness of it is that the bank doesn't want to let its money out as it would do if it were commercial paper. The making of loans which it can at any time call in, it considers a far more preferable thing than to let its money out as it would do if it were commercial paper.

Who wants to borrow money from banks on that basis? Speculators, and speculators only. They are the only ones who want the money, while the merchant is left out in the cold.

There are the three great defects of the present system. Whether they are remedied by the adoption of the plan recently proposed by the Monetary Commission or by the adoption of some other plan, you can't tell. It is not a matter of whether they are doing the business of the country an invariable amount of time and that they need to be considered.

# THE AUTOMOBILE IN COURT

BY THEODORE M. R. VON KÉLER

DRAWINGS BY PETER NEWELL

**W**HILE it need be admitted that the material of today is not the proven non grata of a few years ago, it still is sufficiently evident that he is not yet rated as an ordinary mortal—especially when he comes in conflict with the law. Theoretically, all men are equal in the eyes of justice; in practice, however, the materialist not infrequently gets what is known as a "raw deal." And even in those numerous cases where he gains a victory in the courts he is compelled to contend a certain antipathy on the part of the lawyers and judges, which vitiates its effects in the greater costs of his trials and the frequency with which he is appeal to higher courts.

The extraordinary growth of the automobile industry in the United States, and the fact that nearly three hundred thousand persons have joined the ranks of the motorist during the year 1918, have naturally tended to diffuse a more intimate knowledge of motorcars and their characteristics among both the judiciary and the laity, with the result that in this country the owner of an automobile receives the same kind of justice that the owner of a horse-drawn rig gets—which may be considered either a compliment or a "knock," depending on how one views American justice in general. In Europe, on the other hand, the automobile owner is still the privileged person, and the chauffeur a sort of mixed breed between a henchman and a villain, for whom special laws must be made or existing laws be defiled in a particularly unbecoming manner.

For instance, there happened an incident recently in Bavaria, which appears almost incredible; it would have been incredible had it happened to a horse-drawn driver, instead of to the chauffeur of an automobile truck. A brewery regularly sent its big motor-truck from the plant to the railroad station, loaded the front with full beer kegs, on the return from the station the truck usually was empty. On several occasions the wife of the foreman of the brewery climbed atop the truck at the station and was carried to the house adjoining the brewery, in which she and her husband lived. These trips had only taken place about half a dozen times, when the brewery was taxed twenty-five marks, the driver two marks, and the motor-truck itself twenty-five marks because, it turned out, the so-called truck had been observed into a passenger-carrying omnibus. The brewery and the driver both appealed; the courts found against them. It

almost gives a "fit" for a few miles.

In another case a stranger, who was touring in southern Germany was injured in a collision with a railroad train at an unprotected grade crossing. When he attempted to sue the railroad for damages the lower courts told him that, because he was a stranger in the district, he should have studied the suspended charts of the same, when he would have learned all about the grade crossing and the dangers. The next higher court upheld this decision, but the highest court of the empire, the Reichsgericht, reversed the former decision and declared in favor of the motorist. And the reason for its reversal was not, as might be expected, a realization of the injustice done to the automobile owner, but the fact that the warning sign placed near the crossing was of shabby gray color, and covered with dust, so that the signs in a light condition the railroad had to pay the damages, but not for the injury to the motorist crossing the tracks at a time when no regular train was due.

That a chauffeur of a taxicab ought to distinguish between fat and slender people and steer his cab accordingly in the automobile decision of the Berlin Superior Court, the chauffeur was driving his cab along a certain street in Berlin, when a somewhat corpulent gentleman rushed into the middle of the street in the effort to catch a trolley-car, which at that moment was passing the taxicab. The fat man grabbed the handle of the car with the left hand, his other hand holding an axially handle and managed to catch the step. An instant later his head slipped and he tumbled back into the street, immediately in front of the taxicab. The wheel of the latter ran over his head and his leg was broken. The chauffeur was sentenced by the court to pay damages because "the plaintiff being a fat man and carrying a handle, it should have been evident to the chauffeur that an accident was within the range of possibilities, and that he therefore should have taken the precaution of slowing down or stopping when he saw the fat one wildly grabbing for the handle of the trolley-car." There being, however, an ordinance about handling electric cars in motion, the court decided that the culpable one was greatly negligent and that the most he could collect from the chauffeur was one-fourth of the damages asked. Strange to say, the trolley car company has not even been sued—something that could never happen in this country, where the street railroad companies are the first to be haled into court in case of an accident.



The fat one grabbed the handle of the car with the left hand

The question whether the present construction of double-deck omnibuses is a menace to the public, or whether this menace is an inherent quality of all trolley-buses, is at present before the Reichsgericht of Germany, after having occupied the lower courts for more than three years. The learned justices of the highest court recently handed down an opinion in which they admitted that the question was too much for them, and that they needed further time to examine experts. The case hinges upon the question of one of the omnibuses will turning a corner at moderate speed through skidding against the curbstone. A passenger seated on the "harmless deck" was flung through the window of a store and sustained serious injuries, from which he died.

They sent the omnibus company for damages, alleging negligence in the construction of the vehicle. The lowest court found in her favor; the higher court reversed the decision; the next higher court again found in her favor, and now the Reichsgericht examines its inability to come to a decision. Technical experts declared that the motor-buses were built according to the best methods and the available data, and that neither the company which built them nor the company which operated them could be held responsible for the occurrence. It was proved that the trolleys were fitted with anti-skidding devices and that the driver was proceeding at a cautious and legal rate of speed. The witnesses for the company claimed that the accident was due to "the influence of a higher power beyond control of the defendant"—and according to experts the legal limit of Germany are also regularly divided by opinion as to the placing of the responsibility. Germany is not the only European country in which strange decisions are rendered, but the precedents of the German mind is often accompanied by a lack of flexibility, especially among lawyers, and those charged with the interpretation of the statutes of the realm.



The wife of the foreman climbed atop the truck at the station

took an appeal to the highest court of the land to convince the police authorities that a truck is not necessarily an omnibus because a third woman is occu-

pancy of possibilities, and that he therefore should have taken the precaution of slowing down or stopping when he saw the fat one wildly grabbing for the

## FROM A WINDOW

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

We see the stiered street's sweep,  
The sculptured Palloade;  
Close by the silent people keep  
Their holdings in the shade.

And just across the quai's street  
A wave rattles the rye,  
Where choleraed temples proudly meet  
And carved fanes arise.

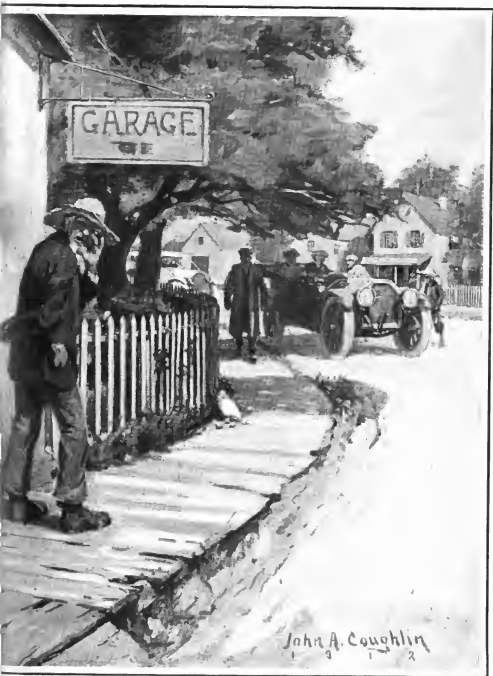
The pine-tree's dusky image falls  
Attenuated down of Spain;  
The tumbled spindlers of her halls—  
Not late and long—remain.

But rising morn and setting noon  
Bring back the light of Germany;  
The strain of poets that run  
Wherever darkness dwells.



A BULL MOVEMENT IN

DRAWN BY J...



# THE GASOLENE MARKET

A COUGHLIN

Digitized by Google



## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET



*InterSudes*

### THE READY REPLYER

A COMPENDIUM OF CONVERSATION FOR USE IN EMERGENCIES.

(For an Automobile Salesman Confronted by an Irate Customer with a Deflated Tire in Hand!)

**CUSTOMER** (with great show of wrathful indignation): Look at that, sir! (Holding the tire aloft.) Do you see what it is? It is a good one, with a diamond tread on the back, made in design—

**CUSTOMER** (by way of a sneer): That? Why, yes, sir—I see what it is. It is a good one, with a diamond tread on the back, made in design—

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many people, sir, who would go out of their way to come here and tell us about it, and above all to bring the tire along to prove it.

**CUSTOMER** (suspiciously): Kind of me? Saved me trouble? After my wife and I have trodden three weary miles along a soft, muddy highway—

**SALSMAN**: Ah, that is one of the virtues of that tire, sir. I think we shall call it the trouble-averse—warranted to last within convenient distance of home. When I think of the distance you and your good wife might have had to walk had that tire burst when you were ten miles from home, or fifteen, or possibly thirty—er, ah, it makes me shudder. It does indeed. Now I suppose you would like me to take your order for a supply of those—

**CUSTOMER** (at this point jumps into an orange-plaid rug-car, a self-starter, preferably, and proceeds so rapidly as the laws will permit to parts unknown, before your caller has sufficiently recovered to bring you over the eye with the rubber hose in his hand, which you will doubtless observe is by this time panged in the air, preparatory to a sudden descent.)

### UNCLE JOSIE'S JOKE

"Get!" said old Uncle Josh, as the wall from the parlor wavered under and more piercing. "I wish that three female summer boarders'd stop that infernal practice 'n' be a sign' for a bottle. She for a robe like a fish."

"Like a fish?" demanded Mrs. Josh, severely.

"Yes," said Uncle Josh. "Mostly scales as 'fater's' baby."

### MOST INTENSIVE

"Do you believe in intensive gardening, Mrs. Hoochey?" asked the visitor.

"Well, rather," said Mrs. Hoochey. "I spent all last winter raising one position in a soup-bowl."

### A SUBSTITUTE

"You didn't buy that big touring car you were looking at last fall, did you, Hawkins?" said Hiramway.

"No," said Hawkins. "I got a couple of little runabouts instead."

"Eashtown?" retorted Hiramway.

"Yes," said Hawkins. "My wife presented me with Ernie. Can't afford too many luxuries all at once."

### A BOOMERANG

"I sure've seen you out laugh this way," said the sheriff, as he strolled Dabbledick's car for a short ride to Hilly, and observed that Dabbledick seemed highly amused by it.

"Yes, I just can't help it," laughed Dabbledick. "I only use Higher Five hundred dollars, and it'll cost me three times that to run that car six months."

### ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE

The spirit and brought out the usual crop of Ebb-low wanderers.

"Want help, do you?" said the progress-looking party, who had been up to the assistance by one of these.

"You're a fine-looking lawyer I must say. Why don't you work?"

"My business ain't any good at dis season," said Dusty.

"What is your business?" asked the progress-looking party.

"I'm a pretentious theologian," said Dusty.



THE MARK: THAT'S A FORTY-ROSBY POWER RATING. MAKE ME FEEL.

THE FOAL: GET BETTER, THEY'RE PART OF THE FORTIFY. BUCKLE UP, SIR FAY.

### THE FOOD OF THE FUTURE

Hygienic chemistry is going to provide the world with nutrient meat, with without a cow, egg without a hen, and other marvelous food products to reduce the high cost of living.—Daily Worker.

They're going to make milk from the soy bean, and eggs by a chemical trick; and ribbon corn made of nitrogen they'll serve with a cholesterol stick. Mock-turtle soup very soon, they say, will be hot a species of drink distilled from the head of a one-horn slay and a quart of indelible ink.

A curious book of a lunatic poet to make an epicure share will soon, according to late report, be made of old kernal paste; and the lock-wind culms of the days of yore that set all our hearts aglow will soon be had at the Cheap Food Store in Boston and Milan.

A solid five with a flavor free to cost but a half-cent will soon be made of a page or two of the Starkey equipment; and a sixteen pair for your hill-of-dare and the new food substitutes will soon be served on your table three fresh out from your rubber boots.

A jelly that's pleasantly milk and water, and called to any taste, will soon be fashioned of sugar-free mixed in with photographer's paste; with your coffee hot that you love so well, dark hours of an amber pale, may soon be got, as the prophets tell, from telling a rosy and.

HORACE DOUG GARTER.



### WHY HE WAS TARDY

"Please, teacher, my'n's dog got hole of my pants; that's why I an a little bit behind."

# Tire bill payers!

You have demanded a vis-like rim-grip - with no cutting or breaking above the rim - and here it is

## Diamond

Vitalized Rubber

{ No  
Cinch } Tires



Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire

### with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires. So we said to our Engineers: "You must build us a tire with perfect 3-point rim contact."

*They did*—and now we offer you a sane, sensible, No-Clinch tire that will appeal to you, as a hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—a man who insists on easy riding comfort and good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens?

The result is a terrific strain on the tire that will cause rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the "Diamond" because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cabled wire bead holds with a vise-like rim-grip.

This is only one Diamond advantage.

You get additional More Mileage advantage without extra expense in the Diamond *Vitalized Rubber*—a scientific combination of pure, lustrous, young rubber and a secret toughening compound—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—the No-Pinch Safety Flap inner tube protector—and, if you desire, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

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# THE MERCHANT WHO CANNOT TRAVEL

BY

FRANK J. ARKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY B. M. BRINKERHOFF



**S**OME men develop business by absorbing knowledge from others. The skilful, resourceful merchant, particularly the merchant of the small town, who can not afford long and expensive trips to the big commercial centers, finds this one of the most effective ways of getting on in the world.

He may be a good business man. Perhaps in his younger days he had metropolitan experience and met many men. In a small town or city, however, unable to get far away and see what the "big people" are doing in the great capitals of trade, if he has not some method of keeping fresh, alive, and informed, he is bound to sink into a rut and, partially at least, fail.

The average storekeeper does not realize this. He goes to believe that there are really limits to his trade. What he hears of the great world of commerce outside does not seem applicable to him.

Among such men everywhere are a few who show themselves possessed of talents far beyond the ordinary. They enter their business and into the surrounding country, while others stand still. These are the men who reach out into a world beyond their own far ideas. They learn from those ideas how to outwit their competitors; not only how to hold their own, but how to enlarge ahead. They will by constantly looking out for things they do not know—suggestions, "pointers," the plans of men elsewhere.

And a few such successful men among storekeepers in small towns have obtained their best ideas of progress from the traveling salesman who has visited them. The salesman who operates in the larger field and has traveled extensively views a community with impartial eyes. He has no preconceived notions and no prejudices. Oftentimes if he is made a friend of and listened to, he can point a way of extending business.

More than one merchant has seen this in his own great profit. Instead of treating the traveling salesman as merely an agent to separate him from his limited funds, he proceeds to get into his good graces. He makes a friend of him and makes him feel himself an important personage. If the salesman is a man of ideas the merchant quickly gets to fascination that opens up new avenues of trade.



"There's the chance of a million years"

Into the presence of such a merchant, a man in the Middle West, over, not long ago, the traveling man of a wholesale woman's ready-to-wear garment house. This storekeeper had been very successful. For a year past he had been buying sparingly and had sold his stock by a series of cleverly timed sales. He had reduced his inventory, and had money in the bank. But the outlook was gloomy. There seemed to be little good business ahead. The community for miles around was bankrupt.

He had made a friend of this traveling man, one of a number of others, and now he was glad to see him. The salesman had much to say. The two men chatted as they sat in the corner of the storekeeper's office, the salesman taking of an interesting situation.

Within a radius of ten miles were three towns where the men in the ready-to-wear business were complaining of hard times. They were stocked up on old goods. They did not want to read in orders for new styles, and were literally forcing the peddler to buy what he did not want.

"It's a great chance for some one with the money to jump in and start up-to-date stores in these places," the salesman said. "The people there have money to spend, but they don't want the old stock. Here—say, George, you're the man. There's the chance of a million years." "Why were you with an enterprise and a sea gives to the women that called."

The man was a wealthy one and the two sat long into the night, laying out a plan of expansion. The salesman had another valuable item of knowledge. It was a time when many business men needed cash. The latest fashion in ready-to-wear could be bought cheaper than ever. The long conference proved that it could actually be made possible to undersell the men who had only shop-wares goods to offer.

The next day the merchant visited the three towns and found that his friend's representations had been exactly correct. There was need of quick work, and there was not the delay of an hour. A well-timed sale of ready-to-wear goods was arranged. The first of these "branches" was opened with trash, bright, new, and attractive "ready-to-wears." The other stores speedily followed, and money poured in. The salesman suggested to the merchant two additional little "twinkles" that proved valuable factors in the campaign's success. Each store was opened with an enterprise and a sea gives to the women that called.

The crop would not have been possible had this merchant not cultivated the friendship of traveling men and shown himself receptive of ideas.

"You I was worried. I have reached the limit of my field. I cannot see where I can enlarge ahead. That distress me for the man who feels that he has everything in his hands is just at the point where he is about to go back."

This was the frank talk a dealer in second-hand clothing of all his goods in one afternoon to the farmer of that section. The salesman had accidentally run across it on his wanderings. He had seen it done by men who take second-hand printing machinery in trade, and turn it out again looking like new. It

make his business go. There were several other centers in the same line in the county and competition was brisk. This man had, however, developed his business wonderfully. He knew how to buy and he understood the art of selling. A final policy of his was to get ideas from his friends "on the road" as to methods that prevailed in other sections. He felt that he could never have too many friends among these men, or spend too much time over them.

The salesman was addressed pursued his lips and thought. Then he said:

"You mean you are not satisfied because you can't get more business?"



When the farmer called for his plow on Saturday afternoon he was astonished

"Yes."  
"Will you are really going ahead. And you are who lets be in stopping short and grows red in the eye. All you need is a new idea or two. Will you permit me?"

Any one who at that moment had looked into that private office would have thought the merchant was entertaining his best customer instead of "just a drummer" from the way he listened.

"Here you are, Will. I think I have it. You sold a second-hand plow to a farmer this afternoon while I was waiting for you. The farmer does not want it until Saturday. Let me suggest that you drop that plow, which is rusty, into a fire-bath. That will take all the old paint off the woodwork, and will put it in a condition where you can have it ready for fresh paint and hand it over looking like a brand-new plow. The cost will be so small that you will hardly notice it. It will not only attract your customer, but it will make a friend of him and a new advertiser. Try it. I will wait over and show you how the trick is done."

That was Monday night. When the farmer called for his plow on Saturday afternoon he was astonished to have delivered to him an implement that looked as though it had just come from the maker. He was so delighted that he then and there gave an order for some machinery and was willing to pay an excellent price for it.

The plan proposed by the traveling man was not new, though it was a revelation to the farmers of that section. The salesman had accidentally run across it on his wanderings. He had seen it done by men who take second-hand printing machinery in trade, and turn it out again looking like new. It (Continued on page 10)



# MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



**I**N more than sixty years of manufacturing, this Company has never put on the market anything "cheap," anything "skimped," anything that was not the best that brains, experience, skill and honest intent could produce. Since the early days of the automobile industry, the Marmon car has held its position in the front rank among the world's high-grade cars and today it has no superior.

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Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

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A sensible, logical car—a car of moderate size and capacity, meeting every requirement for touring and city use with the economy in tires, fuel and upkeep so important to the majority of motorists. Four-cylinder, 32 h. p., 120-inch wheel base, electric starting and lighting system with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment. Touring car \$3000.00 f. o. b. factory.

### *The Marmon "Forty-Eight"*

Six-cylinder, 48-50 h. p., 145-inch wheel base—a large car with small car advantages, a car with short turning ability which eliminates the old objections to long wheel base—a car of wonderful and surpassing riding qualities; electric starting and lighting system, with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment. Touring car \$5000.00 f. o. b. factory.



Marmox "32" Two Passenger Roadster



Marmox "48" Six Passenger Touring Car



## FINANCE

BY HARVEY ESCHER

## The Trouble in the "Newer Industrials"

**F**ORTY-NINE new industrial stocks listed on the New York stock exchange during the summer and fall of last year show, at the time of writing, an average decline of twenty-five and one-half points. Measured in dollars, the shrinkage amounts to over eighty-four millions. This, in odd figures, is the outcome of last year's error over the "new industrials," when the public, reluctant to touch the stock of the dead-payers, rushed in and loaded itself up with hundreds of millions of dollars worth of shares put out by manufacturing and trading concerns.

It was early last summer that the boom in the new industrials really got under way. Before that a number of new issues had been successfully marketed, but it was only then that it was demonstrated that the demand for securities of this sort was such as to allow of their being on a really big scale. That fact having been established, however, no time was lost, but after another the great manufacturing and merchandising companies, which up to that time had never appealed to the general investment public for funds, created great issues of common and preferred stock, and put them on the stock exchange. Mexican Petroleum led the way, listing on the exchange \$4,000,000 of common stock as the first amount preferred. M. E. Supply Company, manufacturers of agricultural machinery, raised the listing of \$27,000,000 of stock to \$15,000,000 of common and \$12,000,000 of preferred. Just as the listing of \$27,000,000 of stock to \$15,000,000 of common and \$12,000,000 of preferred, M. E. Supply Company, manufacturers of agricultural machinery, raised the listing of \$27,000,000 of stock to \$15,000,000 of common and \$12,000,000 of preferred. In September there was listed \$30,000,000 of the common stock of the H. K. Kruger Company, a concern operating a chain of 500 and 600-

stores. Finally, in October, just a little before the trouble began, the listing of \$20,000,000 of common and \$10,000,000 of preferred.

At the time, a good deal of noise raged about these offerings. Not all of them rose equally in price after being admitted to trading on the "Board," but in the majority of cases conspicuous advances took place. Where the public was attracted by the "Board," but in the majority of cases conspicuous advances took place. Where the public was attracted by the "Board," but in the majority of cases conspicuous advances took place. Where the public was attracted by the "Board," but in the majority of cases conspicuous advances took place.

In October Woodworth common sold at 117 1/2, and as late as January 24 of this year at 112. It is at present selling in the 80's. In November of last year Woodworth common sold at 100, and in January of this year it was still an high as 92 1/2. It is at present quoted at less than half of the latter figure. General Investment of 11 last September, and at the beginning of January was still around 70. It is now under 30 1/2.

What is the matter? What has happened? Here only about six months ago the price of the new issues was soaring would have. Now they won't have them, apparently, at any price. Have these shares been "shown up"? Has it turned out that they are not, after all, the good investment securities the public was led to believe?

Yes, that is not what is the trouble. Wall Street is apt to be harsh in its judgments, especially in a case like this which comes up close to the common stock of Wall Street is not imputing the intrinsic value of most of these shares. There

and there sharp criticism is heard, but it is also inevitably said at just one of the "newer industrials" as a "show piece" has "shown up." It isn't because they are new concerns, or because they are "shown up," but because they are selling as much lower. For that something entirely different is responsible—in the first place, the way in which these new shares were marketed and distributed, and in the second place the financial conditions which have since developed. That is the combination which has made the trouble.

When these new industrial shares were first brought out they were marketed in the most careful and thorough manner. No pains were spared to get them into private investors' hands—so they got placed where they could be relied upon to stay and not come back on the market. Such a distributive process took more time and entailed a greater selling expense, but the bankers handling these earlier issues considered it well worth while. The business was new and the issues of issue proposed to handle it in such a way as to obviate all danger of a "come back" on themselves.

As the great success of these first issues stimulated the public interest, and as the most for the business learned, the earlier careful methods of distribution and sale were abandoned. The result was that it was possible readily to place the new shares with greater investment bankers and less care. The result was that the profit in handling the business being less reduced through competition, and the possibility of a "come back" on the market became a distinct object, bankers began to distribute as to the public with whom the shares were placed. If the stock could be sold in a few days instead of where it would "stay put," so much the better. If, on the other hand, some other issue was to be marketed, it was essential to get the heads of the issuing house a block of the stock for distribution among its own clients. It was an opportunity not to be passed by. And so, instead of the original painstaking distributive process

by which the home of issue placed practically every share of the stock with its investment banker, it came about that a large part of the primary distribution consisted merely of the placing of considerable blocks of the new stock with other houses. In the case of some of the later issues, indeed, practically the whole amount was thus syndicated and re-sold.

None of the stock thus taken was adopted by the investment banker of the syndicate participants, but a good deal of it was not. A number of houses took stock (getting it, at once, before the market) for the sole purpose of retailing it to their own customers. Others, however, had no such object in view. Some after issue had been a "show piece"—that is to say, had risen satisfactorily in price after being listed. Why, then, these houses began to distribute their syndicate participation at all? Why not simply hold on to it, and, when the market in the stock had been "made" and the syndicate agreement had expired, sell it in the open market at the advanced price?

With this all over the "show piece" carrying a little of this and that new industrial for their own account. It is no wonder that their example was followed by individual buyers of securities. If a price standard which they had been accustomed to buying took place—and by people who had looked into the stock and believed in it, but by people who figured out that it was going to be put up in price and so was a "show piece."

It is therefore, then, there was going on a steady change in the character of the buyers of the new shares. In the beginning they had been mostly individual investors, but now they were mostly institutions and who bought these securities with their own money for the purpose of putting them away. But now, instead of moderate amounts of the new shares being placed

(Continued on page 26)

## Three Pursues of God

\$2000.00—\$500.00—\$50.00 to successful Artists painting a great subject,

## "Dangerous Servants"

The purpose of this competition is to secure original paintings so skillfully executed that they will express certain human experiences and send their meaning to the mind of any observer.

Preliminary color sketches are required. The sketches will be judged and the artist whose sketch is the most pleasing and most fully the six artists, who can then finish as he will.

The principal figures to be not less than one-third life size.

When the six finished paintings have been passed upon by the judges, the artist accepted first prize will receive a purse of \$2000.00 gold. Each of two others will receive second prizes of \$500.00 gold. The remaining three pictures will be returned to their owners. The sketches to which the accepted picture will be transferred to me and they will be hung in my collection at Buile Creek. Final printed rules governing the contest will be furnished by mail on request.

Each artist should thoroughly consider the subject, and choose the facts in order to produce a great work of finished realism and art with such skill that the finished picture will tell the story of these servants who appear in many men's lives, and who might be vital-ly if used only as servants in time of need, but first familiarity become tyrannous and cruel masters.

They gain a power that seems hyptic, under which the employer appears powerless to dismiss them even when their smiling faces and charming manners are later followed by demoralizing grim countenances as they rob him of health, power to properly conduct his affairs, and frequently humiliate him before others.

Carefully observe the men you know, and perhaps start with your most acquainted with the "dangerous servants." TOBACCO, ALCOHOL and COFFEE.

It will prove a most interesting occupation if conducted under proper guidance. (The writer has "enjoyed" many precious experiences.) Start with the premise that each one of us knows drug, two of them in possession in certain conditions

of human dignity, when administered by a skilled physician. Hence at such rare times, when under control, these servants are useful. But drugs are intended to combat disease and their use otherwise is resisted by Nature.

When used in excess in some form or other, light or heavy, sooner or later it soon to follow continued use. Frequently, however, "they don't hurt me." Let us not so much remedy with they never would, for most cases of that kind can be done through the same means.

By watching men who are now living, it will be observed that they use the Whiskey, Tobacco, or Coffee in a search for serene rest and happiness.

Think it over carefully and see how close you come to that condition. Now suppose that no harm to the body, mind, business or friends resulted from a man's keeping well drugged day by day, certainly one could then object that when the final breakdown of the nervous system comes that it would be better to have some other organ, caused by the lack of nervous power to properly operate them, then we realize that the daily introduction of the drug was permitted by Nature under mild protest at first, but a rapid accounting demanded later on.

So long, however, as the use of drugs hastens the belief that they bring him happiness he will stick to them.

A man, in a supreme effort to find himself of the whiskey habit may go to some cure and be told, but whenever he again believes that whiskey will bring him happiness and forgets the harm and humiliate, he will go back to it.

So with the man dominated by Coffee or Tobacco. When he runs for a car and has "a free heart" or "Tobacco heart" late him and sudden death looks before him, or when some other ugly organ appears, he may break the hyptic spell for a time, but go back to his habit and he is better and his life is happy. One day he would make him happy. One day he shakes

himself entirely free from the hyptic spell and from his standard on the fact that health, strength of muscle and mind, power to do things and win and hold position, bring happiness, and when he remembers that heaven of rest, the peaceful sleep of an undrugged body, and the peace of mind and the falsehood behind the promises of the servant who slued him so cruelly.

That's the story. It will not be believed by the man still in the hyptic dream of "drug happiness" until some day Old Mother Nature, tired of old protests, will give him a sound thrashing and, with blinking eyes and returning consciousness, he will begin to wonder if the story isn't true after all.

It would not be thought that Nature will not allow tired and worried mankind a respite from weariness by drugging and not demand the wretched bill, but Nature's law is fixed, and finally man comes into the knowledge that only rest and happiness are enjoyed by a clean, clear, and undrugged body, with a perfect and undrugged body.

(Get that great fact clearly into your consciousness. There will doubtless be a variety of ideas as to the most effective way to tell the story with a truth.

The inequality of the artists will have full effect. Each servant should depict in some manner one of the drugs and be shown with a beautiful, alluring face, and some kind of an unhealthy body, possibly with a white haken dagger, a cross may tell the story of death, the fading process of rest and peace to be achieved in pain and distress.

"There's a Reason" for the picture; and the reason so forth in it.

All preliminary sketches must be presented before July 1st, 1913, and the finished pictures before Sept. 15th, 1913.

Artists who may be interested can address the undersigned at Buile Creek, Mich.

C. W. Poor,

## The Knapper and His Trade

Imported away is an antiquated center of England is a flourishing industry, in which the world at large knows nothing. This is the manufacture of bogus prohibitive implements and relics, in Brandon, the low country about Ely. Here a community of "knappers" or flint-chippers, who use such the same tools and work in much the same manner as the men of the Neolithic Age.

In this little byway of England the "knapper" finds his market ready to hand in the extensive streets of flint lying amid the chalk beneath the surface. He cuts the flint into the "flint-stones," and from these barrows are made into the chalk. This means is all done in the most primitive manner. The knappers for the most part work singly, without fear of syndicates or "concerns." Each has his own "flint" and his own workshop. Quite often, though, he employs help in getting his wares ready for market. The claim is about a week's length, and there is not wide. Generally he digs down about thirty-five feet, and from there in a horizontal or slanting line cuts out the flint, or his pick is used like a square set, and he goes down the shaft by figure-eight, according by the same means, with the blow of his pick on the lead. His workshop, like his mining, is also primitive, being a rude, open shed in which the flint or the flint-stone are a block of cut iron break, rather smaller than a butcher's block, a saw, a little, and the only things of value are some old tin cans.

We had formerly supposed that flint-knapping had not of late years been the Revolutionary War, but those knappers still find the steadiest and most important branch of their industry in supplying the flint for the manufacture of flint-locks. Five million flints leave Brandon a year. The flints are carefully packed in small kegs, and the kegs are sent to a stream to prevent the edges from getting chipped.

When do these relics of bygone days go? To make ornaments for the negroes in Africa. Some are shipped to South America, but as yet there has been no decline in the demand. Another odd shipment was made during the War when fourteen thousand flint-stones were sent to British troops so that they could get light when wet and the matches.

Remains of the Neolithic Age, now to be found in many museums and private collections, were manufactured by the little community in England. They consider their business entirely legitimate, and in a way it is, for it is the only occupation of the knapper that will give a goodly price these "valuable antiquities" to the inventor. A great many schools and public educational institutions are supplied by these knappers, and, whether the objects are known to be imitations or not, they are such much valuable than those of history and geology.

Flaking the flint can only be done by the most expert worker. Taking a large block, he will, by deft strokes of his hammer, cut a piece from the block of the length, attack so thin there will be a ridge running through the middle. These are the first steps of the work. Then the flake is held over a small iron upright on the wooden block and struck off and slipped in the hole. The process of chipping is called "knapping."

Knappers are frequent in the knapper's work, but ideas certain implements are shaped quite by accident in the chipping. Sometimes it is a spear head, sometimes a chisel, but the most valuable of the work is the making was a perfect chisel shaped to a beautiful long edge, with a back fine-pointed. This is the "knapper's" best stroke of his implement cut through a stick of wood. Another tool necessary for the knapper is a hammer, intelligent and expert worker among these men believes that Neolithic stone was left-handed the men who used it, and that tool must be turned from right to left.

How can we detect the difference between the imitation and the genuine article? The expert "knapper" knows. The genuine flint implement of ages goes in and out of the hole. The other may look smooth, but with good sunlight or a magnifying glass you will find little chipped spots which the genuine will not possess. "Belton" is bottled in a bottle for six weeks to give them an appearance of age and give them a slightly rough surface off if put to the test. Examine closely, and you will see that these products of the flint are not as shiny to the extreme edge.

Knapping, called the oldest industry in England, is not only a profitable one, but the flint splinters often enter the lungs; and the work seems to have descended from father to son in a family ever since descended from remote times, along with the work are some strange words and

phrases apparently related to no known language. For instance, when a flint or chisel wants to say he is not a flint-stone on the sheet, he explains that he is "belonging to the soil."

## The King's Six Thrones

KING GEORGE has six thrones. The world naturally suppose that the King would "sit upon his throne" at Windsor rather than in the "palace of the six" "official thrones." While, however, there are both a throne and a throne-room, but each with a different history. One is probably the very last one of all others one might find the English sovereign. The throne at Windsor is the throne of the more generally used, inasmuch as the greater number of coronation functions occur there.

The King of England may be said to have a set of thrones. In the case of one throne—the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey—the coronation is but one. This is the worn, antique, battered, limbooled old oak with the reclining throne that has been used since the days of Edward I. It has been crowned all the rulers of England. This chair was made by the famous "throne of the British Empire," since it is by far the most ancient of the English thrones. To be crowned the ruler must sit upon his throne, and no other.

You may be sure of one thing, however, in that the throne of the King of England, or any one else for that matter, would voluntarily seek a seat on this ancient throne more than once, since it is a throne of such notable rest-giving. It stands, year in and year out, in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, and it is remembered as the occasion of coronation. They, covered with gold bourns, it is set under the lantern between the choir screen and the altar.

The throne with which the British public is most familiar is that which stands upon the steps in front of the House of Commons in London. The House of Parliament contain another throne—that in the King's private rooms, that is occupied by the King when he is dining in his regal garb previously to entering the House of Peers to read his speech.

Another throne is that at St. James's Palace, which is a very ordinary-looking building at the foot of St. James's Park. The throne is a very handsome one, standing under a magnificent and costly canopy. It is here that the foreign ambassadors who are accredited to the Court of St. James's are received.

The throne at Windsor is made of one of the most valuable materials of ivory. It was a gift from one of the princes of India.

## The Food-value of Toadstools

The food-value of toadstools has been rather discouragingly presented by Professor Humphreys Hastings in a recent paper on mushrooms presented to the Royal Chemical Society. It is to be remembered in the first place, the author states, that from Tricholoma in some species is almost entirely in others is only water. The solid remainder considerably of mushroom is water, and a mere trifle of digestive nitrogenous matter, no starch and only a little fat, cellulose, and similar matter. The mushrooms are so soft as to be eaten as an aliment. If all the toadstools the common cultivated mushrooms is regarded as a food, it is not a very desirable food, yet it is only one forty-seventh of that in beef, and one sixteenth of that in lettuce, and one thirty-eighth of that in cabbage and potatoes. The percentage of fat equals that of cabbage, while the carbohydrates are only one-fifth of those in potato. "Clearly, then," he says, "we do not see as well as cabbage as an any standard."

Nevertheless, mushrooms, properly cooked, are excellent constituents of a meal on a diet of cereals. This benefit is in part psychological, for pleasant flavors and aromatic aromatics are present in the extract and the secretion of the digestive fluids. Hastings concludes, however, that the mushrooms are not a very good food, but it is always a good idea to have a little of the medicinal susceptibility of the water, but with the character of the soil, the temperature, etc. In the case of those mushrooms, the case of those mushrooms usually known. It fact, in some parts of the world even the dried portions are used as a food. In India, for instance, with impunity, and in Siberia an extract of mushrooms is used as a very good system in the case of those mushrooms. Hastings concludes his paper with a note on the mushrooms, but that there is no safe rule for distinguishing an edible from a poisonous mushroom. He says in view of this and their low food-value, all wild fungi should be left alone.



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River-power

The rivers of the world are being called upon more and more to contribute to the world's industry. Even where no falls exist, the current of a river constitutes a store of energy, the harnessing of which is becoming widely recognized.

These rivers whose upper courses are marked by many waterfalls are, of course, furnishing the greatest available power. German engineers point out that the Danube is capable of developing, with its Alpine tributaries, something like 2,000,000 horse-power. This statement applies, moreover, only to that part of the Danube's course which lies in Germany.

Such a statement, however, could be so definitely used only a little in excess of 75,000 has actually been developed.

Along the Danube it is a common sight to observe large water-wheels along the banks driven by the swift current. At one point, not far from Vienna, there is one developed to some extent. It is bounded.

In this country two methods are employed in controlling the waters of rivers. If the volume of water be large and the stream sluggish, so that the river is apt to overflow, its banks lower are constructed to confine the water in the channel; but if the water seems so small and the slope rapid, systems of dams and locks are built in order that the water may be held back and the level raised, thus insuring the navigability of the river. This method is also used in river navigation, and a stream thus treated is frequently described as a "reservoir in motion." In some cases a series of steps has for which the water would all run out in the dry season. When the water is high the locks are thrown open, the boats preferring to use the natural stream. One of our most important industrial centers—Pittsburg—would be a good deal better off if the water were not for "dark-watering" in the Ohio and the Mississippi.

It is in her course to contain a river that looks at present to run out too fast that it is busy along to the sea now that such a serious devastation of the country will be avoided. Millions of acres have been spent on levees in the lower Mississippi and much yet remains to be accomplished in this line. The various methods of artificial irrigation have proved both wasteful and impotent.

Cochineal

Quantities of cochineal are still made and sold a market as a dyestuff, a spite of the ancient color which has so largely replaced all old-fashioned dyes. More than 1,000,000 pounds are imported into the United States annually, and used as a coloring matter for fine fabrics, certain kinds of ink, and cosmetics. It is also used for tanning solutions and medicines. Formerly it had a supposed value as an antidote. Cochineal is the body of a small insect that feeds upon certain species of the prickly pear or cholla, group, whose fruit is the cholla tree. The insect is a native of tropical America, and Van Humboldt gives a most interesting account of its culture as he found it in southern Mexico in 1811. He believed that this insect was going on since prehistoric times there, and it is certain that it was a very extensive native industry at the time of the Spanish conquest.

The insects and its powdery white scales were long ago transported to various parts of the world and cultivated until a total annual product of about 7,000,000 pounds was reached. Lately the Canary Islands yielded three-quarters of the quantities, more than 2,000,000 pounds in 1873, after which the industry rapidly declined. As it has been determined that it requires about 20,000 insects to make a pound of the dried product, the extent of the culture plantations in those islands may be imagined. We have in the northeastern United States a closely related scale, the cottony cochineal, whose blood is a deep crimson. It differs from the true cochineal in having a heavy covering of cottony wax.

The Eskimo's Digestion

We hear much of American dyspepsia, but our own country is not the only one that is certainly not troubled in this respect. The Eskimo draws all the laws of hygiene and diet, he eats until he is satisfied, but he is not satisfied until he has a shovelful of his frost-revived soup. His capacity is limited by the supply and by the quality. Not so far as the blubber or fat of the arctic animal is concerned, the Eskimo consumes about the measure of eating it. In

fact, he may be said not to eat it at all, he cuts it into long strips an inch wide and an inch thick and then lowers the strip down his throat as one might lower a rope into a well.

Despite all this, the Eskimo does not suffer from indigestion. It may make a good meal off the fish and skin of the walrus, provided he has had plenty that in eating up the annual blubber must be continually sharpened.

The flesh of a little Eskimo child will, it is said by those in a position to know, melt in a bit of walrus skin as the flesh of an American child would melt in a fish of an apple, although the skin of the walrus is even half an inch to an inch in thickness and bears considerable resemblance to the skin of an elephant. The Eskimo child will bite it and digest it and never know what dyspepsia means.

Balkan Perfumery

ONE of the incidental consequences of the conflict in the Balkans is the rise in the price of perfumery. Of late there has been a demand for perfume in Bulgaria is said to have practically monopolized. Various attempts have been made to create a rival product both in the chemical laboratory and in other ways than that of Central Europe, but Austria is in the sole quarter that offers any promise, while the material which the Balkan perfumers so hard and gritty that is superior to all others. These Balkan materials come from in great abundance. The forests of the Balkans yield marvelous amounts of the extract.

The Copper in Our Pennies

A SILVER penny is made from almost chemically pure copper, which is obtained from the native copper. Formerly the refining of copper was an expensive process, but with the utilization of electricity the expense has been materially decreased.

The copper is placed at one end of a tank filled with water. This is called a cathode. The other end is connected with the positive electric current, the copper carries it through the water, and deposits it on the negative, or anode, pole. The result is what is known as an "electrolytic" or "refined" copper. This is the material of which pennies are made.

While the "electrolytic" is the purest known copper, the "Lake" copper brings a slightly higher price in the market. This is because silver is a small amount of silver in all the copper from the Lake Superior region. It is, however, of such limited quantity that it cannot be separated at a profit. Silver, moreover, is a better conductor of electricity than copper, and therefore for commercial purposes the "Lake" copper is in such demand that it brings a higher price.

The Uses of Tale

Tale, derived from compositions found in various quarters of the world and in many states of our Union, is not a general thing marketed as rough from the mine. It is used in various ways, from which are manufactured various objects, and it is ground into powder.

A great deal of the ground tale is employed in the manufacture of paper. It also enters into the making of colored rollers for use in printing, inks and paints, but the form in which it is most familiar is the taler powder.

Not only is taler used in the manufacture of various taler and similar articles. The very best grades of taler from these areas are used up in the manufacture of crayons. Gas-tips are also made from tale.

Ancient Mural Decorations

It is probable that the earliest wall paintings were those of the Egyptians. These people employed a distemper consisting of crushed lime, and their principal pigments were red, yellow, blue, white, yellow, white, Egyptian gamboge, blue powdered glass stained with copper, and black. The walls of the tombs of the Pharaohs were treated in much the same way, but the colors were not only colored with plaster was certainly in vogue in Assyria.

It has been believed that the Greeks understood true lines work, especially on the strength of a plaster covering in Persia. It is said to be a red ground. Vitruvius also speaks of a wet ground and says that colors placed upon a surface so prepared are permanent, which certainly is characteristic of true fresco work.



The Winged Message

Noah's messenger was a dove. In Solomon's time, pigeons were trained to carry messages. Brutus used them at the siege of Modena. They served the Turks in their fights against the Crusaders. In medieval wars they were more useful than ever before.

France had a carrier-pigeon mail service, with messages reduced by photography and read through a microscope.

Even today carrier pigeons are utilized as news-bearers in isolated parts of Europe.

In America, the land of the telephone, the carrier pigeon is bred only for racing. The winged word has taken the place of the winged messenger.

Pigeons may fly more than a mile a minute, but the telephone is as quick as speech itself.

The dove is the emblem of peace. The telephone is the instrument of peace. The telephone lines of the Bell System unite a hundred million people in one national family.

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HARPER'S GUIDE TO WILD FLOWERS

By Mrs. Caroline A. Creevy

This expert authority explains— for young and old the flowers and plants. Here are the new classifications, embodying the decisions of the Vienna botanical congress. Some old names, dear to us, have gone back, and there is a greater simplicity. Many colored plates show the flowers as they actually appear to us.

Crown Size, Cloth, \$1.75 net.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
 -MADE AT KEY WEST-

**A Motor Road Over the Canadian Rockies**

Those who know the magnificence of the scenery among the mountains of British Columbia—probably anchored within the accessible area of North America—will be interested to learn that a motor road, about one hundred miles long, is approaching completion near Banff Park across the Rockies to Lake Windermere on the Sturtevant River. From Banff it follows the Bow River up to Castle station, where it turns west and ascends Vermilion Pass over the main range, reaching in six miles an altitude of 5,000 feet. Here magnificent views are presented in several directions, and a hotel will be erected, so that tourists may halt comfortably for the trout-fishing and other attractions of this alpine region. Thence the road descends toward the Kootenay and Columbia valleys through the gorge of Vermilion River, and the engineers say it will be possible to coast for sixty miles, broken by only one short ascent. A short distance down the valley widens out for a space, and reaches Kettle Creek, so named from a deposit of red oxide of iron, which is so called, as that locality may halt comfortably for the trout-fishing and other attractions of this alpine region. Thence the road descends toward the Kootenay and Columbia valleys through the gorge of Vermilion River, and the engineers say it will be possible to coast for sixty miles, broken by only one short ascent. A short distance down the valley widens out for a space, and reaches Kettle Creek, so named from a deposit of red oxide of iron, which is so called, as that locality may halt comfortably for the trout-fishing and other attractions of this alpine region.

From Kettle Creek to the mouth of the Vermilion the valley gradually widens, and its walls are scarred by the channels of many streams descending from plateau and mountain ranges in various directions. The road turns away from the Vermilion, at the head of an imposing canyon, and extends to the top of a low ridge giving an extraordinary prospect. The surrounding region is very little known. It is totally unexplored, and offers a fascinating opportunity for exploration and survey. It is terms with game, and an effort is being made to include it as a national reserve within the area of Banff Park, including the precipitous Rielson Range, separating the Kootenay from the Columbia. It is a region of great scenic interest, and a disheartening amount of time, labor, and money was spent before the road could be completed. To save space there could be completed. To save space there could be completed. To save space there could be completed.

There are two main roads, one to the north and one to the south. The northern road is the main road, and the southern road is the branch road. The northern road is the main road, and the southern road is the branch road. The northern road is the main road, and the southern road is the branch road.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES



**THE new Grand Central Terminal is the New York City home of the 20th Century Limited**

the overnight train between the East and the West—'Water Level Route, You Can Sleep'

Le. N. York 10.45 a.m. In. Chicago 11.45 a.m. In. Boston 12.20 a.m. In. Boston 11.45 a.m. In. Chicago 10.45 a.m. In. N. York 10.45 a.m.



**THE BEND IN THE ROAD**  
By **TRUMAN A. DE WEESE**

"The Bend in the Road" is the story of the rejuvenation of an abandoned farm by a city man, who found health, diversion, and relaxation through a return to pleasant pastoral pursuits. The city toiler of moderate means will learn from it how easy it is to acquire a small "country place" not far from the scene of his daily employment where he can spend blossom and fruit time, where he can find that rare contentment which comes from living simply in intimate relation with the soil.

The contrast between city and country, the description of rural types and their attitude toward the city farmer, the loving companionship of dumb animals, the sermons in apple-trees, the poems in cherry blossoms, are drawn with delicate humor and quiet philosophy. It is not a manual on agriculture or horticulture, and yet it abounds in suggestions that testify to the author's practical experience in "making things grow." Pen-and-ink sketches by Clarence J. Munn fit most charmingly into the atmosphere of the text.

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**Our Presidents And How We Make Them**  
By **Col. A. K. McClure**

With prefatory by former Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, and portraits of the Presidents. Green 8vo, \$2.00  
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them. It is possible to play ball games by means of balls containing bells. Much games, however, are not so adapted to the blind boy. At football, for instance, he cannot trust himself to run at full speed unless he can see his opponent. In these, checkers, and other indoor games, not to mention aerial and literary functions such as debates, lectures, and concerts.

**The Doll Industry**

Texas, and especially the town of Houston, are said to be the great birthplace of the doll. Most of the poorer families in and around Houston are engaged in the manufacture of dolls, and in this industry is derived the principal revenue of the population. The work demands a great deal of skill and practice.

The inhabitants begin early in youth to learn the art of making dolls. By constant practice they eventually become able to work with astonishing speed and accuracy. In the doll industry only special parts of the doll are made by each person. Some make the bodies, others the heads, and still others the arms or hands.

The heads are first molded, and when sufficiently dry the eyes are set out by a skilled worker, and the eyes are set in. This is an extremely delicate work, and the eyes do not fit, or are not so placed, unless the hands are placed, depending on the material from which the heads are made.

The arms, legs, and hands are produced in a similar but simpler manner, as the painting consists only in giving the necessary color to the parts. The dolls are made of heavy shreds, red lips, and dark or light eyebrows, depending on the color of the eyes. The dolls are made of heavy shreds, red lips, and dark or light eyebrows, depending on the color of the eyes.

The industry is a restricted one, "character dolls" is restricted numbers. The model is made by an artist and the dolls are then copied from this model. The painting of these dolls is done with special care. Consequently, their price is considerably higher than that of the common type of doll.

**The French Tobacco Monopoly**

It is said that the French tobacco monopoly has netted nearly \$2,000,000,000 in the last ten months, year after year, which it has been in existence.

On December 20, 1910, a decree issued by Napoleon created the Tobacco Rights and reserved to the national government a monopoly of the importation, manufacture, and sale of tobacco in all its forms. It was estimated that this monopoly would add \$6,000,000 francs to the annual receipts from taxation.

While this expectation was not immediately realized, a few years later the estimate was more than met. The revenues from the tobacco have continued to increase as the practice of smoking has become more general, and the consumption of tobacco has increased. The revenue has augmented with the increased luxury of living. Thus, too, there will be considered the country's revenue, which is more than met.

From 1911 to 1914 the revenue from the Rights averaged \$2,000,000 francs (\$313,330,000) a year. The receipts for 1911 approximated \$50,000,000 francs. There were 1,200,000,000 cigarettes and 67,387,390 cigars from the monopoly of the manufacture and sale of tobacco. It is estimated that the revenue which are derived directly from smokers are among the solid and reliable assets of the French government.

**\$4,812,734 a Day**

The government of the United States last year made money at the rate of \$4,812,734 a day. The total of bills printed amounting to the next little over \$1,450,000,000. There were just 328,187,173 separate bills, ranging from the fifty cent to the mighty \$10,000 note. It is estimated that the government prints a couple of dry-leafs. If these notes were laid out and they would reach nearly the ground. If the government were to governmental choose to spread them on the ground, they would cover an area of 1,230 acres. But should they be scattered, the last note, when placed, would be something like twenty-seven miles from the earth. The only other note printed in the United States in a year are about 17,000,000 five dollar bills. The government prints a thousand to print them at \$2,000,000 for the yearly total of \$2,000,000.

**Blind Boys at School**

To make the blind boy as normal as possible is the aim of the blind school. Blind boys are required to do the same work, to pass the same examinations, to be subject to the same discipline, and to be included in the same recreation as their sighted fellows. The result has been that the blind boy has in many instances completed successfully in after-life with the sighted.

School training for the blind at a typical institution differs but little from that of ordinary school life. On rising the morning exercises are held with an equal speed as those with vision. The day's work begins with half an hour in the gymnasium, where the pupils are made acquainted as the parallel and horizontal bars, the rings, and the rope. The walking home or about the school is made a regular part of the day's work, usually beyond their powers.

In the classroom the work performed by the blind boy requires a high standard. Books, whether classics, mathematics, or music, are in Braille type and reversibly composed. Pictures, for example, in 14 fourteen volumes and costs eight dollars. All writing is done in large little wooden frames filled with a loose grid of white with style or small screw-down machine. Blind boys are well as fast as the average sighted boy, and their writing is always legible. Typewriters are easily used. The working of mathematics is done with a mechanical slide rule, which can be made to represent addition signs, and the use of spiral compass and rulers for geometrical drawing in of course elementary than the ordinary. In the natural sciences the blind boy finds himself much handicapped. However, in the study of modern languages, and history chiefly at first-class examinations, there is a wide



Finance

(Continued from page 22)

with individual buyers here and there, one big issue after another was being brought out and sold to syndicates, new syndicates, and speculators. The original idea had been to people who had had the slightest loss of feeling for years to come. This better distribution was very largely, if not generally, among banking and brokerage houses and individuals determined to hold their shares until the price was just a few cents below what they sold as fast as possible.

It meant, of course, the borrowing of a good deal of money from the banks, but then the banks were willing enough to lend on the new shares. Were not the very best people interested in them? Was there not a good market in them? Besides which, money was not much in demand and the banks in no position to be over-cautious.

So it came about that a very large amount of these new industrial shares, thought to have been "distributed," were not really "distributed" at all, but merely scattered around the city among those having facilities for carrying them on borrowed money.

That is the first chapter in this new industrial financing. It is a story of how the quick shift in money-market conditions last fall and the consequent change in the attitude of the banks toward the new shares held by them so collapsed for a time. To lend money on these securities then, money was a thing on the market and hard to lend on at any price was one thing. To lend on them in the form of a financial statement of demand, the first and with money readily in demand was something quite different. Arrangements as to rates and conditions which would have been attractive enough from the banks' standpoint at the end of the summer became decidedly unattractive in November. It was realized then that a good deal of readjustment would have to take place.

For the banks at once to throw out all the newer industrial shares held by them as collateral and to demand satisfaction of some amount of stock was, of course, out of the question. But without any delay a movement in that direction was started. Letters made by the banks to "all individuals" and coming out were not renewed. Whether possible, heretofore, the banks insisted that they be requested to take back at least a part of the new shares and to send the bank something else in their place. Towards the end of the year, the banks of these new industrial shares were, of course, very generally turned down.

When the money-the-money-market dried up unexpectedly, and for a while it seemed as though the trouble threatened by the presence of the new industrial securities on bank loans had been averted. Heretofore, however, and the banks taking an even stricter attitude toward the new shares as security for their loans. Where the banks had been many cases, had been allowed, real pressure began to be applied. We want you to substitute these new shares for something else and we want you to do it in a hurry—that was the attitude very generally assumed by the banks. The first result was naturally to cause heavy legislation in the object-to-shares themselves. With the banks' insistence on the kind of money which they carry there was just one thing left to do and that was to sell them out. The market, then, however, as we have been expected, at once proved exceedingly "thin." Knowing very well that to substitute for loans the new shares was taking pretty much everybody was afraid to buy them. The inevitable result was that on the subject of new industrial securities, the stock market should break "wide open."

The selling, too, was hastened in great measure at the time and served greatly to aggravate the trouble. With no cash stock around which its owners, standing secure at the bank, could now sell to "lend out," the opportunity to be left these shares short was not so to be regretted. Operations which were formerly everywhere were no big case. There is no doubt that by the liquidation forced by the selling of the shares very considerable declines in all these shares could have been brought about anyway. But there is no doubt, either, that the liquidation which took place, the decline was much more abrupt and extensive than that which would have been the case had the market proved to be strong.

A second result of the banks' attitude toward the new shares was to cause a general withdrawal of funds from the market. In some cases withdrawal of banking facilities in connection with the new industrial resulted in those holding them selling them out without further delay. In a good many other cases, however, holders, rather than their brokers, their shares had been marked previous to their withdrawal.



"Hey, there! Got a puncture?"  
"Oh, no. I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot is worn out, you know."

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Add the Prest-O-Liter, or any other good automatic lighter, and you have every feature of convenience the most complicated system can offer you. You may light or extinguish any or all of your lamps from the driver's seat.

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Exchange Agents Everywhere

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decided to fortify themselves by selling something else and hold on. That took place, for example, in many instances where brokers carrying the new industrial shares for clients informed them that, as the banks were no longer willing to lend on that sort of collateral, they would have to sell out or take up their shares. In many clients choice of the latter course meant the necessity of selling out holdings of other stocks and bonds, but in a great number of cases that was course chosen. Why should anybody say anything at all, let alone say anything at all at a big loss, more than our holder of this sort agreed, when by selling out instead of those other securities, including I can hold my stock till this morning, I can get?

The great deal of selling of the general lot has been this winter has, on a number of occasions of late, been made only too painfully evident.

When these new industrial shares were first listed on the stock exchange the banks lent freely on them, and now they won't—that, in a nutshell, is what is the matter. Whom fault is it, the banks? Well, Street, especially that sort of that has been directly affected, declares that it is. Why did those banks, it asks, lend on money on these shares when they were to take it away from us now when we need it most?

That is the issue, is what happened, but whether the banks can be blamed for it is another question. The banks are in business to lend money and have to take conditions in their making of loans. Last summer was a time when there was more money around than was needed, and when the banks, if they wanted to get their funds placed at all, were in no position to turn up their noses at the industrial collateral offered them. The present situation is very different. Things have changed, and the banks are now in a position to demand better security than they would as they see fit. It is very much of a question, indeed, whether, under present conditions, they would be willing to lend money on the same terms as last summer.

But of really greater importance than the question of whose fault it is in the question as to how long the general market is going to remain under the influence of the conditions in the making of new loans. A bad situation in these new industrial shares was developed—it is like that, but it is not a question of whether it is cleared up? The latter, fortunately, appears to be the case. Legislation and its consideration of despatches to and from the banks, and the great bulk of it has undoubtedly been accomplished. The heavy selling season, however, and the volume of bank loans has been pretty well cleared up. Whether selling may still have to take place is not likely to be sufficient volume seriously again to upset the rest of the market.

Electricity in Modern Warfare

The electric telegraph wires over the land, and the cables under the sea, and the wireless through the air, in times of war become of vital value in the quick transmission of despatches to and from the front in the field. Distance is annihilated, important movements are revealed with the best of speed, and war is thus shortened.

In addition to these applications, electricity is now used to a great extent in modern war. Moreover, new applications are constantly being discovered. One of the most important is a modern mine field for coast or harbor defense in an electric solution akin to electric blasting. This mine field, as we are assured to be fired by a battery, current sent at will from some central station by the simple closing of a circuit.

Heavy charges of high explosive, called mines, are so distributed and constructed by means of a central station that it is difficult to imagine a hostile ship or fleet traversing a well-organized mine field without destruction or some serious damage.

Another terrible method of destruction is now in the hands of the modern navy—electrically controlled dirigible torpedoes. Moving and moving itself in response to electric signals, they are controlled by wire or cable. It carries a charge of explosive sufficient to destroy in an instant the most formidable war ship.

The light and powerful, and complete submersible war, even if its approach is discovered, and the torpedo is not fired, is regarded as an explosive mine, would directed, and fired by the agency of electricity.

The effectiveness of some of the more recently developed electrical devices has not yet been tested in actual warfare, but it is safe to say that their use will make the day when war will pass to be an electric war, and the world will be transformed, and fired by the agency of electricity.





we hope he did not meet the last—triumph of Democracy." The next day, six millions of men, in fact, and he was only "one of the multitude." But he was glad, more than glad, "to live in such a time." There was in his judgment no age "so golden as this"—an incorrigible fact deeply impressed upon his mind by a thoughtful review of the issues and results of past campaigns.

The President was "convinced" as a matter of course. So was that Brother who has not done it a bit strong when he declared that "standing before the American people, Wm. W. Walcott called them as did Jesus Christ call Lazarus, 'Come forth from this grave'; but it all depends, of course, upon how fully off we really were prior to general reorganization. So far as he personally was concerned, Brother BRYAN didn't know and didn't seem to care what his "place in history will be." In any case, he agreed with Assistant President HORN that it was "a privilege to be associated" with Mr. WALCOTT and he was going to stand "ready at all times to go forth and meet his foes." A most beautiful spirit then that which we have already identified with his personal and political activities. It is to our recollection, found rhetorical manifestation.

It was indeed, as the honored guest declared, "a delightful time." And when it was over and all had shaken hands, he went around to the office of his paper and made a few impromptu remarks to Brother CUNY and the other editors and publishers. "You were all here," he said, "but the change in the tone of the paper since your connection with it. It has been its duty to comment on the administration and often that comment has been unfavorable. I am sure that the change is pleasing to you." Just what he meant by that we confess utter inability to comprehend; but whatever vague apprehension we might have had, was promptly allayed by his subsequent commendation of the purposes of the administration "as far as I have been able to understand them." So we guess it is all right.

Belatedly, owing to Brother CUNY's unaccountable delay in getting out his paper, but no less cordially, we took our place at the banquet which marked the transformation of a Brother into a Secretary of State for Very Foreign Affairs.

After all is said and done, the fact continues to be evident that the great economist will stand first and deeply included in the hearts of his countrymen.

#### As to Raw Materials

Free wool or free sugar or both?

A decidedly important problem. By no means a matter to be settled in hurried and whispered conversations. By no means a matter to be submitted to committees or to a majority party or caucus. On the contrary, a matter to be studied out carefully, candidly, thoroughly.

Nevertheless, not a matter really involving the integrity of the party in power; not a question which, if answered mistakenly, will convert the party in power of bad faith.

The Democratic party is committed to a tariff for revenue, not to free trade. It is committed against the practice of taxing the masses for the benefit of a few freed enterprises, not against the promotion of the general welfare. The general welfare is, by constitutional warrant, a proper object of taxation.

A small element in the Democratic party, headed by former Senator BAYNE of Texas, has insisted that "raw materials" should be taxed just as heavily as anything else. Apparently this school has thought that a tariff for revenue meant equal taxation of all commodities without regard to their relative value as producers of revenue. The idea of the party has never held the notion of the idea of taxing lightly, or not at all, the raw materials of American industries has always commended itself to the majority of law-tariff men. In our judgment, there has been no inconsistency in this discrimination. As other nations almost uniformly admit free the raw materials of their industries, to put burden on the raw materials of ours would be to impose a positive handicap. Moreover, in the actual working of the thing, to do it is to create and in a measure to justify a demand for "compensatory duties" on the products derived from the taxed raw materials. As a matter of history, that is the way some of the worst of the existing duties, particularly the proposition of Schulze-K., have been created.

It is good Democratic practice to admit raw materials free unless there are sufficient reasons for taxing them. This is true, notwithstanding the lack of precision in the term "raw materials."

Wool, for instance, is the finished product of the spinner, and is properly taxable as such. The same is true because it lies at the basis of countless other industries. Raw sugar is, of course, the finished product of the people who grow sugarcane and beets. It is raw material to the refiner.

Not, however, of a series of industries. Therefore sugar does not derive a very strong claim to exemption from taxation from the raw-materials exemption. Its strongest claim is on the ground that it is a necessary of life and that to charge it would be to confer a boon on practically all of us. On the other hand, it is a superb revenue-maker. The tax on it yields us over fifty millions a year. If we surrender that sum, we must make good the loss either by other tariff taxes or by a general increase in the income tax.

To take off the duty on wool is to give up some, but not much, revenue; to help, legitimately, a number of industries; and to deprive those same industries of their sole honorable basis for a demand for governmental coddling.

Weight for yourself the two sets of considerations. But what the President and the Democratic Union in Congress have been doing. They have differed somewhat; but that does not mean a division over principles. It does not mean the slightest apostasy to principle on either side. It means adherence to principle, and a common endeavor to apply the revenue-tariff principle to a great mass of facts, difficult to care accurately. The program would be to raise the tariff on wool. So would a high-protection campaign. But nobody is shirking the job of giving the country the kind of tariff it needs and has demanded.

#### The Seventeenth Amendment

As a matter of fact, there is no such thing of this writing, but the ratification of only one more state is needed, and probably, when that is secured, Secretary HORN will not have to wait more than a year for proper official notification.

It is remarked concerning the SEVENTEENTH Amendment, relating to the income tax, that there is a question whether it really altered the Constitution at all; good authorities contain the view that it merely settled a doubt as to the Constitution's original intent as to the matter it dealt with.

Apparently the SEVENTEENTH Amendment will alter the Constitution. Yet of this amendment, as of another similar alteration may be made. It will not essentially alter, it will rather confirm and compel, what is substantially the present usage of a number of states in the matter of choosing United States Senators. It is the culmination of a change that has been going on for some time, not a sudden and abrupt departure from what the Constitution contemplates. The absolute control by state legislatures of elections to the Senate was disturbed before the Civil War, when party conventions began to name candidates, and party majorities in the legislatures began merely to ratify the choices thus made for them—as in the famous LINDSEY-DUNHAM election of 1848 in Illinois. Followed after a while the practice of choosing candidates by party primaries, a kind of dictation to which the legislatures proved equally amenable. When at last a state held what was in effect a Senatorial election, and a legislature, obedient to its results, sent to Washington a man whose party affiliation was a majority six years ago, the practice of the popular vote, the direct election of Senators was already achieved.

But to say the change has been gradual is far from saying that it is not a great change. It is already a very great change indeed. The effects of it in the Senate are already quite apparent. Doubtless the same will be true in the future. They have willed to take whatever risks it may involve in order to make an end of abuses which the old method permitted.

Time alone can show whether or not the change is as the whole world. Two reflections occur to us as of a nature to excite such as most seriously doubt the wisdom of it. One is this: They are, they are, and we think they will give to the several state electorates an opportunity to correct the mistakes made in party primaries, now so general. For they will give a chance to independents, and they will give comparatively weak opposition a chance, by putting forward their best men, to beat the party's own nominees. The other reflection is that it is one about democracy. Its true strength lies not in the avoidance of mistakes, but in the fact that it can always change its mind and correct its errors.

#### The Bull Moose and the Elephant

Historical Long Island has just figured as a strategic point in politics, and naturally the outcome of its recent municipal election appeared only in obscure paragraphs in the newspapers. It was the same way, too, with a few other places that have had municipal elections recently. Municipal elections in general are rather unreliable signs of political weather. Still, they are frequently all we have for our only means of determining what it is nature to pay some attention to them.

If we may judge at all from Hempstead's and some others, the wind is not blowing quite as the Bull Moose herd would like. More broadly, such indications of public sentiment as we have and are so far from indicating any serious, and doubtless—do not indicate any progress of the Bull Moose party. If they indicate anything, it is the contrary of Brother FRANK E. LEITZKE's contention. Brother LEITZKE thinks it a mistake to consider the Bull Moose party merely a ROOSEVELT party, and he also thinks the Republican party decidedly well dead. On the contrary, so far as we can see, it is not dead at all. It has not yet much to observe, the Bull Moose party 'won't run very well when it isn't in some fact,' says ROOSEVELT, and the Republican part, scores considerable defiance of the roamer and very little consideration for the undertaker.

Sufficient material for prosperity, undoubtedly, but for the sake of the nation, we may serve a few straw to guide and to encourage such Republicans as may still be refusing to despair of their party and studying seriously the best way to rehabilitate it. On that point nothing has happened to discredit the movement, inaugurated immediately after the election, for a reorganization of the party to set it right in respect of the ways in which it has in recent years gone wrong, and thereby lost the country's confidence. Some time ago the papers reported that Senator BAYNE had come to favor such action, and we have seen no denial. There is one thing in particular the party must do. It must convince the country that its nomination is not a mere concession to the Presidency, as is usually made, in obedience to the will of the majority of its members. It must cleanse itself of the reproach of the manipulation of Southern delegations and of bad practices in the choice of delegates from other sections. Other reforms are advisable; this is essential. To the neglect of this essential, the party is already, in the eyes of the honest following, but has lost its temper. The change of policy in this regard cannot be too soon made and advertised. Until it is made, the party's only possible gains will be such as can be derived from the wholesome and perhaps needed discipline of an opposition role.

#### The Budget Question

The President would like to have a budget system. It is not surprising. Anybody who has studied either the President or the character of our appropriation bills ought to have known in advance what his general attitude on this matter would be. The paper report that he wishes to continue President TAFT's economy commission. That is not surprising, either.

This journal has several times pointed out the practical impossibility, under our system of government, of having a budget system comparable to Great Britain's, for the reason that we have no such separation and accord between the Executive and the Legislature as the British system insures. We are glad to be confirmed on this point by the speech in which, near the close of the final session of the Sixty-second Congress, Representative SHERMAN SHERLEY proposed a budget committee of the House, for Mr. SHERLEY has evidently studied this matter long and thoughtfully. But in the case of Mr. SHERLEY, we have before us also the reason why a budget of some sort, no matter if it does lack authority, is desirable. It is the same reason we have been saying:

Why is it the American people are so indifferent to expenditure? Is it that they accept in a loose way the continually repeated statement of a former Speaker that this was a billion-dollar country, and therefore we should have a billion-dollar Congress? Or is the cause the same? No, it is not. It is because they have never been interested in questions of expenditure, because they have never had brought to their attention in its broad aspect the question of expenditure.

In other words, a budget such as we can have under our system will at least secure some publicity in advance, for the appropriations contemplated.

Pending that reform, there is one thing that can be done at once. The Ways and Means Com-

mittee of the House and the Senate steering committee can at least decline to intrust the framing of appropriation bills to men who have already shown themselves amenable to pork-barrel considerations and indifferent to such matters as the decent pay and housing of American andalousians and the proper upkeep of the American navy.

#### Honor to Mr. Bryan

It seemed odd to read that the American ambassador at Rome had offered the medal as a place for funeral services over Mr. Bryan's body. It is a distinction of Secretary of State WILLIAM J. BRYAN.—*Springfield Republican.*

It did not seem odd to us. In the eyes of the world Mr. Bryan's honored name as the first citizen of the Republic. At home, as the multitude of testimonials clearly prove, his character was held in highest esteem. Practically all of the rulers of Europe, including the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the King of Italy, the Tsar of Russia, and His Holiness the Pope, paid fitting tributes. The Emperor of Germany sent a floral wreath to Rome and this message: "Mrs. Bryan:

Accept the expression of my sincerest sympathy in the great bereavement. Your husband's death is a loss not only for you, your family, and your country. Many friends in all parts of the world will grieve with you."

Would it not have seemed strange to foreign peoples, who are accustomed to civilities in death as in life, if no word of appreciation had come from the government of Mr. BRYAN'S own country? Mr. BRYAN'S official act and personal virtues were those of a generous and truly representative American gentleman.

#### Mrs. Pankhurst

In your paper now we shall have news of Mrs. ENRIETTA PANKHURST. She has been highly successful in drawing attention to herself, and incidentally to her cause, though she and the cause seem to be getting a good way apart. The British government, apparently, cannot do anything at the moment about votes for women; cannot change its procedure or make any of its mistakes, for some time to come. All it can do is something about Mrs. PANKHURST, and we are all interested to see what it will do next.

It is being heartily availed for its dealings with the militant, and probably it has been shrewder than it gets credit for. The militants seem to have a great volume of popular sympathy behind them. Their destructive expedients annoy and scare a great many people, most of whom are quite indifferent to their cause or the merits of their case against the government. It gives the people of England an uneasy mind at the militants, and such certainly at the government because it has not subdued them. To have so managed as to allow public opinion to reach that condition seems considerable to the government's advantage. Its objection to letting the militants starve themselves to death in prison is based, we suppose, not so much on humanitarian as on political considerations, and if it ceased to be politically dangerous to let Mrs. PANKHURST starve herself we suppose she would be allowed to starve.

And when the British Home Secretary concludes that public opinion has reached a stage where it is safe to let Mrs. PANKHURST starve herself, Mrs. PANKHURST, who is not a fanatic, will conclude, we suppose, that starvation is a short-cut and one of no further use in the eating way. And then, if she has strength enough left, she may well for her supper.

It is all very like poker, but then poker is not a game that average British statesmen know.

#### The "Titanic," a Year Ago

Next Monday, April 14th, is the anniversary of the loss of the *Titanic*.

We have just been through a period of some of the great disasters and great loss of life by torpedoes and floods, and public sympathy has been greatly stirred by them. But when we have just remarked that these recent disasters, had to have been, have not taken hold of the public mind like that single disaster a year ago. Three times as many lives (1,285) were lost by the sinking of the *Titanic* as in all the floods in the West. That made some difference, though the property loss was fairly nearly equal.

But guess whether they concern lives or property, do not, in situations of this sort, measure the effect on the mind. The loss of the *Titanic* was one of the most dramatic disasters that ever happened. As a story, sudden, vivid, tragic, and crowded with familiar characters, interlarded with suspense and fully alive in the imagination, it has details, it far exceeded in penetration the whole

survival collection of recent flood stories as the papers give them. We notice advertisements for agents to sell books about the floods, several of which have been published. The papers could not begin to tell more than the outlines of the story of them; they were so spread out. But the whole story of the *Titanic* was told while it lasted, and it got home and it will be remembered long after we are all gone who heard it.

The story of Lockwood made a great story that lived. The *Johnston* flood made a story that was complete in one narrative, like the battle of Lexington. So the *Titanic* disaster. It seemed as if the imagination could grasp it all, and it stays as clear in memory as though it happened yesterday.

#### Senator Lewis

It must be a good many years since our dear oration, the *Sax*, began to call attention to the public utilities question of Illinois. JAMES HANCOCK LEWIS. It was while he still resided in the distant state of Washington, and he moved to Chicago ten years ago. What interested the *Sax* in him we forget, but it was a good deal interested and has maintained its concern and spoils of his again in the old familiar way last Sunday. It is so good to see that JIM LEWIS has a t. f. advertising contract with the *Sax* office. At any rate, he has thrived under its notice. His record is worth looking at; forty-seven years old; born (1849) in Virginia—the popular state nowadays to be born in; raised in Georgia; educated partly in the University of Virginia; studied law, was admitted to the bar (1884) in Georgia, and then (1884) lit out for Seattle, where he got promptly into politics and was elected to Congress in 1890. It took him ten years to get to Congress from the state of Washington. He moved to Chicago in 1903. He was Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1906, and was elected long-time Senator from Illinois in 1913. Ten years again.

Nothing that the *Sax* has said about JIM HANCOCK LEWIS seems to have been a detriment to him. To move to Chicago and gobble up an Illinois Senatorship in ten years seems a considerable exploit, for Illinois is a great state, and has sent great names to the Senate. Though it may be that her best choice before LEWIS was LEXINGTON and he had to take him back.

Mr. LEWIS is still young and may yet move to New York and be a Senator or something from this state. He seems to be closing in on the *Sax*.

#### Mr. Schuon's New Captain

We seem to recall that a long time ago—so long—before the life-insurance disclosures, when 1878 had just passed across the picture screen, and the times were boom times, and the Captains of industry were the greatest of living men, that FOLLOWER-UPON CALVIN SCHUON was projected to the front of the stage as a leading Captain of Industrial Captains and made a speech about education. So much water has run through the mill-wheels since then that we can't remember precisely what he said, but his speech strikes vaguely in mind as a discourse in disparagement of the current processes of education as practiced in the institutions maintained for that purpose and in praise and profanity of the training of steel mills and such industrial seminaries.

It is so special discredit to any one to disparage, right or wrong, the current processes of academic education. Everybody's child "it is not good, and they are very valuable, and the best authorities do no better than guess what they ought to be. But those far-off words of Citizen SCHUON are recalled by a piece in last Sunday's newspaper that tells of the advancement of E. C. GRACE to be president of Mr. SCHUON'S Bethlehem Steel Company.

#### Look at the record of this Mr. GRACE:

Mr. GRACE is the son of J. W. GRACE of Cochen, New Jersey, a retired sea captain. His earlier school days were spent at Pomona, New Jersey, where he was an athlete, sang in the choir, and was a member of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. GRACE entered Lehigh University in the electrical-engineering course. At Lehigh Mr. GRACE was valedictorian, was a three-time played baseball four years, and was captain of the team for two years. On graduating in June 1890, Mr. GRACE went to the Bethlehem Steel Company and set to training as electrician.

And now at thirty-eight he is captain of Mr. SCHUON'S steel-works, in spite of going to school, going to college—the engineering course, to be sure—being at the top of his class, and playing earnest academic baseball for four years. So at least, if our memory of that far-off speech is right, Citizen SCHUON is a wise man, who cares no more than ENRIETTA for consistency and does not let a

provocative theory stand in the way of his appointment of facts.

#### Dancing the Trot

We read about the prevalence of the turkey trot in certain restaurants in New York with very much the same sense of amazement with which we read of the operations of the Montenegro before Senator.

Who would have gone to restaurants to dance the turkey trot, and why, why, why do they do it? It seems that the Mayor has ordered these places to be closed at one o'clock at night, which seems reasonable enough.

Who has the strength and strength to eat and drink and dance the trot after one o'clock?

But it seems they do it now in the afternoon, too, enough to disturb people.

#### Amusing!

Who has time in this working season of the year to dance in the afternoon? People used to do it at summer hotels, but the trot. Not that the trot seems to be so bad now. We read that it is not so bad, as a rule, but that it is a prevailing error.

Well, will this be a strange word and very much explained with partly dissonant people, here in our President and Congress working season, to be told that the public can submit, and how's our Mayor, a good deal bothered, apparently, because so many people insist on dancing in restaurants in the afternoon and after one o'clock at night.

So hard it is to reconcile the facts of life!

#### Taft and Yale

The country approved and applauded Mr. TAFT'S decision to go back to Yale and become a teacher of law. It was a fine solution of the problem of "what to do with our ex-Presidents," which in this free country is really the problem of what an American who has been President shall do with himself. He could make no wiser or more blameless use of his abilities and his experience.

Excellent, too, was the way Yale received him—a bit heterodoxly, as is the habit of youth, but heartily and joyously and for himself. As one American rises to the highest political eminence, so another rises to the highest academic eminence, and from that same eminence to academic retire. It is good for the colleges. It is certainly not bad for the country.

#### Irving Trouble

In recognizing the emancipation of the Chinese the American Republic reflects a new emancipation of its own.—*The World.*

The Chinese have overthrown a dynasty and are now living under a dictatorship. "Is that, in the opinion of the World, the sort of 'emancipation' that has come to the American Republic? Nobody living can foresee the consequences of recognition by the United States of Mr. YU'S Republic as the government of China. It is a leap in the dark and full of peril.

#### Responding to the Eagle Call

The Colonel seems to think he is still President. Anyhow, he sent this message:

To the Progressives in Congress: I greet you, the men of the stout heart and firm faith, who dare to stand up for your colors and fight the people's contest.

Whereupon the men of the stout heart calmly marched into the Republican caucus, voted for JAMES R. MANN for Speaker, and grabbed all the committee assignments they could by their greedy hands upon.

#### Wherein We Differ

HARRY'S MESSAGE, in its favorably by President TAFT, sets of the Taft wing of the Republican Party. What is it that our party still stands for? For creation and aid for destruction, for sense and not for sheer and unadorned impulse. That is as near as we can get to the straight white road. The difference in its sympathies be. If it were Taft, it would play on with GRACE, DRUGG, and the other party wreckers.—*Warren's Democratic Review.*

But, being disingenuous and notoriously thick, it merely reiterates its preference for presentism to destruction and for a government of sense to one of unreasoned impulse.

#### From the Olive Tree

The people of Greece, and affection of a million-people by the gifts with which the sovereign nation of the people donor GRACE C. GRACE at the sixty-third anniversary of the birth of the man, the Republic is proud to congratulate him.—*World's Republic.*

Reprinted in the *Commoner*.





OUR GOVERNOR

DRAWN BY C J BUDD

# Uneasy Heads

Some Timely Gossip  
of the Balkan Courts

By C. Powell-Napier

## King Ferdinand of Bulgaria

Many people who know Bulgaria have felt that King Ferdinand's court will give way to a republic, with Mr. Durrail at its head; that Stoyan and Moustourgo will follow suit, possibly under Prime Minister Pashitch, and that Romania's monarch will be sent back to Germany, where he came. Who knows? Events move quickly nowadays; photo reports in modern Europe and daily papers have yet to be written in Balkan history, even miss the Turk.

For general tone and direction the Bulgarian court comes first. You find on trace of "Royal Wishes," or "Balkan Princess," atmosphere here, it is dignified—and dreadfully dull. The King can hardly be blamed for sweeping from it wherever state affairs give him the least excuse for ransacking over to Vienna, Paris, or Petersburg. It is even duller than the Russian court, where various forms of spiritism make time pass unawares, if not agreeably.

And yet there is no denying the fact that King Ferdinand is the greatest personality on any throne today. His autocracy and voracity are enormous. He is so well informed that no almost forgets one is listening to a monarch. He talks well, he is a brilliant linguist, a distinguished historian, an astute statesman, and, all bottom, a simple, kind-hearted gentleman. He has done more for his adopted country than the Bulgarians themselves could. He lived from his twenty-five years, he has taught them how to exploit the natural riches of their country, and has spent much of his own large private fortune to help them on the road to civilization. Why is he unpopular? Why has he given the cause between war and exile in that peremptory way? Why was he justly so ahead of his own safety at the beginning of the association that he crept quietly back to his capital, without any of that pomp his heart loves? These are questions he is credited with asking himself very often. After more than twenty-five years' reign he has failed to retain himself on the throne that the Bulgars themselves offered him.

King Ferdinand's enemies say his ruling power is unbroken. From his mid-and-latter days he has kept for a throne. He has enjoyed almost every moment of his reign, in spite of plots, gang wars, and a morbid fear of infection. But one morning lately he felt weary, he is said to his doctor, "I must be really ill to-day." For the first time in his life he asked himself, "I wonder, is it worth while being a King?" Nothing throws him more than to be called "Your Majesty" at frequent intervals, or said he is King Edward. He loves freedom so passionately that, even when down at the front, his table, in the railway-car that was his home, had to be decked with those dainties. He passes of his meals to his children with his little, shapely hands, of which he is so proud as a woman. He will not allow an army surgeon near him, nor would he go within eight of cholera tents. He puts his family and household into quarantine for the slightest indisposition. He refused to see the Queen for weeks, she returned from nursing the cholera patients down at Adrianople. This quarantine rule has become quite a joke in the palace, and some suspect that he keeps it up to keep away from troublesome courtiers, or family foes. He never forgets a face, and makes up to his humors by delicate little strokes and compliments, so graciously that they take their value. When angry, he is very angry, but soon recovers. He has his home-land watched, even when at a distance. He knows just how each member has spent the day and covers him with doctor's who dare not even a short call at any foreign embassy. He cannot bear to think they are discussing affairs behind the back of the great Power. "Diplomats always speak everywhere, and who and my wife" he says. Dining or luncheon is in taking, every one is invited. His wife is jealously cut off from the outer world. This ac-

counts for much dullness. He is an excellent father, and was a devoted son. Even now he cannot speak of his late mother without emotion. She seems to have named Romania's civilization of her as "The only man in the Italian family." When she died, her son, who had already lost his first wife, in whom he was devoted, became her heir and son.

Some four years ago he married the Princess Elizabeth of Russia, one of those small German states whose rulers have been there for centuries, and intermarried with all the great reigning houses. The lady was veering on fifty. She had lived the semi-independent life of the unmarried woman, had been much in Russia, where she took charge of her own hospital during the war with Japan. She is a lifelong friend of the Tsar and Tsarina. Ferdinand came often to the Russian court, where he had been coldly received ever since he accepted the Bulgarian crown. For years he worked to better his position there. One day, it was kind to him that an alliance with Princess Elizabeth would do in a day what he had vainly striven after for years. But the lady did not attract him. Her cleverness is not the kind to appeal to



Helene Vaccarone

him, who shows an imposing intellect, as his mother had, or a very noble one. He has first wife's, it is long he for some time. The Russian court grew chillier that way. Even Kings are human. One more suitable gave way to inclination. The marriage was "arranged." He could not complain that his bride was indifferent.

And so one of the most admirable women in European courts is now a full-fledged queen. The past and the wounded soldiers here, how sad. Such society, except those just around her, does not. A more lovable woman never shared the onerous drudgery of a throne. She has been described as ugly. It is a lie. Her nose is too broad and fat, but her face is so noble, her hard eyes so full of kindly humor, her soft voice so full of music, that her one ugly feature is more than redeemed. She shows a keen sense of humor with the rest of the family. She is a splendid housekeeper and rules her more charitable institutions in a way the best-trained maid might well envy. She is never happier than when relieving distress, and

takes good care her money is well spent. Having given her own private fortune for her husband's poorest subjects, she is often hard pressed for funds; but she generally manages to get them, and philanthropists cannot do better than help her whose spending is so wise. She reads a great deal, especially English books. She can talk and enjoy a good story. Were they a simple, every-day couple, you would say to your bosom friends, "flat, my dear, how could they be expected to be it off."

Still he left in disgrace, some months ago, old Baron Kolkhorst, the prince's over-governor, gave the royal children more fun than anybody. He was a rigid, dignified Prussian, always complaining. Last spring, under the plan that his neighbor, Baron Bernsdorf, started on land that he could not sleep, he thought his rooms from the wing to the main body of the palace, north of the disposal of the prince, who determined to get rid of him. They took him on a plan. His new quarters were on the top of the telephone that he had to pass many corridors and cross a large hall to get to it. One morning he got an urgent call that he hurried out to his pajamas. The key way back he found the way stopped. Each corridor and hallway had a soldier, who solemnly declared his Royal Highness the Crown Prince had given orders that nobody was to pass. The prince himself guarded two exits, and the poor old Baron spent an awful quarter of an hour pushing wildly about the large hall and dodging behind pillars when a minister passed through on his way to the King. The soldier, having seen of his master, came to look and laugh. The job worked so well that the Baron petitioned the King to go back to his old quarters that very day. But he never reached and another. The crisis was reached when, furious that a reception was going on in the palace when he wanted to sleep, he went, he led all the waiting room down, and took the key to his room. Some of the household gave him a good shaking, the King heard of it and sent him off on a sickbed leave. His greatest foe, Baron Bernsdorf, had had no intention to go to the King for work and work, and was getting quite uneasy, as the man who does not enjoy real conversation frequently soon loses prestige at court. But at least a gentleman came and told him he was not to stir from his room that day, as the King might visit him. Bernsdorf waited and waited. At last, three weeks later, somebody mentioned his name before the King, who exclaimed, "Good God! I told him to wait in for two weeks ago. The rest and I had thought the poor old Prussian still waiting; through three weeks of glorious Balkan spring weather he had not dared leave his room."

The King of Romania has not mastered the language of his adopted country even after forty years. His German pronunciation is not quite something as strange when he delivers an address in Romanian in Parliament that some of his listeners pretend to understand what he says. In Romanian, as in Italian, it is especially hard for foreigners to pronounce well. The Queen speaks it much better. King Carol is another popular monarch, and recognizes that he has done much for his country. But they cannot bear his pro-Prussian policy, which he keeps all to himself, as it were, after taking outsiders into his confidence. The events of the winter have aroused discontent. But he has many good points. Though he is now less able to entertain the affairs of his own day. The character of the Romanian court of twenty, and even ten, years ago is lost. The King no longer holds court in a courtyard, but in a palace, who encouraged all the arts, wrote poetry, played, and drew himself, also wrote the people's will welcome, but there are so more recipients who saw once met the flower of the world's talent.

When Crown Prince was in Romania as a bride the ladies of the higher class treated her with marked







# FROM DESKS TO BENCHES

The change in the Seating Arrangement of the House of Representatives is Symbolical of the New Order in Washington

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

It is symbolical of the new order that the first session of the Congress of the new administration should see the old desks of the members of the House of Representatives replaced by benches—symbolical of progress, and the workmanlike execution of affairs that have imposed themselves upon the country since the fourth of May. If ever there was anything that invited to the alighted transference of the public business it was the desk of a Congressman. It made life entirely too easy. Seated at his desk he could read a newspaper or write letters, do anything, in fact, rather than apply himself to the purpose for which he was supposed to be there, to listen to or take part in debate. To a man inclined to do the desk work of his constituents, how many millions and hundreds of millions those desks have cost the country as one will ever know, but unluckily only they were the most expensive pieces of furniture in the world's history. Had they been made of solid gold, scarcely wrought by the hand of the master

mission and others who carefully examined the question favored benches because they believed it would result in a quicker dispatch of the public business. As long as a man has a comfortable chair and a desk on which to rest his arms he is content to sit in idleness and is less inclined to having to listen to or do anything else; if less attention is paid to his physical comfort he will become mentally impatient.

The new benches are not exactly instruments of torture, but they are not so inviting as the old desks and chairs. The benches are very much like the ordinary seats in a theater, although somewhat wider, so that even a man of Mr. Telford's build will have plenty of room. They are upholstered in leather with cow seats, and under each seat is a small drawer in which members can deposit their papers. The benches are somewhat similar to those in the House of Commons, but they are more comfortable and their arrangement is different. In the House of Commons the benches are arranged in lines at right angles to the speaker, the government and its supporters occupying the right and the opposition the left; while in the House of Representatives the benches are arranged

the needs of the service and the means why they seek for more money or additional legislation. The presence of members of the Cabinet on the floor of Congress might prove a dangerous convenience, and such a course is not a precedent. Besides, it is an imitation of the English system, which is impossible of application in this country, since the Cabinet is not a government, as is understood in England. In England the Cabinet is the government, and all legislation must have the support of the Cabinet, and if the House of Commons refuse to give its approval to its recommendations the Cabinet resigns and offers a new Cabinet to take over affairs; but in the United States, on the contrary, no authority except that which it derives from Congress, which Congress at any time has the power to revoke or curtail, there is no analogy and really no precedent why members of the Cabinet should be admitted to the House or Senate. Furthermore, while the English system of the Cabinet is always a number of Parliament and as such can advise and vote, the American Cabinet Minister might be awarded the privilege of taking part in debate, but of course he could not be permitted to vote on any measure.

While the supporters of the proposition admit a certain soundness in the arguments of their opponents they say the net advantage to be gained is overlooked. The fact that by admitting members of the Cabinet to Congress the barrier between the executive and legislative branches is broken down does not benefit them, for the simple reason, they say, that it is now broken down and has been for several years. It is not a question of whether it is that the country looks to the President and not to Congress to initiate and carry through legislation, and holds the administration responsible, or not done when there is a majority of his own party in Congress, so that he is regarded as the responsible power in government without having the power to enforce responsibility. He is allowed to influence Congress indirectly through a message, or through a member or senator who is recognized as his spokesman, or by the ministerial and bribery between them, but it is not the official representative of the President; or, more remotely, through a member of the Cabinet. If Cabinet members were permitted to speak from the floor of Congress, whatever they said would of course be official and have as much weight as if the President himself said it, just as in England, when any statement made by a Minister is known to be the judgment of the Cabinet as a whole. A speech made by a member of the Cabinet on the floor of the House or Senate for or against a bill would be much more effective than a dozen reports or memoranda, questions and answers, and resolutions, and reasons given why the measure is defective or the passage is necessary. The President would have to travel the necessity of a vote if a departmental head were able to say: "This bill is bad for the reason that I shall give, and if it passes against my protest I shall consider it my duty to advise the President to veto it." When there were no Cabinet members the President was prepared to veto the bill unless it was modified, for the member of the Cabinet would have spoken only after he had consulted the President, and Congress would understand that the President's intention had been officially communicated through the Speaker.

Legislative veterans in Washington say that one of the reasons why so much of the legislation in Washington is so controversial, and friction between the President and Congress is more common than otherwise, is because of this divided responsibility. Instead of the President being held responsible, he should assume the effective carrying out of a programme, the division of power and rivalry and jealousy and the fear of the least slight of his own ability, always increase the difficulties of meeting needed legislation and make it easier to pass laws that are not in the public interest. If the President has a policy of his own, and is not to be interfered with, he is not to be interfered with and overlapping the limits of his office, and his firmness and determination almost always comes only after he has consulted the President, who may be driven to do what he wants because they believe the country is behind him, but who do so only after it is a controversial matter; who lose an opportunity to discredit the President in the eyes of the country, and are often successful in making the country believe that the President is not to be further consulted. On the other hand, the President is a weak or amiable man who has an stomach for a fight, and is not to be interfered with, and especially his party men, and yields to Congress, allowing his judgment to be overruled by his good nature, or the least slight of his own authority. It is fatal for the President to quarrel with Congress, then the country turns on the President, the eyes of Congress are fast on his door, and it is almost impossible for him to escape being made a rotten sacrifice.

No matter what the exact words of the Constitution may be, it is a well known fact that in recent years the people have almost unawares the Constitution and made the President law-maker as well as law-keeper, in keeping with the spirit of the times that there should be a strong sentiment in favor of giving members of the Cabinet seats in Parliament and in holding within the power of the President over the control of legislation.



The new style of seat which has driven the time-honored desk from the House of Representatives

craftsmen, inherited with previous states, the expense would have been trifling compared with what has been paid for these simple desks of mahogany. Nothing of the kind it was an easy for a member to vote without sitting on a bench, which is by no means as comfortable, members will feel less inclined to be present, or to waste time in speeches, merely for the sake of hearing themselves talk. The substitution of benches for desks ought to shorten the length of sessions, and it will be sufficient to make it less this effect.

While this change coincides with the opening of the 53rd session, it is not the first time that it has come about, as most reforms do, after a long period of discussion and agitation, and not overnight; and incidentally it may be added that the reform which seems inevitable will also come as quickly as it is born. As far back as the time of Thomas B. Reed's speakership the proposal was made to take out the desks and replace them with benches, but that was too "radical" a suggestion to meet with approval in that conservative time, and nothing came of it. It was revived and forgotten, and then again revived, and even such a step as to be fixed in the record standstill on Mr. Reed's bill, but it was not considered it worthy of serious consideration. With the increase of population and the corresponding increase of the membership of the House, it was evident that something had to be done, and either the bill had to be enlarged so as to allow room for more desks or space had to be economized by making provision for more members in the same hall. Mr. Telford appointed a commission to study the subject, which offered alternative plans. One was to retain the desks but enlarge the seating capacity by lowering the walls separating the House proper from the members' lobby, the other was not to disturb the existing chamber but to save space by substituting benches for desks. Nothing was done at the time, but the report favoring benches was adopted at the last session, and the change seems made immediately after adjournment so as to have the House ready when the special session convened. The members of the com-

mission, thus enabling a much larger proportion of the members to face the Speaker. In the House of Commons there are many more members than seats, and on important occasions members must either stand or raise early and file their names by depositing their hats on the seats they select to occupy, if being one of the novitiate rules of the House that a hat on a seat is a valid title. In the House of Representatives there is a seat for every member, and when there are more desks, members obtain their seats by lottery at the beginning of every Congress, which often resulted in prominent members being driven to the back rows and new men getting the most desirable places.

It would be rather curious if with this change in the seating arrangement of the House there followed the adoption of the office-dinner custom to give members of the Cabinet seats in Congress and the privilege of taking part in the debate but not to vote. Bills for which will be offered at the coming session. The opponents of throwing the doors wide open to the Cabinet have one objection, and it strikes a blow at the theory on which the American system of government is founded—the strict demarcation of the line between the powers of the executive and the legislature. Congress has one function, and the executive, the President, and though his Cabinet member, and it was intended that they should function separately and not interfere with each other's authority, since the admission of members of the Cabinet to Congress would inevitably lead to the usurpation of executive power. The further argument is advanced that little practical benefit would be gained. The views of members of the Cabinet regarding any proposed or pending legislation are always accessible to Congress, almost invariably they are communicated before action is taken, and in making up appropriations bills, committees and the Senate then the estimates submitted by the heads of departments, who then go before the committees and explain

# The Science of Not "Firing"

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. J. GOULD



"UNFAVORABLE! Getting more and more useless! Has he been tried at anything else than just this work?"

"The general manager was in the midst of a council with his department heads. A score of important matters had come up and been passed upon, and now the case of William Jones had been reached. A commercial fate insignificant in the world at large, but vital to one young man, hung in the balance.

William Jones was a favorite. He was the very black business sheep in a very brilliant staff. Every chance had been given him and all possible favoritism had been shown. The sub-department head who was his immediate chief had but hope. The department head over him had looked into the case and agreed with his subordinates.

A few years ago such a matter would never have come into the general council. William Jones would long since have been eliminated from the world of his immediate "boss." But here the big affairs of a big corporation stopped while little, in comparison, forty-dollar-a-month Jones was talked over.

It was a busy morning. Each one around the council table was urgently needed on his own big room, where papers were piling up at an appalling rate. Why bother about William Jones, who could be replaced instantly by a good man?

The department head was speaking. "Hoopless, Mr. Green," he said. "We have never had such a poor chief. He was never good, but he has steadily been growing more nervous and worthless. The records he keeps are full of errors. He takes no interest in his work and looks at his desk."

It was then that the general manager asked the best and wisest of the council set down at the head of the table. He followed this by:

"Had you been Jones's card-records?" This was handed him. He read it aloud. The most modern and best equipped of modern big businesses no longer keep records of their stock, their sales, and their finances only. They have carefully set full records of their employees, not only of their names and home addresses, but of their characteristics and capabilities. Information for these records comes from several sources. They are confidential papers, and none but the biggest chiefs know what is written on them.

This card-records give in full the story of Jones in the company from the time four years before he had been taken in as an office-boy. He had climbed, but slowly. At each stage was noted the opinion of the chief in charge as to his work and development, and alongside of this the view of some independent observers sent through the staff to "size up." In business today it is realized that the "little boss" chief of a few men and a score, may be prejudiced one way or the other.

Such a personal prejudice as this is very capable. It would fill with wonder those who think that the big commercial subscription of today is necessarily heartless and only regards its men and women as numbers. A score of men-records of employees, manfully up to date records of each person as a distinct, individual being and center of energy and accomplishment.

Several different subjective and objective lines make each record that person's opinions, inventiveness, responsibility, procedure, originality, executive quality, conscientiousness, adaptability, "up-grades," ability to make friends readily. A human scientific analysis is what it becomes in the course of a few years, one of the most valuable assets a company can have.

Young Jones's card-records looked black. How was such a piece of heartless and cold-hearted thinking out. But the general manager studied the card as if the coming year's dividend depended upon it. He read by unobtrusive criticism and finally noted these three on a just life basis.

"I see here, and by read of slowly," that Jones

has some traces of originality. It is noted down below that he has a good approach, though evidently undeveloped—yes, and on this line it is suggested that there may be the making of a salesman on the top.

"Inventiveness" and the general manager looked steadily from one man to another with the nearest, compelling glance that made him feel the power he had given to be. "It is our fault, I think. We have set Jones at something he is not fit to do. He has failed—yes, but we have made him fail. I have never seen the boy, but this record makes me believe that he will be a good man."

"Frank"—he turned to his big and brilliant sub-manager—"will you give Jones a chance? Will you put him out as one of your juniors? Let us see if we haven't been wrong and if, after all, he is not really good. I may be mistaken, but—"

Perhaps this modern way of not discharging men and women, over they have entered into the supply

the company employ. Worse than useless in the dull work inside, he became a "star" in the getting of business. He was magnificent and never known it. It took a commercial genius like this general manager to guess at the trouble and make track of his theory.

The idea of not "firing" is logical from the corporation's viewpoint when one ceases to think of it as a means to train men and women. Every salesman, executive, and clerk of a company represents an investment. The longer a person is in a concern's service the greater is this individual investment. In the case of frequent discharges money and time must be spent in training other people. Thus, if a company's personnel changes more, this employee investment grows. The new policy maintains this expense. In the words of Napoleon, "every private soldier is a merchant's son-in-law in his grandeur." Any one in a big business, however far down the line, has the possibility of being one of the great executives a few years later. He may be the one man of a critical hour a quarter of a century distant. Unless it be essential, the modern well-off company considers if he had judgment to let even one of its privates slip away.

As an evidence of the value of this policy of holding the men and women, of hoping the ranks will rub through long years, business men who have a thorough inside knowledge of affairs point today to a company of industrial firms close to thirty years old. Practically every high executive in it started low down, when the concern was in its infancy. If there were difficulties and necessities inside the organization, these were thrashed out with the foremen and the youngsters were not dismissed. If here and there a man was being threateningly bad, he was kept. When severely ailing, individual men were neglected, but not for the betterment of a war—something out to let them go.

With this system this concern led in its day and generation. The people who have its ways when it was a struggling young company with some few much money realized, naturally. Now many an organization does, a worthy the same thing as possible. In this and some other cases the idea that has recently come so much into vogue seems to be justified.

"I think," said a certain very able American business man as he and a friend one day passed the office of a bank that, while prominent, as longer ago had been relatively insignificant, which of late was prominent. "That if the idea we have today of not 'firing' men like that, the existence twenty years ago I would still be with that bank and pretty well near the top. I would not like to see the man who would think I may say without opinion and judging from my record that if I had not been so firm they had failed, or a good deal better off than I am today."

Should you like the story? It always made a great impression on me, and it has taught me in my own business never to have a "first" but to say one myself—never even an office-boy or the most insignificant girl stenographer in one of my branches. If any one is to be "fired" I will do it. My books of departments may recommend as they please; I will examine all the evidence. At the worst I generally do not "fire" but transfer the boy or girl, woman or man, give them some other work, but then under some one else. That is apt to solve the problem.

I need have been twenty-three or four. Probably I was not a hundred miles from home, but had not worked down. One day was a cynical, rather childish man. He was a fair man, except for his disposition. He was a fair man, except for his disposition. He was a fair man, except for his disposition. He was a fair man, except for his disposition.

That was the fault of the old system. With it the word of just one man was taken. He could both advise and train. If he had the confidence, I certainly had not had much. For his unsuspected statement was necessary. This opened the way for



He received card-records

of the big companies that transfer their "people" by hundreds or thousands and, if they do not "fit" and do badly, of trying to give them other work that they can do well, may not be right, but it has become a definite policy of the day and appears to bring success. It is by no means a universal policy as yet and seldom an official one, but it is adopted in many of the most progressive corporations and not a few outside it and perhaps in the first place. The man given above, that appeared as one of the best-known companies in all America. The man whose "card" was in print in many smaller concerns, would have let us strongly, their policies when he has become one of the best of the younger salesmen

was other work, but then under some one else. That is apt to solve the problem. I need have been twenty-three or four. Probably I was not a hundred miles from home, but had not worked down. One day was a cynical, rather childish man. He was a fair man, except for his disposition. He was a fair man, except for his disposition. He was a fair man, except for his disposition. He was a fair man, except for his disposition.

countless little battles in all the corners who could shake a threat over the men under them and make things mightily uncomfortable. In these days officers of campaign and heads of firms never thought of questioning such resolutions. "How can we expect results from our men unless they are satisfied with their subordinates?" they would say.

Some critics think that the big complicated company of today does too far and "cooies" its men and women, that the average employer takes advantage of the chances given him in definite shapes and to exploit. There is altogether too much explanation now, these critics say. They appear of former days, when the "old man," as a firm's head was always called, summoned some quaking employee into the private office and there discharged him.

The great steel corporations a few years ago instituted an elaborate system of cost-finding in order to ascertain whether they actually understood the science of employment. They objectively demonstrated to themselves that they and many other business concerns had made to learn, that employing today is very often carried on in haphazard fashion. In some cases the result of the investigations was most astonishing. It was discovered—and the facts hadered incredible until they came to be proved—that seemingly very competent, greatly trusted officials had no real knowledge how to employ. Again and again it was shown that they had hired men for the wrong work.

These men hired, and when they found that a man could not do what they had figured he should they indignantly branded him as " incompetent." The investigation put its finger on the real weakness. The trouble was not, primarily, with the man who had not "made good" and after a time were "fired" but with the people who had done the employing.

Since those investigations were made and the plan was adopted of giving the so-called " incompetent " a chance along other lines there have come to be far fewer discharges in the big steel companies. The " failures " have been reduced to a minimum. The theory now is that there should be practically no " failures." The old system, or, rather, lack of system, has been replaced by an intelligent and thoughtful effort to find the work for which each man is best suited. It is black and white in case there is one report made. It shows how in case after case men originally employed at one thing and shifted to another were able readily to earn an appreciably higher wage, whereas before through " incompetency " they were on the " ragged edge " of discharge. The men had not



William Jones was a failure

strived. They were the same. It was simply a case of knowing how to make use of human material. The big chiefs of the companies learned, to their amazement, that really valuable men, men that could be turned into money-makers, had been struggling along against hope over work they were quite sure to do.

In New York today are two rival concerns exactly alike. A man went with one five years ago. Within a year he was almost literally kicked out as being of no use. By luck he got a chance to fit in the organization of the other company. He went rapidly up the ladder there, and three years after the first concern had discharged him he was invited to come back to it at his own figure as to salary. It had been a matter of surprising him in the original instance. Some minor pretense who thought he "knew it all" had not sized up the man and had not realized his possibilities and his genius at certain things. The first company hate him now on their staff under contract and he is a treasure.

A prosperous American railroad has in its archives a story which shows how it is best to look before you leap when it comes to a question of " firing." This railroad had an employee in its general manager's office for whom no one could say a good word from a business point of view. He was very much of a candidate for dismissal, and in the ordinary concern there would have been no hope for him. But this general manager had in him the stuff of a real shrewdness of consequence. Before dismissing the man he first made careful inquiries to see if there was not some other department into which he could be made to fit. The rest of the story is in the words of the general manager, who found later on that he had divided reason to blame himself on the way he had looked about.

I realized that very many times a man does not

suspect the ways in which he is profited. This case interested me. I couldn't seem to find a hole to look anywhere else, but by asking many questions suddenly discovered that he had a facility for sending papers to our city ticket-office. He was no good at all in our department, but people took his advice and used our line. That gave me an inspiration. I arranged for him to turn his attention to that work. The outcome was simply inevitable. The man proved a marvel. He had been up to that moment a failure of failure. Within three weeks he had an offer from another line at a better salary.

" Here came in the science of business as it is at the present day. I think I can take credit for heading that case rightly, for the real building of a big man—for that he certainly eventually became—has to me with that offer. Without consulting myself I asked whether he intended to accept or not. " Yes," he answered decidedly. " I shall say no. You gave me a chance when I was about to be dismissed. When you treat me that way I have no hesitation about sending my future with you."

" He did not ask for an increase in salary, but there was only one thing to do. When he received his check at the end of the month, was for the same amount that the opposition line had offered him. Some after that something remarkable happened. The freight department demanded that he be transferred to that division. He was now beginning to divert in our line shippers that we had never been able to reach.

" And this was the man we had decided to ' fire ' because he was no good at all. Think of the mistake we had been in the verge of making, but somehow back!"

" The two departments kept on arguing over him—and I indicated that his salary should be still further raised. I anticipated that the opposition would be coming on our trail and I wanted to forestall our rivals. They came, but without effect. Maxima refused to leave me. He was by now doing wonders."

" Once an experiment was tried. The man we were going to ' fire ' was sent out into the country with the title of traveling freight and passenger agent. He stopped in conventions, gathered up church societies, and obtained a monopoly of parties and excursions. He rubbed up against men who shipped without regard to the line over which their goods were going, and received order orders.

" The only thing we were afraid of was a case of scolded back. Something like this is apt to occur at just such a stage. Through a friend I had a justifiable little fit thrown to him. It was to the effect that the opposition line predicted that within sixty days his head would be on a badly cut of shape that he would be discharged and land in the constantly growing scrap pile. It was estimated that there was a chance for promotion if he kept on as even level. It was as though a lash had been applied. He worked harder. I called him into consultation from time to time to test his judgment. I found, to my delight, that he had made a deep study of traffic. When the position of general freight and passenger agent was created he took the kick and, while strict, maintained the respect of all.

" When our traffic became so great that it was congested and our yards were hopelessly blocked, I consulted with him. He proposed a perfectly simple plan to open the blocks and keep the freight moving. Of course I received the credit for being able to select good men. When I became persuaded shortly after that the man who was pronounced incompetent at the outset followed in my footsteps and later became the managing director of the road.



Infantrymen prepared to defend the trenches



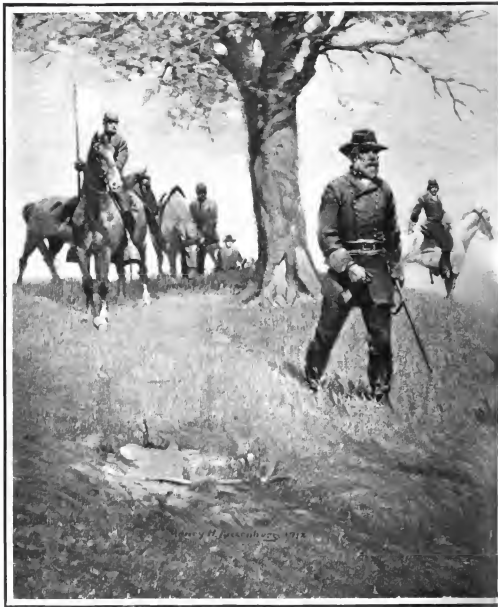
Soldiers washing clothes in a cholera camp



A patrol of Turkish cavalrymen rounding up stragglers

WITH THE TURKS AT TCHATALJA

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## ONE OF HISTORY'S

On April 6, 1865, a report was received by Longstreet that a break had been found in the lines of the Army of the Potomac through which the Army of Northern Virginia might pass. Colonel J. C. Haskell, who had a blooded mare that had been carefully led from Petersburg, volunteered his services. He and his men were not seen until the gallant rider had dashed by him. As Colonel Haskell pulled up, General Lee walked to meet him, exclaiming, "You have ruined me!"

DRAWN BY SIDNEY S. PRINGLE



## OST OPPORTUNITIES

This might force a passage. He called for a swift courier to carry the information to General Lee, who had passed outside the lines, under a flag of truce, for the mounted he was told to kill his mare if need be, but to bring her to General Lee. He rode like the wind. General Lee had dismounted beyond a turn of the road until mare! "Why did you do so?" The swift dispatch came too late, for General Lee's note to General Grant requesting an interview had gone beyond recall.











Jessie Bonstelle, in Elizabeth Jordan's "The Lady from Oklahoma," at the Forty-eighth Street Theater

PLAYS  
AND  
PLAYERS



Grace George, starring in a revival of "Divorcans," at the Playhouse



Jane Coul, in "Within the Law," at the Eltinge



A scene from "What Happened to Mary," at the Fulton. Olive Wyndham (center) as Mary



"A Man's Friends," at the Astor. Left to right: George Fawcett, Frederick Burton, Vincent Ferraro



Mabel McFarland, now appearing at the Colonial



The little lambs need exercise in abundance. We suggest the above



For the hen in wet weather



Your ducks will be healthier if they are allowed to bathe regularly



The family cow, if afforded the right exercise, can be induced to furnish a liberal supply of milk punch.

When the farm horse cannot be used out-of-doors provide some means of exercise for him indoors



Provide your hogs with amusement and see them laugh and grow fat

## SCIENCE ON THE FARM

DRAWN BY E W KEMBLE



# FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## Deceptive Lights Along the Business Shore

ALLOWANCES WHICH MUST BE MADE IN READING THE SIGNS GENERALLY TAKEN TO BE INDICATIVE OF THE COURSE OF BUSINESS

It is a long time since there has been so much talk of the "business shore" as at present, not only for scrupulous care in reading the "signals," but for a clear understanding as to how they ought to be read. To know that things and things, for example, generally indicate a "business shore" is not enough—it is perfectly possible for bank clearings to be increasing while the volume of business is actually falling off. To figure that an increase in railroad receipts uniformly show an increase in business is on the up-grade is another unsafe conclusion—there have been plenty of times in the past when earnings have increased while the tonnage actually being handled was on a declining scale. And so it is with the other lights along the business shore. Intelligently observed, they form the one sure way for the business man to lay his course. Observed without appreciation of their changing characteristics, they constitute an serious form of danger as a set of lights which a navigator thinks he recognizes, but in the vicinity of which he is mistaken.

But if increasing bank clearings and railroad earnings don't necessarily mean increasing business, why may rates be low while the real position is one of strain and all the other signs are false to mean just the opposite of which they usually mean, of what we call these so-called "business of business?"

It is not that the volume of business is actually increasing but that the volume of business is actually decreasing. It is not that the volume of business is actually increasing but that the volume of business is actually decreasing. It is not that the volume of business is actually increasing but that the volume of business is actually decreasing.

Take bank clearings, for instance. Ninety-five per cent of the country's business being done on checks, it might be thought that the volume of bank clearings passing through the clearing houses is an increase in the business which gives rise in the drawing of these checks. But this is not the case. It is not that the volume of business is actually increasing but that the volume of business is actually decreasing. It is not that the volume of business is actually increasing but that the volume of business is actually decreasing.

Another important thing to be noted is the fact that the volume of business is actually decreasing. It is not that the volume of business is actually increasing but that the volume of business is actually decreasing. It is not that the volume of business is actually increasing but that the volume of business is actually decreasing.

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## Science and the Burglar

Science, while aiding mankind in all manner of ways, is at the same time aiding the crookman to pursue his nefarious work with more weapons and appliances, and with less danger to himself, than ever before. The modern burglar now carries the cleanest outfit of cut-throat and window-breaking tools. He carries a few ounces of nitroglycerin, a cylinder or two of oxygen and acetylene, and a blowpipe. With these easily concealed tools he runs free his way through the toughest steel.

Nitro paper is the deadly enemy which the safe manufacturer is now trying, with the aid of science, to circumvent. Under the intense heat that it generates the strongest steel crumples up like paper. A rivet some two feet in diameter can be cut through the metal, even if an inch thick, in a few minutes.

A steel plate which a shell from a 4.5 gun fails to dent will melt in a few minutes to a few cubic feet of oxygen and acetylene gas in combustion. When the thermite process for welding iron was discovered, scientists used immediately tubes of this for the purpose of burning through plates of steel.

They have never been headed with care and an exact knowledge of the power of which they are capable. It is not for the wisdom of the burglar to test with nitro blowpipe or nitroglycerin. No Russian sets to work to acquire a scientific knowledge and skill of the kind that, if put to some legitimate use, might open up to him an honorable career.

Only recently a manufacturer, whose successful career was evidently limited by the law, fairly amazed expert scientists by the completeness of his library, which comprised a valuable collection of books in French and German written by scientists for prevention in technical societies, and a series of the most important works of the genre of the blowpipe or metals. He admitted that he had spent three years in this study, a laboratory very similar to his library was small and respect, but for completeness of equipment would have been found in a science school. In his laboratory he had made some improvements.

One wonders how the scientist discover new treasures faster than he must act to work to construct that force in the hands of the criminal. It is said that recent experiments have produced a steel that will even withstand the blast of the blowpipe.

## How to Grow Strong

It is not logical for a man to bring in the air lungs on two rings by his hands, according to George Diller, French naval lieutenant who has devoted himself to the study of physical culture. One cannot obtain physical strength which must be harmful because they do not respond in any way. For the same reason it is impossible to maintain and hold the arm in the air while holding the rest of the body motionless. The man who acts in this manner develops a habit which should be avoided by throwing something, by climbing or by being, and the legs should be exercised by running or swimming, because these essentially natural movements have a happy reaction on the whole organism. A better movement may be had in the case of the involution, when the subject is capable of ordinary exercise but whose arms are weak and nervous to become strong there is only one means of obtaining physical improvement, and only one of efficacious physical culture: that is to carry out such exercises as are suggested by nature upon the men of the forests and work in it in some manner. These are walking, running, leaping, climbing, lifting, jumping, boxing, fencing. All the activities of primitive life have a place in these eight natural exercises.

## The First "Pure Food" Labels

AMERICAN "pure-food labels" are issued in pursuance of an act of Congress dated June 30, 1906; the first "pure-food labels" appeared, were of a date somewhat later than 1906. They brought to light by the Harvard Pathologist, and thought to be the first instance on record of a government's look upon itself the lack of which its products were really what they were represented to be.

These early labels were found among specimens of ancient Hebrew writing in the city of Samara. They were employed at such an early date as to be deposited in the cabinet and they date the vineyard where the wine came. The wine was supposed to be pure and free from a government stamp on the oil

press the label reads "A Jar of Pure Oil," with the name of the district producing it. These records, now nearly five hundred years old, indicate that not only the king himself, but many other men, stored their wine and oils in this warehouse. This is indicated by the fact that in which the inscriptions were drawn up in the Phoenician, which was widely current in antiquity. It is quite different from the modern Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible are written.

## Nature's Freaks in Australia

The animals and plants of the world are divided into regions almost as clearly marked as the political boundaries of countries. The Australian region is perhaps the most clearly marked and the most peculiar of them all. Its indigenous inhabitants, both animals and plants, belong to a separate group of the world. Because the island continent of Australia, itself, with Tasmania, the Australian life-region includes New Guinea, the largest of all islands, 200,000 square miles in area, and the large islands stretching from New Guinea toward Java and New Caledonia, and the New Hebrides. At a remote spot this whole region was continuous land. At a period still more remote, in the primitive age of geology, only one part of the whole area was above the sea, that part of Australia which is on the side farthest from New Zealand; and this large southeastern island had already received the ancestors of its animal plants and animals, probably from southern Asia.

At the period when this southeastern island was first populated by mammals, man assumed one of the most important positions in animal life, namely, the production of the young, was still at a very early stage, and the very early manner of the old fashion of laying eggs, inherited from reptile ancestors, still remained, even though the young were fed with milk after they were hatched. In Australia there are still some of these primitive animals which lay eggs: the duck-billed platypus, or *Ornithorhynchus*, and the echidna, or porcupine anteater, which is almost equally primitive. But the great majority of the Australian mammals had already, even at the remote period we are considering, got on stage beyond the egg-laying and they were producing their young alive, though still hardly beyond the fetal stage, small, blind, unformed creatures which had to be suckled into a skin pouch on the abdomen of the mother, and kept there, while convenient sources of milk supply, till they got their proper growth, and were better able to feed for themselves. These pouch or marsupial animals are characteristic of Australia, though they have a few stragglers, like the opossum, in the New World. Most conspicuous among the Australian pouch animals are the kangaroos, the hoppers, of which there are also species of large size, and forty smaller species, as well as a enormous tree-shaking kangaroo, in New Guinea. The largest, the great red kangaroo, stands five feet high and weighs as much as a man.

## To Outwit Oily Thieves

There was when the horse-couper was the perfect personification of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain; but in these days of motorized some garage-hoppers are up to more devious ways of tripping the unwary than any horse-couper ever dreamed. Most garage-hoppers are honest, but retain one or two bad habits, for example, the habit of shifting their lubricating oil at the highest price and under the same old best makers—though they say the oil in bulk. They have a saying that it's a poor helper who can't draw from the same barrel any oil that is desired. The intelligent motorist can easily guard against these thieving oil men, by doing in its original package—sealed and in safe. But he must insist and he must be sure that the seal is intact.

## Joss-Sticks

Joss-sticks, which are almost as familiar a sight to us as they are to Orientals, are made in vast quantities by the Chinese in the East. They consist of bamboo rolled in steam, in different odoriferous drugs, two of which are especially useful to protect the teeth against the decay which is caused by acid and sugar, which causes them to decay steadily without being periodically esthetic.



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Drawn by Alfred Jacob Drerup

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

1908



UNEASY HEADS

(Continued from page 2)

the court that you find those whom you cannot trust.

King Nikola of Montenegro has two amusements—writing poetry and playing poker. He is as keen on the game that he has been known to play on the top of a hill full view of the battle-field, with a military band going down in his ears. But he runs tight, too, and has taken his shot at the Turk more than once during the war. His great characteristic is a disposition. He only gave his country a constitution because he found his own family elope getting too powerful. He has got his opposition in the Parliament down to six for the simple method of imprisonment. There have been several plots against his life, but he always managed to nip them in the bud, put the ministers who were supposed to be involved into chains and kept them there. Several influential men, including the country's own liberal Prime Minister, the baroness Radovitch, have been in that uncomfortable state for eight or ten years. And yet King Nikola will bring the tears to your eyes with his eloquence, when he gets into Austria, Hungary, and Mr. Paulinich's perpetual stringing up of discomfited. "The trouble is," he once said to me, "is that I really do not know what my subjects who go to Belgrade to study come back with radical ideas for which my country is not yet ripe. There are some who are just ignorant, but because my son-in-law, King Peter, hopes to reign here. But he is wasting his time. I can save him."

This is King Nikola's vice. American ideas have got in, too. His American Minister came back from America to fight for Serbia, and are spreading republican ideas in the camp and tavern. If Serbia goes to Albania, it will be a bad look-out for the old King's dynasty for his subjects have an idea that his plaudits with Austria will save account for his loss. The old man loves money. He begs from all his rich neighbors, Austria, Russia, and Italy give his large family. He said they are for the development of Montenegro, many Montenegrins doubt it and believe it to be the royal family. He credited with having several million francs invested in America. He has two children to provide for in the royal family. His greatest hobby is money. M. Kokotoff, Russian Premier, beyond words. There is generally a promise of arms between them, when Nikola visits St. Petersburg, but last time Kokotoff was not. As usual, King Nikola proposed after-dinner sport-rapping, and the Tsar asked King Nikola to play the ghost of Alexander the Third. There was a long conversation, and the ghost finished by saying that Nikola ought to have 100,000 rubles (\$200,000) from the Imperial purse. Next morning, the Tsar, a confirmed sportsman, told Kokotoff, who is an esprit, but knows King Nikola's weakness. "When was this, Sir?" he asked.

"At about ten o'clock," replied the Tsar.  
"No I supposed," said the wily Kokotoff, "I was having a drink, and I will play the ghost of His Imperial Majesty, Alexander the Third, at two o'clock. He told me that he had wanted to get into conversation with Your Majesty, or with me, because he had thought over the matter of King Nikola and come to the conclusion that Montenegro was costing too much, and 600 rubles would be quite enough for this." And six thousand was all that King Nikola asked for that trip.  
One thought that politicians are not all others as I observe the Italian courts in the connection that the idea of the Italian monarchs are nearly over. Even Bonaparte, with their aristocracy, speak more of a republic. The germ of republicanism seems to have got into the air. It will be interesting to see how far it will spread.

DRAMATIZING THE PRESENT

(Continued from page 15)

parts that commands the eye, mood, and state, the sun, and sky to speak.  
So much that the idea of a revolutionary has been said about the lighting of my production that I have always been desirous to recognize to devote my utmost efforts to that direction. If the success of my light effects were a matter of national interest, they would be adaptable to any theater, but they are not. There are always distinguished people, who can read the article benefit of an entire picture, that the idea of the artist and the original painting still retains its identity. In a lower degree, the lighter scene seems to be developed in a new and original picture, which retains its identity even if I have painted it. My process of producing light effects bears the



Clag Pear

WAITER: "And how did you find the steak, sir?"  
CUSTOMER: "Oh, quite simple. I lifted up the potato, and there it was."



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same relation to the stage that the painter does to his canvas. Where the painter has his work in front of him, however, the theatrical producer is obliged to rely upon his memory. I have often sat in an orchestra seat, and witnessed, and painted myself some of my best scenes, and on an actual one. I have directed the distribution of lights on the canvas as a painter manipulates a color. I have directed, by lengthening them, till the effect was complete. It was all done at one sitting for the first time, but I could never repeat that picture. Once I have directed the lighting of a scene, sometimes I sit almost blind, there are no changes but the production completed, it is but the inspiration of a few hours makes a

To return to the question of the spectator in his relation to the theater. There is no such track in the supernatural as there is in the actual, but it may be more difficult to visualize. I am inclined to believe that the expression of supernatural truth is, in itself, a supernatural message to the artist, and I say this from the logic of experience.

"The Return of Peter Grimm," for instance, was a play that grew out of supernatural causes. I was told over and over again, that I could not sustain the ghostly light situation on the stage, which is the traditional green light and was white stage lights. I had to violate stage tradition almost to ignore my knowledge of the theater, that I met another way for a new and suited stage effect. To tell the story of this play, to convey the supernatural suggestion without obvious staginess, I selected the month of April for the episode, the rainy month of the year, when the air is full of whistling and murmurs. This for effect, of course, but chiefly to emphasize the truth of supernatural influence.

"The Case of Bevy," the play which Mr. William T. Locks brought in to me one night, was written around a theme I had suggested of a dead personality in one being. In the past we had seen "Zerkyl and Hyde," but in "The Case of Bevy" there is shown something between the power of ideas and experience to help. No green lights, no dark stage, no horrible stage contrivances in accomplishing the physical change. It is done as we see it done today in life; as it frequently happens in the full force of a light stage.  
"The Return of Peter Grimm" is a play that has touched the edge of the rainbow, a forecast of the wonderful possibilities in the new dramatic medium, which lies in the unexplored field of supernatural influence.

"The Case of Bevy" is a play that I believe points the way toward the realization of the future—toward a realization that conveys a message to those who think, but also those who do not think.

Roman Roads in England

There has been revived by British motorists a certain degree of interest in the project to reopen and put in use certain of the Roman roads that lead out from London to other cities. The ancient highways, built by the Roman government for military purposes, were well constructed and had an excellent drainage system, but they have in many instances been practically abandoned.

Very few people in the country are aware of the great network of highways which was drawn across England, Wales, and Scotland by the Roman government. The straightness of these roads is explained by the fact that the stone and brick which were loaded subsequent to the road-making were used for the construction of military purposes—the substitution and control of the traffic. These naturally had their importance in many instances where the conquerors withdrew, and their very sites are forgotten.

Odd Ways of Fishing

It is said that at one time the Islanders taught some boys to jump into the sea and catch mako. In China fish are equally well for a signal they dive into the lake and bring up large fish grasped in their bills. In Greece the fishermen use branches of pine stuck in a pit and lighted; the inhabitants of Athens used Cyprus-leaved oaks, which they stuck in a hole, and in Italy the fishermen fish in the deep with the improved bamboo placed in a manner to resist the force of the moon upon the water. These methods of fishing are not new. The fisherman in a large net and seldom fail to draw out considerable quantities. Another method is used for a similar manner.



# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

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## President Wilson on Capitol Hill

"Nothing does so much honor to a man newly risen to eminence as to make new regulations devised by himself. If these, when once established, show that they have grandeur in them, then they will render the man an object of respect and admiration."—NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

IF THOMAS BURNETT MACAULAY had been alive and well and in Washington on April the 8th, as he used to mark time, we should have had a fitting portrayal of the memorable event which signified the entire new freedom of a pretty new President. Be-fitting sermons-at-arms would have stalked glumly about great miles of the plains would have stalked in from the headwaters of the noble Missouri, anti-slavery and anti-slavery would have appeared resplendent in gilt and lace, bright eyes would have blinked at the unaccustomed splendor (with a sh), and more than one lady would have been carried out in a fit. But Mr. MACAULAY's calculation that the Republic would die before he had having gone wrong, we are compelled, as usual, to turn to our neighbor the Sun, for a preliminary sufficiently vivid to satisfy a natural craving for details.

Be it understood that April the 8th was the day on which the speech-making spirit of JOHN ADAMS was what the present able Secretary of the Navy would call incarnated. President WILSON had served due notice upon Congress that he had accepted the President to address the House on the opening of the session instead of sending the address by messenger and letting the clerk read it personally. I thought that the dignified and natural thing was to read it. It is a precedent which, it is true, has been discontinued a long time, but which is a very respectable precedent. He also hinted through Secretary TOLSON, who is becoming a sort of Loon, that he meant no reflection upon THOMAS JEFFERSON, who had to do originally with the discontinuance aforesaid.

Nevertheless, as the painstaking Mr. MACAULAY would have taken note, the information aroused widespread interest in the minds of living statesmen. In point of fact, on the day preceding the event mentioned hitherto, three Senators, unlike in temperament, disposition, and physical appearance as can be easily imagined, although each of the Roman type, rose in their places and spoke their minds. The first to make deliverance was our old friend Historicus of Massachusetts, who now finds so little of interest in the present that he is writing and printing chapters of what Mr. ROBERTS would designate as possible reminiscences.

"It is well known to all here," said Senator LOON, with far greater confidence than we should have felt, "that under the administration of WASHINGTON and ADAMS it was the practice for the President to come either to the hall of the Senate or to the hall of the House of Representatives and deliver his message in person." The custom, he continued, with historical accuracy, had been borrowed from England, where kings and queens were wont to open Parliament in person if they were so constituted around. But the Jeffersonians disapproved of all such non-parliamentary proceedings, and said Senator LOON:

When Mr. JEFFERSON was elected he altered this custom over for all, and we have always adhered to the Jeffersonian change. I suppose Mr. JEFFERSON's

meat have had, possibly, the feeling in regard to it that was expressed by his followers; and I think he was not, as a rule, much given to speech-making. At all events, he addressed a letter to the President of the Senate on the 8th of December, 1801.

What the Senator meant to say was that Mr. JEFFERSON thought he was altering the custom "ever for all." The fact of course, is that it remained unchanged only 112 short years. Mr. JEFFERSON had not foreseen a politically liberal development with a strong Hamiltonian strain. But that is neither there nor here. The letter addressed to the President of the Senate by the original THOMAS, who, by the way, was so proud of his given name that he never dropped it for a minute, reads this way:

Sir,—The circumstances under which we find ourselves in this case present the most favorable prospect of making by personal address the first communication between the legislative and executive branches of the government, by message, as used on all subsequent occasions throughout the session.

To convince that I have had principal regard to the convenience of the Legislature in the economy of their time, to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers on subjects not fully before them, and to the benefit thence resulting to the public affairs.

Trusting that a procedure founded in these motives will meet their approbation, I beg through you, to communicate the enclosed message with the documents accompanying it to the Honorable the Senate, and pray you accept for yourself and them the homage of my high regard and consideration.

To Dr. HUSS Mr. JEFFERSON merely remarked, "By sending a message, instead of making a speech, I have prevented the bloody conflict to which the making of an answer would have committed them." So they were able to "see into real business" without losing several days "combating an answer."

But we are forgetting Senator LOON, who proceeded in this wise:

I do not know, Mr. President, whether it is the plan of this session to continue the very dignified Federalist procedure to outline it, and make an address in reply to the personally delivered message. It seems to me it would be very appropriate to do so. But Mr. JEFFERSON's change was accepted by the majority and has been followed from that time to this. I do not recall at this moment but see no wise comment after it had once gone into effect; and that, certainly enough, proceeded from JOHN RANKIN, who stated on one occasion that he thought it very unfortunate that the old plan of the President reading and delivering his message in person had been discontinued, because he said the consideration of the message and the delivery of the address were two things which opportunity to review what had been done, to compare and criticize the message, and it seemed to him that it was a great pity to be given up.

We record with pain a suspicion that the distinguished Senator's procedure is not as good as it used to be. Our own is very distinct to the effect that a far broader statesman than the provincial JOHN RANKIN, of Bonhomie, found occasion to make "advance comment" upon JEFFERSON's act. We can, indeed, recall his very words, to wit:

JEFFERSON killed this single occasion, and substituted the written message, the written message, and read by a clerk in the midst of talk and bustle, which is the form we have today. JEFFERSON's act was not only a great loss to the cause of liberty, and also because he was never to public speaking. From the latter point of view it is

reasonable enough, but the ostensible cause was that he was not, as the story of the French nation by which it is the President, as it is well for the head of the state to meet here in face the representatives of the same people who elected him.

We are quoting from memory, but the Senator can easily determine whether our recollection is as good as his by turning to page 79 of the second volume of the *Life of George Washington*, by HENRY CANTON LORER.

We have to admit it, but the truth is that we could not detect the point in the Senator's speech and, as usual, had to go to Boston for it. They here made a study of him there and understood him, as witness the following from the Boston Herald:

I incline to think that Senator LOON's historic criticism of the President, reading his message in Congress were chiefly intended to play with the Democrats. Their great apostle and prototype, THOMAS JEFFERSON, had abandoned the idea, and Mr. LOON failed to call attention to the prospect of the new freedom in the act of returning to discarded Federalism. The Hon. State Senator also had some sport in his emphasis on the importance of an address to the President in reply, as in keeping with the precedents of the old order. He knew there was no reply to be made, and nothing that could be said. But it was all very clever. People make a great mistake who think LOON acting in humor.

It is a guarded utterance, but that is their way. They never lose vulgarly of thinking in Boston; they merely admit an inclination in that direction. But we surmise that the divination is correct and we cheerfully attribute our own stupidity to the fact that we are of the very people who have made the great mistake referred to.

In the temporary absence of Mrs. MARTIN W. LITTLETON Senator JOHN NAYLOR WILLIAMS spoke as the second representative of the immortal JEFFERSON. He regretted exceedingly that the President had resolved upon a procedure which involved a revival of "the cheap and tawdry and tinsel imitation of British methods." It was not, in his judgment, without reason that every President had followed Mr. JEFFERSON's example and he hoped they would not imitate the "pompousness" and "evangelicalism" which he considered "out of keeping with the American spirit and American institutions." Apparently the Senator thought the President was going to prance up the steps of the Capitol, but in any case he would not oppose the resolution, because it would be discourteous to do so although he said not but only the Senator from Massachusetts his happiness over the fact that the infraction of the time-honored tradition came from a nominally Democratic source. The sadness of Senator WILLIAMS evoked the sympathy of all present, but it was evident that he spoke rather in sorrow than in anger.

Senator NAYLOR also advanced a few trite observations, but he was originally a Clark man, so no attention need be paid to what he said.

They took the matter less seriously in the House of Representatives, where, according to the papers, "when the committee reported that Mr. WILSON would appear before Congress in person there were shouts of laughter."

Such preliminaries. We now revert for a moment to the Nation's account of the actual happening. It was "a scene of unusual interest" because "there were twice as many holders" as usual, and "statesmen's wives stood upon one another's

form with good-natured awkwardness." In fact, the wife of the Vice-President "was turned away by the doorknocker," one of whom, apparently thinking it was none sort of game, curtly announced "a full house." Finally, however, a suitable place was found.

The British and French ambassadors and their consorts arrived early, but Mr. JOHN BURNETT was a little late and it looked for a time as if the ceremony would have to be postponed. A sign of relief went up from Speaker's nostrils when the Director General of the Western Hemisphere finally appeared leaning upon the arm of Mr. DUNAY FIELD MALCOLM, who also is soon to become a third assistant public servant.

The Speaker himself was repudiated in "his black coat and a white waistcoat," brilliantly supplemented with "a rich purple" and "a big white cravat" in his buttonhole on the left. Later the *EMERALD* was immaculate, as yet, in long, cut, creamed trousers, and his Moses Live smile. The others looked about as usual.

The Senators came in, like the animals on their way to the ark "two by two," the Vice-President leading with a slight limp occasioned by his previous endeavors to master the brutal game of golf. Both SENATOR WILLIAMS and SENATOR MARTIN's countenances were somewhat wet, although the latter was illumined by his own consciousness of proprietorship. Senator ELLIOT BART also smiled. The President was "warmly applauded." When he had "smiled and bowed his acknowledgments" and "stepped briskly up the dais," it was observed that he had discarded the pepper-and-salt suit in which he had received the Supreme Court, and "was attired in a frock coat with dark-green trousers of modest stripe." He spoke, "in a strong, clear voice," these words:

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President, gentlemen of the Congress. I am very glad to stand in the presence of addressing the two Houses directly, and thereby verifying for myself the impression that the President of the United States is a person and not a mere department of the government having Congress from some isolated island of jealous authority, sending messages instead of speaking in their presence; in short, that he is a human being trying to cooperate with other human beings in a common life.

Hereafter, after enjoying this pleasure and privilege, I shall feel absolutely normal in all our dealings with one another.

He then advised Congress to reduce the tariff and the tariff reform commission. When he finished there was much applause, led by Secretary TRACY, who was present in his personal capacity as a private citizen of Jersey City. "In exactly thirty-seven minutes after his departure on this seventy-third morning journey," the *Sax* concludes: "President Wilson descended from his automobile in front of the White House," "graciously to the relief of Assistant-President Hoot," who had been watching anxiously from a sequestered nook in the upper story.

It was a very pretty performance all through, and nobody has found any fault except our hypercritical neighbor, the *Times*, which says that the innovation was "a lead to unfortunate results" in the form of hoisting, which "would certainly be deplorable." But there is nothing in that. Members of Congress are not only invariably polite, but they are also well aware, as Mr. DUNAY now remarked, that they get their real message when they go to the White House to inquire about the business. Another is the point in the *Times's* little insinuation, that the President's underlying purpose was to "air his vanity." He told plainly enough in the words quoted above why he went in person. He was sick of living like Robinson Crusoe on an island, and he wanted to show that he was really a human being in his "other human being," "hereafter, after enjoying his pleasure and privilege," he would cease to feel abnormal. Nobody but the *Times*, or perhaps the *Evening Post*, would think of criticizing an act so wholly natural and unassisted.

We are proud and pleased to be able to record the fact that our other public journal has unimpairedly seen the happy day, and that it might lead to our the honorarium of the new administration.

#### Not a Whisk

When President WILSON goes over to the Capitol to read his message to Congress, it is not a mere whisk.

It is an action with thirty years of thought behind it.

It is not an act of desperation nor of abandonment, but an experiment, duly considered to facilitate government.

Perhaps that is why Mr. WILSON'S innovation seems to have been so successful. He is not an impatient rider of stunts or of methods or of theories, but a thoughtful man. Just what important actions have deep foundations.

Unluckily, in this instance, his purpose was to rivet public attention upon tariff legislation and, incidentally, to emphasize his own leadership.

#### Taking Authority at Its Source

The President had no good time on April the 8th that on April the 9th he again roved over from his island of jealous authority and made another visit to Capitol Hill. This time he went to confer with the Democratic members of the Finance Committee of the Senate, who had been summoned previously from their duties in the Chamber, about the tariff. Just what happened has not found its way into the public prints, but the President went so far as to remark laughingly to the correspondents, when he emerged from the marble room, that there was really no "crisis," and that in the end harmony would prevail or he would know the reason why. Something was also said of "the tariff," which was not to be. It was a mere visit of courtesy—in fact, the return of a call, deemed advisable to effect two cooperation, a sort of drawing together, so to speak, in the service of the people. The Senators themselves were obviously touched by the attention, and everybody else seemed at least pleased.

It was a situation when we found our accustomed neighbor, the *World*, guide-vice-chief of the administration, breaking into double leads over the incident. "We cannot believe," it said, finally, "that President WILSON was well advised,—whom does the *World* suspect?—in visiting the Capitol." Not that there is any objection to "the visit of a man of such an obvious plan of an insidious form of Executive intimidation." All that, of course, is absurd. What the *World* is concerned about is "the prestige of the Presidency itself." It continued, with undisguised anxiety:

The President of the United States cannot afford to take the chance of being publicly faulted by the Chamber of Deputies. The commission which he took the chance of leaving his leadership publicly rebuked as private meddling. But this is what he does every day in the Capitol for conferences with members of Congress.

At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue there is a little talk with commission. When he is notified by the secretary law of Washington the President may see whether he wishes to see. The Senator or member of Congress is to be summoned to the White House, or let himself be deficient in the ordinary routine of official life. It is impossible for the President to be involved in the White House. Congressional efforts may agree with him, or disagree with him, but in a line that none of them may come without, in a sense, embracing himself privately.

It is quite a different matter when the President goes to the Capitol as an advocate of legislation. Then he is an express presence in the Chamber of the situation.

It is proper enough for the President to read his messages if he prefers, but in the matter of consulting with Congressmen it is wiser to follow the better part of tradition. It is far safer to assume, the President, who is to be sure to carry the White House to the Capitol.

Highly as we esteem the *World's* marked ability when it engages in demonstration of its independence and fidelity to principle, we cannot even pretend to get excited over this. In truth, there is an question of principle involved at all. It is not a matter of policy or of method. It is a matter of principle. The *World* thinks he can do better more quickly by going up the hill and removing some of the blinders that Mr. MALCOLM found Senator WILSON wearing, there is no good reason why he shouldn't do so. At the worst, like a certain famous gentleman of France, he can always go down stairs—"in a hurry," he did the other day—unfired and in good order.

Time and experience invariably straighten out little matters of this kind. We, too, have our doubts of the efficacy of the President's plan because, as a continuous performance, it seems to lack sense. A President embodies an entire department in himself. It is paid ten times as much as a Senator, and presumably his time is worth more than ten times as much; he has a great deal to do, and occasionally needs to step and think; he also has to eat and sleep and converse with disinterested strangers who spare the thought of seeking office. Incidentally, therefore, as the *World* says, he would do well to let Congressmen walk on the outside of his White House. It is, practically, however, the way it will work out eventually. Despite his feeling of need to spare that he is "the other human being," Mr. WILSON'S liking of novel ways is sufficiently obvious, and he

is entitled to his flag. It won't last. He will have to go to the Capitol once or twice more to prove that he was right, but as soon as his presence and the presence of his flag in the Chamber of Congressmen go on attending to their own business and pay no attention to his comings and goings, he will go back where he belongs and stay there.

The *World* won't lose sleep. A century-old precedent is far stronger than a month-old President. The *World* is a long-suffering old man, who inured entirely well, he remains on the little old island which lies between the Departments of JOSEPHUS DANIELS and JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS.

#### The Underdog Tariff Bill

HARPER'S WEEKLY appears to treat the UNDERWING tariff bill precisely as it has treated other tariff bills—that is to say, on its merits as we see them. For many years an advocate of the low-tariff policy, we naturally welcome the introduction of a low-tariff bill with good prospects of passage. We sincerely trust this bill will pass in the form currently with that policy; and that the country will adhere to the policy, as it did from 1848 to the Civil War. But it is so part of our advocacy of our faith to deal disingenuously with any specific measure.

Moreover, anything said now about the Underwing bill will be said too late. At the present writing, though already before the House nominally, it is in fact still subject to amendments by the House Democratic caucus. We must add, to be candid, that we do not prefer to have matters treated already the immense detail of the measure.

Nevertheless, a just judgment of it must rest on the way it deals with the great mass of articles subject to tariff taxation, not merely on its treatment of the particular commodities—sugar and wool, for instance—which as subjects of lively controversy are naturally singled out by the newspapers. The great enterprise of Mr. UNDERWOOD and his associates should be taken as a whole.

Taking it that way, and confining our acquaintance with it to be still imperfect, we nevertheless feel justified in saying this much about it: It is a thoroughly honest effort to carry out the low-tariff, non-protective policy. It is a substantial, even radical, downward revision of existing schedules and will, if it passed substantially as it stands, be the first step of the long-needed theory of tariffs applied with intelligence to present conditions.

It is both a revenue tariff and a competitive tariff. It does not for a moment lose sight of the principle that the tariff is a tax to raise money, yet it steadily keeps in mind the actual status of productive industries in this country and abroad. The two aims are consistent. The bill offers our producers all the help to be derived from the cheapening or even the making free of what they need in their several lines of production, but resolutely denies them immunity from competition. What it puts on the free list is not one which non-protective of its inventor's purpose than its taking from the face that a number of articles, mainly luxuries, for the revenue they will yield.

It adheres to the principle of taxing luxuries heavily and taxing necessities as lightly as the equivalents of revenue permit; but in our judgment it is better in having the tobacco and liquor taxes practically unchanged, without the revenue-making possibilities of those excises. This, however, is a matter to be considered only in connection with internal-revenue legislation.

It is right and consistent in endeavoring to reduce the cost of living to the mass of Americans, and the masses in business, in that it remains persistent in the fact that adherence to this purpose permits a demagogue appeal by its opponents to the farmers of the country. We trust, however, that the mass of American farmers are quite intelligent enough to see that they gain more from the removal of really and highly protective duties on the things they buy than from the removal of illusory protection on the things they sell.

We think, therefore, that as to the great mass of commodities and industries it deals with, the bill is honest, thoroughgoing, intelligent; that it is truly Democratic and deserves the support of every Democrat and of every independent opponent of the high-protection form of privilege.

#### The Politics of It

So much for the foundation work of Mr. UNDERWOOD and his fellows. They have done as well as WILSON and his fellows could do in twenty years, and that is no mean feat. They have a far better prospect of seeing their work carried on to fulfillment and practical effects. But the prospect is not unclouded.

True, they can look to a party still apparently united to support them; there has been no preliminary quarrel over another matter, as there was in 1883. They have the aid of a President successful, brilliant, persuasive, who possesses the prestige of the traditional new leaders and is naturally alive to the supreme importance of enacting his own and his party's pledges into law.

The difficulty and danger is where it has always been in the Senate, now controlled by a scant and increasing Democratic majority. The situation there is unusual and nobody can yet say with any assurance what will come of it. The Republicans, in a will, of course, co-operate in any plan to defeat or emasculate the bill. The Progressives and Progressive Republicans would support a less thoroughgoing revision downward and probably favor certain parts of the bill as it stands, but doubtless only one or two of them at most would vote for it as a whole without substantial alteration. But the chief uncertainty is as to the final attitude of a very few Senators elected as Democrats who are either protectionists at heart or subject to immense pressure from protected interests in their several states. These men, as it happens, are most disturbed by the prospect of free wool immediately and of free sugar after three years of reduced sugar duties.

It is a situation to be handled both with delicacy and with courage, with tact and reasonableness to avoid a rupture if it can be avoided without sacrifice of principle, yet to be faced bravely if principle and honor cannot be maintained otherwise. For our part we are ready to support the movement consistent with principle and honor to be attained and we are extremely hopeful. We do not expect the UNCLE TOM'S bill to go the way of the WILSON bill.

#### Gloverville Is Alarmed

As we go to press, Gloverville is panicking in the afternoon, with all places of business closed, and holding mass-meetings in remonstrance at the UNCLE TOM'S bill reduction in the tariff on gloves. Gloverville announces that adoption of the UNCLE TOM'S bill will mean the end of the city. So long as the Hon. LEVIN S. BRAYTON and his Congressional friends on the other side have made the tariff, all went well and there was no need of these demonstrations. But if Gloverville is entirely dependent on the will of Congress for existence it is in a bad case and ought to vary its industries, no matter what the tariff is. But it is really ready to confess that it has submitted all these years to a parasite on the taxpayer, and that the withdrawal of even a part of the people's housework will ruin it!

That must be a very startling confession for any community to make, either privately or by a parade and five mass-meetings.

#### And There Are Others

Gloverville is not the only mourner. We don't know how many more there are, but Mr. UNCLE TOM'S is doubtless in the process of learning, and report sets the volume of wail by telegraph is very heavy. Flood-razed Louisiana lifts a voice deeply distressed by the prospect of free sugar. Everybody has a finger on the taxpayer's industry, and that the withdrawal of even a part of the people's housework will ruin it!

#### Mr. Marshall at the Bat

We may as well confess that the JEFFERSONS birthday dinner given by the National Democratic Club in this city was only about half as many guests as usual attended, and those who were there were almost all optees. Even the customary toast to the President of the United States was omitted, and there was a good deal of silence when Mr. MARSHALL expressed his personal belief that Mr. WILSON is the authorized representative of the Administration.

It is hard to deny why this was so. One would have expected much enthusiasm at a Democratic dinner when the Democrats hold full power in nation, state, and city, but there was nothing like as much as there used to be when they held no office worth mentioning; in fact, there was practically none at all.

MARSHALL, of course, didn't help much when he gave what the World calls "a magnificent toast to Jeffersonian doctrine and 'hell up to

wealth the terms of confederation as constitutionally possible through the taxing power." The idea is strongly imbedded hereabouts that, when Mr. JEFFERSON drew the Fifth Amendment guaranteeing that no officer shall be deprived of his property without "due process of law," and that no private property shall be taken for public uses without "just compensation," he meant what his words seem to convey.

It was a sly, swashbuckling speech and, as the World remarks, "wholly uncalculated for by the times and the occasion."

#### Wayne Mac Veagh

Eighty years ago to-day the stork brought WAYNE MAC VEAGH to the great Republic which he has served so well as public officer and as private citizen, and which he still loves so dearly as anybody we know. We respectfully tender our most cordial felicitations and good wishes.

#### Hon. Mr. Cockran is in Massachusetts

It is remarked, under very large headlines in the Boston Journal of April 12th, as follows:

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, April 11th.—In a great speech here tonight, BUCKNER CUCKRAN declared the UNCLE TOM'S bill was another important provision designed for the purpose of protecting the special interests. He charged President Wilson with vague generalities in his recent tariff message—generalities which, he said, were purposeful and intentional in their closing of ideas.

Why, the dear man, is he so it again! One is almost inclined to wonder what he said, but that would hardly be fair, for of course he does not speak to be read, but to be heard.

But what took our BUCKER off to Massachusetts to denounce us Democrats, root and branch!

It seems that a candidate named NORMAN H. WHITE is running for Congress as the Bull Moose champion in the South Framingham district, and that he is being made to give him a good send-off. Recent candidate HUN is on the stump again for him, and somebody else has turned the spirit of our good BUCKER'S eloquence in the same behalf.

Wonderful man! Wonderful sentiments! Wonderful party!

#### The Michigan Election

Michigan is something of a straw—quite big enough to serve as well as any other straw to show which way the wind is blowing. We ourselves did not attach too much importance to the national election mentioned last week as indicating whether or not the Bull Moose party, as a party, had gained a footing in the country, but Michigan is too big not to be really significant.

And the change there is too striking. Last November the state gave ROOSEVELT his biggest victory. Now the BURNETT party is a bad thing in the Republican and the Democratic parties.

For the life of us we can draw but one inference. It is that the Bull Moose strength of last autumn was not Bull Moose strength at all, not at all the expression of a fall and permanent commitment to a new party, but something else.

We do not pretend that our answer is more than guesswork, but we should say that the great showing made by the new party last autumn was due mainly to two things—ROOSEVELT'S personal popularity and indignation with the Republican party. Perhaps we ought to add a third cause—the example of revolution in the States; but that is the clearest; but that is hardly worth considering in any reasoning that looks to the future—save the immediate future.

The immediate future is quite worth considering. The Democrats are engaged in passing a tariff bill; they indicate a purpose to deal strongly with the country with other matters not less important. They are considerably manly and we sincerely trust they will use their power so wisely and conscientiously as to strengthen themselves even in their first appeal to the country. But there is an objection that such success as that is extremely rare in the history of parties, either in this country or in England. Ordinarily the strong and best administered are the most successful, and have favored reactions of public opinion, and have suffered reverses, the first time they went to the country.

If there is such a reaction in 1914, which of the two opposition parties seems most likely to profit by it? The one that does will be the one that is likely to survive. The few indications in the public mind that we have had since November are distinctly favorable to the view that the

Republicans rather than the so-called Progressives are likely to be the real opponents of the Democrats in the 1914 elections. ROOSEVELT'S personality remains, however, an important factor in the situation, much as HAZARD and his party have long been in this state. Of course, too, it is possible that the few signs we have are misleading.

#### Boiled Down

The abundant and wholesome siring of the ambassador question seems to yield two conclusions.

One is that we should pay our ambassadors living wages and provide them with great nations, after the manner of other great nations.

The other is that rich ambassadors ought not to embarrass others who are not rich, and at the same time put this country in a false and unfavorable light before the world, by a too lavish use of their wealth.

Put still more succinctly, parsimony and extravagance are the two things to get rid of.

Both amendments of our practice are quite attainable if both Congress and the Executive will do their duty.

#### Ambassador to London

MR. WALTER H. POSE has spent most of his adult life trying to make himself interesting, through various publications, to the public. He has worked long and hard at this employment—as well as a one as there is—and it is generally admitted that he has succeeded in it.

He is a very interesting man indeed; knows a lot, and is practiced in imparting it. Moreover, he is conspicuously a modern person, whose thoughts have been busy with the problems of this generation, and who knows the facts behind those problems—intimately and accurately as few people know them here in this country.

We do not think that our cousin in England will like Mr. POSE and find his presence in London beneficial to their spirit and understandings. And of course, since he is a friendly and very social man, he will like them and have due enjoyment of life in their society.

#### Taking Notice of Our Governor

Our neighbor the Springfield Republican, which looks over often in a friendly way to observe what is going on across the Hudson, has this to say about the people's foremost representative at Albany:

The strength of Governor SELTZER of New York is not so much in his political record as in the period in which his constructive ability and his staying power are to be tested relentlessly, and in which pitiless nature was so largely able to meet the requirements even of the daily news. For a time it seemed that those who had heard their estimates of SELTZER upon the strong suggestion of his friends, and the support of his own performance, might have misjudged their man and failed to appreciate his real ability. Their view today seems low and of the mark, that it did when Governor SELTZER took office. But the record is far from being all in.

Yes, the record is far from being all in, and so is the Governor. But the feeling about him is about as the Republican says. Governors were to be less anxious if it were not that his pneumatic quality exposes him to constant risk of puncture.

#### Just

We record with pain that the Los Angeles Municipal Area, in which Mr. HIND, of Massachusetts, lately pointed in a letter to the WEEKLY as an example of a fair and truthful newspaper, has died.

Its trouble, as disclosed, was not that it was too good to live, but that it was too expensive. After thirty-two weekly appearances its upright labors were discontinued because—so we read—it cost \$26,000 a year and yielded no revenue.

But that is not the only case in which a sacrifice is the cause of truth that there must have been some other reason for stopping this honest paper.

Can it be that nobody read it?

We suspect that that was the real trouble.

#### The Answer

The laying of an income tax has been approved by the Independent, and we cannot see how the desired \$100,000,000 or \$100,000,000 can be raised by a tax of one per cent on the income of the country, even if the rate be graduated upward by much larger incomes.—The Independent.

It can't. According to the Treasury estimates, 1 per cent on incomes from \$4,000 to \$10,000,000 would produce \$21,520,000, and a two per cent on incomes exceeding \$10,000 would yield \$105,000,000—total of only \$126,520,000, or nearly \$100,000,000 less than is now derived from the income tax alone.

## HARPER &amp; BROTHERS

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LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.  
George Henry, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.  
Frederick A. Deane, Treasurer, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.  
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Entered at the New York Post office as second class matter.

## Of Nerves and Space

It is not by dint of professional knowledge, either medical or psychological, that the Hermit dares not open his remedy for the nerves, tension, and quivering under the shocks, vapors, and delayed conditions of our complex life, as it is rather as one who suffers years to speak to the neck of his symptoms and needs of relief. None will deny that his like all the ethio-male and painting, modeling and sculpture, are, even thought and the representation, becoming daily more and more difficult to "play up to." It is a time of high tension and head locks. One partially directed and bewildered efforts are recognized now, for good or for evil, as an independent, creative task. It is watered with it, and the representation (making like) and let us have the fact, we are making it higher and better, or more world and ignoble, not for ourselves alone, but for humanity in common. Impressionist type, a revolt, and the representation, not dropped, are for encouragement, feeling of all the facts; one to demand our entire equipment of common sense, feeling, and intuition. But in the end it is not he who falls fainting in the fight with his destiny, but he who knows to death, still standing in his life, to hit back just once more, so long as he can breathe, at blind Fate, who is truly defeated by life. But he is satisfied who, turning from the right of the struggle, manages to keep a mind occupied by prejudice and to stroll through to Death unscathed.

In such a mighty battle it is only human to lose nerve, now and again, and to have to pause to catch one's breath and to get one's bearings. But the nerves are not saved only by a fair fight. The most satisfying pains come from thinking or actual effort. The thought gets caught in a trap, geometrical figures and pure reason and round them, like a lion caught in a net, something nothing but the beginning of a trap. Back and forth over the same small space the thought turns till the soul is sick and palsy. Then it is time to turn in the wounded body and say: "But the world isn't happy; if this is the way things are, I will have to hate the losing returns of the same thought; if from the hollows of the same pillow the insistent tears materialize that sleep is unneeded and will not do again, then it is time to turn the consciousness to the other things, however the truth may be contained in one room or yet one had not on one star. As there is infinite space, so there is infinite possibility, and now how far yet is what we callings and what we callings the manner of the same things.

An old Scotch shepherd, an English writer tells us, who had lived his whole life under the open sky, was asked to do his trouble while suggested that she will in the future to bequire into the state of his soul. "No, no," he answered, "that would not do any good, but you might call it for Robert Ball if you know where to find him.

There is a certain close relation to modern life in the old shepherd's answer. He knew, from sitting out beneath the watery skies at night, something of the wide ranges of the spirit and he, his soul was to be taken account of, would a man who had lived in the infinite distance of the sky, and who had seen the soul was to escape the walls of his soul and go wandering. It was not the writer's wall-in heaven with pure gates he wanted to visit, but the great commoner's senseless sphere, whirling through space.

So when the armchair chair and pillow become the ghosts of dependent thought, catch a bolt for the spirit. Give larger rooms for consideration. There is something infinitely soothing in a high-pitched note and distant walls. Go into an empty cathedral or a big and vast church and look up and around, and the turbulence is quieted, and soothing sounds dropping like the lifted eyes.

But better yet, sit alone at the sea, or in long hours looking up at the sky, and so physical danger, no mental anxiety but will respond somehow to space. Be cheerful and unexcitable, and when you are in the worst hours of Fate had not yet been calling on a suffering neighbor, said: "I don't wonder you are ill. Any one who tries as hard as you do to be God would have to be ill." It is with our preceptions striving after virtue that the allies to evil, but the over-visions carrying of the daily burdens of life that he only a God could bear; burdens whose solutions lay beyond the graspwork of the limited intelligence; even beyond the boundaries of the human mind. After all, except in the field of virtue where we know that defeat is forbidden, it is unwise to shoulder the burden of God. Though one may suffer and rage and cry out at the burden of the world, one must with which one and agony are won, but the over-visions carrying of the daily burdens of life that he only a God could bear; burdens whose solutions lay beyond the graspwork of the limited intelligence; even beyond the boundaries of the human mind. After all, except in the field of virtue where we know that defeat is forbidden, it is unwise to shoulder the burden of God. Though one may suffer and rage and cry out at the burden of the world, one must with which one and agony are won, but the over-visions carrying of the daily burdens of life that he only a God could bear; burdens whose solutions lay beyond the graspwork of the limited intelligence; even beyond the boundaries of the human mind.

she can hardly waddle from the door of her vehicle to the top step of her dressmaker's establishment, or to the crowded girl in the company of a man who should have a paralytic father and a blind mother as well as six younger children to support on the twenty-five dollars a week she can earn by working twelve hours to eleven hours a day for all days in the week. Who can say what all this means and how it can be remedied? Indeed, when one begins the perpetual struggle with the sorry scheme of things entire, it is a wonder that nerve give way. It is well enough not to be too sure of one's footing and to feel a silver thread. This gives pause from pain, though never health. As a matter of fact, there just chance to be in that little dress-maker's ruff, called home, some comforting suggestion. It happens that the blind man and the paralytic father, blind and lost, and that the highest ambition of all the younger children was to help her along. There was in the house a consulting opinion of sympathy, trust, love, and a teaching sense of faith and desire for service.

Has one caught the clue to the sorry scheme then and to some of the evils of the world when one says that only by suffering on the boat of prayer he choked by each of us and that most spiritual quality, pity, pray in its place? And still back that that reads the question, "Why should an infinite good create such infinite evil and then leave such frailty manufactured creatures to cope with it?" The question remains through the world, and we who are here, and yet we do know that, after all, the top notch of misery and failure is to be inevitable to the world's pain and never to alleviate it or cure so little.

When we are weary with having facts, when every back of the body seems covered with a network of quivering nerves, we may, by simply enlarging the space in which the mind and body move, give more space, quietude, and pain strength for any sort of work to do. If we get our feet through the clanks and crevices of this prison of daily custom, we shall see, at any rate, stars and moon and all the shifting scenery of infinity, where merely feeling has place for the mind to move. If we had but been taught the eye, we should become aware that life is not all of a piece. If there is suffering, there is delight; and side by side with crushing agony waits the joy of creative effort.

Destiny, who leaves the surface with courage revealing his own nature rewards. Perhaps he hopes his own "will reap incentive from such reward." Every burden heavily borne on the edge of down and the foundation of a nobler order of life. To bear this thought in mind is to bear, and a little nothing loneliness under wide skies and in face of vast spaces will feel the least or tortured mind till it can endure again. It takes no more than a sudden resolve, a spirit of will to pull loose from the daily round and go where eye and mind can roam over great spaces.

There is refuge to be found on the top of a great wind-swept, stinging mountain, where near a track of man's invasion may stand, and where a seaview of green sea writes forever round the cape, while to the west a swirling forest rises, slowly straight to the sky. Only one could and clearly more whirling across space, and wild deck in groups (two dark a spit of sand. Then one breaks it steeper and steeper, almost insensate, in-out along on hoisting the wind, the clouds, the low wind whistled melody the wild play on the dyming rock.

But when the doors are shut on poisonous thought and one enters the open world of calm possibility, one must be sure to take the delighted eye, the soul catching the light of the world.

There is a little song an English rustic poet sang his dead friend. To repeat it while the eye sees over deep landscape, hill and vale and chartered stream, or while the eye plays on the sky, the depths of blue and green, bordered with splendid, sparkling clouds, is to draw breath with this sounding warfare which life is.

"To read the lines  
With all his love,  
Mellowed the woodland with the soothing dews,  
That Nature is the dew,  
May lead the daisies with the nightingale,  
That we might find his comfort in the vale,  
Though never to his source,  
Happily to hear our words,  
To hear the birds,  
To drink the landscape's goodness  
With every step."  
It is certain.

At ending spread around him everywhere  
The everlasting goodness and surprise.

## Correspondence

## APPRECIATION

Editorial, Nov. 20, 1912.  
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:  
SIR:—This is written to compliment you upon the article on "The World of the Future" and "Good Evening" in the Weekly of Nov. 12.  
I think your diagnosis was only correct, but very appropriate at this time, and I think your observations on the "World of the Future" are very apt. You are right in saying that we have never had practical training in politics and had never before a candid and intelligent political convention. It is a reform in his career for election without any real

preference of the election that bound his party to the domination of the most selfish and exaggerated views of protective schedules over any other government.  
I am, sir,  
K. K.

Cambridge, Mass., March 14, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:  
SIR:—I am most gratified that you should so generously number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. I thought your Arnold Bennett illustrated issue rapped the climate, and I am sure that you will continue to do so easily over the national trophy. It is absolutely impossible for me to express full appreciation of such a remarkable journalistic feat.  
It is however, I prophesy of the significant political changes foretold by the industry into national life of the present socialist administration, Wilson and the great spirit "Hope" in his letter for our great republic.

May HARPER'S WEEKLY grow apace with the marvelous strides under the new.  
I am, sir,  
EDWARD U. MURPHY.

New Orleans, La., March 14, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:  
SIR:—It did not require the editorial, re-printing just published, entitled "Public Service and Public Rewards," to receive a life-long record of your journal, but you have, through your kind and wise Wilson to the attention of the nation, and to the work of a master in holding his life in position to receive the admiration of his party and the votes of his constituents for the Presidency.  
It is the irony of politics that the man you have effectively opposed for President should have wrought the policy which you have so ably supported for President and is holding a commanding position in the cabinet. I deem it the fitting of reflection and commendation that you, Wilson you and Hayes should write. This "blending" of opposing forces is but another evidence of the wisdom of compromise in a republican government.

President Wilson appears to be an excellent compromise and will soon probably give this country a highly satisfactory administration.  
I am, sir,  
WEEKLY READER.

AMHERST, N. C., March 14, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:  
SIR:—Your editorial in the last issue of the WEEKLY is the best specimen of journalistic independence and power, and your appointment of the Independent of journalistic-political propaganda yet produced in this country, is a proof to me of your ability to forecast and promote true reform. I am, sir, your sincere friend and admirer, and look back upon it with respect and thank.  
I am, sir,  
GEO. T. WOODS.

Cambridge, Mass., March 14, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:  
SIR:—When you suggested the president of Princeton for the Presidency of the United States I said to myself that it is ideal but that is not politics. You are, however, a man of vision and a man of action, I want to congratulate you and also to thank you. For, as a matter of fact, it furnished me the opportunity for the first time in forty years to vote for the successful candidate for the Presidency. I began in North Carolina with Greeley in 1872. I was so placed in 1884 and 1888 as well as in 1892. I was in the line of the "New York Times" in 1896. I was my first successful Presidential vote. I hope you will give me another good chance in 1916.  
This vote was held back until Mr. Wilson should be actually inaugurated, for I did not know but that something might happen to prevent. For I remember that in 1876 I elected a President and he did not get inaugurated. But now I am safe—my vote held. For a good many years I have been a diligent reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and I have been a regular correspondent page on back as during the last six or seven years.  
I am, sir, your most devoted friend,  
W. W. HAYES LEWELL.

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Cambridge, Mass., March 14, 1912.



# "THE NEW BOSSISM"

## President Wilson's Concept of the Duties and Responsibilities of His Office Has Led to a Change in the Relations between Executive and Legislature

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR HARPER WEEKLY

THE session of Congress that began at the opening of this week will prove to be one of the most momentous in the history of American politics. It does not refer especially to the fact that it marks the full maturity of the House as a political party after it has been so many weary years in opposition—although that is memorable enough—but because of the importance of the tariff in connection with the popular will, which alone is significant enough. More important than either, it marks the beginning of what, in the future, may be called "the new Bossism," the change that time and circumstances have made necessary in the relations between the two great organizations of the government, the executive and the legislature.

Mr. Wilson signifies the new system by putting the same emphasis upon the public service. In American politics the word boss has the sound that it has because of the fact that it is a word of disapproval, because bosses usually have less dignified, dignified men specially of disapproval. In a boss was generally inferior, to be a leader was generally inferior. It is a leader who has the power to lead, and it is a leader who has the power to lead. It is a leader who has the power to lead, and it is a leader who has the power to lead. It is a leader who has the power to lead, and it is a leader who has the power to lead. It is a leader who has the power to lead, and it is a leader who has the power to lead.

In this sense is the lesson of President Wilson. He has seized leadership with both hands, and he holds it with a firm grip. It is of course, too early to say whether it will be wasted from him, whether even any attempt will be made to do so, but that is not the point here. What is important for present consideration is the new leadership—the manner in which the President has liberated himself from traditional restraints and brought about the new system.

It is doubtful if any President—certainly no President within our recollection—has taken such a firm and steady grip upon the reins of his office. It is doubtful if any President—certainly no President within our recollection—has taken such a firm and steady grip upon the reins of his office. It is doubtful if any President—certainly no President within our recollection—has taken such a firm and steady grip upon the reins of his office. It is doubtful if any President—certainly no President within our recollection—has taken such a firm and steady grip upon the reins of his office. It is doubtful if any President—certainly no President within our recollection—has taken such a firm and steady grip upon the reins of his office.

Every one could do nothing except by introduction. Every one remembers the sensation that was created when President Cleveland objected to the House in the management of the tariff. It was great in a letter to Representative Caldwell, which he read from his place on the floor of the House. That is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party.

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President Wilson has set the machinery of the veto in motion, and before it has anything to do. It is the first time in the history of the country that a President has done so. It is the first time in the history of the country that a President has done so. It is the first time in the history of the country that a President has done so. It is the first time in the history of the country that a President has done so.

It would have needed a great public service. In the past the House made a tariff bill, and the Senate pulled it to pieces and rebuilt it according to its own fancy. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party.

The Senate will not dominate the present bill. The Finance Committee has agreed that hearings will be held on the tariff bill. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party. It is the only instance of the House as a political party.

It is typical, not only of the changed relations existing between the President and Congress, but also of the new system of government, that the President should direct representative of the people, that he insisted upon his right to take part in tariff making. Whether or not the Constitution has been amended by the people themselves, and set through the machinery of convention or the legislature. It is in the President the people now look rather than to Congress; it is the President who is now supposed to be able to stop legislation to satisfy the demand of the people. It is the President who is now supposed to be able to stop legislation to satisfy the demand of the people.

It is quite natural that this change should have brought about in fact. It is surprising only that it has not come so long in coming. It is a serious matter if the President is not the executive officer. Members of Congress are bold, Senators represent their states, but every district and every state need all the people. Members of the House can vote or engage responsibility by their own names. It is a serious matter if the President is not the executive officer.

President is known and unsharped by any one. Having clothed the President with responsibility, the people are bound to hold him responsible. It is a serious matter if the President is not the executive officer. It is a serious matter if the President is not the executive officer.









# HOT LIFE FROM BELOW

By Lionel Josaphare  
Drawings by F. Strothmann



"Do you know what's wrong with the world?" asked an old dick waiter in one of the big New York hotels.

"The whole thing can be illustrated right here. Back yards and fresh air have gone out of style. In the cities, I mean. It's a poor civilization that can't afford fresh air. Back yards—there isn't even a lack of the hotel, nowadays. There's the modernizer. I once owned a newspaper up in Syracuse. Traded it for a hotel. Then a fellow with pale-green ideas opened an opposition house. I lost my newspaper and \$2500. Now I heard that he quit, with a loss of \$10,000. That was the difference between the old and the new. He lost \$30,000 proving that I didn't know how to run a hotel. I had a dishwasher up there that was no intellectual man, with a scrupulous fall of letters that newspaper had printed from him. Meant a time, when he was at the sink, or sitting in the back yard peeling potatoes, I would go out and hold thoughtful discussions with him. Sometimes I would take out my jerk-hair and whistle a few of the potatoes while arguing. I wasn't one of those managers that look as if groves are from him."

"The old dick waiter waved his hand, and stared at a lot of his kitchen co-workers, always a crowd through of many intimacies, in various hues of underkirts."



The waiter is not supposed to make a speech in favor of the dick

"It's all done by machinery now," he remarked, drily, "even the drying. This glassing is wiped by hand. Machinery for every thing. Human nature has a chance down here. Machinery and rules. Makes to get this and to hand over that. Do that this way, and don't do that that way. Don't go over there or you'll be discharged. Don't have my name here or you'll be discharged. Rules for everything. You can't remember them, but you're safe in assuming that steady work will keep you out of mischief. Rules against everything except thinking over the past. The only exception is to machinery. I believe, is that there hasn't been invented a contrivance for stringing straws."

"If you have a package you must have it in the package-room, or open it and show the contents on the way out. Maybe you had double reasons for not wishing to do either. No smoking, of course. Men's lives being a newspaper here. Men's wishes, is that human nature? If we laugh or joke, it's using bad and bad-sounding language. After working hours, if we wait for a friend outside. It's looking about the restaurant. The explanation is thoroughly scientific. If you should do it, all would do it. This is on the theory that if one man is allowed the liberty of awaiting his left eye, everybody else would follow suit, and the loss of that would be enormous among a thousand waiters. This and other reasons, and enters the domain of social economics. Well, I haven't a destructive nature, but sometimes I enjoy breaking a plate on the quick—makes me feel so informed."

"He bowed into meditation. If he dreamed of the proprietor dropping in for a thoughtful discussion he was disappointed."

Farewell, dick waiter. He is in the midst of snapping food, evidently in a slow location for tidbits. He is a young man, with white eyes, like a under-20-year man, and a mouth probably good natured, yet becoming stern through lack of exercise.

"Talk about the slip between the cup and the lip!" said he. "It would be a big slip to get caught slipping yourself any of these good things. But I tell you I'm not the man to be looked for, anybody or anything, and if I was to be attacked by an escaped mad chicken or a can of catfish or a bottle of chlorine in concentration, I would draw my trusty newspaper or my revolver, or even use my bare fist, and strike out in self-defense; then I'd remove the evidence by eating it. I

don't know what fear is. Against the rules? Say! Myself hangs up the rules should enforce them. I have nothing to do with enforcing the rules against myself or anybody else. Let us catch me! Instant dismissal is the professional term for what I'd get. And where once they let you go, you never come back, take it from me. I'd like to be blacklisted by every hotel in the city. Then I'd have more time to study the corner. I was within ten minutes' walk from here when I took the job. There's too much discipline here."

"Sure, we get the best of food, but the waiters wouldn't eat it. They try their own food. The dinnermaid'll do down here. There's a saying, the bigger the hotel the worse the food for the workers; and I tell you this is a big hotel. The clerks and other dressy types eat in what's called officers' hall. The waiters are good in there, but not plentiful. A clerk will always take a cracker, like a pull-any cracker, any time of day."

"There's three or four patents on the waddy down here. The management waddles up with blowpipes. But blowpipes in a place like this is about the same as venting a bedroom through a few pen-waddlers. I have a friend in the engine-room. He'll tell you in there, which is better than the boiler-room or the kitchen. We don't feel like talking. You don't have much conversation going on down here, do you?"

"Another thing: in hotels there is very little friendship outside your own department. Class distinction is on tight lines, and you're fighting mad with the other departments, unless you happen to graft with them. Grafting is against the rules. When you meet a lead pencil, you go to the head of your department and get a requisition; then you go to the department that has authority over the pencil, and you get the requisition counter-signed. Maybe you're in a hurry; yet you wouldn't expect the stationary department to see judgment, without a requisition, and give you a pencil on your word of honor that you need it quick in the interests of the hotel. They can't see judgment, because a slight error would knock up the whole system—the mail. A reader has to be sure through; and believe me, when I'm tired of working, I enjoy going through the mail, and all of it. Besides that, maybe you're quarreled with the head of the other department; they'll hold you to the standard rate he can think of. It's a rock and can't talk English, he makes advantage of that fact not to argue with you. But I can usually tell him something he doesn't like, no matter what language he speaks. They can't use a freighting-quicker on me."

Suddenly he became busy.

Here are a few figures, as given by the assistant manager of a New York hotel famous throughout the country. About 23,000 persons enter the house every day. This figure is based upon an actual record made three years ago, when 13,000 persons entered in nine hours, from 6 A.M. to 1 A.M. Employees were not included; they are 1,200 at ordinary times. Three thousand persons leave there every day, and 1,000 die. To maintain these fabulous multitudes there need be military precision.

The manager said: "It is impossible to please the help, and we haven't time to experiment with the

"I've served in the Philippines. Military life isn't as hard as hotel life. He you believe it—there's a lot of highly educated foreigners about those barracks! Some of them are real highbrows. Take me, for instance: I'm a highbrow. I've been in China, Japan, Egypt, France, Germany, Russia, Constantinople, and nearly everywhere else. I can talk to you about everything. I can tell that nightgown! And some of them have known countries. I do, boy! These dudes in the office couldn't carry on a conversation with me. The clerks and managers have no education. The ladies in full of being are from all over the world. I can talk you with any of them in their native tongue. An American came here, he knew about everything except his own name, and he killed it, and said good-night. That was the last I could do for him; but it was enough, wasn't it? He was an American. Some of those Greeks get to work as 'lives' (lives here, you know) when there are three marks in the country. They work up to be waiters."

"If I was to be attacked by an escaped mad chicken I would draw my cork-knive"



"If I was to be attacked by an escaped mad chicken I would draw my cork-knive"

impossible. Still, we give them the most sanitary accommodations, as you saw for yourself. I didn't expect you, and I took you through the house at a moment's notice. The public also is very, very hard to please, and expects us to perform the impossible, as a matter of course. In no other line of business does the public consider itself at perfect liberty to interfere with the management. Why, the woman who enters a hotel they seem to become thrilled with ideas—brilliant ideas of how a hotel should be conducted; and they don't hesitate in making a suggestion. We have to be extremely careful with them. Even when a guest complains about the food, we can't dispute with him. The waiter is not supposed to make a speech in behalf of the dish, but has orders to reason it immediately and politely inquire what the guest will have instead. The guest may have a hat made in his mouth from the night before. We don't argue with him, not even when we are sure that he just wants to be heard and get rid of a growth.

"So you have met that hotel before? Is it what it used to be. Well, sometimes the public forces on us a novelty that is no part of the legitimate hotel business. But there isn't an inch more in seasonal-

ism as there was once upon a time. Ten or fifteen years ago the magnificence of modern hoteleries was new to the public. A banquet they had to be a splurge and show that the food could fire up as the price of his wife's diamond necklace. He would mention some other banquet, and say, 'Let mine beat that. Charge extra for everything, and have it extra gorgeous.' The result was disastrous. Half the food wasn't eaten. To-day dining is an art, and a sport.

"Now and then part of the public objects to the high price of food. Yet some managers are glad if they can come out even on the dining-room. The general rule is that the raw material costs from 22.5 to 25 per cent of the menu price. Suppose, for instance, that a short loin costs us \$18, and we get about \$20 for it in the dining-room. Now, you tell me where some of these restaurants make a profit, when they finish up with really dined displays, music, and elaborate shows, and all that sort of thing beyond the legitimate expenses of condery, service, laundry charges, and linens?"

"Suppose a guest orders a \$2.50 breakfast on the tray—\$2.50 worth of silver goes on the tray. Twenty breakfasts in the room take up about \$50.00

in silver. That's not only a big investment against the profit on the food, but an investment that is likely to shrink and disappear in the course of time. A guest would be highly offended if the tray were asked for an hour or so before, as the silver remains watered about the rooms all morning; and, as I intimated, that's not the best thing in the world for silver. Fifty dollars in silver goes on a little order of coffee, milk, and eggs—\$20 involved against the small price of the breakfast. Fifty thousand dollars is a low yearly water bill, and we use coal like a seven-line.

"No," he drawled, "there's no fun in being managed, and guarding all those huge accounts, with the hostility of the help on one side, the public on the other. The aggressions of the proprietors on the other—"

"And on the fourth side?"

"On the fourth side the managers of other hotels belonging to get your job. Sometimes I think there's more real happiness in being a dishwasher."

"So you ever discuss the matter with one of them?"

"Not, it would be against the ethics of the profession."

# RIGHT-LEGGED VS. LEFT-LEGGED GOLF

All England and Much of America are Intent on the Struggle Between P. A. Vaile and the Old Masters

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

THE year's at the spring, and spring's at the more mornings at seven the hillside's dew-poor'd—opto on the poet says—but all that isn't helping British golfers a bit. They are in the midst of a furious discussion as to which leg most of the weight of the body rests on at the top of the ball swing. T. N. R.—Some golfers may have of reading at this point if they choose, for what follows is very technical. Mr. P. A. Vaile, the fearless innovator from New Zealand, who in his books and other writings declares that Vardon, Reid, Taylor, and the other old masters are all wrong in their theories—and then deftly gives it—has stirred up a hornet's nest compared with which the honey on the southwest hole of a certain Westchester course is a shield-rod-core. England is a hotbed of golf theories, and London is its vortex.

The old-school tradition is that at the start of the drive, or any long stroke, the weight of the body is equally distributed upon the legs, and that as the

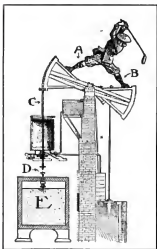
club is drawn back to fall most of the weight is shifted in the right leg—the shifting having taken place without any jerking, either at the knee or at the hip. Mr. Vaile maintains that most of the weight of the body is imposed on the left leg from the moment the club begins the back swing until after

on a rug before it and drive them off in the regular way. The picture of the machine reproduced on this page shows that the weight of Sherlock is divided as follows: right leg, 15; stone (21 pounds); left leg, 9; stone (128 pounds). In other words, the left leg is carrying six times as much weight of the body as the right leg. Moreover, the weight distribution cannot be so evenly divided from the moment the back swing was begun. The left leg at all times carried the greater amount. Sherlock verified to all this.

While the main battle was raging there were many amusing skirmishes. One, *Stuff Hatched*, for example, presented a page of statements of imaginary golf matches, two of which with their captions are reproduced on this page. In serious vein Mr. Gardner G. Smith, the editor, writes:

"We have still an open mind on many of the points raised. Golf is a funny game, and the whole art of writing is so complicated, and the processes are so rapid and inter-related that it is almost impossible to describe them without misrepresentation, or, at any rate, with absolute accuracy of statement. It is quite possible, however, as Mr. Croome suggests, that the professionals have overestimated the amount of weight thrown on the right leg, and apart from that, is it, after all, so absolutely essential to keep the ball immovable, and is any lateral movement of the trunk necessarily fatal to the preservation of balance?"

"May it not be possible that the transference of weight to the right leg is instantaneously compensated by the bending of the trunk backwards as the swing goes to its upward limit? It seems to be not impossible, but with a compensating leftward swing, some players may still be powerful in-



Many leading players argue that in the drive the weight should be on the right leg at the top of the swing. We have therefore drawn a rough machine permanently to reproduce this fact. Should the right leg (A) exert greater pressure than the left (B), the piston (C) will be depressed, thus firing the pressure rod (D) and exploding dynamite (E)—as occurring all fully hypnot.



GOLFER JAMES SHERLOCK AT THE END OF HIS SWING. SHOWN ONLY IN THE FORWARD POSITION IN THE RIGHT LEG AN AMAZING 15 POUNDS OF THE LEFT

the ball has started on its journey and the club has finished the "follow through." Inasmuch as the left leg is the one nearest to the impact of striking on ball and naturally has most to do with driving the ball home, the new prima facie seemed to be in accord with Mr. Vaile's theory. Had the old masters been so sure and dogmatic Mr. Vaile's convictions, and they could prove that the weight of the body rested on the right leg by the fact that the muscles of the right leg were those most tired and the most tired.

"Right as to facts, but wrong as to conclusion," cried Mr. Vaile. "You think the being of the muscles of the right leg is due to the impulsion of the weight of the body. It isn't. It is really due to the forward of the body in turning slowly around to the right in the back swing and turning in the left again in making the stroke. It is a lateral thrust—and downward at all."

Inasmuch as every Englishman here the theory of his game as much as the game itself, and is always ready to shed his ink in its defense, the warlike tendency which suggests an left leg was suggested among the English professionals devoted to golf—most wherever else a letter in the long-suffering editor could be rounded in. Mr. Vaile thus far has been the winner. He had a point at least in that the entire could stand with one foot on each. Then he had golf James Sherlock stand on the machine, he up built



Inexpensive hunter with thousands of dollars; for professional golfers. From the observation that the fact that transference of weight to the right leg is not inevitable, and that the correct amount may clearly be followed, and their erroneous theories corrected.

equal distribution of their weight and of those left, even although it may be true that among great players leg is mainly on the left, and others mainly on the right. Although the striking machine cannot give what is the best method for individuals, it will at all events show pretty exactly what a player actually does, and will avoid loss in correcting any exaggeration of his method."



MRS. CORNELIUS C. CUYLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CAMPBELL STUDIO

The beginning of the social season under the new regime in Washington coincides with the closing of the season in New York. Mrs. Cuyler holds a similar unofficial position in New York by right of birth and charming personality.

Illustrated by C. Cuyler



MRS. WOODROW WILSON

FROM AN SKETCH BY A. C. LEARNER

\* Mrs. Wilson is officially the leader in Washington, but would hold high rank in any case by virtue of her Princetonians in a sense, Mr. Cuyler having been a trustee while Mr. Wilson was President of the University



# INVENTORS AS AN INVESTMENT

BY FRANK J. ARKINS

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

**W**HAT happens to copper ore when the heat in the furnace reaches a temperature of 5,200 Fahrenheit?" The question was asked by a sheepy man. The person to whom he was speaking said dispassionately: "I don't know. No one ever looked inside a furnace when it was that hot."

"Well, we can't look in and see," the older man plain if they did devised a seeming impossibility. The next furnace built in that plant could be looked into. The scientist found what happened to copper under those conditions.

At the bottom of every furnace the air blast is introduced through little tubes of steel called tuyers. In this new furnace, on the outer side of the flue pipe, a window of heavy mica was inserted. The metallurgist had only to place his eyes to it to look in and study the fire within the furnace walls. With the aid of a microscope and perfectly protected from the heat he could note every detail of the firing man.

When they came to get a good look at the way copper acted in the furnace these metallurgists discovered several new things. The mica window made it possible very easily to revolutionize the entire process of smelting. The experts saw that the bad effect of the air blast was chilling. So they wrapped the "flue" with asbestos pipes to heat the air, thereby hastening the smelting period and taking far more metal out of the ore. They noticed that in some parts of the furnace the charge actually froze, while others were so hot that the particles passed off in vapor. The result was loss.

It is not a few years since copper sold for forty cents a pound and only the sturdiest ores would profitably yield their metal content. The window in the flue pipe started the starting-point of a new day in metal production that has been to the vast advantage of every man who uses a pocket knife, every man who builds a skyscraper, aluminum or otherwise. That window has so equipped the world of all metal that the use of heat is an every day necessity in the life of every man.

Just such a story—differing only in its details—might be told of every other article of American manufacture. As the years go by these tales of business success multiply at a greater and greater rate. This is due to the new inventor, who is very far from the shabby, cross-eyed, long-haired man of a generation ago working in a greasy attic or a slummy and making discoveries bit or main. Some were of enormous value, others quite worthless. He was seldom at the head table to turn any of them to his own advantage. The new inventor lives in the lap of luxury. His expectations pay him well and attract him permanently to their study. He sharpening production and developed processes he is the man that can bring them their greatest success.

The big American manufacturer has too much of sense to sit at his desk and wait for people of ideas

to come to him. That was the old system. It often happened that a concept of minor importance by pure chance picked up something revolutionary from some one whose family was close to starvation, brought it for a song and allowed out the "big fellows" in their fire, making a fortune thereby. The business groups of today would laugh at such a policy as suicidal. The man who can really invent is an asset worth paying big money for.

Take a case in point. It is Schenckel in New York State in a manufacturing plant so big that its buildings and its men make up a great city in themselves. The general writer could not estimate by a thousand the number of employees on the payroll in one of the many buildings, whose annual cost of maintenance is alone more than the total annual output of many plants. Is a little bearded German who is what might be called a master inventor. Sent to Edison, he has more great inventions in his credit than any other American. In some little workshop of his own, with few tools and next to no laboratory facilities, he might—be probably would—have dreamed great practical dreams and translated them into profitable processes. Not much of his wonderful achievement has been due to the great department he has been entrusted to create, for the development of which money has never been lacking.

The old inventor worked alone. He had neither money to hire nor could he take the risk of letting any one else the secret of his shimmering idea. The new man simply presses button after button on his desk and highly paid assistants or, perhaps, independent inventors—"creaks" and their special fields of electricity, chemistry, metallurgy, mechanics, or science—come in to be best to make researches that may consume months or years. An order blank filled out brings any quantity of material, equipment, or instruments. Not long ago Edison had a typewriter idea. He summoned his executive man.

"Send for one of every typewriter made in this country," he ordered, "and the day after tomorrow have an expert from each company here to demonstrate his machine. Get out for me every book in the library that deals with typewriters."

In such a way this expert and every other great new inventor works. At the Schenckel plant not far from fifty men do nothing but inventing, a scientific corps governed and organized in military fashion. Some 250 specialists and laborers aid them. This force is a varying quantity, according to what the executive man sees and again diminished at other times greatly increased. It pays to equip men who can devise practical ideas and gives them staffs with assistants not far behind them in capability.

A problem that haunts the printing world for a long time was to make the first fold in the turning off of newspapers from the press run just with the increasing speed of the machines. It was realized that some simple idea would solve the problem, but just what that simple idea was could not be seen. The high-speed press could not take definite form until this first fold was made faster. The process delivered the papers to the taking machine so as fast that the letter was slugged.

Inventors sat up nights and experimented. One day while working on the perplexing problem which the factory was determined to solve, in order to satisfy a publisher whose press-room facilities were the cause of the invention, suddenly occurred an idea. He seized two broken needles so that the widest angle formed that portion of the press from which the printed sheet emerged. After these he trained the web forming the first fold. It was apparent at once that, an earlier how fast the press was speeded, it could never solve this problem, that of making a very practical evolution, grew the "fencer" that looks like an inverted sawtooth.

The invention was by an obscure craftsman—but the great principle had been discovered after weeks of



It pays to equip men who can devise practical ideas

work and experimentation. There were other things to do—cut the paper, deliver it to the second bed, etc.—but that these were all successfully accomplished the press of today, capable of printing 2,000 papers a minute, is an illustration.

Today a printer calls on a manufacturer and tells him that he wants a machine that will fit in a room of a certain size, to print so many pages of a size, at such-and-such a speed, consisting in bundles of twenty-five, and so on. The inventor is called in and straightaway proceeds to design a press the like of which has not been constructed before. In this way machines that will print a book and deliver it bound at the other end has been devised.

Carbonadium could never have been discovered in a garret. One man worked on the borderland of discovery for years. Clay coils and acid-soaked subjected to great heat produced an indistinct something that showed him he was on the right track. He sought more intense heat in an effort to signify that something which he did not as yet understand. He believed he was on the verge of grasping its unlimited quantity as an alternative purer than any yet known. Sooty comes from an impure substance in nature known as carborundum. The man in question was trying to combine the silica in the sand and the carbon in the coal in an effort to produce a pure alternative. So he went to Niagara Falls. With the aid of water charging great electric mills he produced the most intense heat known to man. These substances he now placed in a furnace and fused by electricity. The result was that they threw down prismatic crystals composed of pure carborundum combined with carbon. The discoverer came to New York with these flat crystals. Stepping into a diamond-cutter's laboratory, he asked the cutter to change a bit his crystal was. A series of tests developed that it would scratch a diamond. A diamond in pure carbon and the hardest natural thing in the world. He said these crystals far more than he could have obtained for diamonds of the same weight. He had produced in a furnace material better than nature itself could make.

No carbonadium could ever have been discovered by the dreamy inventor who worked alone. A great plant employing scores of men and costing a fortune in excess of the wildest anticipations of the maker of hydrogen gas was necessary. Hard fitness was in itself a marvel of construction. Years of work and thousands of dollars had to be expended to produce a few crystals that one could drop into the end of a pipe with a hammer. Each fitness was in itself a marvel of construction. Years of work and thousands of dollars had to be expended to produce a few crystals that one could drop into the end of a pipe with a hammer. Each fitness was in itself a marvel of construction.

The vast plant that this member of the new day had assembled for his production of carbonadium gave him facilities that resulted in another new product of greater importance. Carbonadium obtained the element of hardness, of course, from carbon. But carbon exists in a soft state also. So not satisfied with having done what no other man had ever accomplished, and in an endeavor to make his previous achievement, the inventor placed the carbonadium back in the furnace and sealed it. Through this expedient he turned on the greatest heat manufactured by man in an effort to bore out of his new product also a secret that would be conceded beneath his hard-earned seal.

In a general way he figured that something appears in what he had would result, and careful experimentation covering a period of months brought him to this point. The new heat disintegrated the carbonadium and it fell in flakes of graphite so soft that they would not scratch the highly hardened surface of the most carefully annealed steel. Graphite is heavier than water and hence will sink. But these flakes were so fine that when dropped in water they remain in suspension indefinitely.

The result was a lubricant finer than any thing ever known before. To illustrate: If a machine dye is placed in water and is poured through a filter paper (which is a fine grade of blotting paper) the water will pour out in a clear stream, the dye remaining on the upper side of the filter paper. When the same process is followed with artificial graphite (Lachmann's discovery) and water, the graphite passes through the paper just as easily as the water.

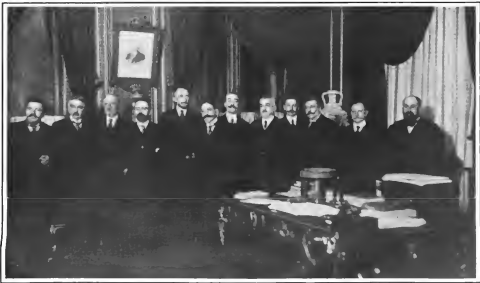
The oil supply of the world is fast being exhausted, but as long as coal exists graphite is lubricant is possible. The machinery of the world will not burn without lubricant. First as to the amount of oil used for lubricating every year. It is small compared with that used for heat. And graphite makes a point that is never really applied, preservative dyes, hair oil, hair, and water resisting.

Millions of needles are sold daily. It was not so long ago when the thread in the needle was cut by the sharp edge left in the eye after manufacture. The smaller the needle, the sharper the edge and the greater the annoyance to users. Then, again, the eye would rust; for a moment will dampen the end of the thread as her tongue in order to make a point so that the needle may be threaded more easily. Complaint was loud and long and orders were passed down the line to produce an eye in the smallest needle that could not rust the finest and softest thread in the world.



The old inventor worked alone

This was done by inventing a new machine in the shape of do-cutters for the making of the eyes. The points on these minute angles are so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye or detected by the most delicate sense of touch. A microscope is necessary. So it was essential to invent new machines to manufacture the dies and to sharpen the tiny drills. Fileholders and burners had to be made that would finish off every rough edge in an instant instant, because needles sell a dozen or so for a few cents. When this was done the needles were placed in a rack through which the eyes projected and held on tightly that when immersed in water only the eyes were covered. In this way the points of the needles became the negative pole of a powerful battery, and in a few moments the eyes of several million needles were gold plated and hence rendered rust-proof.



THE NEW FRENCH CABINET

MARCEL BIANCHI (PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC), WITH YVES LEVY, GASTON DOUMERGUE, AND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: CHARLES REYNIE (MINISTER OF FINANCE), PIERRE BERTHIER (MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE), ANDRE LORAIN (MINISTER OF JUSTICE), LOUIS BARTHOLÉMY (MINISTER OF EDUCATION), PIERRE BAYEN (MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR), JEAN-PAUL BLOT (MINISTER OF WAR), RENÉ BENOIST (MINISTER OF MARINE), JEAN-BAPTISTE LÉON (MINISTER OF COMMERCE), JEAN-PAUL BLOT (MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS), ALBERT BARRÉ (MINISTER OF COLONIES), JEAN-BAPTISTE LÉON (MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE), HENRI VILLIERS (MINISTER OF FINANCE)









Frank McInerney in "Oh! Oh! Delphine," at the Amsterdam



Two amusing incidents in the "beauty parlor" scene in Elizabeth Jordan's "The Lady from Oklahoma," a recent production



Elinor Ferguson



Della Fox

TWO OF THE WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE ALL-STAR CAST IN "ROSEDALE," AT THE LYON



Edwin Stevens and Lina Aharbassoff in "The Geisha," at the Forty-fourth Street



Grace George and William Courtleigh in "Dorothea," at The Playhouse



De Wolf Hopper and Anna Wharton in "The Beggar Student," at the Casino

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS





EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1913

10 CENTS A COPY

## The Disaffection of Mr. Hearst

"He writes for thee rather unsafe print, the Courier,  
An' likely ez not hex a-squintin to Foorier;  
I'll be —, that is, I mean I'll be blest,  
Ef I hark to a word from so noted a pest;  
I sha'n't talk with him, my religion's too fervent.  
Good-mornin', my friends, I'm your most humble servant."

—The Biglow Papers.

WHEN a certain well-known professor of the Court of St. James of Mr. (not THOMAS NELSON) PAGE picked the homely words quoted above from the lips of Mr. HENRY HIGHER, he could hardly have foreseen a poignant political situation as of the present moment. And yet, where is the distress that could supply a nice paragon of the present attitude of President WILSON toward Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST? We cannot recall a letter emblem of Mr. LOWELL'S touch—it was only a touch-of-germs. But it is Mr. HEARST'S opinion of Mr. WILSON, not Mr. WILSON'S view of Mr. HEARST, that is full of moment if not, indeed, of portent. And we have no need to ransack the library for that; Mr. HEARST has set it down in plain typewriting and printed it in heaven knows how many papers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Without further introduction, we enter upon a discussion of the merits of the case.

We may as well admit at the outset that an aim not so much as Mr. HEARST'S declaration of war upon the new administration. It came a little quicker than we had anticipated, but that is all. Like many other things whose emanation is not essential, it was inevitable, predestined, foredoomed. Although Mr. HEARST permitted his many writers and printers to support Mr. WILSON for the Presidency, he never renounced him as a true Jeffersonian Democrat. There was no noticeable cause for his suspicions, but he could not escape the feeling that a little scratching would betray an insubstantial and noted Federalist. So he never waned particularly enthusiastic and he glided into the White House, because the scratching took place when the President made his only up Capital Hill and revealed himself to Mr. HEARST'S shocked vision as a ghost from the Elysian Fields of Weehawken.

Mr. HEARST says—and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity—that he regrets exceedingly to find that he naturally feels away from the Federalist movement in his hands. He, too, had inhibited on himself of his own for a long time and had become lonely. When the opportunity offered to rejoin the Democratic hosts, therefore, he hastened to avail himself of it. Now that he finds himself unable for reasons of conscience to keep step, he naturally feels away from the Federalist to criticize the policy of the Democratic party or of any man whom I helped to elect," but there is nothing else to do, because he is "an American first and a Democrat afterward." He is not yet without "hope to see the party fulfill its duty and rise to its opportunity," and "shall continue to imbibe it not to be led by a Federalist forth away from the fundamental Democratic principles of THOMAS JEFFERSON."

The impelling reason for Mr. HEARST'S abrupt desertion are three in number. In the first place, as we have noted, he regrets the revival of "a new abatement of the British sag of a speech from the throne." It is, to his mind, "a singular thing" that this revivification of practice should have taken place under a Democratic administration, and he deeply cannot understand it. The new appearance of the President in persona crani be-

fore Congress he regards as "a somewhat sensational performance," and he finds an excuse whereby to Mr. WILSON'S modest declaration that his chief purpose was to show that, although President, he is a human being not markedly unlike others of the same species.

"However," Mr. HEARST continues, somewhat litigiously, "Mr. WILSON'S suspicion is correct, and there has lately arisen among independent and intelligent American citizens a belief that there is something superhuman and supernatural about a President. Mr. WILSON has effectively dispelled that superstition by proving that a President can possess all the purely human weaknesses, including vanity and a craving for newspaper notoriety."

This, we respectfully submit, is very curious writing. If Mr. HEARST will but turn to the enumeration found by MOSES on certain tablets of stone, he will discover that there are many human weaknesses which could not possibly be exemplified by the mere reading of a speech. Moreover, we are convinced that few persons will agree with Mr. HEARST that the President's appearance can justify be attributed to "a craving for newspaper notoriety." It is a hazardous thing always to impute unworthy motives to a high official engaged in the performance of public duty, and, in the absence of evidence supporting his conviction, we can but regard Mr. HEARST'S implication as unwarranted and unavailing.

But, after all, the purely personal phase is of little importance. The real significance, to Mr. HEARST'S mind, lies mainly "in the Federalistic trend" and in the "possible consequences to the American nation of a chief executive with a Federalistic viewpoint." Here, in truth, is a point, if the premise be granted, but does not the danger arising from executive executives inheres in the substance rather than in the form? It is not so long ago when he had a President who became a positive menace because of his dislike of fundamentalism. But it is what a majority does, not the way he does it, that makes for real apprehension. So long as President WILSON continues faithfully to observe the restrictions placed by the Constitution upon Executive prerogatives, there need be little concern over his method of promulgating his ideas. If his novel practices should, as we suspect they will, prove ineffectual or impracticable, they will necessarily result in the end in law of facts. Experience, too, is a jolly good schoolmaster. Point No. 1 may be discarded without further consideration.

Mr. HEARST'S second reason for breaking away is found in his distrust of Mr. WILSON'S sources of information and inspiration. It seems that he has "very reluctantly" accepted the news that he reads the London Times. This, in Mr. HEARST'S view, is a most reprehensible and dangerous practice. It is a publication "absolutely antagonistic with the English prejudices toward all other countries, and toward America in particular." Consequently, it is "astonishing, if not alarming," that "the English publicists should repeatedly be so much soothed. Again, we cannot get the excitement, the Times does print a good deal of foreign news, and, since it derives most of it from the same

agency that supply the New York and various other American, we must assume that it is fairly trustworthy. Maybe if Mr. WILSON had read it more closely of late he would have saved his administration the slight humiliation which attended the report of a quite precipitate recognition of Mr. YU'S Sun Kai as the Republic of China. So long as the State Department continues to be deficient in collecting information, he must get his news somewhere. Even Mr. HEARST does not assume that Mr. WILSON looks to the London Times for his opinions. That, we grant, would be unfortunate; but happily there appears an ground for apprehension on this account. Mr. WILSON knows where to look for sure political guidance; at least, he used to.

Mr. HEARST'S third and last cause lies in economic. "Mr. WILSON," he says, tersely, "is an English free-trader." Obviously this can be true only in part at best. Certainly he is not English, either by descent or in disposition. Whether or not he is enamored that universal freedom in commercial intercourse between nations is sound fundamental doctrine is not known. Quite likely he does; most intelligent men do. What matters? It is a condition, not a theory, which the President and his party are dealing with, and it is by their acts, not by their avowed abstract principles, that they should be judged. Surely Mr. HEARST was aware, when supporting the Democratic ticket, that the Democratic platform proffered "immediate downward revision of duties" in order to establish "a tariff for revenue only," and said not a word in favor of "reciprocity." Surely, too, he knows that the issue thus stated was almost inconceivable in the campaign, and that the voters indigested the Democratic declaration at the polls.

Upon what possible ground, then, could he or anybody justify a complete volte face now? It is no longer a question of the relative merits of reciprocity and a revenue tariff, but one of keeping faith with the people. Surely, wherever, as Mr. HEARST must in course admit, whatever may be the consequences of their conduct, that is precisely what the President and his party are striving to do.

We cheerfully concede Mr. HEARST'S disaffection. We cannot and do not question his sincerity in addressing reciprocity, especially in view of the fact that the proposed tariff measure would have greatly to his pecuniary advantage. But we insist that this is not the time when he should make a stand upon his contrary views; that time expired when he accepted the platform and the candidate on his platform and his candidate. It is not Mr. WILSON who is breaking faith; it is Mr. HEARST.

Not that Mr. HEARST has no standing in the administration court; he has, or should have, distinctive recognition. He put the very great power of his popular newspapers behind the ticket, he lent his prejudices, he invited the distrust of millions of well-meaning citizens who, by attacking the candidate's utterances—reciprocity here, he made a very real sacrifice by supporting WILSON when also-truths of Mr. HEARST's

BOONVILLE. All this gave to him full title, not, of course, to dictate nor to influence, but, but, accordingly to marked consideration.

This, we are chiefly informed, is what he sought and did not receive. If so, from the viewpoint of those who wish the administration well, it is a pity. A President has enough to do in over-riding unavoidable opposition without inviting unnecessary antagonism. And make no mistake, Mr. HEARST has become a mighty force in these Federal States. His influence has grown steadily apace, his force, his speaking, and he is working constantly as he continues to add to his impressive line of public journals. It is not so much that he declines war upon grounds that we have shown to be untenable; the mere fact that his action is without real support suffices for the moment. But other occasions are bound to arise, occasions when he can lead much help, or do infinite damage. We foresee an example.

The newspapers of April 15th contained the following dispatch from Washington:

President WILSON does not believe the SENATE anti-trust act should be enforced against labor unions or cooperative associations.

His attitude on this question is directly opposite to that of President TAFT, who vetoed the sundry civil bill on the last day of his term, and he is widely credited with the expenditure of any part of the appropriation available for anti-trust prosecutions in proceedings against labor unions or agricultural associations.

President WILSON's views on this important subject become known after his call today to the White House with Senator HAYES of New York, and Representative FITZGERALD of New York, chairman, respectively, of the Senate and House Committees on Appropriations.

The sundry civil bill will be reintroduced in the House Monday in precisely the form in which it was approved by President TAFT.

Immediately there arose a storm of indignant protest from all sections of the country. Practically every public journal of standing expressed unqualified agreement with President TAFT, who had denounced the bill as "class legislation of the most vicious sort" and "a crime against the state."

We did not observe a single dissent from the Times' declaration that "the principle, the purpose, the method and the spirit of the bill are the same as those of men hard in respect of the law, and President WILSON's signature to such a measure would be a shock to his most earnest supporters and to the country. We do not believe," it concluded, "that he is capable of such an act."

It is now still in the creature of opinion. Nevertheless, the bill was introduced as reported, is now pending, and will probably be passed and sent to the President. We do not hesitate to record a prediction that if he signs it he will commit political suicide.

But where does Mr. HEARST come in? To see very easy. Suppose that, after the investigation and reflection, the bill should be amended so that the favored legislation is indeed vetoed, and should withdraw his approval. What then? Would not, or rather, as matters stand now, will not Mr. HEARST hold up Mr. WILSON before his multitude of readers as one who, after care according to the demands of labor, finally withdrew his support of the measure at the cost of capital? And who can doubt the effectiveness of that instance, reiterated and reiterated by daily newspaper, in view of the circumstances which already is past recall?

But it is an part of our present intent to discuss this proposed legislation. We advert to it in the present illustration what is likely to happen in those cases than one if the policy of early ignoring fair suggestions from influential men entitled to consideration be persisted in.

"I'll be —, that is, I mean I'll be glad, if I talk to a word from me, what a post; I ain't talk with you, my opinion, for friend."

might see for Hosen Higher, but it simply will not do with WILLIAM BARNHART HEARST.

#### A Nomination

At the risk of seeming intrusive, we nominate Mr. WILLIAM F. McGUIRE for Ambassador to France.

#### Peace in the Family

Both Senator BRYAN and Speaker CANNON have, called in public even by assuming relations which enable them to speak to each other. To do so was the plain obligation of each as a high official of state. Undoubtedly the newspapers overstate the incident when they designate it as a complete reconciliation. That was not possible, but neither was it necessary. It was only the uselessness of personal antagonism of a Democratic Speaker and a Democratic Secretary of State that was objectionable to the public view.

We are pleased incidentally to reveal that the rapprochement was effected with a degree of tact which has the voice of rarity in official circles. The secretary of the Washington Post, writing doubtless by suggestion of that eminent newspaper-maker, Brother JOHN R. McLEAN, had charge of the affair, and he managed the exchange of typewritten civilities with notable skill. Mr. BRYAN came sooner than ever before to admitting that he had been in the wrong, and the Speaker, magnanimous as ever, indignantly waived all personal considerations from a sense of duty to his party and his country.

Peace is an unusual watchword among Democrats, but clearly it has merit at a time when continuance in party is dependent upon division of the opposition. It is better to hang together than separately, anyway.

Felicitations, then, to all concerned!

#### Always "Left"

JOSEPH never could part his helm when BRYAN has in sight.

#### A Sign of Approval

President WILSON had ample reason to leave his box in the theater and send a congratulatory telegram to the Democrat who was elected to succeed Senator WELLS in the thirtieth Congressional District of Massachusetts. The unopposed result was more than an indication of satisfaction with the bill. The bill is being handled in a large open government. Last fall the vote stood: Democrats, 15,881; Republicans, 15,831; Progressive, 5,825. At the recent election: Democrats, 13,134; Republicans, 8,721; Progressive, 5,503. So the Democrats and Progressives practically held their own, while the Republican vote was cut nearly in half. The result is significant in the fact that the combined opposition would barely have won against the Democratic candidate. There is not much, therefore, in the Boston Herald's wall that the friends of protection "are not so much deceived to it as to write for converted action." Nevertheless, it is well to remember that the same thing occurred in 1892, when the same district elected Dr. ESTERLY to succeed Senator LORING, and thus resumed the clothing of Republicans. Possibly, too, the arguments of the manufacturers themselves to the working men that it would be advantageous to send a Representative who would act with the controlling element in Congress had something to do with the result. But facts are facts, and the sign of a favoring sign! My! my! what a magnificent blessing those Progressives are!

#### The House Census and the Tariff Bill

Although quite ready to find fault with anything done by the Democrats' procedure with their tariff bill, we fail to discern any pride, or even any serious mistake, in the careful and gathered debating of it by the House Democratic caucus. It is a party measure. It is the natural first thing to do about it, therefore, is to make sure that it fully and correctly represents the will of the party. It is the Congress' procedure.

That is also expedient and really time-saving; for it should and probably will mean a quiet party behind the measure when it is once put on its passage. As a matter of fact, the House census has given to the work of Mr. VANDENBURG and his colleagues a practically complete endorsement; and there has been no serious caucus. Nobody has played the horse. The procedure has been democratic in the small and wise.

Of course Mr. MUMFORD and Mr. MAXX (the latter, we feel sure, without the slightest desire to conceal the fact that his tongue was in his cheek) have made the most of the "secrecy" of the census. But there has been no secret caucus. If anybody thinks the present recurrence of these caucus majorities in the House could hold a secret caucus if it tried, then the American newspaper is still widely underrated. And the Democratic majority hasn't tried. When Mr. MUMFORD defiantly attempted sarcasm on the point, Mr. VANDENBURG answered, with perfect truthfulness:

"I will state to the audience from Kansas that so far as I am concerned, as well as all the Democrats, are concerned there has been no part of the Democratic caucus that has been secret up to this time."

If any newspaper's readers have failed to find every day a front-page full account of the caucus's proceedings, then they have good cause to stop their subscriptions.

#### Wool, Sugar, and the Income Tax

Not the census only, but everything else that has so far happened, goes to show that the real

uncertainty about the bill's future turns on three things. These are free wool, the proposal as to sugar duties, and the proposal as to the income tax.

There is an good reason to sophisticate any one of those three questions.

As to wool, to cut heavily the present rate on it is an imperative Democratic duty. A bill that failed to do that much would be a plain breach of Democratic pledges, an unpardonable betrayal of Democratic principles. To remove the duty altogether would be tantamount to a plain breach of plain pledges and principles, and it is in itself a consummation devoutly to be wished. Only two considerations can be urged against it. One is the loss of revenue, which will be substantial, but not insuperable. The other is that possibly it might be a letter to attain the end sought gradually, rather than immediately. But it is always dangerous to trust anything to a later Congress, or even a later session of the same Congress. On the whole, the argument for free wool on an even seems to us convincing.

Free sugar is also desirable — but the objections are stronger than those against free wool. The loss of revenue from the free sugar is the principle of free raw material is much less extensively involved; the benefit to the consumer, though apparently plain, is open to some question, at least as to the amount of it. We, for our part, are quite content that the complete removal of the tax is to be postponed.

As to the income tax, for our conviction is that meanwhile we shall have a chance to see how the income-tax provisions work. Frankly, we should like to see a cautious rather than a hounding reform to that method of raising Federal revenues, and a very careful study to find out the most just way to apply it in this country. We are glad that all questions on the passage of Congress to make use of it is ended, but we do not wish to see it on one too much relied on as a principal means of raising revenue in time of peace.

#### Not an American

"I was an American. I would go down into the ditch to die for my country, but I would not be glad to shake the hand of the rich man." — Sir PHILIP HERRINGTON to the Public.

Put it the other way round, Mr. VIEV. If there is anybody in the ditch nowadays it is the rich man. Only hold shilly venture to shake hands with him.

#### Bro. Marshall's Supplementary Remarks

When Mrs. VIEV-President MARSHALL got back to Washington after his visit to New York the implications of the JEFFERSONS dinner were still running strong in him, and he issued a line of supplementary remarks, in the course of which we find him saying:

"People are being told that there are just as many opportunities to-day as ever for those who are any number of jobs ranging from \$10,000 to \$20,000 waiting for the capable man. It may be that a very able man would not need to earn \$20,000 working for the steel trust, however. He might prefer to start a little selling mill of his own, so that he would be independent of any man or company, and he could make \$20,000 a year. It is such opportunities as those that many men are saying are denied to him."

"I might be able to earn \$25,000 a year, but I am firm, for instance, in not doing any more than \$10,000 working for myself. Who would the lawyer say if conditions had worked out in the best profession to the point where he had the money and the privilege of setting up his business for himself?"

If the conditions that had worked out to prevent the lawyer from practicing successfully by himself were lawful and progressive, it would not make much difference what he said, for he would have to grin and bear it. It could not properly be construed by us that he should have elicited if he could not win this, and should not see one he compelled to pay him fees who could get his business better or cheaper done elsewhere. The title-insurance companies have actually taken away from the individual lawyers a great part of the real-estate business that they used to do, but they have not miserably. In this city great firms of lawyers, and the merchant stores have driven hundreds of small merchants out of business, and thousands of individual lawyers make a very scanty living. But there is nothing to do about it. The business goes to those who can get it.

So the shoe manufacturers have driven most of the old shoe merchants out of business, and the department stores have driven hundreds of small merchants out of business, and there is no suggestion of a remedy by legislation, because big business can be done cheaper and better in some lines than small business.

We guess it is an about rolling-mills—that small ones can't compete with big ones in economy of production, and that that business has gone permanently into the stronger hands.

Governor Merrill acts imperfectly aspired as to what kind of world this is that he is living in. He seems to know dreams of an equality of opportunity that are quite hopeless of fulfillment. Any serious attempt to fulfill them by legislation would make the public for the benefit of the individual in a fashion that would dwarf the progressive intellect into complete insignificance. There is a merely any equality of opportunity more important to protect than the chance to buy in the cheapest market. Unfair competition should be restrained. There has been much of that. But that competition under fair conditions is to be protected, whether a first-hand-dollar rolling-mill can sell service or not. We guess the tariff was the best friend the small independent manufacturer ever had here, and Governor Merrill says that "the present tariff monopoly is the chief cause of our success."

#### Amalgams

We are all brethren. But I believe that the aim of people should know what the rest of the people are saying.—*The President* MERRILL to the Public.

They don't need to be told, Mr. V. P.; they can read it in their indictment papers. But, that feeling as, who are the men of power and who the rest of the people?

#### Has the Merit System Been Abused?

It may be that the Government who in both Houses is asking for information about the actual working of the civil-service laws under Republican administrations are not without a pertinent motive. One allegation they make is that neither or other there are at present previous few Democrats—say six or eight in a hundred—in such straggleholds of civil-service reform as the Pension Bureau and the Government Printing Office. It is possible that one motive of the inquiry is to get Republicans out of place like these, and Democrats in.

Nevertheless, true friends of civil-service reform and of the merit system will do well not to resist the inquiry. If there is an wrongdoing disclosed, then the civil-service laws as they stand and the confusion as to standards which exist should be fully strengthened by it. If the laws have been evaded and twisted, or if any of them is stupid and ineffective, or if, as Senator CURRIER avers, the effect of them as a whole is "chaotic," then the sooner and the more fully we know the facts the better for the cause. To attain either object—that is to say, to ascertain truth—that everything is all right or that there have been real and serious abuses—would be quite worth the highest estimate of the inquiry's cost.

Certainly, to use a forgotten phrase of a former president of the examination, when "the investigation are being investigated" it is hard to see how they have any kind of credit. If under these successive Republican Administrations there has been steady manipulation of the laws to fill the offices with Republicans only, we ought to know it. If men have been appointed as from states they never saw, we ought to know it. If Presidential examinations of the law have operated to violate instead of to enforce the principle that everything is for merit only, and have exempted unfit men from examination, we ought to know it. If none of these things have happened, then we ought to have the gratification of knowing that.

#### Senator Root on the New Ideas

We trust Senator Root's two lectures on the Sherman Latta Foundation at Princeton will be received in such form as to be really profitable, useful, and so on, as Americans will have sense enough to read them. Their chief use will be—The Essentials of the Constitution "do not commend themselves either to habitual readers of "gripping" novels or in building stations who find the word "progressive" an agreeably vague "open sesame."

Nevertheless, we believe there are plenty of Americans who will be glad to have Senator Root's views, expressed in Senator Root's somewhat fully clear way, about the true value of certain current notions of the way this country ought to be run; for we think a good many Americans appreciate Senator Root as the best mind in our public service.

Senator Root's lectures are, of course, directed mainly at the extraordinary revival of direct gov-

ernment now being attempted in this country. But he makes a broad distinction. He is not wicrily itself merely at the movement, as far as it consists itself merely with the control of parties. He that subject he actually welcomes it as an exhibition of citizenly interest and energy. He does not, however, welcome the recrudescence of the notion that the citizens of a great nation can dispense with the experience of ages in the matter of the best ways to secure right government. He does not welcome the idea that the University of Wisconsin should disseminate that dissemination of 1876. He finds the Initiative and Referendum rather unprofitably as a final solution of all the difficulties of democracy. He finds the Recall a rather crude and unworkable substitute for senseless and intelligence in the choice of public officials.

In fact, the reactionary Senator finds an cheap and easy way to achieve victories of his speciality and duty to vote right at elections. He thinks the direct-nominations plan will help them to discharge this duty, and that the simplifying and shortening of ballots will also be helpful. Maybe they will; but as we understand the Senator, he does not think that the Republic can safely do anything but the intelligent and virtuous of its citizens for continued existence and prosperity. It is astonishing how many men with reputations for wisdom have arrived at the same conclusion.

#### A Mosaic about Financing Farming.

There seems to have been some curiously crude thinking—since this country found out about the various European rural-credit associations. Everybody, apparently, agrees that the plan is a good thing, and that our farmers ought not to be paying nearly eight per cent. for the money they borrow as European farmers pay only half as much. But, particularly those the notion that the remedy is for government to supply the money that the farmers need!

Not from the European practice. It is not the government's money that the French and German farmers get on such reasonable terms. They get it from banks, just like other people. Nor are the credit societies in any way owned by the government. They are not started by government; they are not run by government; they are voluntary associations that run themselves. All government has to do with them is to regulate them by general laws, just as it does other business enterprises.

Yet many of Americans—plenty of farmers, particularly those who have actual experience of them—that the way to start the scheme over here is to go and ask government—the Federal government at that—for a big appropriation. One would think from such procedure that we Americans had no knowledge of co-operative associations. On the contrary, the best scheme, which Eugene in the States has had actual experience of, and which ought to prove quite sufficient for a successful start in this new line. Our experience with ordinary building and loan associations ought to be sufficient in itself.

Of course, it may be advisable to ask the states for some legislation of a protective nature, though such a state probably have already done so. But that we legislate. But in ask them for money would not be following the European example. That is an example of self-help by co-operation, not of dependence on government or anything or anybody else. To grant such an illegal demand would probably be to prevent, instead of promote, the movement it is sought to inaugurate.

#### Not the Earmarks of Josephus

It is not Secretary DENVER who is responsible for the explosion of the old maritime words "starboard" and "port" from the United States Navy and the substitution of the landlubbers "right" and "left" in their place. The change was wrought by the U. S. S. *Albatross*, the first of the new class of steamships built by Admiral DENNY. The Secretary did not know that approach it.

But that was obvious. Secretary DENVER is a politician from a farmer state, and knows that the new is expensive and always hungry, and that the navy is the backbone of the great farmer state that he is to be approached. If he had made the change from "starboard" and "port" to "right" and "left" we should all have recognized a masterly device to bring into the agricultural mind a fruitful sense of kinship with the sea.

#### Boots, Keys, and Wiffy's Head.

The hundred and fifty Yale sophomores who have rebelled against the three senior societies as at present conducted, had but their feelings ex-

pressed for them by a committee of ten, who voted, as to the selection of members of these societies:

We believe that there should be a recognition of merit not on the basis of actual accomplishments, but to a large degree on the basis of what is to be expected of the man, on the basis of the estimated amount of qualities of character and of personality. We believe that the forty-five men who have gained the entrance to the societies of this year should be selected to class the highest ideals of Yale, and should be elected without undue regard to family influence or personal interests, institutions, that they should be judged as to their fitness for membership on the whole rather than on any individual assumption of false possibilities.

It is to be understood that only such men should be chosen as shall reflect the greatest credit on the societies themselves and not such men as may bring disrepute to the societies by their conduct in entering a long in so small measure responsible for Yale's present high position as the world of learning.

We suggest that every member should be bound in reasonable privacy; that loyalty as it now exists be abolished, and that the greatest care in the choice of men as outlined above be exercised. Such a reform as this can be effective only in proportion to the influence which it exerts on the members of the societies themselves; for we will know that whatever change may occur must come from within.

What these young men are really after seems to be direct elections. They want the senior societies to be reformed. It is not clear that every body will approve. That was the feeling our people lately had about the Senate. They were not satisfied with the line of Senators that were furnished by the legislature, so they took over the job themselves. They have set these Yale gentlemen an example. What the young Yale brethren will have to do is to be as intelligent as the legislature, and to improve into their own hands, and attend to it by public discussion and the ballot. So will democracy again triumph under the class at New Haven, and—

But hold! Suppose the proletariat took a spite against the societies and endeavored to fill them up with undesirable? What could they do?

We can't do that with the Senate, because the Senate has power, and must be efficient, or else we suffer damage. But these Yale societies have no defined power; they are just bundles of young gentlemen who try to enjoy one another's society and be an example to the crowd. They can do what they please, and we have no objection to their possibly engage to elect members that will suit everybody, and we doubt if they could afford to delegate that duty to the disinterested public. Their custody is hard to solve. The simplest way out would seem to be to abdicate all responsibility for the maintenance of the Yale pattern, and come to admissions, and withdrawal from public life. A representative institutions they can hardly hope to give public satisfaction unless their membership represents a public choice. But as social organizations they can hardly thrive unless their members suit one another. It seems as if their dilemma arose from an effort to combine incompatible functions.

#### The Faith that Was In Him

Mr. MONTANA will dispose of great possessions and of works of art of importance and immense money value, in the disposition of which all the world was interested. It was a very long will. The newspaper printed it all, but the paragraph which held the most interesting part was underlined in headlines and put at the top of the columns, was this with which the will began:

I commend my soul into the hands of my Saviour, as full confidence that, having redeemed it and washed it in His most precious blood, He will present it faultless before the throne of my Heavenly Father; and I confirm, and withdraw from public life, my faith in and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of the Christian abatement for six thousand years of Jesus Christ, ever offered, and through that alone.

The paper was entirely right in their estimate. It was the most interesting clause in Mr. Montana's will, and, more than that, it was the most valuable legacy he bequeathed to the generation of men that is to follow him. It contains the pith of the Christian faith. What it says is to be expressed, so significant, in other words that would convey the same significance. But these words are often repeated, and they are the words of the faith in the instructor's whole character—the basis, moreover, of all the best and noblest and most useful characters that have developed in this world in the last two thousand years.

To have a man of Mr. Montana's kind and also grand prestige declare himself and in such a convincing way his profound faith in the faith in which he had lived, was a precious legacy of inestimable value to mankind.





## Personal

LIKE MAJESTY QUEEN HELENA of Italy is reported to have won the hearts of the emotional Neapolitans during her recent visit. The little royal princess and her distinguished little brother, the Crown Prince Umberto, walked abroad with the greatest freedom, accompanied only by their governess. Queen HELENA stopped her motorcar before a cottage in the village of Capri and beckoned to a tiny, little lurchback girl whom she used to see every day leaning far out of the window to look into it. The little girl came down and timidly told the Queen her name—Gina. Her Majesty took the child in her arms and kissed her and gave her sweetmeats and a beautiful wreath full of embroidery and a card on which was written: "For the best child in the village of Capri."

In it, then, true, this report that one hour everywhere that M. LEPAGE, distinguished aide-voisin of Police of Paris, has retired from office? It is, alas! true and officially confirmed. His hour is world-wide; his narrow escapes from death are too numerous to array as paper. The Reginald and the Socialist press have often denounced this rule, wise little rule, which white bread, round left hat, and brisk military stride made his conspicuous in the midst of every turbulent demonstration. He has escaped scathless the bullets of anarchists, automobile bands, and misguided partisans of the *Confédération Générale* of France, and has not only taken his usual daily seven years. "But," says he, "there is a telephone in the flat which I have just taken. Should duty call, I shall be there." One wishes for M. LEPAGE a long and happy and undisturbed enjoyment of well-earned rest.

Whenever a judge presiding over a New York criminal court is conducting the trial of some notorious murderer he is sure to receive letters, postal cards, and even peripatetic telegrams written by cranks berating and denouncing and denouncing him with death in some horrible form. The late Recorder FARMAN STURTEVANT, presiding over a murder trial, one day received a reporter friend up to the bench and handed him a letter thus made like this: "You cruel and blood-thirsty old tyrant, you are trying to send this honest man to the Chair as you say and you will never let me do it. I will stay in jail for you and punish you and give you death finally, a friend of Justice." The reporter wanted to publish it. "Oh, no," said Recorder STURTEVANT. "I should like to see only to call your attention to that beautiful new word, 'punish,' which I suppose means to crush and to punish. If you should publish it, hundreds of other cranks would be inspired to write. It's had enough say for their letters taken up on such terms in going through the mailing mail. The writers are not dangerous—merely silliness."

The activity of KRUMPHOLTZ is a previous gift, yet it set in motion a series of activities that scared him out of his wits. He sat cross-legged in his shop at Sinterpark, in the Cross, where a snoring motor-car stopped at his door. In came a Russian captain of Infantry and said to the trembling KRUMPHOLTZ: "Come. For an hour we have waited. They entered to Libania, and KRUMPHOLTZ was led before a great general. The general led him into a great room in the palace, and there he saw His Imperial Majesty, the Czar of all the Russias. "Make me a uniform of the Crimean Campaign," said the Czar. "So that it fits." With shaky hands KRUMPHOLTZ passed the tape around the august person. He withdrew, and prayed the God of his fathers, and felt as never before before. The uniform was produced perfect. KRUMPHOLTZ received fifty rubles as a fee besides a gift of three hundred rubles to pay his debts. He returned in his working family up from the dead. But that was not all. A few days later a general messenger brought to his shop a gold watch with the double-headed of Russia blazoned on it, and the inscription: "To KRUMPHOLTZ for work." Such.

The enormous difference that the point of view makes in human estimates could not be more strikingly shown than by this anecdote that is told of JOHN B. HORTON, JR. Mr. HORTON was speaking of the loss of \$25,000,000 in the Panama Canal, and stopped the financial point of 1907. "It was a fine and patriotic thing to do," Mr. HORTON is reported as saying, "especially when you remember that Mr. Morgan is not a very rich man."

The people of France are opening their eyes wider every day in admiration of their new President, M. POINCARÉ. He is all but simplicity. He declines to keep his old friends from the public eye as often as ever. He has directed the police not to hold up street traffic to let him pass. He has dismissed the Republican Guard, who used to camp and sleep every night around the Presidential mansion. He has discharged the famous *Chasseurs* and installed a plain cook. He has ordered for only the lovers of fat and molasses bread in the Presidential stables. Automobiles will take their place. Moreover, he is showing daily an increasing liking and ability for work. France steps, looks, listens, and applauds.



The house at 163 Aynham Street, Hartford, where Mr. Morgan was born.

## Last Honors to a Great Citizen

THE funeral of John Pierpont Morgan, on April 14th, although celebrated as above explain of the world, was marked by the simplicity by had long before obtained. There was no departure from the service for the funeral of the dead in the palace of the Protestant Episcopal Church, St. Thomas had the last tribute of respect to the body of him who had been the first citizen of the world. In London and in Paris memorial services were held simultaneously with the actual funeral in old St. George's, in New York, the church of which Mr. Morgan long had been warden. Representatives of the King and members of the government attended the service in Westminster Abbey, and there was a similar assemblage at the memorial service in Trinity Church, Paris.

At the break of day people began to gather about the Morgan home in Trusty-street, New York. Thousands of wage-earners went out of their way to linger there in silence for a few moments. At eight o'clock a large force of soldiers, horse and foot, cleared the street between Madison and Park avenues, and through remained close to the lines and upon the heads until the cortege had passed. John Pierpont Morgan, Jr., with his wife and son, went to his father's home at nine o'clock. Mr. Morgan, the widow, with the only children, Miss Anne Morgan, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert I. Satterlee, and Mr. and Mrs. William Pittman Hamilton and their children, joined them in the library. Together they proceeded by an underground way to the great library in Thirty-third Street, which had been the office of one of Mr. Morgan's most notable triumphs—the sleeping of the ocean of 1897. There the body of the financier had lain since the arrival from Europe, contained in a heavy-iron casket surmounted by a pall of red and green silk.

About 90, George's Church in Stuyvesant Square a vast crowd had assembled early. The police had closed the adjoining streets to vehicles, traffic, and only those who had words of salutation were allowed to enter the church. Fifteen thousand men and women stood at respectful attention in the square, and many hundreds were looking down upon the scene from the neighboring houses. The doors of the church were closed at ten o'clock, and at the same moment the great bell in the tower began to toll. The choir

emerged from the robing-room and passed beneath the north gallery to the door, where they met the clergy—first the rector, the Rev. Carl Holland, and his assistant minister, and Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, Bishop Brewster of Connecticut, and Bishop Greer of New York. Next came the twelve honorary pall-bearers, led by Senator Elihu Root and Joseph H. Choate. The others were George S. Bondeen, Lewis Cass Ludlow, Robert W. & Forest, John Fairchild (Deane), Robert Bacon, George F. Baker, Dr. James W. Matthews, Albert H. Gary, Morton S. Patten, and Nath. Low.

The heavy doors swung open to admit the coffin, which had been borne to the church from the library on Murray Hill in a plain horse without padding drawn by two black horses not restrained, the heavily falling in old-fashioned carriages.

The clergy and choir led the procession to the chancel, followed by the honorary pall-bearers, then the coffin and the members of the family.

To tell who were at the funeral would be to re-echo the leaders in art, science, literature, music, finance, commerce, and manufactures in our own New York. Some of the organizations represented were the Automobile Club of America, the New York Green Regiment and Biographical Society, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Union League Club, the Century Home Association, the New England Society, the Chamber of Commerce, the American Bookbinders' Association, the Southern Railway, the American Academy in Rome, the Union Club, the Fabled States, Steel Corporation, the International Mercantile Marine Company, the Astor Trust, the New School of Applied Design for Women, Society of Colonial Cavaliers, Church Institute for Negroes, United Temperance Society, New York Yacht Club, and the Stock Exchange.

From St. George's Church the funeral party proceeded to a special train at the Grand Central terminal and thence to Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Morgan's birthplace and the home of his ancestors. During all the railway journey of two hours and a half onwards assembled at every station and stood unobscured as the train passed. Flags were at half-mast every where. All business was suspended in Hartford, Fairlee and schools were closed. In, and a silent multitude witnessed the passing of the cortege to Cedar Hill Cemetery, where the body was interred in a tomb in the Morgan family plot.



know about the Arctic is that there is a current in the polar ocean for America's Enterprise. This was conclusively proven by an experiment of Admiral G. W. Melville, of the United States Navy, and Mr. Henry H. Henshaw, of the Philadelphia Geographical Society, a number of weeks containing messages in many languages were set adrift from whaling-ships in the western American Arctic. One drift-boat anchored near Point Barrow was picked up five years later in Ireland, and another and from Cape Barrow was thrown up on the beach near North Cape, Norway.

The fact that the Melville-Henshaw canals have floated across from Point Barrow and Cape Barrow to Ireland and Norway, respectively, shows that there is a northward current through the Polar Sea, but the further fact that the abundant driftwood coming from the Mackenzie River does not lodge in any great extent upon the shores of Banks Island, lying to the north of the mouth of the Mackenzie, shows that this current cannot be straight north from Alaska across the Pole, but must be a circulation one, streaming for the first portion of its way westward nearly parallel to the coast of Alaska and Asia—a thing which is substantiated by the known drift of the Jeannette after September 6, 1878, until she sank on June 12, 1881, and of the Fram from her leaving in on September 22, 1893, to her becoming free from the ice July 19, 1896.

Because a hypothetical lead mine at Harris has plotted satisfactorily with these otherwise mysterious facts and many others, and because no other explanation is readily discernible that really does explain them, the scientific world has been led to consider that there is lead ore to be discovered in the northern ocean. But be that as it may, a successful expedition to the Beaufort Sea will discover this lead or establish the fact of its non-existence.

From a scientific point of view one result is as desirable as the other, for the true scientist is concerned merely with the extension of the bounds of human knowledge and not with proving that any certain thing is or is not so. The particular problem that most interests geographers is the determination of the continental shelf. In other words, they want to know the distance from the known lands of that line on the sea bottom where the depth of water suddenly increases from one or two hundred fathoms to several thousand, for the presumption is that beyond this continental shelf no land exists, so most of the already discovered Arctic leads lie in shallow water. In other words, the known Arctic islands are the slight elevations of a submerged plateau and do not come up in the manner of mountain peaks from great depths. It may, however, be pointed out that the finding of such a shelf will not be conclusive, for we have striking exceptions to the rule in such bodies of water as the Mediterranean, and even nearer at hand in Baffin Bay, and elsewhere in the Arctic, where depths of over five thousand fathoms have been reached, and yet land lies but a few miles beyond. In other words, a man coming from Greenland, if he were in a canoe when he reached the edge of the shelf of Greenland that we had lay beyond the two-hundred-fathom line, would never discover Baffin Land, although as a matter of fact Baffin Land would not be far below the surface in the end.

But apart from the discovery of new land, or the determination of its non-existence, the expedition has important aims. In Victoria Island and the mainland north of it are Eskimos who had never seen a white man until our visit to them in 1910, and the study of such people is one of the most desired opportunities of the ethnologist, for there are few, if any, other places on the earth's surface where people in so nearly a primitive condition are still living. The historians of the archeologist are engaged in pushing the history of mankind back into periods which our fathers supposed would be blank forever. In one sense of the word we are making history fast today, and our modern period ends

social changes and our scientific discoveries. In an age when the making history such history yet by pushing our knowledge to the past backward era; by contrary said it seems and extravagant to speak of the Pyramids and the Sphinx as modern works of man. The bones of men and their buried implements give us some idea of what our ancestors were like five thousand, fifty thousand, and some would even say five hundred thousand years ago. But the picture is not complete, and by discovering people who are to-day on the level of culture on which our ancestors were ten thousand years ago we seek to fill in the space left vacant by archeology and to give life and color to the archeologist's and historian's records of the past. And these legends that study of the childlike people has intrinsic ethnological interest exactly as the study of the child has psychological interest. Further, as archeologists we seek to determine the prehistoric range of the Eskimo upon the Arctic islands and upon the northern mainland, with reference to those who cry for "unity" and partly, too, from intrinsic scientific reasons, considerable emphasis will be laid on geology. Our last Arctic expedition established the existence of copper in Victoria Island, which is the first plotted discovery of copper on any of the large Arctic islands. We have, therefore, as northern Canada, a known copper-bearing area running from Great Bear Lake on the mainland north to the middle of Victoria Island and from Great Lake east to and including Bathurst Inlet. This is one of the largest known copper-bearing areas in the world, and it does not seem impossible that it may, in time, prove one of the richest. Certainly native copper has, in any case, places in the world been found and used by aborigines in such abundance as the case of the Eskimo in this area.

Another thing of substantial economic value is the study of the sea and land life. Bear Lake has long been known to be rich in food fishes, and we have found most of the fishes running into the Arctic and most of the lower lakes to be correspondingly rich. The ocean bottom has its valuable stores, also, though we know of them but little. The Eskimos along the coast we have caught an abundance of various kinds of fish almost anywhere along fifteen hundred miles of the north coast of America; there is no telling what an investigation of the water life offshore may bring to light. We know there are the northern whales, Greenland herring, the fish of which is well favored, and they may therefore at some time become an important source of food in our country, as they already are in Japan. They have also the walrus, the seal, and the polar bears, all of them of economic value. The study of the ocean so therefore easily be defended before even the most conservative. To the scientist the study of the ocean is of self-evident importance.

The study of terrestrial magnetism has also its already established utilitarian value for the commerce of the world across the ocean is still guided by the magnetic compass, and the relation of magnetism to electricity and other phenomena is yearly becoming more and more vital interest. In cooperation with the Carnegie Institution Bureau of Terrestrial Magnetism we shall carry forward investigations in this field. There will also be investigations and records in meteorology, and it is hoped that our wireless apparatus will be able to send down daily messages which will complete the wide gap between people the two most valuable meteorological stations in the northern hemisphere, those of Iceland and the Alaskan Islands, and furnish thus a certain way of predicting storms from the north—a thing of prime importance in navigation upon the oceans and upon the Great Lakes.

The expedition will sail from a Pacific port of Canada in late August or early June. It will carry a 24-ton ketch with open auxiliary power which, under the name of Aerial, has for many years sailed the Beaufort Sea as a whaler. Although it may seem the whitest in the Beaufort Sea, it is to the north of them and every indication of an open ocean stretching far in the direction of the Pole, the large Arctic Bay, the open water to the northward because their business is to get white, and white, in their opinion, are not abundant farther north than a diagonal line drawn from the north end of Banks Island to Flaxman Island on the Alaska coast. Success in Arctic exploration is almost purely a matter of luck. If we happen to go north in a season of prevailing westerly or northerly winds we shall find the Beaufort Sea closed with ice and our ship will be compelled to long the anchored closely; but if the summer of 1913 happens to be a season of easterly or southeasterly winds, such a season as we have had almost every year since 1906, we shall find the Beaufort Sea open farther north than any ship has ever tried to go and open probably a matter of days. If we happen to do so in a theoretical line. The great plan is, therefore, to cruise northward from the mouth of the Mackenzie as far as it seems safe or feasible to go, and to establish a winter base, or way land that may be discovered. Following the discovery of land, the vessel would head southward toward the known islands (Banks Island or Prince Patrick Island) and our winter base would be as far north as possible along their western coasts. From this point of vantage we should, the following winter, explore the sea-covered ocean, to the west and northwest chiefly, but also possibly to the north, with a view to determining all facts of interest in the latitude in which Banks lies on the ocean bottom, the direction of currents, etc., besides taking tidal and other observations on shore. The following spring our geological, zoological, and archeological work would be carried on in the interior of these islands, while the meteorological observations would go forward without interruption all seasons. A secondary base will be established, if possible, in south-western Victoria Island, and here the general work of the expedition will be carried on exactly as at the main base, except that more emphasis will be placed on economic geology on account of the already known copper deposits and upon ethnology in view of the already discovered primitive Eskimos.

The scientific staff of the expedition will comprise eight or nine men, specialists divided between the two base camps. The vessel will have a crew of ten men, and the intention will be that she return to a Pacific port before winter sets in, but on account of the uncertainty of everything in the Arctic she will go provisioned for two years to inevitable accidents. Like our previous expedition, this one will be more simple in equipment than is generally the case in polar exploration, for we have found the principle of fitting on the country to be naturally adapted in the carrying on of most kinds of scientific work and exploration. Further, the menace of all polar explorations, is a thing as yet not well understood, and we do not know exactly how to prevent it except that it has never attacked any one who has lived largely on the coast which the country itself produces.

The time of the expedition as planned is three winters and four summers, so that, if all goes well, the scientific party should return to civilization only in the autumn of 1916, although the vessel should be able to communicate with their each summer and return each summer to the Pacific coast.

It seems to seem that this is rather a lengthy programme, but the Arctic is an inaccessible place with which to do a thing as you get there. If you are trying to reach a mathematical point such as the Pole, and if that be the sole goal of your explorers, then you can return at once when it has been attained. We shall not be striving for any one point particularly, but for broad scientific results. We have a large amount of work to do, and many problems to settle, some of them ones which in their very nature have to be investigated through a long period of time. The work we have before us is no job for a haphazard crew or for a man in a hurry.

## A MOTOR-CAR FOR WAR AEROPLANES

# MINNEAPOLIS, RICH AND BEAUTIFUL

The Wonderful Resources, Abounding Prosperity, Charming Homes, and Excellent Schools of the Great City of the West



A panoramic view of Minneapolis

WITH its growth scarcely written, Minneapolis almost occupies a prominent position among the foremost American cities. It is the commercial capital of the state of Minnesota and one of the capitals of the great American Northwest—a vast and fertile region extending in extent the combined areas of France, Germany, and Great Britain. The city of Minneapolis is located at the geographical center of North America. It is the focal of navigation on the Mississippi River and one hundred and fifty miles from the head of navigation on the Great Lakes. The city rests on a level plateau five feet above sea-level. It stretches and it miles wide, surrounded by rolling hills. The Mississippi River flows through the city, dividing it almost in half.

Minneapolis is essentially a manufacturing city, but the development of its industries has not been accomplished at the expense of its natural beauty. It ranks fourth of all the cities in the country in volume of manufactures, while it is recognized as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Its educational institutions stand high in comparison with those of other communities, and it has attained national prominence as a music and art center.

The rise of Minneapolis to its present distinction as a center of manufacturing was but the fulfillment of destiny. It did not come by the prestige through any accidental or artificial influence. It owes its existence to the Falls of St. Anthony in the Mississippi, 200 miles from the source of the great "Father of Waters." When a rush of water from the north encountered this aloft of rock it marked the site of Minneapolis, and the establishment of the city was no certain time as was the coming of Columbus.

From its small beginning Minneapolis has expanded continuously which may in a thrilling recitation long before the first settler reached the site of his city. Other cities might have served as distributing centers for the supplies now furnished by Minneapolis to the vast triple territory, but it was the presence of the inexhaustible water power of the Falls of St. Anthony that enabled Minneapolis to attain the prestige it now enjoys.

Its growth has been phenomenal. A little more than half a century ago its site was an Indian reservation. It rose as a city housing a population of 222,426 citizens of United States Census Bureau for 1912, increasing at the rate of about 10,000 inhabitants a year. With St. Paul, which has little more than three times as many inhabitants, it forms a community with a population of approximately 600,000.

The first industry of Minneapolis was the production of flour. The Falls of St. Anthony furnished power for the sawmills which reduced the forests of the state to lumber. The country surrounding the infant Minneapolis, then known as the town of St. Anthony, was turned by the pine and seen to wheat. The falls were called upon to turn the millstones which ground this to flour. Minneapolis remains today the

world's chief producer of flour. With the domination of the forests the lumber industry in Minneapolis was interrupted, though and other industries were provided to take the place of the sawmills and to utilize the cheap power generated by the falls. In this energy and horsepower to use the Minneapolis of today, with its 1,200 manufacturing establishments, whose annual products represent the sum of \$248 for every man, woman, and child in the city. The factory brands of Minneapolis are known throughout the world. Its flour is sold in every civilized country, and its linseed, mackerel, and machinery products follow the paths blazed by the pioneer flour-mills companies to every part of the globe.

the sky line of Minneapolis a distinctiveness as other cities obtain. The great bank structures picture the story of the city's rich business. Minneapolis citizenship is noted for far-sighted traits. A large percentage of the laboring classes own a their homes and fifty-four per cent. of all the children in the public schools have savings accounts. The bank earnings are among the ten largest in America, being annually nearly \$1,310,000,000. There are sixteen national and state banks, three savings banks, and two trust companies, with a combined capital and surplus of \$10,000,000 and deposits of over \$116,000,000.

Her location has made Minneapolis the center for air railroad systems, comprising twenty-five lines and



The pavilion and band-stand at Lake Harriet

The growth of the jolting business of Minneapolis kept pace with the development of the city's industries, until in 1912 the total business of its subdivisions aggregated \$2,000,000,000. Recognized "Minneapolis territory" extends from Lake Michigan to the Pacific coast, from the Canadian boundary and beyond, for miles into the Southwest. It is the second largest distributor of farm implements in the United States and the third largest wholesale fruit and produce dealer.

Minneapolis is famous, too, as a retail trading center. All of the thronging lines in the retail district are wide, well paved, and gayly lit. Nicollet Avenue, the main artery, is one of the few main streets in America not traversed by a street-car line. The continuous cascade of attractive show fronts on this thoroughfare is not surpassed anywhere in the world. There may be a greater number of retail establishments in larger cities, but they are scattered and unimpressive with "dark spots" while on Nicollet Avenue the array of photographic fronts is unbroken.

Minneapolis is held out on generous lines. Its residence streets, as well as those devoted to wide and well kept. Clean white buildings are made in the downtown business section. A number of the buildings occupy by the jobs are of the most modern construction. The city is full of light and air. There are no "creeper-slugs" in the city, and no slums. Huge elevators near the city give

raising over 55,000 miles of track. Two hundred passenger trains arrive daily at the three Minneapolis stations. January is not normally a busy shopping month, but during that month in 1913 Minneapolis received 20,912 carloads of freight and shipped from the city 25,548 carloads. For every twenty-six minutes, day and night, of the twenty-seven business days of January a forty-car train of freight pulled in or out of Minneapolis.

The company operates all the street-car lines in Minneapolis. This city has more than 175 miles of track, which is of the best possible construction. All parts of the city are furnished with bus, conveyance service. The cars are unusually large and may riding and are built in the company's own shops. Four international lines connect Minneapolis with St. Paul, and there are two fast suburban lines from Minneapolis to Lake Minnetonka points, besides lines to the city of Stillwater and to White Bear Lake. The company also operates a fleet of fast boats to all principal points on Lake Minnetonka, reaching Minneapolis business men to live at the lake and yet be within a short ride from their offices.

Minneapolis now is developing another important avenue of transportation—the Mississippi River. Legislative provision has been made for establishing municipal terminals, with the latest equipment for the economical handling of freight, and business men of the city are purchasing stock in a navigation company which is preparing to improve its river traffic as soon as the terminals are ready for use. The United States government's six best channel project includes at the Washington Avenue bridge in the heart of Minneapolis. A great deal is nearing completion, and it will provide Minneapolis with an excellent inland harbor. Some of the largest shippers of the city are enthusiastic over the development of water transportation, and an inland route has brought from a few of these people of more than 500,000 tons of south-bound freight per annum which they will forward by the river as soon as the means are provided. Minneapolis intends to utilize the new method of river transportation, which entails of a power vessel drawing trains of sail barges with a displacement of 1,000 tons each.



Loring Park, Minneapolis

The city government is housed in a magnificent building costing \$5,344,000, every dollar of which represents actual value. The value of the city of Minneapolis property is over \$215,000,000, while the city debt is only a little over \$14,000,000. The last year the city was being built at the rate of \$100 million of true property value. The city owns its own water works and recently completed a perfect system of sewerage which furnishes, through a system of pipe lines, the purest of drinking water. This plant already is looked upon as a model after which other cities are being constructed. The Erie coastwise route is located in Minneapolis at 38.44 in the thousand, which is lower than any other large city in the world. The climate is delightfully dry and temperate. The average temperature for the year is 50.5, and in 12 degrees above zero, for the summer, 70.5. The annual precipitation is 26.3 inches. While there is frost for an average of 160 days, there is no snow in Christmas (thus affording perfect automobile). There is an entire absence of rain and sleet during the winter, which is beneficial for the exhilarating, dry atmosphere.

The "Land of Lakes" (there are 10,000 lakes in Minnesota) early attracted lovers of art to this locality. The Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts, now in its twenty-seventh year, conducts a school in the public library building, the standard of which is recognized by New York art critics higher than any other west of the Alleghenies. Members of the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts instituted in 1910 a campaign for the erection of a great art museum. At a gathering of interested business men the sum of \$750,000 was pledged for this project. This included a site valued at \$200,000. Ground has been broken for the museum and it is to be completed within two years. The park house has purchased property facing the proposed museum which will provide a beautiful approach to the art property.

There are many private collections of paintings in the city among them the T. B. Walker collection, and to contain one of the most valuable collections, the number of paintings considered, in the country. This gallery is open to the public. The various Minneapolis musical organizations which have more than local reputations. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra supported by an annual grant of \$50,000, has been pronounced by competent critics to be one of the six great symphony orchestras in the world. The city has always been known as a good "skate town." There are four skating rinks, five municipal ice houses, and five summer entertainment places. Besides these there is an auditorium at which, through the winter months, the Minneapolis Opera and other local musical organizations appear and where the leading musical artists of the world are heard. The winter is never at all less for entertainment in Minneapolis.

Minneapolis has had a library association for fifty years and the present central library building for twenty-one years. The library contains 250,000 volumes, maintains eleven branches with reading rooms, and over fifty deposit stations in schools, libraries, social settlements, and fire-engine houses. The annual book circulation is 1,312,000, or an average of over three books for every man, woman, and child in the city old enough to read.

Minneapolis is known as an ideal recreation city. Over seventy country clubs are contained in 1912. The hotels are equal in appliances to those of other cities and new ones are being built constantly. One of the five new hotels cost more to build per square foot than any other hotel in the country. The working capacity of Minneapolis exceeds in large enough to hold half of the entire adult population. There are more than two hundred churches of all denominations and nearly every known faith. It would be mentioned that Minneapolis has maintained for nearly a quarter of a century a "prohibition" law which allows liquor to be sold only in a restricted downtown district. No liquor is sold near residences or schools. All saloons close at eleven o'clock and no liquor is sold on Sundays.

The people of Minneapolis are so well organized that several cities think they are well equipped. It is easy to meet the people with whom you or she wishes to work. There are over fifty women's clubs, forty-five improvement associations, and many social clubs. Nearly every class of business has its organization. Every section of the city has its commercial club. The chief business men's organization of the city is the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association, which boasts a membership of 2,000 representative citizens and which in one year of its existence has obtained prominence and had been the off-the-organization of its kind in the United States. The association is organized to supply any information that is desired. Minneapolis is a city of millionaires, although there is not that outward show which people might expect in such a city, but nearly all of

these millionaires were poor boys or their fathers were poor boys when they reached the Northwest. The streets in the residential sections abound with spectacularly planted shade trees. There are one hundred and twenty miles of paved streets and seven hundred and ninety miles of well-kept cement-block sidewalks.

Minneapolis real-estate prices are admittedly much lower than those in any other city of the same population, affording an excellent opportunity for safe and profitable investments. There were more than 41,000 real estate transfers in 1912, totaling over \$24,000,000 in value. The building permits for the same year show 3,583 granted, totaling in actual cost more than \$14,200,000. New buildings are going up everywhere, yet there is no boom or bust or steady growth.

Public authorities maintain that the Minneapolis public school system is second to none in the United

one great park because for thirty years the park board has had supervision of the planting of shade trees throughout the city. These hardly done are placed at even distances, pruned, and cared for by the board. Over one hundred and twenty miles of the city landscape have been provided in this way by the city for the citizen.

Cedar Lake, Lake of the Isles, Lake Calhoun and Harriet are all within fifteen or twenty minutes' car or automobile ride from the center of the city and offer bathing, fishing, boating, music, and refreshments. At Lake Calhoun is the beautiful Calhoun Bath House and the finest inland bathing-beach in America. Sun-baths, lawns, restaurants, and canoes are readily to the public at Lake Calhoun and Lake Harriet.

Minnehaha Falls and Fort Snelling are reached by cars. The fort is a historic spot occupied by a full garrison, while adjoining Minnehaha, with its famous



Minneapolis Court House and City Hall

States. There are seventy graded and five high schools operating under a law of compulsory education. Statistics show that a larger proportion of the population attends high school than in any other city in the United States, and a larger per cent. of the high-school graduates attend college. The greater number of these go to the state university, which covers eighty-five acres of the east bank of the river, carrying 6,526 students in eight "colleges" and three "schools." The University of Minnesota Library contains 100,000 volumes.

Minneapolis has been called "the city of lakes and gardens." There are twenty lakes within the city limits and one knotted waterway, a radius of twenty miles. It is worth while to fish in many of these lakes.

Nearly all the city lakes are now controlled by the park board and held by it for the benefit of the people. Over 3,700 acres, or one-half of the entire area of the city, is in the park system. The city has thirty-five miles of parkways, also, under the supervision of the board. One stretch of park land on the western side of the city, carrying nearly one thousand acres, includes seven large lakes. Four of these are now being connected by lagoons which will afford a waterway with twelve miles of shore line, no part of which is more than four miles from the downtown district. The visitor will notice the absence of such signs as "Verboten," or "Keep off," in the Minneapolis parks. The children are made to feel so interested in the city through the special playgrounds, walking paths, and public walks in many of the parks. Private lawns and well-kept lawns are seen on the lakes. The board maintains fine skating rinks in most of the parks every winter. In fact, the entire city might be said

to be the home which the state has provided for her soldiers.

In St. Anthony Falls and the milling district are the world's greatest flour-mills with a daily capacity of sixteen barrels of flour. In their mill race of the largest grain elevators in the world have recently been erected. Near by is the power plant where power is generated for the street-car service of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The City Hall and Court House, built of Minnesota granite at a cost of \$2,000,000, is one of the finest city buildings in America. The main entrance and corridor form a most imposing view.

The Chamber of Commerce, which is the center for the grain business of the Northwest, is an interesting point, especially during the trading hours from nine to one o'clock each day. Here each week is sold there than at any other place in the world.

The financial center in the vicinity of First Avenue and Fourth Street, contains a number of the best banking structures in the West and forms the financial center not alone of the city, but of the entire Northwest.

The railway manufacturing district and railway terminals, as well as the grounds of the Minnesota State Fair, the largest state fair in the United States, may be viewed from two of the four interurban lines connecting Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Lake Minnetonka, with its beautiful islands, bays, and wooded heights, with its more than 100 miles of irregular shore line, is one of the most picturesque lakes in America. It can be easily reached by trolley or car from the city and may be best seen and enjoyed by taking one or more of the steamboat trips to various parts of the lake.

## A LINNET IN THE BRAKE

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Little brother of my heart,  
Come and speak with me,  
I hear you shrilling and singing afar  
In the waste by the roadside,  
Little brother of my heart, I pray you  
Come and speak with me.

Or, if you will not come  
Where the loughs meet above,  
Come to the meadow by the roadside,  
Where the wild honey-suckle hums,  
And sing to me of love.

Little brother of my heart, I pray you  
Fly and come away,  
All the love in my eyes shall pay you,  
Little brother, if you stay.

Fly not forth in the Miller's avowal,  
Among lark-crooners' bands,  
Dress in gay garb, come proud wing-bearer,  
And feed from my hands.

Drop down the cruel wing-bearer  
That takes you off,  
And so will be yours together  
Under the good sky.  
Stay with my forever, heart's brother;  
Kiss me shall be sure to reach other  
As the glad days go by.

Fly not forth in the road, little brother—  
Fly not in the way, my true wing-bearer—  
Let an eagle lure you on to the other,  
The old song, and end you.

# MAKING THE TABLE GROAN

New Vegetables Will Put the Potato to Shame and Make the Cabbage Hide its Head

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. BROTHMANN



**T**he farmer is the most conservative manufacturer in America. He has been the conservative of all conservatives in every generation, era, and country. Ever since our history began he has stuck to a common round of wheat and corn. A few centuries ago he added potatoes; later, within the past fifty years, the potato. He accepted these two innovations unwillingly; now they are among the great staples. But still the farmer relies only from a conviction to twenty different vegetables. Of late years Nature has been pokingquisitely in the earth and among the products and she is now putting the matter to him directly.

"Wah, wah," she says, "listen yourself. I've discovered by years of labor and patient research some new vegetables than the twenty—it's really less than that—which you have now. The new ones are better than the old. They will be more profitable for you because people will like to eat them better. You can raise more of them and sell them cheaper. If you will only plant these new things I have discovered for you the wealth your acres will produce will be doubled. Why can't you see it? Must I join these new vegetables down your throat?"

"Well, maybe there is something in what you say," remarks the farmer, cautiously. "Perhaps I will try some of them next year if you can succeed." "I'll make you," says Nature, shaking her fist. "All my work shall not go for naught. I've done my part toward leading the people, now you do yours." The farmer is at last being persuaded. A few years ago experiments would not have been welcomed by him. But lately science has proved altogether too successful in farm life to be ignored. Moreover, there is a new prosperity on the farms and there are many new processes of agriculture. The farmer who has mechanical equipment and the telephone and drives about his acres in a neat motor-car looks at crops with a different eye from that who worked alongside his hired men and scarcely knew the life of a dollar. The new farmer does a lot of thinking about the ultimate consumer.

There are more than twenty of these new vegetables that show a likelihood of coming into general use on the American dinner table within the next ten years. The show of the domestic is going to be considerably more than doubtful. It will save forty dif-

ferent vegetables from which to plan her meals instead of twenty. There is nothing in the "fad" reputation about any of these new vegetables. All have been and are being grown and already have some market. All have been popular wherever they have been tried and all ran no big losses at a profit. In addition, over and above the fact, there are five or six other vegetables not so new, but still uncommon as foods because they have never been put widely upon the market. Those better have passed the public verdict of approval, but in most cities and towns it is difficult to obtain them. But all the new vegetables, the experts say, are going to be possible for the simplest housewife.

One of the Japanese salad vegetables that will take the place of asparagus very acceptably, is one of these new vegetables. The daikon is another. The daikon is the new potato—one of the new potatoes rather, but unless he lately brought several in American agriculture, such matter proceeding from the point of view of popularity than the last. Nobody doubts that the daikon or any of the others will rule out the "spud" that is regarded with as much affection, but what may happen is that they may prove profitable fruits being produced in such quantities that prices will permanently drop. The new potato can be grown in soil and under circumstances impossible for the potato to everybody knows. Delicious are something between the white potato and the sweet-potato and they have a very acceptable flavor. Considerable quantities of them are being grown today in South Carolina. There is already a market for them, and they pay the farmer.

What the makers of the new crops are not going to do is to turn out a small quantity, and if to market, and then sell down and grow and sell here, because the public does not immediately buy. The men who are the pioneers of the new vegetables are too wise for that. They know how, in the past, popular appreciation of the new vegetable world, they started slowly and without say apparent reason and then took half a century to climb up to their proportions. Of course, in sticking to the same in the main, in our great grandmothers' days and even in our grandmothers' days, the "less apple" and thought it only to be fed to pigs. But now later days supply just as many crops as the new vegetable history.

There is the English vegetable marrow, for example, slightly enjoyed by very nearly every one who has ever tasted it. It is not new in America, though greatly underrated. There are many people here who have never heard of it. Kappa is not any wonder if people don't frequently buy it if it were "headly" at all come properly. But as it is supplied only casually by outside. No one seems to have thought to have taken it up as a business proposition. Those who are the object. It is used in large quantities in the foreign countries. It is used in hospitals and in many fashionable restaurants and clubs, but in many a city and town it is as difficult matter to get. New equipment might never get to be a "acceptable head-bear," but once the loss it would

have a considerable sale if people could find it when they wanted to buy it and if they saw it when they were not thinking of it. Hyacinth leaves under the same disadvantage of never being pushed. It is possible to make a very good soup really—think has everything except the actual presence of the spines. It has the taste, the smell, and the look.

With these instances in mind, the man who will grow the new vegetables are forewarned. Create a popular demand by supplying it. Keep the product to be sold constantly in the market. Have it within easy reach always as a reminder. As an evidence that this policy is successful wherever and whenever these new vegetables are grown it is found that they are easily sold. But far-away markets are not being tried as yet. What is the need and the use of it when the small local markets steadily absorb all that is grown? There will be some time when the product is established on a firm foundation.

The aquatic potato, which jokers, when they get wind of it, are going to designate as a "watermelon" because it really grows, so to speak, under water, is one of the most spectacular of the new vegetables. The scientists and the progressive farmers who have looked into it say that the aquatic potato has a very fair chance of becoming one of the great American food products all by itself. It is good to the taste and it grows where no potato worthy of the name could ever be induced to grow before—on very mud and marshy ground.

Along with the aquatic potato in the middle. The peach also has a brilliant record and has become a distinct commercial success. It is a substitute for cranberry, or really not a substitute at all, but something new and capable of making a jelly that can last cranberry on its own ground and—some day—of surpassing that delicacy. It will grow in southern climates impossible for cranberries and, best of all, a market for it is now established; Texas, California, Florida, and North Carolina have all become peach states. One advantage it has over the cranberry is that it is very easy of culture and can be grown in any garden.

None of these new vegetables, it will be seen, are variations, variants, or mere "improvements." They are really new foods for America. In some cases a new product in the old and old and abundant in their popularity. The big Japanese radish is a new in point. It promises to be a welcome rival of the turnip.

The radish is an American thing. It is very steady and acceptable to everybody. The kind that appears on our domestic dinner tables is small and round, a pretty little ball. But the Japanese radish is long and can be a work. It grows in a prodigious size—sometimes it runs up to forty pounds in weight. The little radish is a radish, the big one is a vegetable for a man. Though a vegetable and nothing else, a Strasburgian brother of the baby radish that all know and eat, it is bold and masked like a turnip. It grows in great quantities and is called Japanese radishes and are rather delicate about them. In Germany this new vegetable has nearly reached maturity. There it gets on many dinner tables, being more agreeable to the taste and not having the turnip's strong odor.

A strong word in the Japanese radish is to be in its low price. It has been produced in quantities very cheaply. This new vegetable has been better than almost any other. It will be possible to cultivate over a tremendous area, practically everywhere. Already it has been grown on the outskirts of New York.

There are few, few long and interesting list of the novelties in vegetable that here and there are getting a strong hold, creating a demand, and being found by hard-headed men to be with the good. The new vegetable, Every American knows of stuffed peppers. Peppers that won't kill, however, come thick enough to fry like beefsteak. They are better eaten sliced than stuffed and generally speaking, are unobtainable. They are not eaten there unknown, for the reason that to a greater or less extent they have been transported from Spain for some time. What is the way in which they are being slowly and steadily established as a standard American crop in accordance with the new idea that the proper should be a delicious vegetable rather than a mere condiment. Peppers sliced and fried, spiced thick, will appeal



"Must I join these new vegetables down your throat?"

to many when they come to be known. There is the Chinese cabbage, which does not look like cabbage at all (though it looks like it), but like lettuce. It is more delicate to the palate than the ordinary cabbage of commerce, and tastes, when cooked, "very fine" (as vegetable enthusiasts say). When it is likely to get a hold on the affections of the farmer, however, is in the fact that it matures early. The factitious variety of it, once Chinese cabbage gets established, can carry it to market and completely take the wind out of the sails of his neighbor who plants only the traditional cabbage.

Scarlet-runner is newer until science discovered that it was really a food, radishes, on kale, celerisks (the latter a Southern delicacy, but now being headed toward the North and designed for southern consumption), corn salad can carry plant that is also called "Lamb's lettuce", Swiss chard, and Chinese artichokes are other interesting scientific contributions to the diet of the American house. The broad bean may be added, too, and Japanese lima beans come into much more general use than most people are aware. Rice from the Orient and also from Italy and Africa is more and more taking the place of the old American rice. Probably the average American does not know the difference, but it is quite likely that he is habitually eating lima beans. Nearly one-half of the rice area of Louisiana and Texas is given over to the better and healthier product of the Orient.

Swiss chard looks more like a narrow-leaved lettuce than anything else and sometimes goes by the name of silver beet. It is raised and used as greens. It has had a remarkable rise as a new vegetable. Also it has a root that can either be sliced or eaten like celery. Cardoons are a thistle-like plant of south Europe, of the same species as the French artichoke. When the leaves are nearly full grown they are tied together near the top, steam is piled around the base, and then earth is banked against it. This is for the purpose of blanching. Cardoons must be blanched in



A Broddingsganger with the baby milk

order to be good eating and the process takes from two weeks to a month. Until very recently the cardoon was very little known in the United States, though small quantities were imported from France.

Even salad is eaten as a spinach and sometimes blanched for salad. The Chinese artichoke seems to have many enthusiastic admirers. It has a flavor which, its devotees say, is going to bring it into great popularity before long. There are already two artichokes in evidence. Some one can make himself of value in the community if he invents a better one for this new use than artichoke. What they speak of as the Chinese artichoke is a good deal like a sweet potato in shape. It grows underground like a potato and people who are acquainted only with the French species of artichoke will be confused when they come across it.

The two artichokes already known are the French artichoke and the Jerusalem artichoke. The former is eaten almost altogether these days when artichokes

are eaten at all. The Jerusalem artichoke has all but passed out of existence for the table. What is eaten of the French artichoke is the underdeveloped flower bud. With the Jerusalem artichoke the root is eaten. In just this one point the new vegetable corresponds to the Jerusalem. It has a taste reminiscent of the French artichoke, but is far more delicate. It is peeled like a potato and cooked with cream. Its progress for the new era of vegetable farming are the best, for it is very easy to culture and can be grown all over the country. This gives it a particular advantage over the French artichoke, for the latter is one of the most difficult of all vegetables to grow and after planting must be steamed through a water before the "bud" is ready for eating.

On the whole, it has been the foreigner that has taught us a new notion the possibility of truck farming, that sort of truck farming that leaves nothing to chance, but studies consumption and is ready to supply real needs and actual demands. The truck farmer plants and harvests to sell. The crop that is most wanted in his locality is the one that he supplies. If he sees something better he changes. He is the true manufacturer of the soil, the real, far seeing, level-headed producer who has the judgment to forecast a profitable demand for a novelty and interest the dollars in his possibilities.

As in everything else, there is a distinct "trick of the trade" in truck farming. In Europe it has grown into a definite profession. A man engaged in it needs to be shrewder and more conventional than in almost any other line. The "trick" of this special trade is getting to market early. That is, it is the secret of competition of the crops of any vegetable or fruit that gets into the market first commands the high price. So positively is this the case that shrewd truck farmers, in buying property, hunt out farms in the "early part of the neighborhood"—the land of a locality where crops mature a little sooner than in other parts.

Truck farmers who are thorough business men and experience market conditions are in the new vegetable that science has brought forward much practical value. Many of them are actual early crops. The man growing one of these—any one, to take a single example—can come into the market and do business at a profitable figure when his neighbors are storing, fermenting, and waiting the few days more that their crops need to mature. There is a big apparatus-growing concern in California that has realized this. It has acted on its knowledge and has set apart a goodly sized portion of its acres for sale. While other apparatus-growers sit down and wait this company rushes to its sale in the California markets. People see eager for apparatus. 'Tis is not that, but it is a very acceptable ritual and, being that, it sells. The new vegetable are rich in commercial possibilities of just that sort.

Each of the new vegetables has just such able growers developing it. Business men who are taking the place of the old-time farmer who, in the words of the popular song, "cola, pea, beans, and barley grows" and could not be induced to think anything else worth while.



1.—"Um—um, but dis chile an jes pham full er misery"

3.—"Dat's what I ask, kin he?"



2.—"Has I bin at yer hen roost? yer kin in a better roost?"

4.—"Wha, 'ese he kin?"

# MINNEAPOLIS AND THE NORTHWEST

## The Causes of the Prosperity that has Spread through this Great Agricultural Region

BY ROLLIN E. SMITH

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago the Middle West was devastated by a real-estate boom which reached the epidemic stage, swept westward in a virulent form, and finally disappeared off the Pacific coast. The effect was much the same everywhere, though a little worse in some communities than in others.

The "boom" period in the Northwest was followed by the depression of 1893, and then came a season of business paralysis. Business men and bankers who had not been crippled existed in a dazed condition. Could business ever get on in a normal way again? Would other landings ever be filled again? Would the stores ever be crowded again? Would there ever again be employment for every man? These were questions in the mind of every man.

During this period of business paralysis it gradually died itself in the minds of thoughtful men that the trouble with the Northwest was that towns and cities had been built on air, on optimism, or what you like. The towns and cities had gone ahead of the country; there was nothing to support them. They were in the position of a line of beautiful stamplines having nothing to carry. This was the most important discovery ever made in the Northwest.

When it was fully realized that the Northwest is distinctly an agricultural region and that it must

Northwest is probably one of the best examples of farming to be found in the whole commercial world. And it is only possible because the system is of gradual development and by reason of its regular continuance, and because the business knew that it must be done. The money must be so used as surely as that which is required in New York on January 1st with which to pay dividends.

It is impossible to estimate more than roughly the vast amount of money that must be withdrawn from other branches in order that the farmer may receive his annual cash dividend from his land. It may be said that the amount required in the Northwest to move the crops to carry grain in store to January 1st is approximately \$100,000,000, varying largely according to the price of grain. This is intended to represent only the amount of currency, and not of credit, annually diverted from other lines of business, and which local banks and the East are relied upon to supply. A much larger amount is called into temporary use.

Certain conditions obtain in Minnesota that cause an unusual realization of interests. If it were not for this fact the demand for currency would be much less acute, and the time of its withdrawal in the Northwest would be shortened. While the big crops of Minnesota and the Dakota soil call for a great amount of money, Minnesota is a milling state, and its immense amount of wheat is required within its

consumption houses, to store for a time. But, of course, the grain is ultimately resold when wanted by millers or shippers.

The great companies have large reserves of their own, yet they also borrow great amounts of money during the crop moving period.

When the elevator companies have exhausted their credit at their local banks and in Chicago and the East—for the larger companies are borrowers in Chicago and New York—their paper, "grain paper," it is called, is offered through commercial paper brokers to bankers generally who are likely to be in the market. Canadian banks have for years been good buyers of grain paper.

Grain paper has, during the last few years, usually grown at faster names bankers generally as a short-time loan for their surplus funds. This is partly due to increased deposits of banks, but not altogether; for many banks now draw in the Northwest in the fall for grain paper, and they are not so sure of their own when having money to loan. Country banks throughout the Northwest are now, in the aggregate, heavy buyers of such paper in the fall, though the amounts taken by individual banks are necessarily small. The banks of Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakota, and eastern Missouri have become regular buyers. During the crop-moving period the banks of the Northwest have brought as high as \$45,000,000 of grain paper in Minnesota. The banks have increased their purchases from year to year of late.

The importance to the Northwest of farmers raising more food for the army and the navy of North Dakota and Minnesota and throughout North Dakota, has this year been strikingly apparent, by reason of the great quantity of foodstuffs raised and having produced satisfactory returns. If, with record crop yields, the farmer does not receive returns commensurate with his investment and his labor, why would he be going on or on a large scale, now being asked. But it is not within the control of the farmer, except in individual instances, to change his general plan of raising. Yet that some change is necessary is obvious, when the best interests of the entire Northwest are considered and if the present prospect is to increase the crop yields of the Northwest in the next few years. The bankers of the Northwest, alert to changes in the economic situation, are already considering ways and means of cooperating with the farmer in a movement to increase the live-stock industry in the Northwest and thereby and as insure a continuance of the present prosperity.

A Minneapolis merchant, once a banker in southern Minnesota, in a letter to the writer on this subject, says:

When I was a banker I preached that swine would pay off a mortgage on a farm quicker than anything else, but cows and sheep should be added also.

It is of little benefit for a farmer to buy cattle or sheep if his feedstock—that does not materially change conditions. Let the bankers and business men arrange to send a good judge of stock to states east or north, to buy good young stock and bring 500 to 1,000 head into each county, selling ten, fifteen, or twenty to different farmers, on easy payments and at a moderate rate of interest. The value in any county that will do this cannot be estimated. Growing more hogs and cattle will quickly lead to growing more corn, wheat and fodder, and that is far better for the land than growing wheat.

Let the bankers in the smaller towns get enthusiastically behind this idea with the business men, and they will be surprised to see the good benefits that will result within three or five years.

The gentleman who wrote the foregoing practices what he advocates. Last spring he bought 300 young cows and sent them to his farms in Polk County, Minnesota, and he has a good number of calves and more cows this spring, to be sent into the same county. He also has a herd of five Holsteins and another of Short-horns in the same county.

In the Northwest there is an apparent interest in the new agricultural or rural credit movement, advocated by the National Live-stock and Dairy Association, agricultural banks, meaning, no matter what the name, cheaper money to the farmer. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the movement is not in fact, is there any merit in the campaign for cheaper money for the farmer, so far as the Northwest is concerned.

The farmer borrows money at the same rate as the business man in the nearest town, and the farmer's credit is just as good as the business man's. The credit of the farmer is not affected by his own thrift and is less responsible to him, just as the credit of an insurance man is better than that of an attorney. It is better than that of one less fully developed and less sure in the matter of crops. The credit of business is a whole lot better than that of a farmer, for twenty-five to fifty years, and in which the farmer is wealthy, is of course vastly better than in a region where all the farmers are poor. The farmer's credit is not his live stock and should mainly upon one or two grain crops. And the rates of interest correspond to the physical conditions of the country. It is not so high as it would be in a less fertile, prosperous, and diversified farming district of southern Minnesota, the



A view in the mill district of Minnesota.

to develop to profit the cities entirely, and that to "boom" the cities blindly was folly, the turning point in the history of the Northwest had been reached. They followed several years of slow development and substantial foundation-laying. Minneapolis and the Northwest had now passed through all the stages in order to a new and developing region, and were building the foundation that is to last for all time. Speaking in a general way, it may be said that this work was completed five or eleven years ago. Since that time business, financial, and agricultural expansion have been rapid but healthy. A few statistics will illustrate this point better than many words.

In 1903 deposits in all the banks in Minnesota amounted to \$97,300,000; the following year the total was \$111,200,000, and in 1912 the deposits had increased to \$154,270,000.

In South Dakota in the same years the deposits are \$15,700,000, \$25,000,000, and \$35,400,000, respectively.

In North Dakota in the same years the deposits were \$12,500,000, \$19,000,000, and \$23,100,000.

Minneapolis, the financial center of this great Northwest, has naturally greatly profited by the expansion and increase in wealth of the last few years. For example, in 1912 the capital and surplus of the national and state banks in Minneapolis amounted to \$5,500,000, while at the present time the capital and surplus is \$10,700,000.

In proving, it may be said that the Census Report for 1910 gives the following information relative to manufacturing industries in Minneapolis: Capital invested, \$90,204,000; annual value of products, \$165,000,000; value added by manufacture, \$143,000,000; number of manufacturing establishments, 1,180; men, 34,700; persons engaged, 33,920.

Furnishing money for moving the crops of the

border, Minnesota mills, including Minneapolis and Duluth, grind approximately 120,000,000 bushels of wheat annually.

Now in order to insure the mills getting sufficient wheat—to keep the grain from being drawn to other markets—it must be purchased as offered and stored in elevators in the country, or at Minneapolis and Duluth until ground. This results in concentrating and tying up, every fall in the Northwest, a large amount of money which would otherwise be distributed over a greater area. Owing to the contraction time of milling in Minnesota and to the immense crops of the three Northwestern states, the demand for currency every fall from this region has not a parallel in the world's grain trade.

A system of borrowing money or financing the business of handling grain has come of year of evolution, and the most important factor in the system is credit. The rest is largely mechanical. Besides this, there are two classes of borrowers, namely, the elevator companies and the commission houses. The latter finance grain buyers all country-wide.

The heavy borrowers are the elevator companies, and they are divided into two classes—the "live" and the "terminal" elevator companies. The former have a "live" elevator, and are located at country stations or towns, usually on one system of railroad. The number of such elevators owned by one company is from a dozen to one hundred, and they are not cut through two or three states.

The business of the two classes of companies is different. The elevator company buys grain from the farmer, and stores it to the centers and sells it to terminal companies or to millers. Much of the latter would consider mills and so never touches the elevator. The terminal companies buy wheat and other grain from the live companies and the



farmers borrow money, on farm-mortgage security, on three to five years' time, at five and one-half to six per cent. to the borrower—that is, that rate covers maintenance and all charges and costs. Life-insurance and loan companies and individual money-lenders offer a constant supply of money at the rates mentioned. In the same region, the banks lend to farmers whose credit is good small amounts on short time at six to seven per cent.—no commission or charges in addition. But if a traveler several hundred miles to the North-west, to sparsely settled northwestern and northwestern North Dakota, we find that entirely different conditions obtain. Much of the country is still uncalculated; all the farms are new; the principal crops are wheat and flax; there is little live stock; the

larns are poorly improved, compared with those of southern Minnesota, and the farmers are not, of course, as prosperous as those of older-settled districts. The credit of that part of the Northwest cannot be so good as that of the famous Red River Valley, in eastern North Dakota, or of the prosperous, manufacturing region of southern Minnesota. The farmers of northwestern and southwestern North Dakota find it necessary to pay 8 per cent. when borrowing on farm-mortgage security. For short-time loans at the banks the rate is from 10 to 12 per cent. to farmers and business men alike. In eastern North Dakota the rate is the same, on farm loans, covering all charges, 10 to 12 per cent. and on "over-the-counter" loans at the banks, 8 to 10 per cent.

In Minneapolis at the present time the discount rate at the banks on best indorsed commercial paper, is 5/8 to 6 per cent. That is, business houses having the highest credit are paying three rates, whether they borrow \$5,000 or \$100,000; and at the same time a southern Minnesota farmer may go to the bank at his home town and borrow \$100 on his unimproved acre at 8 to 7 per cent. Credit and rates of interest, in a broad sense, follow economic principles, and will be likely to be materially changed by innovations such as rural credit or co-operative credit banks. The latter have been of great benefit to agricultural communities in European countries, and they perhaps might be in some parts of the United States, but not in the Northwest.

## GLACIER PARK AND ITS WONDERS

The New Government Reservation where Tourist and Peigan Fraternize

Other countries have such a remarkable array of national parks as the United States. Each of these playgrounds which Uncle Sam has dedicated to the people is carefully considered from the other end, and in respect, Glacier Park, the newest of the government's nature preserves, is the most distinctive of the collection. So much is this the case that in the third year of its existence it was created by Act of Congress in 1910 seven thousand tourists registered at its two gateways—Glacier Park station, Montana, on the western side of the Continental Divide, and Inleton, Montana, which is on the Pacific slope of the Rockies. The backbone of the mighty range extends from the Canadian boundary thirty miles into the middle of the park, the area of which is somewhat larger than the state of Rhode Island.

In providing for the accommodation of tourists in the park, log-cabin villages have been built at convenient distances apart. These are after the Swiss style of architecture and they lend a picturesque touch to the wild surroundings. These unique timber huts are situated on the shores of the larger lakes, of which there are 200 in the park. These placid bodies of land-locked water are fed by snow living glaciers, the largest of which is Blackfoot Glacier, five miles in breadth.

Free means of travel may be resorted to in leaving the park: automobile and horse stage, by which the main points of interest connected by highways are to be reached; harkies, which ply the big lakes in their enormous boats between mountain towering five thousand feet above the water level, and those who desire to penetrate the mountain recesses and cross the Continental Divide can follow the winding trails on horseback or afoot.

The Indian life is another distinctive feature which is attractive to the American tourist. The little days of the rapid passing of the red man. The trails over which tourists now travel are the same hunting trails the Indians have followed for the thousand years in their chase of big game. The noble Peigan hunters make some wonderful stories of infatigable exertions. The Peigans were among the most 100,000 buffalo-hunters of the Indian race. They lived close to the Rockies because it was there the big woods sought shelter and food during the winter months. The old Indians to this day point out passes in the mountains which formed natural passages through which their hunting parties

cross their prey by the hundreds until the frozen animals would crowd themselves over the cliffs by slaughter. Thus the furbies obtained their supply of winter wool, and skins for clothing and with which to make their kayes.

These are the reasons for the famous buffalo or grama dance which still is religiously indulged in by the Blackfoot tribe. The Indians, who were so dependent upon the buffalo for food, railroad, and shelter, held the grama dance as an appeal to the Great Spirit, thinking he would be pleased and send plenty of rain to make the grass grow luxuriantly so that the buffalo would come into their country to browse, and thus afford the red man opportunity to get what he needed to eat and wear.

The recreation of these Indians adjoins Glacier Park on the east, but the Indians spend much of their time among the park itself, that they may gratify their desire to meet the tourists and have the whole people enjoy their grama dance and wind ceremonies in the open camp which they set up for their diversion.

No other national park in Uncle Sam's domain offers such opportunity of obtaining an intimate knowledge of the Indian and his home life. The highest honor the Peigans have to bestow upon the whole people is their courtesy of adopting into their tribe those to whom they take a liking.

This new region of the Rockies is also much esteemed as a fisherman's paradise. Inside the park proper it is to be found some of the best trout-fishing in the world. Expert dry-fly experts may so, at least. The United States government has very wisely put a check upon the fisherman in this virgin

waters, limiting the catch of each to twenty-five fish a day.

Most striking of all things about this wonderland upon the roof of the continent is that it seems to be one of the earth's outside haunts of beauty for men and wild beast alike. Many of the Peigans are very old men. The most recent evidence that the fountain of youth flows from the roof of the continent comes in the presentation to the annual world by a big game hunting party of horns from one of the oldest elk of which there is any history. These horns have a spread of nearly five feet. An Indian, who gives his age as ninety-four, says that when he was a boy there was a gigantic elk the frame of his tribe used to seek, but which always eluded them until finally this momentous animal came to be regarded reverently as a fete of the Great Spirit sent north to banish the red man. It may be that this is the same one.



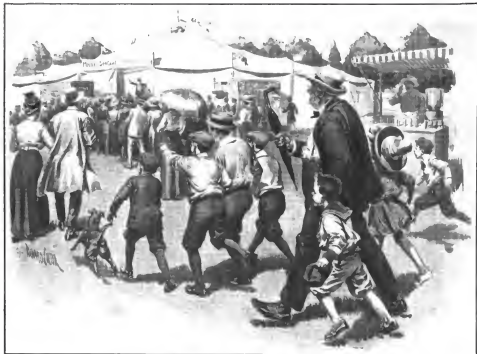
Peigans riding from their encampment to greet a tourist party



A view in Glacier Park taken from the chalet village of Cui Buk

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WHAT THEY'VE BEEN SAVING UP THEIR PENNIES FOR



## Interfudes

### AN INCIDENT OF THE OPERA SEASON

THERE was considerable excitement in the little city when it was announced that arrangements for a season of grand opera had been made by certain enterprising individuals who retained the sparkling qualities of music upon the human spirit, as well as upon box-office prices. Several of the leading singers of the day had been secured, and an advertising campaign of grand magnitude was instituted, conspicuous among the features of which was a fine display three-sheet poster of "Madame Hortense Vecchi," the leading diva of the day.

The great night came, and Madame Vecchi was at her best, indulging the voracious qualities of her great voice in a spirit of enthusiasm for the sake of Lauro which availed the house to a high pitch of appreciation. Everybody was delighted save one lone-headed son of toil, who, after the fall of the curtain on the second act, approached the box-office and demanded his money back.



"HAVE YOU BEEN EATING ANYTHING?"  
 "NO, SIR."  
 "HERE IS A QUARTER. WOULD YOU KINDLY STOPPING OUT AND EATING ONE?"

"Want your money back?" queried the astounded manager. "What for? Haven't we delivered the goods?"

"No, bosh, yo ha'n't!" said the disgruntled customer. "I didn't come here to hear that there lady holler, and screech, and yell the top of her head off. I come in to see her dive, and, by hokee! yo ha'n't even produced a look for her to dive into, an' what's more, after lookin' at her a couple o' times I don't believe she kin dive without splashin' water all over the orchestra."  
 His money was returned.

### UNCLE HIRAM ON EDUCATION

YAS, I know that education is a god-darned useful thing, and the gal that goes to college makes a wife fit for a king. Now's yo grateful on that account they call the fair game, an' yo'd think her pa an' ma to home was mighty fine an' swell. I am glad to think my Mandy's had a chance to fill her head with the fine an' splendid ideas of the gal that's college-bred. But I cannot help but wonder what'll happen in her life when she comes back here to settle on a busy farmer's wife. Mandy was grand to set an' listen, an' to watch her when she speaks all them languages peculiar of the Latins and the Greeks; an' my soul is filled with pleasure when I hear her talkin' French, 'bout or say's it 'twas scak' but a fallin' off a bench. She can talk for seven hours on the ways of ancient Rome, an' in Paris wares and such things she is very much at home. But, bosh, I sometimes wonder what'll happen when she tries to be please a hungry farmer with a lunk o' yonkin pie!

She can tell yo 'bout old Plato, an' that feller Socrates, and there's nothin' that can stump her when it comes to studies. You should hear her on the subject of The Origin of Man back in days before old Adam or his garden was begun. Why, she goes back past the monkeys to a sort of early worm and much blipper than a dust-mite, which she calls the same a worm. But I cannot help a wonderin' of that sort o' learned here in wades to cheer her spirit when she scolds the kitchen crew!

She's a subject called Epigenesis that she talks about all day—it's a curious sort o' theory, an' I cannot truly say that I understand it wholly, but it seems to have to do with a perfect sort of inst' in a kind of never know but she manages to find a-waiter, if we're careful to select for the parents two young people that's in every way correct. I had a wonder of she'll find that them Epigenesis can be wrong when her own old-headed freckled little skunkets comes along!

Yas, my Mandy's educated, an' I'm mighty glad she be, and they ain't no use drivin' she's the pride of me an' me. Epigenesis, the-er-er-er—all o' them is good things, and Epigenesis comes an' handy for the gals that marry kings. But yo see my Mandy's righted to the Willow's oldest kid—she's a big, shuck-headed feller with few brains inside his lid—and it kind o' makes me wonder how those educated opens in a prin' to look majestic when it comes to cookin' beans!  
 HORACE DICK GASTYTT.



"ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THIS HOUSE?"  
 "YES, I'M THE JANITOR. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

### DISQUALIFIED

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Dubbs, in the applicant for a position as her stenographer, "but you won't do. I like your looks, and your references are fine, but I can't employ you."

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the applicant.

"You don't fit our last stenographer's feet, and I couldn't possibly afford a new set," said Mrs. Dubbs.





# A 4 Day Tour

through

## Glacier National Park

by Automobile, Horseback, Stage and Launch

for \$ 22<sup>00</sup> Low Fares  
Every Day

**B**REAK your journey to or from the coast by a stop-over at Glacier National Park. It will be a *wonderful* experience. A few days in this scenic wonderland will provide material for a *lifetime* of vivid, pleasant recollections—and at a comparatively trifling cost.

For instance, \$22 covers the total expense of a four day tour to exquisite Lake St. Mary in the very heart of the Park, by automobile, horseback, launch, and stage, including a visit to the luxurious Chalet Camps at Many-Glacier and Going-to-the-Sun—the paradise of the lake trout fisherman. An almost unlimited number of other tours covering one day or an entire season, may be arranged on the same basis.

### Low Fares Every Day

The accommodations throughout the Park cannot be excelled. In addition to the famous chain of Swiss Chalet Camps, a magnificent, new hotel has just been completed offering every modern luxury and convenience. It is built entirely of logs on Swiss Chalet lines in perfect harmony with its natural setting. Every room is electrically lighted and heated, swimming pool will be found in basement. Enormous open fireplaces typify and crystallize the spirit of hospitality and generous welcome that is evident from the moment of your arrival.

An excellent opportunity is afforded to observe the tribal dances and ceremonials of the Blackfeet Indians—one of the most interesting and picturesque of all the surviving tribes.

### Write for Aeroplane Map and Special Booklets

Very complete descriptive literature explaining every feature and including a large Aeroplane Map of the entire Park, in colors, will be mailed on request. An interview with one of our representatives who has personally visited Glacier Park, may be arranged. Write for full information today.

H. A. NOBLE, Gen. Pass. Agt.,  
Great Northern Railway  
Dept. 122 St. Paul, Minn.



Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.



See America First  
**GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY**  
National Park Route





Valli Valli and Harrison Brockbank in "The Purple Road," at the Liberty



Janet Beecher in "The Purple Road"



New York's Newest Theater, The Loew's, in 48th Street

  
**PLAYS**  
 AND  
**PLAYERS**  
  
 What the Theaters  
 are Offering  




A recent portrait of Elsie Janis, appearing in "The Lady of the Shiper," at the Globe



Charles Cherry (left) and Robert Warwick in the revival of "Rosendahl," at the Lyric



**The Science of Yeasts**

SCIENCE has rendered important service to the brewers. Some years ago Professor Hansen, an authority on yeasts, experimented carefully and experimentally in obtaining admission to the old Carlsberg brewery in Germany for the purpose of transferring processes into the original nature of the yeasts on which the production of beer depends. The brewers were familiar in a general way with such disappointment and loss. But within a comparatively short time the professor had discovered the facts the brewers never dreamed of and had made their brewery famous through the scientific world on account of his experiments. Various kinds of yeast cause "disease" in beer and Hansen discovered the means of guarding against it. He also devised methods of preserving "dead" yeast, so that it can be kept pure for years and transported safely throughout the world.

The element yeast has sometimes contained numbers of yeast cells. Still larger numbers are often found in ale and in some beer, which probably gives these beverages certain of their desirable properties. But by the largest amount of yeast, the way in which the yeast and digestive system is introduced with bakery goods which have been made from flour.

Yeast is found in nature in almost the same family as the mushroom, for which most people have a distinct liking. The

age-long use of yeast for bread-making purposes prove that this fungus is capable of thoroughly agreeing with the human organism. In view of this, it is somewhat surprising that immense amounts of beer yeast are annually allowed to go to waste from every brewery in the land.

There are several circumstances which have seemed to stand in the way of employing beer yeast in food production. It has chiefly been assumed that one can be found in its dark color and its bitterness, due to the simultaneous use of hops in the brewing process.

These undesirable qualities of beer yeast may, however, be removed, and easily-kept yeast is not suitable for baking purposes, since it grows in a cold medium and does not possess sufficient raising power for the purposes of the baker. There is no question as to the nutritive value of yeast, since, weight for weight, it is quite comparable in nutritive value to the best flour.

For direct consumption in the fresh condition yeast must be put into a suitable form. This was first invented by Klinschmidt compressed yeast that has been brewed for the removal of its bitter taste, such as yeast, will bring a very "tasty" paste which can be spread in the oven. Dry yeast can be used in the same way, although some of the addition of yeast to certain stews and salad dressings is added in very favorable results. The experts add, however, that this is a question which should receive the thorough study of the gastro-entomologist.



**Coldwell**

**The Finishing Touch**

MANY things are needed in the making of a home. The land and the house come first, of course; then furniture, linen, silver; piano, pictures, books.

Later still, the family notice how rough and untidy the outside of the home is.

So finally the home is finished, inside and outside, by the buying of a Coldwell Lawn Mower.

*A Coldwell is the last touch of refinement. It gives the perfect setting to the perfect home.*

"Always use the BEST. The BEST is the cheapest. Coldwell Lawn Mowers are the BEST."

Write for full description and prices, together with prospectus, based on "The Care of Lawns."

**COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY**  
Philadelphia NEWBURGH, NEW YORK Chicago

**DR. TALKS ON FOOD**  
Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. For instance, experience with the fully cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

From correct I suffer several years with indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good cow's milk. In a short time after I discontinued its use the diagnostic symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out, and I again slept soundly and well as in my youth.

I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and so one may assume but that has a most pronounced place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who sees the food from the point of view of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its "merit." Some items by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a cream," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in page.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are written true, and full of common interest."

A well-known Editor's view of Cereals

I sometimes drink a cocktail. In fact, I like a cocktail when I'm sick, even the fashionable ones, to help me to get on my feet. I like a cocktail as an appetizer, but especially one like a cocktail like a good one. For a good cocktail, I have kept in mind, whether in the country or in town, the Club Cocktails in bottles, more convenient than any other one. I have kept in mind, whether in the country or in town, the Club Cocktails in bottles, more convenient than any other one. I have kept in mind, whether in the country or in town, the Club Cocktails in bottles, more convenient than any other one.

**The Song of Birds**

When the song of birds is thought to be instinctive, it has been ascertained that young birds never learn the song peculiar to their species if they are not heard it. They very easily, however, learn the song of other species, and it is well known that they will be associated. Barring this has advanced the view that notes in birds are an innate sense that language is innate, and has facilitated much interesting information along these lines.

Dr. Frank Aschaff had educated nesting finches under the same nesting birds—the skylark, the woodcock, and the titlark—every one of which, instead of the finches' song, adhered entirely to that of its instructor.

When the note of the titlark was thoroughly fixed, the bird was taken for three months in a room with two rousers; birds which were full song. The titlark, however, did not become any note from the finches' song, but adhered steadfastly to that of the titlark.

When the note of the finch at two or three weeks of age has been heard already to have learned the roll-side of their species, the same experimenter desires to prevent this, the bird must be taken from the nest when a day or two old. Certain goldfinch's song exactly like a note, without any previous note of its species. This bird had been taken from the nest when two or three days old and had been under a wooden cage in a small garden, where it had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren without any previous note of its species.

Still more extraordinary was the case of a rouser, which was taken from a wild state only three, but which learned the song of the finch and goldfinch by being brought up near those birds.

**The Musical Ear**

The well-endowed musical ear is able to distinguish notes where there is not more difference than the average fourth part of a tone. The great majority of people are not able to know the difference in the fourth part of a tone, which some can scarcely tell one tone in music from any other.

The cause of this disparity is due to the fact that the ear has a certain range of the natural ear, the cochlea, to be more definite, which is the point where the auditory nerve ends, thus being the point which transmits sound impulses to the brain.

Of the points in the ear may be the chords of the piano and the ear has its "golden point," also, that prevents sound from being transmitted to the brain in a regular manner. The cochlea, in its regular manner, is the point of musical functioning in the human body; it receives from the middle ear, or tympanum, being distinguished and sent to the central station for the receipt of the message by the cochlea-nerve.

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THE BRONCH'S CURED BY DR. HENRY'S PAIN-KILLER FOR THE BRONCH. 12 BOTTLES 50c

## Women Spies of the Secret Service

Not long ago an engineer in the English army was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for having betrayed several secrets. Accidentally meeting a woman whom he had known casually years before, he was led to speak of his life in the service, and all unwittingly to give her the clue to certain vital plans. These she is supposed to have sold to a foreign government.

Many an adventurous life on the side of state secrets, a conflict of affairs that many people believe not to exist save in the imagination of scoundrels. The importance of having women in the service—called "secrets," has been demonstrated time and again in the past few years.

Four years ago, a case was recorded in Massachusetts, where headquarters were situated, ostensibly for the study of languages. Under this pretext people came and went more or less constantly without attracting much attention. Meantime, a young German lady made periodical visits in Massachusetts, where she found the acquaintance of a young naval officer. He had not been more than a week or two in her company when he began to suspect her interest in his department. In due order she admitted that she wished to obtain a quantity of plans. He immediately acquainted his superiors with the state of affairs, and the young lady fell to her lot.

Lord Wolsey says in his *Autobiography* that spies are literally paid when the information they give is of exceptional value. During the Anglo-French War the English employed many women spies. Large numbers were distributed throughout the hospitals, where they exercised their arts of fascination upon the wounded prisoners with telling effect, or in the securing of important dates and sources of supply.

Brief and mysterious was the fate of a young Russian woman of good family who left St. Petersburg during the Japanese-Russian War. Her undertaker, in getting several secrets from a young Japanese official in Manchuria, forgetting loyalty and patriotism, this young man fell into the trap, and told her of plans and dates with regard to the movement of the Japanese artillery. But he was surprised by a companion who kept steady watch of him, and the result was that both the

young woman and the man who had become infatuated with her quickly disappeared. The wife of the young woman explained that some of money to ascertain her fate, but without any result whatever.

Not long ago in Yorkshire a young girl named James's alias Bourne, got herself into serious trouble for the crime of inducing certain naval officers to reveal secrets of the French submarine service. These secrets she sold for large sums not to one but to several European governments. She was only twenty-one years of age, and her sudden expression of propriety caused attention to be centered upon her. A young mechanic in the artillery was finally induced to accuse her and produce all necessary proofs. Some mysterious agent influence protected her, however, and she was not punished.

## The Cleverest of Diggers

It is said that, of all living creatures, the gopher is the one most perfectly adapted to digging in the ground. This creature is short-legged, almost motionless, without visible ears, and with extremely small eyes. In its tunneling work the gopher employs its long and powerful front teeth as a pick to loosen the ground. At the same time the hind feet, which are armed with long, curved claws, the sides of the legs being long, in turn, with bristles that prevent the passage of dirt between them, are bent at work both in digging and in pressing the dirt back under the body, near the hind feet to take it and push it farther back.

When a sufficient quantity of earth has been accumulated in the rear of the gopher, the animal whirls about, and by bringing his "wreath" together under his chin, with the palms of the "hands" held vertically, he pushes the earth out in front. A gopher will move back or just as rapidly as forward, and he can push the soil either way. His movements in excavation are almost as rapid and automatic as those of a shuffler. It has been estimated that a pocket-gopher can make two hundred complete strokes with his teeth in one minute. The jaws are so arranged that different sized particles are made by the forward stroke of the jaw, and right-angled by the backward stroke. Thus, it will be seen, the jaws of this curious little creature may

accomplish a great total of thirteen thousand two hundred cuts a minute when in active operation. He is enormously destructive to crops, and is, therefore, not popular.

The pocket-gopher digs as long as he lives, extending his burrow from year to year. He digs all summer and generally all winter, since he is not a hibernating animal. All his life is practically passed underground, except when, for an instant, on rare occasions, he emerges into the air to push a load of earth from the opening hole. But he tunnels so quickly that it might be said he is never seen.

If a gopher in captivity finds a whole potato he will cut off little slices, transverse them to suitable shape with his sharp teeth, and transfer them to his cheek-pockets by a swift movement. To remove them from the pouch he presses his nose back firmly against the sides of his head and carries them rapidly forward, dumping the contents of the pouch on the ground before him. These pouches are often packed so full of bits of roots, stems, and leaves as to give the gopher a strongly distended appearance.

## The Sun's Path

The sun's path is called the ecliptic. It is a great circle of the celestial sphere, cutting the celestial equator, at two points one hundred and eighty degrees apart, and making with it an angle of twenty-three and one-half degrees known as the obliquity of the ecliptic. The crossing points are called the equinoxes, because the days and nights are then equal, and the points midway between the equinoxes are the solstices, because the sun then seems to stand still for a few days.

The ecliptic is so called because eclipses occur only when the moon is crossing it, or is near it. For the moon's orbit cuts the ecliptic in two points, called nodes or knots, and at other times is above or below it. In the moon, when in either node, or in line with the sun and the earth, we have an eclipse, either total or partial.

The moon's nodes are not stationary, but move backward on the moon's orbit, completing a revolution in about nineteen years, when the eclipses of the period

occur in the same order, and at about the same intervals as before. This period of nineteen years and eleven days is called the Saros, and is named in the Old Testament and the Talmud, and gives their chief clue for computing eclipses.

At the equinoxes persons can trace the sun's path in the heavens. If the moon occurs exactly in the east and sets in the west, it is the time of the equinoxes. If the sunrise and sunset points are farthest north, and the sun at midnight is highest in the heavens, it is the time of the summer solstice. If the sunrise and sunset points are farthest south, and the sun is very low in the heavens all morning, it is the time of the winter solstice.

## From Grave to Golf

An English authority on golf gives the following description of the golfcourse at Trobach, North China:

"The course is 2,284 yards. Mad and sand greens, so it is impossible to give just good enough for greens, the finest of the most sporting courses in the Far East. A large sand bank 120 feet high, with most intricate the course and is utilized for hazards and elevated links. Groups of Chinese graves, consisting of mounds of earth, sometimes ten to twelve feet high, piled over the coffins, which is laid upon the ground, form excellent bunkers. A unique local by-law prevents the lifting of a ball from an open coffin without penalty."

## Paper and Ink for Our Money

To manufacture and print the paper money of the United States it is necessary to import materials from various parts of the world. A part of the paper fibre, for instance, is linen rag from the United States, and the blue ink contains iron-bull from Canada or Germany. The black ink is sent to be made at Niagara Falls from synthetic gas analyzer, and the greenish part of the green ink, is made with white also sulphate, the product of Germany in density. The red color in the seal is derived from a pigment imported from Central America.

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE For MAY

## A NEW NOVEL

by

# MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

BEGINS

¶ Mrs. Ward's novels, "Lady Rose's Daughter," "The Marriage of William Ashe," and "The Testing of Diana Mallory," have been among the most successful of the many famous serials published in Harper's Magazine.

¶ Her new novel, which will begin in the May number of Harper's Magazine, is a love story entitled

## The Corston Family

¶ In this story the distinguished author is revealed in a new light, for she has written a love story pure and simple whose heroine will rank us her most charming portrayal of young womanhood of to-day.

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**Wells & Dickey Company**

The Wells & Dickey Company with its principal office in Minneapolis is one of the most prominent lenders in the Middle West dealing in farm mortgages, municipal and corporation bonds.

Founded at Ansonia, North Dakota, in 1878 by Edward P. Wells and the late Alfred Dickey, the company has more than forty years of the big and substantial growth which has taken place in the American Northwest since that time. Indeed, the Wells & Dickey Company has been a considerable factor in the development of that territory through the outside capital from the Eastern States and Europe which its firm, conservative policy has attracted. Bearing thirty-five years ago making loans to the farmers of North Dakota, today the field of the company extends from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast. Branch offices are maintained at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ansonia, North Dakota, and Great Falls, Montana.

With the growth of its business and the extension of its territory the Wells & Dickey Company has perfected a system of lending farm mortgages which is perhaps unsurpassed in the degree of safety which it assures the investor. The management is in the hands of officers and heads of departments, all stockholders in the company, whose long experience enables them to render excellent service, whether it is to the investor company, with its definite interest or to the mortgagee, who has money to transfer his first one hundred dollars of capital from the savings-bank to the higher interest bearing farm mortgage.

The loans are made by the Wells & Dickey Company with its own funds through its own officers or its own licensed correspondents on improved farm lands. The land covered by each loan is inspected by our own surveyors' reports. The record of advances in the main office remains the abstracts of title and draw the papers. There is no question of title matters that the company or its customers have never advised a loss through neglect of formal abstracts of title. Every mortgage it offers is accompanied by a guaranty of title from the Wells & Dickey Company.

After the sale of a mortgage this company feels no relief of responsibility, but its detailed supervision continues during the term and insurance premiums are paid and making the collections of principal and interest. These latter are promptly remitted to the borrower without delay or other charges, so that the investor or mortgagee need not give it a care after purchase.

**A Stone Age Banquet**

During EUGENE HUNT, an archaeologist at Berlin, and a member of the Anthropological Society, lately conceived the original plan of preparing a banquet in the manner of "The Stone Age." There were many volunteers to aid in the work of making the proper preparations for the stone banquet. It was necessary first to select an appropriate spot for the dining place. After many sites were examined, it was finally decided to hold the "banquet" on a small bank in the middle of the Minnetonka River, far from settlement. This was done in order to insure all semblance of the life of today, and to insure surroundings that would make a time when the only habitations were caves, or the shelter of trees.

With the said task as "the table," the banquet was made in accordance with those used in the Stone Age. Those made of wood were fashioned in close imitation of the utensils of that age. Calabash were fitted the best form of the vessel. It was prepared in a wooden bowl by means of stones that had been first heated and then thrown into the water in which the calabash had been placed. As fast as the stones cooled, others were put in to insure the cooking. The cooking consumed, of course, a much greater time than do modern methods, but time was no object to the scientists on this task.

Basted "leg of horse" came next. It was cooked in the same manner. Roast pork, cooked over the living coals, and for better tasting, the learned scientists said, than any roasting of to-day, was an important dish. Roasted water, cooked by the hot-stone method, went with the pork.

Stumps were roasted in the ashes of the fire, the fire-baked part jerked away and then served steaming hot. After this there was a dessert of dried berries and wild honey. The banquet lasted more than three hours, and when it was over the scientists were returning their homes, the guests all insisted that if the Stone Age men lived as well as this he had little of which to complain in the matter of food.

During this strange banquet every possible effort was made to enter into the spirit of the Stone Age. The scientists ate either with their fingers or out of the bowls that were placed before them. There were no knives, no forks, no tablecloths, and no napkins. In fact, nothing in the entire world suggested the refinements of to-day. It was, it became necessary to turn any material that was being cooked, this was accomplished by means of a broad stick. Not a bit of metal was employed, either in the cooking or in the consumption of the food that lay prepared for the scientists.

**99- and 999-Year Leases**

Watters originated the use of the odd term in leases, 99 or 999 years.

In other days leases and mortgages in possession of real estate for 99 or 100 years denoted a lease as an annual rental, retaining a reversion for the last year of the original term. The object of this proceeding was to be found in the unwillingness of the lender to invest beyond the performance of the contract as retained in the original grant and also in the importance in the lease of a reversionary interest, without which, under the old English tenure, he could not receive his rent by distress.

Sometimes this reversion was for only three days or even for one day, but usually he long term the last year was retained. Out of this came the popular notion that the law provided this limitation and lease terms were made for 99 or 999 years, when there was no reason whatever for any such odd period of time. In England there was in special cases a restraint on corporations or individuals persons prohibiting the demise of lands belonging to them for a term beyond 100 years, and such leases were accordingly made for 99 years.

**A Valuable Bug at Large**

Not long ago a Washington scientist, an eminent student of entomology, has captured a few specimens of beetle. On rubbing some of it in a solvent of kerosene, the beetle in a literary taste with his diamond saw file.

When he returned to the library from the dinner, he found his saw file not put away and was flying about with the diamond file glittering from its back. One of the men in the library, who had noticed the beetle, took their first and triumphantly called away, loudly exclaiming the scientist's self extracted hair. Neither bug nor file has since been seen.



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**ABBOTT'S BITTERS**

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The Rise of the "Stovepipe"

The slinky silk cylindrical hat, sometimes called "topper," "high hat," "plug," "high dress," "stovepipe," or "four gallon hat" by the irreverent, seems lately to disappear, after little more than one century of existence. In England, the place of its origin, it was long esteemed the very highest badge of respectability, so much admired that "navy crews crested more and 'tassily' dressmen played rickety in correct, shiny bell-toppers. To Americans who remember the pleasing custom in frontier towns a generation ago of shooting any high hat of loose white cloth was carried through the street on the head of its owner, the following bit of history from the *Pitt* will doubtless seem familiar:

This form of headgear was first seen in London on January 15, 1797, when John Worthington, a haberdasher, emerged from his shop in the Strand wearing a silk hat, and was promptly surrounded by an astonished mob of such proportions that he was arrested and charged before the Lord Mayor with inciting to riot. The officer who arrested Worthington testified that he "appeared upon the public highway wearing upon his head a tall silk structure, which he called a silk hat, having a shiny brim, and a crown of a conical, highway shape. Several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children screamed, dogs barked, and a young man, Colman's Poetess, who was retreating from a church lady's shop, was thrown down by the crowd which had collected, and had his right arm broken." The defendant pleaded that he was merely exercising a right possessed by every Englishman, the right in any headpiece he chose, and had not violated any law. He was nevertheless bound over to £100 to keep the peace. This verdict aroused the wrath of the public, and in its issue of January 16, 1797, the *hat* was by Worthington described as "an article in dress which is not used, and which is bound, sooner or later, to stamp its character upon the entire community. The next day it attracted the notice of a revolution in headgear, and we think the officers of the Crown acted in placing the defendant under arrest.



THE ROOSTER. "Rich? I should say so! He made a fortune selling anti-air to the turkeys."

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A Child  
 Oh, I'm lit' comin' back alive,  
 And you'll see me dead, too,  
 And everybody tries to guess  
 Just what I went down all in, do,  
 For I'm not a dead one, you see,  
 I look at them approvingly.  
 But when they put my mittens on  
 And make my little thumbs go stay  
 In a place all by itself  
 Where it can't watch the others play,  
 I hold it straight in front of me,  
 And look at it mournfully.  
 And when some grown-up girls and boys  
 To come "make friends" with little me,  
 They're in a roused doze, and my back  
 And I'm on my dignity.  
 For I am a grand bromide free,  
 Oh how I love bromine fervently.  
 But when a gray-haired somebody  
 Smiles through their shiny double eyes,  
 And takes you up real rapidly,  
 Your ears and every finger tries  
 To touch and solve the mystery,  
 That's why I look so wonderfully.  
 And when I look far, far away  
 At what is in the coming years,  
 "A penny for your thoughts," they say,  
 'Tis up to you my yawning ears,  
 And if they think you're a nut,  
 They wouldn't understand, you see.  
 Oh, I'm lit' wisest kid alive,  
 And you'll see me stumped, too,  
 The words all wrapped up in me  
 Are hidden off reverently by me.  
 The traps never get my blue eyes,  
 But hidden deep from the wise—  
 They were entrusted just to me.  
 And to one child only you see.  
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The examination showed that the average level of the water had varied with great regularity, in a recurring period of four to five months, ever since the tide record began in 1851.

The inference is that this regular change in level must be due to the average rising and falling of the earth, as a result of which the level changes a little less than five-eighths of an inch—also corresponds to a fluctuation of the earth which should result from the supposed cause.

A curious result of the slow changes of level proceeding at various points of the earth's surface has been pointed out by a number of the Geographical Survey of Canada. This is a gradual tilting up of the shores of Hudson Bay, as if some gigantic power were engaged in an attempt to empty that great basin of water into the adjoining sea. One of the earliest indications of what was going on came to the attention of the officers of the Hudson Bay Company when they found that the water at the mouths of the rivers, where their posts are established, was gradually getting shallower and navigation consequently becoming more difficult. Examinations showed that the water was rising with old levels of sand and gravel lying so high as fifty feet or more above the level of the water. In 1851, the survey of Hudson, in 1850, discovered the great body of water that breaks his name, he witnessed with his ships on the west coast of the bay in a harbor that has not disappeared, or at least has been so far drawn off as no longer to be recognizable from his descriptions.

Bottle Brokers

Since the edit of June 6, 1904, the production and sale of vodka, that fiery drink in which most Russians delight, has been controlled by the government. Over 50,000 places engaged in the vodka trade in European Russia, more than half are controlled by the state and the strict supervision of the Ministry of Finance. Most of the employees in the government with whom the citizens are in contact are of doubtful official status. These shops are conducted in an orderly manner and no drinking is permitted on the premises. The fact that a charge ranging from one cent to nine cents is made for the bottle in which the vodka is sold has given rise to a class of so-called bottle brokers, as they are called, behind the neighborhood of the vodka shops, watching for some thrifty person who needs the kind of one or two kopcks (a half a cent or a cent) with which to make the purchase of a bottle of the desired beverage. Perhaps the lawyer has but a few kopcks and he requires eight to get a bottle of vodka; the "broker" lends him the two kopcks to make up the desired amount, and after the proprietor has been drawn out by the vigilance of the state, the bottle is turned over to him. He takes it back to the shop and sells it for three cents, the profit being the two kopcks he took. In Moscow and St. Petersburg there are hundreds of men who earn a living at this strange trade.

The Author of "Fair Harvard"

A Proposed Memorial  
 Few of the men who have borne the brunt of the "Fair Harvard" distinction—meaning of Harvard University, have the name of the author. The words were written by the Rev. Samuel Johnson, born at Gloucester, Mass., in 1791, who was graduated from Harvard College in 1811, studied at the Harvard Divinity School, and was settled over the church in Charleston, S. C., in 1816, where he served for nearly thirty years. He was called to write the lyrics for the Memorial of the university in 1826, and composed the poem known as "Fair Harvard."  
 His memory will be honored by the establishment of a Samuel Johnson Memorial Room in the tower of the Divinity School, which will also be included under his ministry. "An appeal has been issued to Harvard alumni, who are invited to contribute to the fund. Mr. Walter B. Wither, Eng. 35 Broad Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

The Color of War-ships

The color which war-ships sail is painted has long been the subject of much study and has long been a matter to make them as visible as possible. For 1853, England adopted a neutral color, neutral was the color used in the United States. Japan and the United States used a dark blue color, but with a lighter shade in the middle of the hull. The darker, while the German ships used blue.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization



EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1913

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\$1.00 A YEAR

## Secretary Bryan in California

"The good minister fears no undertaking which he knows to be for the public good. . . . There should be a great distance between the authority of the minister and that of the prince."—THOUGHTS OF A STATESMAN.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of Secretary Bryan's visit to California as the official representative of the President, there can be no doubt of the beneficial effect of the delay imposed upon the legislature of that somewhat tumultuous commonwealth and of the breathing-spell afforded superstitious Japan. To that extent, at any rate, Mr. Wilson has retrieved his original inadvertent error in tacitly conceding the inability of the federal government to interfere in matters of state legislation. Doubtless Mr. BRYAN is now being put to his heels to recollect his mere presence in Sacramento with the President's injudicious declaration, no less than with his own explicit denunciation, in the Baltimore platform, of "the efforts of our opponents to deprive the states of any of the rights reserved to them" as "usurpation." Had he foreseen the present difficult situation, he would hardly have insisted so strongly that "there is no twilight zone between the nation and the state." That there is such a zone has now become painfully and expensively manifest.

The whole question with respect to Japan and California resolves into an interpretation of the Constitution, which thus far for political reasons our governing authorities have avoided. It is idle to attempt, as many are now doing, to discuss contentions by referring to all treaties as "the supreme law of the land." The fact, of course, as explicitly set forth in the Constitution, is that only such treaties as are "made under the authority of the United States" have any binding force whatever. Where that authority begins and ends has never been determined by any competent tribunal. The only certainty is that all powers "not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people," and that authority to regulate the disposition of lands has never been so delegated.

Nevertheless the courts ever and over again have held it to be a fundamental principle that, since the nation alone is empowered to treat with foreign countries, the scope of its authority cannot be subjected to limitations which would impair the efficiency of its acts. Secretary BRYAN made an odd distinction with respect to this very matter in his note, June 15, 1899, reading as follows:

Were the question, whether a treaty provision which gives to aliens rights in real estate in the states, to come up now for the first time, grave doubts might be entertained as to how far such a treaty would be constitutional. A treaty is, it is true, the supreme law of the land, but it is, nevertheless, but a law imposed by the federal government, and subject to all the limitations of other laws imposed by the same authority. While internationally binding the United

States in the contracting power, it may be unconstitutionally inoperative because it deals with matters in the states as to which the federal government has no power to deal.

That a treaty, however, can give to aliens such rights has been repeatedly affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States; and, consequently, however such limitation there might be as to admitting a new treaty containing such provisions, it is not open to this department to deny that the treaties now in existence giving rights to this class of aliens may, in their municipal relations, be regarded as operative in the states.

Coming from a pronounced advocate of state rights and Secretary of State under President CLEVELAND, this definition would seem to have a force almost binding upon the Democratic party still rejected by the courts. Under it, clearly the claim of California of a right to deprive aliens of rights in real estate upon the ground that other states have already done so would be disallowed, since the treaty with which such an act would conflict is already in existence. The nicety of the distinction is apparent; it might or might not be sustained; but it certainly does seem to be a pity that Secretary BRYAN is virtually barred from using it, with the authority of his distinguished Democratic predecessor, by the declaration in the platform drawn by himself and by President Wilson's engorged utterance.

Apparently the only weapon left to Secretary BRYAN in his difficult undertaking is moral suasion. In this he will derive great assistance from President WILSON's tactful and almost compelling appeal to the people of California to "leave untouched the international obligations of the United States." It seems well-nigh incredible that patriotic citizens of one state would disregard so frank and earnest an entreaty from their President. But California has always regarded herself as more or less a thing apart, is nearly as disdainful of her Eastern neighbors as of Japan itself, and, unhappily, at the moment seems to be quite under the domination of the ardent demagogue, JIMMIE JOHNSON, who formerly opposed the very laws which he now advocates in response to the demand of labor unions and who makes himself ridiculous by blustering about the one's "rights which he persistently derided during the last campaign.

The lack of real interest of the proposed legislation appears from the government reports. The Japanese in California to-day own a little less than 10,000 acres of land, one-tenth of one per cent. of the agricultural area of the state, and an increase since 1905 of something less than 2,000 acres. The Japanese lease 17,600 acres, a decrease since 1900 of 2,700 acres. In other words, Japanese agricultural activity in California is represented by less than one-third of one per cent. of the entire

arable land of the state, and, counting ownership and leaseholds, they cultivate nearly a thousand acres less to-day than they did three years ago. Nevertheless, we would not put undue stress upon this phase of the situation. Under no circumstances would we uphold outside interference with the people of a state in judging the requirements of their own communities. The question is much broader than that. It involves the moral, rather than a mere technical, right of a member of the sisterhood of states to enact legislation involving international relations in the face of opposing sentiment and material interests of forty other commonwealths. President HAYES felt too far when he declared in his annual message of 1896 that "in the matter now before me affecting the Japanese everything that is within my power to do will be done, and all forces, military and civil, of the United States which I may lawfully employ will be so employed"; but the result indicated that he knew his people and confused his judgment of the need of meeting tranquility with transience. President TAFT achieved the same end by methods which, though moderate and becoming, were none the less firm and meaningful.

That President WILSON will maintain with equal resolution whatever position he may find himself compelled to assume as a consequence of Secretary BRYAN's mediation may be taken for granted. Herding his preliminary slip, which led him into embarrassment to the matter, every step he has taken in the affair deserves hearty commendation. It was quite right and proper to manifest consideration for and faith in the people themselves. It was prudent to provide a breathing-spell for all concerned. And we are disposed to believe that it will prove to have been wise to give full rein to Mr. BRYAN's unarmamented diplomacy, while making it perfectly clear that he himself holds in reserve all of the authority conferred upon a President of the United States, and a free hand to act as circumstances may require. No partiality or prejudice should deter any citizen from standing squarely behind his Chief Magistrate in a contingency of this kind in any event, but the reason for upholding his hands is enhanced tremendously when he craves the sagacity, caution, and tolerance which so far Mr. WILSON has shown in a method degree.

There will be no war. Japan is in no condition to fight. All the more reason, then, for especial consideration, for increased friendliness, and for cordial cooperation in her every endeavor not only to avoid friction with this Republic, but to insure tranquility among her own wholly sensitive and somewhat turbulent population.

Good-bye to Mr. BRYAN!

**Mass Clay Feet.**

Oh dear! oh dear! Can it be possible that HENRY M. LA FOLLETTE is getting his political ideals mixed up with larders and fishes? The thought seems incredible, and yet—well, what about this?

On April 15th Brother LA FOLLETTE sounded a most alarming alarm over his larder and fishery on the front page of his paper. He had detected "The System at Work," and thus entitled his piece. It was all about the appointment of Mr. JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. "Until a few days ago," he wrote, plaintively, "it was officially announced that HENRY WOODRUFF, of Virginia, would be appointed." We never heard of Mr. WOODRUFF, but we cheerfully accept Mr. LA FOLLETTE'S assurance that he is "an able, scholarly gentleman," and free from all outstanding liabilities. But it seems that Mr. WOODRUFF had criticized Mr. C. C. GLOVER, the prominent president of the Biggs National Bank. Consequently, declared Senator LA FOLLETTE, "either Mr. GLOVER or some one with like interests persuaded President WILSON to appoint JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS." And he, in the vigilant Senator's view, is the limit. Necessarily he continues:

Mr. WILLIAMS has qualifications which would be recognized anywhere in Wall Street as naturally fit for the role of Treasurer of Virginia, would be recognized in the Metropolitan (Millwall) Club of Sixth Street, New York. He organized the Seaboard Atlantic Railway System and was general manager of the Norfolk and Eastern District of the Atlantic. Mr. WILLIAMS is associated with H. CLAY PIERCE, NORMAN B. READ, R. F. TRASKER, and other System representatives.

And then the inevitable warning, worthy of Brother BRYAN before he donned the mantle of offshootism. "It is believed," Senator LA FOLLETTE concludes, "that President WILSON has been imposed upon. Let him beware of such influences. The special interests never sleep. They have their friends in every department. Many of them are known. They should all be hunted down and out. But it would avoid little to turn out one man with special-interest connections only to appoint another with like affiliations."

All this was as usual—characteristic and consistent. But let us catch a whiff! Brother LA FOLLETTE'S piece appeared on April 15th. Four days later the papers contained the following dispatch:

WASHINGTON, April 15.—There was unusual interest today in the conference at the White House between President WILSON and Senator LA FOLLETTE. After giving indirect but valuable support to Mr. WILSON in the Presidential campaign Senator LA FOLLETTE felt it is known that he would support President WILSON in all proposals for progressive legislation, but recently the Senator has attacked the administration in his speeches, especially his denunciation of the appointment of JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He charged the appointment was satisfactory to the "bosses."

At the close of the interview it was said the President had asked Senator LA FOLLETTE to go to the White House to discuss matters of mutual interest. This subject was the appointment of Federal officers in Wisconsin. The President followed a custom he had established of consulting Republican Senators. Senator LA FOLLETTE also conferred with Secretary McADAMS today.

Now mark! One subject discussed was "the appointment of Federal officers in Wisconsin," and then the Senator went across the street and "conferred with Secretary McADAMS." Presumably JOHN SKELTON was out.

Now why the distinction (indeed!) is not Mr. McADAMS also a member of the Metropolitan (Millwall) Club of Sixth Street, New York? And if poor JOHN SKELTON has been really contaminated by association with Mr. PIERCE, Mr. READ, and Mr. YAMANA, what does the worthy Senator suspect may have happened to Mr. McADAMS during some sort of intimate association with the Biggs directors? Did Mr. LA FOLLETTE never hear of ANTHONY N. BROWN, the "traction magnate"; of JOHN G. McCULLOUGH, notoriously a capitalist; of PLYM FISK, the banker, and, takes alive of ELMER H. GUY, president of the great steel corporation? Or had he not heard that they were directors of Mr. McADAMS?

Let! Let! Suppose Mr. McADAMS were Assistant Secretary without patronage. Which then would Senator LA FOLLETTE be condemning and which "confering with" about "Federal officers in Wisconsin"?

1.—Handling like a hauling tool! Pshaw!

**The Bad.**

It was heard long on Josephine to have a fine just as he was preparing a statement for the public,

**Window.**

Mr. BRYAN has explained about the window dinner he gave to Ambassador and Mrs. BAVER and seven other ambassadors and their wives. Seeing that this important diplomatic news was out, he admitted that it was true, and disclosed that he told his guests that he and Mrs. BRYAN had given them the window dinner, and their parents before them, and had "never served liquor at their table"; and that when he took office under President WILSON he asked him whether failure to serve wine would be an embarrassment to the administration, and Mr. WILSON cheerfully left that to his discretion, and he decided that it wouldn't. So he gave the window dinner, with wine, and water, and a certain huddling, purple blue—the papers say—made of uninitiating grape juice. And Mr. BRYAN said he never spent a more enjoyable evening than that one with the ambassadors, thus explained.

Surely that was very creditable in all circumstances. Mr. BRYAN as an entertainer who is independent of stimulants, and to the eight ambassadors and their wives, as clever riders on the water-wagon. To be sure such entertainment could not embarrass the administration! Far otherwise! But Mr. BRYAN must remember that he is himself a great and powerful stimulant, and that though his wretched guests, stimulated by him, might be lazier and responsive, the guests of low gifted heads might welcome the following effect of a few snufflers of wine. There rises in the memory the far-away figure of an illustrious Democratic statesman coming in his evening clothes to his own address in his own home in Washington, proceeding rapidly and with a smile to wet his own whistle with his own drink, before going down to the White House to dine with President HAYES. A few years later that statesman filled the place that Mr. BRYAN now holds. We respectfully offer his example to the good ambassadors.

**Relief.**

Just yesterday Mr. BRYAN'S patents were not prejudicial against the use of forks.

**The Report on the Tariff Bill.**

Does anybody read a committee report on a tariff bill? Those who reply to it, perhaps, but precious few others. Of course, too, many of an opinion through the Associated Press report. But practically none of us consider it all the carefully prepared statement which usually accompanies such a measure as the UNDERWOOD bill, now at last fully launched on its difficult course through the two Houses of Congress.

Really, we wish there might be an exception in this instance. It is too much, no doubt, to expect any wide reading of the whole of the UNDERWOOD bill, but at least certain paragraphs which are not only worth reading, but actually readable. BRYAN himself wouldn't be ashamed of them. It is two to one that fifty years from now college boys will have to read them along with HARRISON'S Report on Manufactures and the WALKER report of 1866.

We refer particularly to the paragraphs on the Cost of Production Theory, on the Democratic Platform Pledge, on the Competitive Tariff Theory, on *Ad Valorem* Duties, on Our Tariff Relations with Other Countries, and on the "Dumping" Clause. If Mr. McCORMACK and his committee have the money they wish to do well to put out a statement as widely as possible, for it is the clearest and strongest statement yet made of the Democratic contention concerning the tariff as it affects the precise condition now existing in this country; also the fairest, for it does not in the least pretend that an honest tariff, built on sound principles, should be made to do so. The condition brought about by dishonest tariffs built on assumed principles. "To protect profits," it frankly declares, "of new duty means to protect inefficiency," and it is as free "to proclaim that the party in power will do no *ex post facto* inefficiency at the cost of the vast majority of American citizens."

Nobody is asked to justify himself. The bill proposes a great change in the economic policy of this country, and the report gives candidly and clearly the reasons for it. In our judgment, they are sufficient, convincing, overwhelming. It is not for us to doubt the honesty about the matter. The only question before the American people will take the trouble to understand their reasons; that it is to say, to comprehend their actual situation in respect of the tariff. The other is whether the good and interests that profit by our present in-

ward policy will have money and gain enough to outweigh the loss of some advantage of this promising endeavor to adopt the right policy.

As the bill goes on its way we hope to print out some of the specific injustices and absurdities it aims to correct. The main fact at present to be emphasized is the fact of its fundamental wisdom and righteousness.

**"Schedule K"**

"President TAY" was likable in many ways, but we like him best as the Republican party's *enfant terrible*. There was something of the head of Providence in the train of events, including Roosevelt, which forced that party to make a man as incapable of shrewdness, insincerity, etc., as President and spokesman. Think of a man in that position actually telling the truth when he came to explain why the wool and woolen schedule remained unchanged in the PAYNE bill!

Yet TAY did it, in these words:

Mr. PAYNE, in the House, and Mr. ANDREWS, in the Senate, both in the same speech, in the whole act, found that in the Republican party (Hillsboro) the interests of the wool-growers in the far West and the interests of manufacturers in the East and in other States, reflected through their representatives in Congress, was sufficiently strong to do any attempt to change the woolen tariff and that had it been attempted it would have broken the bill before it reached either committee.

We again run across this famous passage from the WILSON speech in a fairly competent article in the *Crutcher*, revisiting the history of the wool and woolen schedules from 1862 to the present day. That history must surely, by this time, be known to all intelligent Americans—the original bargain between the shepherds and the weavers, the way it has been kept through their joint agent, the Republican party, and the way we Americans have clothed with a shrewd wool in it.

The plain facts are that it has made us pay, for half a century, about two prices for all our woven and worsted and shoddy clothing; that it has leached the rough woolsens of the American laborer far higher than the worsted of wealthy America; that it has set raised the wages of laborers in the industries it protects; that the wealthy heads of those industries and the Republican party have been its sole beneficiaries; and that it has been the source of unmeasured corruption in our politics.

If the UNDERWOOD bill in its final form does nothing but take away the last link of the chain of Schedule K, it will be worth all the trouble it has cost to elect a Congress willing to pass it.

**On the Starboard Side**

Our own weekly Service of the Mary—*per se* Herald. Don't you mean semi-daily or perhaps just semi?

**A "Feeler" on the Banking and Currency Question.**

Somebody at Washington gave last week to the Associated Press a very vague outline of the probable character of somebody's bill to reform the banking and currency system. Some of the papers have taken what is assumed as an indication of the ideas of Representative HANSON, prospective chairman of the House committee on the subject discussed; others take it as emanating from "the administration." The name of Senator AMES, chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, is also vaguely associated with it.

However, there is nothing really mysterious about the article—and nothing really culpable. It is simply a "feeler," put out to test public sentiment, through the newspapers, on the tentative plans of those most concerned in the framing of an administrative plan of banking and currency legislation, and more, than that the public feelers is well established in Washington. HANSON used it constantly, in reference to appointments as well as measures.

We trust the press will respond to this so fully and candidly. It may thereby give courage to the gentlemen particularly engaged with this great matter, and sure that when they meet Mr. HANSON, for instance, seems to have some available notions about his subject. We trust the press will help him to see that he and his associates on the job will be wise to trust the intelligence of the Americans people, and not to be deterred from doing so, lest they may be lost of the lawmakers and prejudice of the electors. As a matter of fact, we have not observed as yet any very foolish comment on the feeler as it stands. On the whole, we are of opinion that if the party in power fails to pass a good banking and currency bill it will

fall from the incompetence or timidity of its own leaders rather than from any insuperable stupidity of "the people" on the subject. We believe that at present very few Americans out of politics are obsessed with impossible notions about public finance. The trouble is that so many politicians are obsessed with the notion that the American people are so obsessed.

#### We Consent to Be "Felt"

So far as we can make out from the article in question, the intricate plan looks to the establishment of some fifteen regional reserve banks, presumably holding the reserves of all the banks in their respective regions, and also charged with the collection of revenues. By a gradual retirement of the present bond-secured currency we are to be brought to an asset currency, based on commercial paper, which is, of course, what we ought to have. The intimations as to probable devices to prevent inflation—altogether unnecessary if we do get a currency based on commercial paper, which will be automatically adjusted to our varying needs, worth discussing. Really important, however, is the composition of a suggested governing board—the Secretary of the Treasury and of Agriculture and the Comptroller of the Currency, four members chosen "by the banks of the country," and two members appointed by the President. Unfortunately, there is no indication of the precise powers this board is to exercise.

Hazy and incomplete as it is, we think the plan shows a sincere but timid desire to follow the best thought of the country. The regional arrangement for reserves is half a concession to the ALABAMA plan and half an attempt to vary from it. If the governing board has sufficient power, regional reserves can perhaps be used, indirectly, for the same purpose for which a single national reserve could be used conveniently. The composition of the proposed governing board is faulty in that there will be too many more or less political directors. For that reason and others the plan is unworkable, rather, when we are permitted to see it—it is inferior to the ALABAMA plan for the precise reason least to be expected: to wit, that it leaves credit more open to control by "Wall Street!"

Nevertheless, the fever is to some extent enervating. Whoever proposed it had some sense of what the country really needs in the way of sound and currency legislation. We are optimistic, and trust that in time the country's needs in this matter will mature and more prevail, in the minds of the men who now have the power and responsibility to take action, over an exaggerated fear of the country's unreadiness to accept what it needs.

#### The South and the Ambassadorships and Consuls

In view of some current criticisms of certain appointments to our foreign service which the President has either made or is supposed to be about to make, there are some facts which the public, in common fairness, ought to keep in mind. They were brought out and discussed the other day in the Senate, but they are not new. This journal referred to them a year or more ago.

They show that under recent Republican administrations the diplomatic and consular appointments have been so unequally distributed among the sections that the result is grotesque. Here, in brief, is what the new administration found:

Of the 55 ambassadors and ministers not one came from the regularly Democratic states of the South—about a third of the country.

Of the 64 consuls-general, only 5 came from the South, and these were of the lower classifications, with low salaries.

Of consuls with salaries over \$2,000, only 23 were from the South, as against 130 from the District of Columbia alone. The aggregate of salaries paid to all Southerners in the consular service was \$84,000, as against \$1,250,000 paid to those from Ohio alone. The showing would not be even so good as this but for the recent imperfect extension of civil-service rules to consular appointments.

In both cases the total of Southerners was 50 out of 620, and their salaries amounted to \$187,200 out of \$2,445,928.

It is worth noting that in the Senate discussion of this state of affairs no Republican defended it as just or reasonable. It can hardly be said as unjust, unless if the new administration shall in some measure correct it. In the consular service particularly it is evidently desirable that the South, which plays so great a part in our foreign trade, should be better represented.

However, we think it best to mention that we

are at present speaking only of the diplomatic and consular services.

#### A Wise Friend Leaves Us

We Americans are getting nowadays plenty of comment and admiration from distinguished foreigners. We need to file it, else there would hardly be any of it, and our managers and jobbers would hardly pay so well for it. The parting words of JAMES BRYAN, at the Pilgrims' farewell dinner, were not commercially inspired, however, and there is another reason why we may well pay attention to them. Mr. BRYAN has studied as long and knows more about us than any other foreigner alive. Indeed, it sounds wrong to call him a foreigner.

He tells us two things that are encouraging to us all. One is that we have a sort of middle class now, between the millionaires and the labor unions, on which we can rely for a real strength and stability. The other is that if his trained observation of the standard of civil duty among us were to be strictly rising and falling.

We trust Mr. BRYAN is right. We are sure he is sincere. He is not flatterer us. He does not need to and must know it. He must know that in the minds and hearts of nearly all decent and intelligent Americans he holds a secure place with CHAMBERLAIN and CANTON in that fine company of Englishmen whose knowledge and appreciation of America has been free alike from prejudice and from ignorant enthusiasm. In this day and generation he is only first among America's friends in Great Britain.

#### On Reception.

From the *Sunday* (Ohio) *Journal*:

HARPER'S WEEKLY takes exception to this item that appeared in the *Saturday Freeman*:

It seemed odd to read that the American ambassador in Rome had offered the Embassy as a place for Mr. MONROE, Mr. MONROE's son, and the director of Secretary of State WILLIAM J. BRYAN?

To HARPER'S this does "not appear odd." Nor should it appear so to any right-minded American. Mr. BRYAN would not agree with Mr. MONROE in any particulars. He sincerely believes they were diametrically opposed. Mr. BRYAN would have cursed the good fortune which Mr. MONROE held, and likewise the Nebraska was probably one of the last ones when the "money king" would have wished to see in power at all.

It does not follow, however, that one need not see greatness in the other. No matter how much Mr. BRYAN and many of the rest of us may have opposed to Mr. MONROE and his financial methods and system, we recognized in him a great man. While enshrining him and his associates in the minds of so much for his country. He did what he deemed best to insure sound financial conditions. Possibly it is true that the criticism he provoked a great many pains. Certain it is that he gave vast scope for philanthropic purposes, and did more than any other man to advance the cause of art in this country. While he had no son, he was always an American. And surely a man whose death brought such surmises of confidence from the German Emperor, the Pope of Rome, and other great rulers was deserving of the country, in death, of having his country's Embassy located as a place for his funeral. Mr. BRYAN took the proper course, that of a true American.

The trouble with some folks seems to be that they cannot imagine one man opposing another, or taking issue with him, unless it be in all things, even unto death.

It is most gratifying to be able to record that the *Sunday* *Journal* is but one of many public journals who have expressed themselves in this wise.

#### A Shift of Scene

There seems to be some basis to the stories that the great German economist, who has been promoting war situations in order to sell their goods. Probably the promotion was done by irresponsible persons, but at any rate a shift of scene in Germany from the government to the arms-outlet makers seems a thing to be thankful for. The arms-outlet business has been extremely profitable since the war, and it is tempting and likely to become so, but the business seems to have been overdone. A sharp attack of KATYER names in Germany might bring relief to all the world.

#### They Won't Let Her Starve

London *Truth* weekly declares that Mrs. PEVERETT has (in effect) sold herself short and is prospering mightily in the speculation. It points out that she, being in reduced circumstances on the death of her husband, got a job in the office of the Registrar of Births and Deaths, she has given constant evidence of great improvement in her social condition. It maliciously suggests that the greatest obstacle to her personal success was the possible expense, or inconvenience, of the most prolific misanthropes. Accordingly, it finds her break-

ing with the old-time suffragists, like Mrs. FAWCETT, and attacking first Sir ERIC AMERY, "the most honest suffragist" in the Cabinet; next the Premier, CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, who wanted to give women the vote; next discovering the House of Commons by an uproar when it was on the point of giving an overwhelming division in favor of suffrage; and so on, and so on.

These are her aspirations. Yet if they are believed by the present Premier and the Home Secretary they may help to prevent for the sake of the government of England that Mrs. PEVERETT'S health shall suffer no permanent hurt from imprisonment.

#### Baseball in the Philippines

EDWARD S. BROWN, physical director of the Y. M. C. A. at Manila, is quoted as telling in San Francisco about the progress state of civilization by baseball in the Philippines. He says the entire younger generation of the Philippine is baseball mad, and has no time for revolutions. He tells this story:

A few months ago a company of constabulary landed from a steamer on Jolo Island. As the soldiers were marching they saw a crowd of natives watching and betting their eyes, the only company, believing that a whole village was being introduced, except through the force of the natives. They were so interested that they reached the edge of the trees and peeped through the leaves, they peeped about a thousand natives dancing the *tinikling* on the top of the tables. A forcing creature, clad in a loin cloth, was traveling toward a palm leaf spread upon the ground to designate first show and a crooked little brown man afterward identified as one of the chiefs, was informing the multitude that the hit had been "fair."

Mr. BROWN says that three-fourths of the children going to the Filipino schools are identified with some sort of sport. The boys play baseball, and the current epidemic is probably the more violent because there are no winter months to check it. The boys play every day in the year except when it rains.

That is very interesting. We are used to baseball as a sport, but perhaps we have not given it all the credit that is its due as a process and safeguard of civilization. It may be that the propensity of the college boys to neglect the proceedings in the most academic tent for the side-shows and a crooked little brown man afterward identified as one of the chiefs, and if necessary, to California!

#### Why Have Public Service Commissioners?

The legislation of New York is open to the criticism directed at the man who kept a dog and still did his own banking. It passed a "failure" bill. Last week it passed the State Street bill making it a misdemeanor to operate horse-race in first-class cities. It has under consideration and near passage two bills abolishing ferries, one bill increasing the number of "colleges" one, and one regulating telephone fares, and yet it keeps two "expensive and ineffectual Public Service Commissioners" (as the *State* aptly expressed to study and attend to all such matters as these.

#### A Few Big Men Will Do

If our new idea is to give those who possess property a voice in the administration, there is no reason why it is better large, but also, we must have because there are so many men in public life whose dimensions are not at all impressive. There is hardly another office in the gift of the people, besides the Presidency, acceptance of which by a first-class trained man does not involve sacrifice of his private life and private interests. That does not deprive us of the services of a good many very able men, but it does probably contribute to our acquisition of the services, in all our various legislatures, in Governorships, and offices generally, of many ineunents whose abilities are not imposing. The able men are usually discovered and employed, and find employment for themselves, and are not so too busy to run for office and though a few of them, after they have made decisions for themselves, would be glad to work for the people, they can seldom get for into politics after devoting the more active years of their lives to private concerns.

What saves us is that a few first-rate men go on at the head of the parade in administration. They are important matters have to fall to men concerned to handle them, and the less competent have to follow their leadership. It only takes a few superior minds to plan and give orders. When too many of them crowd into that employment, they are apt to encumber one another.









TRYING TO MAKE THEM BALANCE

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD



# EUROPE'S ABLEST DIPLOMAT

Great Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, and His Remarkable Influence in Preserving International Peace

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR 'HARPER'S WEEKLY'

THE outstanding figure of European diplomacy at this moment is an Englishman, the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey; and when it comes time to look back on the events of the year 1914 and on the institutions which have since sprung from it, the world will again turn to him as the chief credit for the preservation of the major peace. Four or five times at least within the last half-year Europe has stood on the very brink of a struggle that would have hurled the Teuton against the Slav in a terrible and decisive struggle. The Russian question, the Balkan question, the Moroccan question, the Montenegrin question have all in turn proved eerily provocative. I remember remarking in this journal when the war first broke out that, wherever its course, would, it was more than likely, it would save. The event has not shown the prediction to be altogether wrong. We may perhaps be well advised half-century hence to bewail the least failure of the diplomacy of the past six months. But nobody with even the smallest acquaintance with the politics of southeastern Europe, with the aims and feelings of Austria-Hungary, with the passionate fond of Pan-Slavism in Russia, and with the insensate hatred that animates the Teuton and the Slav, one could that Armageddon time and again has been a possibility at the next few hours and that all the great continental Powers were involved. It is true that the Balkan war never broke, and the expectation grows a little stronger and a little more confident every day that it never will be kindled. It is true that there was some, may be a dozen considerable independent expert calculations and prognostics a European war. But so many crises have weathered since the Alliance took the field, so many decisions have been made, so many of them smoothed over, that those which still remain to be dealt with are faced indeed without apprehension, but with only a diminishing anxiety. Diplomacy may fairly be said to have justified itself as a profession since that occasion, and now it is in a position to regard itself so little in evidence, so pertinent in suggestion, and so persuasively calm and moderate in his choice of words as Sir Edward Grey, that one can hardly easily shake the war again, but on such occasions his words have been direct, conciliatory, and stamped with the spirit and authority of a man who has seen the latest instance was when in a brief statement to the House of Commons he explained and justified the moral demonstration against Montenegro, which had been ordered by the War Council of the London Times, one of the stoutest observers of Continental politics, as having "rendered a veritable service to Europe." His efforts to strengthen the hands of responsible statesmen, to calm the irritation somewhat artificially worked up at late, and to check the after-effects of the Balkan war, still are, proving to speak of the moral demonstration a precedent for drastic military action against Montenegro and Serbia.

Sir Edward Grey's speech (even on the same correspondent), his freedom from controversial or compulsory terms of phrase, and his steady confidence in the power of Europe to endure but will without inept or capital violence, are recognized to make it a model of consummate expression. As a general and impartial observer in Europe, he has been able to give a good and sober appreciation.

Throughout the whole Balkan convulsion Sir Edward Grey has, in what I take to be the best of Europe together. His handling of the crisis has been considerably happier than was his handling of the much smaller crisis of the Balkan war of 1908. In 1908 when Bulgaria proclaimed her independence and Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the British Government had to sustain the diplomatic defeat that meant almost it is said for the statesman who advocates a policy he has no means of enforcing. Sir Edward Grey, on the side of his ally "in joint armor" and Russia gave up beneath their joint pressure. It became clear that there had been no room for maneuver, and that a consolidation of the forces with which he was dealing, and that the conference for which he had proposed as the final means of regulating the new state of affairs was destined to come into existence. He was, however, of ability to avoid making the same mistake in 1914. When the storm broke in 1912 Sir Edward was not long in showing that he was fully the equal of his experience of 1908. He was the first to denounce last autumn the premature and isolated raising of questions that could only be considered in connection with the conference discussed but soon and incompletely, and that might, on the other hand, be disposed of with complete ease. He was the first to suggest a wider settlement, and he was the first to suggest the novel and fertile machinery of an ambassadorial conference for settling the Balkan question. There has been no other in line, with one exception. One was wise, timely, and fruitful contributions to a general understanding, and an appreciation of the part which the Powers may be able to play in Sir Edward's initiative and personality, and to the peculiarly disinterested position that Great Britain has occupied throughout the crisis. The almost absolute lack of support of Great Britain from the independent countries that engaged the thoughts of St. P. Bernhart, Grey,

and Vienna, her palpable and acknowledged disinterestedness, and the reputation which Sir Edward Grey had deservedly won as a statesman of greater and straightforward dealings, were of enormous assistance in lowering the barrier in playing the honest broker between the great Powers. It is very likely, too, that the general uncertainty as to the British course of action if a European conflict were to ensue has also been to Sir Edward's diplomacy an added advantage. Everybody recognized that London occupied a position apart and that in no other capital could the helplessness available under circumstances of some proportion to a peaceful line or could the conference of ambassadors be in so favorable and impartial an atmosphere. Making the preservation of peace its supreme objective, friendly with Russia and yet able and willing to cooperate with the Teutonic Powers, the genuine impartiality of an single woman or group, an arrangement has been better placed than the British to induce the spirit of reasonableness and to indicate the diplomatic strip-teasing that might save Europe from sliding into the maelstrom. Of all these advantages Sir Edward



Sir Edward Grey  
GREAT BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY

Grey has made the fullest possible use. He has worked early and late, his moderation and good sense had the implicit confidence he always inspires in his integrity and veracity have been a valuable asset in the time of power, and I have heard from more than one observer which have so materially helped to harmonize the differences between the great Powers, the modesty of his bearing, and the practical character of his policies he has put forward have revealed him to his brother-diplomats for the first time as a really big man.

One of the reasons for the influence he now exercises in every chess-player in Europe is that Sir Edward Grey has held the post of Foreign Secretary without interruption for the past seven years, and will apparently continue to hold it so long as the Liberals remain in power. No Continental politician who is now in office has enjoyed the extended affairs of his country for so long, nor does one of them enjoy such an assurance of tenure as Sir Edward Grey. That is a great advantage in his favor. Not only are the men he is called upon to deal with never to the game than he is, but there is every probability that he will be playing it after they have given it up at least three separate occasions. He has never been out of the British foreign policy has been years of almost constant trials and tribulations. They have rarely thoroughly tested him and by the universal judgment of friend and foe he has stood the test. He has headed Downing Street just when the Franco-Russian feud over Morocco was in its opening stages. He took at once a definite line and unhesitatingly backed France for all he was worth. It was a course of action that at least three separate occasions involved the risk of war with Germany, but Sir Edward did not shrink from it; he held that Great Britain was bound to support the Third Republic with all the diplomatic, and if necessary all the material, power at her command, and after some anxious months the issue abundantly justified his persistence and tenacity. The triple entente is now more solid than Britain, France, and Russia is very largely his work.

He is the first British Foreign Minister who has sought and concluded an accommodation with Russia, and he has done so in the face of the opposition of the two Powers. The value of the Anglo-Russian agreement was abundantly proved when Berlin imposed its ultimatum on Serbia, and when the British Government, London and St. Petersburg, and the demonstration of British and Russian "episodes of influence" in the realm of the Balkans, all the old issues would have revived and a war could with difficulty have been averted. It is true that many Liberals have strongly objected to the virtual partition of Bosnia, just as they were objecting a few weeks ago to the cession of Montenegro, and that the continuance of the Anglo-German quarrel has been regarded by many of them as a proof of Sir Edward Grey's inability. Many others, however, have taken vehement exception to the will of silence behind which he has preferred to work; and it is an undeniable fact that the country has early known less of the various moves and developments of its foreign policy than during the past seven years. Sir Edward has spoken as little as possible in Parliament; he has time and again presided the House of Commons with an accomplished fact which it might, indeed, discuss but was virtually powerless to reverse. The country, however, has been well satisfied to let Sir Edward go his own gait. He has completely redeemed the old reputation of Liberal governments for a vacillating neutralism in the conduct of foreign affairs; and by the firmness and consistency with which he stood by France, by the moderation with which he has dealt with Russia, and by his handling of the great political upheaval in southeastern Europe, his fame and authority are being rapidly established.

The nation that makes people trust or distrust statesmen, like the nation that makes them like or dislike sovereigns, are often obscure, irrational, and the product rather of instinct than of knowledge. Sir Edward Grey is a rare in point. His acceptance, after a good deal of hesitation, of the Foreign Secretaryship in the Liberal Cabinet that was formed in December, 1905, was a greater relief to the nation than even to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself. Abroad and at home his friends and enemies were alike praising and praising effort. Among the members of England or among those who stood to profit by a change in British policy, his appointment was a relief, and the presence in Downing Street of a minister governed by the Gladstonian tradition, his effort was not less felt in the eyes of the nation. It was a relief to the nation. If Great Britain and her allies felt that a danger had been avoided, other Powers were no less conscious of an opportunity, and away, and yet to the world to know that Sir Edward Grey, who was almost altogether an unknown quantity, and even among his own countrymen he could not be called a dominant figure. One can see so many of the signs of his system that the British are still able to recall the theory of assimilated democracy with the practical rebirth of such men as Sir Edward Grey of men, that is to say, who are the antithesis of demagogues and whose influence upon the public mind is shown everything else the preponderant influence of character.

For many thousands of quiet Englishmen Sir Edward's year in the neighborhood of British public life has been a most useful one. He has given us the benefit of his own mind, and he has done so in a way that is not only of moral and elevating, combined with a balanced judgment and an air of being detached from the party and the strife of the day. He has spoken more instinctively for that he is saying what he believes, and his opinions have been formed only after a long and careful study of the facts of the case, and that he means to abide by them. He is one of the least theatrical of men. He never talks in a manner that is calculated to attract attention, but his attention. He is always and simply himself, just as the late Dr. Chamberlain was; and his political friends are the friends of the man who has become a man of a more serious atmosphere about him than about any of his colleagues, a note of authority, a distant remoteness from the everyday worries and passions of the day, and a certain aloofness and a certain aloofness. Yet Sir Edward has his passions, and he is an ardent football and a devoted supporter of a team of which he has been a member. He is a President Taylor's supporter of an Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty surprised the House and the country in the form of a bill. He is a member of the Wardour Club and a disciple of Walter. Sir Edward has in his something of the philosopher. In the ordinary course of his life he is more than a politician; so completely in his participation devoid of all personal aims. One can easily imagine him withdrawing altogether from the world of politics, and spending the remainder of his life in quiet contentment among the beloved hills and streams of his Northumberland. He has been open to the world more than most of the poets and novelists and parliamentary debaters, and probably never he met Mr. Roosevelt ever spent a moment of his life in the United States, and he met together through the New Forest and noted the song of every bird they heard.

# THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

The Secret of the Value of the Modern Automobile lies in Standardization

BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON, M.E.

**S**TANDARDIZATION plays an important part in our every-day life, whether we ride in automobiles or not, but its application to the motor-car has become so common that many of us have never met the hand the wheel of a foreign-car standard.

Standardization merely means the adoption by various manufacturers of certain sizes and shapes for parts that are common to all

and the average driver cares not how his plug is made so long as it does the work well and fits the opening provided for it in the cylinder. But if each brand of plug was made with a thread of different size or shape, and if each motor-car manufacturer carried out his own idea as to size of sparking-plug needed, so that there would be but one kind suitable to that particular motor, every a touring-car that is now able to satisfy the needs and be placed in running order on payment of a dollar to the first cross-roads blacksmith shop encountered would be ignominiously towed home.

This is a feature of standardization with which every motorist is familiar—so familiar, in fact, that he does not realize that it is a source of irritation. But it annoys him on every side, and now, in 1912, it represents the principal feature of advanced motor-car construction, though it may be that the car-owner will never appreciate the full advantages of some of these features until his car breaks down many miles from home.

Of course every automobilist owns the best car he can buy—the best wheels, doors, and so on, but he does not consider the possible ease of his friend Jones, who has not been so wise as himself in the selection of a machine and has chosen one that, through misuse or other neglect, breaks an important part while Jones has been taking a Saturday afternoon spin fifty miles out into the country. Jones hires a farmer to fix his machine to the cross roads blacksmith shop, runs by a village and back, half maddened. He examines the broken part, calipers and rule, looks through his stock of bar steel or tubing, and announces:

"What he announces may depend entirely upon whether Jones's car has been fully standardized or not. If the designing firm of Jones's car has issued its dimensions and specifications without regard to the practices of other manufacturers, they may call for special sizes of steel tubing to be used in the construction of the machine. The order he makes may differ less than one-sixty-fourth of an inch in diameter from a size that is already carried on stock. If other motor-car makers follow the same procedure there may be hundreds of different sizes of steel tubing in the mills, each size suitable for use in but one car. Steel tubing is taken as an illustration because there are both an infinite diversity of sizes and a variety of diameters that must be considered. The common sizes of these two diameters is from six to six and one-half inches. In fact, a few years ago it was found that the various automobile manufacturers, all told, used some six thousand different sizes of steel tubing in the construction of their cars, and in hundreds of instances a design calling for a special size of tubing could not be substituted the nearest stock size with the result that it would have required a delicate mill-press to have delivered the change in diameter.

Therefore, if Jones's car had been designed

under these conditions, the chances are ten to one that the measurement of the blacksmith would have been to the effect that, while he carried over a hundred regular sizes on stock, the part in question was made from a piece one-sixty-fourth of an inch thicker than he carried on stock. The result would be that Jones must needs have an car towed fifty or a hundred miles to the city, where the agent might have the part in question already on hand, or Jones would leave his car at the local shop and telegraph to the factory for a new piece. In any event, several days' delay and a considerable expenditure of money would be entailed.

But the car manufacturers have "got together"; they have compared notes; they have adopted uniform sizes, readily made have met and have discussed alternatives with this and that size and material—and the results have been nothing short of astonishing. The sixteen hundred different sizes of steel tubing that were called for by the various automobile manufacturers have been reduced to one hundred and fifty—and all without the slightest loss in effectiveness or design. The steel-plate mills can treat these out ahead of time, knowing that the demand will be restricted to these sizes. The automobile manufacturer can now that a steel order for raw material will be filled at about twice the rate that is probably on hand—or, if not, there are no special adjustments of machines to be made and the mills can produce the desired size almost as soon as the order is received. But most important of all is the knowledge that an emergency repair man has made at almost any well-equipped machine shop from the material that is usually carried in stock.

Therefore, if Jones's car has been made under these conditions, the blacksmith will draw the desired size of tubing from his limited stock, will cut it off to the proper length and had Jones could make arrangements with the nearest farmer for a few hours the new part will be finished and in place—and Jones will be on his way rejoicing, under his own power, with the motor chugging a piece of pie to that body of men who "got together" to standardize all parts common to even different makes.

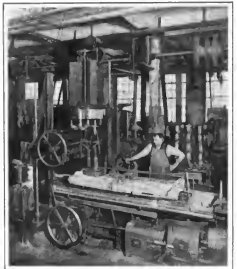
Take these instances of "hidden" standardization, and apply it to many of the rods, bars, and plates that enter into the construction of the parts of a motor-car. Extend it to crank-arms and transmission-case bolts, axles and axles, to washers, brake-rods, ends, spring clips and eyes, and all of the hundred and one small parts that may unexpectedly need to be replaced, and you may begin to realize to what an extent standardization makes easy the way of the modern motorist. A leather belt on a transmission case need cause no trouble for the motor-car tourist, for there is scarcely a country hardware-store that cannot supply the size of the desired size with the required shape and pitch of thread. To be sure, the new belt may not be of the same finish or quality of workmanship as the former piece, but it will serve to take you home and to every you around until one of the proper material can be sent from the agent or the factory.

The inspector must be able to detect variation in measurement of one-thousandth of an inch

machines or devices of the same nature. Suppose the electric-light bulb in the library brass set, one does not need to have the name of the contractor who wired the house, in order to obtain another light. If there are an extra bulb on hand the householder goes to the cellar or attic and takes one from a light that is seldom used. He knows it will fit in its own location, that the threads will be the same, and that it can be operated by the same key, and takes this as a matter of course. This is an example of interchangeability, and may be applied to the motor-car by making that the trademark of modern manufacturers is to make all similar parts for cars of the same model that now pieces can be obtained without the necessity of re-fitting.

Just suppose the householder wished to buy a new stock of electric-light bulbs, and did not happen to be in the vicinity of the company that installed the fixtures. He goes to the first electrical-supply store that he sees and asks for bulbs of the required voltage in whatever else he may desire. It may happen that these lights are made by a dozen firms of the manufacture of the bulbs that he uses at home, and yet he knows, without asking, that the new ones will fit his fixtures, and that there is no need for him to have "light to lose" with no more trouble than trying the fresh lamps into the sockets. Any lamp will fit any fixture; he does not have to go around writing this and describing that with, by a process of elimination, he has found the only bulb that is suited to that particular socket. For the electric-light-bulb makers, manufacturers have "got together" and have adopted a certain size of screw and thread as standard, and have agreed that all of their products shall conform to these specifications.

In spite of the more complicated mechanism and intricate of alternate and generally accepted design, the motor-car required to be as thoroughly standardized as are electric-light bulbs. Were this the case, there could be no more originality or distinctiveness of design in an automobile than one would find in a basket of Logans apples—which differ only in age, and consequently in performance. But standardization of modern-cars extends far deeper than mere outward appearance and suitability of control; every motorist will have this forced upon him whenever he has occasion to change a spark plug. He knows that, if his car is provided with eight light cylinders, the least provisions garage or cross-roads supply shop will be able to fill his needs so far as spark-plugs are concerned. The make of the car or the brand of the plug makes no difference; practically all of the new standard fifty automobile manufacturers and the old ones have adopted the same size of opening and shape and pitch of threads for the accommodation of the spark plugs, and consequently the one hundred spark-plug manufacturers conform to these standards. Even the spark plug itself has been divided, and certain specifications agreed upon as to size and shape of some of its component parts. But these are of interest only to the manufacturers of spark plugs,



By means of the milling machine all crank cases are planed down to exactly the same size

The wonderful resilience of the modern motor-car has only been made possible through the use of special alloys and heat-treated metals that represent a summation of strength, hardness, or toughness with a minimum of weight. Many of the formulas by which these alloys are obtained are secret, closely guarded in the laboratory that forms one of the most important parts of every great automobile-building plant. And yet even the standardization of materials has fallen within the scope of the body of manufacturers who are endeavoring to bring all parts of automobile production to a common basis. It can well be said that the standardization of the composition of certain materials does not directly benefit the motor-car, perhaps this is true to a certain extent. But it is not of advantage to know that the vital parts of the car, the chassis and engine alloys, meet with certain high-standard requirements demanded by the automobile-manufacturers as a body? It may sometimes be a matter of life and death whether the aluminum crank case of the engine is "up to standard," or is deficient in some element on which the strength and resistance of the part is vitally dependent. And if automobile manufacturers make in demanding alloys that have been proved to be the best-suited for the purposes they are called upon to fill, it is practically certain that all material so purchased will be of uniform high quality.

But does not this wholesale standardization of engine parts and auto-bodies have a tendency to suppress originality of design, and thus prevent progress and invention? No more than the standardization of the electrical field prevented the perfection of the light bulb. In fact, intelligent standardization aids invention and progress, for it eliminates the useless and places the subject on a substantial basis. It

is not going to create inventive genius in the head to suggest that, wherever one uses half-inch nuts, there have a certain number of threads per inch.

It may seem a far cry from a wooden wheel of standard dimensions to an aerial sailing in wire road and upkeep, but this is one of the results to be derived from the standardization of wheels by the manufacturers of automobile parts. The wooden wheels on many cars are made in one factory, the steel wheels in the tire, of course, is another thing. If all wheels of a certain diameter are made with a given width of flange, the rim-manufacturer may know of what dimensions to make his product. But suppose there is a lack of uniformity among these wheels, the rim-manufacturer must vary the width of the rim to fit every different kind of a wheel that is made. The rim-manufacturer will therefore "be against it" for he has worked out the size pressure and corresponding shape and thickness of rubber required to give a certain grip and traction. These measurements may either force him to construct a new tire or to run the risk of unsatisfactory service from the one of them which he may apply. The tire is the most overworked portions of the car, anyhow, and they must be loaded with every consideration. It is bound if the tire is made to the shape of the flange of a rim may never make use of that portion of the tire and not stand in half what should be, under favorable conditions, a long service life. It is fortunate for the owner of pocket-bills and the good of the motor-car industry in general, wire, rim, and tire manufacturers have come to a sort of understanding that has resulted in uniform sizes.

And so it is with every field—and there are near a score of them—there has something to do with the

manufacture of your car. Each is dependent on the activities of the other, and the results of the work of the first may be felt in the problems of the twentieth. This interlocking and interdependent absolutely necessary a certain uniformity and standardization of design in order that the thousands of different parts will fit perfectly into an complete grade pattern and result in that modern wonder—the present-day auto mobile.

It is possible, of course, to carry standardization and interchangeability too far, but that day has not yet been reached, and probably never will be. The use of the modified repair nuts in the garage a few years ago, when, in reassembling a disassembled automobile, placed the two halves of the rear axle end for end, so that the completed car was provided with those springs reverse and one forward, was not so much an example of interchangeability carried too far as it was of a warning to those repair men who think that standardization can replace brains and that one part belongs in a certain place solely because it "fits" there.

It is this feature of automobile construction, however, that is the most interesting and valuable of the motor-car exhibition, on which we must rely for any future reduction in the price of those all-but-obsolete. Each year it seems that the lowest price consistent with a fair profit has been reached; each succeeding year "less money" and "more automobiles for less money" and the coming years will progressively lower prices until so long as intelligent standardization of materials and parts continues to stir cars on the increase, when that limit has been reached, the rock-bottom price will also have been reached. It is in this manner that standardization is of vital interest to every present and possible motor-car owner—and that means practically every citizen of this country.

## The TRUTH About NEW YORK SINGING TEACHERS

By PIERRE V.R. KEY

PICTURES BY ALBERT LEVING



**S**HE does with her husband in an advertisement New York "fall" on the "New York" side. They are for quiet and the greater number of this days is behind them. Sign of the times, but, however, some good news until the trouble in his throat comes. They share then he has not been able

But some one in the family had to make money, but while the public could afford to forget Signor Manito's broken voice, the home and school, he certain facts connected with the great and the husband. Thus required money is gradually larger and increased the cost of living at that time had taken care of the matter.

So Madame Manito decided to teach singing. She reached the same decision, some with institutions, others without it. In the case of Madame Manito there was a reason for her choice, at the age of fifty, of this condition. Not, however, because she of the race which is erroneously supposed to give our best voice-teachers, but because she had mastered and practiced a difficult craft in some comparatively early life.

If this were a faithful record of a "fact" story, it could be suitably fitting to carry this downy woman through a series of adventures that would end in her finding among New York's singing thousands all the people she could reach.

Unfortunately for Signor Manito, the congenious wife did not find her as he found them. You see, she is an old man and her fat is well, it is stable. Signors came to Madame and stood away, they too of the downy race, regarding her as for an instructor such as they needed, one back. Thus Madame Manito taught at some much, and the price paid by other pupils to her compared her to her commercially fortunate colleagues.

Notwithstanding the Manito, if you asked them, could not singers derived in the church—ramped room called "stalls." And talking, they would give on "chambers" over a particular young teacher, a motherly

labored, constraint, and a separate with talked and bred, all of the same kind under Madame's direction from back into fall class.

One day, a Manito pupil or two may get the favored class at public singing of the night sort. Then if they have in their the quality of the work, for professional success, in other words, they also have critical audience as well as in the upper and side status show there is less of risk—Madame Manito's reputation as a teacher should be established.

Obviously, with the shifting tides of fortune, Madame Manito may obtain these material adjuncts to her triumph as a singing teacher which thus far have been denied her, in a fitting manner, without complaint, and the due recognition; but will it come?

For other downtown, over the heart of New York's voice-teaching center, is another grade to the ambitious singer. This instructor is of masculine sex and of all purposes an American.

His craft is known wherever modeled on ultracritic hand. It is bound if the tire is made to the shape of the flange of a rim may never make use of that portion of the tire and not stand in half what should be, under favorable conditions, a long service life. It is fortunate for the owner of pocket-bills and the good of the motor-car industry in general, wire, rim, and tire manufacturers have come to a sort of understanding that has resulted in uniform sizes.

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ing on ignorance, capidity, and hypercivness. And yet for they take money they false professors being nothing in return, but they grow financially but by the most quiet means, faintly assuming a knowledge not only so long as intelligent standardization of materials and parts continues to stir cars on the increase, when that limit has been reached, the rock-bottom price will also have been reached. It is in this manner that standardization is of vital interest to every present and possible motor-car owner—and that means practically every citizen of this country.

The average man and most women who go to the opera and to concerts frequently complain over the achievement of some star and see in their minds' eyes an imaginary road path that has been traveled to the summit of musical fame. Nervous singers are certainly living a life of such comparative ease that few who do not know ever seriously think of the element of luck which has helped them out in their position.

"Luck" evinces some one. "Where does luck figure in singing?"

is finding her teacher. That is the chief problem that young people who seek singing voices and other singing essentials have to solve for they take money they false professors being nothing in return, but they grow financially but by the most quiet means, faintly assuming a knowledge not only so long as intelligent standardization of materials and parts continues to stir cars on the increase, when that limit has been reached, the rock-bottom price will also have been reached. It is in this manner that standardization is of vital interest to every present and possible motor-car owner—and that means practically every citizen of this country.

What, then, is the situation in which most of the



Signor Spaghetti strongly three a bit

thousands of young Americans find themselves when they reach New York, bent on study and singing for professional purposes?

For a pitifully larger number of them it is a grandeur and a staid, and they say that they are not content with vocal recommendations to patronize official, pampering instructors or that voluntary or aided selection has led them to the right student. Assuming that out of New York's two thousand who claim to be going singing there are two hundred qualified to go to the right student, the remainder, of course, are not appreciative of the pupil's task of being put out in one's class. A certain amount, a singer of considerable experience and had studied off and on, and sang in church concert, recently set out to find some. He had his troubles.

This man visited, in the course of two weeks, twenty-two teachers of singing. Five were women, the rest men. They were chosen at random, very much as various masters of varying degrees of experience and intelligence would select their own disciples. The prices they asked for half-hour and full-hour lessons ranged from ten dollars each down to the low dollar. So far as could be discerned, each of the twenty-two possessed the moral right to ply their adopted profession.

The number one began in a certain well-known building where musical instructors of every sort monopolize. Mr. Cursons examined the bulletin board announcing the names of the teachers, and stepped off half a dozen, and entered a waiting elevator. A minute later he rang a bell communicating from the outer corridor with the teacher's sanctum and stepped inside.

It just happened that Mr. Cursons wasn't here. He turned as the door opened, plucked the five from his pocket, and rang it down. The man who answered to which he had been playing music. He seemed relieved to find his visitor out of the way. However, though his plumage was professionally calculated to impress the ladies.

This specimen was looking for a fly to buzz into his parlor when Mr. Cursons' name was called. He stepped up the prospect and grunted, for no unusual other swallows the look, hue, and savor with more dispatch than the business man of thirty-five or thereabouts who is seized with the desire to sing—and Mr. Cursons looked the part.

"Unfortunately for this matter for now and subsequent papers, he didn't know it was loaded." Both men looked at each other, with utter amazement. Cursons was making an attempt to give an official profession he assumed to be able to teach; Mr. Cursons was pretending to know as little about singing as his teacher actually did. It wasn't a bad situation. Mr. Cursons smiled. From a man concluding that this was an indication that his prospective services were being regarded with favor, went his visitor on better. He looked at the man.

"La, la," said the fake teacher, repeating the phrase many times, as if to show his intimacy with French customs, and relating an anecdote of a Frenchman at the dining parl of his wife. "A horrible, eh?"

Now it happened that Mr. Cursons did have a certain note. He recalled the name, he considered the assumed surprise and made some remark about Professor Cursons' marvelous powers in voice classification without ever having heard of the man. Impression struck, he having been made by Cursons' fetching phrase, his semi-artistic studies, and a correct guess of Mr. Cursons' voice, he commenced an impression under two-thirds satisfied by the piano. He was one of those "big" pianists who have a certain natural facility which, though unaccountable, serves a purpose. The professor, though somewhat nervous as himself on his rather—the chance he couldn't have played them if he had wished. But he did undertake to impress the prospective teacher. Mr. Cursons the idea that Professor Cursons was a former pupil of his.

It was only for half a minute that Professor Cursons went through his "big" piano set, but he omitted nothing. He went his two minutes walking with each other up and down the stairs, and through various classes steps, started them on even terms at the middle of the boys to be walked to remote ends of the instrument. He had a good deal of a good deal of digital characters. In the course of his exhibition he probably played two hundred and sixty-six wrong notes of four hundred actually touched, which gave him a low lasting average.

"Now," commanded the professor, assuming his weightiest air, "we will try your voice." He turned then to Mr. Cursons, who was to stand near the grand piano, having him. Then he played a scale slowly. The newspapering voice pupil indignantly sang notes that were faulty in pitch and in all other respects. His lesson closed and ended like a lot of the faintly sung hanging from the line on a windy day.

As honest teacher would have instantly informed Mr. Cursons that at his evident age a voice with no easy ascending characteristics would be of no service on any. Not a few instructors of the better grade would have instantly directed indications of vocal skill in the very manner the voice was made to be available.

But this professor didn't know and didn't care. His natural and vocal indications were on a par with his unaccountable method. He had no special in military with various methods of vocal training, a very rough vocabulary common to most students, and a degree of pliancy which he had but little discerning mixture of superior intelligence—though

some of these four teachers were accused in enumerating their exact status from real experience—that a better time.

Well, Professor Cursons, instead of halting of the piano closed and hurrying himself to his feet over the attempt of his pupil to sing a simple scale, merely raised his highly polished eyebrows.

"Very pleasant," he said, "I will show you the secret of something, then we shall try again." The professor left his seat at the piano, stepped close to the investigator, and spoke in the confidential manner. He was putting in his steady work and it took a minute or two. After a while the curtain went up on act two.

"Grip the breath here," said Cursons, placing one

finger, that you need instruction. I am pained that you should come to me.

That was another type of singing-teacher. If all were like him there would be no singing save evil which was centers in the weakness of the vocal science system, due to the intangible factors surrounding it and the havoc caused by partial and fallacious "facts." When it is known in mind that a pupil cannot see the vocal apparatus the difficulty confronting the teacher—who must create a mental picture of the kind of tone sought for and how it should be produced—is of some approach.

Teacher number three—who was a woman—proved to be an odd sort of mixture. She manifested unquestioned knowledge of some vocal essentials, complete ignorance of others, and a musical ear that could



"Now," commanded the professor, assuming his weightiest air, "we will try your voice."

hand in the small of the prospective pupil's back, "and also here," taking Mr. Cursons somewhat forcibly to the solar plexus. "Now sing something scale."

This one was delivered slightly better than the first.

"See? You already show improvement under my hand." He turned, you are singing on it.

"No, no; sing on it. Let me tell you." Cursons tried to do his gliding exercise, but he stopped in a steeple, though he didn't know that his vocal science knew. The baritone sang another note and gave to the upper note a slight kick, so to speak. Cursons stretched his eyes, surprised, but not aware that Mr. Cursons was playing with him.

"La, la, you have a voice. I know it when I heard you speak. I knew I could bring it out in one lesson—this lesson. In a month I can put you in a church choir. You have a future. Oh, yes, I strongly advise you to study. That comes over here when we arrange for your lessons. I shall make you a reduction to four dollars for each one and you can get on the word that you are satisfied with the lessons. My studio was in the same building with Cursons's, but very different. A young woman secretary received the visitor, asked intelligent questions, and presently returned from the next room. In five minutes a pupil went out and Mr. Cursons was meeting a real man.

This teacher, who wore his hair close cropped and an ordinary masculine suit of clothes, walked slowly along one wall of the studio while Mr. Cursons loomed his lesson. He is one of those instructors who know that one person cannot satisfactorily teach and at the same time play accompaniments.

"What's the idea?" he said, when the singer stopped. Mr. Cursons didn't understand.

"What is your idea in coming to me when you know that you sing as well as you probably ever can? We both know that you do not intend to make a profession of singing."

"What gains you to assume that I am not in the profession?"

"A matter of facts. First, you have shown to me a voice that is not at all good. It is like a good horse that needs exercise. If you were a professional man you would not be in my condition. Then I noticed that your money slipped for an instant in a few places in some of your songs. Isn't it plain? You are one of the very best amateur singers I have ever heard, a good musician. I don't think, for your own

not be depended on. Her failures on any pupil cannot be other than unless, yet she teaches—and she showed means—operations would be professional.

Teacher number four, who was a man and of a kind. They made a rapid class of four teachers, this was an advance of singing by "scientific method." He made his baritone voice sing with the handle of a spoon kept half-way down his throat. They displayed the muscular contraction that caused.

"Here you require," he explained, "there is an acute difficulty."

Unhappily he was right, but he wanted his visitor to control so many sets of muscles involved in such a simple phrase that it was embarrassing to discuss the matter, so any nothing of developing a dexterity requiring one to keep himself upon one's own Adam's apple and off again without as much as leaving the skin.

The climax came one morning toward the close of the "hour." Mr. Cursons had taken credit, but though it took the "edge" from the voice, there was no visible evidence that the baritone was really improved. Signor Whiffletti looked to a few phrases from an operatic aria and promptly threw a fit. The extent of his admiration for the American's voice was beyond the singer's powers to convey. There was no doubt that he was the equal, in natural endowments of the greatest baritone ever heard at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"But how about the recommence?" asked Mr. Cursons. "I wish you know. That is right; you need have the recommence and I bring home. With my method I made you a student. It would be a good idea to study in an office of education."

"What would you say," demanded Mr. Cursons, with an expression, "if I were to tell you that I have a solid little town in my throat and that I actually have several times the recommence you have heard?"

The Italian shuddered, thumbed his fingers, and then coughed. His face became more white until it resembled an overgrown hen. He had wondered: his Baritone had played him false.

"Never mind," said the investigator, sympathetically, placing a bit of powder in the singer's face's and then in my real money. If you don't remember it, call up the Opera House, where your money can be refunded."

No return, the singing teacher stood. Others, with some intention of making a career in the profession are now here on the same studio in which many hundreds will talk. But how, under existing conditions, can he be able to do anything? The average applicant the curls are all stacked.

PRICELESS

BY H. D. LOWRY

In the dark of the night while I slumbered  
Thirteen rings on my hand I counted,  
They told me of gold and of silver,  
And all of it they took for wealth.

No your gown shall no more be silver,  
Nest bread nor I give you to eat,  
About your feet shall no silver slip,  
But be bare to the dust of the street.

Dear God! Had they dreamed of my treasure,  
They had taken these dollars and pence,  
What use had they then for a mine?  
In the love of a girl.



FROM PRODUCE

Illustrated by DRAWN BY





TO CONSUMER

F. R. RYEA

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## BACK TO NATURE

UNEXPECTED RETURNS FROM HIS VACATION OF THE NORTHEAST GOLF'S BUTLER

hang them on the line in the drying-yard and sprinkle them with your garden watering-pot with a solution of castor-oil and crocus. The moon will be full even in Prohibition States at

6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, May 29th, possibly as the inevitable result of having spent the first quarter after close of dark on the evening of Tuesday, May 12th. It may be distinguished under these and conditions from the village hawk by the fact that it will have no bands or trace of the same.



# Interfudes

### YE HINTS

Be careful of the number of clean collars and shirts you wear during the month. There are only four wash-days in the May calendar this year.

There will be a grandiose moon on the evening of May 6th, and if you are careful to catch your first glimpse of it over your left shoulder you may rest on getting what is coming to you.

All the birds should have returned before the middle of the month save the seven breeders that disappeared from your camp shortly after Uncle Rastus departed from his stall last October.

Revenge your dog will not get dog-biscuits these spring days, do not give them up altogether. They may come in handy to throw at cranes or tramps that are likely to appear in the office now or any minute.

If winter has ceased digging in the lap of May in your vicinity, now is a good time to plant sun-flowers on your lawn-shoulder, and hang the letter on the parlor wall as an ornament for the edification of your expected summer boarders.

To get the odor of camphor out of your spring clothes, lately released from the chest in the attic,



ST. PETER TOLD HIM  
NEW ARRIVAL: MISTRESS M. PETER, WHOSE STUFF  
I DO NOT SEE HER SEVERAL TIMES A WEEK?

### AN EXTREME CASE

"Saw me on Miss Wright's gas-gauge (residual of beer)," said Miss Hampton.

"Yes," said Miss Jingles. "It has been affected long ago. She and her wife for some Sabbath or so if it were Sabbath."

### THE MITTOM-CHURCH

"Have you seen anything of that mittom-church they are sending around the country, Haddock?" asked Winkles.

"Yes," said Winkles. "Saw it this morning stuck in a ditch down by the golf links. When I got the mittom was sitting on a fence-pail watching a lot of unappreciative owners trying to pull it out, and nodding his approval of the language they used in doing it, fast."

### THE QUEEN OF THE MAY

AN ELEGY ON MODERN CUSTOM

I've got me a bottle of nice cold beer, a sledge-hammer head and a couple of picks; a cross bar or two and a piece of steel as straight and as true as a battle-ship's keel. I've got me a bagful of cobble and coal, and paving-stones hard as a petrel's bill, all ready prepared for the glorious day when I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother. The Suffragette Queen of the May!

I've got me a bottle of nice strong 'Yorod out up a god-bless from handle to prong to drop in the middle to show level men what woman will do when she finds that she can. I've kerosene, gasoline, paraffin too, all ready for tanks that a woman used to show that she's level and determined in steel, a Militant Queen of the May, Mother. A Suffragette Queen of the May!

I've practised at throwing by day and by night at my old target that hangs in the night, and got to a point where my aim is so fine I hit what I aim at three times out of five; and windows of glass, shellings, and shops are crashing before me in spite of the caps whenever I am, wherever I am, cushioned as the Queen of the May, Mother. The Suffragette Queen of the May!

You need not expect me to dinner or tea. It's nine-thirty to me. I'm the center for me, and back in the '30s as long as I go to land on my traps (against the tyrannous law) to work up Hibernia, and can get her to me there's never for once till the sun on shall sets; my place at the fore, in the love of the law as Queen of the Beautiful May, Mother. The Suffragette Queen of the May!

THE SUFFRAGETTE QUEEN OF THE MAY  
WINDHAM'S JOURNAL



HEED! Feels her best belly out, to her who is eating May: Oh, there, she's eating all her BELLYN MATERIAL.





You - as a tire bill payer - now demand a vis-like rim grip-with no cutting or breaking above the rim-and here it is →

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires.

So we said to our Engineers:

"You must build us a tire with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact."

*They did*—and they also added the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection in



Then we called in our Chemists and said:

"Tire buyers are demanding a tough, flint-like, but resilient tread—a tire made of lusty young rubber—a tire giving the utmost mileage at no additional expense."

And the answer is

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# Diamond {No clinch} Tires

Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact

Here is a No-Clinch tire that appeals to the hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—the man who insists on easy riding comfort and a good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of rim contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens? The result is a terrific strain on the tire that results in rim troubles, break-

ing above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the Diamond No-Clinch because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cable wire bead holds with a vise-like rim-grip.

Add to this the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, the Vitalized Rubber advantage, the famous Diamond Safety (Squegee Tread) and you have bought rubber shod mileage that has no equal at any price.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers  
always at your Service

Diamond Safety  
(Squegee) Tread for  
Automobiles,  
Motorcycles, Bicycles



Pediment designed for the east side of the House wing of the Capitol at Washington, D.C., by Paul W. Bartlett



"Fountain," by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney



Statue of Benjamin Franklin, by Paul Bartlett



"A Vendor of Statuettes," by Murray Bowley



"The Gold Fish," by Miss M. Boyson Copeland

## AMERICAN ARTISTS AT THE PARIS SALON

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF OUR PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS TO BE SHOWN IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL

### "The Last Cartridges"

A famous French battle painting, called "The Last Cartridges," the work of Alphonse de Neuville, represents the desperate defense of one house at the end of the day by a handful of French men against great odds. Doubt having been cast upon the authenticity of his picture, the French government has published the official report made by Lieutenant Lambert, who commanded the detachment at Bavielles.

It is a plain and straightforward report, without any dwelling upon brilliant details. Lambert had been wounded at the fall in the leg, and was unable to walk more than a few steps. With a few doctors and a detachment of his soldiers, cut off from the main body of the French army, he took refuge in an isolated house on the highest point in Bavielles, and defended it against the Germans. Firing from the windows and any other openings that they could find, the soldiers inflicted heavy loss upon the enemy, who advanced through the streets of the town. They believed that they would soon be rescued by their own troops. They still heard the sound of their artillery and the directions of the French divisions, which they could distinguish perfectly from the sounds of the guns of the Bavarians about them. They did not know that their rescue came from a French force as hopefully waited in its own trenches, and that the main body of their comrades had evacuated them.

At one time, seeing a chance for their escape, Lambert tried to send his comrades to the bottom of the hill, where they were to remain and hold into the hands of the enemy, but they refused to go. Minutes after the fall of all sorts were raining into the old house. Bullets perforated the doors and windows until but little remained of them. The house was, therefore, surrounded by the Germans in various directions.

Finally shells crashed through the roof, leaving down by six several men, others were cut down by Bavarian bullets. But the fight went on for a long time, and the French were able to keep their position at bay.

At last, however, the ammunition gave out, the last cartridges were used. Then, Fred, the son, having heard the Germans demand that no quarter should be given, and that the French were to be killed, the heavy losses they had inflicted, proposed to leave from the building with charged guns, and would carry their dear life in a hand-to-hand conflict.

But their commander, the wounded Lambert, would send the last cartridge to Fred, then jumped through the door and confronted the snarling Germans alone. He declared that if they lifted hand at it, it would mean the death of soldiers to die, and it was possible that their commander could make some sense.

As soon as he stepped out and stood with folded arms, a dozen bayonets were thrust at him. He would have been killed at another instant if the Bavarian captain had not, at the risk of his own life, precipitated himself upon the French officer and threw back his own men. Fortified by the faithful lion which the Germans had inflicted upon their own regiment, they would have put the detachment to death.

Revolving pistols pointed, and the French were ordered to surrender. The Bavarian officer complimented the French commander warmly upon the desperate courage they had shown.

### The Charcoal Burner

The men who make charcoal—"cutters," as they call themselves—are not all directly engaged in obtaining the wood. Many of them merely chop up the trees and cut them into cordwood lengths. The "cutters" stand the middle of a cordwood pile, and use long poles to bring in the wood. This pile is formed by laying sticks of wood in a square with the ends crossed, and so placing tier after tier until the chimney is about twelve feet high. All around this chimney is placed the wood. "It is burnt slowly," as the cutters say, "the chimney in a layer after layer, which is about twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, about thirty rods of wood are usually placed in one pit.

The wood in this covered with a layer of earth and covered with earth. The object being to prevent the escape of air, or fire showing at any point where the cutters may observe. When covered with earth the pit is ready to be fired.

This operation is accomplished by dropping coals from the top of the chimney upon a little ladder held at the bottom. As soon as the fire has "taken hold" the

top of the chimney is covered with earth and a draught of air allowed except such as flows slowly through the covering of lava and earth.

Great care must be exercised by the cutter to see that the wood which he wishes to keep smoking does not burn entirely, yielding, not charcoal, but ashes. The cutter previous to each smoking coming from any part of the pit he climbs up on a rude ladder and sees a kind of window box to increase the thickness and stability of the earth covering there. Sometimes it happens that a crater appears at some point where the earth has fallen in or crumbled away. Then the cutter must stop the hole with more earth.

In rainy weather he must be so careful in the work that if the wind is high he must be on guard day and night. A period of two weeks is commonly required to do such a job as is described. But if the wind be light and the weather windy a pit may be opened at the end of a week. If a man be industrious he may cook two pits a month and earn from forty to fifty dollars, according to the quantity of charcoal, for which he is paid by the bushel.

Late in October the wagons make their last rounds of the camp and haul away the charcoal remaining at the pits. The cutters gather up their camp effects and start on five or six miles, again to build, chop and cover.

### How "Marbles" Are Made

Most of the "marbles" so beloved of the children of our country are made of "glass alloys," of course, made of glass; while alloys, in some extent, refer to the manufacture of special and finer "marbles."

The clay is put into a "pig-mill" or "churn," and the heavy wheels revolve over the clay. It drops in, is returned into a bin beneath the mill. There it lies for an action elevated to storage bins.

The next step is to form the stiff clay through the perforated face of the pug mill, from which it emerges in the form of clay strings, the diameter of which is regulated by the round holes in the lower end. These rolls or strings of clay are pulled from the pug-mill when they have attained a length of about eighteen inches, and are cut into small pieces and conveyed to the clay shops, where the "marbles" are made.

And the rolls of clay are deposited evenly in a trough, and a workman runs them into rolls, according to the order. The finished rolls are accompanied by means of a saw. Some rolls may be generally speaking, from two hundred little "marbles," and it is from these rolls that the "marbles" are rolled.

When the rolls have been cut, they are placed in an ordinary tin pan and turned on a lathe by a workman, generally a girl. A handful of rolls is picked up and these are placed, one at a time, in a grooved tin. The tin is turned, and the rolls are placed one by one in the groove. A chock block is adjusted in position on the end of the rolls and pushed forward and back, until the rolls become perfectly round and level true. This operation is one that requires but little time. The finished "marbles" and the clay "marble," as it is known, are placed in a tray.

A worker who has acquired skill in her work, it is said, makes from 25,000 to 30,000 "marbles" in a day. They are weighed by weight; also by the cubic foot. The small clay "marble," measuring nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, weighs six and one-half pounds in the thousand, and is valued at the rate of 20 cents every eight millions.

### Elephants Made Heavy Swells

A BRITISH reporter, formerly in the Eastern trade, tells a queer elephant story which is worth telling in a way he had an organ for heavy elephants. The vessel was anchored in a perfectly calm sea off the coast of Madagascar, and therefore, the steamer began to roll every one on board was greatly surprised. At first they supposed the question to be due to the ground swell, but when this motion continued to increase, general alarm was expressed. Then it was revealed that the elephants were in the hold, and it discovered that by swaying to and fro in motion they might produce a rocking motion that would be very dangerous. So the great heads and bodies rolled and rolled, together with the steamer, which was a very great deal of shaking, and an imminent danger of rolling down the side. The steamer hurried down into the sea and the great deal of shaking and thumping managed to stop the dangerous movement.



## The Power of Silent Service

If the crowd on the stock exchange kept quiet and let one man talk, that man could be heard in every corner of the room. But the shouting members produce a composite of sound, so that no one trader is understood except by a small group around a particular trading post.

If everyone were able to shout twice as loud, the result would be only a greater noise, and less intelligible.

For communication to be universal there must be silent transmission. In a noisy stock exchange where the voice, unaided, cannot be understood across the room, there are hundreds of telephones which carry speech half way across the continent.

The telephone converts the spoken words into silent electrical impulses.

In a single Bell telephone cable, a hundred conversations can be carried side by side without interference, and then distributed to as many different cities and towns throughout the land. Each conversation is led through a system of wire pathways to its proper destination, and whispers its message into a waiting ear.

Silent transmission and the interconnecting lines of the Bell System are indispensable for universal telephone service.

Without such service, our cities would be slow of speech and the States would be less closely knit together.

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It makes you intimately familiar with every electrical device on your car or motor boat. Tells you how to detect electrical trouble, how to locate it and how to correct it. Written by experts in such simple terms that any one can understand it.

The only book ever written that covers every phase of electric installation on automobiles and motor boats. Write today for a copy before the edition is exhausted. Sent post-paid for 25c.

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The Inn is situated in a private park maintained by the local cottage community.

Rooms with private bath and porch. Rooms are available in nearly cottages in those who prefer them, service and privileges of the Inn being the same.

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Private boat service to and from New York City. Also frequent bus service to Brooklyn.

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A Delightful Place—Just 45 Minutes by Private Boat from New York Rates and Booklet Upon Application

By W. J. Henderson

## ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION

It is a very clear and concise statement of essential facts concerning the handling of a ship at sea, and furnishes information indispensable to every one connected with the navigation of a vessel.—Army and Navy Journal, New York.

With Diagrams, 1120

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK





## Unstable Chinese Currency

Of the many strange things in China, the least strange is its currency. To the manager of a business, that business can be transacted successfully with such a medium of exchange. It has been described as chaotic. Nevertheless, business and trade flourish in China, which speaks volumes for the business acumen of the Chinese. Perhaps the fact that trade flourishes in China long before such a thing as currency was known accounts for the fact that the Chinese, with such a lax opinion as they now possess, still stand in the front rank of commercial nations.

In China all forms of exchange, from barter up, are in use. A very large part of the country's business is done against the actual delivery of weighed silver. For convenience silver is melted into rough ingots having the shape of the Chinese character. These silver discs have stamped upon them their fineness and weight. The unit of weight is the tael, which is equal to a quantity of silver weighing 366 grains, troy, and is worth about sixty cents in our money.

The tael is not an ingot or a coin, but simply an abstract term signifying a unit of weight, such as a "pound" of butter, or an "ounce" of gold. Though an abstract term, it is the measure of wealth and the unit of value throughout the length and breadth of China. A man buys a business for so many taels of silver, his profits are computed in taels. When he makes payment, he weighs out the silver according to this unit.

The silver shows very in weight from one to seventy-five taels. All silver shops and banks have scales, where the silver is melted in iron ladles and poured into molds. The smelters, with their ladles and molds, remain one of the oldest of the silver with a pair of metal sheepsheads. To see out events of what they were doing, it would be natural to suppose that they were engaged in conducting something good to eat. In the process of smelting the ingots their fineness is often changed by the addition of copper or lead, whichever best suits the interests

of the shop. Bankers and money-changers are able to determine the quality of the silver by the action of touch. The sellers or depositors are always at their mercy and must often submit to the operation of having their silver discounted on account of "bad touch."

In the interior of China small purchases are made with copper coins with square holes in the center. These are called "cash" and are threaded on strings so that they may be carried across one's shoulder or on a pole. A string of one thousand of these cash is worth about fifty cents in our money. Sometimes lots of silver are shipped from the silver shops and used for small purchases. When traveling in the interior one must take with him a large amount of silver shovels and used for strings of cash at the various shops. The money-changers have two sets of scales, one to be used in the purchase of silver and the other in the selling of it.

In an attempt some years ago to introduce a currency based on Western models, the Chinese government purchased and put into circulation several million Mexican dollars. The people fastidiously to the new coins and called for more. The provincial governments then set up mints and began to coin Chinese dollars of approximately the same weight and fineness as the Mexican dollars. They also coined an enormous amount of subsidiary forms in the shape of small silver coins and copper pennies.

Now it was discovered that the new currency was as unstable as the old. The value of the dollar in relation to the subsidiary coinage varied from day to day. The coin was never worth the nominal part of a dollar. Some days ran hundred and ten cents were required to make up one dollar, and on other days it took one hundred and thirty cents. Similarly the value of the dollar as compared with the silver dollar, was constantly fluctuating. Some times \$100 would bring seventy taels, and at other times only fifty. It was the result of the very profitable sale to the money-changers.

## No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

## Legions of New Users Won Every Month

Stop and consider how and why Goodyear tires are dominating Tiredom.

Sales for 1912, over a million tires. Larger by far than the combined sales of our previous 12 years put together.

This year's demand from users is running now twice last year's demand.

And motor car makers alone have contracted for 890,680 Goodyear tires to go on their new cars this year.

### This is Why

We control the No-Rim-Cut tire. And that new type, wherever used, has completely ended rim-cutting.

With the oblique tire—the clincher tire—25 per cent wet road wear by rim-cutting. That's a big waste which this invention saved.

Then these tires save 10 per cent over the rated size. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features alone have saved millions of dollars. And legions of tire users know it.

### We Don't Skimp

Another reason lies in the fact that we don't skimp these tires.

Our double-cure process, which others don't use, adds to our cost about a million dollars this year.

In making ways to better tires we spend \$100,000 yearly.

To every new idea, material or method we employ the mileage tests. Hundreds of tires are thus run out on a metered machine in our factory.

About 200 formulas and fabrics have been compared on that machine.

After years and years of this constant advancement, we have brought these tires close to perfection.

### About Price

How we give such tires at the Goodyear price is one of the wonders of tire-making.

It is partly due to the fact that we make more tires than any other plant in the world.

Our factory is new, our equipment is modern. We employ the latest machinery, much of our own invention.

Our capital cost is exceedingly low, because of small capitalization.

Probably no other plant in existence can build an equal tire for as little.

### Our Profit

Then our profit is always kept at minimum. In times past it has averaged 8 1/2 per cent, and we do not expect to exceed that.

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Hundreds of thousands have tried these tires, and our figures on miles show the result of their tests.

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### Old Roman Cement

Twenty spans for the Boissac wall at Carreent was demolished recently by a natural movement of the soil. An accident of this kind never in the only thing that in the natural course of events can really damage a Roman wall, of which there are several hundred still standing in England. The secret of their permanence is the cement. We do not know the method of its composition, but it is far superior than any modern cement. Indeed, when some part of such a wall as that mentioned has to be demolished it is necessary to use dynamite.

All that we know of Roman cement is that it is made from a considerable element in it. For the rest, Roman walls were built with stone and lime from a recent hotbed.

The finest specimen in England is the wall that crosses Northumberland from about Newcastle to Carlisle, having along the ridges of a series of small hills that fall short to the north. The facing of it will be still in admirable preservation in most parts, and where the lower stone has been used the mortar is the intense red and cream.

the breaking away of a length of the facing, the may practically say that Roman walls are absolutely unchangeable, except for the slipping of the soil. Nothing hinders the repair; it is harder than the stone itself, so a rain, that when the soil becomes moist and looses, disastors to the walls are natural accidents.

### The Force of a Jet of Water

A PAVOISE in Grenoble, France, utilizes the water of a reservoir situated in the mountains at a height of 200 yards. The water reaches the factory through a vertical tube of the same length, with a diameter of considerably less than an inch, the 5-1/2 being used to move a turbine. Experiments have shown that the strongest man cannot cut the jet with the best tempered sword; and in some instances the blade has been broken into fragments without softening the water. The water, and with no such violence as a piece of glass may be shattered by a blow from an iron bar. It is not so invulnerable that a jet of water a small fraction of an inch in thickness, moving with sufficient velocity, could not be cut by a rifle bullet.

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which makes old tires like new. We use the old treads as a foundation. After the old treads surface is removed we cover it completely with treads, we use a special French Chrome leather, three plies where the wear is greatest, and three rubber treads where some special wear fighting treads give you extra with the resilience of a pneumatic, with the durability of the best quality gutta-percha. Improved and such on the tread protect you against skidding and fast treads in the sand protect you against rut wear.

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Ten million dollars is a conservative estimate of the amount of commissions we pay London each year for financing mercantile business we ought to be able to finance ourselves

A well-known Grand Street office importer and the treasurer of a firm which annually ships several million dollars' worth of miscellaneous manufactured goods to South American ports were talking shop the other day in one of the downtown lunch clubs. Comparing notes, they found that for marketing facilities in London required in connection with their business they were better than paying the New York agent of one of the big British banks commissions amounting to something like \$50,000 a year. "And that's only what we pay," the office importer remarked. "I'd wager that for doing this business, which we might just as well be doing for ourselves, London mercantile banks at least \$10,000,000 out of the United States."

The office man's estimate, if anything, was low. Fifty-five million dollars probably is nearer the amount American merchants pay the foreign bankers each year for services in connection with exporting and importing goods, the pretty nearly all the merchandise that comes into the United States and the greater part of what goes out. The London banks get their little "take-off." Not very much—just a matter of a few cents on each dollar of one year cost—but enough, on a turnover of such size, to amount to ten or fifteen million dollars a year.

If you get that to tertiary business men not familiar with the ion and ions of trade overseas he looks at you and asks you why he can't do our own banking business instead of paying the foreigners such an amount as that. Can't we do it? Don't you know how? Haven't we got the facilities? What has London got to do with a shipment of rubber put on board at Santos on board for the United States? Why should there be any "take-off" or commission or anything else in it for London when a Japanese house charges flat fees of raw silk across the Pacific to New Francisco?

There shouldn't be; there is no reason on earth why there has to be; but as the system is now—there it is. So, if he'll be so good as London is the "world's financial center." That sounds pretty well as an explanation and has been fairly handy "out" whenever the question was asked, but, as a matter of fact, explains nothing. London is the world's financial center of course, nobody doubts that. But what has that got to do with London being able to exact its toll on most of the business passing into and out of the United States? If that is the reason, why is not London able to exact the same toll on merchandise passing into and out of Germany for instance, or France? Ask a Berlin or a Paris importer, how much of a commission he has to pay on goods on an export or import from Brazil, and the chances are he will look at you in astonishment and ask you what you mean by a commission being necessary for him in any country.

Just where does the difference come in? In position come in? Perhaps this Berlin and Paris and the other big money centers are equipped to finance foreign business—business in a way that New York is not. Now Berlin or Paris importer desiring to bring in human hair from London or Australia is at a position to use securities to make the necessary banking arrangements. Your American firm desiring to ship out or bring in even rubber or coffee or any other staple article in which the business man can get big figures has got to make deal with the bank and the London bank and get both bank and the importer a substantial commission for handling the business.

Take the case of a shipment of miscellaneous merchandise from New York out to Buenos Aires. You know that the London is the institution how is the shipping agent his own? Can he draw a commission on the transaction? What is he to do if of what size would the draft be in London—there being no direct banking connection between New York and Buenos Aires in America? Is anything anybody or else to take care of it? How is the payment New York to be made? Will you not get a commission on it? How is it to be made? Had advantage by Buenos Aires bank, are keeping debit accounts with New York, or not? In which case will the office man's estimate be low? In the latter case, why not get the office man's estimate? Some other will get to be the case of the bank and the office man to make it a third party with you both larger and will have some special advantages.

## Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

A Waste of Millions

That is where London comes in. New York has a lot of money to spare, as does Buenos Aires worth speaking of, but does a big business with London. However, if South American ports were dependent on New York, but are in the usual kind of touch with their correspondents in the British capital, the result is arranged in London the payment shall be made. Some New York bank (acting through its branch in London) will be asked to take over the bills of lading and other papers and see to it that the merchandise, when it gets to Buenos Aires, is accepted and paid for. Payment having been received, the money will then be forwarded to London, from which point it can easily enough be withdrawn to London.

Full description of one of these transactions would result in obscuring the whole point of issue, which is that a third party has to be brought in and will pay for his services simply because the other two parties expect to business direct. "I could do business direct"—so that an exact statement? Yes, unfortunately, it could. But it is not so simple as that. London or Paris or any one of a half a dozen European cities does do business direct with Buenos Aires, but not with New York. To that there is at present an insuperable obstacle. The New York bank has to make its deal with the best in the world. The factiousness of our money market? It is no more than that. The money market in Berlin, what does it have to do with Buenos Aires? Simply this, that as long as our banks are prohibited by law from "accepting" drafts, then it is not possible for the foreign countries will never keep any considerable amount of money on deposit with us.

Again steering carefully away from confusing details, it may surely be stated that the difficulty of the existing part of the banks of any given market to "accept" time-drafts drawn on themselves means all the difference between existence and the non-existence of a discount market. It is in the case here in New York that we have prohibition by law from "accepting" drafts, obviously there can be no discounting or rediscounting of accepted paper. And if there is no discounting or rediscounting of bills possible here, then nearly no bank in a foreign country is going to be so foolish as to accept a draft on deposit in New York. Some little deposits, of course, they may elect to keep here just for convenience sake, but accounts of any considerable size, no. For the conduct of any kind of business in exchange between two points, it is vital that one or the other market should be "free"—that is to say, that there should exist the facilities for any man to get his own money paper into ready cash through the process of discount.

But what is the "accepting" by banks, and what is the "discounting" by banks? A time-draft drawn upon them is an important, and if the whole difference between the existing and the discount market depends upon the latter being allowed to "accept" such drafts, why are these banks not doing so? Has never been taken off. Back at the time the present bank act (1863) was passed, such a provision was made that has never been taken off. It is in fact the prohibition was put on a long time ago when the banks were not to be allowed to do so. But these banks must be that has never been taken off. Back at the time the present bank act (1863) was passed, such a provision was made that has never been taken off. It is in fact the prohibition was put on a long time ago when the banks were not to be allowed to do so. But these banks must be that has never been taken off.

That is why it is that a third party has to be brought in to take up the money end of a large part of our exports, and, incidentally, paid half a dozen millions of dollars to the House of Representatives with our money! Take the case of a lot of coffee that is to be shipped from Brazil, but direct to the United States in order to get a share of raw silk out on board at Yokohama and billed direct to New York. Where does London figure in this transaction?

Exactly where she figures in the export transaction previously described—that is to say, in the case of the House of Representatives. In the case of imports it is just the other way round, and are the case of the House of Representatives, but so far as the need of a third party was concerned, it is just the same. Still, we will

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say, has been purchased in Japan. How is it going to be paid for? To buy a draft on some point in Japan and send it out to imperialism—just as much out of the question as it was for the Russia. Also importer of aerobandine to send up a draft to New York in payment for his purchases. Now can the exporter out in the Far East draw on the buyer here in New York for the value of the silk which is being shipped; no bank would be willing to take the draft off his hands, and give him yen for it.

That is how it comes about that no make payment for the greater part of our imports and of the various points from which the goods come, but in London. How is that arranged? Usually who has bought the silk goes to the New York agent of some London bank and gets what is known as an "import letter of credit." This is simply a document signed by the "seller here, which states that it authorizes the shipper at the silk out in Japan to draw a draft on London for the value of the silk shipped. The letter of credit" the importer here sends out to the firm in Japan which is going to ship him the silk. That document, once received, the Japanese exporter is at once in a position to ship the goods and draw on London for their value. Able to show him the authorization for drawing, he will have no slightest difficulty in selling this draft in his local market at the current rate of exchange. The bank in London, the importer, of course, agrees to send funds to the London bank with which to pay the drafts as they are presented.

All this, of course, is very well, and a satisfactory way of arranging things, but, what, an expensive one. The London bank, naturally, is not going to allow itself to be drawn on for nothing, nor is the bank in New York which is to accept its agent in business for its health. Both the New York bank and the London bank have got to be paid and paid well. In the case of coffee imports from South America the commission is usually one-half of one per cent. In the case of shipments from the East it averages about double that.

Now who pays these commissions? The importing and exporting firms which send London astronomical, of course. Very true so far as having over the actual cash to the bankers is concerned, but not at all true with regard to the actual cost of getting the money. The import and export firms pay the banker, but what they pay him they simply take to the credit of which they sell the goods to the public. The banker's commission is regarded exactly as in the charge for freight or insurance, or anything else incidental to the handling of the business. Every cent of it in the long run comes out of the pockets of the people who buy the goods, and for every cent of it which they sell the goods to the public. The banker's commission is regarded exactly as in the charge for freight or insurance, or anything else incidental to the handling of the business. Every cent of it in the long run comes out of the pockets of the people who buy the goods, and for every cent of it which they sell the goods to the public. The banker's commission is regarded exactly as in the charge for freight or insurance, or anything else incidental to the handling of the business. Every cent of it in the long run comes out of the pockets of the people who buy the goods, and for every cent of it which they sell the goods to the public.

That brings it right down to a matter of dollars and cents. For as not to be able to handle our own banking business is too bad, but, from the viewpoint of the great majority of people, not a matter of any particular moment. Unquestioned, however, in the light of the fact that our banking to call to somebody to help out makes things cost more in the consumer, it becomes a question of real and practical interest. Things cost enough, as it is. Anything that tends to make them cost more is certainly worth looking into with a view to seeing whether it can't be changed.

As the situation stands at present, we are liable to go on colliding with our neighbors out with our exporting and importing—and to pay the necessary millions in commissions. It is not that we are not out to better our London is "the" world's financial center" or for any reason like that, but simply because we are not equipped to do the business ourselves and we must hand it over to somebody who is. As long as the only banks outside the country with which our banks do business on any considerable scale are those located in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, we shall naturally not be able to do so to finance commercial operations with South America and the East.

The introduction of a change in our banking system is required to make possible these closer relations. It is no mean, far-reaching step. It is the creation of a new sort of a "Reserve Association" corresponding to a central bank would distribute the foreign financial members of our banks over the available funds. It is absolutely not necessary to the development of such relations. Let us see what is the nature of the change in our banking system. In its present condition, our banks, and banks, are only national banks, and are not able to carry out the work which we desire to carry out. We need a central bank, and we need with these a bank, would, of course, allow direct financing of export and import business, and that the third party out of the transaction altogether.

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There's a lot of ragtime cut talk about "just as good as P. A.," "just like P. A.," "Get this! No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because the patented process is owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. P. A. won't burn your and not on brothers or sisters. Remember that!

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**PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE**

(Continued from page 7)

of his to the throne. Anson had one hundred men with him, and under the lead of the Chinese he took the mine free to seek service with their arms and other matters. But fifty-five loyal men deserted that day and chose to obey the higher precept of Confucius: "Thou shalt not live under the same sky with the slayer of thy father or thy lord." The fifty-five were executed. They scattered far and wide. They became farmers, fishermen, woodsmen, and some were made to live as become serfs. But always their leader, Gishi Kuramasche, knew where they could be found. He sought to ally the apprehensions of the suspicious King by breaching the town drawn up of Kyoto, but even so he had to wait nearly two years before King Anson's was for one instant relaxed. Thus the secret roll spoke to the faithful and they set to Yoide. They forty were living. They took their arms and armor which had long laid hidden. They ate a farewell supper devotedly and in the city of wild guess in light could be heard as they marched to the post-office to the mountain King. Ten warriors crept the spiders over the wall, silently killed the watchmen, and opened the gate. Gishi attached the rocks of iron and powder. There was a great battle—one hundred and fifty men against the Forty seven—but in the end the latter were prevailed. Gishi humbly offered King the sword of Anson, that he might use it as his blade to commit vengeance, and when King and his three refused, Gishi politely whipped off his head with the same blade.

All Yoide through the streets to see the Forty-seven pass, leading the head of the insuror to the town of Anson. Only fifty of the Roman were able to see. The remaining thirty-two were so grievously wounded that they had to be carried to Yitien. Yet they all knelt at their lord's grave and threw him the head, newly washed, on a sacrificial table of white pine, with incense and prayers that their lord would pardon them for not doing his honorable revenge, since his revenge was mighty and they were like ants among the grass. And at the end of the Forty-seven, the oldest survivor—one year old and the youngest seventeen, was condemned to die by him and, with each one died with a cheerful smile of satisfaction on his face and roving a grateful prayer should he had composed that occasion. King's head had been thoroughly wiped out at last.

And what has all this ancient history to do with the making of Japan by the Spanish Califfonians? Simply this: at the time of the war with Rains the nation of Senpaku had not guarded the towns of Ithai, the brother of the Forty-seven, and of Ithai's son, his own son, and they had to cover the tombstones with wood. Every Japanese soldier who could get to Senpaku, they killed outside of Ithai, except off the mountain summit a big eye bigger than a mustard seed and wrapped it in a prayer-book and sent it inside his coat. An accident, a chance accident, that? No. With the power that he, the soldier of Ithai, might die as gloriously in avenging Ithai's head to the Emperor as Ithai had died in avenging the head to his head, Anson.

That is the spirit of the Japanese people at this moment. Much of the old religion is gone. Christianity has been but imperfectly assimilated. Perhaps much of the sacred veneration for the person of His Majesty the Emperor has departed. Socialism is springing up, where feudalism has been abolished. One thing has not faded, but has rather increased and become more sensitive by reason of Japanese war and seems to be the crux of a first-rate world power, and that is the national racial pride and susceptibility to affront. Is it wise for the Californians to keep on wistfully irritating that pride and susceptibility? Will the people of the United States permit them to continue in that course?

**Jade**

Most people in the Chinese conception of life—the least essence of the jade is "Jade." Jade is viewed a precious stone partly by reason of its severity and partly by reason of its unchangeable durability in working it. Many pieces of intricate carving represent the work of years over the lapidary work.

The crude stone is derived from Chinese Turkistan, the Hith-known region adjoining mysterious Tibet. The Chinese miners in the rough stone must undergo journeys requiring a period of three to four months, arrive in the country with the labor of taking out the jade blocks is peculiarly arduous. The jade is so hard as quartz, and the only way



"Sure, it was not worth me while aggering the thrack, the wint by so quick."

whereby it can be made to yield to the lapidary's tools is by the use of powdered glass of a superior hardness. Every dent is sprinkled on the drill for the more delicate work of carving, and a diamond-pointed drill used going out the stone from the interstices of the more intricate patterns. The fast tool is the only modern power, and a close hand and steady eye are the guarantees of perfect work.

Hard Celadon is an under the impression that jade is essentially green, but this idea is erroneous. Green jade is the common form, the one most readily procured by India and Malacca in China. As a matter of fact jade exists in every color of the spectrum: deep red, molten green, and a clear blue and jet black. The most highly prized is the pure white, a wonderful and irrefragable glowing white. The yellow jade is peculiarly the royal color. Most of the red jade now procurable is red only by accident. Jade ornaments which have long been for centuries in India are valued for the spirits of the dead acquire a blood color by slow oxidation, and these relics of the tomb are almost priceless in China.

A peculiar standard of excellence has been set in the jade-cutting's art, and carvers must all give the effect of lost just giving its shape at the melting point. No sharp angles or clear lines are permissible. The premier master of the jade finds itself lost to this indelicacy of outline. The Chinese art-lover is wont to frown and censure his jade ornaments, and a certain joy in having his fingers played over the softly undulating outlines of his work.

The Gable of jade is sweet to the ears of the Chinese. Emperors and sages have set it down in their writings that there is no metal that the jade when struck, it is crystal pure. Furthermore, one who wears a jade ornament will stilling be his killing, he who takes joy in the sense of distinction which the same emblem.

Jade has been extolled by philosophers and sung by poets because of the perfection of human virtue which it typifies. By its hardness it represents inflexibility of virtue; its durability is emblematic of immortality; its lustre, acquired only by slow and patient work, is the perfection of human wisdom which comes with laborious study.

There is no life in the carved jade that does not have its significance. The stone is made a vehicle for the expression of thought no less dignified than the rigid form of the classical vase. Every conventional plant or animal appearing under the lapidary's tool is a metaphor in stone. Some of the carvings in the settings spring from the very sources of Chinese literature. These are the swanlike, the universal symbol of purity, the plastic bird, the hat, and the bursting pomegranate. Each proverb in the impenetrable armor of the jade conveys a message of wisdom or some fancy of poetry.

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Sitting on the elephant's neck, the mahout governs the big beast by his hands and feet, which resemble a basket-like and weighs from four to six pounds. The mahout drives the elephant forward by digging the pointed, the spike into its head, and pulls his back by inserting the hook in the leader line of the reins.

An elephant whose mahout rules him responds readily to the secret signs of his driver. The pressure of the mahout's foot, the compression of his knee, the tap of his foot, or the slightest winking of his body to one side, will constitute a driving system whereby the powerful beast is guided to every mark the same way in which a ship responds to the rudder.

**The Five Pauls**

Here is a good example of what frequently happens in the polyglot Balkans. A man named Paul settled in Athens. He was a very well-to-do man. He had himself Parolopoulos, the Greek form of Paul; the second name to English Paul; the third name to Paul; the fourth name to Paul; the fifth name to Paul. He made his home in the heart of Athens. He was a very well-to-do man. He had himself Parolopoulos, the Greek form of Paul; the second name to English Paul; the third name to Paul; the fourth name to Paul; the fifth name to Paul.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## The President in an Obdurate State

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house." ST. MATTHEW XIII. 57.

NEW JERSEY has always been a perniciety state. At the very beginning of the great revolution which created the Union she rebuffed the famous Virginia resolutions and brought forward a set of her own. She alone of the sisterhood of Northern states gave her electoral vote to McClellan in 1862. And to this day she is the only one of the whole number who maintains in full vigor the old English sherry courts. A most obdurate commonwealth, as any one can see. Instinctively she strikes to her sherrifs.

That is why President Wilson, who mistakenly supposed that he had been living in New Jersey while he was really living in Princeton, returned discomfited from his recent visit to the state which he had come to regard as his own. What ever may be the ultimate outcome of his mission, his discovery of the clearly evidenced fact that his former constituents no longer regard his dicta as propels must have been a bitter disappointment to his zealous and confident spirit. We doubt if he is at head of New Jersey as he was. Lack of reciprocity is apt to produce a reactionist influence upon the affections.

It was an ill-advised visit, of course. To begin with, New Jersey isn't paying Mr. Wilson for his personal use. She used to do so, and she used to, and to her credit be it said, she made little complaint when he felt upon occasion that duty called him elsewhere. But at the moment he is drawing his salary from the country as a whole and Arizona feels rightfully as much entitled to special attention as New Jersey or any other member of the Union. And however open a President may be, one never lived who could make the rounds satisfactorily.

Then again, New Jersey has another Governor in consequence of Mr. Wilson's resignation during the term for which he was elected. A very good man, too, everybody says, and wholly in accord with his predecessor's advanced views. So why should one renege to a higher sphere by the will of the people, seemingly in conformity with his own inclination, persist in rebutting local concerns? The action, we grant, is provincial, but, as we have noted, New Jersey herself is provincial—and persistently.

We know little of the merits of the case in issue. That is to say, we suppose we know more than most people, but not enough to warrant an expression of definite judgment. From such understanding as we do possess, however, we infer that President Wilson is wholly in the right as to the main point. Unconformably to the old English practice, the sheriff of a county in New Jersey from time immemorial has exercised the privilege of "drawing" or naming grand jurors. Inevitably this prerogative is of peculiar significance, especially to those who may, in an unguarded moment, engage in nefarious pursuits. Since precisely a stream cannot consistently rise higher than its source, so a grand jury is not likely to transcend its creator. It follows that in these circumstances the friendship of a sheriff may readily spell favoritism, or even immunity, in case of stress. True, the citizens of a county elect their own sheriff and are free, of course, to choose whom they will, but it is argued that in practice the bosses really pick the candidates and continue to dominate his acts after his election. That this has been the case quite generally in New Jersey is testified by the Newark Sunday Call, which seldom errs in a matter of fact.

The desirability of a change, then, we may safely take for granted. But a change to what? That has been and still seems to be the question.

Mr. Wilson, when Governor, urged the transference of power of appointment of grand jurors from sheriffs to Supreme Court judges, making it "a judicial process from top to bottom." But, as the Jacksonian Democrat said of the doctrine of eternal damnation, the people wouldn't stand for it. They of each county know one another and preferred their own choice to any one designated by an outsider, even though he was a justice of the Supreme Court. The spirit of home rule was evoked inevitably, and upon that principle New Jersey has always been adamant. The next-in-home, as the Puritans saying is, "couldn't no other."

Then it was suggested that the Governor might be empowered to name jury commissions. But here again arose the doubt and prejudice against the exercise of authority from without. With a perfectly good Governor like JOHN PARKER or WOODROW WILSON in the Executive office, that sort of thing, but what would happen if so great power were centered in a shaky or incompetent Governor? That surely would be dangerous to liberty, life, and pursuit of happiness. Anybody in Trenton was too far away from home, anyway.

So the battle raged, to no effect, throughout the Newark session. The various committees (Legislative houses, including the present incumbent, naturally flocked to the forward-moving bills of President Wilson, and the sheriffs and their bosses of both parties and a large proportion of old-line Democrats mixed those children up till nobody seemed to know quite where he was at. Finally the opposition proposed a referendum and granted. They knew, or thought they knew, that the people would vote down the whole scheme. Apparently President Wilson suspected so much himself, because, somewhat inconsistently with his frequently reiterated determination to let the people rule, he rejected this proposal with some few reservations. Had not the gladiators pledged jury reform? What were the grounds for if not to be kept? Were not the bosses against it, anyway? What further evidence of the need was required, etc., etc.

That was about the situation as we get it when the President put aside routine duties and ordered his car lurching to a train bound for Elizabeth, on his way to Jersey City. Whether he anticipated an easy triumphal tour, enlivened by enthusiastic meetings and followed by a peaceful evening with Assistant President Hoar in this great city, we have no means of knowing. It made no difference. He had promised—almost threatened, in fact—to keep one eye on New Jersey, and had no means if he detected any danger of his doing of her blowing out to sea and getting drowned. So he went, as in duty bound, and did his best.

The net results were varied. Most gratifying, perhaps, was the powerful evidence during which it must have seemed like old times to see the Assistant President roll by his slaves and hold court in the grandest and most dignified manner of judicial scrutiny. It must have been a great comfort, too, surprising well for the future, to be able to join the horny hands of the Secretary of the Treasury and the possible ambassador to France, commonly known as the two McGREGORS, and bid both to sit at the head of the table.

So long as New Jersey was somewhat confined. The public meetings were satisfactory enough. No admission was charged and everybody felt that he got the worth of his money. Not a boss got a cheer and one would have been blamed if Mr. Wilson had been there who was meant. Even the *Apprentice* Sunday Call went home en-

chanted with the music of the organ's voice. All this was to the good and eminently satisfying.

"But dear! dear!" did dissent ever contain so many flaws? To begin with, the newspapers were lukewarm. Over the utterances of Brother James Stewart's public journals, see, naturally, draw a veil. But even the tried-and-true *Jersey Journal* edited and owned by Brother Dear, the President's old college chum, was nearly as bad. Listen to this:

President Wilson's speech in Newark last night was probably rivaled, not only as regards jury reform, but equally so as regards the constitutional convention. He did not come within a mile of hitting the nail on the head.

What the people of New Jersey would like to know and what they expected he would tell them in the particular kind of a jury reform bill he demands and the particular kind of a constitutional convention bill he thinks should be passed. These are the core questions at issue. Mr. WILSON merely intimates that he is willing to accept a compromise in regard to both, and that he is willing to accept any kind of compromise he would consider.

President Wilson's denunciation of bosses and the "same old gang" is interesting and in the way, but it does not touch the quick of the great situation. Why should not the bosses and the "Same old gang" consider themselves free to haggle and compromise on jury reform when the President himself does not seem to know, or at least does not say, really?

Others mingled indignation and levity in like measure. Several quite ordinary Assemblymen denied that they were bossed by bosses and intimated with no little emphasis that if anybody but a President should say they were there would be a small of blaming ears. Others asserted that they knew what their people wanted and didn't try to tell. One charged the President to a joint debate. Another spoke so vehemently in favor of pitiless galloping in preference to a secret conference that Governor FULTON had to call him down. Even the *Indy-cars* assumed a non-vindictive air, one of their overly upsetting the Presidential motor and firing a most unbecoming shot from a revolver, even so they were sent until, to the relief of everybody, in the words of the *Evening Post*, the President returned to Washington "charged" and looking "tired and disappointed over the discouraging turn his fight had taken."

It is too bad. For the sake of nature, New Jersey ought to have behaved better, even though she doesn't and never did recognize Mr. Wilson as a Jerseyman, like plain old JOHN PARKER, for example, or the aristocratic COSTANZO PARKER or even Mr. FERRAZZI YVES or JOHN P. STRATTON or even Mr. STRONG of our present day and generation. Despite apparent evidences to the contrary, Mr. Wilson was in New Jersey, was he not? And when he left the State House at Trenton he took his authoritativeness with him. His appeal for jury reform may get a change of size and sort and may get none. We doubt if the country cares much about it one way or the other. Folks out West and down South are at it, say that if the people of New Jersey are in New Jersey, want to elect their own sheriff in their own way and abide the attendant shabby, why let them go their gait. When a shiner does not want to be saved, "what," asked the Hindu, "can you do?"

Keep on trying, of course. But, however unwelcome our intent, perspective and method may be considered, and we frankly recognize our own humble project already expressed more than once in these columns, that there is no place in the world from which a President of the United States can exert so great an influence in his own little island at the far end of the wide stream which leads from Capitol Hill.

## Why a "Competitive" Tariff?

The phrase "competitive tariff" is new. It will probably be credited and justly, to Mr. Utica, and associated with the pending tariff bill. But the idea is not new. It is at least as old as the tariff policy of the Democratic party properly so called, and defines that policy very well indeed. It means, of course, a tariff made for fair competition with other countries so distinguished from a tariff made to protect certain industries from any competition.

It means, therefore, a tariff which will cause to give protection to industries that cannot stand fair competition—industries that can be kept going only by the mass of Americans are willing to be taxed to keep them going. Possibly there are industries which, under certain circumstances, it is worth while to favor in this way. For instance, when we were young and weak, Japan favored a general sacrifice in favor of industries necessary to defense in time of war. The argument for such a sacrifice in favor of infant industries, provided they are such as can maintain themselves when once established, is also quite sound. But we are no longer young and weak, and the Uticaism bill deals with hardly a single industry that is really an infant. It deals with many that have proved their ability to stand fair competition, and will, on the whole, substantially aid them and make it possible for them to extend themselves into new fields, no longer hampered by taxes on their raw material or by unjust interference with the natural course of an infant industry that other industries which confess and advertise their inability to stand fair competition and to their discredit outcry for further sacrifice by the American people in their behalf—that is to say, in behalf of the wealthy aristocrat who can then, not of the men and women and children who work for him—make money, and who are weak and firmness; "Gentlemen, we will not do it; we will not longer tax the American consumer and weaken other industries for your sole benefit. The time is past when America could afford to play favorites and maintain parasites. The era of privilege is ended."

## The View of a Scientist

The justice and righteousness of this stand seems too obvious to need arguing. But striking, because unobscured, approval of it comes from our highest authority on tariffs and on our own tariff history. Professor TAYLOR, of Harvard, in an Atlantic article that was first written before the Uticaism bill was given to the public.

Professor TAYLOR discusses, quite generally and dispassionately, "What Industries are Worth Having," and arrives at very practical conclusions. Like every other intelligent student of American realities, he takes his account of the disappearance of the frontier and our arrival at the point where we can no longer meet economic pressure merely by opening up fresh lands and other untapped resources. He recognizes, of course, that we still have a marked advantage over the really old and fully occupied countries, and that we are at the best nearly our high standard of living and our high general rate of wages—real wages as well as money wages. But he finds that we must discriminate between the industries that we can and those that we cannot successfully prosecute in face of the precise kinds of competition which we now encounter.

He is highly instructive, not only in his cool judgment of the sources of efficiency in the really efficient American industries. One is, naturally, the superior efficiency and intelligence of our high-priced American labor. Another, equally to be expected, is our superiority both in the manufacture and the use of machinery. The third and fourth are our comparative advantage in view of our vast importations of foreign and not very intelligent labor, is the superiority of American management and leadership in industrial enterprises. In general, the industries which best combine these four points of superiority seem to him the ones we must job on.

But the particularly pertinent thing is that he tests them by the practical test of importations. He finds slightly protected but really efficient American industry keeping out importations. He finds foreign goods coming in, notwithstanding the high wall erected around other American industries. "Labor," he says, "is applied with the greatest efficiency only when it proves the effectiveness by sustained ability to hold the field constantly against rivals."

America is entering upon a new era in its industrial history. The Democratic tariff bill is

essentially and substantially right because it candidly accepts that new era's conditions and demands.

## The New York Collectorship

We don't know why, but collectorships have made a lot of trouble in American politics. The collectorships, postmasterships, have made more trouble, but postmasterships are much more numerous than collectors. We mean particularly collectorships of ports, not the internal-revenue kind.

The classic instance, of course, is the one that occurred in Garfield's administration, when a collectorship, such as the one now before us, looked for the part of New York started a series of rows that indubitably affected the course of history. It ended CLEVELAND'S career, for one thing, and it may quite reasonably be said to have caused the defeat of BLAINE for the Presidency. In GARFIELD'S time there was the untidy and still mysterious affair of the Boston collectorship, with BEN BRYAN playing a role which we may never understand. Then there is the still fresh remembrance of CUMMIS and the collectorship at Charleston.

Now it is in this port that again comes into the limelight. We sincerely trust the matter may be amicably arranged; the quiet collectorship, even if it is arranged so quickly as to destroy this paragraph's interest before it is read. All that most of us want is a good man on the job. Mr. POLK, who is Secretary McADAMS'S choice, is certainly a good man; so maybe are those indicated by Senator OVIENHANS. As the Times confesses, the fitness of the man, at first consideration, not the political color of his backing.

Still, there is the other consideration, and the instance we have mentioned prove the danger of ignoring it. That was what occurred to us when we suggested that in referring an applicant for office to the Cabinet members the President might be acting a little thoughtfully. Established political usage seems whether it ought to or not, and there is no doubt whatever that according to political usage Senator OVIENHANS had a stronger claim than Mr. McADAMS to be the President's adviser in this particular matter, though an other office it would seem more reasonable for the Secretary of the Treasury to select the man who has more to do than anybody else with the actual administration of the customs laws.

Fortunately, Senator OVIENHANS is quite as much a friend of the President as Mr. McADAMS; and the President does not confound impressionable with firmness. So we are confident the incident will not prove politically disastrous, and hopeful also that Mr. LEXA'S successor will stick to his high standards of honesty and efficiency.

## Disrupting an Emergency Measure

The plan for the relief of our ambassadors and ministers which has been introduced by Representative HENRY, who attributes it to former Minister HENRY TAYLOR, seems a fairly sensible one. It is certainly better than anything doing nothing about the matter. As it is also a plan to relieve the President, who has confessed most candidly the embarrassment he suffers from the present state of affairs, Congress cannot act on it too quickly.

Really, it proposes to make things easier for our representatives abroad, not by an increase of salaries, but by renting and furnishing suitable residences for them until such time as Congress shall either buy or build them permanent quarters, following recommendations which the Secretary of State is to make.

The main thing is the renting and furnishing, which is to be done at least one year, the furnishing will subtract only \$357,000 and the renting only \$190,000 a year from the funds available for pork-barrel legislation, perhaps we may even hope that this much actually will be done at once. We are satisfied more public money than that has been spent to help a single Congressional session.

Even so, one hardly feels like venturing any criticism of the proposal, but our impatience in it is taken as an excuse for spending this money on post-offices where they are not needed and the dividing of rivers that will never be irrigated. Moreover, some of the salary might have been used to help our own people who are without shelter. We wish the provision for renting and building could be made more surely effective. But we welcome with goodwill what is offered now—if we can only get it now.

## Are the Californians Both?

It is not true that our fellow-citizens in California should ask themselves if they are not a bit soft. The forty-niners were not soft. They were, or came to be, smart, well-sensitized folk. But who have gone from the East in recent years to California? A great many excellent and valuable people, without doubt. But we take it the greatest gains in population have been made in the southern part of the state, and we have an impression that the newcomers here have, very largely, grown up to be looking for an easier life. Southern California has been an oasis for people who were tired, or disgusted in some way or habit or fortune, for people who could not swim any longer in the strong currents of competition and wanted long days of rest, time to think, time for true recreation, a protected life in a gentle climate.

The results these facts in the effort to discover why the competition of about 3,000 Japanese agriculturists should so disturb the nerves of a state with a population of 2,600,000. It seems there are about 41,000 Japanese in California all told; less than two per cent of the population. It appears that the greatest of the hardest-working folk in the state and the most aggressive in industry and thrift. If we had them here in New York our industrial machinery would take care of them without being conscious of their presence. But that is partly an advantage of concentrated population. If the 40,000 were spread out this country would be the hardest-working, and would be comfortably lost. But being intelligent and able, they are team workers, and groups of them working of intensive agriculture in competition with white Californian neighbors seem to be able by superior activity, diligence, and knowledge to quite outmatch and outsell their rivals.

Back of this activity is a another thing—the condition of agriculture in California. It is bad. The wheat-lands that need to give good crops to give tillage are pretty well exhausted and need fertilizers and diversity of crops. And we hear that a majority of the old farmers are not at all up to the times and don't know how to make a living. The great center of agriculture at Stanford University and another in the University of Oregon, and the agricultural hopes of California seem to center in these institutions and others like them. There is an urgent demand for knowledge of the new farming, and we find that competent and instructed young men head sure employment at high wages and with excellent business prospects.

So, perhaps, after all, the worry about the Japanese is chiefly a symptom and may be useful in the end to put Californian agriculture in a better case. The agriculture of the whole country is bad. To bring it up to date is a work of the greatest importance. The great aim for Californian agriculture is to wake up her farmers and teach them to farm as well as the Japanese. If they have the hope that comes of knowledge and the confidence that comes of training, surely they will not find this insignificant and diminishing number of Japs such a hazard.

There is a very real reason why the problem seems rather to be Secretary HOWLAND than Secretary HENRY. There is a great work to do in that state for the Department of Agriculture.

## Marching On

The women paraders in New York had a beautiful day of it, and they were met and greeted and welcomed, and made a handsome appearance.

A suffragette has been defined as a woman who wants something and thinks it is her duty. It is an interesting and fairly intelligent definition, to be especially commended to the attention of those of our friends who think that the cause for equal rights and privileges has been decided in this state. But those ten thousand marchers last Saturday were evidence that there is something still coming to her and that she is out to get it.

But they do want something, don't they? The ten thousand who marched last Saturday afternoon were the expression of a need that was felt and that is real. Nowhere is woman's position better than in this country, nowhere are her rights and privileges better protected than in this state. But those ten thousand marchers last Saturday were evidence that there is something still coming to her and that she is out to get it.

Undoubtedly the condition of women is changing all over the world, and changing, we believe, more slowly in the latter. The change has its entering wedge, and it is a change toward a fuller and freer life in a more respected and advantageous position. The suffragettes are very confident that women will get

the same wherever you have it. They may or may not, but they are constantly gaining in public influence, public power, opportunity, usefulness—all the details in which the race is expected to help them. All the worn suffragists and anti-suffragists breathe the same air and imbibe what is in it. All families, whatever their views, adjust their lives and methods to the new and growing influences. There is a great adjustment going on in response to a spirit of which last Saturday's parade was one of the outward signs.

#### The Minimum-wage Remedy and Others

For a while are more thankful than ailing reformers, and more confident than the reformers are sincere and when one sympathizes with their object and even approves, to some extent, their method or methods. Yet can any kind of service to reform be more plainly necessary? Is not that very order which makes men reformers, admirable and indispensable as it is, sure to make most of them impatient and over-sanguine, and is there any danger to any cause greater than that of over-dependence on untested means of promoting it?

Nobody surely can fail to sympathize with the growing and indignant movement to better the lot of working-girls in cities, and particularly to give them a fair share of what men can get. But can it befall them. We wish O. HEVAY were alive to see how his countrymen are reacting to the heart-breaking appeal of his little masterpiece, *An Unfinished Story*. Nevertheless, we think it was a needless as well as a wise word spoken by Professor Stewart of Columbia, at the meeting of the American Society of Men of Letters, when he warned enthusiasts not to expect too much from the device of a minimum-wage law. For if we expect too much from one remedy are we not likely to neglect others—such, for instance, as social insurance, which Professor STURGEAN mentions?

It is surely desirable to keep working-girls' wages high enough to support them decently, but to assure this object can be attained by merely putting a law on the statute-book! Economic laws do not yield readily to statute law. Are we sure that such an attempt will not actually result in throwing some girls out of employment entirely? Are we sure that the rate of wages has quite the relation it is said to have to the terrible evil specially aimed at?

Let us consider all possible remedies, including this one, and do whatever we can rather than too hastily put our trust in a single remedy. We are dealing with a very great evil and abuse of modern industrial methods and conditions. Let us apply to it an adequate amount of patient study as well as of energy and generous indignation.

#### Distinction

Writing to the *Times* about Yale senior societies, Mr. OWEN JOHNSON says:

Forty years ago the senior society membership was predominantly intellectual; the seniors, scholars, writers—the intellectual leaders—were almost entirely of this class. Today this element has declined, scarcely yielding to any other.

In an address in which he noted the changes he had seen in the House of Commons in the thirty-five years since he entered it, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR said:

Democracy seems impossible in any way as regards an assembly representing itself in which it can pay no tribute to its own past. I do not think that a debate in the House of Commons will be with the same respect or interest or intention as it was when it was a younger parliament. If that be so, it is a great tragedy.

Discussing this remark of Mr. BALFOUR, the *Kenneth Post* says:

Any one landing with it [the Senate], as it was at the beginning of President ROOSEVELT'S administration, could not fail to be struck by the change that it presents today. It is not merely that so many familiar old faces are gone. Time and the fortunes of politics will bring in these changes. But the complexion of the Senate is simply different; it is altered. A composite photograph would show a variation in the type. In place of the good gray hair of the Senate of 1880, there is now a preponderance of black hair. It is as if we were to see from the Senate galleries, and which may be called without offense the business portion. Most of these one visitor in Washington has been heard to give up in transformation, which seems to many a clear indication of a decline.

Here is the same story in three different forms. The gist of it is that here and in England, and doubtless generally in the world, as prosperity has become common, distinction has grown scarce. Men of prominence, leaders of this generation,

have less of it than they had forty years ago. They have more of what the *Past* calls "the business process." Distinction is intellectual; a matter of mind and character. The promise of it is sometimes visible in the young, but not so much so. Mr. JOHNSON thinks, in young leaders of his day in Yale College, as in their predecessors forty years ago.

If this is true, as that the prominent and important men of our day lack distinction, the reason is not far to seek. It is because the predominant interest in life in the last forty years has been industrial and commercial. The head zero have been the men of business and the bankers. But the possibility of what is important in it have waned, and though they do not much appear in legislatures (being more profitably employed) their type is faintly reflected there.

Now if our great period of industrial expansion is over, as some observers think, another type of leading men will gradually come to the front, and the possibility of legislators and other selected bodies will change again and perhaps advance in distinction.

#### The Powers and Little Montenegro

Like most controversies, that between the Powers and Montenegro has had two sides to it. The Powers are right in being impressed by Sir EOWAN GORE and Mr. ASQUITH in the House of Commons.

One is bound to respect Sir EOWAN'S view when he points out that the self-restraint of the Powers, and particularly those most directly interested, has so far saved Europe from the general war, and the possibility of a possible consequence of any war in the Balkans. One need not be in favor of his contention that the allies themselves would have the most to fear if, the war being prolonged, one or more of the Powers should intervene, "not as mediators, but as interested parties."

Yet it was hard not to sympathize with little Montenegro when these came to her Premier from a British admiral, speaking for the fleet blockading her port of Antivari, such language as this:

I desire to call your Excellency's attention to the presence of the fleet in a port that the great Powers are trying to conceal and report that their action has not been further delayed. I trust you will immediately that your government is ready to carry out the wishes of the great Powers.

It is hard not to feel a thrill of admiration for Montenegro and her king, because the assurance thus demanded was not forthcoming, "immediately" or otherwise; because they flung refusal to abandon the newly captured Scutari; because they kept on they took Scutari.

After all are the Powers quite sure they are wise to insist on making an independent country of Albania, with its turbulent and untrained population? Are they sure that in thus hastening the end of a present menace to the peace of Europe they will not be incurring formal and settlement their continental neighbors will be permanent? Unless they are sure, then it is certainly a question whether it is yet time for them to abandon mediation for coercion. It is now said that Montenegro will probably get "a territorial compensation" for abandoning Scutari. This should get something for taking it. In any case we trust she will have enough gain that the ends here who help themselves.

#### Dr. Friedman and His Friends

Senator HOLLAND of New Jersey and Governor PERDUE of North Carolina are intimate friends of the sufferer from influenza. He is well in all things who have tried to make it easier for Dr. FRIEDMAN to practice on consensitives or to sell them his vaccine without submitting to a thorough scientific test of its value or revealing the secret of its derivation.

The true interest of the vast number of people suffering from this disease lies in ascertaining, scientifically and precisely, what, if anything, Dr. FRIEDMAN'S alleged cure will do for them. It does not lie in the putting on the market of an extraordinarily patented medicine, of which they and their physicians really know little or nothing. There are already plenty of people who get more relief from consultation by receiving the same claims from FRIEDMAN'S friends, but no other help, than had such help from the press and from public officials. It is a shame that our laws do not compel such people to submit to every possible test of their claims. It is to the last degree disappointing when public men of pronounced intelli-

gence, posing as friends of "God's unfortunate," weaker instead of stronger, have been interested in ways against such human beings as work early or chiefly to make money out of their helplessness and desperation.

We are not passing judgment on Dr. FRIEDMAN'S cure. We know nothing authoritatively about it. Neither do we know Senator HOLLAND or Governor PERDUE, or any other man, acting on this. That is precisely the point of our remarks. Yet thousands of consensitives all over the country are neglecting ordinary methods of improvement because of Dr. FRIEDMAN and his claims. Apparently the gentleman made no mistake in coming to this country. We can only trust that eventually, as the influenza passes, and to medicine and the medical profession, will be inspired by the incident of his visit.

#### Cooks in Chicago

The United Cooks' Societies of Chicago want a steady work and no working for the purpose of a new contract. A bill has been introduced to the state legislature which provides for fines ranging from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for employers who exact more than six days' work in a week from cooks.

Oh, well, it might not work at all! Anything that would bring pay to the kitchen would better life. To read of this every day in the work book might be very instructive to families, to come down to a very simple and restricted diet day in the work would probably improve the public appetite and benefit the public health. The present condition of domestic service is not satisfactory. To improve it is difficult because it depends on the mood of the employer, and kindness of individuals. The manager of a large number of employes is usually selected because he seems to be fit for the work, but the manager of a household is not selected at all. Her work is done at will, and she has to make or lose the day as she can at whether she is fit or not. She gets a good deal of indifference and contempt, that some of the traditions of domestic service are out of date and need revision. There are those indeed who hold that domestic service is the last refuge of the feudal system.

Anyhow, it is a matter of trust importance, and legislative experiments with a view to improving it will be well worth trying with great discretion, especially if they are made in Illinois and the workers remain safely in New York.

#### A Situation Misconceived

G. F. SMITH writes from Boston to the *Springfield Republican* to say:

When Mr. BRAYAN as Secretary of State gives a dinner to the embassy from the King of the United Kingdom, it is not to be supposed that Mr. BRAYAN served invited at the dinner. The fact that Mr. BRAYAN's dinner party has nothing to do with the matter. It is provincial to marry such personal prejudices into dislike with foreign diplomats, and be would, very properly, be postponed and postponed should be after his personal convictions to influence his action.

Mr. SMITH'S suggestion is interesting, but it seems to be a little out of fact. The embassy of the United Kingdom would expect when in Washington to do so as the Washingtonians do, and it is a long time since they served a fat boy for dinner. No man can properly be expected of Mr. BRAYAN then to observe the ordinary usages of Washington and in other polite capitals. And yet if his private sentiments refuse to let him little fault will be found. His position will be understood even where it is not approved.

#### Pending Improvements

There are two times and once where the modern political arrangements come in very handy. "Women voters," we are told, are chiefly responsible for recalling the Mr. FRANCIS PHELPS judge, CHARLES L. WELLES, and electing WALTER F. CHASE, a lawyer, in his place." It seems that WELLES had a propensity to accept low bail bonds in criminal cases and had several times refused to be bound by the rules of the WELLES and fled. And then WELLES was recalled.

There being no recall as yet in this state and as yet no women voters, Justice GARDNER was probably safe last week for rebuking a woman out of her seat in this city for "indecent exposure" because he considered that too much of her leg showed as she sat.

There was an innocent exposure, to be sure, but it seems not to have been physical, and the woman's attire seems not to have been the culprit.







TO THE PRESIDENT! WE BEG OF YOU DON'T SIGN!

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD



## TEMPERING THE JINGO SPIRIT IN CALIFORNIA

Secretary of State William J. Bryan, as the Administration's emissary, addressing the state Senate of California, at Sacramento, on April 28th, urging the legislators not to violate the treaty of the United States with Japan and inflame Japanese resentment by passing a bill prohibiting Japanese from owning land in California. As a result of Mr. Bryan's intervention an anti-Asian land law, less offensive to the Japanese, was passed.

# The Tenth of Muharram

BY GEORGE MARVIN

DRAWINGS BY H. H. PAGE



The Valideh Khan is an ancient rectangular stone barrack surrounding an open court

WHAT the Persian Play at Ghormuzgan is to some Christians the Ma-burrow festival is to the Shiak sect of Mohammedans. But that is a very rough and laconic definition and needs qualifying. The Muharram is observed annually, instead of every four years, like the Christian apostle. It commemorates a supreme tragedy of religious history, but the difference in the event commemorated is exceedingly typical of the difference in the character of the two faiths. The expiatory sacrifice of the Crucifixion affords occasion of sorrow and compassion which are transformed, in religious music, by the later and benediction of the Resurrection and Ascension. But the martyrdom of Hussein arouses annually in the breasts of some thirty millions of Mohammedans, in Turkey, in India, and in Persia, a grief which is passionately mournful.

Hussein was the grandson of Mohammed, and in his death the Shiaks believe the true succession of the Prophet perished, since Ali, his father, and Hassan the Beautiful, his brother, were murdered before him, and his sons were slain with him on the bloody plain of Karbala.

The "Sunnis," who form the great majority of Mohammedans today, acknowledge the authority of the "Sunna," body of traditions and aphorisms, the succession after Mohammed of Omar, Uthman, and Ali, and in whom Hussein and his family were exterminated. When on Friday Muhammad the Khalks ascended the high pulpit in Mecca Mecca to preach his weekly Sermon, he carried in his hand an unadorned sword. Truly it is the religion of the sword.

Primed with all the information I could get on the subject, I set forth with my dragoman on the afternoon of the Tenth of Muharram, the first month of the Mohammedan year, for the Valideh Khan in the heart of the Persian quarter. To take that walk from Isfahan across the looking glass and up through the labyrinthine streets of Meshed is to pass from this year of our Lord 1913, over the waters of forgetfulness, into the thirteenth-century times of Mehad and Mohammed the Conqueror. Toward midnight this impression is stronger, and generally the Mohammedan religions festival takes place after sunset by the light of firing torches. But this time, it was in the day, it was held in broad daylight, so that the Festival, which came to pray, and the Ghaize who paid kashak to me, might have been again without the assistance of a Turkish jester.

The Valideh Khan is a stone wall many times the thickness we paid to see the magnificence performance going on inside it. Khan, pronounced "Han," is a combination of iron and brass, and is Constantine, combined generally in an ancient rectangular stone barrack surrounding an open court. The Valideh Khan is the center of the Persian quarter, is one of the largest and marks the most picturesque in all Meshed. Any section of its latter court would make a first-rate back seat for some such play as "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." As we climbed up the steep street to get to it we could see its high gray sides, tilted here and there with green growing things, looming over the house-tops like the walls of an old fort. The street was full of people of all nationalities hurrying in the same direction, but when we arrived opposite the cavernous black gateway we found there was an occasion for which many were called, but few chosen. Three or four very big gentlemen were in the middle of a small riot were busy checking each other out and passing others in. Luckily my dragoman had brought a man, written out in Turkish and bearing a seal, and in his water, as he waved his creditable over-shoulder. I went smiling through the gate, as though through a misting rapid, into the quiet waters of a Boulevard passageway which slanted up steeply and crookedly into the open, central court.

Once inside, we found ourselves with Hassan-ul-Rashid, Ali, and probably many more than thirty others, part of a great and silent company. Persians, recognizable by their black faces, predominantly, but there were many red faces on the heads of Armenians, Greeks, and Turks. For the rest it was the comprehensive anthropological exhibit which a Mohammedan crowd is sure to be. Several gentlemen were on duty, and a few soldiers of duty. Here and there, as I was entering, stood groups of Europeans.

The center of the court was occupied by a twisted kind of pavilion whose lower story had a barred top with the rectangular sides of the Khan, but something had been happened to her, or her, or a earthquake came, or perhaps it was a curious accident had broken

upon the village of Lebanon which are to be had here by. Around this accidental structure rows and streets grew, and from its sides branched out wooden trusses from which still hang the trunks of last summer's trees. A few trees here and there softened the outlines of the lack severe; females high and dark, and full of strange springs—half window, half door; covered balconies with rugs hung; black archways—the whole composition contrasted so well with small domes like the farthest road a mosque.

In all the crowd spread laterally around this shape the only women were three ladies from the diplo-



They beat upon their breasts and cried aloud

matic regime of Persia. But up in the windows and on the balconies of the Khan I saw many Greek and Turkish women, several of the latter with their yashmaks pulled away from their faces the better to see, and apparently to weep.

Around the back of the courtyard we heard at once a maddening clash coming from the far end where the crowd was thickest, and, making our way over there, found a circle of thirty or forty men beating their breasts. In the Hindu law read that So-and-so beat upon his breast and cried aloud, but for some unknown



reason the idea never struck me literally until I saw that group of Greeks and Persians. To see things so familiar done gives more value to familiar language. These men were beating their breasts severely, not only with the hand and the lack of self-consciousness which a Mohammedan brings into all his ritual. The method varied somewhat with the man, but all were keeping time to the beat.

Early devotee held back his feet with his left hand, bearing his left breast. Pivoting back on his right hip and at the same time bending his knees, he swung up his right arm like a full, landing on himself with the force of a blow from another man. Notwithstanding their somewhat feeble general appearance, nearly every one of the men had a very creditable muscular chest, although not polished under the repeated blows. Merely as a matter of endurance, the actual exert has been trying to an ordinary man. We watched those more than half an hour and they had been at it some time before we arrived. Toward the end a few of them, who give a little more in well-doing, were only suffering short-term spasms, but the rest kept at it hammer and pound.

By all odds the finest formation was being done down at one end of the ringed-off circle by two leonard warriors who stood facing each other in what appeared to be a prearranged competition. From time to time, stirred by a heart-rending cry from some one, generally a priest who walked with amplified pace in the center of the circle, additional participants would grip the file, and then these two old shapes would hit up their stride like a crew "giving her tow" in the last drive of a slow race. The older of the two was graying in his hair and his head rolled from side to side drunkenly, but he was pain. The other, though past middle age, was a splendid, big, healthy brawler. He simply couldn't hurt himself. Clear-eyed and racy-shocked, he kept on backsliding away, all the time gaining faster, with a kind of wild-eyed cry, upon his now exhausted brother.

The priest in the middle led the chant, referring occasionally to a mural he held in his hand. The only reason I could see why the mural did not continue indefinitely was because this man never at last to the end of the book, afterwards all finished by shouting three times together: "Hossein-ab, Hossein-ab, Hossein-ab," tapering off at the end in a despondent wail.

The routine of this performance was evidently the signal for the principal ceremony to begin. I discovered by so, a crowd had been gathering at the gate through which we had come, and now as the mournful shouts died away three adventurers upon us as strange a procession as ever a disordered imagination could conjure up. Deans were laughing with a fellow, but would, and to their accompaniment we could hear faces waiting the stream, looking, outline some of the East, and rough voices raised in a leader and three shrill cries.

First came a great pile of black banners born in a double line on high poles and written over in tarnished gold or yellow thread in Persian characters, with now and then the strange Moslem symbol of a white hand. The end of one banner was held by the men carrying the next staff behind, so all together they formed a waving, funeral shroud. In the middle of this, mounted on a white horse with two shining swords crossed in front of him, came riding by a little, sword-faced boy. He could not have been more than five or six years old, but he sat up gravely in

his black clothes, looking over the heads of a commander. Behind him another white horse was led whose bridle and empty saddle, on which a white dove was tied, as he came nearer, were more glistened with red paint or blood. Then followed the drums and futes, and in front of them a double line of flagellants scourging themselves with whips of heavy chains. But we hardly noticed the flagellants because, on his round of his swinging chains, came a musician. The Russian painter, Vremontchik, now drew those terrible figures; I was partially prepared for that by having seen a photograph of his drawing in one of the shops in Perm. We stopped back momentarily as a crowd of fanatics in white robes came by yelling and hacking at their heads with swords.



A double line of flagellants scourging themselves with whips of heavy chains

Three times that procession passed slowly round the coast. By the third time the oval faces were liberally covered with blood, blood which streamed down over their faces, blinding them, and disfiguring them beyond recognition. Blood which vividly soaked their white robes until they became more red than white. We were heartily sick at it by the third procession, but mortally fascinated by the music and the sight. The men with the chains had raised red welts on their bare backs and broken the skin on their shoulders. Some of the martyrs, whether from loss of blood or sheer exhaustion, emotion, and blindness, staggered and had to be supported. Others had laid their swords taken away to prevent them from inflicting serious injuries, and two of those who walked, whose friends tried to drag them away, struggled very much as an injured man in a college football game will blindly fight to stay on the field.

But, worst of all, some one had chained the boy commander who led the procession on his white horse. As the poor little fellow rode by for the last time, a splash of red stained his forehead and trickled down over his nose, white hair.

In years of peace, when martial law does not affect the gongs and cinnings of witness, the darkness of night must greatly help that ceremony. Those who have seen it in other years by the light of firing torches describe it as an impressively weird and magnificent cavalry barbarism. But in the unappearing grey daylight of a late winter afternoon it seemed but more an ordinary spectacle than a weird and mystic ceremony. No characters shrouded details; there was more of soul here than of ornament. Dirty, old clothes, sword blood, the evidence of falling efforts were too vividly at close range, the incongruity of European operators standing calmly and critically about so ill at a moving picture, also well produced an impression much more desirable to forget than to remember.

Right in the middle of the picture, and as if on purpose to emphasize the incongruity, a singular event occurred. There came an insistent buzzing noise across the horse tops, and looking up, we saw a monoplane, less than 500 feet overhead, flying overhead in the quiet blue sky. Doubtly it was a Delagrange from beyond Yeholtschik, for we were told afterward that none of the Turkish aeroplanes were in its condition to fly, but whatever kind of bird he was, his flight produced no impression at all on the Oriental part of the crowd in the Yalshah Khan. And that was the surest proof to me of the different effect upon Occidentals of all that we saw and heard in an observance which to the Mohammedans takes part in it or watching it was a matter of permanent personal sorrow. The Christians looked up, the Moham-

medans, such in their grief, did not notice what must have been an exceedingly rare sign in the heavens. Shaking with soba, shrieking and wailing as if calling on the names of lost parents or children, the procession at the end of the third round stopped and, patting with many of the spectators round the chief point, all seemed to spend their last efforts, led antiphonally by him, in a despairing, frenzied, finale of their chrest.



A crowd of fanatics in white robes came by yelling and hacking at their heads with swords

As the crowd streamed away toward the pole we walked up the left side of the Khan, beyond the twisted knob to the next shop of old Costelli, the Persian

merchandise. After the bloody confusion and outcry of the court, it was a grateful change to settle back in the warm peace and comfort of his room. Even the sizzling of his typewriter in the outer office was an agreeable sound after the din of the Old Testament. Numerous Persian servants brought us tea in glasses and lit our cigarettes, and old Costelli himself, gruff-voiced, white-haired, and white-bearded, made us gratefully welcome as a stranger's visit to his tent in the desert.

"In Tehran, now," he said, in answer to our questions, "or Teheran—his name, too, they have a play all the ten days of Muharram. Fifty-two acts. They tell the story of Hussain. All the Shahs go there, all of the people. Here this is not much, only the common people. The priests do not ask for this, but the people, you understand, they believe that they get credit, that it makes them better."

He stopped for a moment to take from his cupboard a long, slender-looking *tschak-shak*, one of the sacrificial weapons, which a servant had brought him.

"But this is nothing," he went on, holding the sword in his hand. "You see it is very sharp like the razor. They do this because Hussain had a sword cut first on his head at Kerbala. One little cut with this makes much blood. They are not hurt, those men. Many small cuts that heal up tomorrow. It is nothing. 'The boy on the horse' Ah, that is Abdulrah, the little son of Hussain. Before they killed the father he held in his arms to say good-by to Abdulrah, and an arrow came and killed the little boy. That is why. And the other horse is of Hussain himself. From him he fell at the river Euphrates."

"But what does the horse mean?" I asked, "the white band on those black banners?"

"That is the Shah's belief," Costelli answered. "They believe the five holy ones are of the family of Mohammedan. The five figures show that, you understand. One is for the prophet, one for Fatima, his daughter, the wife of Ali, and then the two sons of Ali, Hassan, and Hussain."

"And the dove," he said, after a moment's pause—"you have seen the dove which is tied to the bloody saddle? That is for the white soul of Hussain."



ROUGH GOING ON NEPTUNE'S HIGHROADS

A GERMAN TORPEDO-BOAT MANEUVERING IN THE NORTH SEA IN HEAVY WEATHER. IT MAY BE REMEMBERED THAT A BRITISH CRAFT OF 1910 CHARACTER BROKE HER BACK ON A WAVE AND RAN IN THE SAME WATER A FEW YEARS AGO





let of acid into the mill, he and destroyed two notes of issue payable at sight to-morrow."

HE KNEW

"When these suffragettes really get the ear of England, I wonder what they will do with it," said Mr. Hargrove.  
"I know," said little Tommy Hargrove. "If they're all like me they'll wash it."

NEARING THE PINISH

She had just said so.  
"Bright," he smiled, noddingly, as she snuggled up with her head on his manly chest. "It has been a long and a hard race."  
"Yes," she replied, "and you don't know what a comfort it is to me, Henry, to find myself on my last lap."

CLASSIFIED

"Do you remember old Nibbles a humorist, Binks?" asked Dobbins.  
"Not exactly," said Binks. "I should call him an

DANGER AHEAD

trivial snorer from these unfilling well-springs of romance the hours and sufferings of men. He went himself into the portals, sounded the depths of misery. With his keen eye he—"  
"HIS (HOMING (unappreciated): What is thunder has all this got to do with your presence here?"  
"Hush—! I am writing a series of stories, etc. with a gentlemanly bearing in the central figure, and in

"and you don't know what a comfort it is to me, Henry, to find myself on my last lap."

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"Not exactly," said Binks. "I should call him an



Interfudes

THE READY REPLYER

BEING A TREATISE ON EXPEDIENT IN EXHAUSTIVE MOMENTS FOR THE OVERTHROWING UNPREPARED

(For a brilliant example of the art of the retort, see a Billiarder about to start for the Green, holding a Pool Trotter in his Right Hand.)

**B**ILLIARDER (suddenly entering the room, which is only dimly lighted): What the Dickens are you doing here?  
BETTERMAN (turning, with a polite bow): Ah, sir, with what singular provision you use that make sense of Dickens! True, you have used it in an expeditious fashion, and in a purely colloquial sense, but how aptly it fits at a moment when expeditious would have been most pardonable! In this dim light, and with this snarl upon my face, you of course do not regard me as, but, most that you have surprised me in an equivocal position. It is only proper that I should conform to you that in the world at large I am known as Herbert Walter, or Hamilton, either of those popular names known, The Third Wife of Hamilton Keston, and Kismet the Sultan's Bride, all of them favorably known to the trade as best sellers, although of which the works of Shakespeare, Milton, and Macon rank into the insignificant realm of the straggling flag. My whole life, sir, from my very beginning, has been spent in this dramatic moment has been devoted to the knowing of life, the definition of character, and the analysis of perplexing problems of high and low import. My quest is truth. Never have I stooped to pen a line that was not based upon the results of my own observation. By day, by night, even as did Dickens, to whom you have so impecuniously referred, I have sought the real and the true, and every human experience that you find narrated in my works, you may rest assured have been an actual experience of my own along the precise lines therein indicated. Do I wish to depict an heroic rescue of a drowning maiden from the treacherous waters of the sea? I employ a lady to jump into the scolding waters, myself plunge in after her, save her from her fate, and as the emotions derived from that perilous act have the psychological reactions which my romance is designed to set forth, do I wish to portray the sufferings of a man overwhelmed by debt and pursued by debtors? I never rely on my imagination in writing about the details of his stress of mind. I plunge myself deep into debt with lenders, jewelers, and restaurateurs, and from the ever-acquired agitation of my own soul with all the fidelity of my pen I draw my picture of that style of human misery. Analogous to this method was that of Dickens—as you have suggested. He drew his nar-



"NEVER A LITTLE DAY, AFTER! WHY NOT TRY PAINTING TOGETHER?"  
"CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND, ENGLAND, I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM NATURE!"

my effort to keep myself true in the highest standards of realism I have temporarily indulged upon a profession which I abhor, but which—  
[At this point spring upon the billiardier and, after gagging him and shoving him under the bed, swallow the game, put on his fat overcoat and silk hat, and walk quietly downstairs. Leave by the front door and, jumping into his waiting automobile, tell the chauffeur to take you in the Grand Central Station on foot as he can; take the 3rd train to Chicago, disembark at Albany, and return by the night boat, thereby successfully doubling upon and covering your trail.]

retirement. Most of his merry quips have been borrowed from the forgotten corners of the dearest libraries."

READY FOR THE FRAY

"Was do you suppose that man was who just went up the street in the taxicab, dressed in a suit of 'military armor'?" asked the visitor to London.  
"Some advertising agent for a costume company."  
"No," said the policeman. "That was the Prime Minister going to address a suffragette meeting, sir. He has to wear scissor-proof clothes."

AN EFFECTIVE PRESIDENT

"Boss!" said Mr. Newtop, after Mrs. Newtop had expressed the wish that a certain night President of the United States for just one week. "What could he do?"  
"What could she do?" retorted the lady. "I tell you this, James, that if I could get into the White House with a couple of good Sweden to help me I'd do more in a minute than any President we've had in twenty years with both houses of Congress and his Cabinet behind him!"

HER BALLOT

"Well, my love," said Mr. Dobbins, after her return from the polls, "did you get your vote of her?"  
"Yes," said Mrs. Dobbins, with a happy smile.  
"There it is!"  
She threw the ballot upon his desk.  
"Why," said Mr. Dobbins, "didn't you cast it?"  
"Oh!" retorted Mrs. Dobbins. "I cast it! You don't suppose for a moment that you think I've got it? I'm going to let you do it, my dear. Not if I know myself—I'm going to help!"

THE EVIDENCE

"You think old man Watson was angry, do you?" said Walker.  
"You'd have thought so if you'd seen the postman look he gave me," said Walker.  
"Profess look! What on earth is a profess look?" asked Walker.  
"Why—a sort of rummy glance," said Walker.

THE PEACE-LOVER

"You believe his peace at any cost, do you, Jump?" said Binks.  
"I do," said Simpson. "I never cherish wrath. If I have a hatred of any kind in my life I bury it, even though the only place I can find for its interment is the neck of some adversary."

THE ILL WIND

"HURRAY!" cried Binks, joyously. "Hurree for the suffragettes!"  
"Oh!" retorted Mrs. Dobbins.  
"Why," chattered Binks, "they've just dropped a



"MR. JIM'S FEMINITY"  
"NAY; BROWN'S MORNIN'."



## RIDING SHANKS'S MARE

BY WILLIAM INCLIS

DRAWINGS BY F. STRECHMANN

**I** SPEAK for the revival of an ancient art, an art unknown to Americans today. Primitive man lived by it. He conquered the world with it. Ancient peoples, whose very names are long since swallowed in the black pit of oblivion, found great profit in it. The art is still practiced by all wild tribes, and it survives to a great degree among the people of Great Britain.

The lost art is the art of walking. We Americans do not walk. We take the railway train, the trolley-car, the elevated road, the subway, the automobile, the elevator, the escalator, the moving sidewalk—our, rather, these things take us—and we crowd our legs of their rightful exercise. At this point I seem to hear an interruption. "Exercise against! Dangerous! I can't take exercise!" wails the timid American. Very well, sir; then you shall take pills or a trip to Carlsbad or the deadly perfid of a surgical operation—probably all three—if you won't take exercise. . . . Away he goes in a cage, shuffling off to his fate. Poor he, such his, poor devil; he won't be with us long.

Now that we are rid of the peskic interrupter, let us take a calm survey of this walking proposition. Do we really need to walk? Wonder, if you will, but have the patience to stay in the end of this scroll and then you truly decide that you need so walk. I will humbly promise to do all your walking for you as long as grass grows and water runs. Let me make the pace of the motion, and I care not who makes its laws.

But, you may say, here is one who is quite daft about walking; I have no time to waste on such a belittling. Haven't you, though? You'd better read on, waddy caper your time. Suppose I can not only prove that walking is a splendid exercise (I would say the best except that risk falling scares his own feet) but that it is a spirited game, that it is far more entertaining than firing through duck-ponds in an automobile, that it is an overrating sacred delight, of fascination, of joy, their day or fond from bounding youth to shuffling age—then will you not give heed? And when I add that it will make you eat like Garretton and sleep like a night-walker, will you not attend? It is really a great game; the first we learn and the last we lose; let us go to it.

First of us refuse to acknowledge in our diet habit what we owe to the animal race. Though we be wise as Solomon, or mighty as Napoleon, or as full of over-ween as Shalby, we are still animals, carnivorous biped animals that need most sedulous care. Though the eye be the eye of a sturgeon, yet while it alights in this world it must receive treatment and raking upon its animal part. Treat the animal with justice, and he carries the eye barely to blink high thoughts and the great device; neglect or abuse the animal man and he stumbles and pitches his eye with more or less torture out of this world. There is no escape. Feed the horse in idleness; he spoils. Do the same with the higher animal; the result is worse.

What has this to do with walking? Everything, sir. Walking is the safest, surest, best, cheapest, and most excellent way of exercising the human animal. Whether he live in the most congested city or in the most desolate wilderness, the means is always at hand.

There, I've done it! I am an uneducated rhetorician, but I became befuddled with my own trap-saw, and my legs ran away with me at the end of the last paragraph. It was a lowering, gray, early spring morning. I did four miles along Riverside Drive in fifty-five minutes on pleasant jog on the wet, slippery ground. What a joy it was to throw down the road gun, with the propellant balling a down of ink on the point, and go for a brisk ride on Shank's mare! Time there was very little as I also should have cleared the big concrete in Central Park, were

Yet in the meager four miles along the Drive there was far more entertainment and fun than the tired business man made in his stuffy theater. From the hilltop at Grand's Tomb I looked north along the Hudson, past the misty gateway between the Palisades and toward, and far off into infinity. When ladies by the score had brought their autos out to take the air and have a few thousand words with the guardian police, the buses and motor-cars piled north and south full of fat and foolish folk, the food for silent

laughter as one swings along twirling a sprig of black-thorn. At Eightieth Street a dainty horseman—was he was a mere passenger—dismounted to tighten the girth. When he tried to remount the good bay mare regarded his efforts naively as an invitation to dance, and, like Willie in the song, she walked him around again—no need and no-mind and none. He threw me an appealing look, but I remembered doing a similar dance with a degraded gray mare under the rides of eight of Fido Garza's wretches in Cuba, while black benzoin hovered near and leaped for the best. That memory settled the dainty passenger's fate. Let him stop his own horse. He was better off.

Half-way home I became aware of a greater light in the sky and turned and looked where the sun ought to be—a little past the meridian. The cloud-bank was dissolving, and little by little the sun himself





appeared first as a pale silver ghost in the deep mist, then with more and more strength and the adverb slowly growing, but good, and at last a great grey gale, full blown blizzard. The mist upon the saddle river and the snows moved along the shore—-all as if the spirit of Turner had kindly come to paint me a picture.

But let us return to the sober discussion of the walking proposition. For, of course it is best not to introduce to Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, who for many years has directed the physical culture of the students at Harvard University, I quote from an interesting dispatch from Cambridge.

"Walk and get well. Walk regularly and keep well," said Dr. Sargent.

"Dr. Sargent has seen many thousands of men in his day; has tested their lungs, hearts, and muscles; has taken measurements of their lungs and every portion of their bodies; has seen men grow in stature and strength from gymnastic work, has followed the physical development of members of the various athletic teams in Harvard far more than a generation; has learned wisdom to become teacher of physical culture; and has applied the tape and stethoscope to all the pugilistic champions and strong men of modern times, and yet, according to the presence of a good collection of gymnastic apparatus he announces that the greatest health producer and preserver is within the grasp of every living person who walks."

The reason for this high praise of walking is not hard to understand. Perfect commotion of food and elimination of waste by the body go on only when proper physical exercise burns out the right amount of tissue each day. The best exercise, not only because it is the most natural, but because it is least apt to be overdone, is walking. There is no temptation for the tired man to "play just one more set," as in tennis, or go a few rounds more, as in boxing.

How should the walk be directed? Very simply—start from any point you like and walk home. Always let the walk end at home, where both and dry clothes await you. Never run, lest that they walk down to business every day.

Light.

Besides, there is the danger of catching cold as one sits around in moist clothes. And if the clothes are at all moist the man is an walker, but a more serious danger, beneath the notice of himself. Also, one should never stray so far on to wood or iron or lead to fetch his home. Hiding in any convenient hole, damp, and tired is a strong bid for joints—made of lead.

Put on old clothes. Carry a jagged knucklener to disengage strings from your dress. Wear a flannel shirt and a sweater and wool socks or soft wool hat, also loose, old gloves. Of course, you may wear, if you like, smartly laced skirts of muds or greases; but these are not what you need. Think socks of outdoor grip wool that has never been dyed are the best, Edward Payson Weston tells us.

"I can't tell what makes them," says Mr. Weston, "but I always recognize them at sight, and I've bought them all over the country. They never run more than fifty miles a pair."

Mr. Weston ought to know what he's talking about. He is the Weston who walked evenly from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, when he was seventy years old, twenty-four hours later than he was the first when he was only forty. He also says the shoes should be lined, of medium weight of sole, broad and comfortable, with broad, flat heels. Shoes that are too loose let the feet slide and are iron and mine blisters.

It is well to leave the front of the shoe loose, the part over the instep snug and binding, and the part around the ankle loose enough to allow free play. That is the advice of Mr. Weston, who is probably the most blizzard-wise man in the world; also the advice of Tom O'Leary, when Will Jack O'Mara used to roll "the president-probationary that came over me."

Are we, then, to become Westons and O'Learys? Far from it. That would tax our nervous powers too heavily. But we shall do well to borrow from these

masters who have learned by experience over thousands of miles just what is the best equipment for the game. And by the way, shoes one is best snug over the instep and free elsewhere by a very simple expedient: lace them very closely half-way; there to a firm square knot, then lace rather loosely up to the top.

Now to the walk, always remembering that whether in town or country the journey's end must be at home, or at least at a place where a bath and fresh clothing are to be had.

The important question now arises—shall the walker go single or in company? The answer, on Sam Weller would say, depends upon the facts and fancy of the walker. One might cite a score of authorities on either side, and each would carry conviction—if the



Should the walker go single or in company?

reader happened to be already of his mind. What says Edward Louis Stevenson, the Master of Unknown? Here is his rule:

"A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the track takes you; and because you must have your own pen and scriber (not alongside a champion walker) and money to time with a gold. . . . There should be no crutch of voices at your elbow to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And as long as a man is musing he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air; that begins in a sort of dizziness and sluggishness of the brain and ends in a state that passes comprehension."

True; all true; every word truth. And yet who would deny himself the pleasure of companionship, even for the sake of that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air? Indeed, he need not be slow to feel that; and I am sure that all who practice fairly long walks, or runs, or rides, or skating journeys will recall most instances of the delightful intoxication R. L. S. describes that have

been shared with friends. It seems to me that Stevenson was one who loved solitude for its own sake. Rightly, too, if one reflects how infinitely more exhilarating and how much more restful, how much more than the crutch or drone of voices at his elbow, though his poetic and kindly mind would be the last to think such a thing, the solitude of the walk. The Puritan on the links (I think it is) when he says, "I was a great solitary when I was young." The vast open world spoke to him, exhilarated him. Yet (although he has gone to the length of the walk, never almost into collapse in order to secure of a horse) I must record my humble opinion that good company enhances the delight of a walk on it does the delight of a swim or of a good meal. Nothing pleasant, it seems to me, can be done well alone. Even reading, which some might think a single-handed pastime, is vastly improved if one has at hand a loyal and patient friend to whom he may exclaim, "Oh, hates to this!" and the pleasure in the twofold joy of the owner of the author's thought and the ever-living fascination of his own voice.

But, to return to our path, do we really need in reason as we go? Friends, that, or a little business or mental joy in the honors of the road, are wonderfully entertaining on a walk. It can most certainly go alone—which happens far too often in those days of hot-dog dresses, and their capricious antebellums—then the mind will derive a thousand amusing pleasures which are not to be had otherwise. The feet are always a matter of few speculations. The walker asks himself, "How am I going to-day?" and, being minded that the smart must not be crushed and that a shoe pair at the beginning is the best, it is happy to find that the first mile is done in fourteen minutes. No speed is this. Changing wouldn't waste a word on it. Very well, then, let them see their walk, and you and I, friend reader, find it comfortable; go; write a word or so on a note, but a few, exhilarating pace that turns the legs like wine and makes the upper chest heave high over the deep history of full breaths.

It is good fun to loaf along the road side or two, and then, after a few moments' rest, to try a little bit of pace. The generally path around the big reservoir in Central Park is not bad for this. It becomes an even mile and three-quarters, and is broken in only two places, by the falling and rising steps and plaza of Union, at the gate-house. The air of the region is especially bracing, but, as the learned Dr. Gilman points out, it is revolutionized by great quantities of smoke brought down from the Croton works in the aqueduct and first set free as the water comes boiling and swirling into the reservoir.

However, the scene is inspiring. Miss Dutton and Charles O'Leary, and Tom Harkley and many another good man have trained her battle by often running its length. Here the risk Andrew Carnegie and first set free as the water comes boiling and swirling into the reservoir. However, the scene is inspiring. Miss Dutton and Charles O'Leary, and Tom Harkley and many another good man have trained her battle by often running its length. Here the risk Andrew Carnegie and first set free as the water comes boiling and swirling into the reservoir.

How nice and slow to the crossing note of his birds. I like to do the distance on the walk—20 minutes; 20 minutes; 20 m., 20 m., etc.—as the link of the day may have it. There is no more amusing business than to do a few miles and then sit on the bench.

As for the picture that passed themselves in sky and woods and water as one goes, I refer to speak first I should be thought a mad enthusiast. And after the journey and the shower, a ball-bow's rest and a good meal, what a reward would not repay the walker? Let us take our last look at him through the eyes of Stevenson.

"If the day be fair and warm there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge to watch the woods and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste dewily to the full significance of that delicious word, 'Your muscles are an agreeable shock, you feel so clean and so strong and so life. Did whether you move or sit still, whatever you do done with pride and a kindly sort of pleasure.'"

## LIFE'S HERITAGE

BY BLAKINEY GRAY

When on a heavy bed shall rise to smile me,  
And sore afflictions come to near my soul,  
And consolation round about afflict me,  
And rills of sorrow from all sides assail,  
When soul within my eyes are every burning,  
And child unadvisedly greiveth my despair,  
And spite of all the thing that God hath bearing,  
Within my heart finds an responsive love;

When sturdy friends I've counted on are wanting;  
When enemies rejoice to see my fall;  
And in my troubles my eyes are every burning,  
Fear of a ruin imminent assail,  
When all my days are days of gloom and sadness,  
And where was light no hint of light appears,  
And every hope I hold to prove but madness,  
And they who used to serve me now to jeer;

Still in my breast, despite its load of sorrow,  
Despite the pressure of overwhelming care,  
I know the thrilling joy of a tomorrow  
When dawn shall lighten up the darkness there.  
I know a moment's light when, now starlight,  
I'll tread the path that leads on to release,  
And find a more far freer life awaiting,  
Made in the everlasting arms of Peace.

For Life and Love so close are interweaving  
That none can live and yet be partless;  
And days must come with hours, not withdrawing  
The freer years of undimmed happiness,  
And be whose share of Love is not yet taken,  
Whose measure of its joy is not yet known,  
Need only keep his Faith both sure and steady  
To come sometime, somewhere, into his own!

# SCIENCE AND POLE EXPLORATION

BY WILLIAM HALLOCK

**T**HE most professional explorer of the arctic, or antarctic regions has been considered what he is, according to the action advantage of science in any proportion to the scientific.

There are many things that he discovered on or about this globe on what is important and what he does discover, but the most valuable result to be hoped for from any expedition of danger to human life is what it may contribute to the knowledge of the world. The lives themselves of the men who undertake these expeditions are not so important to the cause of science. No one man does that the fate of Scott and his companions was very terrible, and there is no doubt that these men were brave and went through great physical privation, but just what the stresses of the Scott expedition would have meant to science, to the information of the scientific world, it had succeeded in accomplishing. It would have meant comparatively little. Scott followed the exact tracks that Shackleton had made in a previous expedition to the north pole. He was merely pursuing the plans of reconstruction in his intention to go a few miles beyond Shackleton's record. There are so many things in the Scott expedition that are not derivable from the knowledge of the world, but it is very likely that we must not attempt to judge anything about it until we get the final facts. However, aside from the information that it has given to the history of the Scott expedition, little has been contributed to science by its work. Yet if Scott had been successful, would it have contributed to science? It has been contributed to the information we already have.

### Scott's Journey Fully Justified

If we retrace the journey to the north pole to verify our suspicion that there was land there. That discovery will give us geographical information which will add to geological science by justifying a scientific theory that the north pole or the antarctic region was at one time joined to the South American and South African continents. By examining the strata and the fauna of this land at the north pole we should be able to decide the question. In this respect both the Peary and Scott expeditions to the north pole were more easily justifiable than any dash to the north pole.

Most of the men whose names have been glorified by the world for their discoveries in the great regions that lie north and south on the world have been professionally engaged in these manifold work. None of them, if not all of them, I am sure were perfectly sane that they would make no great discovery for the benefit of scientific men. They were quite sure also that their fame would be established and that their records in the popular history of their time would make history for themselves. The explorer is a peculiar type of man. He is ambitious for the highest. The contributions which are always at hand for him the perfect hero does have a material bearing upon the success of a career. The man who jumps off the Brooklyn Bridge becomes an explorer in the great herd of humanity from which he leaps. Every one who wants to more he will be left when he jumped, how he suffered, how nearly he died, and how he was rescued. All this makes essential reading matter and is read by millions of people every month whether, by jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge, the man has done anything for humanity or for science, or for himself, for that matter. Now your pole explorer, your mountain climber, are seldom accomplishing more for science than the man who jumps off the Brooklyn Bridge.

### Peary Taught Science Nothing New

Take Peary's discovery of the north pole, for instance. Scientifically it was not at all necessary for Peary to discover the pole, which it is assumed he did. It had been discovered by scientific men before his first series of dashes. We know exactly where the north pole was and we know that there was an ocean there. Peary, of course, revealed the fact that we were wrong. He discovered the water at the north pole, and he thrilled us with somewhat unverified information that it was an "unhatched" sea. But he had no instruments to measure before he got a chance to use them in this water. Without desiring to criticize any individual explorer, so far as the records of the world are concerned, the explorer's veracity is established, they can be manufactured in New York City with perfect accuracy.

I ran against a set of figures representing the records of an expedition to the north pole right here in my own study. It is a dash to the north pole that has never been there. This fact alone proves that science has a very thorough knowledge of the surface of the globe. It is in fact, there is a very little left on it to discover. Poor Cook, discarded upon the ground that his figures could not have been so accurate if he had obtained them by observation in his own study. It is a dash to the north pole that has never been there, after all. There is no such thing as an actual correct barometric measurement of the height of a mountain, because of the fact that the barometer corrects the delicate measuring instrument. And yet so find men coming back from mountains they have climbed, telling us the exact number of the height. This question of the right and wrong information supplied by explorers themselves is very confusing to the simple scientific mind. For, for instance, described having discovered on his approach to the north pole some animal tracks, possibly a fox's, which would indicate land near by, he was so sure that he would not venture very far away from land, where they must find food. At the same time, Cook described a mountain, for which he was afterwards accused of being a fabricator. Now I do not know but what Cook may have seen the land which Peary supposed was near by, in which case Cook's claim to have discovered the north pole is perfectly correct. As another of them determined the exact geographical location of the antarctic land, however, they concluded that the continent, because of the fact that the pole was open water, was very definitely sure of that from scientific information already at hand. Various other tracks and observations were set out and there actually had at the pole. But the scientific preparation is not "dashing."

I have often listened at lectures by men who have climbed dangerous mountains. Their experiences, as they tell them pictorially, have been hair-raising; they have thrilled me as they told of my own and my own, arriving at the top of the mountain, say, about five o'clock in the afternoon. And then they left me nothing but a trail and told me they got down that night in the dark. The return trip of an explorer seems to be no significance. Unconsciously the chief concern of the world at large about the explorer is how he got back. It is very often of no interest at all to science.

### Amundsen the Ideal Explorer

The man whom I consider an explorer with the quiet, scientific temperament best adapted to the service of his work is Captain Amundsen, who located the north magnetic pole, an invaluable contribution to science. While it is generally known about where the magnetic pole should be, Captain Amundsen's determination of its exact location will enable us to find out whether the magnetic line of the earth runs in unison with the magnetic pole, or whether the magnetic pole is stationary when these various facts. Captain Amundsen did not intend to get out, without any previous arrangements of what he was going to do or how he was going to do it. He had fitted out his expedition simply and went at his work, and said nothing till he had accomplished his purpose.

Now Amundsen also discovered the north pole, which has recently been verified by the flight of the dirigible. Captain Amundsen did this in a very quiet manner in which he made this "dash" to the north pole described exactly his private opinion of the scientific importance of the trip. He made no preliminary promises to contribute anything to science by making this expedition, because he knew there would be nothing to contribute. Nor did he announce that he would like to make a little side trip by a short cut to the north pole, and in a sportmanlike state of mind he made the trip. He made a little side trip by a little recreation after the long consecutive work he had accomplished in his location of the magnetic pole. Among the men who have seen extensive service in the arctic are the antarctic explorer, Captain Amundsen has had no less say about the physical and human side of that life than any of his contemporaries. His experience with one of the most arduous expeditions, Nansen, seems to have stood him in good stead. Doubtless he has personal sufferings or risks to be met with in different expeditions, but compared to the pleasure of a successful scientific discovery.

Another case where the return was fortunately considerable in comparison with the outlay was that of the expedition to the north pole by the British. The return was not so great as that of the expedition to the north pole, it was fought with human interest and was of real value. In proportion as it was not particularly important to the cause of science, it was a little outside in a region where neither man nor animal sea life is quite different from a systematic study of a branch of the human race. Amundsen's plan to discover the north pole was well be far more important to the scientific knowledge of the world than anything that has been done recently in north polar regions. I was a young man and felt free to make the journey, nothing would please me more than to apply for the position of a scientist with Captain Amundsen's expedition, but I must admit it would be chiefly a job to me.

### The Youth of the Race

The student of geology replies by his studies that the human race practically only arrived on the earth yesterday. The destiny of human life in the evolution of the earth itself is rarely impeded by our volitions of nature. For instance, if the north pole never to take a notion to change its geographical position and occupy Manhattan Island, there would be a great immigration of people from New York and Canada. Amundsen's plan to discover the north pole, by a shift of position, however, would probably take thousands of years, so that human life would not be endangered by the change. It is a matter of time to migrate gradually. I mention this to emphasize my recent statement that there is no reason to become terribly excited about a new sea and does not an unshaded part of the world, because their discovery will consist principally of their own courage and endurance, or perhaps their scientific skill or some other offering of the age.

The fact that men like Stanley or Livingston have done is particularly interesting to the human race because they have discovered something about the earth. But to go to the farthest end of the world where people do not live and where animals cannot live is merely a test of human endurance with very often showing revelations of the dangers and sufferings encountered. When men undertake to create of their own a new continent, however, at the world, such as those polar expeditions amount to, it seems necessary to establish a severe military law among themselves. The shocking revelations of the discovery of a new continent are a case in point. The shouting of a member of a party for the ultimate relief of the rest necessary if, through physical incapacity, he becomes a burden upon the rest of the party. The fitness of a man for human endurance is the cause of exquisite horror or sickness in the only requirement of these exploring expeditions. They contribute much to the glory of those men who aspire to scientific distinction perhaps, but the scientific temperament is not inclined to spectacular revelation.

### Adventure a New Form of Mania

When I read about the Dash of the Albatross climbing the Himalayan Mountains, I wonder if adventure is not becoming a new form of nervous mania. No one seems to care for the water in the Pacific Ocean, but instead, and yet there are some interesting things to be learned from the dash to the north pole. The professional explorer prefers a far-off place, a trip with all expenses paid for several years, if possible, all in the name of science. The amount of money that has been spent and the number of lives sacrificed in these polar expeditions would have been better spent in the study of the human mind, or in the scientific research. Everything that concerns the magnetic currents of the earth is in which there is no amount of money, and it is not necessary to go to science. There is no reason to believe that the axis of the earth changes or that it is subject to change, and it is not necessary to go to the north pole to find out. The dash to the north pole, however, is a matter of the human race has become so merged into one great frenzy by the other hand, which the telegraph and telephone have made. That the report which comes to us of the disaster to the Scott expedition makes us very pitiful and sad, for the first of those who have gone to the north pole, who are left behind, however, are not going to consider the deeds of explorers who persist in discovering places for quasi-scientific reasons, so much for themselves. We must ask whether the pleasure of scientific contribution is sufficient justification for the toll of human life.

## THE ROSE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I AM the Rose, the promise of the spring  
That water's fresh ethana, so alluring,  
That water, whether by their power be,  
To bid the seed for life in slavery.

A messenger in apron bowed in rear,  
The happy and the sad, the glad and rare,  
The message that I spread throughout the land—  
Held fast by fate's! Behold me close at hand!

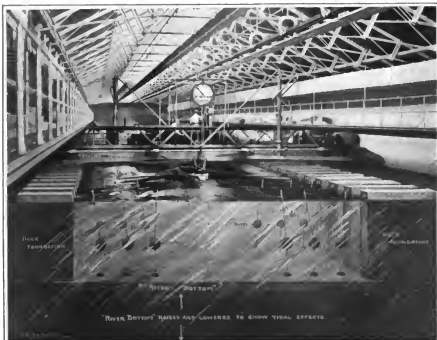
A messenger of love, I have, am I,  
I hold the kiss of love the night's night;  
The love's kiss, I have, that fills  
The heart's heart with a divine thrill!

And there that was the way the way,  
The love's kiss, I have, that fills  
The heart's heart with a divine thrill,  
The love's kiss, I have, that fills  
The heart's heart with a divine thrill.

The glowing colors of the dawn are mine,  
The floral hues of sunset all combine,  
To clothe me in a creature all I least,  
With peace and joy andapture and content.

And when the fragrance of my presence awakes  
The heart's heart with a divine thrill,  
The need of life in sorrow or in death,  
The everlasting sweetness of the earth!





"RIVER BOTTOM" RAISED AND LOWERED TO SHOW TIDAL EFFECTS.

The United States Model Experimental Basin, showing the general scheme under which the New York pier problem of the Hudson River was investigated.

Illustrating the effect upon speed of a tidal current when the width of the channel narrows. Flow and return areas may be produced by a vessel anchored in a strong current, or a ship moving at corresponding speed when the bottom is slant. These areas of different lateral pressure are the great influences which create what is now termed "action between ships." The relative positions in these areas of neighboring craft or their draw them together or repel them.

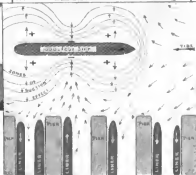
WIDE → SLOW ← WIDE → AREA OF ACTION LATERAL PRESSURE OPPOSITE AREA



The section of the Hudson River that is narrowed and where most of the big locks are located on the New York side. Ship No. 1 is leaving her slip and ship No. 2 is entering hers. Each of these vessels is 1,000 feet long, 1 and 2 are piers that have already been experimentally extended beyond the Gutierrez at Pier P, a pier so it would be if lengthened for a ship 1,000 feet long. This is the portion of the river that was reproduced on a small scale in the U. S. Model Experimental Basin.



A ship being turned to keep clear of the side of a channel because of an eddy current following and over taking her. The plus distribution caused by the eddy current repels the ship and probably holds her overboard.



Conditions induced by a steady eddy and its outside plus area. The inside picture shows the stream of water around a ship passing upstream. An eddy current if the channel might engender this eddy current to keep her overboard and create havoc.

## TESTING THE TIDAL PULL OF NEW YORK'S RIVER CHANNEL

# SOLVING NEW YORK'S PIER PROBLEM

BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT

See illustrations and diagrams on opposite page.

**T**HE problem of accommodating our busy river traffic which has been crippling the New York Harbor authorities for some time, has been repeatedly tackled by the engineers of the United States Army.

Most of the big steamers engaged in the transatlantic trade which dock on the New York side of the Hudson River have their pilots at a point where the stream is narrowed. The dock authorities of the metropolis had no money finished the building of especially low piers for existing steamships that the Olympic and the Titanic were laid down. In order to make proper provision for the berthing of those outgoing goods it became necessary to extend two of the piers each a hundred feet farther toward the middle of the river. The Secretary of War specifically stipulated that these extensions should be merely temporary—the understanding being that suitable docks of the required length should be provided for permanently at some other points along the river front. Such has not been done, however, and bigger ships and longer ones must now be berthed with berths within the harbor. Again the steamship lines asked that they be ready, and the municipal dock officials proposed extensions to the existing piers facing Castle Point.

The army engineers declined to agree to this, and their reasons were cogent. Those governmental experts knew that various circumstances upon the river and tidal sweep in the past years have astonishingly increased the speed of the current passing between Castle Point on the New Jersey side and the Chelsea docks of New York City. They reasonably believed that any further choking of the river's trade of way would augment tidal velocities and add both to the difficulty of docking big liners and to the hazards of navigation for the numerous craft passing hourly up and down there. You must know that when the ocean sends the flood tide inland up a river it arbitrarily fixes the volume of the water that must be received. This quantity must reach its equilibrium of distribution within the hours set for the flood-tide movement, and, again, when the sea recedes, the old flow, plus increments from streams, springs, and rainfall, must move seaward to the point of low tide with the same force of momentum established by nature's forces. Accordingly, the volume of water flowing through a restricted passageway must travel at a higher speed than where the right of way is wider and the progress more leisurely. Whatever mass does to interfere with the normal movement of tidal waters invites consequences for which he must pay.

In New York the recent increase in the dimensions of ocean liners has reflexively made the usual channels choked by congestion, and in built ports of regular length would aggravate these circumstances. The 1,100-foot steamship is probably the next development,

and we have shown just what would happen if the piers were lengthened at the narrow part of the river. We also picture some of the dangerous conditions that might arise when one or more of these great ships are entering or leaving their docks. Inevitably a great deal of water, they constitute temporary obstructions to the normal current flow which would set up serious disturbances, and one of the momentary dikes would be a sudden suggestion of the tidal velocities. Where some of lower craft are moving in the same waters these abnormal conditions might well endanger both life and property alike.

In Job's speaking of the levitation, it is said, "It smother like deep to hell like a pot," and such, in truth, is what those modern steel monsters of the sea also do. These agitators breach the surface of the water and far more powerful and of wider influence than was realized until of late; and it is only recently that these phenomena have been investigated scientifically. One of our diagrams illustrates a 1,000-foot liner passing across the entrance to a pier at which other steamships are moored. The arrows indicate graphically the all-round repulsive and attractive forces created by the passing vessel. Two actual occurrences will serve to give a better conception of the magnitude of the energy at play. When the Titanic got aboard early one day from her dock at Southampton, the water following after her induced a current strong enough to pull the 11,000-ton steamship New York away from her moorings—snapping the heavy hawsers as soon as they were taut. Moving on a little farther, the Titanic passed a dock at which wreckers were working upon a wooden barge. The nature had the barge gripped in big loops of chain and was ready to lift her. After the Titanic passed the wreckers started their hoisting, only to discover that the barge had mysteriously disappeared. Days, some days later, discovered the lost lighter eight hundred yards off and directly in the path which the Titanic had taken. The motion induced by that mighty outward-bound liner was responsible.

The army engineers were familiar with these incidents and were, therefore, particularly anxious that the interrelation between incoming and departing liners and near-by piers and passing shipping should be clearly demonstrated in the case of the port of New York before diving finally what was to be done. Accordingly, Naval Constructor David W. Taylor, collaborating with the military officials, began a series of experiments at the Model Basin in Washington—the tank, you know, being converted into a reduced scale into a veritable double of the vessel portion of the Hudson River with its flanking piers. A portable bottom was installed which could be raised or lowered to suit tidal conditions or to represent the different draughts of water at various points of the channel. Between the pier models of vessels were placed sand left free to move under six distinct velocities.

As we have seen in the case of the Titanic, the force

of these reactions is largely evolved below the surface of the water. In order that a visible indication of these perturbations might be had, Navy-Constructor Taylor moored in rows little leaves in which were attached this rock resting above the surface of the Basin. As the model vessel approached these, their movements clearly showed the direction and the mass of underflow motions, and the whole history of these actions could be successively traced with striking realism.

Mass pictures cameras were placed at strategic points, and scenes were made of each run of the model up or down the basin. In order to indicate exactly where the carriage was at every instant of its travel a great dial was arranged showing in proportionate parts the total length of the run, and the moving hand traced the progress. This register guarded against any deceptive perspective on the part of the cameras. The imaginary or model liner advanced down the tank, following the saddle of the basin, and then in succeeding runs was made to pass nearer and nearer to the ends of the pier. All the while the cameras were taking records of every movement, not only of the ship-like leaves, but of the other models flying by between the docks.

In this way the whole story of every one of the runs was graphically caught, and what would otherwise have been far too complex to follow was perpetuated so that every detail could afterward be studied and analyzed at leisure. These runs were again made with the simulated river bottom at different depths, so that it might be learned whether or not the amount of disturbance below water rose disproportionately or seriously increased at low tide. Further, the models were tested at a variety of speeds representing the double effect of speed on the ship's part opposing increased tidal velocities. Of course the water in the tank was still—the one at which the model was tested answering for the twofold purpose of moving liner and the tide flowing opposite.

In order to make these comparisons a guide for the future, one of the experimental models tested was a reduced representation of a liner a thousand feet in length. This miniature craft was put through all of the maneuvers which she should naturally have to make in approaching and in leaving her dock, and for infamy upon other models in the fairway of the river, and the degree to which these smaller craft were affected, were carefully observed.

The net result of the series of tests has been the disposal of a thoroughly vexed question in which the harbor authorities of New York and the army engineers hold opposing views. The growing size of the ocean liner has emphasized the need of greater precautions in restoring ships in confined waters and in guiding across an narrow of the basins within those waters by further narrowing of the tidal paths. The wealth of data obtained will have the value in solving the port problems of other oceanic cities.



THE PASSING OF AN EMPRESS

SEE ALSO CONTAINING THE STORY OF THE LATE EMPRESS OF CHINA, BORN BY THE SEASIDE, ON HER WAY TO THE HANSEATIC RAILROAD STATION, TO BE SHIPPED TO THE IMPERIAL TOWN NEAR PEI LING



"Kill the umpire!"



The Indian players will not be allowed to carry knives—the suspicious object



The new member, just ready to do a little "sawin" at a punk decision



The title of this picture is "Safe"



A few grandstand plays

Kable

# THE GAME IS ON

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

**PARIS'S "HAM FAIR"**  
 A Singular and Amusing Introduction  
 of the French Capital

By J. M. MAGIE

LAZARUS is strolled in the heart of Paris twice as wide as Fifth Avenue and as long as the distance between Twenty-third and Forty-second streets. Lazarus, also, is the center of the street there in a park with trees. On each side of each tree is posted a number, which marks a booth and the location of booths in the *Fête en l'honneur de l'Ham*, or, as the Americans call it, the Ham Fair.

It is in the place which makes one understand why Fourth Avenue exists, and why the desire is second-hand article in New York are able to own modernities. Many articles of no use to any one are sold here that in any other fair which has come within the range of my experience, and in no place can be found greater bargains.

Go to the *Place de la Bastille* some morning in the week preceding Easter, and walk up the Boulevard Richard Lenoir as far as the *Place de la République*. You will find near the monument which marks the spot where the Bastille stood many tables selling mouth-washes, dental plates, remedies prepared to cure all illnesses, cosmetic articles which benefit the complexion, and there a long row of booths from which the women rush out with long knives, holding on the end a quantity of orange, lemon, or green liver. "That's, monseigneur, *c'est le vin*," the *habitués* read these, several of them in kindred cases are hanging or laid on plates, and descriptions of the wares are written on large sheets. *C'est-à-dire* signs are often used.

Though called the *Fête de l'Ham*, the same holds the fair. It is possible to buy nothing from a *Louis Quinze* toothbrush stand—hardly to procure vestments, neck-ties, and, a ready eye without a hand, old silver snuff-boxes, colored receivers, labor-saving laboring signs of hand saws, silver and silver plate, oil paintings, furniture of every description—ready for sale. The only things which did not see were glass eyes, but I have no doubt that they were there. Tobacco, of various kinds, was the sale of articles which goes by that name being a monopoly of the French government.

There are three French terms which the American needs to make ourselves. The first is "*Comme par magie*" another, "*C'est trop cher*," and the third is the slang, which is another cry. These are for the fair only. The reply to the first question is usually about the real value; the second means, "The response."

"Comme par magie, monseigneur? Comme ça va domine?" and the third means that they matter to him. It is impossible to say that my French *habitués* are here was detected, or the English which my friends used was overheard, and then the reply would be "*c'est pas cher* pour votre pays, monseigneur."

Six rows of booths, each usually about twenty feet long, and six feet deep, stretch along the boulevard, and between these rows—between the rows a crowd as large as that in the *Spring Garden* section of Ninth Avenue wanders from morning until midnight. It is an amusing crowd, and one treats it as a joke, and it laughs with you, and as it likes to laugh. It will not get out of your way; it will push you out of its way without a word. You may look it over and over because it has been brought up that way, and because it would seem strange to do anything else. No one seems to take offense, and a smile in Paris goes miles farther than a frown.

An old man, with curly beard, and shaggy, hair over a tray filled with coins and articles, standing each piece—as report, perfume, something for a woman to do anything else. No one seems to take offense, and a smile in Paris goes miles farther than a frown.

During the three days which I spent in wandering up and down between the tents my purchases were as follows: a remarkably well-designed *Blasfield* plate mandoline, which cost twenty cents, a pocket coffee-pot and teapot, both ball-mounted out of fine brass, though showing signs of use for which I paid a dollar; and a cashmere about of very old pattern, about sixteen feet by eight, run in several places, but beautiful color and design. For this I paid three dollars. To obtain such pieces in New York I would have paid about fifty, and at an antique shop in Paris about half that amount. One of my friends bought an old *Blasfield* plate warming-disk for forty cents and, as

antique French warming pan for fifteen francs. Another member of our party picked up a half-dollar old pewter spoon for six cents each, and two brass scoops with curious patterns, which looked as if they had come from an old kitchen of some French abbey. These cost \$1.50.

Let an one go to the Ham Fair, however, who either does not know the difference between the real piece and their imitations, or who has not a commensurate price. He will be the American, say, "amercifully stars." I would venture to say that out of a hundred thousand articles, not more than one or two, and that the chances were either that the particular article would be an imitation, or that it would be damaged so as to make it useless.

The real bargains are to be found in the most unperfected places. That of a box of iron screws I picked a better three inches in diameter, which, after being washed, proved to be silver of beautiful design. An article here a year ago found among a heap of atrocious paintings one which he bought for a few francs. It was a *Blasfield* and a good one.

It is always wise for Americans who can afford to wear Pagan gowns to take old clothes to the Ham Fair, to speak the language which Parisian says every Englishman uses and nobody understands. One ought never to pay the price asked. The dealers take delight in bargaining. A studio-lantern, for which thirty-five francs was demanded, was bought by a member of our party for fifteen.

Where do all these articles come from, and why are they so cheap? Even my acquaintances tell me that many of the result of forced sales of the goods of the late Emperor, and that the others are things which no one wants.

There is a million over all. Noble old warming-pans, with ornate-brown and red, rare new-fangled that seem to be made almost entirely of better design, obtained by someone with crystal gazing reflecting the sunshine of today—old snuff-boxes with silver lining, the diamonds of a noble one of the French of long ago, with the great aristocracy, and the nose of a blacked which marked the diamonds of the aristocracy. Each long Moorish gun, Malacca kris, or Spanish athletic comb—diamonds with a story of *malice* death. It is in this line that one's fortune and to make one wish that some of these hidden stores might be known. They are gone now and it is, as a rule, only to catch the glim of an antique past and ponder over the things that are.



Your car can't skid if you ride on

**Diamond Safety Tread (Squeegee) Tires**

Won't slip—Won't slide  
 Won't skid—They grip

So this time buy Diamond Vitrized Rubber Tires with the Safety Tread—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers  
 always at your Service

**Coldwell Lawn Mowers**

HAND, HORSE AND MOTOR

are to be used exclusively on the grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, at San Francisco, in 1915

The managers of this great exposition wish to show the world the best that America can produce in every line.

In the Lawn Mower line they choose the COLDWELL Mowers of all the rest.

So, in previous years, did the managers of the Big Fairs in Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo and elsewhere.

No other Lawn Mower on the market has ever received such high and consistent endorsement.

"Always use the BEST. The BEST is the cheapest. Coldwell Lawn Mowers are the BEST."

Made in 150 different styles and sizes to suit every need. Ask about our patent Demountable Cutters for Horse and Hand Mowers. Full description on request, with free booklet on the practical Care of Lawns. Write today.



COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY  
 Philadelphia NEWBURGH, N. Y. Chicago

Gems from the Tombs

On the making of curious epitaphs there is a novel festival in the Forest of Dean, in England. Mr. Arthur O. Cooke has discovered the one to the memory of a young man named Tom:

As I was riding on the road,  
 I never knew what was to come.  
 A Bull that was legged and posed,  
 After me came a running.  
 He with his legged did me strike,  
 He being more offended.  
 I from my horse was forced to fall,  
 And thus my days were ended.

"Legged," it may be noted, is a block of wood attached to an animal to prevent it from being troubled by the horns of a bull. In the old English, a cleve had been reserved to the memory of William Peck, who was fatally injured in a railway car crash in 1847. He seems to have left a comical, as witness these lines:

Bright rose the moon, and vigorous rose  
 poor Peck.  
 On the train he used his wonted  
 Gait,  
 Ere soon arrived a mangled form they  
 were.  
 With pain distracted and overwhelmed  
 with gore.  
 The crossing men to climb the fatal day  
 A mutilated corpse the sufferer lay.

How Fish are Drowned

PARADISEAS is it may seem, fish have been drowned, just as human beings have been smothered by a too great pressure of air. One experiment consisted in putting fish into a water-tight tin, which was brought about death by suffocation. If a living and healthy fish be put into water under a bell, from which air has been driven off the glass ordinarily pressed in distilled water, the fish dies in the same way.

THE GREAT ALL-BRIND FAMILY LINDEN—A  
 FRUIT for the South. Delivered 11 cents per doz. 25  
 cents.

THE BROWN'S Coughless Balsam. PRICE  
 50c for the bottle. Delivered 11 cents per doz. 25  
 cents.







## A Combination That Commands Attention!

One that thoroughly and profitably covers the morning and afternoon field of Pittsburgh, Western Pennsylvania, and including liberal territory in Eastern Ohio, West Virginia and New York.

## The Pittsburgh Post

(EVERY MORNING AND SUNDAY)

is a home newspaper and covers its territory very thoroughly. Its editorial strength is measured by real merit which has given the Post a distinct individuality in the field of Journalism.

It is newsy, clean, complete and reliable; gives the best market and financial reports and all the world's happenings hot from the wires.

During 1912 the Post (daily and Sunday) gained 916,566 agate lines of paid advertising over the previous year, including marked increase of circulation, which comes from the substantial class who want what they want and have the price to pay for it.



Send for Sample Copy, Rates and Information in Detail Regarding the Daily and Sunday POST.

**This valued combination serves a vast multitude of buyers who read advertisements because they believe they can serve themselves best by taking advantage of the many commodities offered through newspaper advertising.**

Here, then, is Concentrated Combination Circulation that is as practical as it is powerful for its efficiency in reaching buyers to gain through economy, advertising. Let us give you more details about this combination.

## THE PITTSBURGH SUN

(EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY)

is the favorite Afternoon Newspaper of all classes in Pittsburgh and the well-populated zone it serves. Over a million and a half dollars are paid out in wages and salaries every day in the district covered by the Pittsburgh Sun. Hence "there's a reason" why local advertisers are liberal users of the Sun's Advertising Columns, which resulted in a gain of 665,868 agate lines of paid advertising during 1912.



It's China

The progressive record of notable achievement in advertising and circulation gains of the Sun during the year past tells the story of its value and efficiency as the best afternoon medium in this territory.

EMIL M. SCHOLZ, General Manager.

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN, Foreign Advertising Representatives.

NEW YORK, Business Bldg. KANSAS CITY, Gumbel Bldg. DETROIT, Free Press Bldg. MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO.

## Outdoor Books for the Outdoor Season

**Harper's Book for Young Naturalists**  
By ALPHUS HYATT VERRILL

Will help boy collectors to gather and arrange their collections intelligently. Taxidermy, trapping, cutting, and mounting insects, dwelling at the seashore—all are explained. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50 net.

**Harper's Camping and Scouting**  
CONSULTING EDITORS:

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL DR. EUGENE L. SWAN  
Editors "Forest and Stream" Director Pine Island Camp

THIS most comprehensive camping book for boys and girls yet written—the work of experts. A full and practical explanation of everything connected with organized camps for boys and girls. Written for the most part by a physician. A wealth of drawings, diagrams, and photographs illustrate this book. Cloth, Crown 8vo, \$1.75

**Motor Boating for Boys**

By CHARLES G. DAVIS

THIS is a simple, practical handbook of water-boating which has been prepared as the result of large practical experience. While this book is intended to be as clear and simple that any boy can use it without difficulty, yet it will be found of immediate value to motor-boat owners of mature years. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 50 cents net.

**Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys**  
By JOSEPH H. ADAMS

A PRACTICAL book with clear directions how to make all kinds of outdoor things like windmills, tents, boats, tree huts, etc. Illustrated. \$1.75

**Harper's Boating Book for Boys**  
By CHARLES G. DAVIS

INSTRUCTIONS how to make model boats and other craft; then the making of boats for actual use. From boat-building the reader advances to boat-sailing, the choice of a boat, its outfit, and care and management. With Many Original Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.75

**Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers**

By MRS. CAROLINE A. GREEVEY

"ONE of the best books of the kind we have ever seen—clear in description and giving a very complete list of American wild flowers."—Western Christian Advocate.

"A readable and workmanlike aid for botanists and all who roam through the country."—N. Y. Sun. Illustrated. Photos in Color. \$1.75 net

## In Commemoration of the "Titanic" Dead

The lighthouse tower shown in the accompanying illustration forms a corner of the new Naamans Institute, on South Street, New York. It faces all the way from the street, and is surmounted by a regulation lighthouse with a keeper and lantern-room which send green light will shine, visible far and at sea. An oval tablet of bronze at the base of the tower will bear the following inscription:

THIS LIGHTHOUSE TOWER IS A MEMORIAL TO THE PASSENGERS, CREW AND CREW OF THE "TITANIC" SHIP OF LONDON WHO DIED ON APRIL 15, 1912. It was erected after collision with an iceberg on April 15, 1912. Erected by Public Subscription 1912.

The total cost of the Institute was more than a million dollars, of which some \$250,000 has yet to be raised. The New



The lighthouse tower of the new Naamans Institute, erected in commemoration of the "Titanic" victims

York's Benefit Society and the American Naval and Historic Preservation Society were responsible for the obtaining of the contributions, from which the late J. P. Morgan gave \$100,000 and John D. Rockefeller \$50,000. The Institute has sheltered 50,000 men yearly, with lodging for sailors and officers at board, day to sixty cents a night. There are also a chapel, savings bank, medical clinic, employment bureau, relief society, and lyceum.

## A Map for the Blind

It is reported from the British capital that the most remarkable map of London yet conceived is now contemplated for the use of the blind. It is a map that will convey to the sightless, through the sensitive tips of their fingers, a true mental impression of the position of the main thoroughfares, the principal places of interest along these thoroughfares, and the means of access to them. This map will be "drawn" in relief and will consist of a combination of dots and dashes, a medium that has already provided for the sightless what had before been denied to them.

Already the blind of London are in possession of the most complete series of plans of London's underground railways that are available for public use. They are able, by the aid of eleven embossed charts, in study in detail the routes of each line system, the Metropolitan and the district railways, and can follow without any possibility of error the complete-line charts on the whole network of underground services. There are even diagrams demonstrating the construction of the lines, and the fact, and always realized by normally sighted passengers, that a tube station is itself a tube, only of much greater diameter than that provided for the passage of the cars between the station.

**The Chemistry of Toadstools**

Five exceptionally large number of acres of toadstool poisoning which have occurred in France lately have led chemists to analyze these fungi and publish their findings. The general conclusion is that the advice that all fungi, except the cultivated mushrooms, had better be left alone. It is difficult to say which are wholesome and which are not, for they may affect one person injuriously and others not so. The character of the soil, its degree of moisture, the temperature at the time of growth, and other factors control the chemical quality of the fungus, making various varieties even in the same locality. Some species are poisonous when young and not later. Others are comparatively harmless alkaloids, which have been isolated from several species of toadstool, changes on decay to the deadly strychnin, which resembles in its action strychnin, the poisonous principle of the acacia-tree (*Linnaea maritima*). This alkaloid takes its specific name from the fact that insects die that feed upon it; and it used to be made a mixture for killing flies by soaking it in water which was allowed to poison the flies. Yet even this so-called "toadstool" is said to be regularly eaten in certain parts of France and Sicily, and in Siberia it is widely prepared for the purpose of intoxication. The toadstool are collected in the woods, meadows and hung up to dry. When required for use they are rolled up and wrapped in paper, the paper or tree small will, in a couple of hours, produce an intoxication that lasts for twelve to twenty-four hours.

A very rare relative of this is the death cap (*Amanita phalloides*), which, like the scarlet fly-cup, is widespread in the United States and Canada. This and other species contain poisonous and narcotic elements which cause a distressing death in at least half of the cases where they are eaten. The action of the poison on the system is chiefly to dilate the red capillaries and congest the brain. The alkaloid strychnin, and probably also phalloin, acts in precisely an opposite way to atropin, the alkaloid of the nightshade (*belladonna*), for it paralyzes the heart, while atropin stimulates it, so that the latter may be used as a remedy counteracting the former's effect. Curiously enough, the toadstool contains a second alkaloid, phalloidin, which neutralizes the toxin of the muscarin; and it has been suggested that in those places where the fly-cup is eaten this element in the toadstool must be relatively large, so that the antidote is swallowed with the poison.

In cases of true toadstool poisoning, which can be distinguished by the fact that the symptoms do not appear for several hours after eating, the only remedy of any value is sulphate of atropin, six-sixteenth part of a grain to be given hypodermically every two hours.

into the flushing apparatus. Light causes the sensitive bar to expand longitudinally, and as the fly breaks it gradually closes the valve till it entirely shuts off the supply of gas. The waxing sun, causing the bar to shrink, gradually opens the valve and liberates the gas, so that it runs again past on to the burner.

It will be readily seen that this light might light itself perfectly in different seasons, and it has been proved that not one foot of gas is wasted.

**The Breadfruit Tree**

One of the gifts of the Eastern tropics to the West is the breadfruit, which is now extensively planted in the West Indies. This can be done only by cuttings, as the cultivated variety develops no seeds. In the wild form the chestnut-like seeds are eaten, but the pulp is discarded. The tree is of moderate height, but spreads a broad crown of large, ragged-edged, glossy leaves, making an excellent shade. The fruit, which is a compound of the massive clusters of blossoms, is about the size of a coconut, and is incased in a rough rind. This, when broken in hot waters, or in an oven, breaks open and is scooped out with a spoon, tastes like mashed potatoes and milk, or like sweet bread, which is also known in appearance. It is a little fibrous toward the center, but elsewhere is quite smooth and soft. Sometimes it is eaten as it is made of it, and it goes well as a vegetable with meat or gravy. "With sugar, milk, butter or treacle," Wallace writes, "it is a delicious pudding, having a very slight but delicate and characteristic flavor, like that of the chestnut, and is polished, one never gets tired of it." It is also highly nutritious. The green (*artocarpus*) contains several species, one of which, the jackfruit, is also cultivated for eating. The timber of the tree is also useful, the bark can be prepared for a sort of cloth, and the sap, when boiled with milk, is a mucilaginous liquid very useful for soothing the sores of wooden pulp, cankers, and the like, water-tight.

**Caviar**

Fresh caviar, or sturgeon roe, is of a light color and is contained in a membrane. The roe is cut out and placed on a silver tray, through which it is rubbed carefully without breaking the grain. In order that it may be rid of any refuse it falls into a preparation of brine, and after remaining therein for three or four hours is required to sink in water, when the brine gradually dissolves off, leaving the caviar ready for consumption. For local consumption, or when it can be kept conditionally on ice for a few days, the slight salt is omitted.

Salted caviar is prepared in the same way as fresh, except that the brine is stronger and the caviar remains one day in the salt in drink, after which it is allowed to rest for the brine to be removed. For the production of good caviar the brine must be boiled and cooled.

Caviar is prepared from the sturgeon. The roe is cut out and blown into a preparation of brine made of nitrate of soda and twelve ounces of salt per pound. It is then carefully sorted and the refuse is cleaned off, when it is ready for packing.

For about a month this caviar is sold but it gradually becomes solid. For good results cold weather is required and the caviar is taken out of the salt when it is bought. This caviar is more perishable than the fresh. It will not keep caviar if it is prepared from the fish cooked. It is strongly salted and carefully packed to keep it whole.

Most of the caviar comes from Russia.

**A Wooden Orchestra**

Texas has been found in Brinsford, Lombardy, a unique orchestra, or, more properly speaking, a band, the instruments of which are all made of wood.

The pipes are made of reeds, and are fastened together side by side after the fashion of those seen in pictures of the Gipsy Pans. Each man plays pipes of a different size and length, the base pipes often being several feet long. Besides the pipes are other instruments, such as drums, flutes, French horns, and even a rub of wood.

The members of this odd band are all gipsies of a kind of music—that is, they are knowledgeable in the art of music. But they must have a quick and sensitive ear for harmony, since their entire opportunity for learning is the music they hear. Consequently these most primitive of musicians often learn their selections from that most modern of instruments, the gramophone.

The music produced by this strange band has a curious, weird sort of effect, but is not unpleasant.

**The Forty Beaches**  
of the  
**New Jersey Coast**

These summer playgrounds of the American people are made easily accessible from all parts of the country by the comprehensive and convenient train service of the Pennsylvania System.



They are all described in the Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Book, copies of which may be obtained free of Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents, or they will be sent postpaid on application by Jas. P. Anderson, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.



**The Automatic Lighthouse**

The lighthouse-keeper, about whom has gathered so much interest and romance, is to be driven from his post and replaced by an automatic device which lights the lamp and extinguishes it without the aid of human hands. The inventor is a distinguished physicist named Daniel Pratt, and he has received the Nobel Prize. It seems tragic that one who has done so much for the world should be driven from his post by his own invention. Doubtless his great brain, which has done so much for the world, is being driven from its post by the action of the sun. The light may be from one hundred to several thousand miles power, and will work for months without any attention.

Anything plays an important part in this invention. Had it not been for the discovery of the French chemist, the lighthouse light would not have been possible. How anything is dangerous to health, and not easily cured. The new process renders it comparatively harmless in working, and without risk in transportation. The only real danger is large welded steel cylinders, such as are used for compressed oxygen and other gases.

Daniel Pratt invented a flushing apparatus, whereby the light, instead of being extinguished through the lens, is blown out by a characteristically powerful power are operated by the action of the sun. The light may be from one hundred to several thousand miles power, and will work for months without any attention.

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**Try One of Our Dry Varieties**

Martell—Regular  
Martell—Dry (medium)  
Martell—Duet (very dry)  
Martell—Regular  
Martell—Dry

All dealers  
G.F. Heald  
& Son,  
Sole Importers  
Boston  
New York

**Our Cocktails**

**EUROPE**

**THOS. COOK & SON**

25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, England

**ABBOTT'S BITTERS**

**The Whittier Inn**  
Sea Gate—New York Harbor

An Ideal Home for Summer—Open from May to November

The Inn is situated in a private park maintained by the local sporting community. Rooms with private bath and porch. Some rooms overlook with ocean bathing facilities. Tennis, baseball, rowing and sailing. Private boat service to and from New York City. Also frequent train service to Brooklyn. Telephone 6-8622. Garage.

**A Delightful Place—Just 45 Minutes by Private Boat from New York**  
Rates and Booklet Upon Application

**Spent Your Vacation on Quaint Cape Cod**

Banquet, Wash and Country Splendid fishing, yachting, boating and golfing. Cost breaks always. Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free. ADVERTISING BUREAU, NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD C. & S.

**Light-measuring Bacteria**

In the world of bacteria there exist many wonderful and curious forms and processes. For instance, there is phototaxis—the influence of light upon the locomotion of these simple living organisms. There is a kind of bacterium, shaped like a very minute red rod and of a pinkish color, which exhibits this influence of light in a wonderful way, so wonderfully, indeed, that men of science have termed it "the light-measuring bacterium." Should a drop of water containing bacteria of this family be placed under a microscope, and a narrow beam of light be thrown upon any part of the field of view, the organisms immediately flock to the illuminated spot, and, if their presence in great numbers, they impart to that part of the water a color like that of wine.

Moreover, these bacteria discriminate between colors, for when there is thrown instead of a beam of white light, a narrow spectrum into such a drop, the bacteria avoid the purple and crowd into light of that color that is absorbed in passing through their bodies.

Another bacterium, the culture of a red or orange color at the forward end, invariably advances toward blue light when a choice is afforded it among the colors of the spectrum.

Still another phenomenon in the world of bacteria is that which scientists know as "chemotaxis." This depends, not upon light, but upon the presence of certain kinds of agents. An instance of this is furnished by the behavior of the common bacteria found in the water of a stream. If, immediately the organisms flock to that part of the water where the oxygen is being liberated, the bacteria find other organisms are attracted by sugar or by acid.

A most wonderful case is that of a kind of plasmodium called *Dictyostelium*, an organism that consists of transparent, structureless, living amoebae that crowd together along a wet surface. When a bit of fungus is placed near the edge of this flat, shapeless, yellowish thing, the amoebae crowd toward it, and the plasmodium becomes greatly excited, and streams of living material begin to flow through it toward that point. Then the organism begins to grow out toward the fungus and gradually envelops it, and the operation ends with the absorption of the fungus.

These various phenomena convey to us a new interest, not only in learning that what we call "inflammation" is a result of chemotaxis. Whatever distinction it takes place through injury inflicted upon one of the living tissues of the body, it retains organic cells that exist in the blood and other fluids conveyed to the products of distillation. It has, therefore, been suggested, that those chemotactic cells are like extraneous in the blood, which tend to fix it from infection.

**Swords of the Orient**

The manufacture of the exquisite swords of Japan is attended by curious religious ceremonies. The wields of these houses in which the work is done are representations of the god of the sword-makers and the chief匠人 (craftsmen) are also of singular bits of krypter wood and ropes of straw—charms to keep away evil spirits. No man will touch any of these things, since the presence of women is supposed to be conducive to the appearance of disease, and the hands being clean, the work is the more perfect. Prayer is offered before the work begins, and various religious rites must be performed before any of the swords can be declared well and truly made.

Just before the final polishing and sharpening of the swords they are offered, one by one, for the blessing of the sword and. The weapon is placed in front of the workman on the wall, with a pair of white, silk, and ornamented, after which prayer scrolls are read and a blessing on the work is invoked.

Whenever the making of metal swords may have originated, the chief fame belongs, of course, to Damascus, and these weapons have been made from time immemorial. But almost equally famous are the swords of Khorasan. The steel used is also of singular bits of krypter wood and ropes of straw—charms to keep away evil spirits. No man will touch any of these things, since the presence of women is supposed to be conducive to the appearance of disease, and the hands being clean, the work is the more perfect. Prayer is offered before the work begins, and various religious rites must be performed before any of the swords can be declared well and truly made.

The particular treatment of the steel used for the manufacture of Asiatic swords had been known to the West for a long time, and the reputation for the letter, for the Damascus, or "waking" of color Persian and Indian arms since the middle of the century was evident in the making of



THE ICONOCLAST

**HAS STOOD THE TEST OF AGES AND IS STILL THE FINEST CORDIAL EXISTENT**

*An Analytical Note by Chemists, London, England.*  
*See A. C. & Co., Ltd., London, England.*  
*New York, N. Y., U. S. A.*  
*For Sale Everywhere.*

**CHAR TREUSE**  
 THE MONKS' CORDIAL

**What Pleasures Have the Summer Months in Store For You?**



Why not give yourself a real vacation this year. Not only for a week or two, but the whole summer through—yes, and next summer and many more to come.

Get a motor boat and know the thrills and exhilarating emotions of a real sport—get the real enjoyment and pleasure of motor boating.

Show your family and your friends what a wonderful and splendid sport motor boating really is.

Motor boats are safe—simple and easy to operate—the upkeep cost is wonderfully low, simply gasoline or kerosene and lubricating oil—and with a tiny motor for power you have an economical and dependable outfit. A small boat will give you all the thrills of a big boat with perfect ease.

The first cost is low, you can get a motor boat and sail motor boat for a very reasonable cost.

**Our Boat Buyer's Service is For Your Special Benefit**

We can undoubtedly help you in getting the right boat at the right price. Write us about your needs—tell us what kind of a boat you are interested in and how much you wish to invest in it and we'll get our best builders' estimate and the best of this special service.

**A Gray Motor in Your Boat Means Absolute Satisfaction**

**Boat Catalog Free**

We will gladly send you a complete Boat Catalog which contains a full description of many different types and sizes and gives prices of complete boats with Gray Motor installed.

**One of The Specials From Our Boat Catalog**

**18** Through longshore work made suitable for 12-16-hp. and will give a good work out. A perfect motor for use in lake and river work. For use in 12-16-hp. boats. **\$142.50**

**GRAY MOTOR**

Gray Motor in motor boats, 12-16-hp. and 20-hp. and 25-hp. and 30-hp. and 35-hp. and 40-hp. and 45-hp. and 50-hp. and 55-hp. and 60-hp. and 65-hp. and 70-hp. and 75-hp. and 80-hp. and 85-hp. and 90-hp. and 95-hp. and 100-hp. and 105-hp. and 110-hp. and 115-hp. and 120-hp. and 125-hp. and 130-hp. and 135-hp. and 140-hp. and 145-hp. and 150-hp. and 155-hp. and 160-hp. and 165-hp. and 170-hp. and 175-hp. and 180-hp. and 185-hp. and 190-hp. and 195-hp. and 200-hp. and 205-hp. and 210-hp. and 215-hp. and 220-hp. and 225-hp. and 230-hp. and 235-hp. and 240-hp. and 245-hp. and 250-hp. and 255-hp. and 260-hp. and 265-hp. and 270-hp. and 275-hp. and 280-hp. and 285-hp. and 290-hp. and 295-hp. and 300-hp. and 305-hp. and 310-hp. and 315-hp. and 320-hp. and 325-hp. and 330-hp. and 335-hp. and 340-hp. and 345-hp. and 350-hp. and 355-hp. and 360-hp. and 365-hp. and 370-hp. and 375-hp. and 380-hp. and 385-hp. and 390-hp. and 395-hp. and 400-hp. and 405-hp. and 410-hp. and 415-hp. and 420-hp. and 425-hp. and 430-hp. and 435-hp. and 440-hp. and 445-hp. and 450-hp. and 455-hp. and 460-hp. and 465-hp. and 470-hp. and 475-hp. and 480-hp. and 485-hp. and 490-hp. and 495-hp. and 500-hp. and 505-hp. and 510-hp. and 515-hp. and 520-hp. and 525-hp. and 530-hp. and 535-hp. and 540-hp. and 545-hp. and 550-hp. and 555-hp. and 560-hp. and 565-hp. and 570-hp. and 575-hp. and 580-hp. and 585-hp. and 590-hp. and 595-hp. and 600-hp. and 605-hp. and 610-hp. and 615-hp. and 620-hp. and 625-hp. and 630-hp. and 635-hp. and 640-hp. and 645-hp. and 650-hp. and 655-hp. and 660-hp. and 665-hp. and 670-hp. and 675-hp. and 680-hp. and 685-hp. and 690-hp. and 695-hp. and 700-hp. and 705-hp. and 710-hp. and 715-hp. and 720-hp. and 725-hp. and 730-hp. and 735-hp. and 740-hp. and 745-hp. and 750-hp. and 755-hp. and 760-hp. and 765-hp. and 770-hp. and 775-hp. and 780-hp. and 785-hp. and 790-hp. and 795-hp. and 800-hp. and 805-hp. and 810-hp. and 815-hp. and 820-hp. and 825-hp. and 830-hp. and 835-hp. and 840-hp. and 845-hp. and 850-hp. and 855-hp. and 860-hp. and 865-hp. and 870-hp. and 875-hp. and 880-hp. and 885-hp. and 890-hp. and 895-hp. and 900-hp. and 905-hp. and 910-hp. and 915-hp. and 920-hp. and 925-hp. and 930-hp. and 935-hp. and 940-hp. and 945-hp. and 950-hp. and 955-hp. and 960-hp. and 965-hp. and 970-hp. and 975-hp. and 980-hp. and 985-hp. and 990-hp. and 995-hp. and 1000-hp.

**GRAY MOTOR CO.**  
 532 Gray Motor Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

"Dynamite" gas-barrels until it was discovered that steel was preferable for the latter, at least from the manufacturer's point of view.

In the case of second steel the "witness" effect is produced by a process of crystallization so that when the second is struck out a more or less regular pattern is seen resulting through it. The effect is pleasing to the eye, though it is said that the quality of the metal is neither better nor worse for being treated in this fancy manner.

**The Horseshoe**

It is not particularly difficult to give any horse of horses care in using the horseshoe as a layman skilled in shoeing horses were held to be especially responsible to the satisfaction of clients. If previous care and taken these laborious operations would ride the horse at least of night over the hills, and when the mare came in the stable in the morning he would find his anatomy in a better and stiffer condition. A horse shoe placed over the stable door was believed to ward off evil.

There is an superstition more deeply ingrained in all classes of society than that which pertains to the horseshoe. As an emblem of good fortune it holds pride of place. Nelson did not decline to sail his fleet to the coast of the victory. In the early part of the nineteenth century the horseshoe was highly prized, and it was worn by the mechanics where it was not displayed, while hammer blows were given great pains to fasten it over their doors.

In Greece and Rome horses were not shod. The ancients were content with wrapping their hoofs with the best of the horsehair to resist weather, or when it was necessary to pass through icy districts. Instead of driving the nails through their hooves, they used to harden the heads of their manes. Now, however, who ever stoole in outdistance his contemporary, covered his hooves with shod with silver, but an axle were driven into the hoof. The practice of shoeing horses by driving nails into the hoof was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, but for centuries the practice did not gain much headway.

The Indians, who had no spurs as horsemen, never thought of shoeing their mounts in any way, and yet they were capable of performing some of the journeys over the most difficult country. Even at the present day in Japan the manure horse is a very strong competitor in the old-fashioned modes made of steel, which are fastened to the horse's feet by means of what they call a man's feet.

**Freezing a Mine Shaft**

RECENTLY, at a colliery in England, there was presented an engineering problem of considerable difficulty, in shodding a shaft water had been encountered. It was being pumped out at the rate of one hundred gallons a minute, and it looked as though the engineers would be beaten. But, luckily for the colliery, certain German engineers came to the rescue with their freezing process. They bored holes around the shaft to a depth of four hundred feet. These holes were filled with lead tubes and an inner tube was inserted down which brine was pumped from the freezing plant. The brine converted the water into ice, and the shaft was frozen from the bottom. The sinking of the shaft was through the ice. When the bottom of the ice had been reached, iron tubing plates were fixed and the water then run off permanently.

When the work had been completed warm water was pumped down the tubes to thaw the ground gradually. The frost wall was of such strength that to thaw it required a period of about three months.

**Electricity in the Preparation of Peat**

For a long time peat was made into coal, and for fuel by a slow fire. The process was based upon air drying. But the steadily increasing demand for peat led to the invention of a new method of drying peat, which ordinarily contains eighty per cent. of water. The process is based by the heating of the peat from air to the peat. Since 1860 large numbers were adopted in England to combine dry and electrical processes. The peat is placed in rotating cylinders, where the centrifugal force, aided by an interior vacuum, causes the water to be driven off. Electrodes connected with a dynamo are then introduced in the cylinders, and the peat is dried by the action of which a afterward pressed into briquets.

# WARRIOR WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913

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## An Appeal to the President

"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political. . ."—FROM THE FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"We reaffirm the principles of Democratic government formulated by Thomas Jefferson."—FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM OF 1912.

"Equal rights for all, special privileges for none!"—THE DEMOCRATIC CREED.

To the President:

WHILE I set up no claim of special or tacit right to address you directly. Neither do we conclude that our doing so at this critical moment can be fairly regarded as a presumption act. It is from a very deep sense of duty that we feel impelled to speak out frankly and earnestly in a time of greatest peril, not to yourself alone, nor merely to your party, but to your country and to the fundamental principles of democratic government. We may be speaking too late. You may have chosen the road you propose to travel before these words shall appear upon the printed page. And our appeal may be in vain. In any case, we cannot remain silent while you stand at the parting of the ways.

The most vicious bill ever enacted by a Congress of the United States now awaits your approval or your dissent. There is and can be no question of its intent or its certain effect. It divides the American people into two great classes. It provides the means for the prosecution of one set of citizens who may violate the law. It explicitly withholds means for prosecuting another set of citizens for breaking the same law. No amount of specious reasoning can obscure that our ritual act. It stands out as ludicrous as day. Punishment for some; exemption for others. That is the measure which reveals your signature or your veto.

You know it. You recall that you do when, as Governor of New Jersey, you killed a precisely similar provision.

The thirty-eight Democratic and the three Progressive Senators who passed the bill know it. Their political attempts to excuse themselves may only too plainly betray their perfect understanding of the impurity of their performance.

The thirty Republican and the two Democratic Senators—POWERS of Ohio and TIMMONS of Colorado; honor to their names!—know it. Their arguments were exclusive and irrefutable.

The country knows it. If any doubt on this score lingers in your mind, we beg of you to study the public journals. From Maine to California has arisen a universal chorus of protest. But one other note has been struck. It is that of incredulity that you, WOODROW WILSON, of the bravest intelligence, of profound knowledge, of boundless spirit, should be ever suspected of intent to betray your country and belie your convictions. Does not that speak for a serious situation? Is it not in truth crucial?

We shall make no extended analysis of this infamous measure now. That duty, if it must needs be performed at all, is for the future. It suffices for the present to recall the faithful words from the Appropriation bill:

For the enforcement of anti-trust laws, assistance of process. That no person shall be permitted to speak in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful. Provided further, That no part of this appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of providers of farm products and necessities of farm life, and no person shall be permitted to speak for the purpose to obtain and maintain a fair and reasonable price for their products.

The plea was made in the Senate that the exemption applies only to any act "not in itself unlawful." It is asserted by many delegates from Washington, bearing a semblance of authority, that this claim will constitute the basis of your own defense if, at this early and most important juncture period in your administration, you should unwittingly assume the defensive upon an utterly indefensible proposition. One need not be a lawyer to perceive the fallacy of this contention. Nothing could be plainer than that the portion of the provision dealing with the words "or bettering the conditions of labor" is complete in itself. There is in the crux of the whole business. The succeeding words were added craftily to distract attention from the real prohibition, for an reason which is hardly worth leaving but to derive. Even their face they are unmeaning and futile. What nonsense to forbid prosecution for "an act not in itself unlawful!" What sense in saying that one was entering into a lawful combination shall not be prosecuted! More obvious chicanery was never written into a statute.

There is absolutely no limitation in the first portion of the provision—the portion that has teeth in it. The Attorney-General is fully and unqualifiedly forbidden to prosecute any combination or agreement, criminal or not, which may have in view the increasing of wages or the shortening of hours or the bettering the condition of labor." President Taft struck the quick of the matter with the sanity of judicial analysis when he wrote in his veto of this very measure:

The provision is subtly worded so as to be narrower in content its full effect by providing that no part of the money appropriated shall be spent in the prosecution of any combination or individual "for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor, etc." But that organization formed with the best-laid purpose described in the provision might later engage in a conspiracy to destroy by force, violence, or unfair means any employer or employees who failed to conform with its requirements, and yet because of its originally avowed lawful purpose it would be exempt from prosecution so far as prosecution depended upon the means appropriated by this act, no matter how heinous the crime, but within the scope where it was purely, so to say, by the following sentence in the act, such an organization would be protected from prosecution "for any act done in furtherance of the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor, not in itself unlawful." But under the law of criminal responsibility acts lawful in themselves may become the means whereby by an unlawful purpose is carried out and accomplished.

It follows necessarily and indubitably that, under this infamous statute, any one who openly and deliberately breaks the law for these ostensible and indeterminate objects are made liable to punishment. They can do what they like in any way they like without incurring the slightest danger from the Department of Justice. It is the plain English of it, clear and unmistakable.

"The real meaning of these provisions," quoting the "official statement" of Senator Root, "is that the Government of the United States gives no aid to the Executive that a labor-organizer who commits the crimes described in it, to SENATORS, act, or an agitator equally criminal, shall not be punished."

What can such action mean? What involved? Consider the broader aspect.

"Let me ask you, sir," continued Senator Root in words that DANIEL WEBSTER might have spoken, "how will this present issue to the multitude of our citizens not included in these exempted classes? Where will be the willingness to abide by the law; where will be the confidence in the justice of the law; where will be the sense of obligation to the law because it is law on the part of those multitudes of American citizens who find themselves constrained against doing what is necessary for the protection of their livelihood and other classes permitted to violate the law for the same purpose? How can we fail to create a sense of initiative; how can we fail to create opposition to the law, to create a feeling that it is right for men themselves to assert and to exercise the same freedom that is given to their neighbors?"

And let us ask you, sir, if this exemption were granted to employers instead of to employees, what would be your opinion? Would you regard it as a shadow of doubt? Does not that simple question effectually dispose of any specious insistence that this is not class legislation—that it does not, as we have declared it does, divide the people into two great parts, one of which must keep while the other may break the law?

We shall not dwell upon the evasion and evasive method adopted to achieve this purpose. That is all too plain. Even those Senators who tried to make sense admitted that it would be more natural, more proper, and more rightful to amend the SUSPENSIVE law itself. Why, then, did they not do it? Because consciously an amendment reflecting a designated class of citizens from the consequences of criminal acts would be unconstitutional. The Fourteenth Amendment stands as an insurmountable barrier. It was so held by the Supreme Court in a precisely similar case. What, then, is this but an attempt, avowed and brazen, to subvert the Constitution by individuals—by withholding from the legal officers, the means to prosecute, by striking down the arm of Justice, by rendering law itself impotent?

Can you, Mr. President, stand for that—you whose chief merit in the eyes of the people is your love of straightforwardness and your detestation of deceitful practices?

In answer to those who urge you to accept responsibility for this legislation as showed policies on my lecture! You were not elected by the nation-and-beyond. That element in the Democratic party went to Mr. BOVENYER. Your plurality caused for millions of conservative Democrats and approximately one million of Republicans. You won through by their faith in your sagacity, your integrity, your conscience, and your fidelity to constitutional government. Surely you would not willingly doctory or inquire that. What could take its place? The support of the working-men and the farmers! Believe it not.

The farmers do not want this law. Study the facts elicited by the Senate debates and you will discover, as Senator CHAMBERLAIN declared, that "no farmer's organization presented such a demand to the committee." Assembly the great number of working-men who are not members of unions do

not favor it. Nor is it at all certain that thoughtful union men are for it. They are also enough to perceive the danger of reaction from flagrant class legislation. So far as outward indications afford basis for judgment, it only Mr. Sherman who, in characteristic excess of zeal, insists upon overreaching. As against that agency, avowed none too reputable by Mr. Gonzalez's present position before the courts of law, weigh the proverbial sense of American fair play, the protests filed by merchants' associations, and the universal silence manifested by the press, and note how the scales balance.

Don't do it, Mr. President. Don't disappoint your friends who have declared your sincerity. Don't justify the enemies who have immolated you a demagogue. Don't set aside previous loyalty. Don't crush out the faith in you that has just where you are. Don't think to make adequate excuse by saying other opportunities may be employed in the face of this mandate of Congress. Above all, don't let yourself be convinced that you can put up or even share with Congress the responsibility. It shows you can show conclusively that this bill was moved upon you against your will, that you have no right to attempt to shift it when there was no need, the credit or the blame must be yours and yours alone.

Can you do that? We fear not. It stands before the public as an administration measure. But you can and should, and may God you may, disregard any implication of commitment in conspicuous performance. Don't think to make understanding of the truth, of your public duty.

Two facts are certain: The fate of this infamous measure, involving your own and your party's political fortunes, is in your own hands. And you stand, as we have said, at the parting of the ways.

So all will hope and friendliness and with an small confidence we say in conclusion:

Remember the "equal and exact justice to all men" promised by Jefferson!

Remember the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the Constitution which you have promised "to preserve, protect, and defend!"

Remember after the receipt of your party and the pledge of your own platform!

This above all: to think only of your true!

#### A Prediction

We predict to-day—May 17, 1913—that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be WILLIAM E. BORGES, of Idaho.

#### The House Has Done Its Part

HOUSE IS CHAMP CLARK AND OSWALD ENTIREMENT! And we needn't worry over the question of the precise share of honor each of them is to have. Neither of them is disturbed on that score and there is honest enough of our gratitude for both. When they sent the tariff bill practically unchanged to the Senate, it was plain that not only their own following, but the Republicans as well, recognized in those both the fine quality of loyalty—loyalty both in principle and to party. They had both done it. It does with the score it had and had none for a moment cloyed an insular plique or jealousy, whether directed at each other or anybody else. Their behavior looks to us extremely like plain statesmanship and old-fashioned patriotism.

Not that the bill is perfect or nearly perfect. There are details in the tariff schedule one would like to see changed, and we hope to get up to mention these before the bill is law. We have freely expressed our doubt about the wisdom of resorting so eagerly, at this time, to the income tax as a source of revenue. But it is invariably the best and soundest and the most beneficent tariff bill since 1815.

Here is the human test of its honesty. It was framed mainly by Southern men, every one of them politicians and thoroughly alive to the importance of pleasing their constituents. Yet whence come the strongest protests against it? Indisputably from the South. Of all the interests whose interests it does with, the Southern cotton-mill men have made the loudest outcry. The one state in the Union most literally opposed to it is Louisiana. Even the cotton-planters have got a notion it is unfair to hurt them—as indeed it may be for a month or two while American cotton-mills slide home—and from Texas comes an appeal from the Southern cotton-growers to Assistant President Bacon to impress on President Wilson that he mustn't go so fast. There are nearly as many workmen here, but that was to give other way and more Southern than Western tariff work

of it really owned by Western lumber kings, experts in working Congress—stretchers out upholding members to Congressmen with confused ideas about economics and very clear lines as to the value of the most conspicuous contributions. Yet the bill goes to the Senate impermissibly Democratic, sectional, national, sincere.

The fact is—and it has been so for some time—that the South is the one section of the country where arguments for high protection are most plausible. Now England, on the other hand, is the only one most anxious for free trade. Nevertheless, most of the Southern Democrats in the House have stood firm for the right national policy. We respectfully call this honorable circumstance to the attention of our direct-government friends, who insist that it is impossible to secure honesty in representatives unless they are subjected directly to constant instructions from their constituents on pain of immediate recall. As to our other friends, the readable makers of the cheap magazines, we have no doubt they can supply thrillingly perfidious reasons for the straightforwardness of CLARK and ENTIREMENT and the mass of their following.

#### The Senate

Of course, however, the real fight against the bill will be, as has always been foreseen, in the Senate. That is understood by the forces of privilege no matter how old for the fray. Fortunately, however, it is equally well understood by administration and by every individual American who wants to make an end of high protection.

It is going to be a hard fight, make no mistake about that. There will be, as always, plenty of money to be used, if it can be used, in behalf of the men who for so many years have been leading the way in high-protection tariff. They will have skilled representatives in the Senate and parliamentary maneuvering; a majority of the old hands will be on their side. The nominal Democratic majority is slight and these are new men in it whose records show, only too clearly, that they are individually none too hot for the Democratic side.

On the other hand, however, everything has been done that could be done to give the line time to hold every Democrat to his duty. There has been unprecedented preliminary consultation between the House and Senate leaders, and the President is entirely alert. Senator BURGESS, chairman of the Finance Committee, has made a case in his record on Republican tariff-making, the equal in political shrewdness of his shrewdest Republican opponent, and there is no fair ground to question his shrewd adherence to his duty in the matter of this Democratic tariff.

We repeat that we do not expect a focus like that of the tariff bill. We expect a focus like every low-tariff paper and every low-tariff man should keep right on helping in every way it is possible to help.

#### What We Want

The Executive Council of the American Bankers' Association, in session last week, while insisting on the urgent need of banking and currency legislation, declined to take any action on the vague indications so far received of what the party in power wants to do or say as to that line. These gentlemen were quite right. The party's definite plan or policy is put before the country in plain language, and it is up to give their opinion of it, solidified or unsolidified. We'll then see only what, like the rest of us, and perhaps put in a word here and there for such a policy as they have sought to be adopted.

This is the biggest task of the administration and the public is behind it. It is also the most difficult, in view of the party's recent history and leadership. It is possible and right, therefore, for us all to be reasonably patient and reside with the administration. We should all give the weight to the report of the chairman of the bankers' committee on legislation to the effect that the party behind the bill in charge showed an "extreme distrust" for practical suggestions, and that he and his executive associates could not prevail on the bill in its indefinite state.

Nevertheless, this is a matter in which good will should not count for much and participation must not be allowed to count at all. We will be wiser if we accept the administration and the party as they are, and try to do something for it by some measure—scientific and up to date, framed with an eye to the needs of the country's business—and with no concessions to the real or imagined demands of political expediency

It is rarely incidental, but true, that to pass such a measure would be the best politics the administration and the party could conceivably play.

#### AN American Man De-American

A number of American representatives the United Kingdom have crossed the ocean to confer with a similar company of American gentlemen concerning the proper celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ulster in 1914, since which time there has been an unbroken peace between Great Britain and the United States. Such a celebration will be timely and appropriate and ought not to be interfered with. There is no cause for interference with it by Americans of other than British descent. Such interference is certainly in very bad taste, since everything considered, the two great powers of the earth. Does any American, of whatever origin, object to their celebrating the end of our hundred years of peace and at the same time doing what they can to insure peace in the future? We trust not. The measure of any man's opposition to the idea is simply the measure of his opposition to it to be an American, but something else.

Is Professor MONTAGNARI of Harvard an American? We have no idea whether or not he has gone through the process of naturalization. If he has not, then this matter is one he ought not to have meddling with; it was one of his business if he had. If he has, he is entitled to it as an American, not as a German. His notion that the celebration is an affront to Germany is absurd. Germany, if she is wise, will promptly repudiate it.

Germany, if she is wise, will repudiate all similar attempts, if not now, American, ever American, to give a high or deprecate the fratricidal Germanic wars, for Americans, our friendliness toward any other group. Real Americans, whether derived from Germany or not, will promptly and vigorously reject all such teaching. America is America. It is made up of many races, but with a natural and mainly reciprocal partiality, and it is not the least demands of such and all precisely the same loyalty—single and undivided—that other nations demand of their subjects or citizens.

Professor MONTAGNARI is in this country, so-called as a professor. His speech before the previous members of the Peace Conference was not good practical psychology. If he will still a German, then it was also very bad diplomacy and ought not to commend him to the German department of foreign affairs. It is this gentleman's own fault if, in his various conspicuous activities in this country, he has inspired a suspicion—not confined to Socialists, Marxists, etc.—that he particularly desires that department's approval.

#### Over-stimulated Industry

Athens, New York, has been having an epidemic of strikes. The ailment started in a trimline factory, and affected a good many other persons. The wire-factory employed about four thousand workmen. The strike was the first of the kind it was witnessed for the most part by cheap and not very rational work-people from Europe (Poles, mostly) whose earnings were not large, and their measure of life not up to the standard of the city. They struck for more pay and other improvements, and being unusually ignorant, were unusually misled from their own selfishness. Athens has a population of 25,000, of which about 5,000 are non-members of the C. P. C. The militia has been lately called out to keep order. Now, to provide usual employment for the working-people of

a city and promote its natural growth in a valuable service, but this kind of stimulation by a sudden attraction of a small army of low-class Europeans to work in factories seems a very doubtful means of doing it.

At any rate, it has its embarrasments, as Auburn can testify.

#### Brother Wallace is With Us

The newest make-maker is the venerable ALBERT WALLACE BOWELL, co-discoverer with DARWIN of the theory of evolution, who is out with a book in which he attempts to combine a synthesis of modern life, and reaches the conclusion that the current state of society is "rotten from top to bottom." There has been so much fuss lately about one thing or another that many people have suspected that something radical was wrong, and it will be almost a relief to them to have an eminent scientist as Dr. BOWELL confirm their fears. He reviews in his book the details of human misbehavior with which our attentive newspapers and magazines have made us so familiar, including especially the industrial drawbacks that have come with vast increase of machinery. The trouble he finds to be due to our lack of a system of universal competition for the arena of existence. The remedy he points out is universal cooperation. He says:

Our system is also one of monopoly by a few at all the expense of the rest. It is a fact that seems to which no life is possible, and capital, or the result of stored-up labor, which is now in the possession of a limited number of capitalists, and they use it also as monopoly. The remedy is freedom of access to land and capital for all. Also, it may be desired as social legislation, inasmuch as the law in each generation is allowed to inherit the stored-up wealth of all preceding generations, while the many, who have no means of inheritance, to adopt the principle of equality of opportunity for all, or of universal inheritance by the state in trust for the whole community.

We believe that if Brother WALLACE should come out here and go into politics he would sweep a success that would make all his former trials seem insignificant. Brother ELIZABETH DANE stands ready to endorse him. Brother WILSON would reach him the glad hand; the Colonel and Miss JANE ANDRUS and all the lesser Moose would want to make him theirs, and he might supplant Brother Vice-President MARSHALL in the regards of the whickered Democrats.

One son, Brother WALLACE, will all be with you. What you say is good deal so, and nothing but the habits of mankind stand between our present forlorn state and the improvements that you suggest. But what you say, *dear sir*, is not news, and you cannot copyright it in this country.

#### A Story of the Fall-er-er

One of the complaints made about the passed bill which our New York legislature passed and Governor SELIGER signed was that it was an assumption by the legislature of duties that had been delegated to a commission. Similar bills were voted by both Governor HUGHES and Governor THOMAS for that reason. The fact that we have not noticed in print that this question of the number of men required on trains did go to the upstate Public Service Commission and was passed upon. After the railroads in New York had laid off a good many men, in 1908, a test case was prepared and put before the commission. The commission then recommended it to go on the train did not be understood, and concluded that beyond a doubt that train did need another man. When the question came before the commission a majority of the commissioners voted to direct the road to put on another man. But the road asked for a rehearing; it was granted; the commission on the remaining afternoon it to go unheard, and the opinion on which was based the action of a majority of the commission ordering a full crew was never printed with the other opinions.

It seems to be a fact, therefore, that the fall-er-er bill did not become a law until the Public Service Commission had attempted to deal with the matter and had been partially frustrated in their efforts. In the case concerned the railroad did, we believe, put on an extra man pending the rehearing, but, the rehearing being dropped and the protested opinion being left unperited, it was not made clear that the commission was never to force the employment of an extra man when needed. Three followed from that default this law which compels the employment of the extra men whether needed or not, and which seems to be a pretty wasteful statute.

#### Schools of Agriculture on the West Coast

There is a school of agriculture at Stanford University in the University of Oregon.—HARPER'S WEEKLY last week.

The Oregon Agricultural College is at Corvallis and had more pupils last year (1,200) than the University of Oregon (1,200) at Eugene. A friend who writes to put us right about it says the college and the university are not connected. He also says:

The leading agricultural school in California is a department of the University of California at Berkeley. That school is said to be the best school in the agricultural situation in the state, and is about to spend a large amount of money in the building of a new building. The Federal Department of Agriculture in cooperation with the General Education Board is the Southern States.

A California farmer with whom we talked two months ago operates on a considerable scale in the Sacramento Valley and speaks of the difficulty in bringing the publications of the Department of Agriculture into the hands of the farmers who needed them. It takes some enterprise to get the catalogue of the department's publications and one of our correspondents that the California farmer ought to have. Our friend had tried to arrange for the distribution of these publications through the county post-offices, which might supply the lists of publications, but had not succeeded. We suppose that co-operative agriculture, such as Sir HENRY PAWSEY has introduced in Ireland, would help California considerably. It is the co-operative activities of the Japanese that seem to make the most trouble for their Caucasian competitors. A hair of the dog might cure it. If the American Californians could learn to work together and also get proper direction about their crops, the Japanese competition might turn out in the end to be to their advantage.

#### A Century in a Good Interval

Memorial Day follows the spring month. In the South they take their early when the early blossoms are out. Texas remembers Sam Houston on April 21. In Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi Memorial Day falls on April 26th; in Louisiana on May 10th; and in Tennessee on the second Friday in May.

It was three weeks ago, therefore, that Dr. GEORGE PETER, of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, in his Memorial Day address at Opelika, made the suggestion to which attention is called by the *Montgomery Advertiser*. He said:

In two more years it will be half a century since our great war ended. Shall we let that date go by unnoticed? The trials and the perils of reconstruction are not over. We are one country at last, not only in name, but in spirit; and no serious witness this country of our past perils and tribulations, and no country than so do. Would it not, then, be a fine thing if this semi-centennial could be made the occasion of a national celebration of the great good feeling between all sections of our country, and of the genuine union which has at last come?

Of course! And the time being only two years off, the *Advertiser* calls for specific suggestions for the celebration.

There is the main difficulty about celebrating the reunion of the states is that they are so united. A very great majority of our citizens, North and South, have never known any but a united country. The end of the Civil War seems perhaps a little too new to need to be recalled, and not far enough off to have a suitable historical or preparatory significance. There are, however, close, one hundred years ago, of our last war with Great Britain. Perhaps the hundred-year period is better for these exercises. Local celebrations of the close of the Civil War then, can, and doubtless will, be two years hence; but for a national celebration, to revive historical memories, we incline to think that the more favorable date will be 1905.

#### A Good Sign

Even the *Tribune* concedes the rightfulness of President Wilson's order subjecting to competitive examination the fourth-class postmaster from Providence. The only objection dropped into the classified series. "Many of those transferred," it says, "may give way to better appointees after competitive examinations are held. The public doesn't care very much about the individuals who may qualify for the post-offices. But it is greatly interested in creating a bar against the employment of any party patronage." It continues truly and wisely:

It is highly gratifying to learn that the President will also try to get second and third class post-offices transferred to the classified series. It is both

ask to burden the President with the responsibility of filling those minor posts. The time he is obliged to spend on them is a waste of the country's money. There are enough really important things for him to wrestle with without being handicapped by reforming petty branches of public affairs. If Mr. WILSON refuses to submit any longer to an intolerable executive burden he will have contributed materially toward increasing the efficiency and relief of the administration of the President of the United States.

Other Republican journals will do well to emulate the wisdom that looks out more for the gratifying success of honest-mindedness in the columns of their famous leader.

#### Public Hearings

Why should a tariff bill be framed in the secrecy of a state committee rather than public hearings be given on a matter which so concerns the public? The five Democratic Senators who may avert their leaders and vote with the Republicans for open consideration of the CANNON bill would seem to be acting on the true principles of democracy and on the principles declared by WILSON WILSON.—Waterbury American.

Logically, Brother CHERRY is in the right. Publicity cannot be pitiless behind closed doors. But it is all a question of degree. If the real purpose of public hearings is to delay matters it calls for little hearing. The country wants prompt action. Nevertheless, we candidly admit that the matter is one requiring delicate adjustment if consistency is to be considered.

#### Time for the Hook

The Chicago City Council is considering an ordinance imposing a fine for singing indecent songs in public. Such a law may not be effective; opinions of what constitutes indecency differ with respect to subjects which are matters of taste. But if the passage would tend to arrest public opinion on the subject we hope it will pass. Some of the "songs" that are divulged in public places nowadays are positively abominable.

#### Brother Abbott's Case

When it comes to being all things to all men, the Scripture, revelations, grand-leader, LYMAN ABBOTT, has a performance which is not excelled. It was a mistake for the American Peace Society to remove him from its list of vice-presidents. The reason for doing so was that Brother ABBOTT endorsed the Navy League's appeal for suitable appropriations for battle-ships. But surely Brother ABBOTT shows himself a friend to peace when he favors expenditure for battle-ships.

What is the weightiest argument nowadays for peace?

Is it not the immense cost of armaments?

People don't grow by ailing being killed. Those who do not die are a complete waste, and those who survive derive no advantage from their service.

But people dislike exceedingly to be taxed, and there is nothing they hate worse to be taxed for than arms and navies. Nothing puts them more out of conceit with war than to feel the cost of perpetual preparation for it. Nothing is working harder for peace today than the armies of the world. Their cost is so much that in Europe they are an almost intolerable burden; they are too valuable to use for fighting purposes, and are good for nothing else, and are the weight of all yokes on the course to the junk-shop. Navies work all the time for peace, and the more they cost the more effectual their efforts are. Dr. ABBOTT is for our army and for peace; two pretty contradictory positions. The American Peace Society had better put him back on their list. Their policy seems to be to stop the dose just as it is doing the patient good. Brother ABBOTT knows better.

#### Parson Tomes

The contrary of the Treaty of Ghent, for the celebration of which arrangements are now being made, falls on December 24, 1814.

It calls for some confidence on the part of our friends, the British delegates, to plan for a peace celebration a year and half ahead with their country full of militant suffragettes lighting back-fires on their faces, the government expending a number of strange expedients to produce a constraint among the people, and all America stammering under an immense armament.

A lot may happen in a year and a half. A vast deal happened in the space of time a century ago, winding up with Waterloo in 1815. It is a question whether the present conditions will be arranged to celebrate a hundred years from the close of the two hundredth anniversary of the end of Waterloo or the centenary of some great explosion not yet touched off.







# TRANSATLANTIC MATING



BY ANGLO-AMERICAN



ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

A FEW days ago there appeared in the *Standard*—the London standard, of course—the American standard would never stain its pages with such frivolity—an article by Mrs. George Critchley Mills on "Anglo-American and American Anglo-Marriages." That in a very fascinating theme, and Mrs. Mills handles it with the right amount of promotion. Her general conclusions were to (1) that an Englishman who marries an American and settles down in England has the best of either country (an offer); (2) that he is not irreversibly doomed to subparance even if he lives with his American wife in America; (3) that the American husband of an English wife had better, for the peace and contentment of his household, make England his home; and (4) that the English wife of an American husband is almost invariably made of her element in the United States, can scarcely ever assimilate her new environment, and is not only uncomfortable herself, but the cause of discontent in others. In the hope that it will help to precipitate a first-rate international feud I propose to set forth and to comment on the grounds on which Mrs. Mills justifies these conclusions.

But first it should be said that she has a mind and a standpoint of her own. Take, for instance, her treatment of the always interesting case of the American woman married to an Englishman and living in England. Scores of philologists have been devoted to this absorbing topic. An English novelist who writes under the pseudonym of "Rita" made it a year or two ago a pug for a furious diatribe against the lives and influence of American women in London. In "Rita's" opinion the American woman is responsible for pretty nearly all the ills of the "Smart Set." She has brought, it seems, "her sleek, her free and easy manners, her vulgar modes of eating and drinking and speaking, into halls made sacred by a long use of noble ancestors. She brings by 'smoothing up' society. She has ended by vulgarizing it. She has loads of imitation instead of critics. She has flouted all opposition in her own history, determined manner, and she has gratified her own modest, airy grace upon the once-famed 'manners' of the great lady. Dignity, reserve, and culture are not things that appeal to this alien 'smart' woman. . . . She it was who introduced 'mixons' which were too shabby for the nursery, but eagerly welcomed in the drawing-room. Who set society prancing and looting over the costly delights of the gymkhana contest in which women were identified and drawn in ribbon harness by men over a lawn confined with champagne bottles. . . . To the American 'smart' woman wisdom seems other people's bricks. Her 'hot horsebuses,' her expensive parties, her spectacular dinners, her bakings, dress parties, her social teas, her 'color' suppers, and her societies in cotton square have been largely imitated. She has an inveterate knack and a mania for organization. She has shown us how charity can be made a playground for vicious display and social functions turned into wild orgies of an unbridled creep. In fancy-dress a charity, in Smart a bazaar, to which a millionaire is invited—these are the things we have learned from our transatlantic neighbor. With their advertisement is an absolute case, the first law of their nature, and wisely and well have they capitalized it on their 'smart.' The 'Washington Post' reporting through our ballrooms, and when we get tired of that they introduced us to the supposedly desirable, who walk.

How much truth is there in all this? Just as much, in my opinion, as can be expected from one who tries to look at a condition through a microscope. There has been a "Smart Set" in all countries of all countries in all ages, and to pretend that there is anything new about the frivolities of the "Smart

Set" in London is in part with history, reason, and even common experience. Things are pretty much as they always have been, and there is scarcely a folly of today that one could not parallel from the past—and a past antedating the American invasion. Perhaps the "Smart Set" is more paragoned and probed at, and therefore slightly more public, than it used to be. Perhaps it pays its debts by a slightly more indiscriminate hospitality than was common thirty or forty years ago. But fundamentally it is just the same as ever and just as truly insignificant. As for the responsibility of Americans for its extravagance, the truth is that a few American women have joined it, and have led it, as they lead everything else, by virtue of a superior cleverness, ingenuity, and liveliness. Given a set where amusement is the thing most sought after, and you may be sure that an American will be more fertile in devising ways and means than her English sister. Given a milieu where freedom of speech and conduct is the mode, her satellites will take on a better sweep. If the pace is naturally fast, she will increase it by the largeness of her liver, more thoughtfulness, and more expansive personality. She cannot help herself. Her natural exuberance, her vivacity and buoyancy, drive her inevitably to the front, and if she prefers to stroll behind in the "Smart Set," nothing can prevent her from being a little "smarter" than her English friends. But she did not create the "Smart Set."

All that she has done, or rather, all that the very few Americans who have joined it have done, is to make it more inventive, more amusing, more daring, more grotesque. London, after all, was and probably is the home of a boresome society even before the American invasion. They did not put her out of her stride or least at the sight of a pack of cards. Even if no Americans had ever landed in London, the "Smart Set" would have been just as foolish, but considerably more handsome and better than the dash of prosperity which Americans cannot help throwing even into their wildest phantasies. This seems to me about the face of the case. But another and swifter critic than "Rita" came forward not long ago in the pages of an English monthly review to denounce the American wives of titled Englishmen under the pseudonym of "Colonial." He distilled their conspicuousness, their passion for display, their delight in "fancy plays which are brought over from Paris in defiance of the Lord Chamberlain, elaborate supper-bush decorations, and sexual luxury generally," their restless liveliness, and the fact that several-liners of them have only one hundred and seven children. He thought their influence a bad one. They are irremediably cosmopolitan. They do not come from "the usual American aristocracy of intellect and public service." Anglo-American marriages "have no sound basis whatever." They are an alliance "between a vile and a vile." "I saw only their selfishness from Americans and how much would one hear of them in the great world?" They might have made London society brighter, but they have also made it "shallower, more extravagant, and more vulgar than it was before." All this the critic contradicted with the influence of the colonial wives of titled Englishmen, who are "waxed and waxed in their native land," who are self-sufficient, who are not married for their money, who are not into mere tradition and a mere social and who never join the "Smart Set" who save themselves with all that is best in English life, and society, fit of whom have borne two hundred and sixty children, who put it shortly," he summed up, "colonial influence for themselves, masculine, vigorous, and wholesome; American influence for themselves, feminine, frivolous, and boring." But if it is boring, why should we care about it? Some Englishmen, indeed, prefer to see no hope ahead for themselves and their countrywomen until the whole of the aristocracy has made at least one wealthy American mar-



Deeply absorbed of having an American father





# IS MODERN DANCING INDECENT?

## A Calm and Unbiased Consideration of a Remarkable Phase of Contemporary Life

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

**M**ANY able critics say that it is and would gladly go to the stake for their belief in the outcry against modern dancing hypercritical if not hypocritical! Do they thousands of devotees of the lively art, quite as ready to criticize, if not to beat their lives, their souls, their consciences, their consciences in its defense. The nation has been joined, and the contest is raging throughout the land. We find the Mayor of the city of New York writing in an official letter, "The heinous orgies going on in so-called 'respectable' dance-halls in this city . . . have grown to be intolerable." Hundreds of similar protests by bishops, clergies, and teachers throughout the nation could be quoted by the page.

It is, then, with the utmost diffidence that I, a mere observer, dare to set down on paper the things I heard and saw privately on several evenings of dancing at a fashionable American resort. When battle rages the innocent bystander usually gets the worst of it; so that I add trepidation to the diffidence with which I begin this task. Nevertheless, nine-tenths of the American people are innocent bystanders so far as the dance, the overstep, the turkey-trot, and similar modern dances are concerned, and it is to their representatives that I venture to make my observations. It is only fair to state that when I visited the resort it was without a thought of writing a word about dancing or anything else. Two of us had gone to spend a fortnight at a Great Southern playground where there were golf-links and tennis-grounds and a score of other health-giving recreations on every hand. It had been here and wearing winter, spring was at hand, and we felt that a few games of golf would send me home fit to work hard there over the next few months. We proceeded, doubtless, tired early and moderately, and after reading for an hour or two, went early to bed for long and refreshing sleep.

It was on the fourth or fifth evening of the simple routine that a sudden change was precipitated by a chance remark.

"Judge," said young Channagally to my host, "you're missing a lot of fun in the evening. Haven't you seen you missed of the turkey-trotting and the turkey-trotting."

"No," replied the Judge; "I've looked in at the ballroom and it's better than a Russian bath—couldn't breathe in it."

"Oh, that back what I mean," said young Channagally. "The ballroom is only for the infant class. When the big orchestra stops playing in there, at half past nine, and the dancin' pipe up in the Oriental room, you'll see the real thing in dancing. Better come in."

"Thanks, I'll have to see it," the Judge agreed. So that evening, instead of going to our apartment to read before a crackling wood fire, we set out on the multitude in the great drawing room, or, rather, the worst of drawing rooms, card rooms, writing-rooms, smoking-rooms, etc., in which five hundred representative American people were taking their own after dinner.

There were many, many beautiful women and many more who believed themselves beautiful; they were scores of debutantes, a sprinkling of little brothers and sisters, a great many slender, dainty youths who were identified as college "men," several dozens of pen-occupied and grey-haired fathers who looked as if they could be happier anywhere than in this meeting, a throng that wanted so rebelliously at their play, also, filling the room, and there, various tall, slim, luscious-eyed, well-to-do-looking fellows of any where from twenty-five to forty years, who looked with a certain appearance of grave condemnation to the debauchees who effusively greeted them. Three happy personages were the "dancing men" as I will to leave later—the heroes of the ball, the trick, and the traps. In spite of their luscious air one could not fail to be impressed by the grace and ease of their carriage, the supple balance of their little bodies, though in their pale faces and their slender eyes there was the inevitable suggestion of life spent unobscurely withdrawn, of late hours, and sleep by day.

visible at this place are characteristic of the very best people and resorts in all America from Canada to the Gulf and from coast to coast. He who has seen one has seen all, so far as the conduct of the dance is concerned.

When the people emerged from the beautiful but sterile ballroom and began bidding one another good night and departing for the elevators, a slender stream of promenade began to drift down the long drawing-room, past the billiard-room and café, and into the Oriental room near at hand. We drifted with them. The long, narrow room was decorated

reed cozily among the tables near for orders, and the ladies and gentlemen who sat there ordered ginger ale, mineral water, iced tea, lemonade, orange juice, or beer, as they chose. The young girls sipped lemonade or the water, the matrons the rum. With the exception of perhaps one that the highballs, with its profuse addition of water, had quite supplanted the ruminous old fashion of drinking whiskey with little water or no water. This was true temperance.

Just within the west-door of the ballroom that separated the Oriental room from the rest of the hotel sat eight negroes who during the daytime had served as waiters, bell-boys, etc. They were now strumming mandolins, banjos, and guitars, and the music they made had the bounding rhythm of African tom-toms, or of a Havana orchestra, or of ragtime down in the levee—the swaying, sensuous suggestion that is characteristic of the music of the black man everywhere. A tall, heavy-shouldered deity, like a man with a face shining like a polished ebony frame for his splendid white teeth, was half-propping himself to and fro as he chanted the chorus of his song:

"Way down in Mississippi! Way down in Mississippi!  
Whom dem lanta goes white! down;  
"Way down in Mississippi! Way down in Mississippi!  
Da's!"

The seven other lanta chanted the chorus with him, twanging his instrument with great vigor and enthusiasm and affording a few pictures of the old-time jolly darky life. Then they changed to another song descriptive of the associations they enjoyed with "Wanita" led by Robert K. Lee, a Mississippi River steamboat jolly which probably most of the readers of this page have heard. It was a roll and swing and abandon in the performance which carried the hoarse deep into the heart of the black country, where negro customs, negro music, and negro customs prevailed.

Another song was begun and here and there men and women arose from their drinks and began to dance in couples. Some of them were middle-aged, carrying weight in proportion to their years, and they labored diligently at the dance.

It was serious and distant business for them. The greater part of the dancers were slim girls of from eighteen years to the early twenties. They seemed to float away on the flood of melody as slim girls that age have always floated away since time began and brains being full yet that could be expressed only in music and motion. Could anything be more beautiful and charming? Not!

And yet—there was something so strikingly familiar in the manner of the girl's partners—most of the partners, that is—that

one could not help feeling that he was intruding on a scene that should have no witness. The forms of the dance was not startling. The man took the girl's right hand in his left, and they held their arms up, down, or curved, as a fancy prompted them. The man held encircled the girl's waist with his right arm and drew her as near to him—or as hard pressed against him—as he wished or she permitted. They walked or shuffled alternately forward or backward and then spun around together in a ball a dozen times. In the spinning or shuffling progress (I don't know its technical name) there was a certain resemblance to the waddling trot of the red-wattled turkey-pheasant as he struts among ferns in the spicy days of spring. This, I suppose, gives the dance its name. At various intervals in the music there came an overture at which the dancers took their knees half-way to the floor, springing again, and resumed their rhythmic whirling. The music to which these men and

middle-aged people were dancing was a ragtime song depicting the courtship of a pair of love, not at all in the characteristic manner.

So my little lady lamb—how around, how around, how around, how around!  
Bring here all the heavy love, to me—little love, little love, little love!  
Let me spend the happy hours



Turkey-trotting—the "approach"



Turkey-trotting—the "clutch"



Turkey-trotting—the "wriggle"

with pants and breeches intended to represent Sam—what we call it—well, happily, the effect was really so more like those than a boy-garden in like the Argosyll.

Tables round and square were scattered throughout the great inclosure, and they were much frequented among tables and draped in which two or four persons might enjoy a delicious selection from the throng. Quenched and slightly-faded waiters

Roving with you 'mongst the flowers,  
And when to get where an one she can see—could  
up, riddle up, riddle up!  
He my little baby lambskins—bazz around, bazz  
around, keep a-buzzin' round!  
We'll be just as happy as an one—he and me, you  
and me, you and me!  
Downy keep abuzzin', please; I've got a dozen eggs  
less!  
But I want you to be my baby lambskin.

The song, I may add, relates that, in the court-  
ship of Queenie Lee, "Hinky Humble used to stum-  
ble round the roadway, where she would see him, greet  
him, and then trust him to some heavy grocer." All  
quite right for purposes of dancing, if you wish to see.  
Why not? Who would be a grocer? A fig for all  
pretend!

A charming girl of nineteen years came to rest at  
our table. There were some nice or less in our party,  
one for the Chaucerians were popular boys. The  
girl beside me came back flushed and smiling from  
her baby lambskin dance. Her eyes were like  
stars, her hair a heavy silken veil of black that  
seemed almost blue where it colled above the exquisite

and spun together it was hard to guess where the  
outlines of one ended and the other began. A grim-  
acing yellow negro sang for them this song:

Oh, it acts just like a hole to my low-neck heart—  
I cannot wait till evening till that thing will start.  
Do I love it? Sure I love it! Of my life it is a  
part;  
Like the noise of cupid sending me his little dart,  
Say, ain't that music sweet? Ain't no' your eyes ever  
loved?

Nay, don't you be askered? Listen—

Thus the entire eight agrees, eyes gleaming at  
the dancing girls, fingers plucking the plucked  
strings, their bodies swaying to the rhythm of the  
song, and their mouths stretched in sugar grin,  
sang the chorus:

Go-oo-oh! e-ry evening hear him sing—  
It's the cutest little thing—  
Got the cutest little swing—Hinky Koo, Hinky Koo.  
Do-oo-oh! simply meant for kings and queens;  
Don't you ask me what it means!

the dance. There was no essential variation in the  
songs. The theme was always the same, always the  
recital of one function. There is the whimsy of the  
and long had caught my attention.

When I got you alone to-night! When I got you  
alone to-night!  
You know we'll sit by the window, pull down the  
shade—

Oh, oh, oh! Don't be afraid!  
There'll be no one around to hear; there'll be no  
one around to faze!

We'll be leavin', leavin', leavin', just like everybody's  
doin'—

When I got you alone to-night!

In this succession came the symphonized ballad of  
Johnny Jones, who "had a cute little boat," "was a  
rowing hand when he was young by the water," "he  
went where the town were no grand—the  
know just where to land."

I have verified the text of these songs by referring to  
the original records, so as to give you the most ac-  
curate of it as it is quoted here. And here is the  
chorus of the "Johnny Jones" song as it was whistled  
by the negroes and danced by the girls and boys in  
the presence of their admiring parents:

And then he'd row, row, row;  
'Way up the river he would roam, roam, roam!  
A big he'd give her, then,  
He'd kiss her now and then; she would tell him  
when.  
He'd fool around and fool around, and then they'd  
kiss—  
And then he'd row, row, row;  
A little further he would row, row-oh-oh-oh-oh!  
With her head on his breast, and by the water, "he  
Then there's trouble here read—  
And then he'd row, row, row, and then he'd row!

Quite so! And whoever questions the propriety  
of it as a parody. A fig for all pretend! say I. No  
one in that assemblage of some two hundred peo-  
ple—American men and women, boys and girls,  
seemed in question by so much as a stare or the  
lifting of an eyebrow the propriety of the perfor-  
mance. Young Chaucerians and his wife got up and  
danced with the best of them; and so did half a  
dozen of their friends, all without the least suggestion  
of any offense. And yet side by side with these, or  
colliding with them now and then, were couples so  
intertwined and interlocked that one vertical strip  
of a woman's dress (then most inevitably black) of  
the girl of nineteen in a clinging gown of white, by  
reason of her tall, gliding slowness, her tiny head  
with its low hair, her eyelids way of flicking her  
parted lips with her narrow tongue, and the strange  
grace of her movement, I remember as the White  
beauty, was so completely merged with her partner  
that he was felt more for the agency her dancing lines  
was catching him. He was perhaps twenty six years  
old, presumably bald, with prominent, heavy-lidded  
eyes and a face chummy white, like the body of a  
dead fish. His dancing was truly the poetry of  
motion. He and the White Beauty occasionally spun  
together, but he did not, the beholder dazed to watch  
them. Then she would spin away out of his arms  
like a whirling cloud of moonlit spray, only to float  
back again to a new embrace.

And as they swung and eddied round and round  
near the right negroes, the leader of them, gazing  
exactly at her, was singing hoarsely:

E-rybody loves a chicken—everybody wants a girl  
that's hot and hot!  
All the boys they have the small ones; they don't  
care for old or tell one;  
They love them this and sweet;  
E-rybody wants to love a chicken—  
And that is why, when girls pass by, you'll hear the  
boys all cry:  
Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick!  
Chick!  
Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick!  
Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick!  
E-rybody loves a chicken.

The slim girl's eyelids fluttered down continually  
—whether in joy at the negro's hearty compliment  
or from her pleasure in the dance I cannot pretend  
to say. But she did not, the beholder dazed to watch  
the right point of view! If we only knew the right  
point of view we can thoroughly enjoy seeing one  
after another of the girls, some of perfect beauty, right  
after night in the music of restless negroes, as  
years ago the girls of the present used to dance  
with their masters at the "Satan" as in the back  
of the "Sweet-Dime" black-and-tan joint in the  
Tenderloin.



Copyright by Bruce Blackton

A turkey-trotting "the dancin'" in a popular New York restaurant

leary of her work. Her sweet lips were still slightly  
parted with the excitement of the dance. She was  
radiant.

"Tell me what this dance was," I asked her.  
"I've never seen this sort of thing before. Was  
this a turkey-trot or a tango or a one-step, or  
what?"  
"Why, it's neither one nor the other, but a mixture  
of all of them," she replied. "I said it just  
dancing. Don't you think it's heavenly?"

"Yes—well, yes, I suppose so," was my answer.

"And quite American, don't you think?" she con-  
tinued, earnestly. "The symphonization is character-  
istically American, and the dance, too. A young  
Frenchman I met at ——— Beach last winter just  
told me that he was dancing every moment he  
could find a girl to dance with. He said the Ameri-  
cans were so charming, so impressive; that in France  
no one would dare to suggest such a dance among  
nice people; yet ever here it was quite all right."  
"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing at all," I hastened to explain. "Really  
nothing, a mere picture in my mind of a Frenchman  
seeing his wife or his daughter dancing like this  
and then—poof! his furious gestures, his denuncia-  
tions, his dramatic leaps of the glove on messenger  
the partner's cheek, the challenge, the duel. Of  
course it would be all right at the Ball Room or the  
Ball Room or that sort of place; but among nice  
people—here?"

"Just what the Frenchman said," the charming  
girl continued, calmly. "They're not fully  
rehabilitated up to yet, but civilized up to it. It all  
depends upon the point of view. . . . Yes, Mr. New-  
bury, with pleasure."

She was off, whirling away in the arms of young  
Newbury, and as they shuffled and bobbed and rose

I just how that Hinky Koo, Hinky Koo, Hinky  
Koo!  
May he do us just like an one could.  
When he does it—say! he does it good!  
Do-oo-oh! e-ry evening hear him sing—  
It's the cutest little thing—  
Got the cutest little swing—Hinky Koo, Hinky Koo,  
Hinky Koo!

When the radiant girl returned to my side I asked  
her, casually, "Do you happen to know the words of  
that song?"

"No, I don't," she answered, frankly. "What  
odd questions you ask! What difference does it  
make about the 'signatures' of words? Why don't  
you dance? Aren't you a dancing man?"

"No, thank!" I declared. "I've not danced in  
this fashion; I had one drunken sailor exer-  
cise in various parts of the world, and wild-eyed sin-  
dents in their festive dances on the left bank of the  
Seine; but never anything like this in the pres-  
ence of fathers, mothers, and daughters. Times certainly  
have changed wonderfully in the last few years—  
but, then, what would be a parade? A fig for all  
pretend!"

Have I mentioned that of about one-third of the  
young girls displayed official complexions? No?—  
Well, they did; the whiteness of the skin made whiter  
than the dead white of lilies, the rose of the cheeks  
bobby laid on as if with a spatula—in the fashion  
most familiar in Faber's paintings—the cyano-blue  
and the cyano-blue blacked with some cosmetic  
Somehow there was nothing incongruous in the ap-  
pearance, besides to being with the throbbing music,  
the lascivious-eyed and grinning negroes, the swayed  
outlines of the partners' clothing and whirling in

## THE AWAKENED WARRIOR

### A Slavonic Vision

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Thus that art grayer than the pedestal—  
And thy heart colder than the stone on red,  
Who art thou, alien warrior, and where?  
"Out from the habitation of the dead."

"Out from the darkness where the trumpet is,  
Like a strong man in pain perpetually  
Groaning for old forgotten memories,  
I heard the old war-thunder coming on."

"Laughed I loved and wine, laughter and love,  
Tired laughing and the little death of sleep,

And battles and the tangled night thereof;  
But they that love the boys of life to keep

"Loved me in one stark hour from all these things,  
Thought me great warrior in a many hour,  
And brought me to the plain where no bird sings,  
And here is not, and laughter cannot come."

"This is my sister pain, that I go hence,  
And here not the good wars shall overland—  
I that am greater than the pedestal that I see,  
And my heart colder than the stone on red."

# FAMILIAR FACES IN NEW UNIFORMS

BY EDWARD BAYARD MOSS



Roger Bresnahan, who has dropped the manager's scepter for the catcher's mit.

**T**HAT Noah Webster was not a baseball "fan" is certain. Neither was he a prophet. If there is any disposition to dispute this statement it is only necessary to refer to his "best seller," the "Charter P" you will find the word "fan" defined as: "A small flag; a banner; the herald's flag."

Even after giving Noah doubt on a technicality, it can be seen that he had but a vague idea of what "fan" really means. The fact that he classified the subject with a broad explanation fixes his status at least should have been devoted to "fan."

To-day millions of words and dollars too are devoted to sports and the end is not yet. Fanatic winners are, after all, but fairly balanced baseball machines. Victory one year does not mean a repetition in the following campaign. The wear and tear on muscle and nerve of the player is a factor that must be considered. The star of to-day wears out quickly, and the clever and foresighted manager is always training a younger recruit for the time when the diamond hero shall be "let out" for the time in fast company. His problems are as nothing compared with those of the club leader who would bring his team from the second division into the first and thus become a real factor in the race for the pennant. Baseball players of championship caliber are surprisingly scarce in view of the thousands playing the game in major and minor leagues. To gather a winning combination in five or six years, to train, purchase, and the slower method of gradual development are all done as circumstances may dictate. The last award, in the opinion of many baseball experts, the only satisfactory one is the long run, but it never leads to the spectators. Casey Stengel of the Athletics, and John J. McGraw of the Giants, are both great managers and developers of talent baseball talent. It is added, however, that they figure in conditional terms. When they do it is a prediction that the other club to the deal will discover,



Johnny Evers, who succeeded Chance as manager of the Chicago Cubs

later, that it was not Mark or McGraw who was overlooked. Other managers and magnates are always willing to try the short cut to a possible pennant, and in this respect the interim between the 1912 and 1913 seasons stands out as a most remarkable period in professional baseball history. It is doubtful if the annals of the game can show a series of sensational deals as marked the six months between October and April.

When the empire's call of "Play ball" went the sixteen clubs of the National and American leagues away on their long race for 1913 pennants, there were more familiar faces in strange uniforms than have confronted the "fans" in several generations. Not only were famous players involved, but managers as well. Frank Leyton Chance, winner of four pennants and two World's Championships, while manager of the Chicago Cubs, not only quit the Chicago Club, but the National League as well. His escape from the senior to the junior league was one of the cleverest pieces of baseball strategy ever engineered by rival league presidents and magnates. In his new role as manager of New York's Americans he is viewed as the largest salary ever paid a baseball field leader and attracting thousands of "fans" in the parks when his team appears.

It is doubtful if more than five or six of the men who were prominent in what is many respects was the greatest deal in the history of professional baseball know the real sum that Chance will receive. He has been variously exploited in the press as ranging from twenty-five to forty thousand dollars annually. Owner Frank Farrell, of the New York Club, and Chance were considered for a whole day in a Chicago hotel before the deal was completed. Chance recently signed a three-year contract at a salary close to \$19,000 per annum and a percentage of the net profits. A successful season will undoubtedly net the so-called "Puritan Leader" \$25,000. For this next season he can thank in part the confidence of Charley Murphy, of the Cubs, the generous donation of Harry Hershman of the Cincinnati Reds, and Farrell's ready bank roll.

Chance was not the only one of the all-time Cubs to break away from the Murphy orbit after the explosion of last autumn. Joe Tinker, whose brilliant play at shortstop made possible the famous time which appeared so frequently in the headlines of the "Cubs," "Tinker to Evers to Chance," assumed the managerial reins of the Cincinnati Club, leaving Johnny Evers, the peppery second baseman, to step into Chance's shoes. Between St. Louis, Evers and Murphy effected a sweeping reorganization of the Chicago Club. In the series of trades Chance, Tinker, Pitcher Landis, and Pitcher Chapman went to Cincinnati, and the Reds turned over to the Cubs outfielders Mitchell and Kinsley, infielders Phelan and Red's Corcoran, and Pitcher Baumgarten. Hershman had first to secure Corcoran from the Detroit Club by purchase at \$7,500. Another new Cub is believed to be playing in Evers's position after years of service with the New York and Boston clubs of the National League.

With the Chicago "fans" could not see that Murphy had eluded a pennant by the deals which released Chance and Tinker, and when Chicago "fans" have an idea they talk right out on their hands. So Murphy proceeded to step on Roger Bresnahan, erstwhile star pitcher of the Giants, who was released to manage the St. Louis Cardinals. Roger and the body president of the club did not agree, and Bresnahan was ordered out. He showed his contempt, but was told that it was no good. Still Roger collected about \$75,000 before he departed. Cincinnati secured a former Cub star in the person of "Three-Finger" Brown, whom Murphy turned aside. Consequently, the National League will have to look elsewhere when the Cubs and Reds invade his particular town before he can sell one club from the other.

The small money game continued to revolve. Chance, Tinker and Evers are not the only ones to wrap strange managerial legs about themselves. George Stallings to-cede the big league again as manager of the Boston Nationals. After Bresnahan had accepted the St. Louis Cardinals' treasury, President Helen Hathaway Britton decided that Miller Huggins should rise from the ranks. The two other clubs continue to experiment with managers elected during the closing months of the 1912 season. Joe Birmingham will direct the Cleveland Stars campaign, and C. "Big Mike" still heads the St. Louis Browns. Other "players" have decided to sell out early. Tom is now believed to have sold out John McGraw of the Giants, John Stahl of the

World's Champion Red Sox, Fred Clarke of the Pirates, Connie Mack of the Athletics, Hughry Jennings of the Tigers, Clarke Griffith of the Senators, or Jimmy Gilliam of the White Sox, which is perhaps wise, since their equips are not packed up every day.

Still, it must not be understood that the managers are passing up any free advertising. If not with a new manager, there are still other ways of attracting attention. For instance, the Giants, aided and abetted by McGraw, prepared a new contract for the little Napoleon of baseball, which it was announced contained terms calling for a salary larger than that paid Chance. In addition the Giants held the other club in the scramble for the services of James Thome, the famous Indian athlete winner of the World's Olympic all-around championship. To date Thome has not proved a world's wonder as a ball player, but he has proved good advertising. If he one day to the big league team he will make the fifth real reason why will wear a major uniform this year. His more experienced brethren are "Chief" Meyer of the same club and "Chief" Bender, leading pitcher for the Athletics, George Johnson of the White Sox, and Mike Ballert of the St. Louis Browns. All this shuffling back and forth on the check-board of big-league baseball adds a spice and uncertainty to the 1913 season which is clearly reflected in the evermore capriciousness of "fans" during the exhibi-



Manager Frank Leyton Chance of the New York Americans, the highest salaried team leader in baseball



George Stallings, who returns to the big leagues as leader of the Boston Nationals



"Hank" O'Day, who decided that umpiring was easier than managing the Cincinnati Reds

tion and early-season games. The sight of Mike Doulin in a Goucher uniform, Hank O'Day again calling balls and strikes, Hank Lucker playing for the Reds, Harry McLean with the Cardinals, and Harry Davis again in the Athletics hold only moderate interest and conditional value made for the magnate while dust gathered on hat and glove. What the outcome of this upheaval will be cannot be accurately forecasted at this time. The impression is growing that the American League has the edge on their other rival for as big-league, clever managers are considered. The playing strength of the various clubs is another, and sympathy of the prophet. A consensus of the leading baseball experts leads to the belief that the American League in the National League will be found in the trio of clubs composed of the Pirates, Athletics, and Cubs. The leading candidates for this season's title are the Athletics, Senators, and Red Sox. Beyond this point (Special Copyright 1913)







The great parade for woman suffrage on May 3, in which 10,000 women participated, passing up Fifth Avenue, New York. In contrast with earlier parades, this was distinguished by a total absence of disapproval on the part of the spectators



London police awaiting the return of a raising party from the top of the famous Monument in the heart of the City built to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, in which two militant women suffragists had barricaded themselves, after capturing the edifice and flying their flag

## THE WOMEN'S CAUSE—AT HOME AND ABROAD



# Awards to the Brave

A Record of Courageous Deeds Whose Authors Have Been Honored by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission



DRAWINGS BY G. W. BRINKERHOFF



He clung to the bull's neck while it tried to toss and gore him.

**S**IXTY-SEVEN hundred and twenty-three heroes, male and female, have been identified, proved, and glorified by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission in the nine years of its existence. The latest reports of the commission, just issued, describe one hundred and forty-two pages to the brief recapitulation of the deeds of these heroes who have received awards. The ages of these worthies range from tenderest childhood to venerable years, and in every instance the animating principle has been the same—instinctive forgetfulness of self in the effort to save a fellow human being in a danger of death.

No man can read these pages without feeling a glaze of pride that he belongs to the great family whose members are capable of such sublime sacrifice.

ing investigation is made into all the facts, so that we may be sure that every one included in the Commission's list of heroes is genuine. Here is a typical case:

W. Roy Stokes, aged twelve, school-boy, died attempting to save Lorenz J. Sorell O. and Charlotte Kealy, aged twelve, thirteen, and eight, respectively, from drowning at Cord, Pennsylvania, August 16, 1910. The girls, none of whom could swim, were together on the ice on a reservoir, when the ice broke and they fell into water nine feet deep. Stokes, who could not swim and who knew that the ice in the vicinity of the hole was not safe, started to the hole from a point four hundred feet distant. Lying face downward, he pulled Lorenz up on the ice and three or four of them, or Stokes and Lorenz together, attempted to pull one of the other girls out, when they fell into the water. All were drowned.

A silver medal was given in honor of the boy, and \$1,000 was bestowed to help his father and mother. In the strange case that follows a silver medal only was awarded.

Justin M. Morgan, aged fifty-five, real-estate dealer, saved William E. Mecca, aged thirty-nine, minister, from assassination, at Cleburne, Texas, December 7, 1907. In the dark Mecca was attacked in his yard by a man with a revolver, who fired twice at him, one shot piercing through his body. The man then shot Mecca's mother and his wife, Mecca, calling for help, ran toward Morgan's house, where he heard the shots and calls for help and ran from his house to the street.

With his revolver in his hand he charged on the assassin firing again, the bullet striking Mecca, who fell at Morgan's feet. With their revolvers hot two hot spots Morgan and the assassin exchanged shots, neither being hit, and the latter then turned and ran from the scene. The wounds of the injured were of a serious nature, but all recovered.

Coil E. Kartberg, a newspaper, nineteen years old, attempted to save Roy R. Titter, aged twenty, machinist, from hanging, at Wood River, Oregon, May 14, 1908. Titter was working at a gasoline lighting machine on a machine-shop, when a stream of string gasolene started from the tank. His clothing was ignited, and the building was set on fire. With his arms around his face, Titter backed into a narrow passage to get out of the flame. Buggess ran to Titter from an adjoining room, passing through the stream of gasoline flame, which was then six inches deep. Titter was somewhat hindered, and Buggess put his arm around him and nudged him toward a place of safety. They passed through the stream of flame, and though flames which ran from the floor, but before Buggess could get Titter from the building Titter expired. Buggess escaped, but he was so severely burned that he was thought at first to have died. He received a bronze medal, \$250 disbursement benefit, and \$1,000 for a worthy grave.

True courage rarely makes a mark of weakness of any, as witness this incident taken from page 149 of the Commission's report:

Richard N. Stokes, aged twenty-four, retired, saved Lillie B. Kertis, aged fifteen, R. Ashley Graves, aged twenty-one, assistant bank cashier, and Eva Foster, aged fourteen, from drowning, at Leonora, Texas, July 18, 1911. Graves and Miss Foster, who could not swim, started into swift, deep water, in the Colorado River, thirty feet from the bank, and went down. When they came up they clutched each other and called for help, and Stokes, not heeding the calls of his wife and daughter but to the sea, swam toward them. Miss Foster, who could not swim, crept into the deep water shortly after Graves and Miss Foster. When Stokes was near Miss Foster she grasped his collar with one hand. He continued to the others. Graves threw one arm around Stokes's neck from the side opposite Miss Foster, and Miss Foster clung to Stokes. Stokes swam fifteen feet diagonally across the current to a narrow ledge, where he stood in water reaching to his chin. Miss Foster became unconscious just as they reached the ledge, but help arrived almost simultaneously, and the rescued were taken to shore. Stokes was very tired. He received a silver medal and \$1,000.

Here is another instance of man, whose achievement appears on page 147:

Michael O'Laughlin, aged sixty-eight, laborer, attempted to save Patrick McMahon, aged sixty-two, laborer, from suffocation, at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, October 11, 1909. O'Laughlin descended into a sewer tunnel in McMahon, who had been overcome by gas at the bottom, over eight feet below the surface of the ground. O'Laughlin was overcome before he could render McMahon any assistance. Both men were gotten out and were revived. O'Laughlin lost his life a year later in another sewer accident. A bronze medal and \$1,200 were bestowed upon his widow, a slightly younger and of a wonderful agility was the hero of the following:

Stable boys, aged fifty-six, bank cashier, saved Walter Novakovich from an unusual fall at Salem, New Jersey, June 11, 1910. Novakovich entered a pasture and was attacked by the bull and knocked



Forced back to the floor and smothered the fire with a rug.

men. They came from nearly all the races into which humanity has been divided, and every one of these seems to have acted without one moment's delay, often in the face of frightful odds. Most of the deeds of heroism were in the course of driving assassins, slayers, food victims, or shipwrecked mariners; many were of fire, others in saving persons from crashing earth and rock and fire-damp explosions. There were many cases of men fallen unconscious upon electric wires carrying high current. None of these were saved alive, but in many cases the injured and their would be recoverers perished together. Perhaps the most remarkable instance in the report was the death of Lincoln J. Partridge of Bristol, Maine, on November 23, 1907. George H. Tapp, a fisherman sixty-two years old, eyed the help when his sliding had caught in a belt wheel. Partridge reached over a circular saw making fifteen hundred revolutions a minute, slipped, fell, and was out in twenty. Twenty-five dollars a month was awarded to his widow, with five dollars a month to each of his children, a silver medal was given also.

It is the rule to award a medal, whether of gold, silver, or bronze, to deserving heroes, and to give money when money is needed for the support of the hero's family—if he has died of his heroic act—or for educational purposes or to purchase a home. There is an thought of money awarded in the giving of the money. As Mr. Carnegie phrases the idea: "I do not expect to stimulate or create heroism, but I do expect that heroic action is impulsive; but I do believe that if the hero is injured in his body at least to some or even to his fellows, he and his dependents upon him should not suffer pecuniarily thereby."

In every case reported to the Commission a -451-b



Morgan held her about twenty minutes.

to the ground. He clung to the bull's neck, while it tried to toss and gore him. Giles ordered the pasture from a road and went to Nymkowsky's aid with a four-foot length of a four-rail, with which he struck the bull on the nose. Nymkowsky let go of the bull when Giles shouted to him to do so and staggered to a fence and left the pasture. The bull charged at Giles, and he struck it again. Backing toward the fence, Giles continually struck the bull with the rail on the animal's side about charges toward him. When he reached the fence, Giles struck the bull three or four blows, and while it was somewhat dazed he vaulted the fence. Nymkowsky had been pained in the thigh, his clothes had been ripped open, and he had a number of flesh wounds and lacerations.

Tardar-rader, Illinois, did not care to take any money, but he did accept a bronze medal.

Here is the story of an aged author when all the world should honor:

Sarah B. Killybilly, aged seventy, author and editor, died May 1. Killybilly, aged twenty-six, from burning, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, September 28, 1908. With her clothing a mass of flames, she fell rear through several rooms calling for help. Miss Killybilly covered her face and smothered the fire with a rug, her tongue and hands being burned. The maid sustained very serious burns of the body generally. Miss Killybilly received a silver medal and a life pension of \$75 a month.

There are in the report many instances of the heroism of negroes. Here is one:

Marlin Geneva (colored), aged fifty-seven, housewife, received Peter M. Malinow, aged nine, from electric shock at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, July 25, 1908. Unable to release his hold on an electric light wire carrying twenty-two hundred volts, the boy was being jerked about when Mrs. Geneva grasped him by the neck and received a shock which temporarily paralyzed her arm. She applied to bystanders to

aid him, but none responded, and then she freed the boy again and succeeded in pulling him from the wire. Her hand was disabled for a week. The boy's hand was badly burned. A bronze medal and a life pension of \$20 a month were awarded to Martha.

One of the most thrilling cases reported is this, on page 47:

Thomas W. Moran, aged forty-two, contractor, saved Anna E. Eggers, aged twenty-eight, from an impending fatal fall, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, September 4, 1910. Moran, by striking his fingers and the toes of his shoes into the meshes of a wire lattice supporting the northern end of a hospital, climbed to the woman, who was insane and was trying to escape on the outside of the screen. He reached her as she stood on a two-inch ledge of the screen, forty-two feet above the ground, threw his arms around her waist, and got behind her to keep her from falling. Moran held her about twenty minutes, during which time she screamed for help several times. A hospital attendant went and shouted for help. Firemen dropped a second rope from the roof, and Moran and another man who had climbed the screen fastened the rope around the woman, and she was hoisted and taken into the building. The rope was lowered again, and Moran tied it about himself and was lowered to the ground. He received a bronze medal and \$1,000.

William R. Edwards, Commissioner of Street Cleaning for New York, knocked down and captured the runaway grizzly bear, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, September 4, 1911. He felt himself growing weak and shouted for help. Firemen dropped a second rope from the roof, and Moran and another man who had climbed the screen fastened the rope around the woman, and she was hoisted and taken into the building. The rope was lowered again, and Moran tied it about himself and was lowered to the ground. He received a bronze medal and \$1,000.

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A silver medal was the award to the heroine of this tragedy.

Marie V. B. Langdon, aged twenty, housewife, saved

Nephe, Henry I., and Estelle M., and attempted to save Gertrude N. Jacques, aged twenty-two, four, one, and two, respectively, from freezing, at Trion, Washington, January 31, 1907. With the thermometer four-hundred degrees below zero, and the snow six feet deep, Mrs. Langdon, without snow-shoes, went six hundred feet from her house on hearing cries for help, and met Mrs. Jacques and two of her children, only partly dressed, who had fled from their burning house. She relieved the woman of her baby and carried it to her home, followed by the mother; returned and got Henry and three struggling through the snow about three-quarters of a mile, where Gertrude was found; the mother having been compelled to stand by her, after having removed the only skirt she wore and wrapped it around the child. When Mrs. Langdon carried Gertrude half-way back to the house, she discovered that the girl was dead, and, as her own strength was fast failing, she was compelled to abandon the child and was barely able to reach home herself.

Men of all walks of life are among the heroes, as witness the following from page 121:

William Mcweeney, aged thirty-six, bartender, died attempting to save Charlotte J. O'Brien, aged twenty-eight, from drowning, at Utica, New York, November 4, 1911. Mcweeney dived and swam about seventy feet toward Mrs. O'Brien, who, unable to swim, was drifting downstream in the Erie Canal, at night, in water eight feet deep. When within six feet of Mrs. O'Brien, Mcweeney sank beneath the surface and drowned. Mrs. O'Brien was rescued by men who extended a pole to her. Fifty-five dollars a month was given for the support of Mcweeney's widow and children, with a bronze medal in honor of his brave effort.

Every page of the report of the Commission is worth reading and rereading. Its pages make the work of the firefighters of the most fervid abolitionists seem pale and dull.

## AN EARLY AMERICAN INDUSTRY

The Navajo Weavers and Two Specimens of their Remarkable Rugs now in the Museum of Natural History, New York

BY WALTER L. BEASLEY



Spinning yarn for weaving

AMONG the last gifts of the late J. Pierpont Morgan to the Museum of Natural History, New York, are some magnificent Navajo Indian rugs, considered the finest specimens of aboriginal weaving to be seen in this country. These are especially noteworthy and valuable as they represent some of the most remarkable of the early examples of Navajo work, William L. Edwards, who observes with regret that the art is fast disappearing, and that the majority of the rugs produced to-day are not so skillfully woven, and are colored with synthetic dyes, which are not permanent. Two of the most beautiful of these Navajo textiles, splendidly decorated in diamond and olive geometrical patterns, are here pictured. Also of interest is the picture of the primitive loom on which these rugs are made.

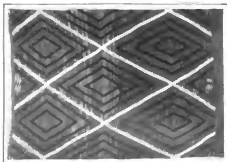
It is believed that the Navajo did not weave before the coming of the Spanish in 1542. They seem not to have woven or used cotton so did their Hopi neighbors. Since the Spanish occupation they have acquired large flocks of sheep. They have learned how to shear their wool, to wash the wool, to spin it into yarn, and to dye it.

The wool, after it is sorted, is washed by pouring over it hot water containing an extract of yucca root. The carding is done with a pair of ordinary European hand-cards. The spindle, a small stick at the base of which is a wooden disk, is similar to that found in the prehistoric Old-World. It is twisted by the right hand while the wool is held by the left.

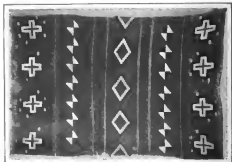
The loom is a simple frame in which the warp is placed vertically. The weaving is begun at the bottom, the blanket being lowered as the work progresses. The wool is inserted by the fingers without the aid of a shuttle, containing only so far across the web as that particular color is needed. The next color is then taken up, and a rug has both sides alike in pattern and color. The wool strands are pressed down with a fork of wood and then firmly beaten down with a batton.



Weaving on a native hand-loom



A diamond pattern in blue and white on a red background



Olive geometrical designs upon a Navajo rug valued at more than \$1,000



Miss Burke in male attire—as "Tommy Beltarbot" in Pinner's "The Amazons" at the Empire

Copyright by Charles Frohman



Copyright by Charles Frohman

The gymnastic scene in "The Amazons." Miss Burke is the young person facing the ringman



A scene from "Arizona," at the Lyric. From left to right—Elsie Ferguson, Chrystal Herne, Kayley Holmes

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS



Scenes from Two Spring Revivals  
at the New York Theaters



From the first act of Augustus Thomas's famous play, "Arizona," as revived at the Lyric

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**Engraver vs. Counterfeiter**

It has been claimed that not only do American engravers do as much work as all others in the artistic quality of their designs, but that they likewise excel in the magnitude of their projects against counterfeiting.

It was Jacob Perkins of Northport, Massachusetts, who invented the method of electroplating designs from hard metal plates in steel cylinders and of transferring to lead plates, thus enabling the engraver to draw designs from another engraving, the geometric letter, which renders difficult the successful counterfeiting of paper money.

For the most part the European governments depend, in the production of their paper money, upon color work. Several of the large banks of some European cities employ in their bureaus of engraving and printing, a circumstance that is always a mystery to American experts, who cannot see the connection between engraving and engraving. Many Italian bank notes are colored, but the principal example of this is the bank of Spain which is obliged to abandon its own plan, since its notes were imitated so successfully that the counterfeit was a serious question accepted by the bank itself. A private contract was soon done the work.

The bank of Columbia has the same American method, having suffered a loss and experience with notes of Austria, Germany, and England made.

American experts have time and again demonstrated as a "with" the bank bill demolished that the notes of the Bank of England cannot be counterfeited. Counterfeiter of fact, these experts are, these notes are imitated readily enough, for little effort is made to make the paper go beyond the use of a water-mark paper; and this water mark can be easily reproduced, and the counterfeit is made of good water, after contact with an original water mark, will show every detail of the original. A thin film of gold is placed upon the paper, the base upon which a mark is realized is made. If a sheet of paper is printed upon this gold surface and rolled up, the gold sheet will appear as a ribbon in the water. In the United States, the English have never in their counterfeiting. One of the greatest of great effectiveness in the system of the bank of England of rendering every note in relation to the imitation of any note another in its place. This and the practice of keeping a record of the numbers of all bank notes made, every bank in the United States has a list of responsibility which adds to security.

The American style of bank-note has become the standard of the countries of Central and South America. The experience at the Brazilian government led to this. From the experience of the American system, the notes being engraved and printed in England. They contain a feature, which is the water mark. The Brazilian then took the notes made in France, and these were promptly and extensively imitated as soon as the counterfeiters got the designs and paper notes. Brazil has tried German and British establishments, but still without securing adequate protection in its bank-note circulation. At last it turned to the United States and found counterfeiting of bill paper impossible to counterfeit successfully.

Italian war for freedom, and Garibaldi had been one himself, serving in the French army and in the army of the Holy Roman Empire, and in the present Uruguay. Even when he had attained the height of his fame he, with his sons, served in the French army during the Franco-Prussian war.

In the wars of North and Bulgaria there were Austrian, Russian, and many other foreigners, while in Spain we have but to consider the names of certain statesmen of recent years to see how many adventures have served to make the history of that country. The wars in Africa were won by D'Almeida, who was later in Spain, but whose ancestry is well respected. He became the Duke of Tofano.

A warrior named O'Connell played a chief part in the wars of Cuba, China, the leaders here time and again have been of Western race, and it would be interesting to learn how many graduates of American have served in the Chinese army. In Mexico but a short while ago it was King M'Lean who was the most noted agent in affairs.

There are now many things that combine to render the trade of the soldier of fortune less attractive, that it formerly was. War today is a much more highly organized affair than it was years ago. Before they fight nations are apt to equip up carefully the forces with which they have to contend, and every step that is taken in organization means one less place for the soldier of fortune.

**New York's New Collector of Customs**

James Pranger Murray, president of the Board of Aldermen of New York, has been named by President Wilson to succeed William Lawrence, Jr., as Collector of Customs for the Port of New York City, on July 10, 1873. His ancestry is Scotch-Irish, and his father, John Murray, served as an officer in the Continental army. Mr. Murray attended St. John's College, Fordham, and the Columbia Law School, from which he received his law degree. His father, John Murray, he is not yet thirty-four, he has been writing in public life for the last six years, serving in the United States Corporation of Customs for the Commissioners of An-

The counterfeiting this year will be even more elaborately observed in the cities which are the great banking centers of the country.

Strictly speaking, lock beer should not be set forth for sale before May 14th of this year. This is the general date observed in Germany. But in America the appearance of lock beer is a movable festival. The earlier the spring, the earlier the date of lock beer being set, and the drink they advertise.

That May 14th is the long ago because the custom is to lock the beer in its original producer evolved it in order to arrive an annual spring festival that means the beer is fresh. The custom never has been known to fall later than May 15th; therefore the day following is popularly expected as the first day of spring. It is quite natural, therefore, that this beer of outside strength should have been thought of as a regular spring festival. When the air still has a keen chilliness that marks the spring length of winter.

Lock beer, properly speaking, is a spring beer, nevertheless the name is used, especially in Paris, to designate a beer that is not only fresh but also of the best. In America it may be had almost everywhere until the end of summer.

Who is properly made beer should be better than any other beer, and is not so in the ordinary kind. Also there is an additional fermentation process. A great mass of water will be added to the product, and weaker still it seems stronger than their favorite beer of the ordinary kind, and also they find the potency so quickly. It is the strength of lock that gives its name. According to the old tradition, the beer was brewed in a place that was so named so many times as "lock beer" after drinking it, that some one would say, "lock beer it is."

"Lock" is German for dilly-gout.

**Electric Barber Poles**

It is within the last few years that the electric rotating barber pole has been introduced. The electric or rotating barber pole has for a middle section a glass cylinder, the ends of which are made of wood or metal, and are about eight inches in diameter, the section being supported on an ornamental stand, or a metal stand, and is rotated by means of a hand crank. The top of the pole is ornamented by an ornamental cap.

The glass section of the pole is another cylinder made of thin, lightweight, transparent material upon which are painted the traditional stripes of red, white, and blue, the familiar sign of the barber. This inner cylinder is given rotation by means of a motor by means of a tiny electric motor attached at the top. Current is carried in the middle of the wire around an electric-light fixture in the building and up or out of sight inside the pole's base. Within the inner cylinder of the electric rotating barber pole are two or more electric lights by which the pole can be illuminated at night.

It is not only the pole that has a base support, it is also made in the form of a hand crank which can be attached to the front of the building. Both these styles of rotating barber poles are also made to be wind driven.

**Will Musical Voices Disappear?**

The severity of musical voices which are at the same time sweet and of good range and of almost unlimited in quantity, is a matter of great importance. The question should be studied attentively by those who are interested in the human condition. Without lack of error it may be said that, among a thousand persons, hardly one is found who is naturally good singing voice. Among fifty of such and fifty thousand inhabitants contained by one musical director in the West and in the West, the number of voices was found to answer his requirements as members of a symphony company. These, with one exception, were women.

The severity of musical voices is seen in a number of other places, and is largely impossible of evasion.

It is the desire of the various nations have increased to being about this condition. Men who smoke get into habits of breathing which are fatal to their voices. It has been found that the various nations have increased to being about this condition. Men who smoke get into habits of breathing which are fatal to their voices. It has been found that the various nations have increased to being about this condition.



John Purroy Mitchell

**Soldiers of Fortune**

Many famous soldiers and adventurers served under flags not their own. Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailed under the Dutch standard; Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, who discovered a continent in the name of Spain; Kowloon, a Chinese, who got the first glimpse for American independence; and Herkules, who gained distinction in the wars of Chinese conquest, are examples.

Descending the obscure periods of the world's history, we find that men have done us to fit over all Europe, who has only to study the immensity of Russia to be content with the idea of the highest type of soldier of fortune. Russia, at the present juncture, needs leaders of every kind—soldiers, statesmen, leaders, organizers, and men who are being sent from the East. At the helm of these three elements remain today.

In somewhat similar manner, when America was fighting for her independence, there were several—such as Foreman, an Englishman; Stearns, a Frenchman; Strachan, the Prussian; Paddock and Hicks, the Poles; and Lafayette, St. Francis, were the men who led the fight. In all these it can be said that they were fighting for the cause of freedom, which was also their own; but they were soldiers of fortune, and their names were many adventures in the

counties, and Commissioner of Accounts before becoming president of the Board of Aldermen. At the time when Mayor Gray was elected he became acting Mayor of New York, and he was prominent in the inquiry into the public-school system of New York, and was a prominent figure in the recent sanitary reforming.

Aside from a place in the cabinet, and possibly one or two of the foreign ambassadorships, the office of Collector of Customs for the Port of New York is one of the most highly paid jobs that the President can bestow, and one that requires great executive ability. The number returns at that port amount to nearly five million dollars a week.

**Bock Beer**

Bock beer, as a beverage is fast becoming popular in this year. It is called an international institution for its most creditable name its usual appearance is a small, handsome of spring and some of its most successful placements.

It is a beer that is first brewed in Bavaria, M. A. Beck. This is one of the oldest and best. The 125th anniversary of the discovery of lock beer was the occasion of a "white celebration" in the Kaiser's town, a twenty-five years ago.

under, being reduced to opaque white with very limited range. For each million of substances it is not easy to find a regular coloring machine. Some of these colors are at the same time powerful and sweet.

It is the color the hairline has on a piece in the chair, while today its importance is considered.

If this is the case with men's voices, it is also true equally with reference to the female high soprano.

**How Asbestos Is Spun**

WHEN it leaves the rubbing-disk, asbestos is spun in the form of fibers, each containing about one hundred pounds. It is first spun by a machine somewhat resembling the one which is used in cotton-spinning. This machine operates the tangled fibers, upon the completion of which operation three covers a feet casting on a regular casting machine. Leaving this machine, the asbestos is combed smoothly, and the fibers are made into a regular spinning machine.

The next step is to treat this mass in a rotary spinning machine. First the mass is spun, and then it is spun. It is drawn and spun until it becomes fine and quite strong. In case a hard, strong thread is required for certain fabrics, the asbestos is spun in a machine called a twisting machine, where two or more of the yarn threads are combined. If the thread is to be used in the form of a smooth, hard-finished thread it is not desirable.

For a long time the problem of spinning asbestos presented many difficulties by reason of the nature in which the threads are formed, and the fact that they are so heavy. Eventually it was found that, under the microscope, a thread of asbestos displayed a network surface and that by means of a special twisting machine, it could be successfully accomplished. The result is that, after many years of experiment, the thread of asbestos is now being spun on a single spindle thread one hundred yards in length and not exceeding an ounce in weight.

**The Searchlight and Fog**

It will be noticed on a foggy night that the beam of a search-light seems abruptly to come to an end if the light be pointed upwards. The cause of this is not, as is generally supposed, that the light will be absorbed by the fog. The reason is not far to seek.

Where the end of the beam seems to be, it is just that point where the fog real, but the beam cannot be visible to us, for less there are small particles in its path. This circumstance is of great assistance to the searcher for the cause of the weather, since they can determine the thickness or depth of the fog. They can also determine the nature of the fog, essentially, whether the fog is of great extent or whether it exists only in patches. Thus, when the beam is lighter in places, and if it proceeds through places where there is fog at all that part of the beam will be black or invisible.

**CLEARED AWAY**

Proper Food Put the Troubles Away

Our own troubles always seem more severe than those of others. The reason is that we are not even a light breakfast, for years, without serious illness, but has trouble enough. That we are not even a light breakfast, for years, without serious illness, but has trouble enough.

"I am glad of the opportunity to tell you that we are not even a light breakfast, for years, without serious illness, but has trouble enough. That we are not even a light breakfast, for years, without serious illness, but has trouble enough."

"After eating I would suddenly be seized with an attack of cold and coughing. This would be followed by headache and misery that would sometimes last for weeks, leaving me so weak I could hardly get up or walk."

"Once I began to use Grape-Nuts I have been free from the old troubles. I already used Grape-Nuts one or more times a day, and during it the troubles have been gone. I can eat almost anything I want without trouble."

"I am glad to hear that you are free from the old troubles. I already used Grape-Nuts one or more times a day, and during it the troubles have been gone. I can eat almost anything I want without trouble."

See read the above letter? A new era opens from this time to time. They are good, true, and full of human interest."

# FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## Railway Freight-Rates and Railway Dividends

RATES HAVE GOT TO BE RAISED OR DIVIDENDS HAVE GOT TO COME DOWN

**W**HO does not say that the railroads may not increase their income? The Commission two years ago when it denied the railway's petition for an increase in freight rates. The first they may, and confidently believe they will. But if the time does not come when they are raised, then it may be also that their rates are realized, or are approaching realization. . . . This Commission will not hesitate to give the sanction to freight-rate increases which will be reasonable.

The foregoing statement is the basis of the present gain for an increase in rates. Conditions at present do not warrant an advance, and the 1911 decision in effect, but—and then follow the words quoted above. Let conditions change so that the train of the railroads are realized, or even "approach realization," stated the opinion, and the commission will not hesitate about giving its sanction to rate increases.

Conditions have so changed—that in the claim of the railroad now, operating expenses, largely as a result of the increased cost of labor, have risen beyond all bounds and covered gain in gross receipts. In 1911, an increase in net of over the \$34,800,000 increase in wages granted by the railroads in 1910, substantial wage-increase have also been made to the employees and the railroads have had to pay \$17,000,000 of additional pay annually but have just lost it by the increase and maintenance. By the development of such conditions, the 1911 decision, stated, investors have been made so absolutely unwilling to purchase railway securities, that capital which is interpreting the market is being withdrawn from them to go to other securities. Reduction in carrying power and impairment of credit have gone together. Moreover may have been the right or wrong of the Commission's action of two years ago in prohibiting the proposed freight-rate increases, changed conditions here, the railway men claim, demand that the case be reopened and decided according to its present merits.

At the very outset it may be well stated in brief and while that conditions have present conditions, that is to say, constantly rising labor costs without any compensating increase in freight-rates—hardly means what has been the right or wrong of the Commission's action. There are some roads, perhaps, so under-capitalized, and so rich in accumulated reserves that they could afford to pay the increased cost of labor. But even then their reserves were further greatly reduced, but these are the exception and not the rule of the railroads. Even those that are not under-capitalized and efficiently managed, are not making any very great amount of money or earning their dividends by any very great margin. To them, any further reduction of rate increases mean just one thing—that dividends will have to come down.

Cannot economies be effected to offset increased expenses? The answer is that the railroads have tried to do so more efficiently now. Ask that question of any railroad executive. If his answer is a "fit to print" statement, that the railroads are operated on as high a level of efficiency as any in the world. Then how almost all this of the million dollars a day that could be saved if the railroads were fit as they should be? Pure lack of understanding of real conditions as they actually are, is a shield for the introduction of economic dogmatism. By the way, it doesn't seem to hear so much of that (later) the railroads are under a great handicap. By no means are they free in making such changes. For one thing, the rigid rules of the powerful railroad brotherhoods have got to be taken into account. That is one thing. Another is that a railroad cannot be run on a profit basis in a small way, that is, that a small way of operation over a lot of territory, making little superintendence impossible. And then, finally, present historical conditions. For one thing, the economic operation in the constant demand on the part of the public for more and better service, regardless of cost. But no matter what the additional expense of the railroads had to be, it is not clear that it is possible any more to gain in efficiency whereby earnings can be largely increased in simply not to substantiate the case as it is.

Well, then, how about increase in income as an offset to rising costs? That can be expected to result in the freight-rates. For one thing, as W. Z. Eby pointed out the other night in a speech at the Economic Club dinner, that might have been expected, but that is not the way to do it. It is to demonstrate "in the way this authority put it," that after a certain point of traffic competition has been reached, the demand for more and better service is so great that it is necessary to increase in handling larger amounts of business. Unless earnings, therefore, are sufficiently large to permit of large capital expenditures, the railroads will not be able to raise new capital sums bound to sustain carrying power. The truth of the matter is that right now the railroads are not in a position to raise new capital sums in a large way as to make money out of it.

There is comfort in the idea that there exists some sort of a margin between what the railroads are now paying out and what they are earning, but earnings can be

maintained at a point allowing of the maintenance of current dividend rates, and so a good many people think it is likely to be a risky thing to do. The matter of reduced earnings and of the ability of the railroads to pay their present carrying charges out of pure arithmetic. There is an objection to it in which they can more themselves or be served. The truth of the thing is that the case of some roads the margin by which dividends are being earned is a narrow one, and that, unless freight-rates are raised, any further appreciable increase in expenses is going to result in dividends generally having to come down.

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two years, a time when neither the Pennsylvania nor any other big road was spending money with any real effect, and it is likely to be a risky thing to do. The matter of reduced earnings and of the ability of the railroads to pay their present carrying charges out of pure arithmetic. There is an objection to it in which they can more themselves or be served. The truth of the thing is that the case of some roads the margin by which dividends are being earned is a narrow one, and that, unless freight-rates are raised, any further appreciable increase in expenses is going to result in dividends generally having to come down.

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## Ye Ancient Barge

EVIL their strike last year, which threatened to paralyze the whole business of the port of London, is affecting in turn every port in the United Kingdom. It is said that few Londoners know anything about the Thames lighters. The English, then, foreigners and the Thames barge is an important piece, a monopole protected by acts of Parliament for the last four hundred years.

The first act of Parliament defining the constitution and powers of the Watermen's Company was passed in 1554. In 1555 another act was passed that the Court of Watermen's Company should consist of eight watermen, to be called owners and rulers, they appointed by the Mayor and Aldermen being absent, in 1701 the lighters were incorporated into the watermen, and the title of the company was changed to the Watermen's and Lightermen's Company, three lighters being appointed an additional owners and rulers.

Many other acts of Parliament have been passed concerning the company. One of the most important is that of 1823, which provides that no person except a freeman of the company or a duly qualified apprentice be allowed to act as waterman or lighterman, or to navigate any wherry or pleasure boat, lighter, or other craft. In 1829 there were 12,243 of these Thames men; 10-day the men holding licenses number only 2,413. The reduction in their number is due to the introduction of steam. In the days of Queen Elizabeth the watermen between Windsor and Westminster numbered 10,000. It was their boast that they could haul 20,000 tons for the navy, and at one time 8,000 of them were in the service.

The watermen's company. The Thames barge have been famous for centuries. Howell relates that Sir Johnson was very pleased to be visited at his house by six watermen of whom he tried their satire on him. By 1701 the watermen's craft had become generally offensive, and an order was made by the rulers and owners of the company forbidding this form of amusement, and a penalty of half a crown for each offense was imposed on any waterman or apprentice convicted of using improper language.

## Spider Silk

From time to time the ingenuity of the spider has been exercised in its endeavor to develop some substitute for the silkworm's product, to find some other insect that will produce something very similar at a lower cost.

It is an old idea that the spider might be employed in this way in substitution for the silkworm. The spiders have ever been too obtuse to obtain a sufficient quantity of the spider thread and how to spin it without breaking or tearing it. A Frenchman named Verbeur introduced a spider to a machine of his invention. This machine sustained the spider and drew out the thread steadily. The thread was wound as the spider spun it, and after it had been made, the end of the web, which was attached to the body of the spider, was caught on a hook fixed firmly in a bobbin. Then the machine was put to rest in motion. The spider, feeling that it was needed away independently of its own volition, naturally pulled in the opposite direction to get away. But, it is said, he failed instead to his great delight, that the spider did not pull with sufficient force to break the thread, but actually managed to enjoy the process, maintaining just sufficient tension to keep the web in continual motion. Many spiders, it is said, were tried in this way, and but few different quantities of their product was obtained to be woven into a fabric. This, it is found, was superior to natural silk in strength, elasticity, and tenacity.

It were superfluous to add that dozens of spider silk have been tried, the most of any give the very rich. A species of Madagascar spider is the only one that supplies the right sort of thread. None else can give the spider's thread a toughness that has it.

The Frenchman who invented these interesting experiments admitted that no other advantage of the spider as a producer of silk is that, having been supplied with a web, it can be put to rest in any condition, when it will retreat to another web without showing ill effects.

## The Song of the Mosquito

The L. O. Bureau, of the Department of Agriculture, on recent authority, says the mosquito, long regarded as a pest, has for some interesting data with reference to that creature's song.

The mosquito's flight, it appears, is perceived not, as is the case of a fly, by a rapid vibration of the wings, but by a movement of the air which the body

during the act of respiration. Dragonflies and bees also sing in this way.

It is related that an electrical engineer, who was making some experiments in harmonic telegraph, producing notes of a certain pitch by electrical means, found that when a note was raised to a certain number of vibrations all the mosquitoes in the room and even from wide distances outside would aggregate near the apparatus and prostrate themselves against it as if attracted.

Then the experimenter devised a deadly machine. He covered a large surface with sticky flypaper and, sounding the note for a few seconds, captured all the mosquitoes in the room. He then made an apparatus to kill them by electricity. A series of window screens from which the paint was removed was stretched on a board and small pins were driven between the screens, the heads coming flush with the surface of the screen. All the pins were connected electrically, and the whole formed one electrode of the secondary coil of an induction coil, while the wire screens formed the other electrode. A high-power alternating current was then passed, the note was sounded, and thousands prostrated themselves against the screen and were immediately killed.

## Hearing One's Own Voice

LATER, who appears to have accidentally investigated the matter, asserts that not only does one not hear himself as others hear him, but that one does not hear himself as others hear him. Some interesting experiments were made by the French scientist in this connection.

He endeavored to ascertain whether a man truly hears the sound of his own voice. Lately has been at some pains to determine the facts, and he has concluded that if a person record on a phonograph a few sentences pronounced by himself, together with other recorded by friends, and sends the machine to reproduce these, it most frequently happens that the man more rarely recognizes the voice of his friends than he does his own.

It appears that the difference lies in the quality of the tone. One hears his own voice carried through the air, as do his auditors, but across the solid parts between the organs of speech and those of hearing. The sound thus produced has a different timbre from that conducted to the ear by the air alone.

It is very certainly very doubtful as to this let us try the following experiment: Take the end of a wooden rod between the teeth and pronounce a word—undoubtedly. Let the other end be taken alternately between the teeth and released by another person who at the same time stops his ears. The latter will find that every time he hears the rod in his teeth the sound will be stronger than when it reaches the ear through the air alone, and that it has a different quality. The passage of sound through a solid body magnifies its intensity and modifies its quality.

## Wind and Fish

It is reported that a singular correspondence exists between the prevailing direction of the wind on the coast of New South Wales and the average size of fish.

It appears that the winds which blow over the ocean currents influence, in fact, the course of the fish. These influences vary periods of three or four years. Thus in 1808, there was a general scarcity of fish, but afterward they became more and more abundant up to the year 1860. In 1896 there was another scarcity of fish, but the next year they began to return in large numbers.

The cause of these variations was regarded as a mystery until the coincidence with the prevailing direction of the wind was noted. It is thought that the hypothesis of the fishermen may be justified two or three years in advance.

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# THE MOTOR-CYCLE OF TO-DAY

Some of the Peculiar Advantages it Offers

BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON

**I**t is told of an Indian that when he does not wish to wear a bicycle, about twenty years ago, he greeted: "Light! They lay poles—walk sitting down." What, then, would the same Indian think today could be seen thousands of "palefaces" being over the country on those two-wheeled vehicles at a mile-a-minute clip without even as much as saving their feet—a sort of "slating sitting down," as it were. He would be forced to admit that, in this instance at least, "savans" had wrought wonders and that the calmly seated white man can cover more ground in a day than could the most foot-fetted and strenuously inclined Indian runner in his.

It was possibly somewhat the same attitude, on the part of the palefaces' "kithes or fourteen years ago, that prevented the motor-cycle from jumping into the immediate popularity that has since been accorded it. The motor-cycle was introduced during the height of the bicycle craze, and to substitute a small gasoline motor for foot power seemed the epitome of madness. The bicycle was used as much as a means of exercise as of locomotion, and to make it self-propelling was defeating one of its chief ends. About this time, however, the first automobiles began to prove themselves to be the rich and convenient of the future, and these started the demand for self-propelled vehicles that has resulted in the production of over a quarter of a million motor-cycles and motor-cars a year for several seasons.

The motor-cycle does not require the whole road, and is comparatively able to reach where many a heavy automobile may fear to tread. Many a motor-

cyclist at first thought, as they may be turned to any position as the muscles become tired of inactivity. Some motor-cycles are provided with running boards or a seat of platform below the motor. These serve as a supplementary foot-rest on which the driver may place his feet when they tire of the pedals. In some designs the running-boards receive the pedals entirely, the motor being started by a small hand-crank and the tanks supplied from the handlebars. These features of the motor-cycle design and construction, together with many others which would need to be noted by the casual observer of such a vehicle, serve to make motor-cycling an exceedingly comfortable recreation.

While the motor-cycle may be considered a "one-man" affair, it is not without its social possibilities. Two machines may travel side by side, or if the center of the road be smooth as well as the sides, three abreast will not occupy more space than that required by the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle. The riders will then be close together than are the occupants of the front seat and fenders of a touring-car, and they possess the further advantage in that a turn of the accelerator handle will enable one to drop away from the rest of the procession without stopping.

But the motor-cycle can also be converted into a two-passenger conveyance by the addition of a seat and foot-rests at the rear. This pillow effect is much more comfortable than its appearance or the position of its occupants would lead one to expect. In fact, several couples have toured for hundreds of miles in this manner. But for those who desire more comfort and luxury than it is possible for this rear seat to afford an extra wheel may be attached to the rear of the motor-cycle, and on the axle connecting the two a comfortably upholstered wicker seat having a back and arm may be placed. This seat is similar in appearance to the wheel-bins that are to be found at seaside and health resorts, and because of the fact that it is a side extension of the motor-cycle the attachment is known as a "side car." The extra passenger is thus brought by the side of the rider



The motor-cycle squad of Cleveland's police department

and a conversation may be carried on as easily as though both were seated in a room. The use of this attachment is limited, of course, to good roads, but so the seat and wheel are easily removed or set in place the utility of the motor-cycle for touring is not interfered with. The speed of the motor-cycle is also reduced by the added weight, but as the maximum rate of travel that can be attained by one of these machines is ordinarily considerably above the limit of safety the rider and companion can cover ground "plenty fast."

It might well be assumed by those unfamiliar with the subject that the speed, capability, and power possessed by the average motor-cycle would render it very by its means more dangerous than bicycle-riding. With the exercise of due care, however, a motor-cycle of thirty or forty miles an hour is no more dangerous to ride than is a bicycle at half that speed. In fact, it is probable that there are fewer "spills," on the part of motor-cyclists, than ever occurred by an equal number of bicycle-riders. In the first place, the motor-cycle is made exceedingly strong to withstand the added strain due to the increased weight and speed. Secondly, it is provided with increased braking surface and extra safety equipment to compensate for the effect of the added momentum caused by the heavy mass moving at high speed. The engine control of most motor-cycles is located in the grips of the handlebars, while the brake is applied by a downward pressure of the foot on the rear pedal. Thus to start or to stop almost instantly neither the hands nor feet need be removed, and the machine is at all times under perfect control.

The third reason for the comparative safety attendant upon high-speed motor-cycling is one that might not at first glance appear important, and yet it is in reality far-reaching in its effects. Every one who has ever ridden a bicycle realizes how much more easily he could retain his balance when he was pedaling fast than was the case when he was traveling at a slow rate of speed. At high speeds the balance becomes automatic, and the machine naturally maintains its equilibrium without any effort on the direction on the part of the driver. On a motor-cycle this effect is even more noticeable, due probably to the greater weight or mass in motion. Furthermore, the engine, magneto or battery, muffler, and other parts are placed in the lower portion of the frame, thus giving a low center of gravity to the machine, which contributes to stability. Then, too, the tendency of the heavy motor-cycle, moving at a rapid rate, is to continue in a straight line and to ignore small obstructions that would deflect the lighter bicycle from its normal course. This means that the motor-cycle can safely traverse rough roads filled with ruts that would throw the rider of a bicycle.

A motor-cycle will cost from \$350 to \$700, depending upon the size of the motor and the accessories, and other equipment; an automobile capable of attaining the same speed as the 25-hp. motor-cycle is usually to be bought for less than \$600 or \$1,000. A high-powered automobile will travel an average of six to twelve miles per gallon of gasoline, a motor-cycle can cover as much as one hundred miles of ordinary road on the same amount of fuel.

Because of the low initial cost of the motor-cycle, its great economy of gasoline, and lubricating oil, and its low expense for tires, the operating and "ouching" charges per mile are brought down to an amount less than a cost that this becomes the cheapest form of transportation yet known.



One machine for two, useful for honeymoon journeys

at known, to his sorrow, that after a heavy rain he must drive through rather than over the average country road. Pedestrians may have seen a hand-some pathway along the roadside, but that is found to the fifty-sixth wide tread of the automobile. Not on the motor-cycle, however; that can travel along a pathway a foot wide, and by working out these ruts and by following a smooth, broad "rut" on one side or the other practically all roads are made possible to this sturdy two-wheeled vehicle.

It may be said that these advantages of the motor-cycle are obtained at the sacrifice of carrying capacity and comfort. At the expense of carrying capacity certainly, for it is not to be expected that a two-wheeled vehicle of but one-twelfth the weight of an average automobile would possess the room for the passengers and equipment provided in a touring car. Hence for a suit-case, together with accommodations for beds and the necessary extra parts, will be found on every motor-cycle, however, and consequently the vehicle is adapted for extended touring.

But so far as the comfort of the rider is concerned appearances are deceptive. The seats are large, well shaped, and provided with springs that absorb shocks and jars of road travel. The frames themselves, on which the weight of the rider and motor is placed, are curved and designed with springs at both the front and rear portions, and such roads and be traversed with ease in complete or discomfort thus affords a ride over the same course in a large touring-car. The pedals of the motor-cycle form far more comfortable seats for the rider's feet than might be ap-



The motor-cycle with chair—a London innovation

# Freaks of the Tornado

By George E. Walsh

The Weather Bureau at Washington has been collecting statistics and facts about cyclones and tornadoes for many years, and the experts have succeeded in securing considerable valuable data about the big winds. But after all, the freaks of the storm are the things that give it special interest, and if all these things properly classified and intelligently recorded could be furnished, every visitation of a tornado adds to this valuable storehouse of queer freaks.

It is not uncommon for the whirling wind to cut a house in half demolishing one side and leaving the other unharmed. This happened in an Iowa town, and the part that was left intact was so little disturbed that the clock on the mantel continued ticking as if nothing had happened. In the Texas town of Sherman, which was visited by a tornado in 1896, two houses were picked up and carried into the air where they exploded. Every one in them was severely injured except a baby, which did not receive so much as a scratch. A man sitting a row in a shed saw the row and asked carried up in the air, but he was not so much as touched. Not a drop of the milk in his pail was spilled or disturbed.

In the St. Louis tornado of the same year a carpet in the parlor of one house was pulled up by the center and carried away a few hundred yards without a mark as a root being torn in it. The turks had been pulled up as easily as if extracted by a magnetic carpet-lifter. In another house the bed-dollies and mattress were lifted from the bed, and the bedstead was left intact. A resident was carried through the roof of another house with the bed and dropped a quarter of a mile away without injury. The mattress saved him in the fall, but he jerked himself up in a moment late to down without knowing exactly what had happened to him.

The "trotters" have been known to pull nails out of shingles and then go on to pick up a chimney, bodily and carry it through the air. In Kansas one picked up a loggia and landed it in the branches of a tree. At another time it ripped the harness completely off a horse and left horse, buggy, and man unharmed. In

Louisville in 1890, a tornado carried the roof of a house and pulled a child from the mother's arms and carried it safely to another house six blocks away.

But there are queerer among the barn-lore freaks of the big wind. There are others more heart-breaking. One has numbered human beings, bearing arms and legs from the body, and twisted the hair of women into ropes. In Kansas a dress a piece of wadding six inches square through the body of a hog. At another time it blew in the door of a lawyer's house and carried the owner away in the door, to drop him in the branches of a tree. The tornado did not hurt him, but he broke his neck falling from the tree to the ground. No one has succeeded in capturing the full force of a tornado, but it is known to travel at the rate of two hundred miles and more an hour.

Tornadoes are exciting more general attention these times because of the greater number of towns and villages located in the tornado belt. Each successive one is more dangerous than its predecessor because it is apt to find more human material. For every one it might travel half the length of a continent without finding anything in its path to destroy crops, grain, trees, and occasionally the crops of a solitary citizen. To-day, if it followed the same route, it might pass over a dozen villages and towns.

The only thing that can possibly break the force of a tornado is a range of mountains. It may create wild havoc among the trees and breakers of a mountain, but it cannot carry the mountain itself away. It will appear good forerunner, but the water flows wells and streams, twist and demand, iron bridges, and every day coming, but the mountains are proof against the mighty force of the wind. Until we know how to control the tornado or find some means of halting its force, it may create wild havoc among the great plain sections of the country. It is, like earthquakes, the tornado and cyclone do not occur every year, and sometimes they defer their visit for a year or so, for which we may be thankful.

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## Army Eagles

EAGLES lasted only from 1865 to Waterloo. Before then it had been the custom in armies to carry large eagles mounted on poles, which, while they afforded a rallying point for their corps, also drew the enemy's fire. It remained for Napoleon to notice the ancient symbol of the Cosmos. At first eagles were presented in every battalion of infantry and every squadron of horse. But owing to the number of eagles captured this all became was cut down. All battalion eagles were withdrawn and one eagle was carried by each regiment of foot and cavalry. In 1812 a still further reduction was made and in some cases line regiments were ordered to leave their eagles in their arsenals. Those standards were also taken from all regiments of light and heavy artillery and carried occasionally for an infantry brigade. The eagle staff was eight inches in height and nine inches across the wings. It stood on a bronze block three feet square and weighed three and a half pounds. Modern eagles, handsome as they are, are as nothing compared to the old ones, which were so dignified in look as the big drum. Then there existed a register

system for wing eagles. Sometimes, when the tide of war ran unfavorably, they were destroyed and put into honorable or great-coat piles. At other times they were burned, thrown into ponds or rivers, broken up, broken in hollow trees, and most humiliating of all, stuffed into some dead horse, to be buried out subsequently.

## Hens as Barometers

A FORTUNE-BASER in Indonesia has produced curious results by altering and alternating the food given to his hens. It is known for some time that chickens for the market that Devanco pepper put into their food, points in a notable difference in the character and shade of their plumage, giving the feathers a smoothness and reddish tinge which adds to their value in the market. It is now approved to be added to the diet, especially of white hens, which have been laid from carefully selected eggs, and their feathers become pale rose, and they are sold for a brilliant red when the weather is damp and a steely ashen-gray. These hens that become veritable barometers, and the prognostic of color from pale to brilliant is so exact that a useful law, stating about the barometer is regarded in certain prophesy of a storm which may be so much as twelve hours distant.

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## Our Peripatetic Secretary of State

*O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird  
Or but a wandering voice?*

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, the Honorable JAMES E. MURPHY was delivering an impassioned oration in the Fourth Ward of Jersey City. We forget what it was about, but that doesn't matter any more now than it did then. The point is that, while speaking, the orator strode up and down the platform, flapping his coat-tails, and with a nod of Celtic extraction rose and said with peculiar positiveness, "Jus, if you're going to walk, you'll walk; if you're going to walk, don't talk." The audience applauded the suggestion so heartily that the orator, after giving thanks, subsided entirely, somewhat to the relief of Governor Woodrow Wilson, who was waiting his turn to address the masses against the bosses.

But it was all a mistake justly attributable to ignorance. Mr. Murphy's method of delivery was fully warranted by the highest classical authority. He was stamping in the footsteps of ARISTOTLE himself. He was trying to be a Peripatetic.

To those unfamiliar with words derived from the Greek this simple designation may seem unnecessary or even suggestive of some unpleasant recollection, but in truth of course it is highly complimentary. For there is at the present day no more exact examination for admission to the famous School of Peripatetics established by the great teacher of ethics and politics, and taught by him while pacing to and fro. A book accordingly would have no chance at all. But there is one business American, we are happy to record, who would stand easily at the head of the class. The man is "the Honorable, the Secretary of State," as he was designated on the menu of Director-General JAMES BARRATT'S Pan-American feast, given the other evening with much zest in this wicked city.

We can only approximate the measure of Brother BAYAN'S familiarity with the lore of the ancient philosopher. There have been times when it seemed as if he would have talked long if he had studied more, but you never can tell. The effect might have been quite the contrary. Genius of the tongue is like a halibut brook—restrained and unmeasurable, now a mere gurgle and then suddenly become a rushing torrent. But when PLATO himself happened to be only that needs the him more than the spur, how accurately he depicted what Brother BAYAN needs and, incidentally, what he seems to be getting!

It is not a fair presumption, moreover, that the *Oratorian* was a mere precursor of the *Cassanover*? And do not the *Cassanovers* of the Greek master bear a striking similarity to the *Infersasofarinas* of the American disciple, especially when someone he doesn't like promises to become a candidate? How recently, too, has Brother BAYAN exemplified the Aristotelian doctrine that "virtue lies between the extremes of self-indulgence and asceticism," and that "every change from potentiality to actuality is accomplished by an efficient cause which is working from an end, the 'Final Cause'?" A true, a qualified Peripatetic, indeed, is the Honorable, the Secretary of State.

Nevertheless, it is not in that sense that we use the adjective in the title of this disorienter. The accepted modern meaning of the word is far more pertinent to the case in point, signifying as it does a revolving. Mr. BAYAN, one "going about from place to place in connection with some occupation or calling." That is Brother BAYAN'S

real job. In view of the constant references in the papers to "Acting Secretary" This or That, no less than of his generally subservient attitude, it would be correct enough, we suppose, to speak of Mr. BAYAN as *Passive Secretary*, but on the whole we like Peripatetic better, and will let it stand at that.

Some people thought it strange that Brother BAYAN should accept an appointment which implied the manipulation of a second victim. Others were surprised when the leader of the oratorists offered him the position. But these were unscrupulous folk. The President, be assured, had

MARY, LEWIS CANN, JEREMIAH BLISS, WILLIAM H. NEWBURN, WILLIAM M. EVERTS, THOMAS F. BAYMAN, JOHN SHAWMAN, JOHN HAY, ELMER HOOT, and so forth and so on, down to FRANKLIN C. KANE, who could have done as well as most of the others but for a temperamental disinclination with application. A very good line indeed for WILLIAM JENNINGS BAYAN to join!

Then, too, tradition had accented such authority, no less than marked distinction, to the high office. Suffice it to remark as an indication, without recalling the achievements of JEFFERSON, MONROE, CLAY, CALHOUN, and HOWE, that it was NEWBURN, not LINCOLN, who purchased Alaska; BLISS, not HARRISON, who averted a war; and CANEY, not CLEVELAND, who instigated the Venable message.

True, this tradition could hardly maintain under a strain accustomed to render help after having deviled. Even though an Ambassador Puck with shrewd and subsequently demonstrated foresight remarked, "The state portfolio the President himself must hold whenever important foreign questions come up," there would still exist a vacuum of no mean size to be filled. The simplest, moreover, that lack of stability necessarily implies absence of responsibility was not to be overlooked by a mind accustomed to penetrate to last consequences.

So it all came about naturally and politely, and after having won official recognition of the indelible right of his stomach to perform the delicate function of fermentation. Brother BAYAN boarded a high but not lofty to make a personal acquaintance with red tops. Inevitably much fawning ensued. Our neighbor, the *Sax*, prophesied the direct calamities. Henry HUNT threw up his hands and said divorce proceedings would be begun before the honeymoon was over. Justus HEGGANS presided in putting their tongues in their ears while really only biting them. We also forebore the perfect harmony, the contrived team play, which has ensued. Like the famous ship upon the sea, Brother BAYAN soon found himself in the place in which he was shown with tactful solicitude. He went to sleep a Democrat and awoke a Peripatetic.



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(From the "New York American.")

We reprint this picture by Mr. T. E. Powers solely as a happy illustration of the accompanying discourse. Although ostensibly a work of high art, it is not a good likeness. The suburban portrait of Mr. Bryan is the one of him in a high hat drawn by Mr. Duffel and published recently in this journal.

his reasons for keeping the great costume close to his elbow, and who can doubt that the photograph which the Assistant President studied judicially from the far end of his right arm was of the type commonly known as enlarged! As to Brother BAYAN himself, speculation respecting his emotions resolves readily into available surmise. The wilting effect of office-seeking had engendered a divine fear of officeholding. And the place itself was alluring. It had been filled, or at least occupied, by men who had loomed large in their day and generation. If he became Secretary of State, he could count as his predecessors THOMAS JEFFERSON, JOHN MONROE, JAMES MADISON, JOHN Q. ADAMS, BRYAN CLAY, MARTIN VAN BUREN, JOHN C. CALHOUN, DANIEL WEBSTER, WILLIAM L. GAYNE, and so forth. The prospect was indeed

in the accurate words of Mr. MYRAH, he has had the time of his life "going about or from place to place in connection with some occupation or calling." First he went home to lend his presence to a celebration of his birthday, a full report of which appeared in these columns. Then he made a speech or two about the education of home rule to the Irish in Dublin (a particular need of rest, he was at liberty to regard the fourth commandment as an unimportant part of the platform and took a class in Sunday-school). He made his famous trip to California by official direction and with full authority—to telegraph freely to Washington. Then he let the Japanese ambassador cool his heels while he went to Hagerstown, New York, and directed at some length and with great fervor upon the inevitability of party platforms which declare right for a single term for Presidents.

Last week he came over to this city, which surely he considered as belonging to his country, and found it occupied by a multitude of friends. Never in his life had he so many people to greet in New York as he did on this day. He was greeted as that which showed his heart to the people.

American dinner party. And he made good. His speech was a masterpiece of diplomatic utterance. One could not fail to mark the pleasing contrast of his true and tolerant humor with the barbed wit and dire threats uttered but a short time ago in the same hall by his officially superior public servant.

We have no need to signify the value which we attach to the President's high intelligence. That it cannot be overestimated has been demonstrated over and over again since he took up his duties at the White House and the Capitol. But in no instance has he shown keener intuition than by consulting with Mr. Bryan on the subject of preliminary communication with the people. JOHN BASSETT MOORE can struggle with low-looks and hunt up precedents as well as anybody; nobody can beat Assistant-President HORNE at putting candidates into their proper pens, and of course there is lost one fully qualified to avoid an abundant store but when it comes to popularizing the administration, in part if not in whole, commend us to the Honorable the Secretary of State.

He is the matchless minute-man of the government, ready at any time to drop his present- or jump out of bed to answer the call of duty. He has no needed miles at his back, and is ready and is fresher than when he started. We shouldn't be surprised any morning to read that he was off to England to help out our new ambassador in addressing labor unions and other peace societies.

Messieurs, make no mistake, Brother BAYAN is growing in the estimation of his countrymen. He is getting to be more careful every day of what he says, and he is doing what he is told with extraordinary skill and usefulness. If anything should happen to go wrong—which Heaven forbid—he will still be able to present a satisfied face with a smiling face, and show hands clean as a white cloth of responsibility.

A fearless man is Brother BRYAN, fair and clear, with one eye guided by direction of ALEXANDER upon the Final Cause. Women's work, if now living, would never mistake him for a mere cuckoo or "a bad smelling voice." He is, in truth, in the classical language of the poet, a kind.

Mr. Bryan's New York Defender.

Our distinguished aristocrat, the *Pan* and the *World*, so often agree that when they do the happening demands attention. Some suspicious people thought they detected peculiar significance in what Mr. BRYAN said at Harrisburg to wit:

A man who violates a party platform and betrays his party and the people is a criminal worse than the man who subdues them. It is a crime in this country that a platform is binding upon every man that man on that platform. Some men violate platforms because they say they cannot violate their conscience. Far be it from me to have a man violate his conscience. No man should violate his conscience, but that does not mean that he should violate his party platform. It means that his conscience should begin to work before he is elected, and not afterward. If after election he cannot violate his conscience he keep his party platform, he should resign and set his conscience story the conscience of his constituents.

Whereupon the *Star* declared with characteristic succinctness:

It is unfair to poison Mr. BRYAN's own presence in Washington by analyses or spurious interpretations of his remarks on the arbitrary critical. Because he insists that they say they cannot violate their conscience and indefeasible obligation of a candidate to stick to the platform, the advocates of lies and the adherents of robbery are sure to be becoming himself for the 1914 campaign, starting at Mr. WILSON and reminding him of the slogan-templed pledge in the Baltimore platform.

Whatever Mr. BAYAN's hopes and ambitions, it is unjust to introduce to his own a misunderstanding of the plain language and purpose of the Baltimore declaration about his "conscience" term as to imply that it refers or one order to a second term as the Constitution now stands, and binds Mr. WILSON to a single term.

A constitutional amendment for a single, and presumably a longer, term is what Mr. WILSON is pledged to in the platform. It is not necessary for the equally indefeasible feature of Mr. BAYAN that are always trying to make trouble between him and Mr. WILSON?

The *World*, because of its stronger predisposition in favor of Mr. BAYAN, approached the interesting subject from another angle, but reached the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, the mischief-makers keep on hinting. It may not be amiss, therefore, to suggest that, while recognizing the earnest efforts of our neighbors in his behalf, Mr. BAYAN consider the propriety of making his position quite clear. A very few words would suffice. Doubtless we shall hear them soon or perhaps even sooner. What?

Doing Their Duty

Says the crumbed old *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago: "We had heard from the demand for the free-trade experiment, so far as the administration branch is concerned, about:

WILSON (free trade).....	1,292,596
ROOSEVELT (free trade).....	100,101
TART (against free trade).....	3,491,632
	747,173
Majority against free trade.....	1,178,134

Nazis to this, Mr. WILSON's role was swelled by hundreds of thousands of Republicans driven to his support by what they regarded as the worse evil, instead of the lesser one, the resolution of the tariff. So out of a total vote of over 15,000,000, less than six million demanded both WILSON and free trade.

Fudge! Neither Mr. WILSON, nor the Democratic party advocated free trade or anything approaching it. They stood for reduction of tariff duties and won, and are now fulfilling their pledge. That is all there is of it.

Mr. Roosevelt's Baggage

It has been the immemorial privilege of losers at law to go down to the tavern and curse out the court. Secretary ROOSEVELT seems minded to deny this venerable relief to manufacturers who think themselves injured by the new tariff law. If they complain that the new law has so reduced their profits that they must reduce wages the government is ready. Mr. ROOSEVELT aims to investigate their complaints and find out whether the trouble in their business is due to the new tariff or to other causes, such as bad equipment, antiquated methods, poor location, or lack of capital. Mr. ROOSEVELT says the Department of Commerce has the machinery for making these investigations and does a good job when it undertakes one.

A howl has arisen from the ranks of the employing class at this suggestion. It is dreadful, to be sure. We suppose not even Mr. ROOSEVELT has the hardihood to hint that the government will compel manufacturers to keep up wages. But he has something that comes pretty near it to wit:

If I go public the public mind at all clearly it holds undesirable views toward reduction of wages except under strict necessity. It would not approve them for the sake of maintaining profits, based all on a purely political sentiment. Furthermore, they believe that the reduction of wages is the easy road to the inefficient and the lackwork of poor management.

I believe this to be so. As therefore the reduction of wages has direct social effects, and as the public is entitled to know in advance the facts, we think the department has undertaken to find out whether the facts do or do not justify the threatened

Some of this is rather gay talk. How clearly does Mr. ROOSEVELT grasp the public mind? Will it insist in maintenance of wages where there are no profits? Would it not consider that the maintenance of wages by intervention of the Department of Commerce would be as much the easy road of inefficient workers as the high tariff has been the easy road of inefficient employer? But never mind the answer. All Mr. ROOSEVELT's department undertakes to do is to find out whether facts warrant reductions.

That may not be a bad thing. Nobody but an expert can bring a complaining manufacturer (of woolsens, say) to book and find out if he is really losing and how much, and how much is reasonable. The tariff bill is not passed yet, and we can afford to wait till Mr. ROOSEVELT's activities are subject of complaint by some one who is actually pinched before we take them seriously.

The Means of Republican Revival

It will not do to dismiss as a *sine qua non* the renewal of the effort to recognize the Republican party. So far as we have observed, the attempts to battle the recent Chicago conference to that end have come from men thoroughly committed to the Bull Moose movement and were therefore to be expected. Even if we grant in addition the vigorous ridicule from Bull Moose sources is one of the reasons for taking quite seriously the enterprise of Governor HANCOY and Senators BAYAN and CLEVELAND and their associates; if it were really laughable, the laughing wouldn't be so strenuous.

But there are other reasons to take it seriously. The men themselves, for the most part, have

weight with the country, and they are the kind of Republicans to take the lead in this matter, because they have most in common with those who want the length of tactical rebellion. They have also, we think, taken a correct view of the general course to be followed, which is, roughly, the simplest. They favor a national convention, to be specially called, of those practices which have been a real source of offense. The chief of those, they declare, have been the retro-borough system in the South, the method of handling contests before national conventions, and the manipulation of resources and conventions in the states in the choice of delegates. They favor also their wisdom by insisting that these reforms must be made to openly and candidly as to convince the people that they have been made thoroughly and sincerely.

The Japanese and the World

It is easy to be positive on the question California has raised about the ownership of her lands by aliens. We ourselves, for instance, are positive that California ought not to be precipitate; that she has nothing to gain by hurry, and nothing to lose—certainly not the question itself—by going respectfully to the other side.

President ELIOT and others are quite so easily positive that there is no hostile animus in Japan, and no colonizing purpose, and that therefore the Californians have discovered a man's nest. Most Californians, on the other hand, seem to be equally positive that they are up against something very serious, and must take immediate and drastic action.

We defend our notion by agreeing with President ELIOT and the peace-makers, on the one hand, and the Californians, on the other. That is to say, we agree that Japan doesn't want trouble, and we also agree that the ownership of land by Japanese in California is in one aspect a very serious matter.

It is a serious matter because the relations of the Japanese with Occidental peoples—not the relations of Japan with Occidental nations—are a serious matter, and a puzzling one. The main thing is that the individual Japanese, in his relations with Occidental people, is not yet been "placed." Some of us are too ready to treat him merely as an Asiatic—which he is, certainly. Many of us distinguish him among Asiatics, but vaguely, and not to his satisfaction. The truth is, we haven't made up our minds how to treat him, and he on his part has fully made up his mind to be treated as an equal, if not as a superior.

The *London Times* shows surprising coincidence of this wider aspect of the trouble in California. It was in the controversy a world question, and which it might be avoided altogether. We hardly see how that is possible. All our country must be met some time later. But why sooner rather than later? Why, above all, this year earlier than next year? That is the ground of our disapproval of the Californians' course. They can give interesting reasons for taking the stand they have taken, but we can see no practical reason—only political reason, from the Bull Moose point of view—for forcing the issue immediately.

The incident has given to the *Times* Roosevelt of to-day an opportunity of service which we still like to think that a younger *Times* Roosevelt would have risen to. Publicly, he hasn't risen to it. If he hasn't done something or other privately, then we are sorry for his biography.

They Will Think Of It, Abbott

It is a pleasure to find ourselves for once in sympathy with Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT. He has been torn down by the American Peace Society by a cable he sent the appeal of the Navy League for measures looking to an increase of efficiency in the American army.

Dr. ABBOTT's speech at the Lake Mohonk Conference is not the source or explanation of our sympathy. It sounds too much like certain many times uttered by any congressmen as a "filling" filler. We should have liked it better if the venerable doctor had stood more squarely on his own feet.

For Dr. ABBOTT is playing the man in this matter, all past allies to the contrary notwithstanding. The navy is swayed from two quarters. It is swayed by its congressmen as a "filling" filler, in order to get a number of congressmen and to divert the money spent on it to "improvements" in their own districts. It is also swayed by a number of excellent people who apparently believe that it will promote the cause of peace if this country, although it maintains a navy and expects to maintain one indefinitely, sets an example of moral inefficiency.

That is what it comes down to. Nobody, so far as we know, proposes to dismantle the army. Nobody even proposes the up-to-date equivalent of JEFFERSON'S grant policy, which would be, we take it, a reliance on shore batteries and submarines. We are to go on having a navy, therefore, but friends of peace will continue to object to every measure and every appropriation designed to make it a strong navy.

This attitude is so fatuous that it is hard to treat it our bit more respectfully than the merely political and selfish behavior of Congressmen who vote against the navy appropriation bill and vote for such graft bills as they can get, thereby, from their own districts. Dr. ABBOTT is right in opposing both these ineffectives.

He is also right in maintaining that in the present state of human nature and of international relations the United States should have a strong navy, and that our having it will be conducive to the world's peace as well as to our own security.

#### The German Emperor

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany has turned twenty-five years. He has worn a military costume almost constantly. Under his Germany has become the first military power in the world and has built up a fleet which is second to none. From the beginning he has been a source of rumors of wars. He was long regarded as an emboldened threat to the peace of Europe. Some of us can still vividly remember our own and the world's apprehensions when he dismissed BISMARCK and French prized his great crown, "Dropping the Pilot."

Yet here is an address to the Emperor, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, congratulating him on his work as a peacemaker and a peace-keeper, and it is signed by the heads of practically all the learned and benevolent societies of America! ANDREW CARNEGIE'S name is there, of course; but so is WILLIAM A. DUNDEN, of the American Historical Association, and others as well that are never named without reflection and disqualification.

On the whole, it is a just tribute. There are still two opinions about the Emperor in Germany as well as in other countries. Whether near or far, you can hear quite contradictory accounts of him. But does anybody anywhere feel about him as we feel everybody did when he was bidding to the throne? He succeeded a much-loved Emperor, his father, whose reign had been so brief that men were still thinking of a still better loved Emperor, his grandfather. The qualities of that grandfather—patience, kindness, mild good-nature—were almost the opposite of his own; for the young man was self-assured, positive, restless, audacious.

Yet look at the record! The old, kind-hearted WILLIAM fought in rapid succession three wars that changed the face of Europe. His name is forever associated with the humiliating of Denmark, with the overthrowing of Austria, with the complete and awful overthrowing of France. The young WILLIAM has never actually fought at all. He has safeguarded Germany and largely in military fashion, but his hands are quite bloodless.

Of course, it has not all been a matter of his choice and decision. Mightier forces than any one personally have made for his keeping of the peace of Europe. But it is impossible to deny that here has been a mighty personality, an emperor, untroubled, and that it has made for the whole, for peace. It has made for more than that. It has made for every form of culture; for music and the other arts; for learning; for all manner of civilized interests.

WILLIAM II. is a great emperor and a great German. Extraordinary as it sounds, he is probably the greatest German of our time.

#### Honors of Theology

The Southern Presbyterian Church has been considering once more the infant clause in the Presbyterian confession of faith with a view to such a change in it as to "improve" the prospect after death of infants who die in infancy. We believe the "confession" at present takes a gloomy view of the future of some infants, and a good many of the Presbyterians would like to brighten it. But it takes a three-fourths vote of the presbyteries to make a change, and this latest attempt has failed.

The right way to amend this clause about infants is to run a blue pencil through the whole of it. No doubt that has been already done in the minds of all modern people. There are a good many details that are much better left to the Almighty to deal with without suggestions from impudent theologians. This detail about infants is one of them. If anybody is safe in the Lord's

hands it must be the infants who die in infancy. There must surely be a ripple of chucking in the Blessed Beyond over the labors of the Northern Presbyterian brethren about infant damnation.

#### The Prisoner of New York

MR. GEORGE W. BLAKE, the special commissioner appointed by Governor SELDEN to investigate the prisons, has not the gift of making a report that carries entire conviction. He is sensational in his use of language, and writes too much like a mercurial appealing to the popular ear. When he says that "stories of torture of prisoners in the Middle Ages sound like descriptions of lawbreakers in comparison with the tales told me of the lives of some prisoners at Sing Sing," we take his declaration with a grain of salt.

But Mr. BLAKE'S defects as a reporter should not be suffered to nullify his useful labors as an investigator. He was sent to investigate, and has reported that shocking conditions exist both at Auburn and at Sing Sing; that unfit men are in charge of these prisons; that gross lachrymatory abuse exists there; and that, especially at Sing Sing, the prison buildings are unfit and inadequate for their purpose, and convicts are crowded into cells unfit for human habitation and disastrous to health.

These last are not new accusations. They are founded on several years ago. Sing Sing was condemned as a prison, and land was bought and work begun to make a new prison elsewhere. That effort entirely broke down. The prison site first chosen was given up because it interfered with a park, the site substituted was found to be suit after a great deal of money had been spent on it. The new prison has not been built, and Mr. BLAKE'S report is now confined to dark, filthy cells dripping with moisture and hearing them crippled and rheumatic is simply what was to be expected after the disgraceful failure of the state of New York to do its manifest duty to its prisoners. The commissioner says:

The worst feature of the prison management subject is of such vital importance to the welfare of the state that no time should be lost in submitting it to the attention of men competent to present a more complete and convincing condition of the mind and body and that should touch the hearts of every man with humane instincts.

That is true and well said. Whatever may be the defects of Mr. BLAKE'S reports, we believe that there are facts behind them that fairly argue for attention. There is other testimony besides his of the unsatisfactory management of the Auburn prison. Prison management is difficult. It should be in the hands of wise, careful, and very able men; experts chosen for their humanity and intelligence and willing to stand themselves in the service of humanity. Such men can be had in the numbers of their services are needed, and they will do their best to do their work. The prisons should be entirely separated from politics; quite as much so, indeed, as the hospitals. The management of them offers one of the most difficult problems in government. Governor SELDEN seems to be in earnest in this work of prison reform, and we hope his commissioner's report may have due effect.

#### Make Good Goods Again

If any manufacturers are driven out of their present business by tariff changes, may there not be an opening for some of them in making better lines of goods than the market now affords?

In answer to the question we say that all current plumbing pipes are bad; that whereas they used to be made of iron and last in use for twenty or thirty years, now they are made of steel and rust out much sooner. We merely repeat about them what we hear, but that is that there are no good steel or iron plumbing pipes in the market and that home-builders who want good pipes are obliged to use brass.

Does it not seem as though there was a living for somebody in making honest old-fashioned iron plumbing pipes?

And consider nails. Anybody that has shingled a house within ten years knows that wire shingle nails don't last as well as a great deal as the old iron cut shingle nails. The bright wire nails rot out in a lamentable speed and the shingles get loose and peck back. But it seems that there are no old-fashioned iron shingle nails to be had. There are no longer made. Won't somebody make some?

So as to tin. They tell us there is no good tin made in this country; that the McKEEVER bill that we got is made on this sheet of steel (not iron) and not tinned thick enough, and the whole product is flimsy and has no wear in it.

Won't somebody who is out of a job please make some good old-fashioned tin? Also some good old-fashioned bicycle tires. Also various other articles, of which we can get a list from various experienced readers and leaders of *Harper's* week.

#### Newspapers as Public Utilities

There is, or very lately was, before the legislature of Colorado a resolution for an amendment of the constitution of the state, which runs as follows:

Every newspaper printed, published, and circulated in the state of Colorado is hereby declared to be a public utility, and the power is hereby granted to the state or any municipality or circulating such newspaper in the state of Colorado is hereby declared to be a public service and offered with a public interest. All persons, associations of persons, corporations, joint stock companies, and corporations engaged in printing, publishing, or circulating such newspaper or newspapers are hereby declared to be engaged in a public service and offered with a public interest.

The amendment proceeds to declare that newspapers, thus certified to be public utilities, shall "be subject to all the laws of the state of Colorado relating to the regulation or control of public utilities."

This is an interesting amendment. We take it that our brethren of the press will not approve it. One of them, the *Synopsis Herald*, denounces it as a naked attempt to muzzle the press, and asserts that the newspaper business is no more a public utility than a department store or an iron foundry. Perhaps not, but how long will department stores and iron foundries escape classification as public utilities? Our brethren of the press may well make up their minds that if business in general is to be conducted under close governmental supervision; if, for example, as Secretary KNOWLTON says, "the public has the right to efficiency in its factory servants," their business will not long escape the common lot. If there are to be laws to regulate the hours of labor in all employments, and the wages paid, and the age and sex of employees, and the proper proportion of profits that may be paid as dividends, make sure that the newspapers and also the magazines will also have governmental medicine offered them, and will have to take it.

Even now they do give entire satisfaction. There is a case in Boston, of Massachusetts, appealing from time to time for something to compel the papers to print the political truth as he sees it, and there is pretty much everybody else of opinion that they could improve the papers mightily if they had a chance.

The liberality of all of us are a constant protest. The freedom of the press will be preserved only so long as the moral freedom of the individual is preserved. If government is going to assume the responsibility for the right management of general business, it will manage the newspapers and all the periodicals, too. It will; sure!

#### Women Never So Interesting

Representative J. THOMAS HERRIN, of Alabama, announced that "the thinking men are beginning to realize that the agitation in behalf of votes for women is one of the gravest perils menacing the welfare of the country to-day."

He thinks so, does he? But at least he will admit that it has set men to thinking more than ever about women, and their part in life, and the condition of the country.

Whatever any one thinks about the expediency or inexpediency of votes for women, he must admit the great value of women as a subject of thought. And that is an excellent thing and due to the prevailing agitation.

Women were never so interesting as they are to-day. Every woman has come to be social pressure to every thinking man. He keeps asking himself what the matter will be; what should and what can be done for her; which kind of woman is the right kind, whether the industrial life for women has been overdone of late, or needs further development; whether marriage as it stands is a fair deal, and if not how to improve it.

That is a good proof of disturbance. Perhaps Mr. HERRIN and other fabricated statesmen will come to the conclusion after a while that the matter with women is that the men have neglected their job, and are not good enough nor wise nor able enough to appease the contemporary women. And then maybe Mr. HERRIN and his kind will try to have votes and be better men. If enough of these should succeed, that might cure all the disturbances.







OUR ANGEL OF PEACE

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD



confidence inspired by all back of their delusions. If we had in the charge of Mr. Wilson.

"We hear much these days of a revolution and revolution. Each wretchedly possesses great power. None exercises the one fitly. History declares the other to be occasionally necessary. There is yet another here more potent than both combined. That is revolution—the building of the individual from within, the making of the man.

Upon this all depends. We may not should upon the common good, but it is contrary to all our beliefs, theological, political, personal, to assume that we can achieve that common good through the action of the individual unit primarily for individual ends. It was not the mass, but the man, when that created in his image. It was not collective, but personal responsibility, that inspired upon the people by the Pilgrim Fathers. Not numbers, but men, have triumphed in recent wars. It has been said, and is probably true, that any existing nation would be strengthened by the withdrawal of ten thousand of its best minds. Why? Because the great majority of men still had automatic lives and contribute only force, which serves no better than an *exiguo* in arms directed. The notion of all members of the community participating about equally in the life of its total products is pleasing, no doubt, but it is the theory of mediocrity which instinctively takes ability and invariably sets us down advantage. That is why Socialism is not an ideal state, but a means of complete inferiority, a restiagnation for death, a bare-place for aspiration.

It was not to the machines of destruction that Lawrence took his famous march, that Devere gave his quiet order; it was to the man behind the gun. And as it is always. When we were down with ferocious admirability theories, down with contemptible blooded violence of common sense for common good, we ran off and about—sometimes with objects of religion that the one here we have to reckon with and the only force we have to rely upon is gripping and unperfected, yet noble and divinely human soul.

And when this great standing army among the seven hills has heard, will might the voice of Antony, speaking of the nobility of the Romans, have cried through the Forum:

"And the elements

Sho' me in his that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

I shall not attempt to depict even the most subtle characteristics of Mr. Morgan. It is not necessary. Happily, if left to his lot toward the best, by his own testimony given under great stress, to stand revealed before the eyes of his countrymen for what he really was. I am happy because I chanced to know that he himself was happy in the consciousness of that fact. Although mentally as strong as ever, physically he was sadly broken when summoned to Washington. At his age and in his condition it was the severest ordeal of his life; but it was for the best, as he himself is wont to remark.

"I hated to go," he said to me, with characteristic simplicity the day before he sailed away—"I hated to go, but I am glad I went. I think I did some good."

It was a comprehensive utterance in his usual few words—a revelation, too, of his inward thought and aspiration. I had spoken of the invariable impression that had been created by his testimony and he had uttered his honest opinion.

"Yes," he had said, "I am convinced that what you say is true. I think they know me better now. I hope so."

That sensitive man, so humble and so kind, Mr. Morgan was too sensitive and good human—could have failed to be touched by the multitude of friendly expressions which had come to him from all sections of the country. But back of all and chief among the causes of his feeling common to the feeling common to the words, "I am glad I went. I think I did some good." There seemed the dominant note of his nature and his life. Because to a larger degree than is given to most men he possessed what Carlyle pronounced the greatest need of the world—a self.

It has been said by those best conditioned to know that Mr. Morgan was deeply religious. And so, no doubt, he was. But he was more. If I may venture the opinion, he was not a patriot that I had ever met; another man had begun his last testament as he began his utterance would have counted for naught as a new manifestation of piety. From his life rang out to all Christians with the power of the world, the city, the day, and golden words, he left, but he left great legacies, the finest ever bequeathed by mortal, were his unexpressed faith in God and his unexpressed confidence in man.

Not a citizen and no patriot that I had like to think of Mr. Morgan. And it was as a citizen that at the end he was most generally recognized. Not as a citizen of the New York, not even of America, but as a citizen of the first citizen of the world. To what else can we ascribe the unexpressed tribute paid respectfully and with evident sincerity by the official leaders of all the great nations of the earth—all that, in spite of his own? Not since the making of history began has the passing of a figure, however notable, in private life evoked expressions of honor and respect so obviously genuine and so nearly universal. Greater glory surely could be the expectation of the best of us now.

It was not by giving an indication of the depth and the breadth of Mr. Morgan's patriotism. It is no secret, of course, that in common with many others he never considered the Democratic party fully capable of governing this nation. It is also well known, as Mr. Roosevelt freely remarked in his study and private friends, that he heartily disapproved of Mr. Roosevelt as an administrative officer and that he subsequently regarded the political views advanced by Mr. Wilson with honest appreciation. Because of contrary predilection of my own as to Mr. Wilson, not so to Mr. Roosevelt, I frankly did not seek opportunity to discuss public affairs with Mr. Morgan during the last few years. As you all know, when he was right in his judgment he was unhesitatingly to betray any lack of positiveness, and there were times when his delicate health so closely approached the dynamic in operation, that one of private political opinion would be very likely to be expressed.

But the election had taken place, the inevitable had happened, and, using Speaker Cannon's phrase, Mr. Wilson had become his President as much as man—perhaps, in fact, a little more. Anyhow, there was

no constant upon our conversation when I saw him for the last time on his library as the day before he went away. He was optimistic as ever regarding the country, and I naturally spoke hopefully of the prospects of the incoming administration.

Thus followed this curious episode. Suddenly from these piercing eyes upon me, Mr. Morgan said: "Do you remember that American speech you made in London?" I remembered very well. It was not a speech—only a few scattered remarks at the close of a private dinner in reply to an Anglican apologist who had mistakenly thought to carry favor with Mr. Morgan by speaking contemptuously of Mr. Bryan, whom he had previously declared, as it happened, I had introduced to him at a reception.

"And do you recall," he asked, "how often from Scott that you quoted when that man—I can hear me now—said upon those ten words—when that man had had the room?"

I did, of course, and began to repeat:

"Blessed thou a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said—"

I hesitated for an instant and the succeeding words came from the big arm-chair with odd distinctness:

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then very quietly Mr. Morgan said: "If I could recall the remaining lines, I'd quote imperfectly:

"Whose heart hath never within him burn'd  
As home his footsteps by both hem'd  
From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go mark the well!  
For him no minstrel e'er could swell.  
How high though his life, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish our claim—  
Despite those fields, power, and pelf,  
The noblest son of earth is he,  
Living, shall feel his life away,  
And, dully dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unnumber'd, and unsung."

Half a minute, perhaps, is a long time, but for fully that period I should say Mr. Morgan sat perfectly still. Then, unconsciously, leading time upon the arm of his chair as he used to do, he looked so, as if he were asleep.

"Who never to himself hath said—"

"This is my own, my native land—"

and rising with difficulty from his chair, for he sat there quite feebly, he said, with the emphasis that only quietude can give:

"When you see Mr. Wilson talk to me that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any instance or moment that I have not been used for the country they are worthy of his disposal."

Barring the usual bow-talking, those were the last words I heard from the lips of Mr. Morgan. They were the words of a true patriot, of a great, a very great American, spoken from the depths of a passionately loyal heart. Surely I can do no better than to leave them with you to remember, to cherish, and to feel so long as you all shall live in "this, my native land."

## PERSONAL

How ardently and how long would burst the left side of the Rev. JOHN FINN, M. A., of the University of half his angry critic's surge upon the others of his conversation. Mr. FINN is from England. Local newspapers report that at a reception at the home of Bishop BISHOP, in Philadelphia, Mr. FINN was invited to a group of leaders of society. "I take it for granted that you are all of the upper middle class." Doubtless he did take it for granted—just that day, but never again. By the time he is thoroughly enlightened, Mr. FINN will know that he himself was a member of a group of leaders of society. "I am as good as another—yes, and a—right better," also that they are the average people and therefore every man a king. "Upper middle class" still that is a title better than the ruling British baronet who quite innocently asks: "What the deuce is a middle?"

We had in London last the following announcement: "The death of Mr. EDWARD HARRISON, by his own request one of the four members of our telegraph pioneers. He was the elder brother of the better-known Sir CHARLES HARRISON, to whom the world owes the Atlantic cable. With work, we live in his name. After reading this notice of his death, we must say that we are sure that Sir CHARLES HARRISON would have known better, really, than to imagine that a mere American could do so great a thing.

The Rev. EDWARD HARRISON, Secretary of Texas, who will have done with Mexico if he has to fight for it, is a true baseball fan. He visited the training camp of the New York Giants at Martin

in early spring, and the Hon. JOHN McGINN divided his. He left two sides and framed him in a picture. The Governor showed a special attention by seeing the staff photographer and half promising to journey to the Polo Grounds this summer and watch the Giants fighting for the present.

Happiness has at last crossed JOHN D. ROCKWELL. Fortune has blessed him beyond his dream, most during hours. He has inherited a new golf course. He had a London course, Florida, cost \$60,000, his total for eighteen holes. To stroke, X, B.—The length of the course is not given.

Captain THOMAS F. GOSSET, of the Boston police force, has been officially certified as a comedy person. His wife, Mrs. GOSSET, of the Boston Police, of Boston lately the light as nerve-cure that she begged to have "a good-looking policeman" detailed to protect her and her collection of guns valued at \$2,000,000,000. Feb. 22, 1907. They gave the job to GOSSET, (Gosset).

One FITZGERALD, once champion pugilist of the world, now instructor in morals and physical culture, is a good man. He has no one else yet returned to his duties. His life is wonderfully strong and active for one of his years.

Mr. JAMES BAYNE, of His Imperial British Majesty's Navy, has long noted his devotion to his country. When he was of the bar he managed to take a ride in Egypt's Turk every day. As a consequence to popular prejudice, however, he named his horse *Business*; so that if any one called while he

was away on the ride his clerk could truly answer: "He is out on *Business*." Good business.

The Duke of Marlborough, the descendant from London lost, has announced that he is going to place his own flag to protect food for the national food supply. To mark some twelve miles in circumference and well stocked with food is one of the show places of England. Historians may yet dispute as to who did the most for England—the Iron Duke, who served her from Napoleon, or his descendant, who is to see her from Hunger.

Five hundred men of Southampton, England, died in the wreck of the *Finnis*, and on the recent anniversary of the sinking, the local newspaper reporter were crowded with "In Memoriam" notices. The names of those commemorated the passing of NORMAN HARRISON, the second engineer of the ship. A friend wrote him:

Steel true and made straight  
The Great Artificer made my mate.

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor WILLIAM now carries of night or any automobile in which he happens to ride an illuminated equal standard with the world's flag. He is not to be taken for the ordinary wayfarer, whether as foot or wheel. His automobile seems unaccountably exclusive, if not preposterously selfish.

The arts do sometimes pay. JOHN M. CURRIE, architect of the New York Public Library and many other noted buildings, left an estate valued at \$318,000.

# Portland the Optimistic

The Vigorous and Thriving City of the Pacific Coast

BY  
GEORGE HINTON



An already indicated, Portland's distributive advantages are immense. Railways not only follow the Columbia River but into the interior, but two new lines have been built on the margin of the Duwamish River from its mouth to the great plateau of western Oregon, and are preparing to extend south and west, while another line is building from the eastern border of the state westward from Vale straight across to a connection with the Southern Pacific line now being built from Naton to Klamath Falls on the east slope of the Cascade Mountains. The state is now in the midst of a great railroad development, and every mile of new road brings a greater extent of territory into Portland's trade zone. If the greatest railway to the city, also, is the activity in interurban railway construction going forward throughout western Oregon, the Willamette Valley is being gridlined by no trolley systems.

Portland contains one-third of the inhabitants of the State of Oregon. Portland holds commercial sway over the major portion of the Columbia River Valley from its mouth to the Canadian border, a territory greater in extent than Germany. Considerable portions of Washington, Idaho, and Montana had their Portland in their commercial center and market town.

The opening of the Panama Canal is looked forward to with confidence no likely to widen still further Portland's zone of influence, since the new waterway will afford a cheaper route to market for the great staple products of the Pacific Northwest. Besides, it is believed that thousands of immigrants will come by way of the new waterway to settle on the vacant lands remaining here, and carry new acre tilles, give additional arable tree plantations, secure an increase in Portland's trade and wealth.

The year 1912 was a notable one for Portland, and 1912 has begun under such favorable conditions that it will undoubtedly surpass the past year in all lines. Portland's bank ratings for 1912 amounted to \$597,000,000, a gain of over \$150,000,000 as compared with 1911. Portland receipts the past year were well over \$1,000,000,000. During the year nearly \$4,500,000 was spent for street and sewer improvements, and the total length of laid-out streets was increased to 278 miles. Extensions of the city water system cost nearly \$600,000, and the city plan for eight miles of new water main for 1913. During the past year the city spent nearly \$1,000,000 for school buildings and grounds.

Lumber mills of Portland cut 423,794,000 feet of lumber in 1912, which is \$3,000,000 more than the quantity for the previous year. This lumber would build a plank road thirty feet wide from Portland to Chicago. Building permits issued last year amounted to nearly \$15,000,000.

Portland has now taken on a real metropolitan appearance: it is building a new \$1,200,000 court-house, and a central library to cost \$450,000 is being erected. Reed College, a new university, is being established in permanent buildings. Four remarkable steel bridges span the Willamette River in Portland. One immense steel structure was completed last year, which provides for railroad traffic on a lower deck and for general traffic on a higher level. This bridge has the largest deck of its type, the double-deck structure hit span, is the world's. The lower deck of the span is opened independently of the upper, allowing the smaller river craft to pass through without in any way interfering with street car and team traffic. The new Broadway Bridge, just being completed, cost \$1,600,000, and is the largest draw of this type ever built, the distance between the center piers being 276 feet. This structure

PORTLAND, always a substantial city, is now a modern one as well, the every day really big city close to a matter of the past half decade. It now boasts a population of 250,000, although its history covers only fifty-two years.

Its streets, buildings, public utilities and general appearance are suggestive of the best type of American municipalities. The power era is over, and ever before in its history did Portland build so readily or so permanently as now.

The year 1903, when the Lewis and Clark fair was held at Portland, celebrating the centennial of the year when the first white men explored the Oregon country, marked the close of an old epoch and the beginning of a new for Portland. Before that time, the city was built on the most solid foundations, but the people were conservative to a marked degree and the population appeared satisfied with its slow growth. Expectation year brought in new blood and the possibilities of the future

is leader, while vessels drawing twenty-seven feet of water are given quick despatch, meeting no difficulties either in entering or in leaving port. Portland ranks as the first leader manufacturing and shipping city in the world. Visitors to this port had summer, right in the heart of the city, were the latter-day Oregon and the rainier Northwest, now results of sufficient size to demonstrate Portland's advantages for shipping.

The constant improvement of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, and of the outflows to the latter, is going forward. The movement is leading substantial aid to the work, building bridges on either side of the mouth of the Columbia River and bridging the channel. The route between Portland and the ocean is found to



Broadway Bridge, Portland, erected at a cost of \$1,600,000

sure realized. It was during the fair that James J. Hill announced the proposed construction of the Nippon, Portland & Seattle Railway, a new line down the north bank of the Columbia River that gave the allied Hill lines an entrance into this city on their own rails and also a new direct route to the East. It was not until then that Portland realized fully the importance of its geographic position and what the Columbia River gateway was to mean to it in the future.

For this is the chief secret of Portland's vigorous growth. In addition to the tremendous trade territory at 250,000 square miles over which Portland is dominant, the Columbia River offers a low-water grade route from the far interior to tide-water at this city's docks. Fortunately for Portland, this is the only city on the Pacific Coast so advantageously located. Mountain ranges shut off other coast ports from the inland country, forming substantial barriers to traffic. Here the crest of the Cascade range of mountains is passed by the railroads at an elevation of only one hundred feet above sea level. So actually on the Columbia River used by the railroad-borders, that from far away Montana and the slopes of the Rocky Mountains freight-trains roll down to tide-water at Portland with hardly the tug of a locomotive, while on the return trip the grades are so slight that the operating cost of the railroads is reduced to the minimum.

These facts account for Portland's supremacy in wheat shipments over other coast ports, this city being here, for a matter of years, first in wheat exports among all the cities of the United States. Portland's geographic location was primarily responsible for the historic love of the rugged porting plant west of the Rocky Mountains. With such ideal transportation facilities, there is a constant stream of shakedown in freights brought from the cattle ranges of the interior, while the delay from the ranch to the stockyards is so rapid to the extent. The Columbia River gorges through the Cascade Mountains is virtually a free-flowing. Both lanes are clearly indicated by the railroads, which as traffic grows, can be double or triple tracked.

This, then, is the factor that accounts for Portland's position as the chief marketing center on the Pacific Northwest. Coupled with this great advantage is its island, fresh-water harbor, the only one on this coast, where the biggest cargoes of raw products shipped from any coast port are not afloat. The biggest cargo of lumber ever loaded on any sea is claimed for Portland, consisting of 3,200,000 feet of

be susceptible to constant dampening, the thirty-foot channel aimed all four years ago, having become practically an unaccomplished feat. Engineers see no portion but difficulty in severing a depth, ultimately, of forty feet between Portland and the sea.

Portland, for the past two seasons, has led every other port in the United States in the exportation of wheat. For the past seven months of the present crop year this city ranks fourth, being surpassed only by New York, Galveston, and New Orleans. This business, now large in volume, grew from a small beginning. The first cargo of wheat ever exported from this place sailed in 1808 to Liverpool. In 1824 two ships carried the whole crop grown out of the Cascade Mountains to foreign lands. In those days the bulk of the wheat was raised in the Willamette Valley. Conditions are now reversed, and practically all of the export wheat comes from the inland Empire.



A school-children's parade at Portland during the Row Festival



# THE SHAME OF THE UNIFORM

BY CAPTAIN M. B. STEWART, U. S. ARMY.

Illustrations by GORDON GRANT.



"If it's good enough to die in, why ain't it good enough to dance in?"

THERE is plenty of material in the streets for either a comedy or a tragedy—depending entirely upon the view you choose to take of life. If you are inclined to look good naturally upon your neighbor's little eccentricities, it may amuse you; on the other hand, if you regard them as the outward, though morose, manifestations of national decadence, it will surely give you food for thought.

It was Green who first directed my attention seriously to the subject. I know in what sense people choose to call a fifty-cent-dollar man, meaning thereby that he is an enlisted man in the United States army and here one who does not place a high valuation on his service. I have an means of knowing how highly Green may esteem either his services or himself. I only knew him as private in my old company, a sturdy, spin-and-spin soldier who always did his duty well and cheerfully and who never saw the inside of the guard-house except when he was on guard, which is about as much as one may say of a good soldier without becoming offensive.

It happened on the target-range, one evening August day during a fall in the firing, while the men were lounging comfortably in rear of the firing-posts. Green, with all of the maternal care of the true "dope shooter," was puffing with his rifle, wiping off a microscopic particle of dust here, touching it up with an oil rag there, testing the trigger pull for a drag that he knew did not exist, puffing it generally from mouth to butt, and getting it much after the manner of a mother with her babe.

"I heard you was at the ball last night, Green," one of the men remarked between puffs of a "Wad-made" cigarette.

Green took his time about answering. He poked a corner of his handkerchief into the opened breech of the rifle and wiped down the muzzle in terms of metal foisting. When he had satisfied himself on this point he replied, indignantly:

"Well, I was, and then again I wasn't."

"Ball a damn one about him because he's lastly out of it."

"How's that?" they asked.

"Agins Green he's out."

"Well, you see," he finally replied, "it was this way: The accident and I left like sticking a leg a little, so we made up our minds to go to the ball down at Marble Hall. We took our "blues" over to the tailor and got 'em pressed, then we pulled ourselves up some. Hazard, you'd thought that we was pretty much for an inspection by the Old Man, and when he let the rag for us he looked like a pair of orderly lookers, and the way to ground went, leg. 'Vay' he said, 'good!' 'I guess we must 'a been aiming to make some hit with the ladies.'"

"Agins he dropped the thread of his story and began fidgeting with his rifle."

"Ah, go on," his audience urged. "What's the answer?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's about all there was to it. We got there all right and the parbo was on post at the door looks as ever and says, 'Gents and ladies and,' and that settles it—'that wasn't your man'—no, then he jerks 'back when I say I wasn't nothing but a 'dope' or 'look'! Was I on the outside, but you bet your

life I didn't chase around with any 'gents' like I was hiding around that ball, or for our little minute I was of ways too scared of the police, And ladies' say—" He caught himself in time. "I wonder if there's going to be any more showin' this morning?"

"Several you right," was the unambiguous answer from a fellow. "You'd ought to know better's as you trying to butt in there in your uniform. Why'd you die up them hand-me-downs of yours?"

Green reddened his rifle across his knees and became reflective.

"In fact, I know you are as far as getting into that thing was concerned, but that's a man got to judge himself for, I want to know! What's the matter with this little old uniform? It's good enough to fight in and get killed in, and when a fellow gets himself killed in it he's a hero and they put up a marble slab for him back in the town hall. It's good enough to die in, why ain't it good enough to dance in? Tell me that, heb?"

No one told him then and I have been trying to make a satisfactory answer for myself ever since.

I have seen men dance in that uniform; I have seen them die in it. I have seen men, both dead and alive, in it outwitted as heroes. I read constantly of men being hanged for the wearing of it.

When the old Fifth Corps belated back from Santiago to Montauk Point we were a begrimed, lathered, and generally sorry-looking lot. Any well-respecting housewife would have been perfectly justified in brown-handling any one of us for premises as a suspicious character. Yet we were awarded the badge of honor, the open welcome wherever the waves close to stray. The country folked in Montauk Point in do as a man and in winter in our warlike. We were brown, hot, and tired, and kind, gentle women who loved nothing else to do for as smoothed our pillows and washed our hair for us again and again, until the last of us by a tropical sun retired disinterested from the fray. When we traveled, countless laundries, the railroad stations and swamped jobs with the probat boys whenever a soldier-man lay in sight. No questions were asked of the man in uniform—what by the way, was a serious mistake, as it enabled fathers for the error to impose upon the generosity of a genuinely aroused public.

No distinctions were drawn between the officer and the enlisted man. We were all treated alike as honored servants of the people who had done our duty as best we could in the line of which speaks highly for the patriotism of the American people, over their true feelings have been aroused, and in mentioned here to emphasize the fact that within the year extended the same, perhaps the same, in that same uniform, except that it was clean and well-kept and probably neatly brushed, were refused the privilege of admittance to places of public amusement and in hotels, and for the sake reasons that they were in uniform! It may be added that the same of this kind occurred within a radius of one hundred miles of Montauk Point.

After the Spanish American War a victorious fleet, unannounced by a popular naval hero, sailed into one of the great ports of the Eastern coast and was received with open arms by the people. The men of the fleet were the privileged guests of the city, from one end to the other, from Maine to Florida. Within the year two warm colors, whose uniform included their rank and position in the way, were barred from public places, one from a hotel and the

other from a place of amusement. This within three hundred miles of the place of their triumphant reception.

In all of these cases public sentiment, by its apathy and silence, gave tacit approval in this limitation of a public servant.

Hardly a month passes when some similar incident is not recorded and heralded from one end of the country to the other. In such occasions Green's question has up itself. "If it's good enough to die in, why ain't it good enough to dance in?"

In making an answer to his question we are, first of all, brought face to face with the unpleasant admission that the uniform of Uncle Sam's professional fighting man is not generally regarded with respect.

The immediate result of our consideration is, we follow up the results of this attitude toward the individual soldier are able to quote one incident after another to prove that such is the case. What is worse, they will point out very convincingly the evil which results from such a condition—namely, that the soldier made himself largely limited in his choice of entertainment and amusement to places of questionable character, where any man's money makes a welcome for him. This, in turn, actually places the soldier in the light of choosing entertainment of this character and leads him color to the conclusion that he is, perhaps, fit only for such a career.

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Old or discarded uniforms are permitted to be worn by workmen.

uniformed workmen and organizations throughout the United States to conclude that the uniform of the soldier is the one for which the average American does not cherish a regard. It is true that the uniform of the soldier is in a sense, a luxury and that the idea of such a man in more or less regularity to see our race officers. Not, even considered as a luxury, the uniform may reasonably be classed with the fringed coat and silk hat of the statesman. (Dick

protection, differing only in style and name, but both of them the service of the people, the best of the nation's service, and of a man who stands ready to give his life if it is needed. In this connection, it must be admitted, however, that the government has never given the soldier proper protection. Non-military and non-military organizations are permitted to march in their janics details. Old and discarded uniforms or parts of the uniform are permitted to be worn by workmen and others who have no connection with the military service. Institutions are permitted to clothe their employees in approximations to the uniform which at times derive even the professional soldier.

The writer on one occasion introduced himself to an individual whom he recognized as a captain of industry in dress as uniform, to discover later that he was conversing with the head hall-boy. The two men are an officer of high rank if he remains in a prominent role for the reason that a hall-man or waiter was elected by the uniforms of one officer of the army. To some extent, therefore, the public may be pardoned for not paying proper regard to the uniforms of a soldier, and to the same extent the government is responsible for the non-adoption of its fighting men to some extent of the United States have passed laws prohibiting the use of non-military organizations as individuals of the uniforms of the National Guard, but provisions under these laws are of rare occurrence. A prominent milliamer once told the writer that it would be mighty difficult for any milliamer to attempt to endure such a law.

When we consider the composition of the army, it is hard to believe that it is the man in uniform to which objection is made, for socially the man in uniform in the United States is perhaps as conspicuous as any aggregation of men to be found in the world. As an illustration which will throw light upon the education of some of the men who compose it, I will mention that in one regiment which I have served in, some of the men of one time organized a University Club with a membership of something like a hundred. The graduates of recognized institutions were admitted to membership, and on the walls of their meeting-places they had chalked up the names of Oxford, Heidelberg, and a score of similar institutions from one end of the world to the other. Paradoxically, the man in uniform is the brother of the man with whom he is hated from association. In every regiment in the service are to be found men who are free from every mark in life and from practically every social stigma. In the connection from which they come they doubtless enjoyed social privileges in accordance with their various stations.

That those stations are of little respectability as judged by the standards which certain officers are required to make of an applicant's history. Social stigma do not vary widely and are different communities throughout the country, and it is reasonable to presume that the soldier may find social equality in any community he may choose to go to. That he may attempt to intrude in circles where he is not welcome need not be feared, since he has his own self-defense means of what constitutes civility. Whether may be his social qualifications, he would not, if situated in civilian dress, be hated from any place of public entertainment. To the extent that the soldier has the soldier leads in the service the general public have little knowledge. Their opportunities for contact with soldiers are few and the interest in life are such that they give the soldier only passing thought. When brought in contact with the soldier the average man may at the time be struck by an intelligent, clear-eyed, smart, alert individual, but does he ever ask himself what manner of life this man may lead in his own quarters? He may see corruption of the regulations and the routine which govern the soldier from revolve to tape—and in between? It would be a revelation to many to know some of the details of things which he does to which the civilian never gives a thought, and to learn from the records of the summary court of the lunatic in which the soldier lives up to his requirements.

This should not be taken to mean that the soldier is in any sense a scold—Kipling uses the expression, "a plaster coat"—for he is nothing of the sort. He has all the instincts of a physically perfect and well-conditioned man. His life keeps him fresh and keen and trained to the feather edge of animal spirits. He looks away at times and misbehaves in just the same manner as his brother in civil life. The difference is that, being in uniform, his misbehavior is always more or less conspicuous, and that, being a soldier, he has a trail officer in the shape of a possibly indignant family circle. This attitude on the part of the public seems not to belong properly to the United States. Kipling in "Tommy" solves Tommy's question in the con-

agriculturist cannot pardon the soldier for exhibiting his sons and servants."

He takes the subject seriously as well as analytically, more seriously than we of the United States army would be justified in viewing it. The United States is a comparatively new country teeming with wealth and life; its interests are so diverse as they are widely separated; its population is varied in its origin and scattered over areas which make the people of one state strangers to those of another. Under the circumstances, there can be little unity of thought or feeling in any subject of less than national importance.

The army is small and scattered over a goodly portion of the globe; its activities are such that they



"Looks up over and says, 'Gents and ladies only!'"

plaint of the British soldier who asks nothing more than that the public by its attitude prove to him that "The soldier's uniform is not the soldier-man's disguise."

An eminent German authority some years ago concluded that the feeling, whatever it might be, is directed toward the military establishment as a class, not toward the individual. He says: "One class chooses another only in proportion to the advantages which it can derive from it, or only in as far as it recognizes in others similarity of character and the moderate community in striving for one and the same end. . . . Personal interest, based according to various needs, is the measure of the value of the occupations and aims of one class in the eyes of another."

Continuing, he analyzes the general feeling he chooses after this fashion: "The literary man has been because the masses take flight on hearing the din of war." He apparently did not include war correspondents among the literary. "The statesman is applied by the enormous expense caused by military preparations. The civil bureaucracy is jealous of the power it is obliged to surrender into the hands of the military authorities and often treats soldiers like enemies belonging to another state. The merchant is vexed at the gay life of the officer, while the clergy views him as the first and worst, and the

are not often brought to the serious attention of the public except at considerable intervals. The average man is absorbed in his own interests; he knows little of the soldier and he has little time or opportunity to learn more; in forming his opinion he is apt to be influenced by what he may have read or heard; probably there is no soldier of his acquaintance to whom he may turn to form an estimate of the military character. The result during peace is an unjust indifference toward the army and those who compose it. In time of war it is difficult, and the soldier certainly has no just cause for complaint when the public has once turned its mind to the military responsibilities.

However, it is not a startling thought to the soldier that the people whom he serves take thought of him only when disaster is hammering at the front door. The business of soldiering in time of peace is a monotonous one; its rewards are extremely modest; it requires a devoted effort of the will to maintain the enthusiasm with which to meet successfully the drudgery of preparation. Appreciation goes a long way toward keeping enthusiasm up in the proper pitch. Unappreciation is a sure indication of apathy and daring in a healthy, harmless form of neutrality. What the soldier apparently needs is an occasional pat on the back.

## TWO FAIR WOMEN

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Her two great eyes were like blue porcelain;  
Lone with her dark hair beside her raven lit  
With sweet fire; the thoughts within her brain  
With their electric sparks had scattered  
Beneath her white feet her jeweled sandals clung,  
And when she moved, clanked with a subtle color;  
From her gold hair the heavy coronals hung,  
Her short laugh was untamed, like a leop's.

A golden prince in a golden day,  
In a walled hall of pearl and ivory;  
A diamond crown had the desert way  
With silk and sandalwood from overseas

To please the princess when all men would please,  
Who rode the war-wind in the southeast part.

And the world's worth of fighters take their rest—  
Beneath her eyes' light laughter they were cut!

That of a trampled red rose smelted  
When she went restlessly when evening came,  
To rub the wild vine of its bitter fruit,  
And the young poppies of their sunset flame.

Behind her mood her silent string-mind,  
When she betrayed the woman, she was cold  
Like the sleek panther now shall make a stand,  
Like the black panther in his white pelt.

But no man ever hid his hand from her dark hair,  
To wake the anamorphic prison there.

# THE NORTHWEST'S NEED OF MELT

Where Farms and Homes Await the Thrifty Immigrant

BY  
JOHN SCOTT MILLS

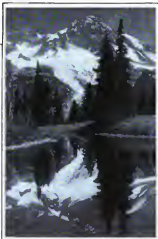
**T**HE growth of the Pacific Northwest has been continuous. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho show an area of over 25,000 square miles, with an accredited population at the last census of 2,140,310. The States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio with an area of 192,000 square miles, were given a population of 27,141,161. New York has a population per square mile of 139.0; Pennsylvania, 117.3; Illinois, 84.3; and Ohio 90.8. The population of the Northwest states per square mile is: Oregon, 2.1; Washington, 5.1; Idaho, 1.1.

In the twenty-four principal cities and towns of these Northwest States there are 338,922 habitable units, and 1,250,016 live in the smaller towns and in the country. In ten years the increase in urban population in Washington was 100.3 per cent.; in Oregon 115.3; in Idaho, 216.2. For the same period the rural increase was, Washington, 84.7 per cent.; Oregon, 124.6; Idaho, 100.

Further analysis is not needed. A vast domain is aptly populated. It has no need of people. The country requires settlement and population. The cities are overcrowded. City building should come as the result of development of adjacent territory, and not as a prelude thereto.

The soils of the immense mineral deposits and timber of these three states is immense. But the fiscal and perpetual wealth of the Pacific Northwest must come from her farms. The hope of this section lies in the small farm well settled. There is here in this region a foundation upon which may be built an agricultural supremacy unsurpassed in lands of the past, the magnitude and compelling evidence of which would take the greatest of all productive regions of the globe.

This is a broad assertion, but one of unquestionable truth. The claim is based on the soil—the volcanic ash, which predominates in this section, will of its lava deluge there is a fertility of such fruitfulness that the yield is both constant and large. Ninety per



Mr. Raman viewed from the southwest slope.

centing point, and where thirty-five degrees above zero is accounted cold weather, for the evergreen pastures the stock finds abundance of food.

It is interesting to note how the land-owners of this section have responded to the call for development on the farm. The Pacific Northwest, ten years ago, was spending from \$115,000,000 to \$200,000,000 per annum for meat and poultry products, shipped from the East. The railways, the commercial organizations, and the press presented the prospect of diversified farming to the man on the land and he became a convert and is leading his efforts to meet the demand and endeavoring to keep the money at home.

Hogs and poultry thrive in this general climate. Men and women are specializing in pigs and chickens, and the porcine family and the feathered tribe are paying the household expenses on hundreds of farms of varying size. The farmer is the only man who can solve the problem of the end of farms. If he will attempt his ground of the farm must

statements concerning the land, its growth, and its products. The purpose of this article is not to reflect on other countries, but to draw attention to this one. If it will not be taken notice of, those who contemplate going across the line will familiarize themselves with weather conditions, its health conditions, and its industry, compare yields, markets and general living conditions here and there.

There has been some attempt at publicity in connection with the lands of the Northwest, but their general character is little understood by the home-seeker. There are a few lands here, but there are hundreds of locations to be had, land under Carey Act projects, land in irrigated districts, dry farming, and irrigated lands. In some instances there is power work to be done, and an income on the irrigated tracts. But with some labor devoted to clearing the land of the small growth, it can be cultivated without removing the large stumps.

The land in the Carey Act projects and in the irrigated sections will have to be leveled, and the dry-farming tracts will need some preparation. The expenditure of labor in any instance, however, is trivial in comparison with return—trial to the man willing to work industriously for a few years, with the assurance that complete awards him as a reward. The Northwest is not a place for dreamers. There is no invitation set to such. A little capital is such and an abundant supply of energy, and the man who is self-reliant and independent to the man who will do things.

The field is so wide. The commercial organizations and the transportation companies are endeavoring to get settlers on the unoccupied lands, and are also trying to induce holders of large tracts to subdivide them and put them on the market. The men who are wanted are those who will engage in cultivating tracts of not more than one hundred and sixty acres. In this kind of abundant yield, ten acres constitutes a farm, so that a quarter section will give ample scope to any man.

Under present conditions, the farms are not cultivated as they should be. There is too much idle land. There is absence of crop rotation. There is lack of sufficient labor to produce enough for home use.

The tide of immigration is flowing this way. The people of the Old World are looking for homes in the West. There are thousands of homeseekers in the United States who are undecided where to locate. They will be wiser if given more thought to the Pacific Northwest, and to take advantage of the magnificent opportunities it affords for home-making and the enjoyment of life in a region possessing such advantages.

Legislation in the interest of the farmer has just been enacted in Oregon. The agricultural college is to take its work to the farm. Scientific farming is to be taught. Practical men will impart instruction, and there is necessity for knowledge on the part of the land-owner. Demonstration teams, agriculturalists in the employ of the railroads, literature (reading of every occupation on the land are at the command of the farming communities).

The states of the Northwest offer exceptional advantages, and in selling of these the people now here ask nothing other than honest investigation as to the merits of what is to be had. The man who is in search of a location for a home will be wise if he devote some time to looking over the field and make through inquiry regarding the character of the soil, the extent of its productivity, the demand for what may be grown, the distance to market, the transportation facilities, the weather, the church, school, and fraternal privileges.

This country will stand inspection. Honest investigation will disclose the fact that it is not over-rated, but that its excellence is undervalued in the literature descriptive of it, and the assertions made by those who speak of it.



A leading industry of the Pacific Northwest—Scene at a Portland lumber mill.

cent of the soil in these states is of the character mentioned. The hills of Eastern Oregon and Washington and Western Idaho are made of volcanic ash, and broad plains and rolling lands of the inland Empire are covered in a rich volcanic ash with the same rich deposits. These possess an advantage over the acid and alluvial soils in that the volcanic matter has not been washed out.

What a few years ago was barren land has become the home of alfalfa, where orchard and meadow, stock and herd are making men rich. The diversion of a mountain stream has transformed the barren valley of the Yakima into one of the most productive sections of the West. In the Lewiston-Crane district in Idaho there is grown what is claimed by experts to be the finest quality and clearest seed grown in the United States. This is a non-irrigated district.

In the Touret and Walla valleys of Washington, and in the Columbia River basin in Oregon, are some of the best orchards of the hemisphere. In the numerous orchards, where the growers have specialized, are produced the fruits which are in demand in every American metropolis, as the markets of London, Berlin, St. Petersburg and other cities of the land beyond the seas. The strawberries here are of the best quality, and the vegetables are as good as can be grown.

In the western country, where the precipitation is greater, larger yields of celery, asparagus, kale, turnips and other root crops are grown. Here the growth of the fields is permanent, and it is here that the dairyman has his best field. This means a great deal for the country, most of the Cascades is a dairy country. There is no necessity for housing stock as a protection against the winter cold. All winters are good for the dairy animals, but this protection means only shelter from the rain, for the temperature rarely drops to the

he undertakes it in earnest work. From the vintage come the aid to the helpless man and women of the cities of our land. Producing replicates cost. Population has increased more rapidly than production in the East. High prices originate there. The West has here, increasing population on the lands of the Pacific Northwest means augmented production of life. Therefore, the increased need of living being due to paucity of production, the West must be looked to for a remedy for existing conditions.

The farmer in the West should be a simple matter. Multiplied thousands of good American citizens have gone to the Canadian Northwest in the past few years. They were led to change their place of residence and their business in this people by altering



Basson fishing in the Columbia River, Oregon.



# Interfudes

## THE READY REPLY

A COMPANION TO OR CONVERSATION FOR ONE OF EMERSON'S FAMOUS SENTENCES

For a Young Man Confronted by an Editor with the Fact That the One He Has Quoted Has Been Criticized from Broadway.

**THE EDITOR (earnestly):** These lines are taken bodily from the poems of Robert Browning.

**YOUNG MAN (with a great show of grief):** Browning?

**THE EDITOR (with leveling brows):** Who, sir? What?

**YOUNG MAN (with marked enthusiasm):** Why, sir,

I believe in a little dash out at Lamson's, on Long

Island, which was intended originally for the purpose

of bringing together a lot of choice spirits interested

in sport. We called ourselves The Ring and the Book

Club, but because we were at all interested in that

great poem, sir, but rather because our activities took

shape chiefly in betting on events in the prize-ring

and getting up books on the various horse-racing

meets which in the old days were such a constant

source of delight and, I may add, income, to many of

us. Of late, however, as drastic have the laws become

in respect to betting and gambling of all sorts, that we

have had a hard time keeping our organization going.

Every external outlet for our sporting propensities was

closed by the operation of the law, and, naturally, the

reason *inter* of the club having been thus seriously

affected, our members drew away, and we were brought

face to face with dissolution. However, there were some

of us who realized that there were other things we

could do as than horse-race and prize-fight, and

out of our club name, The Ring and the Book, their

enthusiasm agreed me with a suggestion that we re-

sulted in this fortunate reformation for me. I was dis-

cerning the name, and incidentally the poem, with a

number of our dearest plagues the other night, and

one of my friends, who has on literary attainments

whichever, used the remark that nobody had ever

heard of the poem besides myself. In which I related

that there were more admirers of Browning in the

world than he had any idea of. His answer was that he

didn't believe even the editor of so great a magazine

as *Times* had ever heard of Browning, and I offered to

let any or all of them read and there that you'd spot

a Browning poem the minute it was offered to you for

publication, so you may readily imagine, the matter

became more than interesting the minute money was

placed on the result. We went at the matter with en-

thusiasm, and within a week had sent out not only

the *Times*, but other editors in various parts of the

country. We have some ten or fifteen thousand dollars

up on the result. For myself I took the hopeful road.

I bet a hundred dollars with each of seven men that if

it wouldn't take you five minutes to detect the decep-

tion, and I wanted tell you how delighted I am that my

good opinion of your discernment has been so readily

vindicated—and I know that you will excuse me if I

booster of without more ado in inform the club that I

am a winner, good evening, sir! You have done

me a good turn, and I am grateful.

[At this point into the Editor's right hand, shake

it vigorously, and then move out as quickly as possi-

ble, not waiting for the checker to take you down,

but using the checker, sliding down the basement, if by

chance there are any, but you are mistaken.]

## EXPERIENCE

"I tell you," said Bingle, "suddenly," "these women

are right. This pretive of female feeling is an out-

come. It is like to see 'em try that over here an Amer-

ican."

"They'll never have to," said Simpson. "All they'll

have to do with is know that you will excuse me if I

marry a few before her, and she'll walk right through it. I

married an American woman, and I know."



"RAY, COME, WOULD YOU CARE TO TRY WHEN A SHEEP SWALLOWS YOUR BALL?"

## BRUTES

"It cures my blood hell," said Mrs. Oppasitt.

"The above brutality with which these girls treat us

women, isn't the tyranny of these!"

"What have they done now?" queried Mrs. Oppa-

sitt.

"They threw Mrs. Crowheart into jail, and took

little Fluffy, her inanimate companion, away from

her," said the lady.

"Well, you wouldn't have a child spend her days in

jail, would you?"

"Child!" retorted Mrs. Oppasitt. "Fluffy isn't a

child—she's the cutest little Pouterspaniel you ever saw

in your life."



WIFE, IT SAYS HERE THAT YOU CAN GET A WIFE

IN SYDNEY FOR THREE DOLLARS. ISN'T THAT OUT-

STANDING?"

THE WEAKEER VESSEL—Oh, I DON'T KNOW. A

GOOD WIFE'S WORTH THAT.

## A CAUTIOUS DUELLIST

"They tell me you got mixed up in a duel once in

Paris—the year, Dabbling," said Jinks.

"Yes," laughed Dabbling. "I was challenged by

M. Le Vicomte de Chabonnet because I sat on his

back at the opera."

"Well, how did it come out?" asked Jinks.

"Oh, I accepted, and as the challenged party had

the right to select the weapons," said Dabbling. "I

chose broadswords of a standard gauge, and was

an officer of the court reach the other three were no

countless."

## NO EVIDENCE

"They tell me that fellow Whiggish is a man of

letters," said Jernam.

"I've heard so," said Paigge, the tailor, "but I

can hardly believe it. I've written to him ten times

about a little bill he owes me, and sent a letter car

I get out of him."

## NO EXAGGERATION

"You told me you were worth a million, and I find

that you have only a paltry ten thousand dollars."

"And that's just the way it is," said the man.

"Well, ten thousand dollars is a million cents,"

said Hilders.

## OVERHEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Professor (to a student): Ah, Professor, good morn-

ing. Do you smoke?

PROFESSOR (smiling): Why—yes, Mr. Freshlight.

PROFESSOR: Good! I'll be glad to join you, if

you happen to be a couple of pounds in your pocket.

Let me give you a light.

## THE HORRID MAN

"Now, India," said the President, "you

can't get anywhere in Illinois. In the words of some

of the greatest politicians the world ever knew they

do to some things you can only get by knee's 'em

through."

"Never!" cried the Associated Order of Five Spin-

sters, rising as one man in protest.

## CAUTIOUS

"Now, Rankin," said the Judge, "this is a very

serious offense you are charged with. Striking

chickens is not enough, but breaking into a store and

stealing the bill of thirty dollars is worse. Do you

want me to appoint a lawyer to defend you?"

"But depend on what do lawyer here charge for

his services, Judge," replied Rankin. "—'E he's gettin'

it for the whole of our thirty dollars an' one I see what's

goin' to be for his an' s'k."

NEW ORLEANS JUNE 13 A HEAVY RAIN

When I have with a love that's true,

But of her proposed to me I'm afraid

I'll hardly know what to do.

For though she's a maid for your lightest whim,

She's cross-eyed on the one side,

I never can tell if she smiles on me!

Or whether she smiles on me!

Why, I can recall a summer day

Far back in the long ago,

She looked and beamed in her regular way

That set every heart a-glow.

And I was disposed to agree,

And I couldn't quite tell if she looked at Ted,

Or whether she looked at me!

And once at a ball I overheard

Her twitting some remark

In answer made on that little bird

That I know as the starting bird,

"I'm much afraid he's a bit of a snob!"

And I followed her glance in awe—

And one of those eyes looked on Bob,

And Collier was fixed on me!

And so I fear if I should be

In happiness I might fall,

Even though on her touch my pulse may stir

And my heart throb round like a ball,

For if it would be really a pleasant plan

In the midst of our ecstasy

If she had had one eye on some other man

While Collier was beamed on me!

ARE YOU A STRAYMASTER?

—NO, A CLABBER.



# OUR GREATEST "WHITE POWER" REGION

BY B. S. JOSSELYN



A panoramic view from "Oak Grove Mountain," a rocky point of 5,100 feet elevation, situated near the Clackamas River, Oregon



It has been stated that one-third of the available hydroelectric horsepower of the United States either lies in or is tributary to the Clackamas River basin, of which the state of Oregon bears the most important part. Some idea of the extent of this important resource may be obtained when the fact is made known that this basin represents a greater area in land than is possessed by New England, with the states of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina added. The basin drains 224,280 square miles. The state of Oregon alone has 95,492 square miles of water drainage, and within this area are located water-power possibilities easily found upon the state's surface. The government, in its estimate, has fixed upon the minimum amount of 5,200,000 horsepower of possible hydroelectric development for the state of Oregon. That is one-half of the entire amount now utilized in the United States. Regardless of this, engineers predict that the minimum given by the government experts for Oregon can be increased to more than double the amount through engineering ingenuity. From these figures Oregon's supremacy in the matter of potential hydroelectric power is easily discernible. The 5,200,000 possible horsepower should be a factor in developing here the largest manufacturing center

upon the Pacific Ocean, and it may be in the United States; for with the raw product at command not only of the forest and fields in Oregon, but of the ports of the world, Oregon must come into her own.

With this stupendous amount of undeveloped power, coupled with the timber resources of the state—amounting to all that is to be found in the United States—it forms a combination that is bound to be productive of much wealth and gives Oregon a prominence in the markets of the world well to the forefront.

Equally rich is the state in its agricultural resources. It has 8,230,000 acres devoted to farm use with 18,225,482 double acres—two-thirds timbered—and 17,252,000 of public lands subject to entry. The farms produced last year \$127,000,000, and that with a population of 625,000 in the state.

Thus Oregon, with its latent water power, its four-billion-dollar forests, and its \$127,000,000 yearly farm production, needs the attention of the world of commerce. Situated as it is upon the Pacific Ocean, with its equitable and solid climate, it should necessarily win the attention it seeks and the favor of those desiring a broader sphere of action. Its chief aim at the present time is to secure the capital and population which will furnish the labor to develop these resources.

There are men of capacity who predict that the theater of action for the world of the future will be on the shores of the Pacific. Upon this vast shore

line of 30,000 miles there are living to-day possibly 200,000,000 people. Each year shows an increase in the consumption of goods made by the Anglo-Saxon. In the years to come the development of this line of commerce will produce figures that, if suggested to-day, would cause the reader to doubt their correctness. Well then, Oregon's chief competitor, today exports more wheat and flour than any other part in the United States. Australia to-day sends the Oregon farmer China tea, sugar, and Japan is constantly buying lumber and other well-known products of the state. Such of the Cascade range and down the Willamette Valley are to be found herds of 100,000 and sheep which find a market in the packing-houses of Portland. The live-stock industry of the state is valued at \$25,000,000. Thus with lumber, grain, and live-stock to further the cause of development, in this new and rapidly growing section, the very elements which have made cities in the east and created wealth of modern proportions are to be found in Oregon.

It is, indeed, a country singularly blessed in natural products, while the water-power necessary to transform these products into articles of commerce is wonderfully abundant in Oregon. With an ocean at the door of the factory to furnish transportation to the ports of the world, Oregon can claim the distinction of being three blessed, and the world must readily recognize this fact.



## A CENTURY OF PEACE WITH ENGLAND

Continued by the International News Bureau

MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS BUREAU WHO MET HERE TO PLAN THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF AMITY, WHICH TERMINATED OUR HOSTILITIES WITH GREAT BRITAIN. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: H. S. PHOENIX, C. DE BIAZIA, HENRY SHAW, BRADFORD BROWN, SIR GEORGE BENTLEY BURN, EARL STANHOPE, SIR ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM, JAMES WILKINSON, SIR HERBERT SPENCER, WALTER WELCH, THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, ARTHUR SHREVE BURN, AND JAMES ALLEN BAKER.

You get more air-room in **Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires**—and it's the extra air-room that does the work.

**T**HE more air-room—the more resiliency, which in turn means more comfort for you and your passengers—*more service from your tires.*

The secret of building a tire that lasts means building a tire that does the work easily—a tire that does not strain under road usage.

This extra air-room is gained for you without lessening the thickness of the tread or weakening the side walls in any way.

To stand the pull of the engine—to absorb the shocks of the road—to travel farthest on the smallest quantity of gasoline—to make inner tubes last longer, were scientific tire problems.

Our engineers have solved these problems for you and all other tire bills payers by building Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires with extra air-room—in a word—the ideal, perfectly constructed tire you have been demanding.



Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread for Automobiles, Buses, Trucks.

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

# Diamond { No Clinch } Tires

## Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage"

After countless laboratory tests and experiments, our chemists have discovered a process to scientifically toughen pure rubber so that it will give you the mileage you pay for.

Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires made of Vitalized Rubber are tough and flint-like enough to fight the road, elastic enough to absorb shocks, thus preventing rim troubles and breaking above the bead.

Add to this high grade workmanship, nothing inferior in construction or fabric—Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact—the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection—and you have the best tire money can buy.



Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire

## Safety (Squeegee) Tread an additional Diamond advantage

Diamond Safety Tread Tires obey your will. No matter how slippery and treacherous the paving, they grip and hold. You drive with safety and you drive with pleasure with Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tires on your cars.

And that's not all—there's real economy in Diamond Safety Tread Tires. The Safety Tread is added to the regular tread—the extra mileage makes the safety cost you nothing.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

## HELPING THE MAN ON THE LAND

In the Pacific Northwest, the land of diversity of resources, diversified farming has received recognition and is growing in favor. The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company, operating in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, began a campaign of education some four years ago. Co-operation of the state, county, and district teams, accompanied by its own specialists, and taught the value of diversifying on the soil. Every phase of farm life was considered, every question intelligently answered, and every problem distributed free of charge.

Many land-owners were advised with the crop-idea. Their forefathers had preferred anything wanted, anything better than corn. But these men made the mistake of looking from the soil every year, getting nothing in return. They learned through experience the

This campaign of education, sponsored by the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company is still being generalized. A series of trained men, at least busy twelve months in the year, are visiting throughout the long practical farms. For 1933 a tour of education is under way. The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company, Oregon-Columbia Division, and the men who write the letters, who go out to talk to the land-owner, advocate methods which have been proved. The agricultural colleges and experiment farms are engaged in this work, and the results of their labors are at the command of the man on the land. He does not have to experiment. By using selected seeds, following instructions as to preparation of ground, planting, and cultivation, he is assured of a yield.

What has been the great farm product of the inland Northwest in the present decade? The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company has helped the wheat-grower increase his yield by producing a larger crop in conjunction with another crop which is raised in volume than wheat grows.

Corn can be planted on greater areas. Corn and wheat can be grown in rotation with wheat. Corn will grow in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and as good quality corn may be produced, and the yield will equal that of the so-called corn states. The fallacy of the argument that the nights are too

Field Corn, 16 feet high, well cared, growing in the Yakima Valley

truths expounded by the school workers. They were brought to a knowledge of the fact that no soil is indestructible and that they must replace by crop rotation the elements necessary to growth of which they robbed the soil by continuous cropping of one crop.

The farmers and fruit-growers were taught not to lose. There are "off years" on the farm and in the orchard. Large yield will not be counted on with such regularity. The man who planted one crop or who directed his entire acreage to fruit crops at the harvest was gutted.

The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company employed agricultural and mechanical engineers to demonstrate the value and necessity of diversified farming. These men went out and told the farmer that he should grow alfalfa, field peas, beans, and poultry, and that in this way he would be able to crop failure, and his ewes, checks and his checks from the sale of his stock and poultry products would bring him steady and increasing revenue. The same story was told the orchardist. It mattered not the size of the land-holdings. The necessity of diversity was explained to the owner of the ten-acre tract as well as to the owner of the two-hundred-acre farm.

What has been the result?

Increase in volume and value of the yield everywhere along the line of the Oregon-Washington Railroad &



Poland Cross ready for shipment to the Packing House at Portland

Navigation Company. In eastern Oregon, the great grain-growing section of the state, dairy farms, but dairies, and poultry are valued assets. At the stations one can see rows of crates filled with cream for the dealer in the city, in the morning, and rows of eggs for the packing-houses, on the platform are cages of poultry and crates of eggs ready for shipment. What about other farm products?

There has been no falling off. The year 1932 was a year of bumper crops throughout the Northwest. The great water-basins were filled with everything. To the man who had dairy cows, hogs, and poultry the money never ran for the farm and orchard products was all clear gain. The milk cream, pork, and poultry products had paid the running expenses and more. The land-owner had been enabled to pay the taxes for his property, and was enabled to buy the wheat crop insurance in order to pay the premium for the best wheat, and the implement dealer.



Pear Orchard

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short to grow corn in the Pacific Northwest is being explained. The man who planted one crop or who directed his entire acreage to fruit crops at the harvest was gutted. The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company, Oregon-Columbia Division, and the men who write the letters, who go out to talk to the land-owner, advocate methods which have been proved. The agricultural colleges and experiment farms are engaged in this work, and the results of their labors are at the command of the man on the land. He does not have to experiment. By using selected seeds, following instructions as to preparation of ground, planting, and cultivation, he is assured of a yield.

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Young Orchards and Alfalfa Ranches in the suburbs of North Yakima

to the length of days of the marketable land is given by word of mouth and is passed from boy to boy who know and who are at the service of the people in Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company territory.

In expanding cereals and hay products, field peas, root crops, etc., the company is not unaided of the fruit industry. It has expanded the apples and pears, peaches, oranges, grapes, and other large and small fruits of the Pacific Northwest. The fans of Oregon and Washington fronts in Washington, the acreages of the land beyond the area are equally an enthusiasm in the American public's view of the excellence of the delicious fruits of the Northwest. But even the fruit-growers are becoming converts to the theory of diversified farming. There has been a great increase in apple-producing districts in the Pacific Northwest than Hood River. In September, 1932, Newell Pappas are known wherever apples are raised, and yet of the Pacific Northwest Land Products there lived in Portland, Oregon, in November, 1932, the Hood River apple market was in a state of collapse. The Hood River apple market, the golden-bell market, the plum cabbage, the cauliflower, and a variety of vegetables bring in the produce. The money grows as free in evidence that they realize the money to be made in bags and they are going to raise pigs as well as poultry.

The productivity of the soil in the states of the Pacific Northwest is comparatively unknown. For instance, in the dryest sections of the Middle West, ten acres of land will produce a yield of wheat for which there is a market for a year. At the Land Products show referred to there was an exhibit of eighty tons of kale grown on one acre of soil in one year in western Oregon-Washington, in the Yakima Valley, or in the territory tributary to Lewiston and Grangeville, in Idaho, where the fans of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company are operated, that will not produce food enough for a cow for a year.

A little land and a good house. A house where climate conditions are desirable. A region free from insect plagues of various kinds, good transportation facilities to good markets. A choice of locations on the land. A five-acre tract which can cultivate any crop, a large holding where he may manage in many varied products. These are some of the advantages to be had in the Pacific Northwest, on the territory tributary to the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company.

It is undeniably true that conditions are different from those of the Middle West, but the difference is in favor of the man who secures a holding in the Pacific Northwest. He may have to learn how to irrigate or how to raise crops in the dry-farming process, but he has the direct care of the man who have made a success to direct.

Failure to succeed on the farm here will be the lack of the man and not of the land. Intelligent cultivation is a necessary everywhere, and the Northwest is no exception. The man who has a greater and the labor lighter.

There is no more interesting literature published than the pages which record man's success. Volcanos might be piled, filled with statements of men who have made good in this favored land. There are no simple volumes on the farm that is best suited in the story of how some man achieved success. It requires work. It requires investment. It requires intelligent toil. It requires investment in business harvest. It lightens labor in the common knowledge of distant reward. It compensates for providing income.

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## Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## "By Their Fruits—"

The splendid dividend record of the unexcited industrial preferred shares

A very few months ago when you spoke of "industrial preferred shares" you meant one thing and one thing only—some share in the ownership of manufacturing and other concerns which were being put on this "quality" ground. You meant the "industrial preferred" of the Standard Oil and the others, not the United States Steel and Harvester and the like. In the list of one year later after the other, each with prospect more brilliant than the one before, they represented such another class of "industrial preferreds" was almost lost sight of.

Recently there has been a big change in that regard. With one of two conspicuous exceptions the preferred shares sold last year have done well enough, considering. But with business conditions slapping themselves as they have, investors have become far more interested in equities than in preferreds. With the greatest buyer just now it isn't a question so much of what a prospective investment is going to earn as it is of what it is going to do. For instance, that through thick and thin, had done good work, one of these all-line industrial preferreds has paid a dividend over some organization appeals to him for more than the fact that by buying one of the shares he can get a little bit more income.

## Stability of Earning Power

Among the preferred shares listed twelve or fifteen years ago when most of the big industrial preferreds were taken place there are some whose record has been anything but enviable, but, glancing down the list, one of these shares has paid a dividend over some organization appeals to him for more than the fact that by buying one of the shares he can get a little bit more income.

Each, after all, is the great test of the first of the three qualities which the investor looks for in making an investment of this kind—stable earnings over some period. We record our dividend twice our last year, more than one of the company recently issuing a stock at a price 100 per cent above the year before that we earned it three times over. Very well, so far as that goes, but how long has it been so that and the year before that? History has been good and a record of the preferreds has shown that earnings over some period, nothing variable. Go back four years, eight years, ten years, to a time when business wasn't good. Suppose you had this particular stock at the time, would you have been able to pay the dividend on it regularly? If not, after all, it is the great test of the indicator of the future. However good a business man you may be, to furnish the yield of changing conditions, the earnings of the company in whose shares you happen to be interested is important; that what you own will pay you as you are required to do with what has happened in the past and from that get some sort of a fair idea of what you can expect in the future. Through the condition of 1913, as will say, and the depression of 1915, the company earned enough regularly to pay the dividend on its shares. It is objected, that it doesn't grow that conditions cannot develop in 1912 or 1913 such as to lower earnings over such dividends. No, it doesn't grow; but nothing can prove it but the next year. But it is true that the company has been grounded for the assumption that if the company went through those trying times without having to stop paying the dividend, it will be able to go through whatever else ahead without reducing its preferred dividend.

## Earnings and Yield

In the second of the qualities essential to an investment of this kind, liberal margin of earnings over dividend requirements, most of the old-line preferreds are richly provided. It is true, however the optimization of some of these concerns may in the beginning have been "overrated." The "industrial preferreds" of the great majority of cases represent not merely good work on earning power, but liberal margin of earnings over dividend requirements. It was done through the loss of common stock not preferred.

Run down the list of earnings of these preferred shares for the last five years or two, and it will be found surprising in how many cases earnings applicable to common dividends are more than twice as much from two to five times over. Not in this because these losses of preferred shares, but because the earnings of the common are small. Most of them, on the contrary, are proportionately large. There is just one reason why earnings make the difference they do, and that is that these preferred shares represent real money laid out work. In the third essential quality, a fair

share of income to the buyer, the old-line industrial preferreds make quite as favorable a showing as is the other class. In these days of a low and a half percent yield on savings-bank funds it is to be expected that industrial stocks should yield a little more, but whether they cover in general quite realize the seven and eight per cent income obtainable from a fixed interest, and whether the industrial preferred shares is very much of a question.

Out of a list of an often dozen, seven preferred industrial preferred shares actively traded on the New York Stock Exchange and every one of which has an unexcited and unshattered dividend record since the organization of the company, just built are at present selling within a few points of par. In some cases the price is a little above, in some a little below, the average yield working out at only a trifle less than seven per cent.

## The Manufacturing Group

The industrial preferred shares actively traded on the New York Stock Exchange and which have an unexcited dividend record divide themselves into six classes.

First and numerically, at least, most important is the all-inclusive manufacturing group, that includes such concerns as National Biscuit, American Woolen, United Leather, and International Harvester.

Among the preferred industrials "Biscuit" is an exception, in price, in spite of earnings that has happened to be held up to a point where the yield to the buyer is only about six per cent. At that the stock is low, it is a little above par just after the price, when it sold down to 100.

During each of the past three years (this is the time of strong and growing competition) the dividend on the preferred stock has been earned more than twice the price. During 1910, 1911 and 1912 it was earned more than twice over.

American Woolen is an entirely different proposition. Since the company was formed, it is true, Woolen preferred has never failed to pay at least seven per cent, but since the company was formed, it is also true, it has never failed to pay the dividend on its shares over some period. What will happen under the new order of things is professional. That there is considerable work in the organization of the seven-per-cent dividend is proved by the decline in the price of the stock to a point where it sells the better at nine per cent.

For the low price at which Central Leather preferred is at present selling, the yield of earnings over dividend is practically responsible. In 1910, for example, the preferred dividend was earned more than twice over, but the year before it was only partly earned. Nineteen hundred and twelve was it earned two and a half times over, but the year before the company's earnings ran. Ever since it was started earnings during each year have been enough to pay the dividend on its shares over some period. In 1911 there was a low year, but the year before it was only partly earned. Nineteen hundred and twelve was it earned two and a half times over, but the year before it was only partly earned. Nineteen hundred and twelve was it earned two and a half times over, but the year before it was only partly earned.

International Harvester is a very common type that has an unshaken record since the beginning earnings have been on such a scale as to leave not the slightest doubt as to the safety of the dividend on the preferred. During no year of the six in which the company has ever been established has the preferred dividend been earned less than three times over. In 1910 it was earned three times over, in 1911 three and a half times over, in 1912 three and a half times over. Certainly to give an average as to the safety of the preferred dividend would be asked. Yet the stock is selling at a price at which it nets the buyer almost six and one-quarter per cent.

## The Steel and Sugar Groups

In the steel group which the only reason that makes an unshaken record in United States Steel preferred. Just why the stock was unshaken, except such favor with the public can be seen from a glance at the record of earnings over dividend on the preferred. During no year of the six in which the company has ever been established has the preferred dividend been earned less than three times over. In 1910 it was earned three times over, in 1911 three and a half times over, in 1912 three and a half times over. In every direction was offering actively on the market, the price of the stock was par, the dividend earned 340,000,000 available for dividends an annual requirement of only \$25,000,000 for the dividend on its preferred.

Whatever the outcome of the dissolution suit against the company and whatever

the effect of tariff action, the dividend on this preferred stock can be as safe as anything could well be. At its present price the stock yields approximately six and one-half per cent.

Among the stocks in the sugar group, American Sugar Refining preferred has always held the same kind of unexcited position as that occupied by National Biscuit among the manufacturing shares. Earnings applicable to preferred dividends are ample to provide for the needs of the company, and the earnings of the company; but in few investors' minds does there exist a doubt as to the safety of the dividend on the preferred. In 1911 they exceeded requirements about four times, in 1912 they exceeded requirements about three times, in 1913 they exceeded requirements about two times. In no year has the dividend on the preferred been earned less than three times over.

It is unusual to see unexcited a position in American Sugar. To a very great extent the company's business has been built up behind the production of the high-land rail, and ever since it has been plain that the sugar duty would be among the first to go. In some cases the dividend has been earned more than three times over. With regard to the preferred, however, it must be borne in mind that it is a very small amount, and that it doesn't take much in the way of earnings to pay a six per cent dividend on it.

## The Tobacco Group and the "Equipments"

In the tobacco group American Leaf and American Tobacco both stand the dividends on their preferred shares as unexcited as that of any of the other shares which they own. This security is in nearly a matter of current income yield. The few of government investigation and presentation, however, having been passed through, and these companies being that "unexcited" position, it is entirely the case that the element proved in the case of many of the big industrial companies. Steel and United preferred, consequently, will get the highest yield of any of the preferred industrials.

Coming to the railway equipment manufacturers, we find four preferred shares, all of which have paid seven per cent, some organization, but of which only one, the American Railway Equipment, has anything to spare. Even in the case of the steel, American Leaf preferred dividend one and a half times over in 1911 and 1912, and again in 1913. In the case of the steel, American Leaf preferred dividend one and a half times over in 1911 and 1912, and again in 1913. In the case of the steel, American Leaf preferred dividend one and a half times over in 1911 and 1912, and again in 1913. In the case of the steel, American Leaf preferred dividend one and a half times over in 1911 and 1912, and again in 1913.

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The Fertilizer Group and the "Metals" Corporation, working in view of the position late which they seemed to be making a year or so ago, has been shown that the company is a very good company, but that the long-established dividend on either Virginia Carolina Chemical will have to be a very high yield. For five years running American Agricultural preferred dividend has been enough to pay the dividend on the preferred. During no year of the six in which the company has ever been established has the preferred dividend been earned less than three times over. In 1910 it was earned three times over, in 1911 three and a half times over, in 1912 three and a half times over. Certainly to give an average as to the safety of the preferred dividend would be asked. Yet the stock is selling at a price at which it nets the buyer almost six and one-quarter per cent.

In the so-called "metal" group, American Steel is selling at a price at which it nets the buyer almost six and one-quarter per cent, and that is the line of a government suit, lowering the earnings of "Metals," and the result of the suit is that the dividend on the preferred is not available, but from the figures given for 1911 and 1912 it appears that the company has been able to pay the dividend on the preferred. During no year of the six in which the company has ever been established has the preferred dividend been earned less than three times over. In 1910 it was earned three times over, in 1911 three and a half times over, in 1912 three and a half times over. In every direction was offering actively on the market, the price of the stock was par, the dividend earned 340,000,000 available for dividends an annual requirement of only \$25,000,000 for the dividend on its preferred.

Remarkable uniformity is shown in the requirements of the preferred shares on the past five years, the margin above requirements in no year having been less than three times over; but, on the other hand, they have been so low that the dividend dividend was not forced to spare.



From *Broun* in the private collection of C. W. Post.

## Breaking the Bonds of Habit

Most of us cling to the things of life which please the senses, and continued indulgence leads to fixed habits—some good, others exacting a heavy penalty.

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Medical opinion and the research of pure food scientists agree that the coffee habit is extremely harmful to many persons.

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Very complete descriptive literature explaining every feature and including a large Aeroplane map of the entire Park, in color, will be mailed on request. An interview with one of our representatives who has personally visited Glacier Park may be arranged. Information relative to Glacier National Park fares, tickets, reservations, etc., may be secured from any Chicago, Burlington and Quincy or Great Northern representative, or mail the coupon today.

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An ensemble from the performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's fantastic operetta



One of the pretty fairy scenes in "Iolanthe"



Left to right: Cecil Cunningham, George McFarlane, and De Wolf Hopper

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS



A Noteworthy Revival of the Spring Theatrical Season—  
 Scenes from Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe" as Presented  
 at the Casino by the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company



Portland's Street Railways

Pacific Coast cities will record the largest percentage of growth in population in the next twenty years. They grow rapidly so fast in all concentrations requisite to modern development. The city of Portland, Oregon, recorded an increase of 129 per cent. for the ten years from 1900 to 1910. Considerable such line of remarkable growth there was just as great an increase, if not more, in its street-car facilities and in the distribution of light and power than in the use of electricity. Portland today has a street-car for every 320 of its population, which represents a larger percentage than possessed by Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Denver, Milwaukee, and of any city in the United States having 250,000 population. The condition tells the story of a highly developed and modern street-railway system.

Cities today only grow by means of rapid transportation. The suburban population that lives five and even ten miles out from the heart of the business district is just as great a customer of the retail merchant as the man who lives two blocks away, providing he can be delivered in front of the store within a reasonable time. The ratio of city operation, from a retail standpoint, has grown in America only to the extent of the growth of rapid transportation. Forty years ago city centers, as far as the downtown district was concerned, was confined within a circumscribed circle of two or three miles. Today it reaches out ten miles and even beyond, all due to the trolley. In this particular Portland stands well in front when compared with other cities of the country. The street-car lines radiate in all directions, going north to St. Johns, a distance of 10 miles, to the south to Lewis & Clark, to the east, 6 miles. Portland paper has 64 square miles of territory, and within this area is located nearly 200 miles of street-car track.

The city is possessed of but one street-car company, and transfers are made in one continuous direction. During the year 1912, 20,000,000 passengers traveled upon the street-cars of Portland, a number equal to the population of the United States. It is the consensus of opinion that better operation and better service are obtainable from one company than if two or three are in the field providing duplication of investment and a duplication of fares as going from one line to another. The company which operates the street-car line in Portland is known as the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company. It is controlled by the Clark interests of Philadelphia and under the direct management of B. R. America, its president. It not only handles the urban transportation, but is the owner of one of the largest electric light and power plants upon the Pacific Coast. It has steam and auxiliary steam plants which produce 30,000 horsepower of electrical energy—an enormous quantity—and stands third in the respect upon the coast.

Portland is one of the very marvelous cities in the country in its consumption of electrical energy. The company has 27,000 customers within its field of operation, the production of which is about 2,000,000. When it is considered that Philadelphia, with a population of 1,500,000, has not a larger number of consumers of electrical energy than Portland, the remarkable development of this feature of modern civilization is discernible. The company is the owner of four large hydro-electric power plants located at Oregon City, Estacada, Canby, and Mt. Rain. The electrical energy from these plants is brought to the city by means of high-tension transmission lines.

Through successful management, the company has been able to furnish its customers electrical energy at a very low rate, and thus the city has been enabled to grow more faster than if it depended upon other forms of power-generating fuel. Some idea of the rapid growth of this company might be ascertained from the fact that in 1911 the company had 12,291 electric-light customers, and its revenue amounted to \$1,141,143. In 1912 the number of customers was 32,192, and the kilowatt hours of electricity totaled 152,245,292. In 1913 the net earnings of the company were \$1,982,427, and in 1911 \$1,363,705.

The company has made a special effort to provide these services for the manufacturing purposes. It has adopted a policy toward factory plants along these lines, believing that whatever the benefits that may be derived from a continuous power of view would necessarily be reflected in the carrying power of the economy. It has accordingly made special plans for its product and has taken a diversified course in the natural growth of the economy, than has been the experience of other cities.

The Opal

Experts in such matters agree that among jewels the opal alone defies the laws of the industry. This alone sets it apart so much so that in its own intrinsic merits as to the splendor of the rays of light it reflects. It has been called "the coronation of stones" and it has always been a great favorite with lovers of gems. Nearly two thousand years ago Pliny remarked that it "displays at once the purring fire of carnelians, the purple brilliancy of sapphires and the sea-green of emeralds, the whole blended together and refracted with a brightness that is quite incredible."

"The opal is a stone "with a temper." The diamond rises superior to climate, as does the ruby, the emerald and the sapphire, but the opal is of such delicate organization that, when exposed to severe cold, it soon cracks, and under the influence of excessive moisture becomes dull. It is a curious fact, however, that the temperature of one's hand will cause it to resume its wondrous fire and brilliancy, as will also be the case when it is exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

The opal has always been credited with such claims, mystery, and association. The Greeks believed that it possessed the power of bestowing second sight on those under its influence, provided the stone were not employed toward selfish ends. Because of this belief, it was a minor talisman. And so recognized the notion that the opal was unlucky. Successful practitioners have kept alive this superstition, which has been utilized by many writers, among whom may be mentioned the Walter Scott, by whom, in "Anne of Geolayne," the opal is made to play an unfortunate part.

The Romans were so fond of the opal that they considered it to be the stone of "lovely youth," but, curiously enough, they shun it in most of the Greek superstitions. Roman emperors, as a general rule, did not wear the opal amulet.

During the Middle Ages there were few statings those who shared the Roman weakness for the opal and it entirely largely into the advertisement of both sexes.

The Sanitary Laws of Moscow

There has been gathered a collection of facts to prove that the sanitary laws of Moscow were not only on a line with the modern rules of hygiene, but in some cases in advance of them.

The few thousands of years before Christ, settling in a semi-tropical country, man furnished his milk or milk and milk was designated as a source of contagion. In the interval a method of slaughtering animals was perfected which is acknowledged today in our markets as the most sanitary.

Five thousand years ago. Each year to the world the results of his researches in bacteriology the Moslem law placed the dagger to man from tuberculosis in cattle, but did not forbid infected poultry as food. It was only a few years ago that German scientists discovered that beef tuberculosis was hereditary to man.

The Moslem law also entered the bodies of patients with contagious diseases and the burial of the dead outside all cities. These hints the Gothic world did not fully accept until a century or two ago.

The wise lawgiver provided not only for the sanitary condition of the city, but the removal of whole families in summer and to camps, where for a time they could live close to nature. Many of the laws of Moscow were provisions intended for the health of both mind and body.

A Methuselah of the Sea

Titan was broken up lately at Tenerife, the Canary Islands, what was undoubtedly the oldest ship in the world. It was the Italian ship Antio, built in 1518 in 1518, and stayed on every day of the Santa Maria, the famous galleon in which Columbus made his voyage of discovery. The Antio was built for strength rather than for grace or speed. She was broad-beamed and clumsy but she had swiftness, ballast and trypans in all parts of the hull, and escaped unharmed from the perils of the deep, from Cape Horn to Hudson Bay. She was a model of the slowest ship afloat averaging two and a half knots and five days between Baltimore, Maryland, and the Azores. So her lack of speed was being named for her name, and as she would decline to defy the waves in the rough seas, she was named so long as she remained afloat, it was decided to sell her for what she would bring and demolish and replace the proceeds in the construction of a new vessel.



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**Willamette Iron and Steel Works**

In the Pacific coast country the logging conditions are quite different from those found in any other locality in the world, in that the country is extremely rough and broken and the timber grows very thickly and to a large size. The result of these conditions is that logging operations are carried on with considerable difficulty and at very great expense. The most accessible timber which was located near water or near a railroad has been to a large extent logged. As the timber recedes from these sources the difficulty of placing the logs in the market cheaply becomes greater and greater. Various methods have been pursued in logging the timber, depending on local conditions, but it is practically universally recognized that the only feasible and economical method now possible is the use of some sort of steam equipment. The cut teams have been discarded entirely and horses are used only in the open timber districts of eastern Oregon and Idaho, but even here the steam engine is gradually displacing the horse.

**The Largest Logging Engine in the World**

A variety of types of steam "donkeys" are in use, but these machines are gradually being standardized, so that two types have been adopted as those best capable of doing the work. These are the tandem drum long-head or road engines, and the narrow drum yarding-engines. During the past ten years these two types of machines have been developed to a very high point of efficiency and have reached extremely large proportions. Ten years ago the average logging engine weighed from 15,000 to 20,000 pounds. The engines being used to-day vary in weight from 35,000 to 60,000 pounds.

As a result of the demand for special logging machinery there has grown up on the Pacific coast a line of industry which is peculiar to this country. Blocks, blocks, spools, and other accessories, with the equipment, that are being manufactured by these companies to the extension of all other competitive manufacturing companies. This is likewise true of the engines which are used, and it is extremely seldom that an engine will be seen in any camp which has been built outside the states of Oregon and Washington.

The greatest progress in the design and manufacture of logging engines for Pacific coast conditions has been made by the Willamette Iron and Steel Works, of Portland, Oregon, who for the past twelve years have devoted their entire efforts to the development of a suitable line of engines that would meet the severe conditions of service placed upon them. Probably no other equipment in the world is subject to such trying service as that of these logging engines. The demands upon them are frequently beyond their normal capacity, and the nature of their work it is difficult to give them the attention that such machinery should have, yet one of these machines is now built, being given reasonable care, so that it will run for long periods without undue deterioration.

Interior

The plant covers four and one-half acres of ground in the northern part of the city, where very best timber for shipment by either rail or water, and when working to full capacity the company employs from three hundred to five hundred men. The annual product is one hundred and fifty logging-engines per year, with a maximum capacity of one engine per day. In fact this record has been surpassed when seventy-six engines were shipped in seventy-one successive days last year. This plant is considered every part of the Pacific coast. The engines are recognized by the highest-grade logging-engines ever produced, and are being used almost exclusively by all the large logging firms.

**Treating Sick Fish**

The "fish doctors" at the big aquaria accomplish some extraordinary feats in treating sick fish and restoring them to health and vigor.

One sick fish, a salmon, was received in such a weak and exhausted condition that it was actually unable to keep itself "righted up," but lay on its side at the bottom of the tank, a faint position for a fish to assume by means of the adjustment thus resuscitated to the gill cover.

Now the gills of the fish are practically its lungs, through which from the water it absorbs the air needed to sustain life. By opening and closing the gill covers the fish controls the passage over its gills of the constant supply of water wherever it extracts the air. It will thus be seen that if a fish in the condition of the one mentioned were deprived of half its respiratory power, as it would be by lying on its side and so closing one gill cover, it could not long survive.

In the case mentioned the fish was "righted" into its natural position, its belly on the bottom of the tank and propped up between two dipnets, one on each side, with the writing of each thumb, so as to constitute a sort of cushion. Propped up in this way, the fish could get its full supply of air for its gills.

Then the water was lowered in the tank, so that that remaining became proportionately more highly charged with air from the tubes. Besides the pump in "intake" water was introduced into a line that could be delivered at any point in the tank. Now all "living" water contains more or less air and this was placed down and far from the nose of the salmon, at a point where the fish could derive the greatest benefit from its flow before it reached with the tank water.

By these means the salmon was sufficiently revived so that it could move. It was then taken before the net and undertaken to look out for itself. But it had lost too "previous" and soon it was down again over its nose on its side. Again it was propped up and soon it again made efforts to move about a bit. A shower taken or more during the course of the day did this several times and in strength all the while and at about the fifteenth trial it proved able to take care of itself. It recovered completely and for a long while was the strongest salmon in the tank.

**Green Gravel**

FIDELE goes sadly and sits in the dust,  
His spine or his slum at the white  
washed dust.  
She has never a visitor all the day long,  
And she sings very sadly this foolish  
and song:

"Green Gravel, Green Gravel, your grass  
is so green!  
The sweetest, the sweetest that ever was  
seen.  
Fidele, Fidele, your sweetheart is dead,  
He sent you a letter to turn back your  
head."

But when it is evening she wanders away  
And watches the children who come out  
to play.

The children are happy and dance in a  
ring  
And over and over they merrily sing:

"Green Gravel, Green Gravel, your grass  
is so green!  
The sweetest, the sweetest that ever was  
seen."

She wants to play with them and join  
in their fun,  
But when she comes near them away  
they all run.

No late in the twilight she slaps all alone  
And dreadsly dreads around a white  
stone.

"Fidele, Fidele, your sweetheart is  
dead,  
He sent you a letter to turn back your  
head."

ALINE KILMER.

**The Ruling Machine**

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on both sides with equal lines by the use  
of a single rule, 144 hours,  
against 12 hours on a ruling-machine  
with steam power, a rate of over 12 to  
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faint lines on both sides, required 4,000  
hours under the old method of a ruler  
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### An Electric Hotel

In the Boulevard des Halles, one of the most elegant streets of the French metropolis, there is a marvelous hotel. It is called "La Maison Electrique" and is the result of the genius of its proprietor, Mr. George Knapp. It has the unique quality of not using servants of any kind. From porter, bell-boy, chambermaid, and waiters to bookkeeper all the work done and all the calls are answered by electrically operated machinery.

On getting out of his motor at the door, the arrival puts his foot on a non-slip carpet which carries him to the hotel office. Here, a button is pressed and he is given a smog-free combination which opens his room. His baggage is taken to his room by an elevator and is dumped into a position in his closet.

The traveler ascends in an elevator which is furnished with a series of buttons containing the numbers on the various floors; he presses the one which corresponds with the number of his room and the elevator stops to let him out.

This hotel has an Eot staircase whatever. Everything is rubber elevator, moving platforms, elevators and the person who gets into one or finds himself standing upon the other has not in more solid beds in the city.

Each room is furnished with heat-closets, and by pressing the necessary button, cold or hot water comes out of the pipes. Coffee and milk, for example, can be had by pressing the button which has written over it the words "Light breakfast" "Coffee and milk" "Wine" "Beer" "Breakfast" "Meat" "Bread" etc. By pressing the "Door" button a small apparatus in which is marked the exact time of day. When a meal is ordered in this manner a door under the window opens immediately and a table is pushed forward with a tray on it containing the desired supply.

There are telephones, electric light, electric appliances for bath and massage, electric-lighters, etc.

Use any other and water in the dining-room, and "tips" required. The guest starts himself at a table, takes up the bill of fare, writes his order with a electric pen, finds at the end of the order a receipt automatically to the kitchen in the basement, where the order is filled. The electric light, electric buttons and the clock. The dishes are sent up to the guest by a dumbwaiter which buttons, and he can order to go to another button to have everything deposited in order before him.

And, to top this off, there is a piano in the room that will play for him any tune he desires.

### The Chinese "Boy"

"Cute" "boy" or "wanton" has his virtues—but drawbacks. In appearance, they are not perhaps enough. True, the small boy has been created by nature half of their number at least still stick to the old-fashioned type. Not has the Chinese matter come up to the modern civilization of his Occidental brother. The usual costume consists of a long blue robe open at the side and belted at the neck and wrist by a thin white sash; the whole worn over a blue tunic that fits at the waist. The feet are shod with slip-soled shoes which laste the "boy" to slip easily and silently across tables and along corridors, on the carpet.

These "boys" are born observers, and learn the few Occidental needs which they have learned by heart, and would not let them for their duties, or anything like it, in hotels. They make of their business in fact, to let themselves in their clients, and when a visitor has been attracted by a certain "boy" for several days, the latter begins to understand his habits and anticipate his wishes. Of his readiness in this respect some amusing stories are told. Thus, a guest at a Peking hotel wished to obtain a new coat that he might make some leisure when the host had died. Various he tried in English and French to make his wish known to his Chinese attendant. At length, as a last resource, he drew a picture of the coat, which, with his leaves, he colored in appropriate red and green. The boy, delighted, ran off and came back presently with a rich, in velvet, brown, green, and red robe and shaped long. However, the boy had possibly thought with a error in one the English did not satisfy.

Chinese servants are the despots of household. They are the backbone of the form part of an official system. A boy who considers he has been roughly dealt with from a foreign lord, and who has his fellow servants, and the obedient, believed in placed under a boss. In that situation, which is not very pleasant, a man's nerves-faded in a moment. It happens, therefore, at times, that an

### Portland Union Stock Yards Co.

The Portland Union Stock Yards and its kindred industries are reorganized throughout the entire Northwest as one of the chief signs of a great and growing country.

By providing a larger operating capacity for the public in September, 1919, the re-organization of a local stock yards. The equipment of the new yards is estimated by all observers on such matters as being the best yet in stock-yards construction.

Commenced with the opening of the new yards, the construction began a campaign of reclamation throughout the Northwest, making provision for a larger operating capacity for the public in September, 1919, the re-organization of a local stock yards. The equipment of the new yards is estimated by all observers on such matters as being the best yet in stock-yards construction.

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### Tiny German States

Write it is well known that some of the smallest of German states are the tiny German States. These are the tiny German States. These are the tiny German States. These are the tiny German States.

### Killed by Light

Those who have studied the strange incidents of the Munich Case, in Kentucky say that the celebrated blind boy from that town, when placed in illuminated places, was not only killed, but also injured. It is believed that light is deadly fatal to them, for they seem to die if they are in brightly lighted places. The accident of light seems to be a great characteristic of the albinos (white) people in the great world. The albinos are those who are born with the eyes closed to avoid the light and animals from the water of the river hiding under a great stone, or in a hole, or in a microscope. It is thought that the light is their enemy in some manner perceived through the sense of touch.

"THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINEN" is "ALBANY" WHITE IRON-ON-FINISH. It is made in Albany, N. Y. It is the best of its kind. It is the best of its kind. It is the best of its kind.

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**The Beaver as Conservationist**

The Northwest, particularly in Montana, tell how the busy little dam-builder served as a conservationist in the pioneer days of the western trail. The beaver was, indeed, so highly esteemed that, it is said, no rancher would be contented to let his beaver be shot in his herd, so to save the life of a single beaver.

Everybody knows that the beavers build dams. These they construct to protect against hunger in the winter by storing everything in piles of sticks as food has lost its sap and nutritious qualities. The beaver subsists on the bark of aspen, cottonwood, alder, willow, and other selected herbs, and it is of service to him as food these herbs would be kept fresh and full of life.

The beaver's instinct informs him that this can be done by keeping them submerged in water, and so he dams the shallow currents of streams so that the collected water above the dam will form a deep pool and overflow his store of shrubs and limbs, thus keeping them fresh and "suppy," they being driven into the soft bottom of the pond. The water, little creature, is fully aware that he must anchor them there upright and keep them intact until they are needed for use by the colony's consumption.

This remarkable instinct of the beaver interested the ranchmen, since water is a constant necessity on the western trails. In the dry climate of Montana, in the old days there were very few beavers in Montana, thus rayvater who he the country, he built up their name wherever they might be; they caused the water-supply in that region to be hoarded as they would be in other ways, and at these days storage dams and irrigating operations had not been adopted.

It is interesting to note that by the beavers just settled the cattlemen, and so, while the other game and far-ranging animals were being exterminated by the beaver, he assured of the friendship and protection of the ranchman so far as it was in their power. The cattlemen, in return, were assured, to be aware of this fact, for in the range country they carried to their industrial operations livestock, in close proximity to human habitations. Old ranchmen have watched colonies of beavers by the hour, in their work of constructing dams. No one has ever not enjoyed this sight can form any conception of the amazing genius for engineering that guides this animal in its toil.

In choosing a place for the building of a dam across a stream beaver first considers the condition of the current. If it is sluggish the dam will be thrown straight across by the beaver, and the current he rapid the dam is built on a curve. A soft-bottom pool is always chosen. The timber for the dam are cut by the beaver at some point up the stream, tops of the proper size and slender saplings being felled by them. The material for the dam is cut in the desired lengths, and floated down to the site of the dam by the members of the colony set to the accomplishment of that task.

The engineers and construction take the timber as they come down and utilize them without a moment's delay. A beaver is not able to stay under water for a single evening five minutes, and old and experienced dam-builder will select a piece of timber that has been cut for the purpose, dive to the bottom, and select a few skillful manipulative animals to man it. It is difficult and sold on the muddy bottom. The laborer, however, is not so much beneath the surface. In an incredibly brief space of time he will have set a row of three timbers in place, and he will branch down crosswise against the planted stakes or piles and before them by weaving the flexible branches to and out among them.

Others are busy carrying mortar made of mud and heavy twigs, and are headed to the proper position and quality for use, with which they plaster over the crevices and fill the holes, utilizing their long, taper-like tails in the process in a manner that would make a plasterer envious.

**How It Feels To Be Shot**

"I was shot in Cuba in '94," says a well-known sportsman, "and I don't know if for a while. It was not of course, a pleasant sensation. It was as if the bullet had struck me, and when the skin is broken, it was nothing in back a man does. I know of no other description of it, with 'twice when a man did not know he was shot until somebody showed him the blood flowing down his shirt or trousers." A similar testimony is afforded by an army surgeon, who has written for many years. The treated army gun-shot wounds

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during his time and was himself shot, a double expert opinion. "A blow ball passed through my left leg at Nishik," says this surgeon, "and I felt the ball go through the skin, but it gave no sensation in passing through the muscles. That, of course, is an accurate statement, and patients would not believe it, unless they saw the skin as compared with the muscles. The ball passed almost entirely through the muscles, but it was not until some time later, but I suffered almost no inconvenience."

The kind of groove, meeting, as any wound of the kind will, but I should imagine that the bullet now in my world must have been treated and both very the usual bullet enters the flesh very readily.

There is a great deal of misconception as to the intensity of the pain caused by the entrance into the human body of various objects. Many persons fancy that if a man is shot at all he must therefore suffer intensely. The reverse is true. A slight scratch, or a mere abrasion of the skin, is sometimes far more painful than a wound caused by the entrance of a bullet directly into the muscles or even into a bone. The skin is filled with nerves and when any of them are torn by the ball the pain is extreme. If the groove is directly into the skin into the body, the only nerves disturbed are those in the comparatively small space of the skin, and therefore they are few and far between. The nerves of the skin carry the sensation of pain to the brain. In this case, the pain is not so much the pain experienced in the sensation of an arm or a leg is sensation when the skin is cut, and the pain is not so much the pain experienced in the sensation of the leg, in which all the pain is popularly supposed to be centered, amount to little in comparison.

**The Usefulness of the Tool**

Formerly the tool was considered a useless article, but in our day its utility has been more and more appreciated, and its great value to the gambler has been fully established. Inasmuch as the tool contains many species of insects, we should cultivate its utility.

Every fully housewife details the work made and other matters. For or three domesticated kinds, it is said, will keep any pestiferous class of these and are really more desirable as pests than ants, since they do not enter upon the rights of man as do other flies. The tool is possessed of a kind and retiring disposition, and they are found in nearly every place, but under dark treatment becoming quite tame.

Many instances might be cited of pest locusts ravaging several years in a family and doing most valuable services with no other compensation than that of immunity from preventive. All that is necessary to secure the co-operation of the locust, however, is to provide it with cool and soft retreats by day and convenient access to water. It will then go forth to perform the duties of its natural duty without money and without price.

In Europe locusts are carried to the cities and are purchased by the horticulturists, who by their aid are enabled to keep in check the multiplication of the locusts that prey upon their fruit flowers, etc.

No one can observe the anatomy of the tool without being struck by its perfect adaptation to its sphere. Its tongue, which is capable of great elongation, is attached to the under portion of the lower jaw. Its feet end when the tool is in repose, reaching down to the border of the stomach.

**The Oldest Bank**

It is thought that the oldest bank in the world is the Palazzo San Giorgio in the Piazza S. Marco in Venice. This building has played an important role in the history of the Italian city. It was built in the year 1062 by order of the Venetian Republic, and was the first bank of the Republic of Venice, and also serving as his residence, was the headquarters of the Venetian Republic.

It is held that our modern system of banking sprang from this Venetian edifice. The Venetian Republic, the Venetian Republic, was the first "limited liability company." The architect of the Venetian Republic was the Venetian Republic. Although its architecture has undergone a number of changes, the locale still reveals fragments of the Venetian Republic. The Venetian Republic was the first Venetian Republic, and its wisdom formed of little philosophy are revealingly attractive.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1913

25 Cents a Copy  
\$1.00 a Year

## To Our Readers

The following announcement appeared in the newspapers last week:

HARPER & BROTHERS announced yesterday that they had sold HARPER'S WEEKLY to Mr. NORMAN HARVEY and associates.

We sold the WEEKLY," said GEORGE HARVEY, president of Harper & Brothers, "for the same reason that we sold the BAZAAR. It was losing money and had been for some time. We had a good offer from good people and accepted it. A periodical dealing chiefly with public affairs is necessarily much in evidence, but as a matter of fact the WEEKLY brought in hardly one-tenth of the gross revenue of the house.

"Our experience is that too many periodicals get in the hands of the HARPER & BROTHERS, and the NEW YORK AMERICAN REVIEW, both of which are in progress, are all we need and all we can publish advantageously in conjunction with our book business. I shall transfer my own editorial work from HARPER'S WEEKLY to THE NEW YORK AMERICAN REVIEW, beginning a series of articles in the July number and inaugurating a complete editorial department, 'comments' included, in the autumn.

"I know nothing of Mr. HARVEY'S plans and policies except that he and his associates are quite as friendly to the WILSON administration as I am. Mr. HARVEY'S reputation as an editor is firmly established, and there is no reason to doubt that he will make a notable success of his new venture."

We were astonished some two years ago to find that the power thought to do, when called upon and having nothing in particular to say, is to write a public law, and sit down. That is what we intended to do in this instance. There is really nothing much to add to the brief statement quoted above. The whole story is there. Nevertheless, we feel impelled by a simple circumstance to disregard the mere position for this one. That circumstance is the curious intimacy which has grown up between our readers and ourselves during the past few years and which is illustrated by some letters which we print upon another page. We have received many more, but cannot publish all of them, because, if we should, there would be little room left for other things in this number. It is this interesting and frankly gratifying fact that induces us to add a few words, not for the general public at all, but just among ourselves.

When we said that this journal has been doing money for some time we might have spoken more explicitly and declared truthfully that its publication has been profitable to the HARPER & BROTHERS trust. It is in this interesting and frankly gratifying fact that induces us to add a few words, not for the general public at all, but just among ourselves.

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eyes have always been turned forward, never backward. The dominant issue thirty years ago was civil-service reform; in recent years it has been tariff reform. The WEEKLY has been a staunch and persistent advocate, even leader, of both great movements.

The change has been one of method seemingly enforced by varying currents of public demand. Would people read even Mr. CURTIS'S scholarly leading articles to-day? That is, would a sufficient number of persons put up ten cents a week for them to make the WEEKLY pay? We doubt it. It is the idea of a *tabula rasa* for us, for we have less than twenty long editorial on civil-service reform in thirty successive issues, and very little else. They were sound, cogent articles and, of course, admirably written, but how would they take on the newsstands in this hurrying age? How many wayfarers would buy them in preference to some one of the great number of five-cent, entertaining, and finely illustrated magazines? Not many, we fear.

Newspapers naturally respond most quickly to the changing spirit of the times and they abandoned the creditable leading article long ago. This still held vague in a weekly journal of today even if done with conscientious grace and skill, but it, sufficient reason to make the paper paid. If so, why, in the inevitable searching for an excuse to periodical prosperity, has not somebody tried it? No, there is nothing in that. The most successful ten-cent weekly is *Life*, which is crisp as a doughnut and as full of spice and humor as a cocky. Some publisher might venture to put over a magazine written by a *Journal* America, but our best bet would be on *Masters and Mitchell*.

Since we are talking among ourselves, it is not unfitting to note that some complain that our own pen is apt to bite occasionally when scratching what our discrimination friend, the Baltimore Sun, designates as "implied friendliness." Well, that, as the boy said to the quizzing and apprehensive audience, is the intention. We don't know of any way to make a point except to make it. And what is the sense of writing at all unless you can put things in such form that folks will read them? It sometimes happens, too, as you may have noticed, that spiritless language serves well as a covername for serious thought.

It is getting off to a dismal single track. What we were about to direct attention to is Brother BERRY LINDSEY O'BRIEN'S remark in the Boston Herald that we have been too conservative. Maybe so, but if so we didn't know it. True, we couldn't stand for all of Brother BARRY'S notions about free silver, government ownership, and the like, but we rebutted the commonest and spoke up, somewhat to our own discomfort, for a certain candidate for President, whom many regarded as radical, while those who now occupy the benches were still hiding in the cellar. We never thought much of direct election of Senators, and having in view some of the finished products, we don't now. The Initiative and referendum, too, we regard with advance in the light of the actual experience of the Adulterators some years before Mr. O'BRIEN, or whatever his name is, of Oregon, was here, but at the critical moment we skirted around the question as best we could and left it to Fate. As to the Constitution, representative government, maintenance of equal laws for all, a judiciary immune to popular caprice, and observance of established tradition with respect especially to a third term, we admit our invariability. We never have cared and don't now care a hot

about popular tendencies when they conflict with right tendencies, and we have never tried to win favor by catering to the prejudices of anybody or any number.

All this is quite true, but it is equally a fact that we have antagonized the prejudices of our immediate community over and over again with no little fervor. We do not resent being called a conservative. It is a very good title. But the truth is that we have less fair claim to it than to its antithesis. When OLIVER JOHNSON, while on the witness-stand in the BRITISH TRAVEL trial, was asked if he was not a Methodist, he replied, tartly, "Yes, I am, but I'm not a damned fool." That is the kind of a progressive we are.

This reminds us. We regret to see from the public prints that Brother HARVEY thought we mistook his real attitude in the statement printed above.

"Mr. HARVEY gained the idea that I was a Democrat," he said, "probably from the fact that I supported President WILSON in the last campaign, but so naive that I had supported BROWDER it would be as fair to call me an Independent Republican as to call me an Independent Democrat."

This was a misapprehension on Brother HARVEY'S part. We did not pain nor intend to express any such idea. One doesn't have to be a Democrat to support President WILSON. Quite the contrary, some say; it was Mr. WILSON himself who said recently in a public speech that he isn't the one who was taken in at the last election, or would be to the President himself, and his associates, as friendly to the WILSON administration "as we are—which is going some, we admit, but in nevertheless a proposition whose verity we feel to be unimpeachable. Of course, if Brother HARVEY persists to the contrary, we will take it back as a matter of course; but we should prefer to leave it to the President himself, agreeing in advance to abide by his decision.

Again we seem to be jumping the track. What about the pictures? Why don't they sell great numbers of papers as they do in England? The answer is the Sunday supplement, which is a full week closer to the event, and sufficiently satisfying, and costs the reader nothing extra. And the criticism? When NARY was making, he had the field wholly to himself. Now there are hundreds of clever chaps turning them out by the basket. And, believe us, if NARY were living to-day he couldn't touch a fringe of the public fancy in competition with WHELAN or O'CONNOR or BROWN or PURVIS or KEMMEL or COLEMAN or BOWMAN or HANCOCK or KENNEDY or BARNETT or McCURRIGAN, or any one of a score of others. The chief requirement of the public now is the very humor which NARY lacked.

So far as text is concerned, we have only this to say: If there are more competent writers in their respective lines than our regular contributors, supplied by F. M. GARDNER, WILLIAM GARDNER, HENRY LAWSON, COLLIER WILSON, STEVEN HARVEY, A. MARSHALL LOW, LAWRENCE GILMAN, WILLIAM DODDS, F. M. O'NEIL, and FRANKLIN ENGLISH, then we wish that, for our own delinquency, they would get busy. They certainly are not in evidence elsewhere.

There remains one other phase—that of duty to reader public—on which, fortunately, upon that score we have no qualms. NORMAN HARVEY has character, ability, and capacity. Speaking for the House of HARPER, we declare unreservedly

that we know of no living publicist to whose keeping we could consign the fine traditions of the famous old game with fuller confidence that they will be maintained upon the highest standard. It is difficult to see how he can fail to make the better use of his career, and his published programme and doesn't divert too large a portion of his energies to surreptitious politics.

As for ourselves, we feel no particular call to save the country now, anyway. It is in good hands. Mr. Wilson is making a first-class President. Everybody says so. The end it is so. We have handled the so-called jobber business, by saying nothing of his unacceptably equitable assessment of the tariff treasure, is worth all it cost in all ways to nominate and elect him. We still live in hope that he will not sign the Governor's Exemption bill, but if he does we shall derive little comfort from being freed from the duty of saying what we shall think of his act. With Mr. WILSON in the White House most of the time; with Mr. MARRIAGE silenced in the Senate; with Mr. HAYES on the stump guaranteeing peace, and Mr. MERRILL in the papers occupying property; with Secretary JOHNSON's floating demagogues; the seas of our country with Messrs. BLOOMFIELD, BELZAN, and HAYES; a primary from the same platform for some kind of a secretary law that differs from some other kind, we perceive no cause whatever for apprehension of failure of popular government.

Then, too, in a very short while—that is to say, in October or November—we shall receive what we suppose that may then exist by resuming these hostile discussions in *The North American Review*, contributing a few special thoughts to that venerable periodical unceasably. So it will all come about naturally and happily, to the end that, about the time you return from your holiday, you will probably be asked whether Harrison holds the administration's hand in the clouds, and as, as usual, trying to keep its feet on earth—a fair division of labor, surely, which should redound to the advantage and satisfaction of all.

We had some other things in mind to say, but we forget what they were. Perhaps it is just as well. We do not wish to treat this review any more as confidential, because it is unprofessional for an editor to admit that he is ever in the wrong. But, still between ourselves, if you should happen to recall any things we have said that struck you as being unjust or unfair, please try to forget them, and remember only the good things we have had.

And, as good folks, with the most cordial and sincere good wishes for the growth in power and prosperity which we know our successor will deserve, and with hearty appreciation of your many kind messages to ourselves, good-by!

#### Why Not?

"I believe there will be an war while I am Secretary of State, and I believe there will be no war so long as I live," said Mr. HAYES. May this elegant opinion live in me more than a hundred—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

And continue to be a candidate!

#### As to Primaries

Governor SIMMONS's spectacular fight for his primary law will at least, we trust, make a little plainer to New York voters what the fight is about. Apparently a good many people, including the Governor, regard it simply as a fight between him and his friends, as the friends of Mr. MERRITT and Mr. BURTON and their friends, on the other hand. If that were the case, there would probably be a mild preference for SULLIVAN. But that is not the case.

The real issue, and the one to which conscientious voters and legislators must address themselves, is not one of personalities at all. It is a question of the best way to nominate candidates for various public offices. More specifically, it is a question of how far the primary plan can with real benefit to the cause of good government be substituted for the plan of caucuses and conventions.

Not only is this true, but we think the people themselves understand it rather better than either the good or the bad politicians. If they had not understood it some years ago, and had taken the thing simply as a contest between a man like HAYES and men like BURTON and MERRITT, they would then have decided in HAYES's favor. But there were shrewd people who could not see their way to accept Governor HAYES's plan. There are shrewd people now who have doubts about Governor SULLIVAN's plan.

There is, we believe, a predominant sentiment

for using the primary principle as much as experience and common sense justify our using it. But there is also a feeling that the primary principle has its limitations. It seems injudicious to limit the popular choice to men willing to go out and hustle for nomination; it does not seem to secure the interest it should secure, or evoke a full expression of the popular will; it seems to give an advantage to candidates rich enough to make expensive campaigns; it clearly inhibits such debate and discussion as caucuses and conventions permit.

We by no means take the position that for these reasons the voters of New York should reject the primary plan altogether. We are, however, of opinion that they are justified in hoping for a plan of nomination which shall combine the merits of that plan with such advantages of the old plan as can be with reasonable ingenuity retained.

#### And the Seven Wise Men

The Vice-President, in replying to Colonel HAYES, who detected something decidedly amissible in the "warfare" waged by a "Prestigious" against the imminent danger of No-tuition, protests that "if anybody will produce a public reference of ideas for the more equitable distribution of our net worth except by the inheritance tax, I will go to Wall Street and personally apologize."—Milwaukee Leader.

We were not aware that Wall Street deals in inheritances or assets special consideration on any account.

How would a tax of \$74,000,000 on the estate of his recent host, Mr. VANCUT AGEN, leaving to his heirs a maximum of \$100,000, strike Mr. MURKHAFF?

#### By All Means

We wish to detect a sort of surprise in the newspaper reports to the effect that certain Republicans interested in the matter have been consulted by the Democrats who are trying to force a bill on currency and banking. Secretary McALLEN, we are told, has had talks with such men as Senators BURTON and WYMAN; the President himself has had a talk with A. PERRY ANDERSON, Republican, who has studied monetary questions all his life, and who, because of his interest in these and knowledge of them, was special assistant to the ALDEN B. COMMISSION.

Whereupon we are apparently expected to raise our brows!

In HAYES's name, why? If there is any power on earth why this matter of reforming our financial system should be made a party question, we have been unable to discover it. If anybody thinks one of the parties can earn anything by taking a distinctly party stand on it, let him read the various platform planks of last year on the subject and ask himself which is the most fattuous. In our own judgment, we all are bad, the worst is the worst simply because it tries the hardest to make the thing a party question.

If, to be more practical, any competent advice is to be rejected or avoided from a narrow lapse of partisanship, then somebody is looking in vain for a President WILSON who, in Mr. ANDERSON have done nothing better than to show the country that in this extremely important matter they are ready to learn all they can from any trustworthy source whatsoever. We are glad to believe that Senator OWEN and Representative GILMAN have shown the same admirable disposition.

#### A Wise Policy

If President WILSON has any idea of fulfilling his pledge that the "affairs of his administration would be given the fullest publicity" it seems about time for him to open up his executive secretary of the Treasury—Philadelphia Inquirer.

We dissent, Mr. McALLEN is at his best when absolutely silent.

#### The House Committee

No-doubt, since the bitter and dramatic fight in which the Speaker of the House of Representatives had the power to appoint committees, the public's interest in committee assignments seems to have lagged. Nothing of the sort has happened in the House itself, however. Interest there is, if anything, lower than ever.

And incidentally, for the committee, and particularly their chairman, probably have more power and more independence than before the change, since they no longer look to any man with the reverse of a clemency they now feel toward the Speaker. The Ways and Means Committee, which now names the others, subject to the approval of a party caucus only, can hardly have the continuing in-

fluence over them which formerly the Speaker could and doubtless often did exercise.

So the job of Mr. WILSON's side and his associates since they turned back the month has been anything but unprofitable; it has been hardly second to the tariff job itself. We wish the public had been more mindful of it and had made its duties more strongly felt.

For undoubtedly one of the public's duties is to see its own interests better protected by putting the great appropriations committees under the control of the public. It has been the pro-union, honest enough and intelligent enough to insist not merely on economy, but on spending the nation's money for national purposes, in preference of local plans, instead of wasting it on unproductive enterprises and using it to gratify local selfishness and help personal ambitions. For that is one thing the Ways and Means Committee has done so far, without waiting for our budget plan whatever. As the rules now are, the House almost never alters substantially—it does not even really debate intelligently—bills introduced by the majorities on these committees. The rules should be altered, but meanwhile, we are responsible if, by these majorities, we have not done the best we can. The right kind of men, we believe, be found—though the other kind may be more in evidence. The responsibility of making the choice is greater, and not less, now that a committee has it. The need of watching the committee and holding it to its responsibility is also greater; for by one man or a small number of men, a lot of money can be lost, for instance, if this committee retains in power the man responsible for the unproductively bad pork-barrel bills—particularly the Public Buildings bill and the Rivers and Harbors bill—that passed at the recent short session.

The pro-union majority of the power of committees is the chief fact in the recent development of representative government. It is a natural, perhaps inevitable, development; but it imposes a difficult vigilance on self-governing peoples and communities.

#### The Second Look

Enough in its kind," said the President, "that could compromise when I take take my position. I am not looking for or accepting compromise."—The World.

From which we would think that the repeated message to the Jersey legislators about jury reform was a base fabrication. Go to it, TURKEY!

#### A State's Rights in Interstate Commerce

North Carolina is making a rather interesting chapter to the history of our American effort to regulate railroads. She is also revealing, or at any rate presenting with unexampled clearness, one of the main difficulties we have in dealing with the present system, particularly as to our federal form of government.

Several years ago she exercised pretty fully and radically her power of control over inter-state commerce. After a very brief resistance, the railroads yielded and submitted to her demands, including a two-cents rate for passengers. She is now trying to use her process as a state to secure something clearly in the domain of interstate commerce. She holds that the railroads which enter her limits are doing her an injury and injustice in the matter of freight-rates to and from points without her limits, and she has undertaken to make them treat her better.

More practically, of course, she is an old one, is substantially this: that the railroads give much better interstate rates to points in neighboring states, particularly Virginia, than to points in North Carolina, thereby putting North Carolina merchants and manufacturers, and other classes as well, at a great disadvantage in competition with those of Virginia. The cost of living in North Carolina is general. Efforts to obtain relief through the Interstate Commerce Commission having failed almost uniformly, the state has with extraordinary unanimity—not the state government alone, but the people themselves, by mass-meetings, boards of trade, state-wide associations, and the like—set its face to fight what it considers an intolerable imposition.

The merits of North Carolina's contention cannot, of course, be passed on without discussing a great mass of facts. Her case, however, seems a fairly strong one from the figures given by her own statistics. It is strongly in favor of the railroads, even from a strictly economic point of view, and the real total earnings. But that is not, anyhow, the real issue of the matter. Last winter the legislature named a commission, including the Governor, to confer with the railroads and demand

recess. The conferees, having accomplished nothing, were adjourned. Governor CHASE is now universally expected to call a special session of the legislature to take action on the question. What action will it take? What effect will the action call take? Herein lies the interest of the country for the time being.

As the railroads were unimpaired, and as so far as specific programs is concerned by any of the state's champions, they say perhaps for the moment look a little faded. The unanimous resolve "to fight" may seem rather fatuous. But Governor CHASE is a responsible sort of person, and he and others certainly assert that there is a way to fight the fight effectively. The natural conjecture is that they have worked out modes of retaliation. In that case the fight may be not only real, but decidedly nasty.

Meanwhile, here is the general problem for us all to consider. Interstate rates unambiguously may discriminate for or against a particular state's interests. Our regulation of railroads will remain very seriously defective until the discrimination can be strictly prevented without any fighting at all.

#### Query

President WILSON has had difficulty in obtaining the type of man he desires to carry out his policies in the Philippines. The accounts for the delay in appointing a Government-General and in filling other vacancies in the Philippine service.—*The Herald.*

Was not one entire of delay Secretary Garrison's flat notice to the President that if he should appoint Mr. DAVIS Government-General, as promised, he might simultaneously send in the name of a new Secretary of War?

#### A Case of Judicial Realism

In the WEEKLY for May 10th there was a paragraph that began as follows:

"Woman voters," says the *Evening Post*, "were chiefly responsible for recalling the San Francisco reform judge, CHARLES L. WELLES, and electing WALTER CURRY a lawyer, as he explained that WELLES had a propensity to accept low bail bonds in criminal cases and had several times released bonds fixed by other judges in cases of crimes committed by women. HERBERT, favored of white slavery, got his bond so reduced by WELLES and fled. And then WELLES was recalled."

We have a letter from a highly responsible correspondent in San Francisco who says this statement needs a note; and he explains as follows: "WELLES was recalled for the reason that he accepted \$1,000 cash bail from HERBERT, accused, not of white slavery, but of indecent assault; but that WELLES was not a joker with a propensity to accept low bail, and that his error in this case was such a one as any joker would have been likely to commit under the circumstances who he explains."

Our correspondent says that WELLES's recall was a great injustice, brought about by a clash of women and the newspapers; and that as a consequence of it "committing magistrates in San Francisco have apparently lost all discretion," and "every person charged with any crime in which a woman is concerned is held to answer with a high bail without regard to the character of the evidence against him." He goes on to give an instance of the very serious effect of this precipitation of recall on the administration of justice.

We are impressed with our correspondent's letter and obliged to him for speaking up.

#### Wine and Doctors

Wine and doctors. PAUL shared his friends that he would not wear knee-breeches. He is willing to go broke serving his country, but he draws the line at pants.—*Standard Press.*

Knee-breeches are not pants. We don't believe Mr. PAUL said it anyway, he has too much sense not to know that when simplicity becomes ostentation it loses its virtue. The Doctor would have done much better to have served water at his dinner without comment. Grape juice was a feeble compromise, and indigestible at that. The matter would have attracted half as much attention if Mr. HAYES had made his speech. Perhaps, however, that is not what he wanted.

As for Mr. PAUL, we think that the *Journal* will explain of what he means, but it is only fair to assume that as a guest and a gentleman he will conform to the customs of the court to which he is accredited.

#### We Advise Diverse Proceedings

We are not surprised to read in the *Post* that Brother BOWEN and the *Outlook* are likely soon to part company. We doubt, though, that the cause of various "shakes" to compensation. The *Outlook* has paid its Colonel very well for the

work he has done, and Mr. BOWEN is no money-grubber. The truth is that it was a misalliance from the start and doomed to failure. Years of patient, conscientious effort on the part of Dr. AMORY, Mr. MANN, and their associates had built up for the *Outlook* one of the best assets any paper had in the public's faith in its sincerity and sense of fairness. It was never strong, but it was pretty generally sound, and its moderation and prudent expression were particularly appealing to the average run of people who like to have their prejudices taken seriously. So the *Outlook* prospered and wielded a steadily growing influence.

All this changed the minute the Colonel took a hand. For a time all went well. His editorial was a fine advertisement and attracted many new readers. But then two men did a horse one must ride behind, and it wasn't long before the *Outlook* found itself sitting on the pillow. Mr. MANN couldn't stand it, and went away, and Dr. AMORY's obsession became a joke. When the political break came, the paper had to close its doors, leaving its noble journal and a personal organ—and the Colonel carried the day, as any one could have foreseen.

Then it transpired very quickly that a large proportion of the *Outlook's* old readers were admirers of the Republican peculiarities who had a strong leaning to Mr. TART. We guess the immediate break, let him admit advantage and the campaign; looked, it wouldn't be surprising if quite a number of papers were stopped.

What to do with WILSON after election must have caused some anxious thinking. It stood for practically everything the *Outlook* had been advertising for years, but the Colonel was still in political power to do it. Struggle seemed to be the first answer; but that didn't work very well; so gradually the paper has swung around to the support of the administration, leaving the Colonel free only to write of art exhibitions and other things that he knows little or nothing about. Of course, he doesn't earn his high salary at that. How could he? Neither, we imagine, is he particularly bright in his present position.

One or the other should go to Reno forthwith. The sooner the divorce takes place the better it will be for all concerned.

#### There Are Others

Mr. PAUL, the publisher of books and periodicals, is WOODROW WILSON's publisher. And WOODROW WILSON's Ambassador to England is Mr. PAUL, who is Mr. WILSON's publisher.—*The Journal.*

Mr. WILSON has several publishers.

#### Friedman and Human Nature

It is only natural if people have got to the point where they prefer to bear no more of the FRIEDMAN controversy. Indeed, there is a sort of instinctive self-protection in us that keeps us from dwelling too long on episodes revealing human nature at its worst. And this one is of that character.

One can so consider it even if one still tries, with Dr. EMBURY and our own government experts, to suspend final judgment on the scientific aspect of the matter until we have exhausted every device to determine whether humanity has anything to learn from FRIEDMAN's alleged discovery. For the discovery has been complete and Dr. FRIEDMAN has not been the only one. While he answered, the sensational press co-operated. Jealousy and rivalry in others of his profession helped to win his sympathy. Now that he has capitalized his modestly self-discovery, and drops all pretense of philanthropy and public-spiritedly making money, the men associated with him as aids are as openly trying to follow his lead. Government is laughed at, science takes a back seat, and unfortunate man, as usual, pays to learn whether the relief held out to it is real.

Yes, it is an unpleasant spectacle. But maybe it's best to face it with clear eyes. Since philanthropist cannot deal equitably with the obstacles forever presented by the ugly face of this kind of selfishness. For it is always with us, active and persistent and often clever. In respect of this particular problem of tuberculosis, since philanthropist cannot shut its eyes to such truths as that there are always phlegmatics who work for money, always self-interest and ostentation and never-satisfied consumers are heartily commended, that whole community are really sustained by the money of consumers and their families treat them like parasites.

The best there is in human nature must simply, in this as in all things, face the worst there is and prevail in spite of it. On the whole, and in the main it does so well. Most of the well-known agencies for fighting tuberculosis are entirely trustworthy;

one can support them confidently. Most of the well-known sanitarians are competently directed. There are physicians who give their lives to helping and healing, and not to any self-seeking, and nurses spite as conspirators.

The FRIEDMAN episode may well inspire reaction, and we trust it will have something to say to lawmakers, but it should increase instead of lessen support for the true-hearted fighters of the great white plague.

#### A Slip of Memory

Our good friend, WALTER A. PAUL,—*Edna's.*

HE'S WALTER H. JOHN.

#### One Step Further, Professor

Professor ERNEST W. BROWDER, of the University of Pennsylvania, reports to the *Catholic Intelligencer* that he has discovered the blood characteristics of various human races, and that as soon as he has completed his experiments "he will be able to differentiate between the blood of a Chinese, Indian, negro, and other races so as to make his discovery of absolute value in a diagnostic way for medico-legal work."

That is nice, certainly; though perhaps he will cause a stir if he thinks because he is what he is. He is a socialist or an anti; or a Bull Moose or a Democrat or an old-style Republican; or for direct primaries or against them; or in favor of orthodox, because he is so constituted. Certainly his constitution ought to be recorded in the globe's eye of his blood, and it ought to be possible to state it in his mind as he thought of new fields for "expert evidence" in the courts. But if Professor BROWDER would do something really useful, let him carry his researches enough further to enable him to detect a man's opinions by examining his blood. We all know that opinions, especially political opinions, are constitutional; and that a man thinks what he thinks because he is what he is. He is a socialist or an anti; or a Bull Moose or a Democrat or an old-style Republican; or for direct primaries or against them; or in favor of orthodox, because he is so constituted. Certainly his constitution ought to be recorded in the globe's eye of his blood, and it ought to be possible to state it in his mind as he thought of new fields for political purposes so that he can be counted at any time for or against any proposition, without bothering to read his pamphlets or make him vote. That would simplify life and government a good deal, and if any voter claimed to have changed his mind his blood could be re-examined.

#### Fashion Note

The fact is that any dress may be worn as to be immodest, and almost any dress may be worn so as to be modest. More depends on the wearer than on the thing worn.—*Morehouse Times.*

"And they were both asked and not answered," but later, about "the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were asked, and they were glad to leave together and made themselves absent."

That happened a long time ago, but there has been no change since except in the size and cut of the apron.

#### In the Cross Out of Date?

We log to call the attention of Brother WILLIAM HOWARD TURT, apostolic for the Unitarians, to the discovery of the Rev. EDWIN CURRIE, of the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Boston, that the religion of the cross is a failure.

Brother CURRIE seems to be in excellent standing as a Unitarian, and was a leading speaker at the anniversary-work meetings last week in Boston, which Brother TURT also attended. In his address on Monday, before the Unitarian Union, we find Brother CURRIE saying:

"The religion of the cross is an unfortunate post-mortem tradition. If the Great Master could have lived, he would have seen the darkness of superstition and the empty suffering. The religion of the cross does not save the world."

And again, on Friday, he said at another meeting:

"Instead of the cross I should like to see a white flag on the topmast of every Christian church."

How now, Brother TURT? Is that sound Unitarian doctrine? None of the brethren seemed to take an exception to Mr. CURRIE's declaration. How does it strike you? Should it be included as part of the basis of those high hopes you expressed the other day in Washington for the future prosperity of the Unitarian persuasion? Brother CURRIE seems all for the new deal. He says:

"We have passed the time when we can think with delight of the idealistic spiritual work which our ancestors nobly began."

Dear, dear! How like a Massachusetts Bull Moose talking about the Constitution!









# THE WASHINGTON ASTOR HOUSE

BY WILLIAM INGLIS



The Astor House as it appeared before the Civil War

Do you remember how the men of New Amsterdam loved the news of the death of their grim old persecutor, Peter Stuyvesant? Irving tells us, "As they were a serious, sober, and phlegmatic folk, but never less anxious to relax, nor less ready to meet, was now their duty to put a pebble pipe, and the big drop to stand down his cheek; while the multitude, with affectionate interest and melancholy sighs of the dead 'Well done—hardy Peter, but gone at last!' For Peter had long survived the evil day when his town passed into the possession of the hated English, and had remained his worthy successor, or country son—about St. Mark's Place to to-day—a steadfast, living protest against new people and new ways.

And so during the last generation has the grim old Astor House stood in silent protest against the new people and the new ways that have surged about its ancient gray stone walls. And now that the house has been reborn and the welcome passed that the gray house shall be destroyed, many an old New Yorker feels a twinge at his heart and realizes anew that nothing is permanent, that all is vanity and a passing show. Moreover, these ancient burghers of our day have taken so seriously the fate of the old hotel, that we are surprised to find the old hotel, built into an enormous and magnificent edifice and bequeathed its illustrious fate, that the infelix passer-by may have those for what they really are—and the keen-eyed, sixty-fourth old New York business men of tradition, but self-ordained old boys who deplore the passing of the old days and the old ways.

In the time of Handicapped Port the site of the hotel was furnished so nearly reclaimed from the forest that the Dutchmen never dreamed of using the actual plot on it, much less of the coming of the modern New York route of travel for millions of men which will soon pass under it. The advent of this highway that destroys the hotel, soon after our war of the Revolution killed King, who was to become our minister to the Court of St. James, had his Columbia homestead and garden on the spot where the hotel still remains. John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor family in America, bought the house and ground from Mr. King, and there entertained the authors and scholars and prominent men of his day. Here by fire he bought up the property around his garden, including the old Dutch farmstead, with its grange, which until he had acquired the entire block along Broadway between Vesey and Barclay streets.

New York's white marble City Hall had not then been built—while to the north side of rough brown stone, because in one lot the rubble on their way to the harbor would ever be a part of the site of the post office today was part of the city Commons. The neighborhood was doubtless open, so far as it was in existence. Fashionable folks were still living in lower William Street and its back street, facing the Battery. Many of the old Knickerbocker families who divided the dust and turmoil of the city streets were neighbors of Mr. Astor in his rural northern retreat. They were thrown into a gutter when he was reborn in 1823 that he was going to build on the

site of his home the grandest and finest hotel in America, if not in the world. They warned him of the folly of such a thing, inasmuch as few, if any, travelers would venture so far above the city proper. Possibly they had some inkling thought of preserving their suburban homes from the neo-Gothic iron walls of a hotel. But John Jacob Astor, with the keen vision of New York's future growth which carried him and his family over into the third and fourth generations, calmly and bravely proceeded with his plan.

The construction of the new hotel was laid amid much pomp and rejoicing at six o'clock in the morning of the Fourth of July, 1824. There was a parade of militia, and in the center was placed a silver model containing newspapers of the day before and a full-length portrait of Lafayette, America's great and good friend. The great blocks of granite that formed the walls of the monster six-story hotel were hoisted to their places by horse-power, for such a thing as a steam which was still wrapped in the mist of inventors' dreams. When, after three years' work and the expenditure of the gigantic sum of three hundred thousand dollars, the Astor House was actually opened, in 1828, all New York took part in the festivities. Mayor Cornelius W. Lawrence presided, and everybody who was anybody danced at the ball that evening.

The temptation to linger on this page among the memories that marked the little old New York of that day is very great indeed. There is a stables' brand that Dickens stood on the steps of the main entrance, and, looking across Broadway, saw wander-



The Astor House to-day

grewed Harry. "Call this a first-class hotel! True and so-called a day and in a few years it will prove that he could have had an endless ball of pie for breakfast at the Astor House, that most of all that a first-class hotel should be."

Perhaps it is when the old New Yorker with a palette and a masonry look looks at the facade of the early Astor House that he is most in danger of the big drop striding down his cheek. Look at one of the hills of fate of the morning hours, the days of better days, written tall on the Black Hills records, and the brass clapper slips carrying three days' loads of gold, how do any see ask? No, sir, a bill of fare; a list of food; none of your French confections. Here it is, in structure by the structure of the Astor House on the left; then a wrenning spring eagle above the Shield of the Nation, in the middle, and on the right a temple of Liberty, the Phrygian cap on a lofty staff beside it, with the rising sun gilding all. And, look you, the food items, under the title "Gardens of the Valley," excepting only the apple column, or one-third of the page, while the wise list fills the remaining two-thirds. "N. B.—Each waiter is provided with wine Card and French." There are no fewer than sixteen shelves, to begin with, closely followed by some (twenty-one) noble Madras. Let us draw the veil. Each sight is not for mere shallow connoisseurs, with their eyes on the Phrygian cap and their strolling ball canoe of South drenched in a flood of sun. First! And the food! Imagine the slight of the old New Yorker, who, after being by Gerard Leg of Port, Boston, Louis of Vral, Boston, Chelsea and Park, East River, Howard Kitchen, Changoe Faint and Rice Cakes Flavored With Lemons. Ah, me, those were giants in those days, men of old, men of reason! What, shall we light-hearted moderns regard the passing of the Astor House? Let us not be glad that our eyes shall no longer be wiled by the sight of the more fooling and small fountain of those departed, all-absorbing Gargantuan.

And, be it noted forever, to the immortal glory of John Jacob Astor and all the various men who kept the ancestral House, the bond and better were always of the best. Heaven will reward the host-keeper of this day who shall imitate their loyal guardianship of these days of old. And for the sake of a chapter let me say on the after of the old Astor my grateful recollection of one desert, the construction of which was almost crossing which seems I am ashamed to say I never knew. It appeared on the bill of fare under the simple title, "Soft Vanilla Custard." It never to fade in a plain fall glass, after like a lovely French vase. Its color was palest gold, constantly frothed with infinitesimal small mounds of nutmeg, and the ground was of a bright cream, white than ivory. In connection with the above, it is the fact that down the middle of the custard ran a line spine of ice, whence radiated they appeared that looked the pale, slowly melting, which seems I had six of them for dessert the first time—and stopped here only because I was no Grooms and one allowed me to have a little more.

But enough of such creature comforts. Let us glance at the historical associations of the old inn. If I were asked out of the Astor House, I might never again go to New York. I would thank Webster to a friend in 1849. And he meant it. For years after that Webster had kept Suite 11 for Mr. Webster's use, and had studiously refused to present any bill therefor. Somehow the solid old walls that are going to give the New York housekeepers the hardest job of their lives now is a species of Webster. During a span of years they abolished him whenever he visited New York. As for the other giants who frequented the house, the page has no space for them. Here Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving resorted and Edgar Allan Poe found his material for "Mosses from an Old Manse" in the appearance of the pretty girl who kept the cigar counter. Here came Alway King, Lydia Maria Child, Black Hawk, and the great and mighty British statesman; the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, and the charming young Prince of Wales who was to become King Edward VII. Thereby was a great loss—indeed, if he had not the checker, most have gratified visiting his party on more banquets.

As for skeletons, the old house entertained hundreds of them from first to last. Here was the grand of his assassination in 1844, Pierce, Van Buren, Buchanan, Taylor, Seward, Choate, Douglas, and Jefferson Davis. There were many more names, and more than one addressed guests from the balcony over the Broadway entrance. The more repetition the grander the old House, in that it is enough to draw the season. It is all over, the old house is going; long live the new!



Abraham Lincoln addressing the people from the Astor House balcony, February 19, 1861  
From a contemporary issue of "Harper's Weekly"

ing pipe roofing and grunting among the rabbits. An early Victorian picture of America's splendid new hotel in winter shows Broadway deep in snow, full of passenger sleighs, each drawn by six or eight horses. One line of sleighs, according to the drawing plan, actually penetrated as far as Eighth Street into the frozen North. It is reported though this is mere legend that Dave Crockett, then who no mightier hunter ever lived, visited the little snow nest, just up at the Astor House. When he heard of the success of money John Jacob had taken out of his fur business he said, "I would like to hold it. He said: "Lead help the poor man and beaver! They must be used to being shot by now!"

And yet on the American plain—made and bulging in-filled—could find the plausibly at the Astor House for two dollars a day. It is a fact, indeed, that there is no doubt evidence that for this trifling sum the Astor guest had not only good food, but interior of fish, but it is revealed that when the illustrious Harry How, and his brave and agile company of New York fire-fighters to a congress at Philadelphia, he was not only pleased a spare breakfast of eggs, fish, beefsteak, and biscuits, and coffee by ordering an apple pie. The warden frankly predicted that there was no pie hot dinner-time. "A fish!"



The arrival of President-elect Abraham Lincoln at the Astor House in 1861

# THE GIANT OF PUGET SOUND

The Growth of Seattle  
Has Been Matched only by  
Her Industrial Development

Seattle's skyline as it appears from Elliott Bay



BY  
R. H. MATTISON

**H**ER natural advantages and resources attracted the first settlers to Seattle. The town was laid out and made for culture erected, including a block-house for protection against Indians. A sawmill was installed at the foot of Yesler Way near where the famous steam pile-lands today. Some "waggoners" from the eastern coast were trying to carry away her timber. This was the nucleus of a timber industry which places Washington, and especially the district tributary to Seattle, ahead of all the States of the Union today. The water of the Sound and the inland lakes discovered within a few miles of the settlement were creating wheat, salmon, trout and bass, and the cost of living was then, as now, a problem of minor consideration. In this manner also developed the industry of Paper Mould and Alaska, now valued at many millions each year and having headquarters in Seattle.

broads and brothers. Shoulder to shoulder in the ditch sold the men of Seattle, prominent banker and common laborer striving together to accomplish more work for their beloved city than the stockpiles and shovels against which they were pitted. Few men had become millionaires, others who occupied high places on the federal bench, and still others who today are leaders in the affairs of Seattle—allowing them, with the astute engineer, horse-bred lumberman, and seasoned Bowman, to start the first rail transportation for Seattle. The spirit in which they labored brought results, and seven transcontinental railroads now have their terminals in this port.

Water transportation grew apace with the development of the community. When the Hudson Bay trading-steamer *Beaver* made her infrequent visits to Seattle she signaled her arrival by firing a small cannon. This brought all the city's population hurrying to the water-front, and on Sundays depopulated the churches and forced the ministers to adjourn services until another day. Some fifty steamship lines now ply from Seattle to coastwise Alaska and (through ports).

Like many other famous cities, Seattle's structural growth was primarily due to the impetus of islands, which were first swept away 330,000 north of 320,000 south of 320,000, which were buried. A few days before the citizens had been told to send a large sum of money to the Johnson family, which lived in a man-movelling boat on the bay following the day they agreed not only to rebuild the city on more substantial and attractive lines than before, but also to forward from the first money raised the sum pledged to the Johnsons afterwards. Since the fire the construction of this city has kept it constantly in the public eye. The business streets with imposing office-buildings, one of the largest in the world, the engineering firm by which bills 300 feet high were born down and started away to fill in the lower places and create a level business district, the elaborate parks, thirty-eight in number and covered by thirty-one miles of level boulevard unapproached elsewhere in the world, the architectural triumph achieved in the schools, churches and other public buildings of Seattle—all have served as the best for many newspapers and magazines across the city, the greater than all those has been the great faculty of seeing the opportunity in its broadest light and making the most of it. A variety of accomplishments has crowned the world at frequent intervals in this city's progress.

In July, 1907, with the arrival in Seattle of the first gold from Alaska, the community was moved to grasp the significance of the discovery, and great were her strides in the next few years. The city now lacks a work's station on the coast, and the debt and celebrates the progress and prosperity of the community by sending between \$75,000 and \$100,000 in satisfaction with a "Pebble" the visitors from all parts of the United States.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle in 1909 first brought the summer attractions of the Puget Sound country to the attention of the United States. As a result the heating, fishing and scenic lakes of Puget Sound, together with ideal summer climate, promise to create a holidayland for the tourists of the world who would escape the season's heat and dust.

The next opportunity and the greatest for Seattle is the Panama Canal, and to prepare for the development the city is spending \$20,000,000 on harbor improvements, including the construction of a new wharves and other structures, waterways, and canals, connecting the Sound with Lake Union and Lake Washington, and adding 125 miles of fresh-water drainage for navigating ships to the shore-line of salt-water frontage now available. Terminal facilities are being constructed on a smaller scale. Since it is realized that many of the Eastern lines of coasters will establish branch plants on the Pacific coast after the opening of the Canal, these terminal buildings under special supervision are designed to accommodate

the products of all sorts and sizes of industries, giving them rail and water transportation to every part of the country and world.

With the development of the state of Washington as an unrivalled wheat and apple producing section, the importance of Seattle as a market for these products was quickly discovered. The milling industry rapidly grew, until the city today manufactures more flour than any other Pacific coast city. Other lines of manufacture have developed and are springing into being with similar velocity, owing to the raw material being located in the vicinity of this city or the market for the product being found in Seattle or reached from this port more easily than from any other Pacific coast city. The fact that Seattle is the home port of the Great Circle Route, two days nearer the Orient than any other route, has given this city the advantage not only in marketing Northwest products, but in through shipments, such as cotton, farm implements, cloth, and other raw and manufactured products of the Atlantic and Central states.

The rapid advancement of Japan and the recent awakening of China, whose possibilities are stupendous, also shows that the Oriental market is only opening, while the Atlantic coast market will be unlocked for lumber, fish, and similar Puget Sound products with the completion of the tidewater waterway.

In addition, the city of Seattle, while arranging to attract here only the most desirable class of immigration, is preparing to place the immigrant on the fertile soil of western Washington, where he will become a producer. Working on this program are the schools, including the University of Washington, located at Seattle, which has more churches than schools, the New Chamber of Commerce, and the citizens at large, all of whom are vitally concerned for the future of their city. With an eye to the future, millions are being expended for additional park space, for children's playgrounds and field houses, for the extension of the municipal water-supply, pure as the glacial snows from which it springs, and for the development of every form of protection against disease which raged for Seattle at the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography in Washington, D. C. recently the award as the healthiest city in the world.

The city also has other superior claims, among them being that of possessing the cheapest electric



A part of Seattle's business district, with the Olympic Mountains in the background

As the fame of the Seattle settlement spread through the older towns of Oregon and California, adventuresome young Americans, realizing that here was a wonderful country, flocked to the Puget Sound district, and came, in addition to lumbering and fishing, the industry of farming began to be manifest. The rapid development of every line of industry in Seattle and the thrifty life that is a large measure to the fact that the citizens comprise today, and have since its inception consisted of the youth and energetic here and other sections. Actuated by the adventurous spirit of all pioneers, they have been drawn to Seattle as the Western outpost of opportunity and have given their brains and brains to build up a community destined, they feel, to be second to none in this or other countries.

No obstacle is permitted to interfere with this development. In 1850 an Indian springing down the settlers who occupied narrow lots into the block houses, where they were forced to watch in helpless rage the burning of their little homes and the destruction of their crops by the painted savages. With reinforcements from the camp of war Doctor the whites were finally able to quell the outbreak and the courageous American survivors again united their homes along the river, planted their fields, working and living together as one family until all could rest for themselves.

As the settlement grew until it reached Lake Washington on the east, thirty-five miles in length and five miles across, the news was one day brought to town that coal deposits had been discovered on the lake shore. Soon the district about Seattle was supplying the fires of the coast with fuel, and thus developed the great coal industry of this section. In the same manner, fifty years later, prospectors are today staking their life in this vicinity and in the Olympic Peninsula in search for all of a paraffin base which scientific interest is to be found there.

Water transportation was the only available means of conveying coal, fish, lumber, fruit, and vegetables from Seattle for many years. In 1852 the citizens learned, to their dismay, that a rival settlement had given great land grants to a transcontinental railroad and in return had designated as its terminus. On May 1, 1874, the men, women, and children of Seattle assembled at the mouth of the Duwamish River, flowing into Elliott Bay. While the men stripped off their coats and with an, sick and soon began the construction of a branch line to connect with a rival transcontinental railroad, the women dressed their aprons and prepared lunch for their



A view of Second Avenue, Seattle, with a forty-two-story building in the foreground

power and most complete and attractive street light of any city in this country. The largest lock outside the Panama Canal is being constructed by the government at an expense of \$2,275,000 in the Lake Washington Canal. In this manner the city is building along the most attractive and progressive lines possible. In 1911 the city paid about \$25,000 to a player of national fame for the preparation of a plan of Seattle providing for 1,000,000 citizens.

# DAIRYING IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST



Even climate, green grass, and pure water are just a few of the advantages of dairying on the Pacific slope



By  
E. A. STUART

**A**n average of ten dollars per month per cow, for every month in the year, is a conservative estimate of the yield in dairying in the state of Washington at the present time, working with a tremendous and ever-increasing demand for dairy products and a present output that can hardly be a fraction of this demand. The most ideal climatic and natural conditions, both to the west and east, combine to make the Pacific Northwest a real promised land for the coming dairyman.

While the far Western country, by reason of its newness and its advantages, is heralded as the land of agricultural opportunity, the splendid and unexplored lands for dairying in the states of Washington and Oregon have hardly been touched upon. The opportunity of securing speedy and ever-increasing profits from dairy cattle, and the ease and facility with which a money-making business may be built up, have hardly begun to engage the attention of the agricultural writers.

Despite the fact that there are rugged cattle from the North Pacific slope here have taken highest premiums, and regardless of the wonderful records in the production of milk, butter, and cheese, and the many other advantages of the Northwest as a place in which to raise very large profits.

When one considers that this is not a new country, but that it has behind it years of wonderful records in the production of milk, butter, and cheese, and when one realizes the possibilities in quality and quantity of this product from the cows taken in connection with the low cost of production and the easy natural advantages that are readily apparent—when one considers of these facts, and then understands that the importation of dairy products into the state of Washington alone, during the last year, was in the millions, one may gain some idea of the splendid market that is waiting for the dairyman in this section.

As an example of the necessity for a greater domestic production of dairy products, we will take the state of Washington. This commonwealth, by day, has over two million acres of logged-off land that is only waiting for the settler to acquire and clear it and make that fertile its productivity with in a very short period of time. In addition to this vast area there still remain large territories that are already almost suitable for dairying purposes.

Not only does the Pacific Northwest afford abundance of available land, but it is the kind of land and the kind of soil that for dairying has no rival anywhere. The soil varies in different sections in sufficient measure to suit every kind of dairying need. There are the low bottom lands, the high rich uplands, and the new lands from which the timber has been but recently removed. All these classes are an unmatchable fertility, and are an important factor in endeavoring to measure this section's advantages.

Nowhere are there found such ideal climatic conditions for the cow as in the states of Washington and Oregon. Mild, temperate winters, moderate summers, combined with an inexhaustible source of pure, fresh water, are the factors that have contributed to the successful success of those who have embarked in the dairying industry in these states.

Another important factor that is to be carefully considered is the transportation facilities that permit the transfer of the milk from the place of pro-

duction to the hands of the consumer. The steam railway and electric interurban transportation facilities are coordinated, and, in addition, this section is in the van of all states in supplying good roads and ease of communication between production and shipping centers.

On the foothold slope, the dairyman, he be trained in the business or a beginner, has comparatively no competition, because the demand already here is heavy enough to insure supply.

A large and growing urban population, combined with the fact that there are more than 200 creameries in the state of Washington and fifteen extensive condensed-milk plants, insure for the dairyman a constant demand for his product at the top market prices.

The state of Washington has been making unusual efforts to concentrate the attention of the dairying people from other sections and to encourage the migration of agriculturists to this section, and, in this end, it has recently published an exhaustive report covering every phase of the dairying industry, and has helped possibly every chamber of information that will prove of interest to the prospective dairyman.

The fact that the state of Washington offers exceptional advantages in this line has been recently brought in the attention of agriculturists by the world's record recently established for splendid yields of dairy cattle.

The expense of acquiring, maintaining, and caring for cows in this section is subject to slight variations, but the cost of operation is much lower than in any other section of the country as account of the perfect climatic conditions that nature has provided, and which afford practically free pastures. In addition to an ever ready market and its exceptional transportation facilities, the state offers substantial encouragement to dairying in a number of other ways. In Washington specially appointed experts are retained to visit every dairy farm and bring and demonstrate practical and modern methods of handling, feeding, purchasing, and breeding dairy cattle, the care of milk-milk, in addition, they devote considerable attention to the problem of proper field drainage, sanitation, and the care of equipment and utensils, in which work they are assisted, to a considerable extent, by the creameries and condensed-milk plants.

In connection with the Washington State College there are three experimental stations, the reports of which are published in pamphlet form and freely distributed among those requesting them.

In addition to an extensive and progressive State Dairymen's Association Washington has the corresponding associations, which are necessary accessories in a rapidly developing dairying industry.

It is to be understood that good climate for the beginner, as well as the experienced dairymen. The added advantage of abundant capital, however, must not be overlooked in this, as well as in every business enterprise. Just here, nearly one should have in all ways difficult to estimate, as the location, conditions, and previous experience will affect these figures. It is to be understood that a person who starts in this on a new place on a large scale. The best dairies are built up from a few well-bred cows and a good foundation. It is to be understood that a person who starts on 100 to 2500 acres. The pay-bred will cost more. The tendency now among many progressive farmers is to work gradually toward a few thoughtless ones.

There is no special standard of excellence predominate as regards breeds, but for the large producer the Holstein leads in popularity. The Jersey, the Guernsey, the Ayrshire, and the Durham also have their admirers. However, there is a great deal in understanding thoroughly the kind with which one is working.

To arrive at an exact estimate of profits, one that would fit all cases, is difficult in view of the fact that different conditions and experiences have contributed varying results. In estimating profits, all elements that contribute in any way should be taken into consideration—original investment, time consumed, market prices of food, yield of the individual cow, price of products, certainty of market, inexpensive transportation, adaptability of the dairyman to his occupation, milk fed to calves, hogs, and chickens, produce consumed on the farm, average loss from different causes, life of the cow, her value after she begins to depreciate, and many other general points bearing more or less on the art itself.

As an example of what is being done now this report of a national man who took up dairying here without previous experience:

No. of Cows	Am.	The MILK, Yoc.	Average Pails	Average Price	Value.
1	4	2,136	5.20	\$1.00	\$110.80
2	2	2,565	4	1.00	102.11
3	2	2,163	3.80	1.00	107.40
4	4	6,788	5	1.00	129.00
5	4	8,244	6.50	1.00	143.44
6	4	7,008	6.40	1.00	127.54
7	6	9,181	6.50	1.00	170.78
8	11	7,914	4	1.00	151.97
9	11	1,948	4.00	1.00	157.42

—————  
\$1,101.00

No. 8 has averaged over \$120 per year for five years, or \$650.

Average cost of keeping cow per year (estimated)

\$22.

The fertilizing feature of dairying in gives greater salubrious each year, and, in addition to the profits from dairying, the richness of the soil is continually increased by modern methods of fertilizing.

The opportunities for raising one as a milk, very good terms, run from \$10 to \$20 per cow, in either shares or cash.

The dairyman may a suit in acknowledging the splendid profits of the business in this section, which is shown by a recent compilation by the Washington Board of Statistics of replies to questions put in regard to dairying.

Replying to the question, "Is dairying profitable?" every one on this compilation replied with an emphatic, "Yes." To the question, "Are there plenty of chances for others to succeed in your vicinity, the answer in each instance was, "Yes." In another question that was asked, "Is there danger of overstocking?" all were a suit in replying in the negative.

To sum up the advantages and opportunities of the Pacific Northwest, one must take into consideration the universal and extensive demand for dairy products in this and other sections, and outside, in addition, the natural advantages of this section as regards soil, climate, transportation, markets, prices, and other all-important features that are potent in the future possibilities of these two states, and factors that contribute materially in making the Pacific Northwest the most wonderful dairying district in America.





# A CITY OF INDUSTRY

Tacoma's Tidelands Promise Her the Manufacturing Supremacy of the Pacific Coast

BY ALFRED CAVANAGH



The heart of the business section of Tacoma, Washington

ANY one who has traveled through the so-called Far West, especially the portion thereof that is now considered to be designated the Pacific slope, and even those who have not traveled, but who read, will know that every Far-Western city, every Far-Western community, every Far-Western citizen, maintains a high general regard and respect for the leadership or leadership in some particular line of human endeavor or accomplishment. It is a distinctly Far-Western characteristic. From one international boundary to another, it is said, as far, say, as Denver, the existence of the com-

mons lack promptly with one word: "Manufacturing."

As to whether he is entirely right about it, no statistician will differ. Tacoma's own statistics, as might logically be expected, show that Tacoma leads the Pacific coast in point of industrial production, that every other city of the first class on the Pacific seaboard follows statistics as regularly as the years fly by in proof that it is also advanced in industrial production, and almost anything can be shown with this one point stands out clearly: Whatever Tacoma is now, in a manufacturing way, she must some day be the undisputed and unquestionable industrial producing center of the Far West.

Tacoma occupies the one and only such location on the Pacific seaboard having a practically unlimited area of tide-land lands that are adapted for manufacturing purposes. It need hardly be said that these lands immediately adjoin deep-sea and marine terminals, but no manufacturing can be successfully conducted and no manufacturing center can give and hold, without water on one side and deep water on the other, and the advantage is not shared by other Pacific coast cities to have available areas of tide-land lands. But such areas, in all the coastal centers, save and excepting the United States, are limited—and in most instances cramped. This all-tide-land area in Tacoma is in direct contrast.

The "tidelands," they tell this great industrial district at Tacoma, because the extreme outer edge is fringed by the daily tides of Puget Sound, and the whole district, being fringed on a shore, has an extension about one level or greater than twenty-five feet at any point. Most Easterners smile when the word "tidelands"—no words and no thought with possibility to the end of a valley thirty miles long and the miles wide. This valley opens on to Puget Sound at Commerce Bay—Tacoma's harbor—and directly across the eye. A part of it, though only a very small part, is Tacoma's corporate lands. The remainder, although in sight and in direct transportation touch with the city business heart of the city, lies outside the corporate limits, where it occupies the great industrial district at Tacoma, because the extreme outer edge is fringed by the daily tides of Puget Sound, and the whole district, being fringed on a shore, has an extension about one level or greater than twenty-five feet at any point. Most Easterners smile when the word "tidelands"—no words and no thought with possibility to the

Far-Western—falls upon their ears. And smile are in order, for almost every Western city that has opened a city block of tidelands has made those tidelands the subject of the most rapid real-estate speculation that America has ever witnessed. On land almost any Eastern city of hamlet and you can find from one to a dozen men or women, or innumerable school-teachers, who are paying for Western tidelands on the installment plan—\$10 down, perhaps, and a dollar a month all the rest of their lifetime for a lot 25x100 feet. Many a Pacific-coast city has received a newly reduced black eye in the East as a penalty for having allowed the shipping and industrial plan sale of tidelands within its limits. But it is as unfair to hold this speculation against the real worth of Western cities as it is to hold the sale of the Beverly Temple at \$250 against the real worth and integrity of Chicago, where gold-ditch artists for years disposed of Chicago's erstwhile leading skyscraper to visiting investors at the price named. The total number of tide-land lots in Tacoma that have been sold to investors as private but fabulous profits would result from cheaply holding these lots a few short years until some national need for terminals and would pay a heavy price to get them is institutionally small compared to the total area. The bulk of this industrial district that is not already in use for manufacturing has not been and is not being located around the tidelands, but in its subdivided lots, 25x100-foot lots. It is held in reserve and awaits the needs of manufacturers who want to and can put it to productive use. As the impression that we provide regarding Western tidelands, and all of them, can be obtained. All coast cities have some Tacoma has most, and in having them Tacoma controls the key to industrial development on the Pacific seaboard.

One or two farther back lands as to manufacturing on the Pacific, present and future: Tacoma is the heart, the center, and the Douglas fir belt—the last stand of America's timber. With the South's yellow pine stand, and the North's white pine stand, the United States can look in but one direction for its future timber supply. That is to the Douglas fir belt—and every month State some Southern or Northern manufacturer making his way to this belt to continue the manufacturing operations that are no longer possible where the timber has been exhausted.

The only asking east west of the Missouri River is found in the Cascade Mountains within a range of forty-five miles from Tacoma. This coal reaches elsewhere all Tacoma first and comes by coal-gradual all the way. While Tacoma's thirty-four sawmills in 1912 cut 240,100,000 cubic feet of rough timber, while Tacoma's wood-products manufacturers in 1912 produced an output valued at \$3,120,000, while Tacoma's tan and curd mill in 1912 produced 411,012,000 worth of footstock, and while gold and silver and lead and copper valued at \$12,800,000 was run out of the refinery in Tacoma's refineries during 1912, Tacoma and Tacoma best know that the industrial power and leadership of their city is still in its beginning.



The industrial development that has taken place in Tacoma's tideland section

positive adjective seems to have been totally forgotten or, through lack of practice to have fallen into complete disuse. The Pacific slope will tell you, for example, that you favoring timber in the world's tallest; that you great sky-scrapers, rising above the windows raised coloring of the Pacific ocean, is the highest west of Chicago; that you handling, involving several, dipping into the enormous logs that crowd seawards through its spar, is the world's largest sawmill; that you this and you that is the finest and the grandest and the biggest and the strongest of cities on the Pacific.

And by the same token the Far-Western community holds with admiration to the fact that its fishing fleet leads all other fleets, another that its whale-skin trade leads all other whale-skin trades within its respective seas; and still another that its hotel industry and its population of machine and more than, by many dollars, onto the next nearest corner. You never hear a Far-Western community cut such things on a comparative basis. The citrus fruit orchards, the apple orchards, the English walnut groves, and the vast alfalfa fields with their four crops to the season—these and a thousand other matters of material accomplishment are never spoken of or referred to save by way of the superlative.

And it should not be inferred that because more than a million horse-power of hydro-electric energy is developed as possible of development within a radius of fifty miles of one certain Pacific-coast town, and because land that sells at \$1,000 an acre and will earn its fifteen or twenty per cent, net on that valuation every year is within a stone's throw of another certain town; nor because three or four hundred million dollars' worth of Alaska gold has been arbitrarily dropped into still another town. The superlative is the only vehicle of expression that he can use to convey properly an approximately true idea of the Far West's actual resources and actual accomplishments to the world. The Almighty has made in a marvelous way on the Western frontier, and the Far-Westerner has in talk its dependence upon it give an adequate idea of things done and being done.

And so if you roll on the average man of affairs in Tacoma, when the people call the city with a name capital impossible to its desecration, and he is in what particular line his city takes precedence or is going to take precedence over its many big and busy contemporaries up and down the coast, he will

—no words and no thought with possibility to the



A view of Tacoma's terminal district



## HER PATH WAS STREWN WITH ARROWS



# Interfudes

### THE CLASS IN HUMOR

"YOUNG gentlemen," said the Professor of Humor, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead, and injected a strong solution of chloride of iron into his wrist with a hypodermic needle, "it is a matter of infinite sorrow to me to have to do this thing, but inasmuch as no course in humor is complete without some consideration of that abnormal form of wit, the pun, I am compelled to devote this hour to that heart-rending topic. Mr. Witwaffle, what do you understand by a pun?"

"It is that form of amplexuous idiosyncrasy," said Mr. Witwaffle, "that put the pun into punishment, and three-fifths of its name into punch."

"A very fair definition, Mr. Witwaffle," said the Professor. "Mr. Silasides, you may give an example, paraphrasing one of those ham-fisted outrages on the subject of your original forebears, Adam and Eve."

Mr. Silasides rose nervously, and with a quavering note in his voice spoke as follows:

"Well, well, well," said Adam, as he entered Paradise and noted all the gooey things there provided for the delectation of his stomach, "I see now why they call this the Garden of Ereditee."

"That will do, Mr. Silasides," said the Professor. "You may retire to the Adonitashaka for six months until you have quite recovered. Mr. Zanyptic, you may give me an example of the pun horrific in construction with an unsuccessful slantward who beats his business."

"He is unsuccessful," whispered the student, deeply agitated, "because he takes no interest in his life and is down on his uppers."

Mr. Zanyptic dropped unceremoniously to the floor, and the Professor hastened on.



WHAT THE DEACON SAID WHEN HIS LANE GOT TANGLED

"Mr. Babson," he said, "if any one should ask you if Noah was a socialist, finding yourself in a pinching mood, what would be your reply?"

"I should first find if the inquirer were armed, and if he were not I should say, no, Noah was an aristocrat," said Mr. Babson.

A flying brick from the rear row of the classroom hit Mr. Babson on the head, but the Professor pretended not to see it, and went on.

"Mr. Bonshaw, if some one were to ask you if your last-day were given to gossip, what would your passing answer be?" asked the Professor, sternly.

"I should say that she made a bang out of cooties," said Mr. Bonshaw.

"And if the serpent in Paradise had sought Adam holding Eve in his arms, and ordered him to drop her, what would Adam have answered?" asked the Professor.

Mr. Bonshaw's eye lighted with pleasure, for secretly he enjoyed puns.

"Why, Professor," said he, "Adam would have declined because he was not a spy."

"A spy?" roared the Professor, starting up angrily, while the class caught its collective breath in a deep unaccompanied gasp. "What has the spy got to do with it?"

"Why, Professor," answered the unhappy student, "an spy is an overdeveloped, back hat!"

A wild but unexpressed smile issued from the Professor's white lips as he leaped over his desk and grasped the unfortunate Bonshaw by the throat. A terrific battle ensued. Chairs, windows, and desks were broken, and when both were exhausted from the conflict and fast falling to the floor, the agitated class carried them forth and dropped them in a heap near the campus.

### THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"So you were convicted for contempt of court, were you?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," said the ardent suffragette. "You see, after the judge had got through lecturing me on my deplorable behavior I snuggled my fingers and said, 'Fudge, as long as I could. He gave me ten days.'"

"Dear me!" said the visitor. "And what did you do while you were in jail?"

"Oh, I contemplated the wood judge on a sub-conscious, and waltz it with my companions to the judge after I got out," said the lady, with an amiable smile.

### A HARD TASK

"Did you visit the American quarter in Paris?" asked Whitely.

"No," said Hiltless. "I had all I could do keeping my eye on the American dollar."

### VERY ATTENTIVE

"I CAN'T get old Nelp the tailor to pay my attention to me," remarked Dabbledick.

"That's strange," said Hiltless. "He's most attentive in his attention to me. Sends me three or four little every month."

### NO PRIMARIES FOR HER

"Are you going to the primaries to-night, Etheldreda?" asked the husband of this suffragette wife.

"Indeed I am not," replied the lady. "No you suppose that after I have attended the post-graduate courses in political science for two years I'm going to waste my time on those primary elections? I guess not! There's good enough for you too, but we women have progressed beyond that!"

### HIS PREFERENCE

"Now, Basilio," said the doctor, cordially, "just show the jury how you managed to get away with those children without anybody hearing you."

"Now, ask," replied Basilio. "Ah! it's rather piffling, yeh know. Ah! isn't it strange I give dew-fallin' de results 'a' forty years ob experience fish nothin', seh."



STORK: DARN THIS DOD ROUTE THEY'VE ASSIGNED TO ME!

### A TACTFUL ANSWER

"Lose to join us is a case of bridge?" asked the polite postman to the Pullman to the gentleman across the aisle.

"No, thank you," replied the other. "It's very good of you to ask me, but I never play with strangers. You know you never can tell whether a chap's a horse-stealer or not."

### CAUSE AND EFFECT

"It seems to me, Mr. Simpson," said Dabbledick to the milkman, "that your milk is pretty watery."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Simpson, "owing to the spring freshets, sir, my cow produces a pretty damp and wet, an' the cows consume a good deal more water 'n I wish they would."



# The Future of Alaska

BY ROBERT W. BAXTER

A poultry farm on the Yukon

Harvesting in the Tanana Valley

DEVELOPING a recent trip through the Eastern states, the question I was asked (frequently asked now, "What is the future of Alaska?" or "What is the matter with Alaska?") To answer either query fully would mean a much more extended article than can be prepared at this time, but, briefly, answering the first question, Alaska has a most promising future in the full development of her natural resources, her wonderfully valuable products of lead and zinc. To explain what has been the matter with Alaska in the past is merely to show a misunderstanding has been raised in the minds of a large number of people as to its geography, geology, and general physical and climatic conditions. In the days gone by the chief industries of Alaska were placer gold mining, salmon fishing, and sealing. These three important factors in the development of the wealth of the region were distinctly "summer industries"—that is to say, the work in each was carried on only during the summer, and the annual spring movement to Alaska and the autumn return helped to impose upon the pathfinders the fact that Alaska was merely a region of summer activity.

In this fact lies the foundation for the greatest amount of misunderstanding and misinformation about the Northern Territory. All parts of Alaska for years the year around except those of Bering Sea. Regular winter sailings are maintained from Seattle to all parts from Matlakshin to Dutch Harbor, Inialik. At Kenai, Lachowick, Elmendorf, Jambou, and other places, important development in wintering has taken place, and underground work can be carried on all the winter throughout the entire year. The Yukon River, located as it is almost within the arctic circle, flows over during the winter, and river navigation can only be accomplished during its summer and fall, but the interior regions are reached by railroad, stage, and dog team from southern ports. During a recent cold wave that swept over the

northwestern part of the United States the official figures showed the thermometer at Sitka, Alaska, at 24° for the lowest night figure. Dutch Harbor showed 22° and Nome 21°. These figures were published on January 28, when St. Paul was 6° below, Winnipeg 20° below, San Diego 23°, and Los Angeles 24°.

While these are not daily records, the comparisons of the date mentioned show how warm at times during the winter are the various parts of the Alaska coast, washed as they are by the Japan Current.

The future of Alaska seems assured even in the thorough manner in which the government has recently investigated conditions in the territory, with special reference to the report of its Alaska Railroad Commission covering transportation and the development of the coal mines. Its logical construction based upon either of the suggestions of the commission will have a beneficial result, as each will open new territory suitable of great industrial development.

There is nothing the matter with Alaska except that its conditions and needs have been very thoroughly misunderstood. Now that this misunderstanding has been largely overcome, and the needs of the country have been set forth by proper officials, there is every reason to look for a period of prosperity that has never been known to the territory.

The dawn of a new era of industrial development is at hand in Alaska. The sound of the stamp-mill is heard throughout the land. Plans are in the making for new enterprises, and it seems probable that the transportation question of the interior will be satisfactorily settled. Important developments are about to be made in copper and gold mining, whaling, salmon, and halibut fishing, and the fur industry.

In proof of the argument in favor of the future development of the territory, attention is directed to the report for the calendar year ending December 31, 1912, by the United States Collector of Customs for January, and covering all parts of the territory. In spite of the fact that development had been held back in many districts by lack of proper laws relating to the public lands, which had put a stop to railroad construction and industrial upbuilding in these sections, yet the total value of the exports and imports of Alaska for the twelve months reached the remarkable total of \$22,744,093, which was twenty-seven per cent. greater than that for the best previous

year. The balance of trade in favor of the territory was also the largest amount on record—nearly twenty millions. According to these official figures the value of the exports, products of mines, salmon, fur seals, whale products, walrus ivory, furs, and other merchandise, reached the total of \$43,982,719 as against a total value for the machinery and supplies sent into the country that year, which was \$25,739,541.

It should here be pointed out that the above total value of commerce for the year just of 1912 is more than ten times greater than the price paid for Alaska by the United States in 1867, and Alaska is just on the threshold of her industrial growth.

The future may also include the development of the agricultural areas of the interior, where successful experiments have been made in the growing of grasses and vegetables. With the development of the mining districts will be created markets for all the hay, vegetables, and other products of the soil of the valleys of the Yukon and other rivers. Here the climate and conditions are similar to those of the Pennsylvania peninsula, and thus it will afford a splendid outlet for people who can find success in tilling the soil. The same is true of future development of the timber of southeastern Alaska, now largely held in forest reserves, but which in time will be used by the people for rough lumber and thereby do away with the importation of all classes of lumber into a district which is rich with supplies.

At present all the great transportation and industrial companies here oil, which is taken from the California fields to Alaska in tank steamers. This will undoubtedly be changed within a short time, or soon as the general plans for Alaska's betterment are fully approved.

With her unlimited resources, with additions to the railroad network and such laws governing the territory as apply to other sections of the United States, there is no reason to be pessimistic for the development of the district, the future of the country seems exceedingly bright, and there is every reason for anticipating a steady growth in her exports and imports.

# THE NATION'S TIMBER ASSETS IN THE NORTHWEST

BY GEORGE S. LONG

THE first job of the civilized white settlers of America was to clear away the forests. In yet the land for agriculture. Trees were waste product. Vast regions were cleared of timber by fire and the forest products and the year's timber products and the waste attempts to make of wood growth in any form a marketable commodity yielded but a meager return, and nothing for the raw material. Nothing was so cheap as forest growth on building material so available, so much that could be used for houses, bridges, barns, fences, road building, and structures of all kinds, the more easily and cheaply would the cultivated field supply the forest.

In this environment, as people have grown accustomed to the use of wood as a building material, so that today, in the United States, the use of wood for fuel and building material is nearly ten times greater per capita than in any other civilized country. This free use of forest growth, still a nationwide practice, is largely so because it is still cheaper and more available than other material. Within the past twenty years trees and stave have virtually replaced lumber for many construction and more recently concrete has displaced lumber to an large a degree that lumber is no longer indispensable.

While it is true that the early settlement of our country will stand both the forests on both slopes of the Appalachian Mountain Range and the Atlantic were largely wasted by the axe and fire, and much more for homes and other uses, but more especially since the Civil War, the forests have been utilized with less waste. Including all that has been used in clearing the land for farming, and all that has been lost for lumber and other uses, there is still standing and uncut and more forest growth in the United States than in any other country by man since the landing of the Pilgrims.

The latest statistics gathered by the Federal government as to the extent of timber in the United States (not including Alaska), was given in a report of the Division of Corporation, in the year 1911, as 2,825

billion feet. Of this total, 855-billion per cent. is reported as standing in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, and Montana. In the three states of Washington, Oregon, and California there is



A typical Washington forest

reported to be 1,318 billion feet, or forty-six per cent. of all the standing timber in the United States. The Sierra Nevada Range in California and the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington are practically one continuous range, traversing the country

north and south, distant from the Pacific Ocean from one hundred to two hundred miles.

Between this range of mountains and the Pacific, from the Cascade Mountains north to the coast, as far north as San Francisco in California, there is standing today forty per cent. of all the merchantable timber in the United States. The climate of this zone is generally moist and abundant moisture the forest growth has reached its highest stage for size of the individual tree and density of stand, and beyond level it increases any other stand of timber on the globe for size, quality, density, and accessibility to water and air transportation. A half-dozen or more conditions are met in this zone, the best of which are on their way to the sea, and numerous and continuous harbors afford ample facilities for vessel transportation.

There is a notable absence of hardwood species of timber growth on the Pacific coast, but with this exception the forests now standing in this region offer in quality, as well as quantity, better woods for ordinary building purposes than have hitherto been used.

The most distinct type is the famous one associated with the Pacific Northwest in the minds of all lumbermen and foresters, the famous Douglas fir forest of the rainy region between the Cascade Mountains and the sea. In nearly pure stands, or mixed with cedar, hemlock, and Sitka spruce, the Douglas fir here makes the most important contribution to the world's widely useful American trees frequently attains a height of 200 feet, a diameter of four feet to twelve feet, and often yields more than 100,000 feet board measure to the acre. Its frequent companion, Western hemlock, is scarcely less magnificent in size or less valuable.

The Douglas fir is the king of all forest trees. Of the entire stand of forest growth in the United States suitable for lumber, twenty per cent. is Douglas fir, standing in a compact stand, and it is the most widely used of all American trees. No tree in the forest yields a product adapted to as varied uses. For all kinds of structural purposes it probably has no equal, and its quality yields also in length and diameter which cannot be supplied from any other source.









"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN, BLESS YOU!"

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD



## GREAT TREES OF THE PACIFIC COAST



Forest Scene

logging-engine, a machine of from two hundred to three hundred horsepower. The usual method is to attach a large wire cable to one end of the log, the other end being affixed to the drum on the donkey engine, and the log dragged by pure force and strength over the ground, or over the skid road, to the point of landing.

In the Pacific coast coast of the timber is cut in long lengths, especially in the fir district, where it is not an uncommon thing for logs to be cut up to one hundred feet in length, and frequently as long as one hundred and fifty feet, to supply some special order for long timbers. The average length varies between thirty and forty feet, so that a good-sized Western saw log is apt to be one ranging from five to six feet in diameter and from thirty to forty feet in length. To move such timber as this requires powerful engines, especially when it is realized that the logs are dragged loosely on the ground or on skid roads.

A more recent innovation which is practiced in many districts, is the overland logging, described by the average Western logger as the "flying-machine." By this method cable is fastened to a skid log, anywhere from fifty to one hundred feet above the ground, and steel bar fastenings are fastened to the log, and the bar is fastened to the log by the same process of the timber these logs are piled up as they lie where the log was cut, hoisted into the air until they clear the ground, and then hauled over the cable by trawler to the landing-place. This method is found especially serviceable in taking timber out of deep canyons and other places that are almost inaccessible, and it is possible to lift a log bodily into the air for a distance of two or three hundred feet, until the canyon are cleared,



Logging with Donkey Engine

ing that which could not be furnished elsewhere, thereby in special cases of large timbers.

The lumber, however, of Douglas fir and red cedar and redwood is better adapted for ordinary house construction, both in the consumer grade and in the interior finish, than any other woods that are now being used for such purposes. When the freight-rate in the consumer in the Mississippi Valley and on the Atlantic seaboard have been reduced to a point where the cost will not be prohibitive, the Pacific-coast woods will be generally used for all kinds of construction.

As it is now, about the only wood that admits of wide distribution in the red cedar of Washington and the redwood of California, and these two woods have been regarded very largely to shingles and louver-boards, it being a generally recognized fact that these two woods afford the very best material for such uses.

Douglas fir has the merit of being not only possibly the best wood for structural purposes, but likewise equally as good as any other wood for all kinds of interior finish. With the cheaper transportation which is sure to result

**T**HE great size of the trees on the Pacific coast, together with the climatic conditions there, invites in necessitating entirely different methods of handling operations than those used elsewhere. This is manifested largely by the size of the timber, for it is not at all infrequent to find forest trees in the redwood district that measure from twelve to eighteen feet on the stump, and the average size probably is not much less than six feet, while in the Douglas fir district timber which is utilized for lumber varies in size from two to twelve feet on the stump. All the timber has unusual length, ranging all the way from one hundred to two hundred feet in length. These are the famous trees about which the native told the traveler that it took two men to look to the log—two to look half-way up, the other to look the rest of the way.

It can readily be seen, therefore, that the ordinary methods of logging which obtain in New England and in the white-pine districts of the Lake region would not be adapted to logging the large timber of the Pacific coast.

In the first place, there is practically no snow suitable for logging purposes, so the old-fashioned method of hauling logs on sleds over the snow on frozen ground does not apply to the far Western lumber camp. Again, it is almost impossible to handle the large timber on the woods by either horses or men, although in the primitive days



Large Log

both were used, the logs being dragged on the ground from the stump to the landing-place, frequently over skid roads made of wooden timbers which had to be prepared with considerable expense, and were suitable to haul heavy loads.

For a number of years past, however, all of this logging has been done by machinery, usually termed the donkey



Logging by Cable

and then the process of carrying it to the landing-place is a simple one.

The difficulties encountered in logging timber so large and on ground so mountainous and rough has developed on the Pacific coast probably the most scientific logging that is carried on anywhere, and has raised the standard of efficiency to a point where logging, instead of being a job, is now a profession, and possibly one of most importance that is connected with lumbering on the Pacific coast.

Just as the larger trees and logs require larger equipment in the logging operation, so there is required a different and larger mill to manufacture the log into lumber. Therefore the average lumber mill on the Pacific coast is possibly from two to three times as large as a mill of similar capacity cutting the white pine of the North and the yellow pine of the South. Special machinery adapted to handle the largest log that comes from the forest is found in every well-equipped mill, so that the manufacturing end of the business assumes new and most interesting phases, which are not peculiar to ordinary lumbering in any other part of the United States.

The most noticeable feature of the markets which have heretofore been supplied by Pacific-coast timber has been the demand for large and special sizes in timber. Up to the present time Pacific-coast lumber products have not been generally used in the Middle West or the Atlantic coast for ordinary house and barn construction, simply because the cost of transportation has been so great that cheaper lumber could be supplied by the white pine and yellow-pine mills; so that the Pacific-coast mills have had their markets restricted more or less to supply-



Logging by Overhead Cableway

between the Pacific coast and the Atlantic coast when the Panama Canal is opened it is the hope of the Pacific-coast lumbermen that the wider market thus opened to them will admit their supplying to the lumber consumer on the Atlantic seaboard a most excellent material for any kind of house of wooden construction. \*



View of Pacific Coast Lumber Plant

## FROM CONTENTED COWS

A Phrase Founded Upon Real Conditions

By L. R. HARDENBERGH

Vice-President Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company

**F**ROM "Contented Cows" is a phrase that has truthfully served to link the great dairying districts of the Pacific Northwest with a food staple whose sales territory covers over half the world. The originator of that slogan has produced in three simple words the real reason for the fame of the district as a productive center of dairy products.

Contented Cows, grown pastures the year around, an abundance of crystal-clear water, simple granite soil, mild, temperate, and even climatic, splendid transportation facilities, and the highest quality of milk, are the conditions which, in any quantity, are the important factors in determining the location here of ten large condenseries of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company.

For upwards of thirteen years, Carnation Milk has been identified with the promotion of the dairying interests of the Pacific Northwest, and from the very date of its introduction, the use and distribution of this product have kept pace with the tremendous advances of the great region.

Carnation Milk has become one of the world's food staples. Its persistent adoption by housewives everywhere and its ever-increasing demand are not the result of mere accident, but are attributed solely to the merit of the article itself and to the great foresight exercised to maintain its uniform standard of excellence.

The making and marketing of Carnation Milk, the only struggle of its originator to produce recognizable one of the resources of modern business. The producers and shippers that had to be overcome and surmounted are a source of inspiration to every man and woman who has to do with its production and distribution.

To produce by evaporation and sterilization a milk that will retail raw milk in flavor and deliciousness, an addition, one that would surpass ordinary milk in richness, purity, and keeping qualities; to take out in a convenient form a product that would ultimately stipend the milk for every household possible—was the task that



First Home of Carnation Milk

Mr. E. A. Stuart, a successful wholesale grocer of Los Angeles, set for himself a little over thirteen years ago.

To produce and put out a high quality of evaporated milk it is necessary to have a high quality of milk to start with. It has been proven that the most modern equipped and hygienic condenseries cannot add quality or flavor to a low grade of raw milk. Therefore, the first question in Mr. Stuart's problem was to locate his condenseries where the best raw milk was to be obtained in quantity sufficient to meet the increase in demand. To this end, every important dairying district in the country was carefully studied, and quality and production tests made and considered to determine the source of the best milk supply.

After extensive investigation, the State of Washington seemed to afford the most ideal conditions, and the first condenser was erected at Kent, a village adjacent to Seattle. Within the first few years, the new industry produced new problems and new angles to be cared and understood, it was not until the production had grown larger and a number of additional condenseries operated both in Washington and Oregon that the real problems of the growing business presented themselves.

To properly understand some of these problems, it is necessary to know that fresh milk in one of the most difficult articles to handle. In the first place, to secure good, clean, rich milk is a constant fight and a constant expense. To handle the milk and insure its purity and quality from the cow to the consumer was one of the problems that Mr. Stuart must have considered had to solve, and solve rightly, in order to keep a business. It was found that, to put out good milk, you must begin with the



Condensery at Kent, Washington

cow; and, while the dairying districts produced and maintained the finest milk cattle in the country, it was necessary to carry a most complete and efficient system of supervision and inspection, in order that the farmers themselves might be enabled to meet the high standards demanded by the milk experts at the various "Carnation" condenseries.

To this end, trained dairymen, inspectors, and veterinarians were employed to assist the farmers and to instruct them in every new and scientific method for the selection, feeding, housing, and care of their herds, and what is equally important, they are instructed in the handling and transportation of the milk from the cow to the condenseries. For example, the rate in which the milk is transported is subject to daily inspection and also standardized conditions before they are returned to the farmers.

It is interesting to note a world market for Carnation Milk. It was necessary to work out the points of supply and distribution to insure that these distributions were well accomplished; the product would be not only available, but it must be uniform day after day, and year after year. The experiments were all made early in the first factory. The means and methods of conditioning, evaporating, sterilizing, packing, and shipping were all developed upon after elaborate tests, and, in each additional factory was reported, it found its problems all worked out to the surety of quality, and the cost of production normally equalled in advance.

In the condensing of Carnation Milk, nothing is taken for granted. There is no guesswork. Tests and scientific methods follow the raw milk from the moment it is received at the factory until it reaches the kitchen of the housewife. The raw milk is bought and paid for according to tests; the better the milk, the better the price to the farmer. Each factory has its trained milk-tasters and they follow each batch of milk through every single process and subject it to rigorous and exacting tests until it leaves the handling platform.

If you will take up a can of Carnation Milk, you will find that it is stamped with its own serial number. This enables the general office to know the history of every single can of milk on the market.

It is interesting to note the laboratory-like cleanliness that prevails in each of the condenseries. All vats, pipes, machinery, and equipment are cleaned and sterilized with live steam twice each day. Every process must not only be accurate, but it must be absolutely clean. Upon the growing exigencies and the perfect system of handling depends the success of Carnation Milk in the markets of the world.

Another successful test and overcome the difficulties of uniform production of distribution. His knowledge the important problem of distribution. His knowledge his product, but that it was not only a quality but a product, and the process of making it a standard in every country. His task was now to overcome the almost universal prejudice against canned or sterilized milks, and to acquaint the consumer not only with the quality but the product, but to the advantage of using every day in the year a milk possessing all the elements of the purest and richest raw milk without any of the dangers and uncertainties of the ordinary milk supply.

The public had long looked upon canned milk as merely a substitute in a sort of emergency for their own milk, but now aware that evaporated milk was not a manufactured substance, but merely the best and purest cow's milk with

part of the water extracted; merely rich, fine milk evaporated to the consistency of cream, then sealed and sterilized. To force home the advantages of evaporated milk—to create an ideal demand—was the test of Mr. Stuart's problem. This meant a campaign of education, and education costs money. This man knew that to hold the method of supplying the greatest and most important of food staples. He knew that his milk was not a substitute, but that ultimately it would replace raw milk in every urban community. The world-wide crusade against raw milk in every city in every country, the success in every part of the world in the minds of the public by widespread campaigns against impure milk, gave him steadfast confidence that, sooner or later, the public would grow to the understanding of evaporated milk of guaranteed and unapproachable purity.

Mr. Stuart's reasoning has been amply justified by subsequent events. From the very start, Carnation Milk has enjoyed an extensive sale, until today the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company operates ten factories on the Pacific slope, and it has been found necessary to take care of the Eastern market by the erection of four extensive condenseries in the favored dairying sections of Wisconsin and Illinois.

Despite a demand for Carnation Milk that leaves the capacity of these fourteen condenseries, despite the fact that the distribution covers the United States, Alaska, and the Oriental countries, the real work of educating the public to the economy and advantages of evaporated milk is just beginning to receive attention.

Understand that milk is a greater world necessity than four or sugar; that its use is bounded by neither national nor geographic limitations; that evaporated milk has been known for but a few years and that its practical value has hardly yet been touched upon. Regardless of the immense and extensive campaign of advertising, the housewife has hardly advanced to this important economic factor in the kitchen and the nursery. It still requires years of educating and the expenditure of considerable sums of money to displace raw milk as an article of household consumption, but the tide has surely turned in this more certain, convenient, and economic food staple.

As an example of household economy, it is well for the consumer to appreciate the fact that Carnation Milk is packing but pure milk minus part of the water. Evaporation removes the water, leaving the milk the consistency of cream, and rich in butter fat and solids to the extent of about 100 per cent, more than a like quantity of ordinary raw milk.

A housewife who uses evaporated milk in the kitchen is quick to appreciate the saving effected not only in the cost of milk, but in the water required, but in the butter there is a big saving indeed.

Another factor tending to popularize Carnation Milk is its economy. Evaporated milk is used in every climate for years. It is always obtainable and available, dry or milk.

Since its introduction, Carnation Milk has met with the endorsement of the physician and the nurse. In the nursery, it is rapidly supplanting raw milk, and its advantages as a food for infants and growing children is attested by mothers all over the Union.

Apart from the education of the actual consumer, the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company has for years been endeavoring to acquaint the nation with the merits of its product and to show him a new source of revenue from the sale of evaporated milk. While your grocer has not always been true to the milkman to back, he has a special duty of every article he handles, he is, as a rule, quick to improve a growing demand. In certain sections of the country, the grocer has seized the opportunity to divert the revenue that now goes to the milkman to himself. He is not only making more money by acquiring a new line, but he is making new friends, building business and goodwill.

It is necessary for the consumer and factory that have mutually contributed to the growth and importance of the Pacific Northwest, the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company, as so he has been as a result of the fact that he has not only the Company furnish employment to hundreds of men and women, but its efforts to promote the dairying industry have stimulated the entire dairy industry to the advancement of the entire section.

The efforts that this body of men are putting forth to acquire the highest quality of milk are not only a result of the corporate and individual advantages of Washington and Oregon for stimulating dairying, but have been responsible for the best improvement in dairy cattle.

To quote Mr. Stuart as he is best known as a result of his work to the cow; she must have good raw, good feed, a nice, quiet and careful surroundings, the most perfect, spaced, well treated, and





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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER  
Overcast "Blue Sky" Legislation

Light and Shadow of the very general Movement to pass Laws regarding the Sale of New Securities

THE American legislator doesn't believe in doing things by halves. If he or she says he is discovered that there were grave faults in the way the railroads were being run. Almost immediately we had a crop of regulatory laws and the necessity that nearly put the railroads out of business. More lately he discovered that the public opinion concerning the same thing were begun passing laws making it difficult to sell not only worthless securities, but any kind of securities at all. It has been the old story of passing laws in a hurry and unprepared—and with the same old result.

Remarkable, indeed, has been the speed of the "Blue Sky" legislation idea—they call it that because it is dropped to prevent promotion from legislatures the blue sky—since the state of Kansas put the first law on the statute books three years ago. We had then thirty states, at the time this is written, have taken up "Blue Sky" legislation. Over a hundred bills of one sort or another are at present considered by various state legislatures. Legislatures everywhere appear to have gone "Blue Sky" law mad.

Webb-Kearbit Dues Legislation

Now while it is true that the investor himself should be protected from the promoter of fraudulent schemes, it is also true that credit is about the most delicate thing in the world, and that only the best appreciation of that fact should be reflected by law be undertaken. "Blue Sky" laws, in other words, which regulate the terms on which the borrower goes to the lender, are the most foolish sort of legislation and need to be most carefully considered. In that connection with the law passed by the legislature of two-thirds of the state and now being considered by them. Take for instance the bill before the Illinois legislature which provides that a first selling securities must show upon its face the record of each and every investor who purchases securities of it, even if these securities be the company's. Take the bill in Massachusetts which provides that every separate law must be examined and approved by the state authorities on each separate bill—it would make an effort of the same kind were made and add a dozen times in the course of a month, such apparatus would have to be sacrificed by the state. And is that the worst! How about this one: A bill that provides that no investment shall be publicly offered or sold unless it be "such an investment as a prudent man might make." Think of that enacted as a law.

No wonder that the bills pending before various state legislatures were recently characterized by a prominent investment banker as "assorted selections from a wish-robust dream."

That investment bankers all over the country should be opposed to the passage of half-baked "Blue Sky" legislation is natural enough. But the investment banker after all is no exception to the rule most seriously affected. The real harm comes to borrower and lender—to the legitimate corporation which needs money and can only get it by the sale of securities, and to the investor who is deprived of the opportunity of advantageously employing his capital.

How It Hurts the Borrower

Take the case of the borrower. In some state one of these "Blue Sky" laws is passed, putting all kinds of restrictions on the sale of new securities. This makes it difficult and expensive for the investment banker to do business in that jurisdiction. What is the result? Simply that the banker having occasion to sell will keep away from that territory. Very well, it is objected, but suppose a number of states pass such laws in succession, so that you are simply in "keep away" will be impossible. Then, if "Blue Sky" laws go into here and there in various parts of the country, bankers whose business is to distribute securities will have to abide by their practice of not going where additional expense is necessary. But out of whom will this additional expense come?—naturally the banker, in this case the middleman, in selling his stock at an increased cost of production. No, it will be lost as it is every other case when the cost of production is increased. The added charge will be thrown back on the producer—in this case, the seller of the securities. To raise capital will simply cost so much more.

Moreover, the trouble and expense of

handling new security issues being thus increased, and the service in which they can be conducted of all being thus reduced, the business becomes less desirable and less sought after by investment bankers. The result is that a bill pending by which investment dealers may be required to post up as much as \$100,000 with the Commissioner of Banking as security, such a law, if it passes, would drive many of the smaller firms completely out of business. A side from any question of right or wrong, it is only enough to see what a bad thing that, especially from the standpoint of the small borrower, would inevitably be.

From the Lender's Point of View

From the lender's viewpoint, too, is a large part of the pending "Blue Sky" legislation is highly undesirable. The fact that some states "approve" it is claimed, will show that it is all right and give investors confidence to buy it. But not more than that an issue approved by the state commission or by any other official prove anything as to its actual value? Many a security issue, it must be true, has been refused by the state banking board, only to be taken up by another, and in the end to turn out to be a failure. Many a loan, committed into with the greatest care by the most scrupulous banker, has gone wrong. The most thorough examination by the most competent parties, in other words, are not infrequently fails to disclose an issue's true strength or weakness. If what value, then, is the approval of some state official, not an investment expert, and under the anomaly of passing laws on the basis of the mere approval of politicians every week?

Realize that, what intelligent investor would want to see to sell his securities, and that politicians he may not trust? To have one such regulation, or perhaps several, however is all very well—every state in the Union has its brand laws, as it is. But to have some state officials act as a censor, with the right to keep you from investing your money in any particular security he may and happen to fancy—that is another thing for which an American investor can hardly be expected to stand. When he seems to realize that exactly that will be the result of a large part of the "Blue Sky" legislation now pending he will be the first to rise up in protest. The work and production law to be protected, of course, but that doesn't mean that he is willing to be placed in a tight strait and have his thinking done for him.

Governor Hudson of Indiana expressed exactly that line in his recent issue of an "Innocent" piece of "Blue Sky" legislation which had been pushed through both houses and had come to his for signature. "Is my honorable friend," wrote the Governor, "I recognized 'Blue Sky' legislation, and was very desirous to see it, but I should be content that would protect innocent investors in stocks, bonds, and other securities of individuals, but I should be content the law proposed, as set forth in that bill, would give approval to fraudulent securities investments." The Governor then goes on to say that what is necessary is a commission of public-spirited men to study the subject with deliberation.

Federal or State Legislation?

It is very much of a question, indeed, whether the regulation of the registration of the sale of securities is of fit subject for state legislation at all. Most states now have laws of this kind, but the supervision over the issue of new securities. The public-service commission in New York, for instance, has a number of cases, present one Philadelphia case (Chicago) from from selling securities in New York state, but then it is very much of a question whether the state should not legally prevent it, either. Commerce between the several states is not subject to the regulation of any one state, but that of the Federal government—it is for that particular purpose that there is the Federal interstate-commerce clause. Why is not the same thing true of interstate dealing in securities? Why should one state be in any way of some particular securities market, or "Here, your business cannot sell that security in this territory," while another state law is in force, and the same securities will open areas? Surely this would seem to be a matter to be regulated by the Federal government. But by the way, our states, each for itself, are very busy and for its own particular interests.

## Roslyn Coal

The Roslyn coal field covers a comparatively small area (about seven miles long by three miles) in Kittitas County, state of Washington, just east of the Cascade Mountains and near the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway. For many years Roslyn coal was mined and sold by the railway company. It is still mined by them in large quantities, but more only for their own use. Before it was discovered, California Roslyn coal was known from Pocatello to San Francisco, and from Seattle to Spokane, the distance being covered by river in Montana, as the best steam and domestic coal on the market. It is still very generally used in the Washington and parts of Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, but no longer cuts much of a figure in California since the discovery of oil in that state.

A gradual curiosity in the quality of the Roslyn coal was revealed as it was opened up at various points on the field east to west. It was first opened at Co. River, on the eastern end of the field, it was almost a bargain in quality, but as mine after mine was opened up farther to the west better and better coal was exposed, until at the most westerly extremity of the field was found a high-grade bituminous coal of excellent coking quality that yielded more feet of gas and more heat units per pound than almost any other coal in the state.

The mine was owned by Walter Oakes in 1906. He had formerly been the president of the Alaska Steamship Company, which he had helped to build up from a small beginning, and it was his interest energy that made the operations of the Roslyn Fuel Company (which he formed to handle the property) in earnest. The Roslyn Fuel Company was an independent concern and took over the operations of the Northwestern Improvement Company (which is the controlling end of the Northern Pacific Coal and Coke Company) at the time that company retired from the wholesale and retail coal business. Three agencies are located at Seattle, Spokane, Walla, Walla, North Yakima, and Libbyville.

Excellent steps, as the mine is called, was opened according to the new specifications of standards made for the safe direction of Charles E. Jones, a mine engineer from Pennsylvania. A solid pillar of coal one hundred feet wide and 160 feet between the slope and the main entry, and an eight-foot pillar between the main slope and main entry on the other side. Every other generation was taken, in opening the mine, to insure the safety of the miners. The result has been a low price of coal for every three hundred thousand tons of coal mined, showing that the mine is about as safe as it can be made. A large specification of the latest design was installed to keep the use of the mine fresh and low from numerous uses. The outside equipment, hoists, hoisting-machines, pumps, etc., are likewise of the highest quality and insure a steady output when the coal is most needed. The plant is capable of handling twelve hundred tons per day, and has actually handled for months at a time from five hundred to one thousand tons at a stretch. The coal is conveyed through chutes to give steam, gas, special steam, gas, and lamp gas.

In 1911 the No. 2 mine of the Roslyn Fuel Company was opened and now able to handle five hundred tons to the daily output of the company, with a production of seven hundred tons, making the mine considered the source of both main about six months of engine fuel for the day per day.

Roslyn coal from the mines of the Roslyn Fuel Company has been used by all of the large railroads of Washington with great success, and two of them will continue to use a large quantity. It is used by logging camps in the state on account of its not throwing sparks, an important factor in the use of it from the gas and dust that come from Pocatello to Montana, and the gas and smoke resulting from it is of good quality. For domestic use, it is of an extraordinary quality to better coal than the Roslyn coal obtained in eastern Washington. The best gas and furnace coals are used extensively for domestic use.

It is impossible for many people will insist on using hard coal when a finer coal would answer the purpose better and cost less. This is particularly true of people having coal for their furnaces. They would use a furnace of steam power, with a coking stove, or a gas stove, the coal would last longer and give more heat. There are exceptions, however. In many mines in the East the coal that comes through is the best part of the seam, but in the Northwest the best coal is found in the part that comes out. The lumps are held together by impurities that go to form ash. Lumps in the West burn slowly in such the same material that a chunk of wood will burn in a fire, even if it has a tendency to coke, even more on the top after the fire gets going, and you can break it up into small lumps if a very hot fire is needed, or, if it is desired to keep the fire hot night, you can break it with your feet on the coal.

The main office of the Roslyn Fuel Company is in Seattle, Washington, 609 Lawrence Building.

## Homes for Insectivorous Birds

By John T. Timmons

Four persons actually realize the great good accomplished by many of the more common varieties of insect-eating birds. Every bird that flies on insect life is useful. Its work is gold in the making. In most localities these useful birds have been so destroyed as to be almost exterminated, and the increase of destructive insects that frequent to field, orchard, and garden is appalling. Some of them will be mentioned here, and the kind will be furnished with a very different problem.

The nature of most of exterminating these pests is not for the best. The birds are the natural enemies of the life that destroys and injures the various crops. They are needed as the only kind of us we had stop and consider for a moment.

Instead of depriving the birds of their birds, swans, and purple martins, encourage them to inhabit your lawns, gardens, and orchards.

Every home for the birds. The little common house wren that is always likely either in a well-kept pasture or among thousands of insects, or feeding on their lawn, will greatly appreciate a little of the most perfect shelter. The man, old coffee-stove, or small wooden house fastened on a fence, outbuilding, or other, or placed in a well-kept garden, will answer about the size of a half-dollar, will make every home for the wren, and the number of birds that will be attracted from the nests in the garden will insure a greater quantity and better quality of fruit.

The meadow is another enemy of the hundreds of insects that get in their work in the early spring and summer, when almost all our fruits are exposed to their ravages. They can be induced to remain about our lawns if provided with a well-kept and well-kept lawn. The type of home may vary, but it should not be too large, and never over six inches in height, about the size of a half-dollar, and not more than twelve by twelve inches, divided into four rooms, with an opening into each room and a narrow ledge or shelf about the size of a half-dollar. It should be placed on a pole about twelve or fifteen feet high. It should be well to have the pole attached to a fence-post or some other handy place by a hinge, so the hole can be lowered when it is necessary to clean it out or remove the English sparrow.

The purple martin is one of our great insect-exterminers. It is an annual visitor, arriving about the 1st of April. It never nests in trees. It prefers some well-sheltered house and one that is not of much of the oak. Many years ago the house wren was quite common, and great colonies were to be seen, but during the past quarter of a century the martin has been neglected and one can travel far miles without seeing a bird-house. Every farmer and, in fact, every owner of a house should insist on maintaining these birds. A great variety of houses can be built. Any one can secure a box from the grocer, cut a couple of small holes in the end and place it on a pole not far from the house. Many of pretty designs can be built that will not only serve a good purpose, but make the home more attractive. The martin loves to be noticed and talked to and it will reply one for his trouble in its cheery note, and in time its presence will be shown in the quantity and quality of the products raised by the insect pests.

## A Tower of Gold

ARRANGED in a law provided in Germany in 1871, the protection which France paid in indemnity to the Prussians the previous year was granted in the form of 20,000,000,000 francs. The famous fortress situated 5000 miles from Berlin receives this amount of money. In fact, it is a quantity of gold in reserve for emergency purposes.

In order to safeguard such a massive store great precautions have been taken for the safe keeping of the money. The money is kept in two floors of the fortress and is packed in 1,200 wooden chests. Each chest contains 25,000 in gold. The invulnerability of these chambers is secured in the following manner: they have triple doors with various locks whose keys are held by certain officials of the Ministry of War; and these keys each open only one door, so that no one could get into the vault.

The chests of the vault are sealed and stamped in such a way that it is not possible for them to be tampered with without danger of almost instant discovery. Moreover, the weight of each mark and chest is registered.

## Responsible Banking

Whatever else a bank may stand for, it must stand for responsibility in every phase of bank service. Responsibility is the word and the law and the fact in the Scandinavian American Bank.

Adequate capital and surplus for the volume of our business; rigid conservatism in every branch of banking; facilities that insure accuracy combined with promptness; every convenience and courtesy that a strong, completely equipped bank may extend.

The bank's first purpose is, and must always be, Security. The next is Service. Whether you live in the North or in the South, in the East or in the West—wherever Uncle Sam's mail goes—there the service of the Scandinavian American Bank will easily reach you.

Banks having collections on points in the Northwest and Alaska are invited to write to us.

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THE FIRST  
NATIONAL BANK  
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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking, and our connections for handling your business in Northwestern part of United States and British Columbia are unsurpassed. **MAKE USE OF US.**

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Transacts a General Banking and Trust Business

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UNION BUILDING, SEATTLE

# THE NATIONAL CITY BANK of Seattle, Washington

LOCATED IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS AND BANKING DISTRICT

Capital and Surplus . . . . . \$600,000.00

DEPOSITORY for United States Postal Savings Fund, State of Washington, The City of Seattle and King County

COMMERCIAL SAVINGS AND EXCHANGE DEPARTMENTS

THIS BANK is designed to meet the requirements of firms, corporations, business and professional men, and individuals, on the most attractive and businesslike terms, consistent with sound and conservative banking methods.

Special attention is given especially relative to Banking, Commercial and Industrial Enterprises in the Northwest.

Many of our Shareholders and Directors have been identified with the growth and development of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest for more than a quarter century.

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## Misprinted Bank-notes

Misprints and oddities sometimes, but seldom, get the experts in the United States Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Perhaps the most remarkable misprint that ever found its way out of that establishment was fifty-dollar national bank note printed for a national bank in Kansas City, Missouri. The misprint was discovered by Chicago bank clerk, who, in making up his accounts one day, found a discrepancy he could not explain. In his efforts to discover the discrepancy he placed the pile of bills on his left-hand side and, as he counted each one, turned the note over and under several times on a pile at his right. He found that when he counted from left to right his count exactly balanced, but when he counted it back again a shortage of fifty dollars showed him in the loss. As a bank account book was reversed separately, both above and reverse, one of the bills had the design of fifty dollars on the obverse and one hundred dollars on the reverse. The clerk had taken the bill on one hundred dollars. Upon being communicated that such a bill was extant, the chief of banknotes of the denomination of fifty dollars and one hundred dollars had been received in the office. One plate bore the obverse of a fifty-dollar bill at the top and the reverse of a hundred-dollar bill at the bottom. The other plate bore the reverse of the two notes. After much search was made, the bill was made dry before being run through the press for the obverse printing. In some way the sheet was inverted, and the result that two misprinted bills emerged—one with a fifty-dollar obverse and hundred-dollar reverse, the other with a hundred-dollar obverse and a fifty-dollar reverse. The misprint was discovered by the collector of the bank after he had paid out the bill with the fifty-dollar face and hundred-dollar back.

This occurred in 1900. In the cities an error of similar nature occurred, a \$100 note being printed with the fifty-dollar obverse and twenty-dollar reverse. It is reasonably certain that at least four of these misprints went into circulation. Errors in design and oddities indicating fraudulence on the part of the engraver sometimes run the gamut unaccountably. In the case of the two bills in issue a Treasury agent entirely different from any other ever used by the government. The key, which is one of the most important symbols of the seal, shows a handle at the left-hand side instead of at the right, and all other details are in different shape, while the stars are larger. The two ends of the bank containing the seal are also fashioned with a handle, and that in no other instance is found in the design of a Treasury note. The seal is a two-dollar legal-tender note, in circulation, with which, it is known, the Treasury agent is that a wrong description. They are really inverted fronts, for the backs of all bills are printed face to face. The mistake is about on a legal-tender note of 1903. On the face of the note is a portrait of Webster, while in the right is a representation of Ralph Waldo Emerson to Oliver Elizabeth. At the bottom of the note is a small eagle. Upon the reverse the eagle is represented as a very faithful resemblance to the face of a dollar. A number of national banknotes were discovered that have been taken into circulation and accepted as real money notwithstanding which were clearly not such. The reverse of the note, or of both of either of the backs.

pieces were struck with both pierced and perfect centers in silver, copper, nickel, and composition metal, six varieties in all, without counting the various varieties of metal used in the coins issued by the government authorities, and consequently they were never put in general circulation.

The only gold half dollar ever produced at the United States Mint was struck in 1864. It is a very beautiful piece, and the obverse showed a wavy circle around the periphery with the inscription "U. S. LEGAL TENDER" around the border. The reverse was blank. The coin was exactly half the weight of the ordinary half dollar, and was accordingly called the "half." The gold fifty-cent piece with which the public is familiar was not made until the obverse and reverse were manufactured by California jewelers. There has not been any other attempt to introduce the perforated coin in the two pieces of the denominations of one and two cents were issued at the Philadelphia Mint.

## A Photograph Gallery in a Cemetery

MANY novices have been used for making the resting-place of the dead or of the deceased, and the result has been the creation of a gallery of marble and granite to the grotesque towns of the Ancestral Home. The result has been the creation of their last taste in decoration and their discrimination in art matters, and the result has been the creation of a gallery of marble and granite to the grotesque towns of the Ancestral Home. The result has been the creation of their last taste in decoration and their discrimination in art matters, and the result has been the creation of a gallery of marble and granite to the grotesque towns of the Ancestral Home.

A lady is charged into the death or mourning of the dead, and the result has been the creation of a gallery of marble and granite to the grotesque towns of the Ancestral Home. The result has been the creation of their last taste in decoration and their discrimination in art matters, and the result has been the creation of a gallery of marble and granite to the grotesque towns of the Ancestral Home.

This is by no means a new notion in this town. It began many years ago, the one of the first being a photograph placed there in 1865, which was as plain as though it had been put there a year ago.

Though this notion of having tombstones made to hold portraits originated in the principal cities, it has been adopted in neighboring towns.

## Deer as a Source of Meat-Supply

There has been advocated the scheme of using deer as a source of meat supply in this country. It is believed by many experts that deer-hunting could be made so profitable as to pay for the loss of the Virginian deer and the Rocky Mountain elk are best suited in this purpose. Elk have been advocated in many parts of the world and everywhere they show the same vigor and hardiness. They adapt themselves to the most adverse conditions and their increase under domestication is equal to that of ordinary cattle. It is estimated that there are large areas of rough land in the United States, like the North and Allegheny regions, where elk could be raised. The Virginian deer is adaptable to almost all parts of this country and thrives on land unsuited to horses.

# National Bank of Commerce

TACOMA, WASH.

## UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital . . . . . \$200,000.00  
Surplus and Profits . . . . . 470,000.00

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## Perforated Coins

PERFORATED coins were never in favor in the United States, though various efforts were made to popularize them. The first United States coin with a perforated edge was a gold dollar issued in 1849, which had a square hole in the center of the placated. It was the forerunner of the gold dollar issued by the United States Mint in 1850. The coin was engraved, and struck from dies. The next United States coin with a perforated center was issued from the Philadelphia Mint in 1850 and was of the denomination of one cent. It was about the size of the present one-cent coin. At the time the large, old-fashioned copper cent was in general circulation and the perforated coin received the name of "ring cent." The design resembled that of the means of the perforation the coin could be distinguished by touch from the die. Another perforated coin, one of the same size, showed two steps in the field, with the words, "U. S. ONE-CENT PIECE." The reverse showed the eagle with the words, "United States of America." The Mint authorities at the time designed a coin that would answer all requirements, and the

## The Ear of the Owl

It is held by naturalists that, in order to capture its prey the owl must depend even more upon its sense of hearing than upon that of sight. The feathers of both ears distinguish the short-curved and the long-curved parts, one of which catch the air, and the true ear of the owl is a most remarkable organ.

The facial disk of feathers that give the owl its characteristic appearance serves as a kind of sounding-board or reflector, by concentrating the sound waves and to transmit them to the ear of the true ear, concealed in the small hollow behind the eye. The feathers of the side flap of the skin, covered by a remarkable web, are so arranged that the owl can hear its prey strike, distinguish its size and shape of the notes and its position. The owl's ear is so arranged that it can hear its prey strike, distinguish its size and shape of the notes and its position. The owl's ear is so arranged that it can hear its prey strike, distinguish its size and shape of the notes and its position.

The Pacific National Bank of Tacoma

It is no small thing to be the greatest as well as the oldest bank in the City of Tacoma, and the officers of the Pacific National Bank of Tacoma, feel a sense of deep responsibility as well as pride in the eminent position their house occupies. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a maxim universally accepted, and the fruits of a wise, capable, reliable bank administration are the deposits at this bank. Although there are eight excellent banks in Tacoma, the Pacific National leads them all in the vital element of deposits, having over a million dollars more in its assets than its nearest competitor. The substantial representation of public confidence is the result of a conservative banking policy, splendid facilities and unswerving service. In the period between April 18, 1912, and April 4, 1913, the Pacific National Bank showed an increase in deposits of over a million dollars.

The Pacific National Bank was organized in the fall of 1886, but was not opened for business until January 2, 1890, when it was located in the building just completed for it, at Pacific and Twelfth streets. It began with a paid-up capital of \$50,000, and at the end of the first year the deposits were \$102,000. At the close of business on November 30, 1912, the deposits were \$4,557,331.61, and the capital \$300,000.

The directors of the bank comprise some of the most representative business men in the Northwest. The two largest stockholding interests are the Ladd, of Portland, and connections of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. The officers of the Pacific National Bank are: Charles H. Bick, Chairman Board of Directors; Ralph S. Stacey, President; H. W. Laid, Vice-President; Geo. H. Laid, Cashier; J. W. Stephen Appleby, Cashier; A. A. Miller, Assistant Cashier; R. L. Mattison, Assistant Cashier.

The bank has purchased within the last four months a half interest in a corporation which owns the southeast corner of Pacific Avenue and Eleventh Street, considered to be, without doubt, the best business corner in the city of Tacoma, and will, in some instances, it gets possession from the present tenants, which will be April 1, 1914, immediately proceed to install one of the finest banking rooms in the Northwest.

A Mail Transfer Apparatus

When the train halts at a small station, and the man with the mail bag peels a heavy sack of United States postal matter through an opening into the baggage-car, receiving another in return, the quickness and delicacy with which the transfer is made is generally watched by admiring bystanders. That human muscles and joints cannot always be depended upon to do so lightly and sure and accurate as machinery. Accidents have happened and throwing the mail is now considered dangerous, or, possibly in the case of fast mail-trains.

A Wheeler postmaster has invented an apparatus for mechanically making the transfer, which has been so successfully tested that it is reported it will soon come into general use for fast mail-trains. Rising out of a base of concrete is a tower about fifteen feet high from the ground surrounded by a small platform. At the extreme top are two cars. One is set to describe a circle on the side nearest the track. The tip of the horse carrying about four feet, one tip pointing up and the other down the track. Each has been a bowl or joint in which can be placed a sack of mail about four feet from the tip. Below the horse, attached to a standard which pivots toward the track, is the delivery arm. This has the mail in an apparatus which works in unison with the outer arm. A track in run along the roof from one side of the car to the other over the center of the door. Resting on this track is a steel carriage on wheels with a delivery arm on each side. The arm is attached to a hook fastened to the forward side of the door of the car. When the delivery arm is pushed into the hook in position for the exchange of mail.

The man at the station fastens his mail bag to a ring made especially for the purpose, which is fast into a slot at the end of the delivery arm on the standard, the horse and arm being brought into a horizontal position. He feeds in one of the papers of the mail, leaving the other pointed out in the direction of the approaching train. The man at the other man puts the bag to be delivered on a corresponding ring, which he fastens on the delivery arm on a rail. As the train nears the station he pushes the sack along the track over the door, then it goes to the doorway, where it tilts with the bag suspended outside in a position to be caught by the hook of the receiving arm at the station. As the

hook catches the bag from the outside it is wheeled into the car, the exchange being accomplished almost instantaneously. The weight of the bag going around the horse causes the horse to bend back so that the contrivance is absolutely safe.

The Largest Stone Ever Quarried

The largest stone ever quarried has been found in Heather in Idaho. It has been one of the mysteries of the ages how it was that the great blocks of granite used in building the Pyramids were ever raised to the heights and swung into the positions they now occupy. Quite as much of a marvel to the modern thinker is the problem involved in quarrying an enormous block of stone so the use discovered in Heather. This monolith is fifty-nine feet long, fourteen feet broad, and seventeen feet in depth. Its weight is estimated at fifteen hundred tons. Near by is the rest of the ancient Temple of the Sun. It is believed by archeologists that this huge stone was intended for the roof of the building. This supposition is based on the fact that in one of the walls still standing are to be seen great slabs of stone which show all the marks of a saw which cut a length of sixty-three feet and a height of thirteen feet.

Most wonderful still is the engineering feat which placed them in the position where they are today, slabs of feet above the level of the ground. No sign of any quarrying mixture is to be seen anywhere to link together the stones of this ancient structure. The slabs have weathered, melted, and traveled into position so evenly that it is with difficulty and only after the most careful search that the joining can be found. No probability is there whether it is possible to thrust between them even the small blade of a pocket-knife. The beautiful granite is so evenly preserved in position in the quarrying, preparing of the stone, and the building of these ancient temples that the weathering still farther increases the assurance of the quality of the metal and steel equipment of these recent ages. No laborer who attempts to lift his hammer in the air at the stroke of the clock ever knew these stones. Much of the work has been done with love or under the awe of a great religious feeling. So it is that the archeologists are considering ever newer problems—the quality of wood and tools in the mass of antiquity.

Gold Leaf

The gold reaches the "beaters" fresh in wide bars or nuggets. It must be weighed, melted, and drawn into leaf-ribbons before the "beating" begins. The ribbon is then cut into leaf squares and beaten with a hammer worked by a stationary workman. It takes each leaf less than ten minutes to transfer to a mold, where it is beaten again for a period of four hours. The beating is accomplished by means of a wooden hammer working from seven to eighteen pounds on a sheepskin cushion resting on a granite block. The gold beater is usually twenty or twenty-five karats fine. A little alloy of copper or silver is added to make it malleable. It would be impossible for the beater to handle perfectly pure gold.

Gold leaf is packed away by the aid of the beater, then that of the hands. The operation of transferring a sheet of almost transparent gold leaf from one place to another is of such delicacy that it is possible to accomplish it only by a slight puff of the breath. The parlor air, for the most part, goes in vain, after beating, the gold leaf is handed. The girls lift the unshaped leaf from the mold with a pair of wooden pincers, and then in a delicate custom by gently blowing on it, cut it into a perfect square, replace it between the leaves of the book, and then it is with the breath. A "book" consists of twenty-five leaves, and a skilled girl operator can pack seventy books in a day.

Siberian Bees and Bee Masters

One would never think of Siberia as a suitable place for bees or the practice of bee-keeping. Yet this is true by the presence of that region, and swarms of wild bees are to be found in the brush forests.

Those who keep bees in Siberia bear the title of bee-masters. Some of them have no more than four swarms, but many have fifty or a hundred, and certain "hobby" men own five or six hundred. The average annual harvest in Siberia, from one swarm, runs from one to three quarts and a half. In certain localities buckwheat is sown to serve as a "pasture," and successfully yields one quart or more of honey a year, or, finally, for the most part the swarms feed on wild flowers along the borders of the great forests.

GOOD ROADS DOUGLAS FIR PAVING BLOCKS

St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.

Manufacturers of

Douglas Fir

Spruce, Cedar and Western Hemlock, Lumber, Lath, Shingles

Douglas Fir Paving Blocks, Nothing Better

We Creosote Paving Blocks, Piles and Structural Material

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

How

The Wheeler, Osgood Company of Tacoma, Washington

developed into an institution of national importance in the Door-making industry.

- First—By selecting a spot where the largest supply of the most beautiful fir door lumber is the world's tributary to this plant.
- Second—By looking well to their sawing, knowing that each door ordered from their factory was a good which would bring its kind.
- Third—By believing implicitly in the superiority of the fir door.
- Fourth—By knowing that each step in the march of improvement but opens up new avenues of improvement in manufacture, ultimate perfection being the final goal.
- Fifth—By investing in the most modern machinery for the production of those ply laminated fir panels which cannot check, swell or warp.
- Sixth—By recognizing that the other party to a bargain has well vested rights which must be respected.
- Seventh—By reason of a number of other causes, all relating, however, to perfect thoroughness, better and better manufacture and scrupulous attention to the needs and desires of its customers.

Thus it will be seen why The Wheeler, Osgood Company has built well. It followed the chart outlined above. It couldn't help itself.

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POLICY PROVIDING PERFECT PROTECTION

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Our Presidents And How We Make Them

By Col. A. K. McClure

With preface by former Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, and portraits of the Presidents. Crown 8vo, \$2.00  
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS



Echoes

MR. SQUIBBAN

George Harvey's resolution will arrive in the hands of the committee just before the meeting of the 15th of P. Morgan, it is doubtful to the extent that the resolution will be taken up. It is doubtful that it will be taken up at all, and it is doubtful that it will be taken up at all.

When Mr. Morgan will be in the country, it is doubtful that he will be in the country at all. It is doubtful that he will be in the country at all.

That Mr. Morgan will be in the country, it is doubtful that he will be in the country at all. It is doubtful that he will be in the country at all.

We would not advise the methods by which the House should be organized, but we do advise that the House should be organized in such a way that it will be able to do its work.

Judge says that he is not in the hands of the House, but that he is in the hands of the House. It is doubtful that he will be in the hands of the House at all.

George Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly, writes that a resolution of his in New York, which would give the House the right to elect its own members, is not likely to be taken up.

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equal treatment by the law for violations of the law.

Cabot Harry is opposing in his denunciation of the thirty-third Democratic National and the Progressive Party, which he says is a party of the future. He says that the party is a party of the future, and that it is a party of the future.

What effect this appeal will have upon the President's course we can not say. It is doubtful that it will have any effect at all.

The best that can be said for the resolution is that it is a resolution which is a resolution. It is doubtful that it is a resolution at all.

Cabot Harry is in favor of the idea of a national convention, but he is not in favor of the idea of a national convention.

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Builders of  
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Engines and  
Logging  
Machinery

The Washington Iron Works has been under the same management since the shops were first opened for business in 1881, thirty-two years.

Our motto has been in the testing of every engine built by us, that it must come up to our standard of completeness and perfection before shipment.

Our product goes to all parts of the world where logging and hoisting engines and hoisting machinery are used.

The 1913 Washington is superior to all others put upon the market. Three complete engines shipped daily.

WASHINGTON IRON WORKS, SEATTLE, WASH.

### THE COMPENSATION ACT

The recent issue of Harper's Weekly, which is a weekly publication, has been a great success. It is a weekly publication, and it is a great success.

It is doubtful that the House will be able to do its work. It is doubtful that the House will be able to do its work.

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### FROM CALIFORNIA

Harper's Weekly appears to have a position in the market. It is a weekly publication, and it is a great success.

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### THE FOUNDRY

Hoisting  
Engines  
Drag Scraper  
Engines  
Derricks  
Mining Hoists and Equipments

The Washington Iron Works has been under the same management since the shops were first opened for business in 1881, thirty-two years.

Our motto has been in the testing of every engine built by us, that it must come up to our standard of completeness and perfection before shipment.

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The 1913 Washington is superior to all others put upon the market. Three complete engines shipped daily.

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Sea Gate—New York Harbor

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for Summer—Open from May to November

The Inn is situated in a private park maintained by the local cottage community.

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Railor cottages (including Hotel Services) may be leased for the season. A close beach beach with ample bathing facilities. Tennis, baseball, rowing and sailing.

Private boat service to and from New York City. Also frequent train service to Brooklyn.

**Telephone Garage**  
A Delightful Place—Just 45 Minutes by Private Boat from New York  
Rates and Booklet Upon Application

## Summer Home? - Vacation?

Now is the time to decide where to go

But choose wisely the location

If you crave sight and sound of sea, if you long for hills and woodlands, if you yearn for quiet and pastoral scenes, mountains,

If you desire lakes, berries and ripe water,

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Ladies' and Gents' Smoking  
Room and Restaurant,  
Society First Class.

Rate  
\$2.50 with Bath  
and up.

Two minutes' walk  
to the Metropolitan  
Theatres.

Private Automobile  
Stand for Rent.

HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial  
Only New York Hotel Under Second Management

## Flowers of Field Hill and Swamp

By CAROLINE A. CREEVEY  
Author of "Mosses in a Garden"

The volume is the outcome of the author's idea that a grouping of plants upon the natural basis of environment, including soil, shade, moisture, etc., is possible. She describes all of the wild flowers commonly met with in the Atlantic States in our country and through a matter that the amateur botanist will find no difficulty in readily placing them in their proper groups and families. The illustrations, about one hundred and fifty in number, have been drawn from the living plants, and will prove to be an irreplaceable aid in determining a few several varieties.

Illustrated by Benjamin Lander

\$1.75

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS  
FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

## Feats of Photography

Photographers, professional and amateur, have expanded their skill and energy in obtaining all manner of difficult pictures—racing horses, jumping athletes, flying machines, flashes of lightning, to say nothing of the abiding spiritual form of revolving double stars. But the great stumbling-block to all photographic success, so nearly the insurmountable one, is the very soap bubble. One such has said that for a long time it has been his ambition to picture a soap bubble in the act of breaking. He has experimentally tried this, however, in all respects of this kind, every time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be only a small fraction of a second.

Anybody who has watched a brilliant soap bubble burst knows how quickly it vanishes. The authority quoted thought it might take one-twentieth of a second; but by repeated experiments he has found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film is not more than one-thirtieth of a second.

To catch such photograph one of these vanishing films between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction proves a most difficult undertaking, but it has been accomplished. It might be thought that it would be equally difficult to catch a lightning flash; but it must be remembered that lightning makes an intensely vivid impression, while the color of a soap bubble is evanescent even in the bright glare of an electric spark.

From printing the image of the flying edge of a broken bubble in the three-hundredth part of a second to disclosing the existence of a great nebula in the heavens by the cumulative effect of several hours of continuous exposure, the modern photographer is still performing many wonders in behalf of science and proving himself one of the most powerful means at man's disposal to attack the secrets of nature.

It has been suggested that it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that the same member of the brotherhood may yet have his photograph taken and so become familiar to thousands, who have never seen the astrophysicist who took it. It is known that the so-called specter is simply the shadow of a person standing upon the mountain, projected on the surrounding mist.

Some years ago, it is said, an official of the Weather Bureau at Washington, while making some observations on the summit of Mount Washington, used to amuse himself by raising the specter of mist visitors to the observatory to appear in the mist enveloping the peak. For this purpose it was necessary only to place a light on the top of the shadow of a person on the foggy cloud above of him. Sometimes a gigantic specter was produced with startling distinctness, though never repeating the phenomena seen from the Beacon, where the coincidence seems to be previously favorable. The Englishman reported to the Royal Meteorological Society the results of similar experiments made by him in the same location for some time. He succeeded in raising his own specter by placing a flashlight at the back of his head. Then he photographed the specter.

## Rest Cures for Razors

It is well known that our razors are conductors of electricity. Steel is an excellent conductor, and when this metal is laid into folds with sharp edges the electric current that is continually passing through the metal will leave the body of the sharp point or edge.

Barbers tell us the razor gets tired and is improved after a rest. This is true in a scientific sense. It is not exactly a rest that the razor needs, although that term will express it pretty well.

It seems that any razor, after constant use on the human face, will become so exactly dull, for the razor can sleep on it, but rather sluggish and refuse to work so readily as when it has lain for a few weeks without work.

Constant use and continued sharpening put the molecules into a sluggish condition, and it is impossible to get the same edge as when the above law has not been used for some time.

When the razor lies idle and the electric current is passing off at the edge the particles are being heated and tempered, and the edge actually becomes more exactly and really sharper and more fit to restore the beard.

It is claimed that a razor wrapped in rubber cloth and placed in a drawer away from any damp will not be benefited by the rest on it will a razor that is simply laid away rather than wrapped without any insulation. It is the same if the razor is enclosed in a glass case, for the insulation prevents the electric current from passing through the metal.



## "That Is Nicer Than Darning Hose, Isn't It?"

"Yes, Dad, Holeproof Socks and Stockings Are Comforts"

Soft as down—easy to walk in. Nothing for travel, or every-day wear. Gives much comfort and convenience.

Six pairs of these wonderful hose will wear at least six months without holes. That is guaranteed or you get your hose free.

From \$1.50 to \$2 a box of six pairs. For women and children \$1 to \$2 a box of six pairs. For infants, \$1 a box of four pairs. All the above hose guaranteed six months.

Silk Holeproof for men, \$2 for three pairs. For women, \$3 for three pairs.

## Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Yet they cost just the same as the kind that wear out.

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We pay an average of 75¢ a pair for the cotton yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn sells for 50¢.

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For long wear, fit and style, there are the finest silk gloves guaranteed. Made in the U.S.A. same size and orders.

**Holeproof Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN**

Write for the illustrated book that tells all about these and sends to the nearest dealer. See you who benefits them.



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### AN IDEAL PRODUCT OF THE STILL

Sold at all first-class saloons and by jobbers.  
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## The Tacoma

Comprising a superbly outfitted Parget Sound and of the Great Moom Tacoma. The building is one of the Standard White creations and comfort is written on every line of its interior and exterior.



## The Spokane

The Commercial Headquarters of the Inland Empire with its unique coffee, "Ye Sigs of Ye Silver Grill," where the Dutton of beef is roasted on the Old World spots before the open log fire.

The Norman Hotels, Ltd.



# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Vol. LXXI  
No. 244

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1913

25 Cents a Copy  
\$3.00 a Year

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## A LEADER OF AMERICAN SPORT

Captain Harry Payne Whitney, who will lead the American polo team into action next week, when they clash with the British challengers, in an effort to retain that famous international trophy, the Hurlingham Cup. This cup was brought to the United States in 1909 by an American team under the leadership of Captain Whitney, and successfully defended by a team under his captaincy in 1911.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE MCCLURE PUBLICATIONS

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## COMMENT

CONTINUED with the issue of August 19th. Mr. NORMAN HUNTON will take direct personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## Colonel Roosevelt's Habits

Once there was a college boy who was suspended for intoxication. A classmate who was questioned about him explained that the trouble was not that he was a hard drinker, but that what stimulated he took ran so fast to volatilization. The classmate said: "There had been a dinner, and HENRY had had some champagne, but was carrying it quiet, not getting across the yard about half-past eight, with SAM; and the yard being so quiet, he said it was like the jungle, and then he insisted on playing lion-hunt, and said he would be the lion, and roared so immoderately that it woke all the proctors, and of course he was suspended."

We guess that if Colonel ROOSEVELT's potations had run to the excess the editor of *Ira's Era* supposed, there would have been no need of this trial that has been going on at Marquette. Can any one imagine the Colonel quietly intoxicated? Would not his case have been simply like HENRY's, who was his own advertisement, but was insisted on having a bad hour? It was reported that the witness for the defendant at Marquette would testify that the Colonel came on the speakers' stand at several campaign meetings supported by his friends. So it would not have been if his potations had been excessive. His friends would not have been supporting him. They would have been adding to the ropes and he would have been dragging them along. We doubt if there was ever a man in public life in this country with a smaller gift for dismissing himself in liquor than Colonel ROOSEVELT. If he had ever been drunk, every one would have known it. He would certainly not have been in a crowd of words-of-mouth stories, but intelligently spread to the effect that he was drinking hard. These stories almost never got into print, and so could not be dealt with effectively. It was to settle them, permanently, if possible, that the Colonel sent the editor of the far-away trade paper in Michigan who made the mistake of getting down in black and white what thousands of people were saying.

And he did settle them. The editor after hearing the testimony admitted that he had been mistaken, but avowed that he had made his accusations in good faith, and on what seemed to him good evidence. The truth seems to be that the Colonel's campaign manager, in its most urgent manifestations, produces in some observers an impression of intoxication. Perhaps it is an impression, but certainly it will not again be charged that his intemperance is alcoholic.

## Eben Ferguson

So fast the times change! Our comparison after overnight. Yesterday we said, "Seber as a judge." Now we say, "Seber as a Colonel."

## The Great Continuing Need at Washington

When BOAZ returns, HANNA H. STRUSSER will be the strongest New York Republican. He enjoys now the distinction of having been voted against by more men who wanted to vote for him than any other man that ever ran for high public office in this state. It is a pleasure to note that he apparently has no mind to give up politics. The contrary can reasonably be inferred from his leading part in the anti-HUNTON dinner and his vigorous proclamation about the way things are run and should be run at Washington.

What he says about the machine at Washington is not so convincing and foreworn because hardly any of it is new. On the contrary, these independent conclusions of an upright and highly trained mind ought to be taken all the more seriously because they confirm instead of dis-

putting the conclusions reached by other intelligent men who have seen the inside of things at the capital. They certainly could not be disregarded merely because they find the chief defect of our system where it has always been found—in the lack of a good working relationship between the executive and legislative departments.

Mr. STRUSSER wants to see responsibility and authority at Washington more concentrated and more clearly fixed, and so does every man of sane mind and patriotism who has ever had a chance like his to inspect things there. As authority and responsibility are dissipated in a legislature but concentrated in an executive, Mr. STRUSSER naturally favors more leadership for the executive. He wants the President to make the budget and to Cabinet members to defend it, for their respective departments, before Congress. He wants the President to have the right to veto separate items in appropriation bills. Inevitably, therefore, he approves of President WILSON's endeavor to establish a more direct and personal relation between himself and the Cabinet, on the one hand, and Congress, on the other hand.

We agree heartily with Mr. STRUSSER's general contention, and again call attention to the fact that in the only attempt ever made to improve on the Constitution by any thoroughly experienced working it—that is to say, in the Confederate Constitution—his two main proposals were actually carried.

Still, however, there is the Constitution as it stands, and we can't help feeling that President WILSON is perhaps already going as far in the desired direction as that document permits. He is certainly not shirking responsibility; he is working and not avoiding a real leadership. Quite as well as would like very well indeed to see his heads of departments face one or the other of the two Houses, so he has faced both; but at present that depends mainly on the inclination of the Houses themselves. So with the budget question: he has and probably will send in budget messages, but is extremely doubtful if Congress will give them the authority they ought to have. As to vetoing separate items in appropriation bills, there is probably no power which at this very moment he desires more ardently to exercise, but it would be an extremely retrospective act if he should assume that he has it. Every President has had in general the contrary view. It is very probable that they ought to have this power which apparently the Constitution denied them.

We are afraid the reforms desired by Mr. STRUSSER and so many other thoughtful men cannot be accomplished without an amendment, and a different and deliberate one; and amendments are always very hard enterprises. Still, we are almost hopeful that our present political mood, if wisely guided, may yet yield at this so desirable and so long-desired improvement in our system.

## Dissents

"Pure-fair" was Colonel ROOSEVELT's answer when questioned at Marquette about the report that he was about to detach himself from the *Outlook*.

## For Investigation But Not For Delay

The way to pass the tariff bill is to speed and gose it. To find out about the bill, by proposing it should be delayed, is in many ways desirable, but it is not essential and it will be something of a digression. Incidentally, to do the tariff job promptly and do it right would be the best possible defense for Senators against all real or imagined intimations that they are being improperly influenced in connection with the bill. However, that we object to a lobby investigation per se; certainly not that we at all blame President WILSON for calling attention to the lobby. If he found a powerful lobby working against his cause of tariff reform he was quite justified, as the recognized leader of his side. If telling the country about it and its methods, if telling the country about it so doing to make more difficult our attempt at compromise or any yielding on the part of weak supporters, so much the better. Granting substantial accuracy to his decidedly general statement, it was perfectly legitimate political fiction.

On the other hand, it was natural, as things turned out, for the Senate to feel itself particularly concerned. It was also natural, and not unpraiseworthy, for the Republican minority to try and make a little capital out of the incident and use it to annoy and perhaps delay the majority; and it was natural for the majority, when challenged in its investigations, to accept the challenge, and then there-

after take sharp of the proposal. But their leaders erred in accepting insinuations, and thereby widening the scope of the thing and making it an investigation of the Senate as well as the lobby.

That was a rather childish display of ferocity, and it made the contract too big for the lobby; limit it to what would have been quite enough to find out and tell us about the lobby itself. For that institution, though perfectly real, is hard enough to define or describe or even to locate. It is in fact ubiquitous; its composition is forever changing; its methods are innumerable. If the few members of the Senate's subcommittee can originally in any way suggest merely the main facts about it, and give the public merely an outline notion of its character and extent, they will do well.

They will do a real service, too, but not if their report again leads the Senate away from its proper business at this time. That business, we repeat, is passing the tariff bill.

## Hitcheck and Durison

The post-office has always been the place where the national government touched most intimately the lives of the greatest number of people. It never has been hard to get the average citizen interested in the way his mail is handled, and it will be easier still, now that we have so many new and improved ways of carrying other extensions and improvements of the office.

Unusual interest, therefore, attaches to some matter given out at Washington about the recent past and the immediate future of the Post-office Department. One finds it in two statements of special significance, the one by the Postmaster General BRADDOCK which is signed by five men—two hold-overs from the HERRICK régime and three new WILSON appointees—who have been acting as a commission to survey their department. It finds a good deal the matter with the way Mr. HERRICK ran things, particularly on the score of special patronage. It also recommends, and we of the thousand care of changes upon his successor; but this is its most significant finding:

Instead of a surplus of \$218,134.14 for that year [1914] as claimed by your predecessor, it is clearly demonstrated that there was in reality a deficit of more than three-quarters of a million dollars. Furthermore, a close analysis of the financial statement for the year 1914 discloses the fact that the assumed deficit of \$1,783,323.10 for that year was understated by nearly \$100,000.

The other statement is by Mr. BRADDOCK himself, and this is the significant part of it:

The thing of first consequence is efficiency; that the people may have the best possible service from their postal system. They also realize that the people are not interested in the way they are more interested in good service than they are in any technical showing of surplus.

Maybe we ought to suspect the first statement of being colored by partisanship, and there is some justice in Senator PRUSSER's reply that the old deficit had at any rate been substantially paid out, by the time the accounts were settling in the end, by the new administration. Nevertheless, those of us who have had occasion to study closely Mr. HERRICK's part in the politics of the Tarif administration will find it hard to be completely incredulous of a charge that he played politics in his own department. His main part in the trade war, and his main concern over the Southern office holders' constituents by no means excluded.

Maybe, too, we ought to find some new-born untowardness in Mr. BRADDOCK'S announcement of policy. But it certainly strikes us as a sound policy to be announced, and those who know Mr. BRADDOCK best seem to think him a man to take such a position. As a matter of fact, people do prefer efficiency in the postal service even to a real surplus of a few hundred thousands. We suspect they would welcome increased efficiency even at the cost of a reasonable temporary deficit.

## California's Land Law

The bill passed by the California legislature about the Japanese precedents is almost identical in character with the laws of the United States and requires land so situated and other things may acquire land to the extent provided in existing treaties between their government and ours, and in addition may lease for three years land for agricultural purposes.

This law seems not to conflict with any other laws of the federal government, and unless it does the federal government must, if necessary, and undoubtedly will, back it up.

## Fruit of Discipline

Remembering MR. CRYSTAL'S recent paragraph in the WEEKLY about California, a correspondent writes:

California's credit the economic efficiency of the Japs, and more especially still their moral and industrial efficiency, in this means anything to you. The trouble seems to be that the Jap can run a hundred horse-power engine on the fuel that a small pony would need. That is what bothers the Californian. He can't get his machinery going at all until the dynamo is well oiled, and he can't develop the efficiency of the Jap with fuel enough for JACK JENNINGS.

The Japs, and the Chinese more or less, and also the Jews, are people of vigorous stock who have been subjected to a tremendous discipline. They also represent, all of them, a survival of this physically hardest.

Time was when there was hard discipline in New England; the discipline of an exacting climate, an exacting religion, an abhorrent soil, and rather meager fare. The Yankee came to be an error on the string of a britch boy, that need for any fair mark with survived accuracy. He had generations of self-restraint and painful effort behind him, a way, always, of coming up with his lay out on time. As the wealth of the West became accessible, "boom!" went New England's bow, and she got her share of it.

The Japs seem to be the product of a discipline comparable to the old Puritan discipline of New England, but harder, and very much harder than the discipline of current life in wild and beautiful California. So long as there are not too many of them—and a decreasing number—in California, it would seem as though they must have a value in agriculture as poor-makers. They have shown what can be done with a little land by hard work, and that is no small service.

As for what our correspondent calls their "ecological efficiency," that of course exists. They are not desired at neighbors. When we probe that situation we come to the fault of the Japanese civilization; that the Samurai had too much of a monopoly of the nobler traits of character. Besides that discipline, while it makes for efficiency, does not make so surely for liveliness. The Yankees were not universally beloved in the period when their discipline was most effective.

## Entirely Mistaken

Remembering upon the change in ownership of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and reviewing with some reluctance its career under the editorship of Mr. CRYSTAL, the San Francisco Argonaut goes on to say:

There came a time when the editor [Mr. CRYSTAL] was required for alleged business reasons either to "close" his interpretations and temper his judgments, or resign. Men of integrity and energy as he was, he quit the post in which he had so long been laboring for himself, his business associates, and for the WEEKLY.

Brother BURNHAM has been curiously misinformed. Mr. CRYSTAL never quit his post. He was editor of the WEEKLY when he died, and active in his duties until his last illness. The Harpers looked him gallantly and with condescension and affectionate fidelity and at various financial cost, in his contradictions with HARPER and his refusal to support BURNHAM. The Argonaut seeks to make it appear that the WEEKLY suffered because of the spiritual leadership. That is entirely untrue. The very contrary is much nearer the truth, as Mr. BURNHAM may learn in detail from a book published last year—*The Harpers and Harper*, by J. HERMAN HARPER (Harper & Brothers). When Mr. CRYSTAL failed in health and was, as it turned out, dying, Mr. SCHERER was engaged as the man most fit, and most acceptable to Mr. CRYSTAL, to take up the pen that had fallen from his hand.

## Wilson and Massachusetts

The President is having an extraordinarily hard time in his efforts to bestow high federal offices upon high-class men from Massachusetts. The refusal of OLNEY and ELMOT to take the British ambassadorship were not surprising, though regrettable, but now JOSEPH R. BROWN, a regular Democrat of exceptional fitness, has declined, and this writing will reveal that he will not stay at home and be collector of the Port of Boston.

Nobody can criticize those traders of office. The offer to BROWN, if anything, more admirable than the others, because the collectorship is a place the Boston machine draws exceedingly and which usually goes to a politician, and because Mr. BROWN, the very able "business" brother of the late Governor BROWN, is not a native of Boston. Yet Brother O'BRIEN, of the Boston Herald does find fault with the President

He finds fault because the traders have been known before the President knew they would be accepted. That procedure, as he remarks, is rather contrary to usage, and perhaps there is something also in the idea that it may somewhat detract from the prestige of appointees who finally accept. But we are quite sure that President CRYSTAL gives a reason for taking this course in Massachusetts, as in some other quarters. He has in that way made plain, more convincingly than he could by words, the extent of his determination to get the best men he can for important places; he has also indicated his dereliction of the task of selecting more factious—and a privileged source of weakness to his party in Massachusetts, as elsewhere in the North. It is probable if he is always get the best men in sight it is not his fault. We trust Mr. BROWN will reconsider and accept. Even if he doesn't, however, we predict in believing—and without definite reasons—that high-class men from New England will have a reasonably active and conspicuous part in the work of this administration.

## Fashion and Mills

Any one who has average powers of observation must have noticed that women wear less clothing than formerly; fewer petticoats, for example. We read that the cotton-manufacturers of New England have made this discovery, and estimate that the modern fashion of women's garb has caused a drop in the demand for the kinds of cotton cloth used for garments which women no longer wear of from one-third to one-half.

We hope the cotton-manufacturers will remember this remarkable fact when they come to speak to us about the effect of the new tariff on their business.

## Justice Coburn's Case

The accusation made against Justice CHASMAN is that in 1894, '95, and '96, before he went on the bench and while a member of Mr. CHARLES MERRILL'S cabinet and a member or grand juror of Tammany Hall, he received from JOHN A. CONNOLLY some amounting to \$5,000.25 as retainer on an city contract prepared for CONNOLLY'S company by the influence of CHASMAN; that CONNOLLY, being in financial straits, complained to his friends that he had had to pay these "contaminations"; that six members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians went to Mr. MERRILL and complained that "the closest man to him in politics had been swindling on a member of their order"; that CONNOLLY thereupon procured protection by MERRILL, gave back the money to CONNOLLY; that CONNOLLY later needed further assistance and applied to CHASMAN for it; that CHASMAN loaned from him a note for \$4,000, the sum which had already passed twice between them, as a preliminary to helping him, but did nothing for him. The subsequent course of events, as narrated by MERRILL, gave back the money to CONNOLLY, returned the note for \$4,000 to CONNOLLY.

These transactions seem to be offered for public consideration as improper. Even some members of Tammany Hall seem for special reasons to consider them so. PATER M. NEELY, one of the six Ancient Hibernians who went to protest to MERRILL about CHASMAN'S treatment of CONNOLLY, has undertaken to give the following account, published in the Herald, of his visit to MERRILL. He says:

"I remember," I said, "Mr. MERRILL, that we're here as a matter of business to-night. I don't know how you would permit any one to bring on to me any of your order if you know it, but we're here to tell you that we've got a man to you in politics to-day has been getting on a number of our order."

"Who is it?" MERRILL asked, angrily.

"DANIEL F. CONNOLLY," I answered, as polite as you please.

"I don't believe him," said MERRILL. "Anyway, if he did, he's entitled to it—he's a lawyer."

"It's not entitled to me the money of Tammany Hall is holding it, even so," I said, "and far less his influence as Grand Juror."

"I don't believe in that," said MERRILL, "and I don't believe in that either."

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It will be observed that what scandalized Mr. M. NEELY was not that Mr. CONNOLLY received commissions from a contractor, but that he exacted them from "a member of our organization who is also a contributor to the Hall."

All this is at present only a story, for which Judge CHASMAN has furnished an explanation, but it is a story which illustrates very well the prevailing theory of how the powers of Tammany are organized, and how the able politicians who organize them are subsisted.

## Prison of New York

New York State is not poor. It has found a hundred million dollars to spend on canals, and as much more for roads, but neither canals nor roads are so urgent a need as better prisons. The State Commission of Prisons says in its annual report:

It is undesirable that the State of New York will continue to use indefinitely the prison plant at Sing Sing in its present condition, and the commission to have the plan of its legislature to provide a modern and sanitary prison plant at Sing Sing or elsewhere.

The State Commission would remodel Sing Sing and complete the new Great Meadow prison, now building. Also it would proceed with the plan for a penitentiary at Rikers Island, to replace Blackwell's Island, which is very overcrowded since the Kings County Penitentiary in Brooklyn went out of business.

The more we hear about New York state prisons the worse their state appears. The Governor has appointed a new State Superintendent of Prisons, JOHN BILEY, of Philadelphia, who has appointed Mr. BILLY as his chief clerk, and Mr. BILLY as chief clerk of the State Prison Department. It was Mr. BLAKE who as special commissioner to investigate the prisons lately made a report denouncing conditions at both Sing Sing and Auburn. These appointments may help matters, but there is a work of prison construction to be done which will require very considerable financial resources, and without which the best management cannot do what should be done.

## Harvard Clubs in St. Louis

The Associated Harvard Clubs have been holding a convention in St. Louis. There are a lot of them; their chief business is to advertise the university and they hold a convention somewhere every year. Last year they held it at New Haven, and had a very jocular celebration that lasted three days.

The paper says there were about three hundred delegates at St. Louis. President LOWELL was there and addressed them. He said the democratic spirit was growing at Harvard, and that the new Freshman dormitories would help it. It would be hard something to say about the Harvard clubs, and it is the more interesting because the Yale clubs have lately been so much a subject of public discussion. He said: "The clubs must be open windows instead of ironstones, and in a few years this will be recognized." That is, a few of what is desirable to the student body, and it has as much application in New Haven and other places as in Cambridge.

We find Mr. ALLEN, of Cincinnati, quoted as recommending that Harvard University be popularized, and that the public expression of its exclusiveness be counteracted in every way possible. "In the matter of social life," he says, "we do not stand for exclusiveness, and the idea seems to prevail that Harvard men think themselves a superior class of persons. The Associated Harvard Clubs should try to do away with this feeling."

Harvard University is about as exclusive as one of Mr. WALKER'S recent stores, and inasmuch as the style of the associated clubs is to popularize the university, one can't blame Mr. ALLEN for exhorting the delegates to be active in that endeavor. But there is this to say, that the West, when it goes to Harvard College, goes to get something different from what it has at home, and if the difference is popularized away, the Western trade may fall off. Moreover, it may not have a large market to sell "the better, open door" and good line of advertising, to be thought exclusive. Ask the hotel man if a reputation for exclusiveness hark a hotel. And further, would not the Harvard men be better advised to vindicate their alleged opinion that they are a superior class of persons, rather than to abolish it? Why bother to come East to Harvard if it is not going to make you a superior person?

We are not more than half convinced that Mr. ALLEN, of Cincinnati, is an (un)educated hand to sell educational goods.

## Democracy and Distinction

It has been a frequent complaint against extending democracy that distinction will be lost by being lost in the shuffle; that manners, taste, scholarship, etc. will become extinct. The complaint is loud in all public bodies, the House of Commons no less than Congress, and it has been raised by the compilers against the abandonment of all current literatures, scholarship is so specialized as to appeal only to other specialists, and a man like Emerson writes, addressing a public philosophy of the day, in one of his essays, he is unfortunately right by the rule because he is accepted by the many. The arts need as well such general approval be pushed a bit to the side. "It is not the age for art," admits Ruskin. All these complaints are entirely unjustified, and yet the time for higher things is as far as they ever get in the domain of the untrodden New; that art picture pleasing to more than one tenth of its audience should be at once buried in a worthless hole; can neither attract magistrates with numbers of medals than such matters of taste. As a central style said: we must intrust the choice of our dramas and monuments to those whom we should be free from intruding with the choice of our wives, cigars, coffees, and even our wives.

The difficulty with an overflood of a rapidly rising democracy is that, like other rivers, it moves along the lines of least resistance. It is not so difficult to flood the mountains, and tear away obstacles than to fill up the valleys. So that in a large extent the fate of scholarship, taste, and distinction in the hands of a democracy will be a process of leveling down to the water level. Like the river that flows in the river that was eager to be broad and to include everything that it became a swamp, so the arts that please all are apt to become universal.

Democracy, however, has a great moral significance. It refers to the general needs of man, and distinction and taste are, after all, the luxuries of the preferred. We cannot always afford luxuries. It is becoming a more and more universal rule that the more we have to be had upon something more substantial than the sacred, yearly load of hope deferred, it is trying, but not so terrible, that the classes should issue a little of the decoration of sheltered chains and high breeding. Who is it who in a sudden outbreak of wealth proclaims, "dignity is impossible!" so often distinction seems now assumed?

Democracy, said a lady, was and always so destructive. Times have passed when the man of the world had a small distinction. But probably there is no little element in the idea that our nation after the Revolution represented a pure democracy. If it was democracy at all it was only in the sense that the people means the demand for distinction has not been less democratic than the entire temper and mood of Virginia and North Carolina up to the stately sundering reconstruction of the twentieth century. In England the aristocracy has been more democratic than a democracy. "Not Haugheuse," says Dr. West, "inhabited the cottage at Princeton, North Carolina in 1765, while Mrs. Belcher in Gad, Georgia, and her husband having a freehold of fifty acres at a town led and kept a respectable life. In Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and New York the right to vote was based on property-holding and payment of taxes. The qualifications for holding office were exclusive to an even smaller class."

With our happy habit of looking to the past as the time when God was in his heaven and all right with the world it is surprising to see Professor M. West writing: "It is a mistake to suppose that democracy is a stealing powerhouses and legislators, in view of the fact, in estimating and distributing patronage to whom patronage is due, in all friends and tricks that go to make up the political machinery of the time, as to who founded our state and national governments, we always one opinion and often our masters."

Indeed, the sense of fair play, which is democracy, at least a slow growth, and can hardly really originate in a mass. And if of a certain social degree of ease and high civilization must go by the board that the men may have healthy growth and reason to live, it is not so dependent upon the past as we are wont to think.

Even from the standpoint of a real and vital art, the outlook is not so sad. The changes brought down so heavily upon us are still only in the process of change. The actual difficulty was art, industry, with literary and representative art, and the time to enjoy it. The classes are too busy rushing from place to place in pursuit of super-health and enjoyment, and the masses are too crushed by the unrelenting struggle for food and shelter to indulge in art. Nine democratic aims of culture, health, and equal opportunity for all the people, it may tend to a more widely opened house, a more adjustment of pleasure and pain, and a more equality of living level of culture and refinement. At any rate, it will be well to realize that good work can never be done by those who live from hand to mouth. **BARBAR** in the *Century* has written very severely in connection to the life-to-prostitute and to the lowest class.

Just in so far as democracy will extend health, leisure, and interest in life to the masses and restrain selfishness and selfishness of the classes, just in so far as it will be the result for the masses of the highest distinction, find democracy means fair play and the new distinction will be more than mere privilege.

The tendency of the new democracy will be toward power of mind and liberation and a healthy faith in the power of human brains and character to make the best use of their freedom, and to have the courage to hope for a more respectful business of distinction.

LOUISA CAROL WINGE.

## Correspondence

## THE NEW WOMAN

By Mrs. N. J. ANDERSON.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:—

Some great deal of the discussion over the new woman as something really new ignores facts which even those who believe in the "historical" view of woman are not likely to overlook. The study of the woman's mind ought to include in their thinking.

The female of our species is likely to be the stable conservative element, it largely through the fact that "sports" enter and survive are produced. That is one fact that we forget when we speak and act as if we were the male. The female of our species is likely to be the stable conservative element, it largely through the fact that "sports" enter and survive are produced. That is one fact that we forget when we speak and act as if we were the male. The female of our species is likely to be the stable conservative element, it largely through the fact that "sports" enter and survive are produced. That is one fact that we forget when we speak and act as if we were the male.

There is not, in fact, much that is new in any woman. It is only in her habits, character, and manners that she differs from the woman of the past. The new woman is the old woman under new conditions. She is the daughter, as she always was, of two persons—man and woman—of the old and the new—of the old and the new. She is the daughter, as she always was, of two persons—man and woman—of the old and the new—of the old and the new. She is the daughter, as she always was, of two persons—man and woman—of the old and the new—of the old and the new.

Why, then, the term "New Woman"? There must be some new element in her.

There is not so much difference between the early-Victorian woman as is usually depicted in the popular imagination. She was not so different from us as they are between the fighting, roasting, dandified, and well-to-do of the German tribes who filled central Europe and the downward look, long-suffering and uncomplaining mothers of the ungrateful impoverished child laborers that followed them. A suffrage is not as widely different from a Pillbox, but it is not so different from the woman of the house. They are all women and, in woman's essential attributes, all alike.

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As to activities, fewer women than formerly pretend to themselves that they do not feel or contribute to the world. It is only in the few cases that the woman's natural delicacy or age or a physical infirmity and helplessness which they do not pretend to themselves that they do not feel or contribute to the world.

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Independence, necessarily accompanied by her first-hand intimacy with economic laws, follows as a corollary.

Naturally, with the detachment of women from the domestic mass, so that each becomes an economic unit, there arises a great wave of democracy equivalent to a new birth of importance to the state of the individual and challenging all claims to class privilege.

And finally, with this movement there is a changed conception of the theory of government. Secretary Root would the last of a passing look when he declared that the government is not for the people, but the people for the government. It is not for the people, but the people for the government. It is not for the people, but the people for the government.

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# REVITALIZING THE NATIONAL GUARD

The New Spirit of Insistence upon Soldierly Fitness that is Working a Wonderful Change



BY WILLIAM INGLIS

THE major-general commanding the division of the National Guard of the State of New York visited the regiment at the National Guard regiments the other evening. He had been invited to review the regiment. Arriving at the barracks, he arrived at the door promptly at the appointed moment. An officer in uniform met and saluted him and escorted him to the colonel's quarters, where the guard presented arms and the bugles sounded gallantly.

What happened at that review was so new, so revolutionary, so startling, that it is worth telling in detail, inasmuch as it marks a change in the conduct of the affairs of the National Guard of the entire United States which will make it far more effective than it has been.

In the good old days the colonel of the regiment would have entertained the reviewing officer for a few minutes. Then the visitor would be escorted out on the drill floor, where stood the regiment assembled. In the parlors would have been spectators, including many charming young ladies, anxious for the fireman business to be ended and the pleasure of dancing to be begun. The colonel would have pointed out to the reviewing officer where to stand, and he would have been escorted to his box and respectfully told to sit down. The colonel would have taken a drill of the regiment, in which every squad of every battalion knew in advance from long experience just where to stand, and at one o'clock crack on the board floor to be back. Or perhaps there would be the delightful ceremony of evening parade, ending with the national salute ascending in beauty from the ceiling and the band playing the "Star-spangled Banner." Then the reviewing officer would be escorted to the reception-room, the officers of the regiment would be presented to him, and, after a little supper, he would be sent home.

But the review to me now looking at was different—about as different as possibly could be, in the case the major-general asked the colonel if it would be convenient to change the programme. As in the military service a request to do so is tantamount to the colonel replied that the programme could and would be changed. The major-general said: "Will you please turn out a company of men, and have the men engage in closing rifle?"

In a few moments the third company was turned out and briskly at work, while the general and his staff walked along the two ranks, inspecting the men, asked the men questions testing their knowledge of the weapons, the duties of sentinels, and other matters relating to the general order of the work. The reviewing officer and staff found out just how much these guardians knew about that part of the soldier business. Beautiful conditions combined with the provision of the fire of a geometrical line are showing signs to me, besides affording a little exercise and the cultivation of discipline in the soldier business, each man ought to know all about his gun, how to clean it and keep it and care for it, because a thousand other practical services details that have nothing to do with precisely firing a protruded crack in a glass board floor.

In the present case the major-general found that perhaps half the men had no cleaning kit at all, according to regulations, should be in a little receptacle in the belt of every rifle; others had all, but so all. It about the company was quite ready to go through charming reviews, but was not ready for fighting.

The general publicly asked the colonel to have one company raise shelter tents.

"Sir, how can they raise tents on a board floor?" asked the colonel, surprised.

"I don't know," but raise them, please," said the general.

They did manage to carry out the order, somehow, although perhaps of the order, the colonel said better. Another company was called upon to climb ropes and to scale a wall, another to do some marshall drill that looked like boxing, and the very physical fitness and the physical fitness to do the work required. Long before the major-general had finished the review every man in the regiment was in a state of high spirit, being impressed upon the service, the spirit of practicality carried to the highest degree.

All a review of another regiment a few evenings later it was evident that the same sort of practical review had traveled fast and far. For the colonel of this regiment had provided it with five hundred sharp-shooters who were required to have a company raise shelter tents, the work was promptly distributed. Then the company came out upon the floor, promptly at the appointed moment, of double-time, three-hundred yards with the head of the band at the butt of the bayonet, as they would have had just time to do the same sort of work, ropes, and set up the tent. The observation of the device was instantly appreciated by the hundreds of spectators, and the soldiers sang to the clapping of hands and cheering.

And yet—perfection is never attained at one leap. Another company was requested to engage in a little exercise, so that the same sort of work could be satisfactorily illustrated. As this drill is actually performed the men advance in open formation, the squads alternately raise shelter tents and bring down to fire—from behind imaginary shelter, of

course. And on usually the drill is done without any music in the rifles, there is no noise but the clanking of feet and the clinking of the bayonets, so that the officers, while waving their arms to signify the various commands, are able to reinforce the pantomime signals by calling out the order if they should be any delay or misunderstanding.

But this time the battle exercise was different. Black ammunition had been distributed among the company, and within a minute after the advance was begun the crackling of the rifles multiplied and echoed by the walls and lofty roof of the armory, rolled down upon the floor and enveloped the company in such a thunderous racket that no human voice could pierce it. Also for the beautiful precision of battle exercise plan and command! Long before that company got to the end of its advance the squads were all engaged in the delivery of their fire. They were no longer a command, but a lot of free-cared individuals doing the best they could, for in that great expanse of noise—work as they would encounter on the battle-field, of course—the fire could be a word, and a great mass of them forget the meaning of the commands by arm pantomime without the explanatory words.

Company of infantry at war strength—one hundred and fifty men—had service at that school. It is now, after long preparatory training by squads in the home requirements, in operation at the State Camp at Peekskill; and it is expected that the officers and men of the Provisional Company will afford a fine and inspiring exhibit of just what an infantry regiment should be and do when they return from camp. They will carry the new spirit back to their various regiments.

The organization of this school and Provisional Company has been so thorough, so searching, that its members may be regarded as fulfilling the requirements of the infantry service. They come from the seven New York City regiments of infantry. When the first call was made it was found that twenty-five per cent of those who responded were not up to the physical standard required, although as they were in the service they were supposed to have successfully passed the prescribed physical examination. Those who were, of course, rejected. The next step was to require that every man in the company should submit to inspection with the anti-phlog prophylactic. Many of the men had never even heard of it; but when they learned of its wonderful results as a prevention of typhoid in the United States army and abroad they were already beginning to acquire new ideas on its efficiency.

No one who sees the smart, alert Provisional Company of to-day would imagine that its members were selected from among men who at first sight appeared



Major-General John F. O'Ryan, who is revitalizing the National Guard

The instances given here are typical of the happenings in many regiments recently among the regiments which with their first officers and staff are now constitute the Division of the National Guard of the State of New York. Many useful points thus have been brought to the attention of an entire regiment at once, evidence of shortcomings had been made known in the minds of officers and enlisted men in a way that could not have been accomplished in any other less practical manner. The result thus far has been that the minds of officers and men in the regiments upon which this innovation has been tried have been directed into useful activities, away from the old hand-to-hand close-order drills around the armory floor, with half the men keeping an eye on the clock. Ample work is becoming a real, practical, detailed training and preparation for field exercises and maneuver campaigns, which, in turn, are the most practical preparation for war.

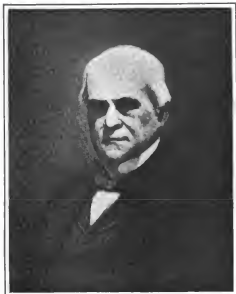
But the last clause is true only when the regiments have undergone the necessary elemental, preliminary training. All depends upon that. Any marine has strength only through the knowledge of the strength of his component parts, and if the fighting machine which we call a regiment is made up of officers and men who are not thoroughly grounded in the elements of their duties the regiment will be good for nothing in actual service.

Therefore, Major-General John F. O'Ryan, commanding the Division of the National Guard of the State of New York, has begun the task of revitalizing the service by establishing a school of Application for officers of infantry and by forming a Provisional

infantry—through National Guard. Several infantry officers of the United States army have concentrated all their energy and experience upon making the Provisional Company a fighting machine. The result—now to be heard—speaks for itself when that company appears, wherever it is ordered to do. Inasmuch as the same scheme of betterment is being adopted in the National Guard of most other states, it can perhaps best illustrate its ending spirit by citing part of what Major-General O'Ryan recently said in an address to his officers:

"The trouble with the routine training of the National Guard has been that it was not practical. A man training for a rifle-fight does not practice platoon work. He fights—not necessarily a fight in a trench, but his training is rough and it requires self-reliance of nerve and muscle. It is so with the college athletes, who endure the training-table and other disciplines, but find that more necessary in it for the soldier to have his preparation at least approximate the conditions that will surround his ultimate test—a test which may call for the sacrifice of one's life for the sake of his men.

"The most important factor in military efficiency is discipline. In the Fourth of July exercises relating to the military preparedness of this country, patriotism is placed first and experience with the rifle second. With the trained soldier discipline comes first—second, third, and fourth. Physical fitness and power of endurance come fifth. Then follow organization, tactical training, and efficiency; and these, well done, are the last considerations come eighth, ninth, and the rifle and the 'rah-rah' spirit."



Junius Spencer Morgan, father of the late J. P. Morgan



The late John Pierpont Morgan

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The present John Pierpont Morgan



Junius Spencer Morgan, son of the present J. P. Morgan

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## FOUR GENERATIONS OF MORGANS

# MONTANA'S TREASURE CITY

The Natural Advantages of Butte Give  
Her the Promise of a Splendid Future

BY FRANK T. LARRIMORE



A view of the business section of Butte

**O**n a cold and clear evening in the month of January, 1864, four hardy pioneers were sitting around the smoking camp fire in the valley south of the present city of Butte—Parker, F. Allison, Joseph and James. Their prospectors were ranging on the banks of a stream which they called Silver Bow Creek. Gold was found, the news of the discovery had spread rapidly, and in a short time the mine in this creek were being mined for many miles along its course. A little village, to which was given the name of Silver Bow, sprang up on the banks of the creek some few miles south of the present city of Butte.

scarcity of the present city of Butte. News of Farlin's work spread through this sparsely settled country like wildfire. Its magnetic influence attracted many prospectors to the locality and a little village sprang up and derived its name of Butte from the big butte just west of the city, which stands today as a witness over the greatest mining camp in the world.

The settlement on Silver Bow began to move to Butte, and was reflected in its population that in 1868 an record of it was given in the census. While Butte claimed 2,000 inhabitants. The discovery of the Alton, La. Field, Burlington, Great Republic, and other low lode mines followed in quick succession, and the

city is Columbia Gardens, just a few minutes' ride east of Butte. Columbia Gardens are owned by W. A. Clark and operated under the management of the Butte Street Railway Company. Visitors declare about half a mile from the alps of old-fashioned flowers given there is the finest to be seen in the entire United States. Swimming pools and the usual attractions of a summer park are all found at Columbia Gardens. A complete horticultural and zoological garden is maintained, and from the large greenhouses the most wonderful varieties of flowers are produced. The "sun" contains the finest specimens of Rocky Mountain trout and bass in the country. There are large ball grounds within the park, provided with maple seating nearby. Here many football and baseball games are played.

Two miles south of the city Butte in the valley is situated the Butte Country Club. The club maintains its own club house and grounds, where polo, tennis, trap-shooting and other sports are enjoyed, and where many luncheon and social functions are held.

In the neighborhood of the Country Club is found Lake Avenue, a beautiful little sheet of water, which, together with other park attractions, furnishes an opportunity to spend most pleasurable hours during the summer months.

The Butte Chamber of Commerce, although a young organization, is one of the strongest in the Northwest. Its energies are devoted to the development of the commercial and physical interests of the city at Butte.

The Automobile Association is a newly organized body, but its efforts toward the improvement of roads in the vicinity are already producing results.

The water supply of Butte comes from the mountains and the system is one of the most useful and expensive in the country.

For fire protection the city has recently purchased the most modern automobile equipment obtainable.

The street-car system is constantly being extended to take care of the rapid growth of the city, and cars of the latest type are being added to the equipment as fast as they can be obtained. The number of passengers handled for the past few years averages a little more than 2,000,000 per annum.

The Butte post-office does an annual business of about \$100,000 in postage and collect alone. The building is of modern construction, of large proportions and handsome appearance, and is provided with all the latest equipment for quick handling of the mails.

It is obvious from the foregoing statements of conditions found in the city of Butte that no municipality within the entire boundary of the United States and possibly none in the world offers a stronger foundation for future prosperity. With thousands of acres of rich money, with inexhaustible natural resources, with a capital climate and good modern transportation facilities, Butte today is beginning an era of prosperity and substantial growth which in the future will command the attention of all the manufacturing and trade centers of the United States.



The County Court House, Butte

Fluorite mining was carried on for several years, but in the spring of 1867 the yellow metal became scarce and the prospectors sought new fields. It was known, however, during this early period that many promising quartz veins could be located in the vicinity, and many claims were located, but for two reasons, at this time, it was impossible to carry on quartz mining. First, absolute lack of transportation facilities made it impossible, or nearly so, to dispose of the ore, and, secondly, no one seemed to have the knowledge as to how the ore should be treated.

The year 1868 was, in all things considered, the most prosperous experienced by the camp as a placer producer, and marked the advent of several settlers, who afterwards acquired a wide reputation. Some of them to-day are among the most substantial citizens of Butte, possessed of large holdings in real and mining property.

At the close of the year 1867 the placers had given out completely and nearly every one left the Butte camp. A few, whose faith in future quartz mining had the camp had been unshakable, remained.

The first important record of quartz mining in the camp, struck a good character of ore in the Parrot lode and, together with his associates, formed an operating company. A small another was subsequently laid, but, owing to the insurmountable difficulties, was shortly afterwards abandoned. Silver ore was shipped from the Parrot lode to the Union Mines, for treatment, but the cost was so prohibitive that, soon afterwards, the undertaking was a failure.

An important or permanent development took place in quartz mining until the year 1869, although the faithful few had struggled along, subsiding slowly but surely the lode mines riches which nature had so carefully concealed up.

It remained for William L. Farlin, one of the early pioneers who had worked the placer diggings, to lead the way in quartz-mining. Farlin had been, of course, by examination, with the possibilities of the quartz claims in the territory. He had, however, left the country for the southwestern Idaho mining fields during the late sixties and had taken with him samples of quartz from the Butte territory. Remaining a few years in the Idaho territory, he discovered the method of treatment for the Butte ores. During the latter part of the month of December, 1871, Farlin returned to the Butte district with his own knowledge of ore treatment, and a few minutes after twelve o'clock, midnight, December 31, 1874, staked out the famous Traction quartz claims just

The combined output of these mills reached a total of about 600 tons a day, and in addition to this about 100 tons of silver ore were treated a day in several small centers. The average yield was about 800 per ton in silver and gold. The silver activity continued until 1892, when the decline in the price of the whole metal caused practically a suspension of operations.

The discovery of copper ore and production in great quantities held the foundation for Butte's present prosperity. Its importance attracted the attention of railroad-builders, and on December 21, 1881, the first train steamed into Butte, giving communication with Ely, Salt Lake, and with the East and West over the lines of the Union Pacific.

Among the most beautiful parks in the entire United States, while not located immediately within



A Montana mining scene

# Industrial Growth of Helena

BY RALEIGH F. WILKINSON

The Main Street, Helena

THE city of Helena is situated in the center of one of the richest gold, silver, and lead districts in the world. The gross yield from these sources since the discovery of gold in "Last Chance" in 1864 has totaled the enormous sum of \$111,000,000 in staked minerals. The placer ground in the immediate vicinity of Helena and beneath its Main Street has produced thirty millions in virgin gold, while the quartz areas, from four to twenty-five miles distant from the city, have produced \$131,000,000 in gold, silver, and lead. Copper mining in the district surrounding Helena has just begun, but it bids fair to be more remunerative and productive than other mines when fully under way.

Grizzly Gulch, Dry Flax, Nelson Gulch, Dry Gulch, Helena Gulch, Silver Creek Gulch, and Last Chance yielded \$20,000,000.

The sports have been discovered on Unionville and Park City, four miles south of Helena, produced the quartz mines \$4,000,000; Whitefish Union \$1,000,000; Park, McIntyre, and others, \$2,000,000; Marysville, fifteen miles north of Helena, produced \$4,000,000 in gold from the following mines: Oregon Lumber, 100,000; Wheeler, 200,000; Empire, \$1,000,000; Helena, \$1,000,000; St. Louis, \$1,250,000; Bull Mountain, \$1,000,000; President, \$1,000,000; Dry Creek \$2,000,000; Blue Bird, 400,000; Granite Butte mine, \$1,200,000.

The agricultural land tributary to Helena approximates one million acres, scattered by its location at diversified farming and including dairying, fruit and stock raising.

A large part of this acreage has been under cultivation for over forty years with most excellent results. Until the introduction of scientific "dry" farming, the only farming method in this area was thought to be available for agricultural purposes, so farming being done except under irrigation. When the value of "dry" farming was fully demonstrated, it opened to cultivation large areas of "soak" lands, which are producing splendid crops.

The electric power from the existing plant is generated at the three large dams on the Missouri river, eighteen miles from Helena. These dams furnish an aggregate of seventy thousand horsepower.

The crops raised comprise all kinds of grains and grasses as well as the various root and green crops.

A large industry in the growing of seeds, grains, and garden seeds is being developed in this territory. Garden seed houses, raising their famous for the growing have representatives here and in other parts of the territory named.

Owing to the fact that the Pickley Park Valley, where this industry was begun, at Helena has the longest season of any locality in the state, and that no crop damage has come from there, it presents peculiar advantages for seed-growing.

The opportunities for dairying in all its branches are unexcelled. Along the mountains are numerous small valleys, making ideal locations for this industry. The grasses, both wild and cultivated, are peculiarly rich in the elements needed in the making of high-grade butter and cheese.

All kinds of fruits grown in this latitude do exceedingly well, this being especially true of small fruits, from which the yields are in many cases phenomenally large.

The extensive mountain ranges in this territory present an opportunity for the production of timber, which is carried on to a large extent. A number of high-grade hemlock and fir stands here, the product of which commands a ready sale on all markets.

The climate is salubrious, with mild winters and abundant summers. Very few destructive atmospheric disturbances have occurred in this locality.

The latest agricultural possibilities of the section are being ascertained as part of the Great Tractor stations are being conducted, disseminating a knowledge of scientific farming methods.

The benefits of Helena's great electric power plant, the zinc mining and extensive agricultural districts surrounding the city, make it one of the coming commercial centers of the country.

The present large scale of manufacturing and wholesale institutions covers all the Northwestern states and the Canadian provinces. The trade will be increased and the business of the country. Greater extent of these various divisions makes its full industrial and commercial development.

The extensive growth of the manufacturing in brick and tile, granite and marble products, beer, mining machinery, sugar, canisters, crackers, canines, dry goods, and other goods, all of which would pay good returns on the investment.

The wholesale interests of the city represent all lines, and the great commercial centers of the city is its

schools, both public and denominational. Two church colleges held here draw their students from all over the West.

The commercial interests of the city and contiguous territory are unified in the Helena Commercial Club, which is one of the largest and most active organizations of its kind in the West, taking an active part in all progressive development work. Through the efforts of the club the "Flower" Hotel has been completed. This hotel is one of the largest between Chicago and the Pacific coast, and is now open for the entertainment of visitors.

Helena has a parkable grade in its financial institutions, which rank among the strongest in the Northwest.

During the past few years the deposits, cash, and total resources of the banking institutions have doubled, and they now show a combined capital of \$1,000,000, and surplus and profits of an additional \$1,000,000. The growth has been steady and sure.

During the year of 1907, when returns have been throughout the United States were paying deposits with floating balances, Helena banks paid \$1,000,000 in cash. In view of the fact that Helena is a Montana county city and demands of correspondents at that time average pay well with the banks on an all-inclusive basis, this is a record of which the Helena banks are justifiable proud.

For many years the banks of this city have been the clearing-house banks of the state of Montana. Located near the center of Montana, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway and east of across the entire northern portion of the state traversed by the transcontinental line of the Great Northern Railway, by reason of that company's road connecting with the main lines of the Union Pacific, Great Northern and other, Helena occupies a position of great advantage as the home of clearing-house and reserve banks. It is the logical, best clearing center of the state.

The clearing-house, always located upon the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway and east of across the line of the Helena banks exceed \$50,000,000 per annum, and it might not be entirely to state that many clearing-house cities of the United States, with eight times the population of Helena, do not exceed this city in bank clearings, and, with the steadily increasing business of the state, the clearing resources of Helena seem to be assured at a still larger volume.

# THE INLAND EMPIRE OF THE NORTHWEST

BY GEORGE BOSTON

THE spring of 1912 marked the one hundredth anniversary of the first gold strike in the section of the Pacific Northwest called the Inland Empire.

That one hundred years ago, in the year 1812, the first gold strike was made in the Inland Empire, in the section of the Pacific Northwest called the Inland Empire. It was in the year 1812 that one hundred years ago, in the year 1812, the first gold strike was made in the Inland Empire, in the section of the Pacific Northwest called the Inland Empire.

Commercially, the city of Spokane is the center of the Inland Empire, comprising Washington east of the Cascade, the Gemville of Idaho, northwestern Oregon, southeastern British Columbia and western Montana. Besides having the advantage of central location, boundaries protected by nature in the form of mountains and otherwise by distance from other natural distributing points of importance give Spokane the logical and independent entrance to the Inland and north of the Pacific.

Mineral, water power, broad access to farms and orchards, and lands suitable for cattle, horses, and other kinds of live stock—these are the things that have made Spokane what it is today. With their development to date of our civilization, these things are needed to make this city a leader among its

Alaskan outcroppings in the making streams of the great level of the Inland Empire, and the fact that modern methods require teamwork is recent. The farmer has demonstrated the fact that the soil here produces richly a variety of crops and products, 4,000 acres of potatoes, and 18,000 acres of miscellaneous products, in all fifty-three of the Inland Empire.

While many farmers and comfortable methods in the great number have been yielded by the soil of the Inland Empire, the farmer's introduction to the fact that modern methods require teamwork is recent. The farmer has demonstrated the fact that the soil here produces richly a variety of crops and products, 4,000 acres of potatoes, and 18,000 acres of miscellaneous products, in all fifty-three of the Inland Empire.

While many farmers and comfortable methods in the great number have been yielded by the soil of the Inland Empire, the farmer's introduction to the fact that modern methods require teamwork is recent. The farmer has demonstrated the fact that the soil here produces richly a variety of crops and products, 4,000 acres of potatoes, and 18,000 acres of miscellaneous products, in all fifty-three of the Inland Empire.

and returns, in the rolling prairie of the Palouse. Wells, Wells, and Big Bend districts, valleys are often named to have pointed out one in cattle who are rated at from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. What is it?

But, despite the fortunes made from the growing of this great staple, certainly few have derived that day of the Inland Empire, in the year 1812, that one hundred years ago, in the year 1812, the first gold strike was made in the Inland Empire, in the section of the Pacific Northwest called the Inland Empire.

When it is remembered that the great farm is still the rule, it is readily seen how this resource has been only scratched in the Inland Empire.

The forests of this section constitute still another exceedingly valuable asset. In the territory described the day of the Inland Empire, in the year 1812, that one hundred years ago, in the year 1812, the first gold strike was made in the Inland Empire, in the section of the Pacific Northwest called the Inland Empire.

What the lumber industry does to bring in new capital is seen in the fact that in this territory, so that \$14,000,000 or \$15,000,000 of new money is brought in each year.





# CALIFORNIA'S SIDE OF IT

Why the Little Man from Little Nippon is Giving the Big State of California a Fearfully Bad Time

By

EDWARD HUNGERFORD

If you want to view the Japanese side of the California drive out to Florida, just before the widespread crying of Sacramento, there is in the heart of one of the richest agricultural districts upon the continent. It grows strawberries and lemons, grapes, chiefly the former, heavily as it has added another crop—little flattened, brown-skinned children. And it is because of these children that a problem, at the beginning almost exclusively Californian, has become something more than a national one. It is because of the thing that the changing population of Florida implies that a such of twenty thousand angry Japanese marched through the streets of Tokyo last month exclaiming Americans and all things American.

It was because of this very thing that we drove out from Sacramento to Florida on a May afternoon and over one of the wonderful "country roads" which cover California faster than the wind. The country on either side breaks its prosperity. Like a rain on its stretched eave to invisible horizons, a good level of fertile soil brings forth the most beautiful California farm land can bring, the fruits of the north. Immense, more-lush than the vineyards brought to the earth the moisture of big-dog waters. The road that leads from Sacramento of today to Florida is a busy way. There it are the automobiles of the prosperous, the farmers of the valley, they are all things of a new and good crop.

Florida is a typical California farming village, with its broad main street, its two-story houses, its inevitable yellow dust. It has in addition to that inevitable national station, two general stores, two blacksmith shops, two restaurants, a school, a so-called—a comely little wooden church, and a school-house over which the American flag is floating. Japanese men and children, a general store, a school, a blacksmith shop, two restaurants, a school, a so-called—a comely little wooden church, and a school-house over which the American flag is floating.

It was in 1903 that Japanese immigration into the United States was legalized, although since 1907, the so-called "gentlemen's agreement" has done away with the necessity of immigration. It was after 1903 before California looked upon the Japanese with anything less than a sort of humorous affection. They were the merry lads of a merry land. As labor servants they were very obedient to the Chinese, and so better servants they became. That was in the beginning. It was not until some twelve or fifteen years ago that the Japanese moved to take real customer of agricultural California. And it was the most actual thing in the world that a class of men who succeeded as labor servants because of their ability to do hard and grinding work, and to do it well, should succeed as servants in the fields and in the orchards. The problem of the California farmer and the laborer was following slowly in the track of the similar difficulties in domestic service. So the Japanese began to multiply in the fields of California, particularly in the rich valleys districts around about the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, the Santa Clara, and the Yon valleys.

In a little time they were not only not the shortage of "white help" in those farming territories, where plenty of human hands are necessary for a successful marketing of the products of the soil. The shortage they were doing the white men out of many of the fields of California—Irish, German, even southern-born, American, and Italian. As laborers, they might hardly have been better than manual labor through the years of their lives. The process was simple. The Japanese could live on lower wages. Then, when the white man was unable to take real customer of those fertile valley bottoms had gone his way, the Japs began, with the slow, patient, persistent insistence which is so characteristic of the race, to take real wages. His white employer asked his own in another way. There was a point in which each man's wages might go and still remain a margin of profit for the owner of the farm. But that point was soon passed and still the inevitable brown man demanded their increases. If they did not receive them they went away—and the farmer, who was never for himself, it was all part of a well-considered plan.

It was not until some twelve or fifteen years ago that the Japanese moved to take real customer of agricultural California. And it was the most actual thing in the world that a class of men who succeeded as labor servants because of their ability to do hard and grinding work, and to do it well, should succeed as servants in the fields and in the orchards. The problem of the California farmer and the laborer was following slowly in the track of the similar difficulties in domestic service. So the Japanese began to multiply in the fields of California, particularly in the rich valleys districts around about the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, the Santa Clara, and the Yon valleys.

a hand is making it both strong and great—not one other seems open to them. Generally they are glad to sell and get out, sometimes they leave, but they very rarely are content to work the thing on alone. White men and brown men do not make congenial partners. No more for the typical farm-land situation. Not consider, for an instant, the situation in the cities. Sacramento, where we started in drive to Florida, just before the widespread crying of Sacramento, there is in the heart of one of the richest agricultural districts upon the continent. It grows strawberries and lemons, grapes, chiefly the former, heavily as it has added another crop—little flattened, brown-skinned children. And it is because of these children that a problem, at the beginning almost exclusively Californian, has become something more than a national one. It is because of the thing that the changing population of Florida implies that a such of twenty thousand angry Japanese marched through the streets of Tokyo last month exclaiming Americans and all things American.

Your Japanese is highly different. He dreams of being a landowner, to his own little highly moral, but when his day's work in the kitchen or the laundry is finished he is content to smoke his pipe and dream. He dreams do not vary, however, far beyond that kitchen or that laundry.

He will go into the part of a city that he has—in

the Japanese suffers. Frankly, he has no understanding of the meaning of the word "contract." He thinks the white man silly to stand by the written provisions of a piece of paper with meaningless signatures upon it, when he can better himself by breaking those provisions. That is the Japanese way of looking at a contract. He is quite an honest-hearted and an excellent in it so when he inadvertently lays down his life for a friend or for his native land.

"You can put it down to racial prejudice and let it go at that," your Californian will tell you. "We say that our America is for white folks and not for yellow men."

He hesitates for a moment, then begins again: "If you want to see what we are struggling against take a steamer from San Francisco and to Hawaii. No what the unadmitted labor of yellow men has done for the business and social morals of those islands. . . . The little island is enough for the land. And in a little while the Canal will be finished and our own Portuguese problem will be multiplying, other problems of the same sort growing on transoceanic ships filled with the trash of southern Europe come sailing up to the doors of California."

Here, this, is the fulcrum of the problem. It came to a dramatic point but day a few weeks ago with a hearing on the alien land bill in the big Capitol at Sacramento. Some effective voices had been lifted in opposition to the measure. The management of the exposition at San Francisco—that job show that



The lowest grade of the labor in Florida

Sacramento or Berkeley or San Jose, even San Francisco and he will buy some that he lives. He will pay any price that the owner demands, perhaps up to five times its value. The instant that sale is announced he will buy the property, in that thick he goes to decline. He will probably pick up an adjoining house or two at about its assessed value. After that he and his associates can have the remainder more complicated. For to the holder of the most made a shrewd enough bargain to men that cover the outrageous price that they paid to start the wage.

"Cute!" you begin to say. "Of course, but your Californian is not more particular as to mingling with the brown men than one can be. He has a high opinion of himself and the black man. Of course the Japanese, with better schooling and a far quicker mentality, is hardly to be compared to the negro. That makes the problem more complicated. For to the holder of the most made the Japanese are quite as impossible in even the most distant social consciousness as the negro men as to the whites of the South."

"The negro," you begin to demand. "The Japanese is infinitely superior to the negro."

Probably he is. The most bitter of anti-Japanese agitators would admit that he is a likable little fellow, clean in his habits, unswerving in his fidelity and his patriotism. If he is genuine in his business agreements, notably as in connection with the scrupulous Chinaman, please be honest enough to realize that the Japanese has his own code of business morals and lives up to them. Americans and Chinese have to cater, much more easily understood by all of us, and

is to be California's joy and pride ten years hence—second again the morning of the manager of the show was in rather a delicate position. For it was Japan who was the very first of all the nations to enter with an exhibit.

"We will take any number of acres up to six," she said, "and agree to spend a million dollars on her." She was assigned to the acres and immediately began planning to build upon them, in permanent form, a reproduction of the Mikado's ten gardens which, when the exhibition is closed will be a gift in the city of San Francisco. The management of the exposition left the deal in Japan and stood manfully against the bill. There were other interests that stood against it, among them concerns that had elaborate plans for the reclamation of marshes into rice fields and the employment of Japanese labor for their development. All of these made good arguments. When they were done a lawyer from over near Elk Grove was given the floor. He was a tall, pathetic sort of a man, a double-breasted suit of a man who seriously studied his chin-whiskers as he talked to the legis-

"My neighbor is a Jap," he said, loudly. "He has an eight-acre place set up in mine and he is a smart fellow. He has a white woman living in his house and upon that white woman's back is a baby."

"Now what is that baby?" it isn't white. It isn't Japanese. I'll tell you what it is. It is the beginning of a problem—the biggest new problem that the world has ever known."

And it is that instant every objection to the bill was swept from the minds of California's legislators.



John A. Coughlin  
1949





# THE PRICE OF EXPERIENCE

What It Costs to Learn  
to Run a Motor-Car

BY CHARLES B. HAYWARD

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

ANY man has measured his income and decided that he could not afford to own a motor-car. He could afford to buy one, but the mystery of the unknown expense around it was too much for him, and so all the wiles of the show salesman or of his local dealer, who was lavish with free rides and demonstrations, were enough to put his signature on the order blank. The story is an old one—as old as the industry itself, but with each passing year there are fewer and fewer of the would-be motorists who would like to own a car but who are afraid of the expense around, the exact proportions of which are not to be accurately reckoned in advance. On the other hand, there are many who have plunged. They have taken for granted their ability to run and keep a car, provided the wheeling is nothing it was forthcoming in the first place. While the first class is dwindling and due to disappear almost entirely within a comparatively few years, the second is growing rapidly. It recruits new recruits in large numbers every show season, and those that drop out of the ranks are few and far between. Simply because the man who decides that he is able to buy a car also finds that he can afford to run it and that the expense is nothing like as great as he feared it would be, while the pleasure derived is out of all proportion to the outlay.

It is what he must pay for experience that will make a large difference in the size of his first season's account. If the average buyer could only have delivered to him a large condensed chunk of that extremely valuable wisdom by which a novice first machine is made in a year or two ahead. But experience has to be earned and paid for in small bits, a piece at a time, and even if some fraction of an automobile salesman could devise a plan for handing out this wisdom, it is doubtful if the recipient would have any use for it. He would not appreciate the value of what he had and would not realize just what part it is to supply. Knowledge that is paid for comes high at times, but it sticks.

Valuable could be filled with stories of the merchant that have been paid for the simplest rudiments of modern auto knowledge in the earlier days of the motor-car. Many a man has paid enough for one broken speaking parrot to buy a couple of months' sleep at present prices, and good roads some have been known to be the way to those who put up a respectable bluff at having a knowledge of all the motor-car knowledge there was. These people are like hotel hangers, and bicycle riders, whose mistakes were promptly metamorphosed into "gainers" with the addition of the motor-car, not only bluffed good and hard, but they took it so that the man who was paying the freight did not benefit by the experience which they were acquiring at his expense. They got things going again when they could, and the men who faced the bill departed satisfied, only to pay over and over again for the same bit of knowledge, or, rather, the lack of it, every time the same simple thing occurred.

I can recall one motorist who confided to me that it had cost him fifty dollars in two and three-dollar amounts to learn how to adjust a vibrator coil. And it all went to one person, though with a slight exception after steady experience for roughly eight months, when he had his first season's account for me out about in the proportion of five dollars for the knowledge of tinkering to every dollar of expense that actually represented a mileage covered. The experience was always known, what the trouble was bluffed. He usually found it by the trouble of bit-and-bit guessing—the guessing about a problem proceeding with each every method whose experience does lack several years in familiar. But

in this particular instance the material used his source of observation and noted that while the capacitor, the battery, the state of the generator supply, and a few other odds and ends, such as the wiring and the spark plugs, all came in for attention, the remedy was always found in the coil. By trying the same process of elimination himself he found now to turn a small screw up and down, without having to pay two or three dollars for the results thus obtained.

In another man a friend of mine paid—well, I hesitate to say how much out of respect to him—simply to learn how to put on a tire properly. The amount is difficult to compute, but it must have been over three figures, a large part of it went to the tire-store and the rest to the garages for vulcanizing tubes. "I wouldn't think of going on a day's run without seven or eight spare tubes, and even a trip of a few miles around the city wouldn't be safe without three or four on account of the uncertain punctures. I don't think I ever got out twice in a season without getting a puncture," he told me once, and to prove it took me out with him one Friday afternoon. We hadn't gone five miles before there was a flat on the rear. "You see what I'm up against. There's another dollar gone for vulcanizing. By the time my garages get through putting vaccination marks on one of my tubes it costs me several times as much as the three-dollar flat you say and then pay two-hundred five dollars a month for larders."

One look at the "puncture" revealed the cause of the trouble. It was a clean cut ball on the back on the rim side of the tire, and was quite a little nick as could be desired. It was quite as effective as a good sharp horseshoe nail or a broken bottle when results were concerned, but totally unnecessary. He had never had the benefit of a lesson or run in the proper manner of inserting a tube and putting the shoe on the rim. The defendant tube was simply laid in the shoe and the usual strength gone through to force the old-time clincher onto the rim. It was inevitable that the soft rubber should be slipped at some point by the beads before the shoe was finally

hair, and he was plumb vexed with that marker, to put it mildly. It was before the day when car-tire-removers had assumed a prominent position in the air-valve as a regular part of their equipment, and their latitude of functioning was correspondingly limited. If they got too much gas, too little, the motor suffered in proportion and either by doing it together or what was worse, it would run without preventing enough power to run the car. This was one of the "accus" cases. The motor had been running idle at the curb for the matter of an hour or more while its owner fiddled with automobile adjustments, and it was considerably "hot up." In fact, it had just about finished concerning the last few plants of water in the radiator as I got there and was then engaged in blowing a mixture of steam and mud out of the overflow pipe at some pressure, to which the men under the bonnet was wholly oblivious, so it was desirable to yield the care of a few to his Brooklyn garage and the expense of taking down a series of water in the first thing to do was to shut her off, get into the radiator, check the water adjustment, and bring some out in a bucket for the motor. This, with a replenishment of the oil supply in the crank case, automatic elbow flapper still being a thing of the future, then, put her in shape for further trial. A few turns of the needle-valve of the carburetor and the lighting of the lock nut, which had been overlooked, caused less than five minutes, and she was again "bitting on all fours" with her usual vigor. This was another bit of valuable experience that I had been hearing the rest of "setting them up" as a preliminary.

The bill that has been paid for burning her to make simple carburetor adjustments, taken in the aggregate, would probably make a striking fund the interest on which would double the value of a year's care of a small vehicle and orphan or other maintenance of a car. For ways that were dark and that I had never heard of, Frank Harlow's "Heavenly Chino" had nothing on a motor-car in over three years ago. I came across a dilapidated fellow at the crack one time, who said that he had been burning his head and burnt again until he was a wisp. They had been knocking in the still contents of the woods, and the reason for the party had been sitting on the back corner of the car, and had not given any advice. When the car had been stopped at the corner, he had been promptly begun to flood, and it had kept right on all the time they were there, so the big spot under his foot was a big made evident. But after leaving Ray Three of the book of instructions, he had been primed the carburetor to start. When the bonnet was raised, the water was dripping and drooling powder out of the carburetor. The man was the almost life set-up for a fire that could have been prevented if just one backfire out of the carburetor would have done the trick and that there would have been a new little item to be added to the expense account for experience. He had another case of too much gas. Shutting off the carburetor, draining the carburetor, waiting a few minutes for the excess to evaporate, and then filling up again to the normal level was all that was necessary to start on the first turn over. He was the most grateful human being in sight so that stretch of lonely road.

There are not all tales of old times by any means. Only recently it was my good fortune, no, rather, his, to be able to help out a fellow motorist who was just about to give up in despair and lose any means of conversation that was to be had to cover the nine miles that lay between him and home. Personally, they were further apart than that, for it was midnight and she was wondering what the young man, he told me with the air of an expert who has exhausted his best resources on a difficult problem that the car had not been started for some time. They started back some two or three miles from



"There's another dollar gone for vulcanizing"

in place. As a tube-pitcher he was without an equal, and if he had a superior in that particular line of relieving the rim of the tire will most have been similarly heard to conclude. By putting sufficient air into the tube to "force" it there was enough pressure to hold it up against the inside of the shoe instead of letting it flop down on the rim between the beads. He told me several months later that my two-minute lesson in "tubing" had been worth many dollars to him and that the seven or eight spare tubes had become excess baggage in a large extent, as he had run hundreds of miles without one of his old-time "punctures." I haven't collected yet.

He was a real estate man and used his machine some days in the week, going to the combined clubs upon it for business and pleasure, the day I came upon him in a down town street one hot and cool, and with his upper half bent to view under the bonnet of the car that was the center of the usual little group of hangers-on. When he emerged he was glowing from his own size while cuffs up to the road of his

where they were, but they had managed to limp along in a fashion on low or second until they had struck this hill. Which was the cause of all the trouble. The car simply rolled over the top of the hill, and if I would be kind enough to give them a tow up the hill they could probably navigate the rest of the distance before morning, so there were no other bad hills in the way. As a preliminary the tow was forthcoming. The trouble might have been saved. An examination under the main light indicated as a stoppage at the top of the hill, and it is clear now that the emergency brake lever had not been released fully. It had caught in the notch a few inches from the end of the cable, and it clutched partially out of engagement, but quite enough to cause it to slip badly and prevent it from carrying the load. Fortunately, the two or three miles on the level that the car was in this condition did not burden it out altogether. That our fairly jumped away on the road here within five minutes after reaching the top of the hill, it would have been expensive experience to get a garage man out at that time of night.

I have paid for experience and somehow there never seems to have been a clearly minded motorist on the job around those parts just at that time. On one occasion I was five dollars to learn that a gas-overcharge will not start under load, and that an overheat planetary gear backlash constitutes a load sufficient to nullify the best efforts a combustion motor is able to put forth in the way of starting. One of the dollars was for a tow to the nearest garage, the other four were for the shop part of the season. All things considered, since it was raining at the time, the other four went to the garage man, who put his finger on the trouble, figuratively speaking, the amount he tried to get, the car across the garage floor. He wouldn't let go, so the farmer's team worked a dollar's worth at least in towing her.

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I got in the seat and was about to drive off, and then she died, apparently without any reason. My machine is fitted with one of those glow-wire spark-plugs, you can see everything that goes on inside it. There was gas in it when I looked, and at the first trace of the crank the motor started again, and before I got settled in the seat, stopped again. This time there was not so much gas in the carburetor and an more seemed to be coming, and even holding down the priming button wouldn't induce it to come, despite the fact that the tank was full. It did not require the services of an expert to dispose that on a stopped-up fuel line, but it was not probable that a one-eight-inch pipe would be plugged up when a spring fuel tank had been used so conscientiously in filling, so the investigation was begun at the carburetor. The screws of the carburetor intake was practically closed up with a mass of dirt bound to-

ought to be, and an one—but as again could be made to appear at the plugs, and leave no start. I cranked and fussed with great determination. Extended investigation finally led to making off the single over-riding thick coil. Nothing whatever was wrong with it outside, so the conclusion was reached that a wire must have broken inside. I went to the coil and took it to the makers. They tested it, said a wire had been broken, and charged me thirty cents for soldering it—really for experience, since there was nothing wrong with it whatever. I got it back on the car and was no better off. Then I took the magnets contact-off and had a friend turn the motor over slowly while I watched. The contact points did not separate. A few minutes' work with a small screwdriver did the business, and the next moment the car was not in vain. It was a hard fight, but I won't worry, since, if I had started out



He was plumb vexed with that machine.

together with what appeared to be short hairs or threads. A little gas out of the spark can keep handy for cold-weather starting rounded the trouble in a few minutes. No low or high-profile motor had to be put in. In one of the same kind that happened only a few months ago my garage man had to tow one of his auto-loads forty miles to secure a party that had started out in one of his cracked cars the night before. They went to Oney Island and there they stayed until help came over the twenty miles that lay between them and home. In this case the garage man had to start the car out of sealing one of his men on that round trip of forty miles, but it would have been expensive experience for the plain, every-day motorist.

The motorist who ran keep his car in his own barn has an excellent opportunity to study causes and effects, and if he does not give up easily, but continues digging down to the root of the trouble, he will, his experience will be the first season or two will not amount to much, and then he will be proud on bill of know-how that no emergency on the road short of an actual breakdown that renders outside aid unobtainable will make it necessary for him to dig down on his pants." Spending of hours reminds me of a four-hour session I put in trying to start the car in my own last motor. Everything was apparently all right—butteries strong, gas where it

the gasoline-wiring diagram in the instruction book. I would have seen that nothing was wrong with the coil.

Just one more of a bunch of rusting notes about the price that many of us pay for experience in the course of a season's motoring. A group were talking notes and motoring, and one of the party was telling his exploits: how on a certain rate of a season's motoring he had saved himself with enough gas to get home, but not sufficient to take him over a short stiff hill that barred the way. They got half way up, but no further, because the gas in the tank was too low, and there they stayed until one of the party walked a mile to the nearest telephone and called for help. They waited and waited for the welcome sound of a car coming, but there was no sign. After an hour or more had passed a sorry mechanic had snatched up and he driver inquired, "Do you the parties what makes this situation?" They were, and he handed out the five-gallon can. "Frank didn't have anybody to send, so he asked me," the driver explained.

"Well, but it was certainly some heavy experience," the narrator concluded. "What do you think of it, old man?" he continued, turning to me. "What would you have done under the same circumstances?" "Turned right around and backed up, of course." "Why—why, I never even thought of that, and it cost me three dollars plus the price of the gas."

## THE FOUNT OF SONG

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Go, Singlet! Seek the woods and dale;  
Nix them the mountain heights, the vales;  
Lilt in the music of the breeze,  
And the birds and whistling trees;  
Soothe in the silver summer air,  
Take in the essence of the fair;  
Thou more alive that speak above  
By day, and note the transients  
That fall from their ethereal heights  
(The starry night!

The language of the flowers learn;  
The furrow seek and the fern;  
And all the birds that seek the sun  
And their words and their ways;  
All things that whisper in the heart  
And Nature's stronger impact,  
Be it thou, and then  
Take up thy pen,  
And weave them in thy song array,  
And thou shalt wear the bay!



# Interfudes

## THE READY REPLIER

A COMPANION TO INTERFUDES FOR THE UNREMARKABLE REPLY TO THE INQUIRY AS TO THE STATE OF THE UNION.

(For an Offer-By Let Off Early to the Great Grandfather's Funeral, see *Country Magazine* Face to Face with his Employer at a Barbed Wire.)

**INTERFUDER (sighing):** Why, Jimmie, what on earth are you doing here—didn't I give you the afternoon off to attend your grand-grandfather's funeral?  
**DESPICER (with a great sigh of relief):** Thank goodness I have found you at last, Mr. Goodfathers. I have been looking for you all the afternoon, sir. After I left the office when you were so good as to let me off to pay the last tribute of respect to my dear old grand-grandfather I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to tell you that you would find your materials and overalls in the little closet to the left of the bookkeeper's desk, where I had placed them yesterday morning, feeling that they would hardly be safe if left in the corner of your private office. There are a many strange people coming and going here these days that it is no longer safe to leave portable objects of even the most insignificant value lying around loose when they may attract the eye of the unscrupulous. If there had been time I should have telephoned you, sir, but it was long after I knew you had gone to lunch that my reticence prevailed on me, and there being no other method of rectifying my error, which I knew you would excuse because of my unhappy stress of mind in the sad circumstances that had arisen from my duties, I resolved to seek you out. The day being fair, and everybody with ordinary human intelligence being bound to remark that I decided that this was the most likely place to find you, and I rejoice that what little discretion and judgment I may be said to possess have prompted me to come to the right place. To be sure, I can see the question even now arising in your mind as to why I should think you would find your materials and overalls on an hot day, and my answer to that is that, while today's skies may be blue-to-morrow's clouds may lower low, and since to-morrow is Sunday, it may very well be that after this pause is over you would desire me to go to the office and completely rehabilitate myself in your confidence by bringing the materials and overalls in to me as a precaution against possible, if unpleasant, incident to-morrow.

At this point you will do well to pause, and in case your employer is seen rigorously protesting against some decision of the empire, add your protestations to his, no matter what the decision may have been, using a style of American that he would like to see himself if his dignity would permit. If, on the other hand, you find him gazing rogly at you with steady eyes and a frown on his brow, leave the grounds instantly, and speed the rest of the afternoon looking up signs reading, "Buy Winks."

## JUNE CALENDAR

Time for mowing and artistic quilts!  
 Time for merry wedding-bells!  
 Time to make the pick-a-shoo  
 You will not wear Angel wings;  
 Time to paint the barn and shed,  
 And to air the brother-hed.  
 So that when the bumper comes  
 You may gather in the pines.

## TAKING ALL THE BLAME

"I was a fool ever to marry you," sobbed Mrs. Winks.  
 "Now, my dear," said Winks, sadly, "I cannot permit you to take the blame for that. It was I that was the fool for ever asking you. The mistake was not yours, but mine."

## A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT

"By your Honor," pleaded the plaintiff, "I can not, you cannot discharge this wrong. All the re-



WHY WANTS GOOD RICE WHEN PRICES ARE SO HIGH?

serve goes to show that she threw that brick at my chest, and hit him on the head."

"Which, sir," replied the justice, "is prima facie evidence that the whole affair was an accident. If

## PAID IN ADVANCE

"Now, please, sir," said the man justifying, figuring on the back of an old envelope, "your bill will come to just-forty-seven dollars."

"Forty-seven dollars?" exclaimed the justice. "Why, Judge, the fine for corresponding is only fifteen dollars."

"Yes, I know," said the justice. "The thirty-two dollars is for contempt of court."

"But I haven't expressed any contempt for this Court," protested the gentleman.

"Not yet, my boy," growled the justice, "but ye will, my friend, ye will before ye get a mile out of town. I've made the fine pretty stiff now if ye give ye plenty of room to move round in."

## HER REQUEST

"I am sorry, madam," said the judge, "addressing the elevated scaffold," "but I must commit you to jail for ten days. If you have any requests to make of the Court before sentence is rendered I shall be glad to hear them."

"Oh, no, Judge, thank you," said the lady. "There isn't anything except, perhaps, if you don't mind, I'd like to have my maid committed in the same jail, and if you could arrange it so as to give us rooming-cells with a bath it would be charming of you."

## COMPENSATION

"I never you don't object to my children practicing their music lessons," said the fourth-floor tenant to his neighbor below stairs.

"Oh, the contrary," said the neighbor. "It has given me a first-class reason for demanding a reduction in my rent."

## THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT

"JAMES," said the efficiency expert, annoyed by the cheerful looks which his rickshaw had of whirling while at his work, "you should remember that the greatest fortunes nowadays are made from the by-products of waste. Hereafter when you whirl, whistle in the tires and save me the expense of a pump."

## THE CANNY GARAGEE

"What?" cried the burglar, in consternation—"no plunder?"  
 "Nary a drop," said the garage-keeper.  
 "But what, then, did the thief and I go to do?" said the burglar.  
 "None of our kind," said the garage-keeper, "they've done things up like this. I got a stolen tire where ye kin get up for the night at seven-fifty apiece, or I got a beam that'll pull ye up to Sam Houston's garage on the same terms. Sam's the only fellow round here that keeps garages."

## JUNE

June's a comer, June's a comer, comin' right along.  
 I can hear the bees a-buzzin' 'round a flock with song!  
 I can hear the birds a-singin' in the shadow of the tree,  
 The red buds a-blossom, while the blossoms white are  
 droppin' in a snowy shower.  
 I can hear the larks a-singin' in the shadow of the hill,  
 In low young love's a-singin' laughter in his  
 eye, as the birds a-singin' sweetly with  
 the primrose and poppy, in their dreams of blue  
 a white's beamed hours by!  
 Oh the pinks the tramps are tramping, void of every care,  
 ready for whatever comes' turn up anywhere.  
 All around the lanes are kinder like a lot of kid-a-  
 chittin', and an' soft as fairy tales grow the  
 meadow's wild!  
 Dearly June, I want to tell you, you're the best there  
 be. When I see or even smell yet, soul is full of  
 glory, and no single day that passes but the  
 thought of your presence, love's 'is an' love's  
 leaves fills the heart's joy!  
 Love's the wood, and love's the blue's borders of my  
 time, London, here are love's meadows, meadows,  
 night, an' moon, Love, and I'll, and Merry  
 Launce, who's through wood and water,  
 Naught before, and nothing over June's  
 June!



"I WONDERS WHICH OF THEM THREW IN NEAREST BY  
 JUST THIS."  
 The lady had thrown the brick at your client intend-  
 ing it to hit him. It never would have done so. The  
 prisoner is discharged.



HER MOTHER: THAT'S AUNT STRANGE! THIS IN THE TENDER BREAKDOWN WITHIN AN HOUR.



Fritzi Scheff in the revival of "Milk and Honey," at the Globe



Lila Hughes as Philine, in "My Little Friend," at the New Amsterdam

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS



From Two Musical Comedy Productions of  
the Early Summer Season in New York

## No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

### Cost 11% Less This Year

No-Rim-Cut tires cost us—and you—about 11 per cent less than last year.

And you may be sure that future savings, as they appear, will also be given to you.

For our policy is, and always will be, the smallest possible margin of profit.

#### Good Business

We deem it good business to bring out of production as low as it can be brought.

To this end we employ the very latest machinery. And we cling to small capitalization.

We also deem it good business to sell Goodyear tires as low as they can be sold. To assure you of this, each year, as you know, we advertise our profits.

In times past this profit has run about 8½ per cent.

Thus you may know that no maker can ever supply equal tires for less.

In Goodyears you get the very utmost in tires for the least the best cost.

There will always be tires which cost less, but never a tire which costs less per mile.

to build new factories, equipped in modern ways.

Now we have by far the largest tire plant in the world. And we have a capacity pretty close to 8,000 motor tires daily.

To this fact is due the major part of the 11 per cent reduction.

#### No Extra Price

Now our new-type tire—No-Rim-Cut tires—cost no more than old-type tires of any standard make.

These tires which can't rim-cut cost as little as other tires which do.

These oversize tires cost no more than rim-cut tires which always run much smaller.

So all you save in rim-cutting, all you save by oversize, are clear net savings to you. Under such conditions, who can think it wise to take old-type, hooked-bead tires?

#### New Savings

Our lowered cost is partly due to lower cost of rubber. But that is somewhat offset by higher fabric, higher cost of labor.

The net saving here, in our opinion, warrants five per cent reduction. Some makers say it warrants none.

Our large saving has come about through multiplied output, due to Goodyear popularity.

To meet the demand, which has doubled over and over, we have had

#### The Demand

Last year's demand for Goodyear tires exceeded our previous 12 years put together. Yet the demand from new tires this year has increased 35 per cent. And our contracts from our makers this year call for 800,000 tires.

That shows clearly how men who know are quitting old-type tires.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

# GOODYEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires  
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities  
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits  
Main Canebody Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Downsview, Ont.



**Spokane as a Distributing Center**

By R. B. Peterson

John Jaram Arvon planned the first commercial lumber in the Spokane region over a hundred years ago. The little trading post was called Spokane House and was a branch of the Pacific Fur Company, whose headquarters were in Astoria, Oregon. Subsequently Spokane House passed to the Hudson Bay Company, which maintained for many years a traffic of exchange with Indians and the few straggling French-Canadian hunters and trappers. Even in those almost forgotten days the land, open, and fertile valleys of the Spokane was the rendezvous of the Indians and trappers, who crossed the vast stretches of mountains and plain lying between the Rockies and the Columbia. This great Indian trade, the possession of the Indians and a few adventurous pioneers until the building of the first railroad in 1872, when real settlement and development began. No one has since needed to inquire, "Why is Spokane?"

The transcontinental railroads and their war in Spokane's gate. Five thousand mountain travelers there, and almost a score of local and branch lines, both steam and electric, radiate from Spokane, serving each cluster of population throughout what is known locally as the "Inland Empire." The territory roughly bounded or lying between the main range of the Rocky Mountains and

liked them; and eventually the confederator's business became quite opposite and distinct from that of the apportionary.

Although the confederator's trade may be said to be about ten hundred years old, it was only within recent times that it became a real and extensive industry. At first sugar was heavily taxed, and the confederator's trade was passed upon very onerous levies. For a long time everything was done by hand. Implements were of the very simplest—crudely hewed or small forest saws, axes, and mortars, rolling-pans and screens, etc. The output was very small and, consequently speaking, consisted of all sorts were expensive and frequently unprofitable.

All this has been changed, and now, save the most improved machinery and implements combine to produce the most delicate and attractive sweets. Science has been employed by engineers, pattern-makers and rolling-pans, and sciences have given place to revolving pans and steam pans, and machinery for heating and blending and mixing, for rolling and slicing and grinding, for rolling and finishing, and for crushing, for crushing and freezing cream, and other processes.

While many of the best and most extensive candies are still very largely made by hand, however, the vast majority of sweetmeats is now produced by machinery.

Although sugar is the predominant element in the manufacture of sweets, the secondary commodities, such as gum, chocolate, almonds, and cream, vanilla, pistachio nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, play an important part in the production of the sweet product of the sweet tree, which yields it in four-like drops, when melted and mixed with sugar become in the hands of the confectioner jumbles and pastilles. Confections are used in immense quantities. Almonds, the favorite fruit in the French and American countries, and vanilla, form the well-known macarons. In the Balkans and on the Riviera they knead into the flour of the almond the aromatic liqueur liqueur and sugar of the European. The groves of Italy and Spain, Florida and California provide the lemons and oranges that enter so largely into the trade. Thousands of persons in France are needed to harvest the waxes that have so popular a part of confectionery.

One of the most remarkable signs of the awakening of China is afforded by the spread of European engineering and technical knowledge. The railroad between Peking and Keiping, opened a couple of years ago, was constructed exclusively by Chinese labor under the able direction of native engineers.

The Chinese do not hesitate to construct railways and tunnels in the modern fashion. One of the most notable instances is the famous Great Wall, the demolition of which was begun a short time ago. It has been observed that while the Chinese students of engineering resort to America and Europe for instruction, as soon as they return to China they endeavor to solve their problems for themselves, they show wonderful capacity in the practical application of the theories of the Occident and are especially notable for their mathematical ability.

**The Chinese as Engineers**

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**No Loafers in Switzerland**

It is rather difficult in Switzerland to try to live without working. In that commonwealth the people proceed upon the principle that every citizen, if he is left to himself, fails to become a made by being a charge and a tax upon the community. The Swiss therefore consider the problem as an economic question to be solved by the state.

The purpose is to assist the handicrafts unemployed to secure work and only for the sake of his family, but in the interests of the commonwealth. There is no relaxation of the law. Begging is prohibited by the law and vagrancy is classified almost as a crime.

And an unemployed person not making serious effort to obtain work, the authorities proceed to find it for him, and when he is unable to find it, he is sent to the workhouse, where strict discipline is maintained and every citizen is required to work to his full capacity, receiving there for his board and lodging and from five to ten cents a day in wages.

There are in Switzerland institutions where temporary employment may be had by persons out of work through no fault of their own. The matter is of such importance that it is well worth the attention of those who are in any way connected with it.

**Confectionery**

Confectionery, the making of confectionery originated in a land with the apportionary about the hundred years ago. At that time that sugar was not imported into England, and it was then that "confections" first became known. For a time they appeared only in medicinal form, the apportionary using the partly refined sugar as a means of mitigating the bitterness of their drugs. In other words, they mixed their drugs with it, and thence they the origin of many of the simple and medicated confections. The number of medicinal and medicinal confections of sugar was far too high and most people were far too poor to permit of its being eaten for its own sake alone as a mere luxury.

It was not only a couple of centuries ago that the sugar was used in medicinal form, but it was also used in medicinal form. It was not only a couple of centuries ago that the sugar was used in medicinal form, but it was also used in medicinal form.

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**The Voice of Reconstruction**

When a flood sweeps over a vast area, desolating the cities and towns which lie in its course, the appeal for assistance gets a unanimous response from the whole country.

carries the voice of distress to the outside world, and the voice of the outside world back to those suffering.

With all commercial and social order wiped out, an afflicted community is unable to do for itself. It must draw upon the resources of the nation of which it is a part.

At the most critical time, the nearest telephone connected and working in the Bell System affords instant communication with distant places.

And always the Bell System, with its extensive resources and reserve means, is able to restore its service promptly, and in facilitating the work of rebuilding, performs one of its highest civic functions.

In such an emergency, the telephone gives its greatest service when it

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**  
Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

**TO MANUFACTURERS—FREE SITES**

THE opening of the Panama canal means new industrial conditions in the Pacific Coast states—as great a growth and as rapid a change as this country has ever seen.

Spokane is the business center of the biggest exclusive territory in all the West—a territory of all natural resources just beginning to grow as measured by the development of the East or the Middle West.

Spokane offers many inducements to manufacturers: free factory sites adjacent to railroads, cheap electric power, cheap raw material, extensive markets free from local competition, seven transcontinental railroads, many branch and interurban lines, excellent banking facilities and plenty of labor.

Our Industrial department has facts and figures for small and large industries. Let us help you investigate the Spokane opportunity.

**SPOKANE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SPOKANE**

**THE APPEARANCE OF THIS PUBLICATION SHOWS THE GOOD RESULTS OBTAINED FROM PRINTING INK MANUFACTURED BY J. M. HUBER**  
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BOSTON PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE ST. LOUIS CINCINNATI CHICAGO

**ABBOTT'S BITTERS**



A Spokane Jobbing House

The Cascade Mountains, and embracing a large portion of the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, is a rich and fertile land, and is one of the most fertile in the world. It is a land of great natural resources, and is one of the most fertile in the world.

The jobbing trade of Spokane has kept pace with the rapid, almost magical development of the territory described. At present ninety-eight jobbing houses and distributing centers, representing every line known to modern commerce, are the backbone of the Spokane jobbing trade.

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## FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

## The Overrated "Tariff Influence"

THE past couple of months have seen one of those sudden and all but inexplicable changes in "sentiment" which are the bane of the American business man. For fully two months after the coming into power of the Democratic party had certain a radical reduction of the tariff, business went about as though the impending readjustment were anything but an influence to be feared. This outlook seemed to make up for the possibilities of tariff revision as a business disaster, and within a very few weeks what had been known all along but disregarded, came to be very generally considered an influence of dominating importance. As late as the middle of March, while business was still on the upturn, nobody thought anything worth about the tariff. Now that the event has been jangled and business is going off, there is no such talk about the tariff and its effects, that one might think that were the only consideration of any importance.

That readjustment of the long-established tariff schedule will necessitate a certain amount of readjustment in business is certain, but just why such a process of readjustment should result in the disturbance to business and the markets so generally feared it is hard to see. Were the whole tariff system entirely to be abandoned, the lossiness of the country, it is sure, would be faced with disastrous results. But this is not the case. In a good many directions where an unnecessarily high tariff exists the substantial rate which are going to be removed. In fact, but any idea that it is to be abandoned the protective system under which our industries have grown may at once be dismissed. Between what the administrative machinery and sole revising of existing tariff schedules and what a good many business men think ought to be done there is, without doubt, a considerable difference. While, however, it is already becoming clear that whatever changes are made will be made with due regard for their effect on business.

## 1902 and 1913

For the present looking as to tariff revision and its probable consequences the severe disturbances which followed the last substantial reduction in the tariff is very largely responsible. Back to the early thirties they put the tariff issue, it is being pointed out, and

for five years following we had the hard times the country has ever seen. Make the change proposed, you hear it argued, and the effect on business will be just what it was then.

But had the severe business depression which lasted from 1893 to 1896 resulted from the Wilson tariff, there might be some for remission as the country would be supposed to be recovering from this time. But, unfortunately for the argument of those who want to stir up sentiment against present revision of the tariff by pointing out the effects of the tariff in the past, there are no ill effects to point out. Following the tariff reduction of 1893, it is true, there were several years of business depression. But because a period of hard times followed the enactment of the Wilson tariff, by no means is it said that the hard times were caused by the Wilson tariff. On the contrary, the pretty many cases where men lived through these times, it is agreed that the depression was caused by the tariff at all, but by various emergency legislation, over-restriction of the credit position, and the building of the land boom in the West. For the purpose of showing how the pending tariff revision is going to result on business, the trouble following the tariff revision of the early thirties is being consistently brought up, but as no one familiar with the facts can it have much effect.

## Discounted

As far as the influence of tariff revision on the security markets is concerned it is no question that it has been largely discounted. It is not true, as has been widely stated, that "every schedule in the existing tariff has been removed." But it is true that a number of big corporations which have hitherto benefited the protection of the tariff will have outstanding a large amount of stock, under a reduction in rate will be less valuable than they have been. The point, speak of the word of "tariff revision," and what concrete examples present themselves first to mind? Wood, standard, and the sugar. Very far from the securities of the companies dealing in these products actually discounted the coming revision. Take, for example American Sugar products, in which which pays 7 per cent. dividends and has an authorized dividend record since the organization of the company. Its price of 94 and a time of trading in 1913, it closed at 94 and the year before that at 96, while in 1909 it was as high as 107. Take American Beet Sugar, another stock whose rating prior will be very directly affected by tariff reduction. Only last year it closed at 77. Its present price is 29 1/2.

The foregoing are merely a couple of random examples of what has been going on along the line.

## NORTH BUTTE MINING COMPANY

WITH a total production of 227,000,000 pounds of copper since the time of its organization in April, 1903, by Charles A. Hanson, L. W. Powell, and Joseph B. Cotton, of Duluth, Minn. It is capitalized for 600,000 shares, of a par value of \$1.00. Of this amount 419,000 shares have been issued.

The North Butte Mining Company was incorporated under the laws of Minnesota on April 1, 1903, by Charles A. Hanson, L. W. Powell, and Joseph B. Cotton, of Duluth, Minn. It is capitalized for 600,000 shares, of a par value of \$1.00. Of this amount 419,000 shares have been issued.

The original property was the Speculator mine, which was purchased from John A. Croghan, of Omaha, and the Lange, Idaho, of Butte. The original owners estimated \$1,000,000 worth of ore from the 1,200-foot level.

The officers of the company are: Thomas F. Cole, president; Charles A. Dutton, vice-president and treasurer; and Frederic B. Kennedy, secretary. All of Duluth, Minn. John D. Pope, Butte, Minn., general manager.

The company now owns an area of more than two hundred acres, occupying twenty-seven patented claims in one contiguous group. It includes what has been proved to be one of the richest mineral areas in the Butte district. Less than 100 feet of the ground now develops.

Mining operations are being conducted from the Speculator shaft, which by the original owners was sunk

to a depth of 1,000 feet, and by them the Speculator vein was worked out to that depth and some development done on the Edith May and Jesse veins. Now that the Speculator shaft has been sunk to a depth of 2,900 feet, and crosscuts and drifts have been extended, developing rich ore deposits on various levels.

It remained for the present owners to complete the development of Edith May and Jesse veins, which several years ago were proved to contain the richest ore deposits in the district, and which made possible the payment of dividends in 1906 in the aggregate of \$725 a share.

The principal product from the mine during the better part of 1905, 1906, and 1907 was from the Edith May and Jesse veins. Since that time these veins have been explored on lower levels, and recent developments warrant the assertion that they will prove rich. The north crosscuts have been extended on levels below the 1,000, and have intersected the Glen, Cyrus, Snowball, and Adair drift veins, which now are being developed. On the extreme lower levels the Edith May and Jesse veins are again being developed, and give promise of repeating the rich values on the lower levels. The Cyrus and Snowball veins have proved rich in silver and are giving a heavy tonnage of highly profitable ore.

Early in the history of the North Butte Company it became apparent that it would be only a question of time when expanding operations would make a second shaft a necessity. In 1907, therefore, the work of sinking the Great Edith May shaft, 820 feet north of the Speculator shaft, was commenced. As a two-compartment shaft the Granite Mountain had been sunk by the Lewisons. The North Butte Company planned to sink it with a drift, and continued sinking, and it now has a depth of 2,200 feet, and will be continued to extreme depth. Within

Other influences, of course, have been at work to depress the price of securities, but whatever the cause of the decline, the fact remains that by most of the securities which are being sold in the market are being affected by reason of tariff revision this influence has been pretty well discounted. It can be said with good probability that the rating power of a good many industrial stocks is going to be permanently lowered by tariff readjustment, and yet that at the price at which they are selling they are attractive from an investment standpoint.

## Securities That Will Benefit

There are, moreover, a great many securities whose rating power will be largely increased by the readjustment of the tariff schedule on a more reasonable basis. Take, for example, the railroads. Their product is service—that they are interested in is the freest possible movement of goods. Now, is there any question of the fact that a high tariff tends toward high prices and that high prices tend to obstruct the freest flow of merchandise? Lower the tariff, and while for a short time the inevitable liquidation in certain manufacturing industries may result in the movement of a smaller volume of freight, within a very little while freight will be moving more freely and the railroads will be making more money than ever before.

And that is only one side of it. Along with the increase in railway gross revenues bound to follow modern electric lines, and, therefore, there may reasonably be expected to occur a reduction in operating costs. How many, if any, wages will be reduced remains to be seen, but, certainly, the cost of fuel and oil will be reduced, and the railroads in operation on a more economical basis than at present. Which, after all, is the important thing—more important even than the increase in gross earnings—higher operating profit is what pays dividends.

To both business and the security markets tariff revision is more or less a disturbing influence and is likely for some little time to remain that. It is quite true. But as long as it is true that it is an influence to be feared, it is not surprising that the enactment of the new tariff, importers in many lines are going slow and manufacturers are taking every precaution against getting overworked. All that, however, while it doesn't to business any good, is not doing it any harm which cannot be quickly repaired when once the new conditions under which business is to be done are known.

a short time it will become the main working shaft of the North Butte Company, and will be equipped with the most modern electric hoist, with capacity for hoisting from a depth of 5,000 feet.

While the Granite Mountain will eventually be used as the main working shaft, the Speculator shaft will be continued in commission for lifting the ore located contiguous to it. The company will thus have two shafts for operating purposes, and will be in a position to increase its output of ore in commission for lifting the ore located contiguous to it.

The method of mining by the North Butte Company are thoroughly up to date. The equipment on the surface is modern in every respect, and the mine is now producing an average of 1,200 tons of ore a day. Slips are used in the hoisting of ore, and as it pushes the surface the ore is automatically dropped into the ore bins located on the railroad track. The underground workings are lighted by electricity, and electric hoisting is employed. As the extent of underground work it may be stated that for timbering in the steep, massive, and drifts the company uses about 800,000 feet of timber a month.

The company employs about 500 men, and its payroll amounts to about \$100,000 every month. The area in the vicinity of the company are well provided for and ripe for all of the modern conveniences. The claims owned by the company have been changed their holding before and after working in the mine, is provided with individual lockers for one hundred men. Showers are provided, with hot and cold water.

The North Butte Company ships its product to the Washoe Warehouse at Anaconda under contract. It markets 25,000,000 pounds of copper, 1,500,000 ounces of silver, and 1,300 ounces of gold a year.



# BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

Challenges comparison with any other known mineral water in the world on its record of results.

**Dr. Roberts Bartholow** Professor Emeritus of Materia Medica, General Therapeutics, etc., Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and in "Practical Treatise on Materia Medica and Therapeutics," 1899, that Buffalo Lithia Water "contains well-defined traces of lithia and is alkaline. It has been used with great advantage in gastric, rheumatic and other affections."

**Dr. George Ben Johnston** Richmond, Va., ex-President of the American and Gynecological Association, ex-President Medical Society of Virginia, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia, says: "When lithia is balanced, I prescribe Buffalo Lithia Water in preference to the salts of lithia, because it is therapeutically superior to laboratory preparations of lithia, lithia carbon, etc."

**Edmond M. Chagnon, M.D., Ph.D., Ch.D., Ph.D., Ch.D., Ph.D.** University of Vienna, Chicago, Ill., declares: "I have found Buffalo Lithia Water of undoubted service in the treatment of Uric Acid Gravel, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout."

**Voluminous Medical Testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.**

**BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.**

## EVERY CAR OWNER NEEDS THIS BOOK

It makes you intimately familiar with every electrical device on your car or motor boat. Tells you how to avoid electrical trouble, how to locate it and how to correct it. Written by experts in each simple term that any one can understand it.

The only book ever written that covers every phase of electrical installation on automobiles and motor boats. Write today for a copy before the edition is exhausted. Sent post-paid for 25c.

**THE PACKARD ELECTRIC CO.**

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Warren, Ohio



### The Woodpecker

The California woodpecker stores away his surplus, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, normally in a pine tree. These he fills with resin, which he adjusts to the size of the holes.

He does not, however, eat the resin, since, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the surplus is to hold his freight and a knowledge of results which would save him in the long run. The holes are always close together and are attacked by insects, and it is then that the woodpecker taps the harvest which his freight has accumulated.

Obviously it will be found that worms or ants are collected beneath the point attacked by the woodpecker for its attack and that the bird is guided in its search by the sense of hearing.

There are, however, circumstances that go to show that the woodpecker is not always in search of food or guided by sound. In the winter, when worms and ants are dormant and dead, the bird will make every hole for a long distance around by tapping on a dead, dry branch or on the hollow trunk of a tree. His object seems to be to make all the noise he can.

His mysterious habits of some interesting scientists to make of woodpecker while he was occupying a house that had large hollow pillars in front. Some scientific forest holes in them about two inches in diameter indicated what freedom the yellow-bellied bird had used and could not explain. In the next spring they began operations, and it was impossible to sleep in that house after daybreak. The birds would not have been heard for this even had it become necessary to remove the noise and put a lead on the spot.

It was plain that the noise was what they could not find, as they would have a hole within a few inches of one which was already bored and which would answer every possible purpose as well as the new one. To try them on this point a small, easily made saw-cut hole was made on a carpenter's bench in front of the house.

The yellow-bellied bird could make no progress. If their intention was to perforate the stone, but they could get out of that easily such a wonderful volume of sound. They kept work on the pillars at once, and where they had before drilled one hole they now were able to make several at a considerable distance.

# Tire Bill Payers!

You have demanded a vise-like rim grip—with no cutting or breaking above the rim—and here it is.



Cross Section Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire

In Diamond No-Clinch Tires each point of rim contact is absolutely mechanically correct—the annealed steel cable wire in the bead holds with a vise-like rim grip.

# Diamond (No Clinch) Tires

made of More Mileage Vitalized Rubber, with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact and the No-Finch Safety Flap for inner tube protection.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

**25,000 Diamond Dealers**  
always at your Service

### How Opium Is Got From the Poppies

When the poppy seed grows in almost any climate, it is in the East that it is most successfully cultivated.

When the land has been plowed and harrowed, the poppy seed is sown about six pounds of seed being sufficient for an acre of one acre. Immediately upon the completion of the work, which is most laborious is about a week after sowing, the land is divided by furrows into rectangular beds about eight feet in length by four in breadth, these channels being employed for irrigation, since the plants need frequent watering, sometimes even to maturity.

About two weeks after germination the flower appears, and the four petals are gradually removed, on the third day after their expansion, to be pushed together with the leaves, destined to form the outer shell of the opium latex. There, after a period of eight or ten days, the capsules are bowed, and the juice that has exuded from the incisions is scraped off with a small scoop and transferred in a metal or earthen vessel. This process is repeated three or four times at intervals of two or three days, and the result is gummy opium. The flower petals, plant leaves, and the shells have also a considerable value for packing purposes. The thicker portions of the stalk are used by natives for firewood.

When the opium is gathered it is stored by the cultivator and carefully watched and examined from time to time to see that no ants or beetles may attack it. In due course it is ready to be made into cakes, dried, and packed in keels.

### Cats as Foster-Mothers

The cat has frequently been made to act as foster-mother to strange kittens, but have been known to rear rabbits. In one case two young rabbits dug out of their nest and abandoned for ten kittens were reared by the mother cat. In another occasion a cat suckled a young rat, for which she developed a fondness greater than that for her own offspring. Curiously enough, in an attempt to make a rat-suckling creature the difficulty arose, not with the rat, but with those intended kittens, which, although they suckled, were not fed by their foster-mother, and all succumbed from such a source.



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Absolutely pure hops from the pick of the world's finest hops from the district of Saaz, Bohemia. It's the exclusive Saazer Hop flavor which puts their beer there.

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Adolphus Busch Brewery  
St. Louis







Business in 2000 B.C.

Two deciphering of the old Babylonian records of city have revealed some very interesting facts which refer to the life of man two thousand years before Christ. It shows how these records relate to trade transactions, to business disputes, to incidents in the ordinary, every-day life of the merchants, and to their troubles as to the title to property. There are even facts to show that the Babylonians and their neighbors conducted their accounting systems.

Justly four thousand years ago those people had so far progressed to "bank accounts" that it was actually found necessary to enact special laws to deal with those who were guilty of "short cuts" to wealth. The young man with "profits," like his prototypes of today, was bound to utilize these provisions in legislation with the professional money lender.

The banker of Babylon deposited regularly and issued his bank "checks" and bills of exchange, and the law intervened, as it does today, to uphold the rights of property. So, too, indeed, were the business statistics of the Babylonians that even the records were not alone a "dead" thing, as it were, in real estate. Furthermore, it appears that a vast part of the commerce of Babylon was concentrated in the temples. Great quantities of metals, cereals, and other commodities, coming either as gifts to the gods or as payments to the temples, were added to the stock, and the law rarely failed to obtain their full profit.

Most careful accounts of revenue and expenditures were kept. These were in many cases that investments in loans and purchases of land, as well as other profitable dealings, were a regular part of the local activities of the wealthy establishments.

There have been preserved the contract tablets kept in a Babylonian house and money-lenders known as "The House of Equity," established at Babylon as early as the thirteenth century before Christ. This firm was of enormous wealth and influence. It has been called by one English writer "the first bank of the ancient world." It conducted nearly every sort of financial operation. It made loans to the state, as well as to private individuals, and the services of the contract were indicated to it for several generations. It collected the land taxes, tithes, and dues for the royal courts and paid them into the royal treasury.

This firm also undertook the conduct of what are now called "agencies" for private persons, and, in addition to financial money-lending transactions, must also have been engaged in what we now term "banking" business, since it is occasionally certain that in those days there existed documents corresponding to modern checks and bills of exchange.

The transactions of this firm were noted down on clay tablets, which were found in great numbers, preserved and safely. They were translated into English, and were brought to light by scientific examinations. All these tablets bear the names of the contracting parties and witnesses, and most of them are dated. The Eight firm was not the only great trading firm in ancient Babylon. In fact, before there was discovered the records of another firm, known as Mesene, that conducted a positive line of great wealth and importance during the fifth century before Christ.

The tablets unearthed at Dilbat, near Babylon, also show an interesting list of the business methods of the people. These tablets tell in graphic manner the story of the citizens, their business transactions, disputes, and every-day life, particularly with reference to land transactions. They are the first that have been formed family archives. They relate to a very early period, being mostly dated in the reigns of the great kings, but they nearly mirror the Babylonian laws, and are evidence of the period of the first Babylonian dynasty.

The documents preserved from the ruins of Dilbat almost all concern the sale or renting of houses and lands and bills of purchase of cattle and cows. Dilbat was the center of a rich agricultural district. The great majority are devoted to all the Babylonian cities. The ground and the houses are clearly defined by the measurement of the great irrigation canals and the names of their proprietors. Frequently the buyers in a street, a canal, a house or land, or a field. Then, in case of real estate, follows a statement of value, with the names of vendor and purchaser, and at the end of the document comes the statement before the god of the village temple and also an invocation of the protective king. The Dilbat tablets also contain a clause placing the sins of an obnoxious debtor of the dead upon the "seller." For all the records concerning property, it is, it is, responsible. Fourth follows the names of the witnesses, and often also the names of the tablets, and generally several signs of the par-

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## Tenement Tommy Asks for A Square Deal

He lives in New York's stuffy tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his squalid three-room home there is scarcely space to sit and sleep. His playground is the blustering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are an pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicines will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh;—a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom,—and out in the country or at the seashore.

But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of confinement. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Conry Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal.

Send contributions to Robert Shaw Mistry, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 23rd Street, New York City.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. FULTON CUTTING, President.

sons concerned. The habits were a stepstone. The first was inserted and laked and rapid; then a cover of soft glass placed over or around it, and the following improvements were the result from the copy, so that it could be referred to at any time by paying the required fee at the nearest office. For an extra sum the order envelope was broken and equipped with its interior duplicating lens, and the letters were prepared to be in error in his attention that the two records were not identical and a considerable time was had an order sum was placed over the original tablet and reinserted. This procedure a modification in the Old Testament, comprising of the order and starber tablet a deed.

### How Many Stars Are There?

We think of the multitude of the stars and would in all probability holdly say that as a clear, frosty, moonless night we see millions of them. In reality on such a night, if we leave out the faintly luminous Milky Way, we see no more than three thousand distinct stars. In the whole starry sphere, of which we see only half at any given time, there are only seven of first magnitude stars, beginning with Sirius, the brightest of them, and (twice) equalling it in size, the red star Antares and left knee, Betelgeuse and Rigel, Vega and Arcturus. Of stars of the second size, there are a thousand, and of the sixth, the extreme limit visible to the naked eye, the best nights number over three thousand, making in all less than five thousand visible at any time to the naked eye; while only half, or about two thousand five hundred, can be seen at one time.

But even an optician shows a great many more, and larger and larger telescopes discover more and more stars, but they are limited in number, at least if it be true that the light entering other does not absorb and extinguish the light of the most remote. For if they were really infinite in number, and their light came so unimpeded, the night sky would be uniformly luminous, which it is not. So that a small telescope which shows stars shows a limited number, and the light of the visible to a hundred thousand stars to those visible to the unaided eye, while the largest telescopes will show stars down to about the sixteenth magnitude. The number of stars that includes between three and four hundred thousand stars counted and plotted by hand, while the modern photographic survey, in which the stars are made to map themselves, goes up to the high figure of fifteen millions. It is suggested that the best optical means which human genius can devise may show a hundred million stars. If this be, as is supposed, close to the truth, and if stars, and if we remember that the population of the earth is computed to be one thousand five hundred millions, then it follows that there is only one star for each fifty-five people, or say, a star for every three families, or more, and that the vast number so much people suppose. But, to avoid this is true only if the other does not exist, and if the light of the stars does not hide the most distant stars by absorbing their luminous energies.

### A Novel Automobile Club

BREVETEE there has been started in Paris a novel institution called the Hundred Club. Its object is the revival of the ordinary car. To realize this, the members agree to join. All are given automobiles familiar with the mode of the most famous producers and their bodies are of the most modern. It is a good "novel" club" the experience is gained for the general benefit. Thus a member who has received satisfaction in treatment in a certain town informs the club of the fact in a note that mentions the position of the road and the distance and shows it is best to get her down to the smallest details of the service. At one place, for instance, the club has a divided tablet for "more maneuvering." At a second the kitchen help are marvels of cleanliness, and so on. On the other hand, the members are making an establishment is pointed out as a warning to avoid the place as a plague spot. The five members and kept away from outsiders, these valuable clubs are free to members for their exclusive use. One result has been that the accustomed motorists have taken shape in a sort of geographical book dictionary.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## REMEMBERING THE "MAINE"

The battleship "Maine" and her dead were commemorated on Decoration Day, in New York City, by the unveiling of an imposing monument which has been erected at the southwest corner of Central Park. Ex-President Taft, Governor Sulzer, and Mayor Gaynor were among the speakers of the day.

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## COMMENT

TRANSACTING with the issue of August 19th, Mr. NEWMAN HARPER will take direct personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## As to the President's "Lobbying"

The real objection to the lobby investigation remains precisely what it was: it may cause unnecessary and momentous delay. On the other hand, few of us are in a position to say positively that the delay is unnecessary or momentous. On the contrary, the final shut-down on expedient amendments and on the passage of the tariff bill may prove that the President was right and that his move was the only way to hold in line enough votes to reject dangerous amendments and to get the bill into conference substantially modified and in shape to meet Democratic pledges and test the law-tariff theory.

Senator TRACY, of Michigan, Republican, has given interesting support to this view of the matter. He has declared that the President, by his statement in reference to the lobby, has held in line Democrats who might otherwise have acted against certain parts of the bill, if not against the measure as a whole. In other words, he has indicated his belief that the President's action may have saved the bill from mutilation or defeat.

Of course, at the same time, he called the President a lobbyist—the same lobbyist in Washington—and was influential at the growth and open exercise of executive influence.

That's as it may be. The President is leader of his party, and it is inevitable that he should not try to exercise much influence over it. In finally asserting his leadership, he openly attacking whatever influences there were that opposed, openly or indirectly, his and his party's policy, he was within his right, he was breaking no precedent whatever. To say that he was "lobbying" is absurd; quite as absurd as to call a British premier a lobbyist for rallying his following in Parliament or to blame a general for any measure he may think necessary to hold his men in line on the battlefield.

## For Higher Education in the South

Another million for a Southern college! And again we are quite confident that no other part of the country will react to see this fresh slice of the turning staffwheel of a reasonable part of our American generosity to colleges. This time the beneficiary is Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina. Most of the money comes from the Dixie brothers, natives of that region, and who there began their remarkable business career; but a substantial part comes from the K-B-Gebler Foundation.

## Early Good Going with the Tariff

We are no longer to be discouraged about the tariff bill. True, we should like to see it moving along faster toward final enactment. We want business to begin to see some of the actual experience of the new order which the bill will bring about. We want the country to begin as soon as possible to study the actual working of a really free tariff—something that few Americans now living have ever seen. For we are steadfastly confident that a law tariff, framed on sound principles, will, if it is given a fair opportunity, more than enough, prove the best of free-trade arrangements. We believe the Cullinan bill, if enacted soon enough to give it a safe life of four or five years, will be the next tariff revision which the WALKER bill of 1904 was to the bill of 1857, concerning which Mr. WALKER said that practically all classes, including the manufacturers, were content with it as an extension of the law-tariff principle.

We hope that feeling as to the extreme advisability of waiting no time. But we are not so unreasonable as to demand that the Senate renounce its function and pass the bill without any real consideration whatever. It is not to be expected. However, trusting the majority will, we are actually pleased with some of the intentions of the Senate Finance Committee and its sub-committees. Finally, for instance, we never could see any good reason why, if four and oatmeal and meat are to go on the free list, there should be a duty on cattle and wheat and oats. That

should not be logical; it would not be in accord with Democratic doctrine; it would not be just. As we have indicated, the protest of the millers and others against it seemed to us entirely reasonable. We are glad to believe that the protest has been made, and we are particularly glad to believe, according to the latest reports, that the remedy is to be, not a duty on flour and oatmeal and wheat, but free wheat and free oats and free cattle. That, we take it, is not only adherence to principle, but also candid acceptance of present conditions in regard to anti-growing and cattle-raising in this country. It is not a right, whether it comes from the Senate committee or the President.

We feel equally free to say that we find nothing unreasonable in the proposed Senate changes in the administrative sections; and we are certainly not displeased with the announcement that the Senate amendments, taken together, will probably yield a lower average rate of duties than the House bill. If that is true, then we will have attained not merely a new tariff bill, but a new process of tariff-making. For every tariff we remember has left the Senate higher than it came from the House, and has again been raised in conference.

We are not discouraged; and we are only too glad to praise the Democratic Senators, including NEWMAN, who, whatever their past records, seem now to be resolutely minded to keep faith with WALKER, with his party, and with the country.

## An Alien Enterprise

Senator HERRICK's amendment, proposing a graduated tax on the larger producers of smoking tobacco, and on cut and snuff, has another life. We do not understand that the Senate Finance Committee, or any of its subcommittees, has accepted it. Neither do we find up yet anything to indicate that the President is at all committed to it. So far as we can see, it merely embodies an idea of Senator HERRICK's own and a suggestion of Attorney-GENERAL TAFT. It is introduced by legislation the supposed lack of effectiveness of the Supreme Court's decree dissolving the tobacco trust.

It is a matter, therefore, for separate discussion and not for further deliberation and full consideration that we propose to entertain. It involves a question of fact to be harshly dealt with; whether, for instance, the larger of the surviving tobacco companies are actually crushing out the competition of the smaller independent companies, and by improper methods; it involves the old question of how far more vigorous is itself advisable in competitive trade; it involves a lot of things that ought not to be hurriedly decided. Above all, it involves the question, never before so squarely posed, if raised at all, whether government must yet use the taxing power—which Senator HERRICK frankly recognizes is the "power to destroy"—as an adjunct to its other legislative endeavors to regulate; it involves a "judicial" query.

Because it does raise such big issues as these, we strongly oppose any such amendment to the tariff bill. We pass no judgment on the ideas of Senator HERRICK and Mr. McHARRIS, who have it, but we think there is much sympathy with the objection that is in order. On that score we ourselves are unimpartial. But the tariff bill ought not to be complicated with or impeded by such an unnecessary addition to the troubles of the men who are fighting for it. The HERRICK amendment should take its chance as an entirely separate measure. If you then be discussed on its own merits. The announced purpose of the President and the party is power is to enact a tariff "for revenue." They ought not to be asked to pass a tariff to amend or supplement the SURVEY law, or to correct a Supreme Court decision. Their "initial bill is big enough as it is. Let us not enlarge it with other devices, however worthy.

## Not Too Sociological, Please

Some of those who had introduced an amendment to the tariff bill which would bar from entry all goods manufactured wholly or in part by child or anti-labor factories, or by child or anti-labor women who are not registered with the State, have their eyes fixed on the fact that there ought to be a tariff. It would also bar all countries made wholly or in part by some labor—Republican Democrats.

We suppose the Senator's intention is to protect American labor from the competition of foreign child labor, but there is a lot of things that ought to be done that a tariff bill ought not to undertake, and this seems to be one. Moreover, if the custom-house law to drive too far into the sociology of imports, the revenue will be cut up in investigation. *De minimis non curat lex* means tariff law, too.

Peterson and the I. W. W.

The I. W. W. at Paterson is a symptom, not a cause. Mr. GEORGE MAXWELL gathered the facts of the industrial situation in that city in an article in the *Quaker* last week. The strike in the silk mills began, he says, when, in January, the employees of the Denbury mill, caused at the installation of the four-hour system, by which each weaver's work was doubled without a corresponding increase in wages, left their places and struck." But for long before that the silk weavers had been much discontented in their minds in the silk mills here, he says, when, in January, it was a serious disturbance, for the example of the Denbury mill, under the stimulating supervision of the I. W. W., brought 25,000 silk-workers out, and they have been out ever since.

The trouble seems to be the common one of improvements in machinery and hand on operations; have large bodies and harder on operations. The story as Mr. Maxwell tells it is that twenty years ago a big business was perfected that could be run by women. Four-hour factories were opened in various cities of Pennsylvania where the men work in coal or iron, and many women are available for employment. It began in the silk-making in 1881, and in industry, but the competition of the cheap-labor mills in Pennsylvania drove the Paterson manufacturers to like expedients. "Women came into the mills of the Jersey town and wages dropped."

Now as to the four-hour system, Mr. Maxwell says that fifty years ago each weaver could make from eighteen inches wide. Gradually by improvements in machinery and possibly by developing a higher standard of energy, workers have been given two, three, and now four hours to run, and the width of the looms has been doubled. So a weaver now under the four-hour system produces as much as eight men produced fifty years ago.

That is a splendid triumph for invention and machinery, but the workers seem to be worse and worse off. The competition in silk-manufacturing is sharp. If wages are low in Pennsylvania, Paterson cannot compete successfully with Pennsylvania's great centers. If they are high in the legislature of New Jersey, what can it do? Can it regulate wages? And if it could, could it regulate the competitive wages in Pennsylvania and other states?

It will be seen that here is a situation difficult of resolution at all times. There ought to be, under our present system of government, a federal law to fix the standard of wages and hours of labor in the silk industry. If the manufacturers combined to do it the SURVEY law would probably prohibit such things.

And that is a pretty curious situation. Business ought to be able to bring that about, and go back and sit down. Along comes the I. W. W., which is not reasonable, which has an impossible industrial theory, cares nothing for state's rights or the SURVEY law, has not been led by any sacred awe of machinery, but has a very lively concern for human workers, and sympathy and sympathy for the workers in every part of the world. I. W. W. takes hold of this situation, which public law and facts argument, and does what it can. Largely it raises bids, but considerably it believes for it gets money and it gives leadership and keeps the strike together.

## Women in Industry

The element of woman's labor in this silk-mill difficulty is interesting. A very wise woman said the other day: "I do not care anything about votes for women. The great point that concerns this is industrialism, which is drawing them by the thousand away from their natural duties and vocations for which they are best fitted. How many women leave industry? What can make up in the country for the loss of their services as mothers and trainers of families?"

Who is ideal on the wholesale employment of women of the wool districts of Pennsylvania in silk-mills? Perhaps some manufacturers are the better for it, but it is not so certain that the women suffer or more profitable to the extent because of it. But see the result in Paterson, see the effect on labor, wages lowered, human life cheapened, competition intensified, men diminished in their power to support families! And since this sort of thing has been going on in all sorts of places, for a while ago and more lives of women have been worked in, and human endeavor has been stretched further and further on the industrial rack, the cost of living has mounted up, up, up, and discontent has waxed largely. Of course there are compensations. A great

many women **not** women and like them, but it is as President Wilson said in his inaugural:

We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped the gradual process to convert the human cost, the cost of lives sacrificed, of energies exhausted and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all have fallen pathetically the years through.

#### Women, Berlin, and Work

Last week in the French Chamber of Deputies there was a discussion about the protection and encouragement of motherhood. We read:

Deputy FÉLIXE ENRIQUEN, in proposing a measure to compel employers to continue paying the wages of workmen during part weeks in case they are absent from their employment owing to motherhood, said that France and Turkey were the only European countries in which motherhood was not protected. The death-rate among children was very high and rose as France was, and, said, sixty per cent, while among children reared by their mothers it was only twelve per cent or more.

What does four weeks amount to in a nursing mother's? To something, no doubt, but of course it is not nearly enough. Does France expect to get her population into any better condition than is created by the efforts of women who go out to work, and bear children in the brief intervals of their unrequiring labors?

Ministers! We commended to the Deputies this discourse of last week before a committee of the Missouri Senate, between Lieutenant-Governor FOSTER, of Missouri, and Mrs. ROBERTS, settlement-worker of Chicago, and president of the Woman's National Trades Union League:

Lieutenant-Governor FOSTER said that the attitude of the Trade Union League is trying girls to concentrate in the city in destroying home ties and subjecting women to conditions worse than those of the negro in slavery.

Mrs. ROBERTS said that women in industry were slaves, but she said they might be under the gentle supervision and be paid a proper minimum wage—\$12 a week or more.

Mrs. ROBERTS said that women enjoyed being among the multitude, preferring that to the home. She said her purpose was to make women who were not so well paid demand more pay and better working conditions.

Does not women's employment in the industries offend women's loyalty in this country? asked the Lieutenant-Governor.

Yes," said Mrs. ROBERTS. And are not women workers more freely in London than were the African slaves, who were valuable to their masters and properly cared for? Do not employers now know that they may not get one girl they can get another to take her place?"

Yes, that's true," said Mrs. ROBERTS. If women were at home and took care of the families, would they not be better off and would not the men then get higher wages and be better able to provide for their families?"

Every woman is entitled to work," replied Mrs. ROBERTS.

Yes, every woman is entitled to work; but to bear and raise children is work, and could not be to me so much complicated with employments that conflict with it.

#### Thought Will Still Govern

THURLOW WYEN was the grandfather of WILLIAM BARNEY. When New York proposed in 1821 to establish manhood suffrage Mr. WYEN was one of the most able opponents of the amendment. Sixty years later he frankly confessed that he had been mistaken and that some of the evils which he feared had resulted from the establishment of a generally popular government. If grandfather were now he would speak in a vivid question of voters, grandsons may be equally wrong on a question of nominations.—*The World.*

Possibly THURLOW WYEN's final conclusion was that it doesn't make much difference who votes, provided the voter is reasonable; and perhaps Grandson BARNEY's conclusion may finally be that it doesn't make much difference what voice nominates. The thought taken beforehand will doubtless produce effects in politics as heretofore, no matter what improvements may be made in the machinery of nomination.

#### False Economy with Judges

There is little or no difference of opinion to be found in the very widespread comment on the resignation of Judge WATSON, of the Second Federal District at Detroit. Those who should Judge WATSON agree that he is a very good judge indeed, and that the bench will be weakened by the loss of him. Those who know about living conditions in his district, which extends into New York, Connecticut, and Vermont, agree that his sole reason for resigning, the insufficiency of his salary—is a perfectly good reason. Everbody seems to agree

that our government is at fault in permitting such a reason to exist.

Congress is at fault in more ways than one in this matter of judicial salaries. It has failed to take due account of the increase in the cost of living. Twenty years ago that was not, for a man in Judge WATSON's position, more than half what it is today. His present salary of \$12,000 is now not nearly equivalent to the \$6,000 which circuit judges then received. Congress has also failed to take due account of the differences in the cost of living as between different parts of the country. There are high state judges in parts of the South who serve seven months with salaries of \$5,000 or less; at my rate, high-class new work and keep such judges. On the other hand, some courts are so insignificant that in New York City Supreme Court justices could have \$12,500.

But the main fault of our policy in this regard is general and continuous, and has often enough been pointed out as in contrast with English and other foreign courts. It is simply that we do not pay enough for the difficult and almost unimportant work which we demand from the bench. Our system, state and national, throws upon judges most of the responsibility for its proper working than does any other in the world. That is perhaps its most distinguishing characteristic. Yet no other great nation does so little, whether with money or in other ways, to make the bench attractive to men of the highest ability.

Some of the states are doing worse than they need to. They are signs that a general change of policy may be approaching. It cannot come too soon. Whatever may be the merits of other plans to keep the American bench what it has been and should be, and to ally what seems a growing defect of our government can be completely final that we do not make it effectively attractive to the very best men we have to get on it. Whatever else we want, we shall certainly always want the best judges we can get. We can afford whatever it may cost to get them. We cannot afford to practice any economy—or to do anything else—that may keep us from getting them.

#### Commissioner Williams

The resignation of Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS as Commissioner of Immigration has been accepted by the President, to take effect on June 30th. The President in a letter expresses his appreciation of Mr. WILLIAMS' "conscientious and peculiarly intelligent service in handling one of the most delicate and onerous positions in the government service."

It will be a loss to the country when Mr. WILLIAMS leaves Ellis Island. He has been the head of our establishment there for seven years in all—three by appointment of Mr. ROBERTS, and after an interval, four more by appointment of Mr. TAFT. A commissioner at Ellis Island under the immigration laws is one who has to be studied and understood. He will have to make many distressful decisions, and turn back lots of pitiable people from the door of their homes. It is a heartrending job. Mr. WILLIAMS has administered it with firmness, with kindness, with sound judgment, and entire impartiality. He has been vilified and assailed a great deal, but wherever his conduct or decisions have been investigated by competent inquiries he has been justified; and usually when his judgments have been overruled on appeal to Washington, the final result has justified his opinion.

We don't like to see Mr. WILLIAMS released from the public service. He has certainly served his time at Ellis Island, but it is doing so he has acquired an unusual knowledge of immigration, and that should continue to be available in shaping the country's immigration policies. We wish he might go to Congress. That is one place where such experts as he are needed.

#### Liquor Laws that Miss Their Mark

We read that under the present liquor law of Texas the salaried men have been known to buy German society in Dallas for selling drinks to its members, and the Attorney-General is going to sue clubs everywhere that keep "gentlemen's cellars."

To start with the Germans seem an ambitious beginning. There are a good many Germans in Texas, some localities having a large preponderance of them. We suppose they drink beer, and drink it in large quantities, and they will be glad to drink it in company. We suppose they are about as good settlers and citizens as Texas can hope to get. If the prohibition sentiment in that state harnesses them in the enjoyment of life and law according to their tastes, it will do, we should say, a mischief, and one that in the end will be likely to test the strength of the prohibitive anti-

ment in Texas. It is not enough for a liquor law that it should mean harm. It must do good or die. Moreover, it is not enough for a state law that it should do good in one county and evil in another. It must be so devised as to operate beneficially wherever it operates at all. Local option seems the likeliest way to effect that, and local option in Texas would probably avoid the harassment of the Germans.

If expert testimony is of any worth, the foremost example of a well-intentioned liquor law that has done harm is the anti-ventures law. The army struggles annually to get rid of it, making pathetic showings of its evil consequences, but it sticks.

#### Racing

There is racing again in these parts, some at Piping Rock and some at Belmont Park. The law have been modified so as to give the sport another trial, and we wonder the gambling element in it can be sufficiently suppressed to avoid damage to the public morals.

Racing seems to be amusing, and there are a good many people hereabout who have leisure to be amused, and are ready to spend money for amusement, and it would be a pity and, we think, a mistake to prevent laws between them and diversion which can be made reasonably innocent. If racing can be successfully demoralized it is no worse than baseball. It has the good quality of putting the Puritan nose out of joint. A world in which the Puritan is entirely easy is not an entirely wholesome world, not quite the world the Creator intended.

We hope the new racing will succeed. If it drops back into its former status of an institution by which a few investors made money and a big crowd was touched with the gambling mania and lost money, the new experiment with it will be short-lived. It is essential to its continuance that it shall be so profitable to the vast majority of the crowd as to be profitable to the few. Government officials squelched it. When it becomes too profitable it becomes a public nuisance.

#### Washington and New York

In the latest installment of Mr. JOHN BURTON'S memoirs he speaks of saying to Mr. SEWARD, then Secretary of State, that he had thought of choosing Washington as his winter residence. Mr. SEWARD advised him earnestly to do nothing of the kind, saying:

I would not stay here a day if it were in option. There is no society here with which you could mix. You are identified with me, and you are not a quiet office. You would be put down as a club man, or be overlooked by the officials or first-class people, and your position would be a nothing but pleasant to yourself, still less pleasant to your wife. I always held on to my country home at Auburn, because, come what might come, there I could always be sure of making with the first. I would not stay here a day if it were in option. You are a better man than I am, and you are not in the crowd, by keeping outside of the city I was always a lion in the city.

No doubt Washington has improved in the last fifty years as a place of winter residence for a citizen not in office. The city is much bigger now than it was in the days of such headquarters and more desirable; the permanent population is much larger, and includes more people of wealth and more of mental distinction, but the business of the city is still government, and active people not connected in some way with that may find difficulty in employing themselves to their satisfaction there. Mr. SEWARD might not give his day to the city, but he would not give his day to Washington; but Washington is still preferable as a place to retire to after the hard work of life rather than as a field for the unocial activities of a man with work still to do. One trouble with such a place for the aspirant is that their children, if they are ambitious, must go elsewhere to do their work in life.

It is not the trouble with New York. Mr. SEWARD's objection to being lost in the crowd of New York was proper enough for him at his age and with his competent fortune and great distinction. He went back to Auburn, and spent so much of his last years there as were not occupied by travel. But Mr. BURTON settled back eventually in New York, and he was, we believe, very happy and as long, and never became cheap as Mr. SEWARD said, and never was lost in all the crowd of Gotham.

Not every one is lost in New York. It depends. But nobody retires to New York. Mr. HAZARD lived here, and lived to be ninety-old, but he never retired. To the very end his was a life of the life of the city.





# THEY MARRIED ON SIXTY A WEEK

Were They Rich or Poor? A Genial Modern Philosopher Answers this and other Questions Relative to the State of being "A Beginning Husband" and Wife

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX



"MARRIAGE," as one of our greatest

philosophers has remarked in a still more

great beginning, as it was to Adam and Eve, who kept their

homestead in Eden, but had their first little row among the thorns and thistles of the wilderness. It is

at still the beginning of the home life, the gradual conquest of irreconcilable foes," etc.

This is not in the least the tone of the reflections of the Beginning Husband, who apparently shares with his author a gay and somewhat attitude

toward life and an uncooperable faith that the universe is mainly disposed toward well-being and well-behaved people, but that philosophy and philosophy of a grave and penetrating nature, is absent from these reflections, but it is a philosophy learnedly disguised in wit and chief of a philosophical touch, touching such that Confucius and Epicurus and Aristotle taught, is yet a little too abandoned to utter itself gravely.

It is impossible to read this book, witty and amusing as it is, without being surprised with a personality and an attitude toward life.

The Beginning Husband takes a wife brought up to like an income of twelve thousand and spend a year and persuade her to adopt herself in his income of sixty dollars a week with prospects. But by no means will he admit it as a social and depressing undertaking. For he says, as to politics and getting married: "If you wait till you're ready, you wait. It seems as if everything had to be shot on the wing."

Two passages, perhaps, give the general drift of the philosophy of the young husband and his creator. In one he says: "I love old associations and possessions of relation, and my heart is even hostile to some fifty at condition; but there is plenty to be said in favor of wearing the garments of life here—though to shed them when they get seriously in the way. One should be enough of a change artist to quit a suit he cannot wear in before the on-lookers about him out."

Again he says: "We are the standard. We laugh at ourselves, but surely it is a fine thing to have so strong a heart toward toleration of things as they are, and expectation of being pleased with them as they're going to be."

The first passage gives one the note of conversation, the attachment to the old social order, so as suitable, together with a free indifference courage and a general sense that, whatever comes, there will be some fun for the spirit that knows how to make it; and the second emphasizes that world-old philosophy of the Stoics which teaches that, if you can't get what you want, the wise man will want what he gets—and so be even with destiny.

With the married and most sensible philosophy of life, then, the young husband recounts his adventures from the moment when he re-organizes himself to the day he had relinquished an account of insignificant means remaining. "I think usually of the common state per se, but I had always rather be engaged to Cordelia than not—through contemplation of the details of living and keeping house, the relation of things in business, the first baby, a discussion of the latest woman question, contemporary politics, and the education of girls.

If this book lives, if it is treated in a number of private libraries and referred to by those who give her reflection and observation, it will not be because it is urged in a cynical way the march of events. The old order seems fairly desirable and agreeable to

Mr. Martin, and he discusses the affairs of women quite as if more than a third of them here in this very had had not already been forced into self-support, into becoming independent economic factors, responsible for themselves and often for a good many others. Even on witty details to work he congratulates himself that his wife has an "job" except that of



Edward Sanford Martin  
AUTHOR OF "A BEGINNING HUSBAND"

maintain to his comfort. "My need is for assistance in spending our money." All the choices of the young husband turn out as joyously as his own temperament. Fathers and fathers-in-law supply a dissonant of country-houses for summer, champagne, and automobiles. Cordelia sings at her work and spends her life "making calls—though she says calls are a queer employment for a lady who likes over a better shop—and she goes to see her mother, and my mother, and various girls, and goes to market, and sees a little and reads a little and does charities a good deal, and has girls in to teach and feeds them on I don't know what. She says it is not wise to break with the life you know any more than you have to."

Again, when it comes to the question of educating girls it is quite definite that the author prefers girls educated for marriage rather than for self-support. College girls, he thinks, are largely recruited from

humble whose daughters have a doubtful prospect or worse of inheriting means of support. Now his friend Mrs. Van Pelt, at the dinner-table: "The religious are anxious to get of some whose mothers I don't know, busy learning unimportant things like how to set up a factory, how to have hair attached to the scalp, how to talk to a bee, how to help a smelter, how to engage a rook, when to ask to a dinner-party. Why religious? Maria's own home in four years, forgotten by all the girls she ought to know, qualified to be a school teacher and with a large acquaintance among young ladies similarly certified, and with a strong and reasonable impulse to put her attainments to practical use either by practicing her studies or getting a situation and earning her living. I don't want her to get a situation and earn her living. I want her to get married."

This is not the tone of the modern economic situation. The author says nothing about the social in this case, but the general optimistic tone is of one who thinks well of the human experiment, and yet, if the need is to multiply indefinitely, it will probably be necessary for more and more members of the race to become producers.

However, it is not in the field of social economics that we meet Cordelia, the Beginning Husband, but in the field of human relation. The Beginning Husband has a genius for associating himself with also people. That Cordelia was thoroughly nice as well as was one seen from her reply to her husband when they were visiting wealthy contemporaries.

"No dearth, Cordelia," said I, "you might have had a set of things like this if you had asked a little timely judgment."

"Possibly," said Cordelia, "this is a nice set, but how many bath-rooms shall we need, Virginia?"

Of social status as measured by the many bath-rooms in a father's house there are many witty comments. A long island house, built to contain a lovely of three and containing twenty-five of those commodities, sets the young husband to reflecting: "Cordelia really still hangs back a bit, but we are getting pretty strong on planning, and the wilderness may find us with a bath-spa."

It is the other days Aristotle gave us the picture of the fine gentlemen of the early eighteenth century, here in a companion picture of a fine gentleman in an era of himself when fine gentlemen are perhaps rare. He has a jaunty manner still, a high heart, a tolerant regard for his messes, and a kind heart; with the philosophy of life that he offers, is no gay and luxurious style, and so makes two grave utterances that uttered in our era: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you" and "Bless ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

We should advise every young husband to keep the book near at hand so that he may refer to it when his failures are most apparent, laying to heart the tolerance of the young husband's friend, speaking of women, Mrs. Stare says: "We can't do anything. Perseus, but try our utmost (of course he really said 'darnedest') to make them happy, and hope that they will be good."

It has been pointed out before that the field which Mr. E. S. Martin has made particularly and happily his own is the domestic field. And one need be hot set before us with the same happy lightness of touch, the same profound wisdom as graciously offered, that we meet throughout the book and only realize afterward that we have been led along a primeval path to the underlying gravities of life.

## HORSE-RACING "COMES BACK" IN NEW YORK

THE REVIVING OF THE HYPODROME PLANNED AT 80 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK, ON MONDAY EVENING, MARKED THE BEGGINING OF RACING IN NEW YORK STATE AFTER A LAPSE OF THREE YEARS. THIRTY THOUSAND VIEW-ANTHROPIST NEW HARRY PATRICK WHITNEY'S "WHORE HOUSE" BOOM HOUSE AT EAST RIVER.





# DULUTH'S SUCCESSFUL STORY

A Mining Town that Made Itself an Agricultural Object-Lesson



A view of Duluth's harbor

BY HERBERT STOCKTON

**T**HROUGH there was a landing-point at the head of Lake Superior a hundred years ago, and a French trading post a hundred years before that, Duluth's history began when this territory was ceded by the Indians to the United States in 1853, began a second time when the railroad entered in 1870, was broken off in 1875, and took a fresh start in 1880, when the Northern Pacific got its new lease of life and the homeseekers invaded Dakota. As the wheat began to flow from the bread-basket of the world to the port at the head of Lake Superior, Duluth took a fresh grip on the skirts of destiny.

Next iron was discovered a hundred miles north of Duluth at Vermilion Lake, and the Mesabean Tower built a railroad into the wilderness to reach it. Next the Mesabean was discovered in 1880 by the Merrill brothers, who built a railroad to the new range, paved it for funds to complete it, and went under in the hard times that followed 1893. The Mesabean Range turned out to be the biggest iron-miner in the country. Its shipments are sixty per cent. of all the iron mined in the United States. It supports a population of 75,000 in a series of thriving villages, and more earth and rock are hauled every year than at Panama. It has known deposits of a billion and a half tons, with new discoveries every season which will keep the furnace going for the next hundred years at least.

Lumbering was the great business in the early days at Duluth, but that is declining in importance, and the annual cut of this district has dwindled to half a billion feet a year or less. In fact, the lumbering business has moved out of town to Chaparral, twenty-eight miles over the hill, and to Virginia, on the Mesabean Range, where there is a mill with a capacity of a million feet every twenty-four hours. But lumbering is not dead—there is no, and the manufacture of hardwoods—larch in any imaginable quantity of spruce and tamarack and birch and poplar—is gradually taking its place.

From lumbering several indigenous industries have arisen. The lumbermen secure a head with a rubber foot—making that is a Duluth industry. The lumberjack's mackinaw is the most comfortable winter garb ever devised. Duluth has retained its native garment of fashion, the delight of the college boy and the joy of the "fan." Duluth has also become the headquarters for the manufacture of loading machinery for lumbermen all over the world.

Duluth is a natural distributing-point, and its jobbing houses, at first serving home territory only, have gradually extended their feet until their trade extends all the way to the Southwest and the Pacific coast, and some of the most important concerns in the country are located here.

But Duluth's chief boast has to do with other mines nor lumber nor jobbing nor transportation—its great achievement is in agricultural development. Duluth was almost the only town in the United States that owned to be a great city, yet was not founded in a farming community. Except the Range country, Duluth's base was three or four hundred miles away.

Every one knows to-day that the Lake Superior district is a great dairy country, that there is no sweeter cream or peas to cool the product of Northern Wisconsin, an equality to equal in richness and nutrition that of northern Minnesota, and that a country that will give thirty tons of rutabagas to the acre is not to be despised agriculturally. But only a few years ago it was the unimproved prairie, where Wisconsin was all stumps and stumps, and northern Minnesota was all rocks and stumps, and that both were agriculturally impossible. There were thousands of settlers, indeed, in the northern country, but few

of them were doing much to dispel the unfortunate impression of this region. Most of them were "subsistence" farmers, who found it more easier to get a subsistence by hunting and fishing and working a little in the woods than to subdue their land.

The first step was to employ an agricultural expert who went about among the farmers, organizing clubs and co-operative associations, showing them what was good practice and pointing out where they were falling in getting the best results, stimulating interest among those who were discouraged, finding the way to market for those who were remote, inspiring new ambition in those who had no hope of this country. That in all familiar ways and the original missionary's plan has been supplied by an agent maintained by the Federal government and the state in cooperation with the Commercial Club, and when the National Crops Improvement Association offered to help in good works of this sort its first check for a thousand dollars was sent to the Duluth Commercial Club in recognition of its primary. Duluth and St. Louis County have taken first prizes at the state fair for clover and alfalfa. For potatoes, for early and head lettuce, and for market-garden display, till it is almost a habit. In competition with the United States and Canada, Duluth showed the best basket of potatoes at Madison Square Garden in 1911, and again in the competition of the Northwesters state at St. Paul in 1912.

In line with the same purpose, the one thing Duluth has asked of the state is a demonstration farm school, to be an arm of the Agricultural College, and to have such simple equipment that the boys and girls who come from the farm shall live as nearly as may be in farm surroundings and go back

to the farm with the best results.

Next Minnesota was preparing to spend \$20,000,000 in the next few years on roads, largely in northern Minnesota, which would mean about \$4,000,000 in central and south-central Minnesota a year on roads. About the time when Duluth discovered its agricultural backwardness it came upon another symptom of arrested development. The city did not seem to be getting so much as it ought out of its situation at the head of Lake Superior. Ory, grain, and coal, the great bulk commodities, were moved by water under various appliances—appliance so efficient that their economies amounted to 40,000,000 to 125,000,000 bushels of grain, 25,000,000 to 34,000,000 tons of ore, and \$100,000 to 1,000,000 tons of coal per annum allowed little to the apparent traffic of the port. Leading a Lake vapor with 200,000 bushels of wheat takes only a few minutes and employs a handful of men. A 10,000-ton cargo of ore in libras shipped by opening a chute and letting it run. And the enormous electric converters sweep out the contents of a cargo of coal with hardly a touch of hand labor. But while bulk cargoes were so simply handled, general commodities were not coming in anything like proportion to what they ought. Investigation showed that the rates were thus drawn up in older days to favor the city where the rail-making power had its seat, or to give the railroads the best possible haul, or simply to oblige the shipper who brought the most pressure. The Commercial Club was advised, a traffic expert was employed, and a thousand errors and overcharges in the tariffs were corrected. For the railroads, like other business-providers, help those who help themselves. With their cooperation and the addition of ratings from the Interstate Commerce Commission, Duluth is establishing for itself the benefits of its position.

In recent years nearly all the railroad construction between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi has been for Duluth for its base, and few important routes have wheeled through a right angle to make Duluth their principal terminal instead of an interior point.

In addition to its efforts to correct railroad rates, Duluth has begun a campaign for public terminals. Duluth was converted to municipal ownership, then by a succession of typhoid fever strikes and epidemics, to raise the company that owned the water plant was not able to provide a pure supply. The city acquired it after a struggle and made a notable success of its operation. The water has been above reproach. There has never been a serious epidemic since then, rates have been reduced, and the price of gas has been cut in two. The gas, by the way, is a by-product from the cooking gases of an independent furnace which makes its fuel from an arrangement of an enormous coal shed. As a consequence domestic gas is seventy-five cents a thousand in the Duluth consumer, and the rest of the city gets it at 85 cents.

Within two miles of Duluth the St. Louis river has a fall of more than four hundred feet. This has been utilized to furnish electric energy, and a single wheel an effective head of 275 feet at the wheels three miles from the city limits—more than twice the head of Niagara. With that enormous energy, one cent of water per second delivers one horsepower at the center of the city. The power delivered in 1912 was equivalent to 400,000 tons of coal. The development furnished 40,000 horsepower so far as has been reported. Electric power runs the majority of the industrial plants, especially the smaller industries, the street-railway system of Duluth and Superior, and the electric lights of both cities.

In consequence of the improved situation as regards cost of living, the removal of the artificial settlement of the immediate country, the correction in railroad rates, and of the important influence on rates the steel plants will exercise, Duluth is growing in manufactures as well as in wholesaling.



The Central High School of Duluth

to the farm without getting out of their environment. An appropriation was obtained for land and initial buildings, to be no more elaborate than an average farmer can provide for himself, and a graduate farmer has been engaged to teach agriculture there with special reference to the problems of the out-of-country. It is all a part of the same develop-

# Building Men—Not Champions

The Remarkable System at the College of the City of New York and Some of Its Excellent Results

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY



Testing the sight of a big class

**P**HYSICAL America is beginning to catch. That is to say, the amount of our national resources is no longer keeping its head with the growth of population. The resources must be husbanded, the soil must be cultivated more intensively, and the gifts of nature no longer prodigally wasted. We have been hearing a great deal of late about agriculture for the conservation of lands, of water-power, etc., but nowhere, so far as I have learned, of a systematic, sustained, all-embracing

Nach a job no this is a task to fit the ambitions of any man. I see the scheme in operation is enough to revive the hope of any citizen who may for a moment have listened to bores and legions to think that nowadays we are all going to the dogs. The boobyry is to kill men, or at least to crush out them of vitality, chiefly by

and conserve human health. Failure to respect any one of these principles will jeopardize the success of the others. No rational scheme should rely upon exercise alone for health, nor upon any other one procedure as habit. The most respect all of those several requisites in order to work under a wise policy of personal health control. The man who regulates his habits of eating and takes an exercise cannot expect health. The man who exercises properly and eats wisely will fail to secure health if his habits of sleep are bad. On the other hand, a reasonable observance of these several simple hygienic laws cannot fail to secure and conserve health for the average individual.

"Such an individual will be possessed of millions of active, healthy cellular structures working for his protection, conspiring for him a defensive armamentarium, and ready on demand to respond with supreme reaction against the invasion of disease."

How is the ideal realized? To begin with, every student at the College of the City of New York is carefully examined twice a year—or whenever else he may happen—in to the condition of heart, lungs, and other organs, skin, eyes, teeth, etc.; and if any serious defect is found he is advised to see a doctor at once. He is required to take home a written notice to this effect and to bring back a reply from his parent or guardian. The report of cases of infectious diseases by the Health Department is checked up every day. If any student is found to live in an infected home, he is at once excluded from college until he can bring a certificate from the Health Department that he is free from contagion. And, of course, if a student at any time shows symptoms of disorder he is at once examined. Whenever a student returns to college after a course of typhoid, diphtheria, or similar disease, the germs of which he unconsciously might still be carrying, he is examined to make sure that there is no danger of infection from him.

For the sake of accuracy and certainty in these and similar examinations, the college department of physical instruction and hygiene maintains an excellent laboratory, in a renovated room, by the way, that used to be a baker's pantry—quite a different source of recovering vitality. In this laboratory a daily test is made of the water in the college swimming pool. All of the ordinary bacteriological tests and chemical analyses can be made. The aim is to have the laboratory afford perfect protection against disease-carriers.

Every lay in the college is obliged to take enough exercise to keep his fit.



A "floor talk" on health by Dr. Storey

scheme for the conservation of human life and strength, which are, after all, the greatest asset of a people.

Quite by accident I happened the other day to discover a full-fledged, highly developed plant for the conservation of humanity. The scheme of its organization is at once and its results—thus far—are so excellent that they are well worth pointing out. The plant is operated, logically enough, in the College of the City of New York, the intellectual division of that vast metropolis melting-pot into which myriads of men and women of all the creeds of mankind are poured every year and from which they emerge full-fledged Americans. The director of it is Dr. Thomas A. Storey, A.M., M.D., Ph.D., a graduate of Stanford and Harvard universities; and a corps of sixteen experts aids him in the scheme of building up lifelong habits of health, strength, and efficiency among the 2,500 boys of the preparatory school and the 1,200 young men in the college proper. "If this department has been successful," says Dr. Storey, "it is the result of the loyal, efficient, uncomplaining service of the men on the staff."

The college has its regularly organized teams for track and field sports, basketball, baseball, tennis, swimming, water polo, and soccer football, just as all other educational institutions have—but the chief function of the athletic sports, as well as of all its forms of physical exercise, is to establish habits of clean living, health, and stamina as a permanent basis. No foul play is allowed to stay on any team. Instead of trying to develop, say, a world-record sprinter who can do the hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds while three thousand of his fellows roar with delight, the aim is to develop the three thousand fellows so that they all can run decently, swim well, climb jumps, and handle relatives with some skill, but, above all, have the habit of keeping themselves clean and in permanent good health at the highest pitch of working power and moral responsibility. The trustees and President Foley have done much to dignify and assist the work of the department, which, by the way, is now organizing the Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, to be held at Buffalo, New York, August 25th to 30th.

crowding, dirt, and the lack of fresh air, sanitation, and exercise established by their cramped environment. So far as athletic championships and records are concerned, we find that over eleven games have been held and records kept every city athlete has been of the first quality; yet the average city man, the man in the street, has been terribly handicapped by abnormal living among ourselves. If the man in the street could be taught how to fortify himself, how to make the most of what is in him—though not to the extremes attained by the champion—he, too, can claim to be first rank in the perpetual struggle that is life. Indeed, he will feel better and live longer than most champions.

Now are school-boys and collegians to be cast into healthy development, persuaded to follow a rational plan of living? There must be an ideal in the mind of the teacher, the one who takes the mass of plastic young human material and does his share of molding it into men. Dr. Storey, so long ago as 1906, defined his ideal in a paper before the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Washington, D. C. He said:

"The health and, therefore, the immensity of the whole body depends upon the health of all its constituent parts—on the health of its cells. If the cells are all well controlled, active, and protected from extremes of pathogenic influences, their associated health will be the health of the individual whose body they in combination make. That such a healthy individual is possessed of a certain degree of immunity has been proved empirically and experimentally and it is equally well established that the preservation and conservation of the healthy body depend upon the observance of several simple hygienic procedures. These hygienic procedures are the same as those which I have already stated were essential to the body cells. Furthermore, these procedures must be the fundamental procedures in any wise and well-ordered policy of personal health control."

"The well-planned policy of personal health control teaches men to eat properly, to drink properly, to breathe properly, to take proper care of the circulation and nerves, to exercise wisely, to rest wisely, and to keep reasonably clean with reference to disease-bearing organisms. Such governing principles lead to



Carefully examined twice a year

# THE QUEEN OF THE INLAND WATERWAYS

BY JULIUS H. BARNES

Chairman of the Duluth Traffic Commission



Unloading coal at Duluth



IN 1828, the year of Oliver Cromwell's death, the first western explorer reached the far western end of Lake Superior in a birch canoe.

Where the City of Duluth now stands there was then, and for two centuries later, a dense pine forest reaching to the very waters of the lake. The first trail of the early explorers, ascending the small stream at the western end of Lake Superior, would then lead a short portage to reach the rapids that flowed west into the Mississippi, and thence Duluth became the first teaming-up point for the light supplies of explorers, missionaries and fur traders, nearly two and a half centuries ago.

Two centuries the creek on Lake Superior progressed only from light birch canoe to the flat-bottom skiff of the trader, and then began an era of transportation development. The like of which the world had never seen. As late as 1848 all the commerce of Lake Superior was transferred around the Falls of St. Mary's River between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and one old gun barrel and a cart were sufficient to portage all the commerce of Lake Superior.

Then followed the era of development which made the figures of transportation tonnage so tremendous that they mean nothing to us or unless we have imagination to illustrate the magnitude of the government record of Saint Ste. Marie's Canal.

What does it mean to us to say that the tonnage through Saint Ste. Marie's Canal into and from Lake

Superior for the season of 1942 equals eighty million tons? What does eighty million tons express to us or begin to indicate how many old gun barrels and carts would every eighty million tons crowd these hills?

What does it mean to say that 242 million bushels of grain are on the waterway during the season of navigation of 1942, and that the average rate of freight for carrying that grain from Duluth to Buffalo was 17 cents per bushel? The rail freight for that trip would be ten times that much, even were it physically possible for the railroads to handle such a colossally great tonnage, which they certainly could not do with their present facilities.

Of that 242 million tons of coal moved westward at an average rate of thirty-five tons per ton for that long water trip, where the mill freight would have been ten times as much?

The country at the western end of Lake Superior is just beginning to be settled. Just west of Duluth there is a territory as large as New England of fertile soil, which has not been reclaimed and is growing it; which has needed roads—and Mississippian civilization—it with highways at the state expense.

It needs railroads, not the railroads are pushing their extensions into it. It has needed power, and its generation of settlers arriving in larger than in all the other North-western states combined.

The great railroad system of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and the Sun are to-day delivering in Minnesota more carloads of immigrant goods than in all the states combined on their western systems of North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon.

We have been accustomed to think of the far West as the land of opportunity, but northern Minnesota today is a more promising field for the agriculturalist, and especially for the man with the plowman and the sawage to utilize the cut-over timber lands of that section, than any other area in the United States.

The great railroad system of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and the Sun are to-day delivering in Minnesota more carloads of immigrant goods than in all the states combined on their western systems of North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon.



The entrance to Duluth Harbor

of the Argentine, of Australia and Russia and Manchuria. The Canadian government is having money to see this and to plan for it. Within the space of a few years there will be a road around Niagara Falls which will permit the cargo boats to cross Lake Ontario and reach the head waters of the St. Lawrence. From there in Montreal is but a cheap water-shipped route of some 150 or 175 miles.

The effect of this will be that grain will be taken from the western end of Lake Superior and delivered at the port of Montreal at a freight charge of four to five cents per bushel, and with fair ocean rates from Montreal to foreign markets, and fair railroad rates from the western end of Lake Superior to the grain fields, the grain grower of Western Canada will once more stand a chance against his great cheap competitors.

And New York State, with its great harbor canal from the Great Lakes to New York City, will be no longer a crutch and no help in its saving of transportation costs as the St. Lawrence River stands.

Each year this western country is settled more and more densely. Its needs, its requirements, its necessities. And the thousand products that supply houses and shops and factories must see that water route also.

Duluth, the far western port of Lake Superior, thirty years ago a pine boat, today a thriving city, yesterday an outpost of the pioneers, to-day sending third of its population to all the great ports of the world. Back of it a territory yet to be settled, one of a water highway not yet fully developed to its full usefulness. To tomorrow, what?

# THE WORD OF THE GRAIN EXCHANGE

BY CHARLES F. MACDONALD

THE function performed by the grain exchange is not supposed to be directly to the producer, but to the general welfare by any business agency of the day. The exchange and its members are the market for the grain, which, in the chief grain, aggregated in the year 1932 more than five and a half billion of bushels, is a matter of vital concern.

It is universally conceded that the basis of our great wealth and the welfare and progress of all nations is the agricultural prosperity of the nation, and it is a matter not merely of general concern, but also of demand, that the grower shall receive the highest possible remuneration for his product, and that he shall be enabled to market it expeditiously and at a minimum of cost. The crops which are raised by the producers of this country within a period of four or five months must find the people for export, and the accumulation of this great food supply and its distribution from the factories where it is grown to those where it is desired for consumption presents a problem which it is the mission of the grain exchange to meet in the interest of the producer. To provide a market for the grower by bringing together the representatives of both buyer and seller, and in this way to distribute the products of the soil to the consumers, is the primary purpose for which grain exchanges exist, and their usefulness to the community cannot be measured by the facilities with which they administer their business.

Economists and students of business have universally conceded the importance of the functions of the grain exchange and recognize that the exchange is a great service, but that a large number of the people do not regard them so highly and look upon them as merely agencies for speculation. It is not to be desired, Congress and legislatures of states are threatening legislation that would radically change the methods used which bring the grower to the market, and which would require much readjustment, in the process of which the chief sufferer would unquestionably be the producer.

This feeling of antagonism grows very largely out of the trading in contracts for future delivery, and it is unfortunately true that it is not the legislative basis of this very valuable and necessary business, but the marketing of grain that has provoked hostility, but the fact that it has been all proved mistaken and absurd. The exchange has been shown to be an agency for stabilizing and increasing production by severely penalizing it. It is known to every exchange that the volume of their trading is infinitesimal in comparison with that of the legit-

imate buying and speculative trading. The speculative gambling and manipulation are always exploited seasonally, and the producer is injured in that way and the exchange suffers for the sake of the few. The efforts to stamp out the undesirable trade are largely leaving, fruit, and there is much reason to believe that the day of wild gambling in grain has passed. It must always be borne in mind, however, that grain, in a commodity that is sensitive to changing conditions, and very responsive to the supply-and-demand situation, and years of short crops will always find wide and rapid fluctuations in prices.

With the manner in which grain is actually marketed the public has little familiarity. In a general way it is known that there are commission men who solicit and receive the business of grain shippers, elevators and mills which buy the grain, exporters who sell abroad, and that the grain is bought and sold through the medium of the exchange; but of the magnitude of the trade there is little realization, nor is the service rendered to the whole world properly appreciated.

From early in May, when Texas begins to harvest

its crops, until late in August, when North Dakota and the other northern states have gathered in the last of the harvest, grain is being marketed in a very high point. One of the variations at the head of Lake Superior in the fall of 1912 delivered 1,200,000 bushels of wheat into boats in ten hours' time. In the early twenties the Northern Pacific Railway's first car of grain into Duluth carried 12,000 pounds, but the great advance in railroad facilities has brought the average car to about 35,000 pounds. It is now a single car, it required 1,000 men to transport the loadings of one day from this elevator—twenty train-loads of grain to the ocean—into the waterways. In the three years ending with the outbreak of the Northwest—Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota, in 1912, the average carload of wheat bushels for the entire year the product of more than 75,000 acres of land was entered in the million and a quarter bushels that went out in one elevator into boats in a single day.

The business transacted on the Duluth Board of Trade in the fall of 1912 affords an excellent illustration of the volume of the activity, and a means in receipt of wheat. It is at the head of deep-water navigation on the Great Lakes, the farthest point inland that can be reached by the great water carriers that have steadily reduced the transportation cost of carrying grain until it can be fairly said to be at the minimum. At its very doors are the great fields of the spring wheat territory of the country, the State of Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota, with Montana, now jumping rapidly into the front rank and promising shortly to become one of the greatest grain-growing states of the country.



The Duluth Board of Trade



# THE NEW LAKE SUPERIOR CLOVERLAND

BY FRANK N. HARDING

**W**HEN a night's ride of Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee, about half a day's ride from St. Paul and Minneapolis and all the very best of food and Superior, less the Lake Superior dairy region of the north, Michigan, which has recently advanced, and with a dash of right, the name "Cloverland" thus comprises a vast agricultural territory, consisting of fifteen million acres of land, will shortly be developed, and during the next ten years, new wonderful strides toward the development of its agricultural resources. But a short time ago this territory was covered with upland forests of timber, and the popular impression, encouraged by lumbermen, the natural foe of the settler, was that the region was valueless as a result of its geographical position. With the passage of the lumbermen came the advent of the settler, and simultaneously the wonderful agricultural, fruit, and dairy possibilities of this territory became fully established.

Measurably enough, the significant position of this favored country was overlooked by agriculturists in the rush for Western lands, and here, within every striking distance of each marked corner to Detroit, Chicago, and the Twin Cities, is a vast, undeveloped, agricultural empire, located between the huge fresh-water lakes, Superior and Michigan, which temper and govern the prevalent frost conditions to an average summer crop-growing season of ninety days duration, which compares favorably with the corresponding season of the northern half of Iowa, southern Minnesota, and Nebraska. The climate is ideal for the farmer, the fruit-grower, and the dairyman. The summer days are perfect, with uniform precipitation, encompassing fifteen to twenty hours of rain, and the summer nights are cool and comfortable.

The soil of this region is deep and rich, as is evidenced by the tremendous forests of pine and mixed hard woods which formerly covered the country. It is estimated that crops grown on the far north as well as the region close to the highest quality and most rapid development. All the crops produced in the temperate regions of the United States are successfully grown in this Lake Superior Cloverland. All grains and legume crops thrive wonderfully in this region in the winter in covered with a blanket of snow, ranging from three feet upward in depth, throughout winter months, and therefore clover and legume crops are never winter-killed.

The importance of this peculiar climatic condition cannot be overestimated, and its significance to all who are engaged in normal husbandry is need pointed. All grains, whether fall sown or spring, yield abun-

dantly. Spring rye yields about 25 to 30 bushels, and spring wheat from 25 to 30, per acre. But, on these wonderful rye soils, yield seasonal crops, ranging from 40 to as high as 100 bushels of officially weighed grain. Cows, of the richest varieties, mature, not even for stags and sows, give from 100 to 150 bushels of milk, which yields from 28 to 40 bushels per acre. Barley is a good crop and runs from 35 to 50 bushels per acre. Hay, clover, timothy, alfalfa, and other feeds are abundant. Such crops, such as turnips, parsnips, rutabagas, and potatoes produce extraordinary yields. Cloverland knows no rival in the growth of potatoes, save the Apawack region in Maine, or the Western irrigated lands. Yields will run from 200 bushels per acre up to 600 bushels, and that of potatoes of the French quality.

The rapid development of the progressing industry in the northland is a most worthy of notice. Pans produce the product most of being both profitable for their crop and therefore to those who have developed lands upon which they are raised. These rich soils of the north produce such wonderful crops of peas that occasionally compared to land that some of the smaller graded varieties grow larger peas than the heavy market demands. Pea straw is as plentiful in this section as it is in the West. For raising purposes these northern grown peas are as much better than those grown farther south as they are for seed purposes. The development is more even and gradual and the ripening more graduated and perfect. This northern-grown pea seed is particularly well adapted to the Middle West being raised here.

There is but one sugarbeet factory in this north country, and it is the best in the world. It is one of the best assets of the surrounding territory. Farms produce and the best-growing industry ever known in this section, and notably so. It is further south, as the local conditions which cause the beets to grow larger and yield a higher percentage of sugar content are those prevalent in this north country. The further south you go from the equator the more daylight there is in the summer-time, and the prevailing stress of sunlight converts a load-bearing leaves into all growing crops, and usually upon the presence of sugar in beets grown here, the agricultural bulletin showing that sugar beets contain from 18 to 20 per cent of refined sugar sugar than those grown in southern latitudes.

Small fruits, such as raspberries, gooseberries, currants, etc., are raised in this section, and the quality as well as quantity equal to the finest berries, small fruits, and currants of California, and of which there is no superior in any common soil here, and of a quality and quality which bespeak

freedom from attack by worms or pests, thrive upon the dark brown banks of the river bottoms, and find prompt markets with city markets. Variety and flavor of crisp white corn, and flavor as unimpaired as to have created a demand for them in Chicago and New York markets, are raised in profitable abundance on the rich cloverland soils of this newly discovered farming country.

Lake Superior apples from the Bayfield and Kenosha provinces, as well as all the central portions of this region, have been prize-winners at state fairs and general farm shows. Plums, cherries, and crab-apples are remarkably prolific.

Many advantages are offered to farmers in this region, among which are the finest and the most perfect educational system that can be found anywhere in the United States, from the graded schools, high schools, teachers' training schools, normal schools, agricultural experimental stations, evening schools, etc., leading to the state agricultural colleges and universities. Churches of all denominations and rural schools are rapidly being erected in many communities of new settlers. People of all races find here comfortable homes. The rural telephone system is rapidly developing, and rural free mail delivery is being pushed even into remote districts. Railroad service, east, west, and south, is most satisfactory. Small towns and villages are springing up in country everywhere, and the best of this region is rapidly changing from its original condition to that of a settled farming country.

Sheep-grazing, stock raising, the feeding of hogs and dairying, follow very naturally in the wake of the clearing of the land. This northern region is most admirably suited to animal husbandry in all of its varieties. With its great fertility of soil, the bearing, ripening power of its summer corn and its freedom from insects of the West, it is an equally fitted to the development of the dairy industry. Here cattle thrive on pastures which grow under the more green manure come out green from beneath the melting masses of the spring. Here clover is never winter-killed. Here for one, lands in this Lake Superior region will produce more feed for cattle than in the corn belts of Illinois and Iowa. Pure water, ample pasture, abundant production of beets, rutabagas, etc., surrounding clover crops, corn stags, oats, peas, and in short, all the things that go to make the dairy relation point out this as the logical soil of the dairy farms for the Middle West.

In short, the Cloverland is best justified to catch up with the general march of progress, and in the near future, in the hands of the progressive, agricultural farmers of this region, it will take the dairy region for the immense markets of the Middle West.



Loading by the aid of horses

With enormous annual increase in demand for lumber products has, during the past ten years, strongly encouraged the invention and manufacture of machines to facilitate lumbering processes from woods to mill.

When the logs were formerly "skidded" great distances through the woods behind a team of oxen, hand-propelled steam skidders now run on the skid-drum logging railroad, skidding the near and far hauled them the speed and at a very considerable saving in cost.

Where the logs were formerly loaded with the aid of horses, men and sleds, skidders also, the steam log-loader now reaches down to the big logs left by the logging railroad, by the skidder's own mechanical means, and the skidder's hand is laid by a straddle throughout a two-hour day.

The steam log-loader was the first machine to come into general use after the introduction of the logging railroad.

So far as the actual loading of logs is concerned, a comparatively simple and efficient, a good logging engine will do the work satisfactorily.

The problem confronting designers and builders of log loaders, was to make a skidder of such a simple construction of the two in such form that it would be quickly and easily made and which could be brought into position to load a train of engine operating on a single track.



BY IRVING SMALL

The weight of such a machine necessitated its transportation over the railroad. Economy made the machine portable and flexible, and yet to do its work the machine had to be brought within working distance of every car in the train. Thus it was necessary that the machine should operate on a single track along which a train of engines was passing in the opposite direction at the same time.

First, by mounting the machine on the truck and dragging it back over the cars as the loading proceeded.

Second, by assisting the machine on trucks adapted to run on the main track, suitable spurs being left to follow the lower grades where the trucks and the skid loader were operating the loading mechanism to permit of the empty cars passing up inclined rail sections through the machine between the spurs and the main track, and down to the truck again on the other side on other inclined rail sections.

The third and most generally adopted method was to provide the machine with two standards, the ends of which rested on the top surface of the rails, while the trucks and propelling motion could be carried on one or the other of the standards, which passed under the machine on the main track.

Equipping this machine with a "skidding" cable which can be carried back to the rear of the train of engine, car after car can be drawn by its own power, and the machine can be used in a number of ways.

After the train has been loaded, the machine stands at the rear and the engine trucks are then moved back until they are in position to pull the loaded train out to the main spur, or proceed to



Loading by the aid of a steam loader

the next loading-point, leaving this work to a skidder.

The logs are loaded either by means of skidding booms, which resemble gigantic ice-tongs and are built on such the main principle, or with a crutch-like mechanism in two end-booms, one of which is fixed into each end of the log.

Steam skidders may be described as donkey-engines placed on rollers, having immense booms extending from the front into the log, and on one end a pair of thirty-foot-long rails.

Through booms on the tips of these booms, the skidding, outback, and pulling lines are run, while the driving lines are run through blocks suspended at a distance from the top of the boom equal to one-third of its length.

The crew required for a modern four-ton steam skidder, skidding from two rods simultaneously, consists of two engineers, one fireman, two signal men, four hook-tenders, and four whip-tenders.

The machine is self-propelling. Their capacity will actually work on the long lead skidders of the South, 25,000 feet per day for four-ton skidders, and 60,000 feet per day for two-ton skidders.

No matter how large the logs, the types described and illustrated, have already been shown to all lumber contractors of any size, many of them owning scores of such machines. Without them it has become practically impossible to compete in the lumber business on any scale.



# HARPER'S WEEKLY ADVERTISER

## A FOOD FACTORY

ONE might as well visit Cologne without seeing the great Cathedral that has made the town famous as to visit Niagara Falls without seeing the factory in which Shredded Wheat is made.

The great Cathedral is all there in Cologne. When you think of Cologne you think of the wonderful triumph of architectural genius that towers high above the ancient city. Of course there is something else in the city of Niagara Falls beside the Home of Shredded

Wheat, and he succeeded in making good his promise.

Thus we find the pilgrims from all lands. The building is located on Buffalo Avenue, on the heart of the great business district of Niagara Falls, far away from the noise and dust of factories and railroads. Thirty thousand panes of glass let in the sunlight which floods every nook and corner with its life-giving rays.

The building is entered through a program-room, on either side of which are waiting and reading rooms for guests furnished with beautiful traps and sumptuous refreshments. A handsome, well-lit staircase leads to the middle of the ceiling hangs a pendant, a great crystal ball, inside of which are brilliant electric lights. At the base of the vast columns supporting the ceiling are several elevators. Here may be found guides ready to pilot visitors through the building. The gallery around the reception-room, as well as the entire floor above, are taken up with the administration, publicity, and accounting offices of the Company.

To get an adequate and comprehensive view of the process in which the wheat is made into Shredded Wheat, it is best to follow the grain of wheat, from the point where they enter the building, through the various details of manufacture, to the final product. The guide therefore takes one of the electric elevators which rise to the top floor of the central tower, to which point the wheat is elevated and where it passes through twenty-seven cleaning-machines which remove all chaff, dust, and stones, residual seed, rye, straw, and other foreign substances, as well as broken and defective grains of wheat. Each one of these machines is a marvel of ingenuity and has some particular work to do. On this same floor is the roasting room, equipped with great steel cylinders which are filled with the wheat and the roasting-steam. The wheat, while being agitated by revolving steel paddles, is cooked for about thirty-five minutes; a process that breaks up the starch granules in the center of the wheat kernel, rendering them edible and digestible. The outer rind of the wheat berry is unbroken, and none of the nutritive elements in the wheat are lost in the process of roasting.

When the wheat is thoroughly cooked the steam is turned off, the end of the cylinder opened, and the disintegrating grains of cooked wheat roll out into a hopper which drops down the chaff into a drying, or "conditioning," machine, which removes the excess of moisture which remains after the roasting process and which must be eliminated before the wheat is ready for the shredding-machines. When a sufficient amount of the moisture is removed the cooked, steamed kernels are ready for shredding and are dropped into a large hopper in a lower floor of the building, where they enter the shredding-machines.

On the sixth floor, in the center of the wheat factory, the administration section of the building, which commands a wonderful view of Niagara River, the Rapids, Great Falls, the Three Mile Falls, and other scenic beauties of this picturesque gorge.

On the lower floor are the shredding-machines, the great ovens, and packing-plant. Here the cooked wheat is fed into the hoppers of the great shredding machine, each eighty-eight feet long and consisting of thirty-two pairs of shredders which sweep the kernels out into bins, porous shales, which are dropped upon an endless screw having a layer upon layer, until the thickness of the flake is formed, when the long band of white flakelets is brought down to a hopper which carries it into a bin below, and drops three into a pan holding fifty-two flakelets.

The pan of flakelets is then placed in the arms of a large drier in which the flakelets are dried, and then carried in an omnibus oven until the flakelets are baked, and then conveyed in large pan-trucks to the packing-tables, where they are placed in cans, and the cans are moved on an endless belt which carries them to the sealing-machine on a floor above.



Packing Tables, showing Electric Fans

These packing-machines automatically open the flaps of the canisters, cover them with waxine in a variable double-fold then together again, and then push a strip of paper over each side in such a way as to join the edges of the flaps, making a package that is perfectly unimpaired and air-tight. These packages are then carried along by means of belts between cylinders of iron and when they reach the end they are moved off by means of rollers in the wooden cars. These cars are made of quarter wood and are nailed together by sealing-machines which fasten down the top of each car.

On this floor is the spacious, beautifully lighted dining-room where the company serves to its employees at noon a delicious, wholesome meal, which may be served to guests of The Shredded Wheat Company. A separate dining-room is provided for the men and a terminal charge is made for the meals. After lunch the girls who come to do no more work in the room, but make their rest in the wooden cars. At one end of the restaurant is a room provided with hospital bed and an emergency chest.

On a lower floor are the great Transit cranes in which are baked the Company's other product known as "Treat," the Shredded Wheat Wafer. Treat is made the same way as the cereal, except that it is cooked in a water and baked by electricity in a specially devised machine so interesting and wonderful in all its operations

that it has attracted the attention of electricians from all over the world.

The Company has provided beautiful lavatories for the use of employees, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, which include shower, toilet, and tub baths



Dining Room for Employees

individual lockers, and other facilities for encouraging cleanliness and neatness on the part of employees.

It would require several pages of the Weekly to describe all the departments of this welfare work for which the institution is famous throughout the land.

While every piece of machinery and every danger spot is well protected, accidents are bound to happen, and in order to render prompt relief to the sick and injured the company maintains a Red Cross Emergency Corps.

The food that is purchased and served to the employees in the two dining-rooms is carefully examined, the milk is tested daily, the dishes are all sterilized, and the use of cold-storage food is prohibited.

For protection the management provides a skating-rink, tennis-court, bowling-green, baseball field, dance-and-reception halls. The Company gives an annual outing to its employees one day each summer, and every Saturday afternoon is granted as a half holiday with full pay, not only to the office employees, but to all employees of the Company.

There are numerous other features for the mental betterment of the Shredded Wheat family which could not be fully described here. There are school societies the meetings of which are held weekly, with a two-hour recess during the cool season. A drawing-class is in operation through six months of the year and all employees of both sexes are eligible to membership. Department and executive form part of the motivation. A short-hand and typewriting class is conducted for the benefit of all employees. A musical association provides the brass band and orchestra.

Miss Agnes gives a very inadequate idea of the noble program of the building. These who like figures, however, will be interested in knowing that the Shredded Wheat plant is 464 feet in length by 90 feet in depth, contains 3,000 tons of steel and 200 tons of malleable. Its capacity is greatly enhanced by the 804 windows with their 20,000 lights of glass, making it indeed a veritable "city of spires."

Nature has given us the whole-shot grain as perfectly balanced food. We believe that the shredding process (tested and patented by THE SHREDED WHEAT COMPANY) is the most perfect and most scientific process ever devised for preparing the whole wheat in a digestible form.

There is no "substitute" for Shredded Wheat flakelets. The "little boxes" are of such a size and form as to make them adaptable to all sorts of combinations with fresh or preserved fruits or creamed meats or creamed vegetables, in the case of fruits the protein foods readily absorb and neutralize the fruit acids.

In the strawberry season many thousands of persons who cannot eat the luscious fruit fresh from the vine are enabled to fully enjoy them in combination with Shredded Wheat flakelets and cream. The same is true of other fruits. The flakelets are an accurate equivalent to solid fruits, however, as the flakelets are equally nutritious and delicious in combination with fresh bananas and other fruits. The flakelets form a whole shot Shredded Wheat is made and only enables the housewife to give great variety to the daily diet of the average home by making many delicious combinations with fruit, cream, or vegetables, or creamed vegetables, but also the perfect of a great variety of breakfast dishes.

Traveling the Shredded Wheat Wafer, taken the place of the whole wheat cracker, and as a toast is used as a substitute for flour-bread baked with butter, cream, or marmalade.

The officers of the Shredded Wheat Company are: ALVAN C. HARRIS, President; GEORGE A. MITCHELL, President; FRED MASON, Vice-President and General Manager; FRANK L. MASON, Secretary-Treasurer. The directors are: HENRY H. BROWN, President; GEORGE A. MITCHELL, George A. Mitchell, Alvan C. Harris, Robert W. Patterson, Lawrence Rankine, Ophio M. Reed, Carlton M. Smith, & Co.



Employees' Choral Society



"The House of Shredded Wheat," Niagara Falls, N. Y. Wheat, but most travelers think of the famous breakfast food when the name of the town is mentioned.

This same industry—the Shredded Wheat factory—is dedicated to the promotion—now accepted by the leading physicians and dietetic authorities and affirmed by the experience of four thousand years—the whole-wheat grain contains all the elements for the perfect nutrition of man. It is also indicated to certain twentieth-century ideals of cleanliness and humanitarian treatment of employees.

It was a happy dispensation of fate that a portion of the parent granulated at the Falls should be dedicated to the health and happiness of the human family through the manufacture of the most perfect food that was ever devised for the nourishment of man.

A few years ago the residents of the pretentious avenue in the city of Niagara Falls woke up one fine morning to find that a tract of iron across the lake avenue had been cleared of its shores or moor-landings and that general was being broken for the building of a great factory for the manufacture of Shredded Wheat products.



Reception Room for Visitors

Here was a building whose builders had the daring to invade the famous residence neighborhood in the town to create an industry far away from the smoke and dust of factory and railroad. This search for cleanliness and beauty, lovable as it might seem to the hard-headed man of business, naturally necessitates one of the attractive features of the plant and gives a fine picture among the food-manufacturing concerns of the world.

The spectacle of a hundred thousand persons passing through a factory every year "to see the wheels go round" is something so unusual in this country as to call for more than passing notice. This is the number that steadily passes through the Home of Shredded Wheat. The question naturally arises, "what is there so unusual about this factory that it should attract such crowds, even drawing them away from the scenic splendors of the Cataract itself?" Surely the ordinary factory is not such an object of popular interest—indeed, the average factory does not show open its doors to the public eye.

Right here is the secret, the drawing power of this wonderful old establishment. There are factories and factories. But the Shredded Wheat factory is unique. There is nothing like it in this or any other country. It is the dream of a "dreamer" fully carried out. This "dreamer," who invented Shredded Wheat cereal, said he would build the cleanest, finest, most hygienic factory in the world in



Shredding Machines



# THE ANACONDA COPPER MINING COMPANY

## By CHARLES T. SHEARER

BACKED by the resources of an empire, the Anconada Copper Mining Company, a splendidly equipped and perfectly located business, is, year after year, demonstrating that copper mining is a business, sound and profitable. Its investment of money has been obtained in no larger an amount by any other business in the world. Its investments have been in the acquisition by the late Mr. Daniel G. Reid, of millions of dollars to the wealth of the country; it has provided health and supported towns and cities, and it has still had the important advantage of increasing the wealth of two states, one of which, the third largest in area in the Union, has natural resources that in extent and variety are not surpassed by those of any manufacturing country of America.

Based on its operations of last year the Anconada Copper Mining Company produces and distributes about \$100,000,000 daily before it makes a penny for Reid. Of that average daily expenditure \$20,000,000 is paid by the fuel; \$10,000,000 for freight; \$4,000,000 for fuel and power; \$3,000,000 for haulage and trucks; \$7,000,000 for supplies; and \$11,000,000 for taxes and other expenses. In the last five years it has distributed the amazing sum of \$28,279,325, of which \$19,838,724 was paid for labor and material, mostly in Montana, and \$18,466,584 as dividends. This in brief is the story of the Anconada Company, which while still holding some of the world's largest copper mines, leads a district that produces at Butte, Montana, within an area of less than five square miles, one-seventh of the copper output of the world. Its operations, in its relations to its employees, the position of the Anconada Copper Mining Company is unique. Labor leaders familiar with conditions here ascertained that no other large industrial concern in the United States has the liberality displayed by this Montana company. In a general covering more than one-third of a century it has never had an strike, and the employees of all its departments are paid the highest wages in the world for the kind of labor. In 1912 its 14,941 employees were paid \$18,244,284, an average of \$1,221.06 per man per year, and around were taken of the mine in coal-mines, on railroads, and elsewhere in the employ of the company and not apparently reflected in this average. These figures are remarkable. These figures are impressive. They like marvels duplicated by any other great industrial concern. The average wage of an artisan in other occupations shows by the last Federal census a little more than one-third the average paid by this company, one-half of whose operating expense approximately is represented by this sum.

It is not for the sake of liberality alone that in respect to the company's treatment of its employees. As but a hazardous occupation, mining at Butte is made as safe as possible for its employees. Almost no accidents are caused by the company to protect its underground workers. Every safety device and method known to modern mining is in use, and the equipment is inspected and maintained by the mine and on the surface. It is a fact well understood by the men themselves that more than seventy-five per cent of the accidents in this company's mines are due to carelessness in disregarding its rules governing mining operations. Working conditions in the Butte mines are as good as any in the world. The employees are given a government's pension and sick pay, and the men are given the benefit of a sliding scale so that their wages are automatically advanced in the event of higher price for copper, but they never go below the minimum fixed by the company a dividend in danger state for injuries sustained by employees in its service; in all cases of differences goes made that satisfied both the miner and the company's settlements. In short, its policy is dictated by a humane and liberal view. From miner to mine superintendent all its employees are treated as human beings.

No unmineral region on earth has more of interest than the Butte district. In some particulars its history is the story of a host of other industrial districts. The history of its last phases were dramatic. First a place where, its great quartz leads attracted Butte attention until the American deposit of copper was regarded as an exhausted resource. It was then, as if by magic, the same silver-bearing, to be followed by the ores of copper. In those former days fortunes were made and lost overnight in the way common to Western mining camps, but now the industry is controlled by men of vision and has in many years there have been in Butte neither a strike nor movement of capital concern. The district has produced more gold and silver than any other in the world, has been recognized, and additional costs incident to mining from deep shafts were more than counterbalanced by extension of production and treatment of the same. The bulk of the Butte district from discovery is placed at one billion dollars. And mining is believed to still in its infancy at Butte. The discovery of the world's largest reserves of copper has been abandoned. In Butte are the largest reserves of silver in the world, and the discovery of these reserves which would enable it to produce at its present rate for many years without extending developments. As a matter of course that would be considered in the public mind as being the same as extending its extending its reserves. It has a vast area of virgin ground yet to be prospected, in addition to the one already discovered, and may be expected to continue with greater depth.

The Anconada Copper Mining Company has just begun its \$20,000,000 program of deepening its shafts with newly by-products, in themselves constitute an important step. For last year the company's new-extended shafts in the case of a strike would have cost more than \$10,000,000. In the course of the year the company mined and reduced first and a quarter million tons of ore. The underground workings of the Butte mines of the Anconada Company average 2,000 miles. The shafts of these properties, if placed end to end, would represent a vertical hole extending two miles below the earth's surface. The mines are operated by an efficient and well-organized crew, travel for trucks underground in them without crossing its tracks or coming to the surface. From these workings more ore is being mined (100,000 tons) than in any other mine in the Anconada district, the greatest works of

this kind in the world, and to the smelter of the company at Great Falls, send a large plant and employing sixty features new to rotation plants. Eleven thousand tons of ore are sent daily to the Anconada works, and the remainder of the output is treated at Great Falls. These two smelters consume an average of 700 tons of coal and 825 tons of coke daily.

Where mining operations are on such a colossal scale the supplies required annually amount in the aggregate to an amount that exceeds the cost of a year the Anconada Company's properties use 75,000,000 feet of lumber and 2,700,000 round timbers for mine props. A forest grows in these areas every year, and the timber, once in place underground, never comes up.

The company uses 1,000,000 pounds of dynamite in its mines each year. The explosive is better known as giant powder, and employees in bearing does not take care. Other explosives are used in proportion. Under the one item of supplies the company reports last year more than \$2,000,000, this sum not including the amount paid out for fuel and timber. The Anconada Company's taxes in the state of Montana amount to almost \$2,000 a day, 365 days in the year. In several instances it pays a very large per cent. of the total cost of the local government.

The reason for the Anconada Company's leadership in the copper-mining industry is due to the fact that it is an advance of the times. It effects economies of operation that its competitors are unable to equal. It saves not a few cents, were originated by it. These savings, it may be said, are not brought about at the expense of labor and material, but, in a general way, low labor and expensive depend upon it. Its general policy is to maintain its progressive and plants at the highest possible state of efficiency. It operates on the theory that the best of everything is the best of labor, in the cheapness in the end. The company, thus, depends upon systems and improved methods of operation to effect those economies that are necessary in the successful conduct of great industrial operations.

Chief of three revenues in the case of the Anconada Copper Mining Company may be mentioned approximately.

1. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

2. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

3. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

4. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

5. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

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11. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

12. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

13. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

14. The sale of its products, which is not mentioned approximately.

Company management may be cited the electrification of the railroad connecting its mines in Butte with its smelter at Great Falls. That road, at Butte, Anconada, a Parole, and built in 1901 by the Great Northern Railway, is the longest haul in the world. Its main line is 20 miles long, but with its side trails it operates 140 miles of road. No other railway in the world is so well equipped or better maintained, but when the country became concerned that it could successfully apply electricity to the line, the railway management took the case in bringing about the change. This is to go into effect as a few weeks. An equipped trolley system will be seen to the electric conversion of the line type and built especially for it will be employed to carry the passenger and freight trains between Butte and Anconada.

The line of railroad was generally an old line, for it is in possession of the master of electrification. No other line where the usual difficulties in the way of grade and excavations are encountered has been electrified throughout.

Not alone in its nature and transportation department is the Anconada Company leading. Its employees are models of their type. They attract experts from all over the world, who go to Montana to study mining and metallurgical developments. At the Great Falls plant is housed the highest work in the world. This chimney is 306 feet high, and has an inside diameter of 67½ feet. Attached to this stack are condensing fans constructed for the purpose of eliminating objectionable dust and smoke.

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Type of Butte Skycraper, with a capacity 3000 feet deep. The picture represents the Diamond Hole with a steel head four 36 feet high. The left-hand tower in the picture is the Lamesa shaft, also one of the Anconada Copper Mining Company's properties. It is of steel construction, and is 118 feet high.

tion of electricity to mining and smelting. Although the company began to use electricity in its mines for power as far back as 1892, it was not until recent years that the greatest advance in this direction has been made. At present the company is purchasing of the Montana Power Company, controlling great plants on the Missouri River and Helena and Great Falls, and carrying on a total of 33,000 horse-power, all used in the operation of its mines, smelters, and land transportation lines. This means that electricity is consumed in both directions by electrical energy. As a matter of fact, the company will use much more electrical power later in the year, as the Butte, Anconada & Parole Railroad, which carries the ore from Butte to the Anconada smelter, and which conducts a general transportation business, is about to be electrified. In fact, electricity is being used in all the mining operations of the company. Electric power compresses the air with which the great hoisting engines of the district are being done with electric energy. The use of such equipment by these manufacturers, but they will in time. Electrical power indirectly drives the air-lifts which are in use in all underground workings. The tunneling in the mines is done with electric power. The ore in the mines to the Anconada smelter will be transported in train pulled by electric locomotives, several of which already are constructed. At the smelter, the concentrating work is resulted by electrical power. The concentrating machinery is operated by the same power in its electric motor, as is being used in the entire mining and smelting of the Anconada Company's ores. The application of electricity to the mines is effecting a revolution in the mining industry, and it is the opinion of those having machinery views of the opinion that none ever would be supplanted as a force for the lifting of heavy loads in the great deep. That they have long, the Anconada Company's success is a guarantee in the developing, 3,000 horsepower. They can boast with ease a good load of heavy tons from the deepest workings in the district, and they are proving as reliable as ever by the old style of engine. The deepest workings in the district are 2,900 feet, one shaft being down 3,000, and an air-lift engine is adequate there.

As further evidence of the interest of the Anconada

# THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DULUTH DULUTH, MINNESOTA

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ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, CORPORATIONS, FIRMS AND  
INDIVIDUALS RECEIVED ON THE MOST LIBERAL  
TERMS CONSISTENT WITH  
SOUND BANKING

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS

## Recreating the Nation's Wealth

By J. B. White

There is going to waste, on its way to the sea, water power enough in this country to harness and convert into electricity, in light and heat the houses and turn the wheels of the factories and run every street-car and railroad train in the United States. Water-power sites on the public domain should be held for the people and leased for their benefit to the general occupation at a fair rental. The state can condemn private property for public uses, under the rights of eminent domain, and allow no state waters and not now utilized should be acquired by the state for the use of the people. This water power of the rivers and streams can be used over and over again, being multiplied as many times as the water can be raised by a succession of dams. Thus, while the wheels are set a-rolling from the water that is passed, other wheels all along the stream take in turn, and then the sea pumps the water back again to its source, and the same process is readily repeated.

The people of forestry and the re-creation of our timber resources are of immense importance and of the first intrinsic value of the wood and the lumber, but also in many parts of the country for holding back the rush of water that carries at the head of the streams in the mountains, thus preventing disastrous floods in the country below.

But who shall plant timber trees? Who shall practice forestry? The planter of forest trees is a commercial business, as they mature to bear fruit in from four to twelve years. Capital is being invested in this work, and the harvest comes thousands of miles from the forest, and is sold in many places, and is not sold where the fruit is of the forest. But with timber trees there is only one crop in a generation. As we understand it, the life-cycle of a tree, with laws of taxation as they are met, are other opportunities, which long experience has proven to be profitable. The most fertile computed interest—about, say, six per cent., to make it safely attractive—out of capital invested in the setting out trees and caring for them for fifty years, annual values for fifty years before the crop is harvested, and taking account as to the value of stonage at the end of that time.

In European countries it has been found most economical that the government or state shall grow the forests, the state pays no taxes, but get income at a lower rate of interest, and can establish and maintain a uniform system of forestry under the charge of a central and trained experts. When the crop has matured to a point where one end value of product, so that it would be of a multiplier of profit and a waste for other the state to maintain carrying charges, then the trees should be harvested, the land grabbed up and the process repeated for another crop. It is surprising how much can be grown on an acre by intensive forestry, when trees of the same age are planted in rows or at proper distances from each other according to outline and nature of the ground, and are intelligently grown and nursed.

In the Pacific coast it has been ascertained that a thousand feet per acre planted trees be grown, or forty thousand feet per acre in forty years. In the Van derbilt forest near Asheville, North Carolina, I saw stands of White Pine ten inches in diameter, many of which had grown from the seed in righteously years. In the different states, such seed should be selected for future use, which is not so well adapted for annual crops of agriculture, yet well adapted for tree growth, and the work should be done by the state.

We can now make it profitable to grow trees in an age of the present, and the forests of our hundred and fifty years or more. But those old trees have obtained their growth; they have long time for the harvest; and a rapidly increasing population and the demands of other countries are calling for the marketing. Most of this arising in our logging industry, most instances, at the end it is only adding its own, through of mature trees has stopped, and trees are doing it fairly off the gain of new growth; and when trees come, the old and the new growth are both exhausted by the time. The forest service is doing most valuable and valuable work in protecting and saving the forests from destructive fires. The government appropriations for this work should be most liberal and should be supplemented and aided by appropriations and appropriations of lower field and low fire-wood areas such state.

We are far behind the older nations in the practice of conservation. But we have advanced in time. It is not now two hundred years for the present and issue for the future.

## Gay & Sturgis

Gay & Sturgis are members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchange. Complete facilities are provided for handling transactions in all mining, agricultural, and railroad stocks traded in these exchanges, had the tradition of the house and the honor of three W. W. (W. W. W.) members at the mining end of the Lake Superior copper and iron region, have long been as distinctly in the mining end of the mining end.

This firm and its direct predecessors, in which the members were partners and associates, have been members of the Boston Stock Exchange over 35 years. The members of the firm are H. H. (H. H.) Irving J. Sturgis, and B. Lester Hall.

Mr. Gay became a member of the Boston Exchange December 23, 1867, and at the present time is Vice-President of that body in 1908, at the beginning of his business career. He had entered Mr. Gay's employ and later became his partner. On March 1, 1907, the firm of Starkopf & Gay was organized. Mr. H. H. Starkopf having been a member of the Boston Exchange since 1842.

Mr. Sturgis began his business career in

Boughton, Mich., and then went to Boston and entered the employ of Starkopf & Gay, becoming a member of the firm January 1, 1880.

On January 21, 1903, Mr. Starkopf retired and the present firm was established. Mr. Sturgis is a member of the New York

Exchange.

An acronym of the name, which gives it a peculiar advantage, is given by the greater service with Duluth, Minn., Houston and Cabaret, Mich., when its western branches are maintained. The operators in these fields will be first concerned with the home office in Boston without delay.

To show the effort made to maintain the marketable conditions, Mr. Gay is to be cited that during the recent devaluation by floods in Ohio and Indiana, a note was connected with Gay & Sturgis by way of New York, Tenn., Little Rock, Ark., St. Louis, Mo., Burlington, Ia., and Chicago, Ill., through as Duluth, Minn., and other points.

Over the line the operators make these arrangements without interruption.

This service enables the western office to keep to the east continuously stay news of importance that develops there, while the local office has the news of local requirements (including transactions on the floor of the Exchange, as they take place. As the management is handled by way of Duluth, Minn., and Chicago, Ill., it is to be noted that these companies have their offices in Duluth, Houston, or Cabaret, an intimate knowledge of conditions in those regions is made possible.

## Early Brewery History

Chapter 29 of the Minnesota State Laws of 1854 provided: "An act to encourage the manufacture of pure Lager Beer, with which to discourage the use of alcoholic liquors." The words of the act imply that beer was then not regarded as an alcoholic liquor.

The act provided that no license was required for the purpose of selling such Lager Beer, if manufactured in the state. There were many other states which encouraged the manufacture of beer on similar lines, right in the teeth of the prohibition movement of that period, which movement at that time was really not intended to include Lager Beer, as witness the prominent old "Washington Society" and others. For instance, there was no Lager Beer in the State of Maine when, in 1842, it passed its famous prohibition law. Maine was even made essential to exclude other and local beer from the list of forbidden drinks, although it contained near eight or ten per cent. of alcohol. If Lager Beer had then been known in Maine, the good provision would have certainly not forbidden it, for Lager Beer was only three and one-half per cent. of alcohol.

The present agitation against Lager Beer is consequently a new move—a move which many of our best citizens hold to be in the wrong direction. It is almost too true to believe that that which held a century ago was so in a town where the drink, which to discourage the use of alcoholic liquors, should today be regarded by some as more dangerous than distilled liquor itself.

The evolution of Lager Beer in the early days of the last century has kept down the use of the heavier potter, and has now developed into a big industry, and Minnesota, and especially Duluth, now boast of more of this than any other city in the country. Minnesota ranks the best brewing barley of all the states—always highest in price, but always lowest in stock and in amount, which it is not to be wondered at that this is a small amount of the industry.

## DULUTH BOARD OF TRADE

**T**HE Minnesota legislature of 1913 subjected the grain trade of the state to a searching investigation, in the course of which the government, rules and regulations, and the methods of operation under which grain is handled on the two exchanges of the state, located at Duluth and Minneapolis, were inquired into thoroughly and persistently.

In the Northwest interests antagonistic to the organized exchanges have been prominently active for a number of years, and in their efforts to injure private grain handlers in the terminal markets have been vigorous in their attacks. It was these interests that were chiefly responsible for bringing about the legislative inquiry, and in its conduct they had a considerable voice. They went after the exchanges with a real air of a better cause. With abominable tact they supported their line of inquiry they attacked the exchanges and their methods and the business conduct of their members, and living was soon as white heat. The grain investigation became the feature of the session.

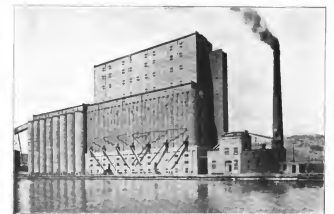
From the inception, conducted in a distinctly hostile manner, the grain exchange emerged with a complete vindication. The committee reported recommendations and suggestions in matters of administration, such as the method of disseminating offers, admission of members, etc. These suggestions not being due to any abuse, although general customs that had been found, but representing the difference in judgment of the five men on the committee and the several hundred who make the rules of the exchange.

But as to the fundamentals, that these exchanges are great market-places where buyers and sellers meet and trade in the grain grown by the producers of the Northwest, enabling them to market their products with the maximum of safety and minimum of cost, that these market-places are open and free to all, whether it be the elevator, farmer's elevator, independent shipper, or individual farmer, that competition finds full expression, that all shippers are given the protection of the rules of the exchange, and that the commission men render to their clients the best service within their power, there was no pretense. In fact, the following acknowledgment was made: "We find that the grain markets of Minneapolis and Duluth handle the bulk of the grain produced in the Northwest. The business of buying and selling grain at each of these terminals is well organized, and the commission men generally have adopted a method of operating and accurately reporting all trade made by them. There seems to be no opportunity or inclination for individual traders in these markets to engage in any practice detrimental or unfair to either the shipper or receiver of grain."

That an investigation conducted in equity should, after two months of examination and reflection, be compelled to acknowledge that their business is fairly and honestly conducted is a result in which the Minnesota exchanges find much gratification. To all exchanges it is of keen interest, for it has always been their claim that an examination of their purposes, and the conditions under which business is transacted, could produce no other verdict than the one given by the Minnesota Committee. To the entire business world it is of much concern to know that the marketing of the nation's irreplaceable production of grain is conducted safely, economically, and effectively.

The exchanges of the entire country can find an especial satisfaction in the result of this Minnesota investigation in the fact that, after rigorous inquiry into the system of trading in contracts for future delivery, the absence of exchange trading which in the respect of so much attack, from those who measure its methods by the standard that comes to those who measure it rather than by the great service it renders to the vastly larger number who employ it for the legitimate purposes for which it has been evolved, the committee found that "we believe any transaction in future is legitimate and commendable where the parties engaged have an actual purchase or sale to bridge or provide, and where by reason of expertise, business capacity, and ample means, they are fitted to engage in such business."

At the hearings of this committee there appeared a num-



Grain Elevator of the latest type, of concrete and steel construction, and absolutely fireproof

ber of representatives of farmers' elevators, who testified to the value to them not only of the grain exchange, but of the system of trading in contracts for future delivery. Practically every farmers' elevator today realizes that the great cooperative movement among the raisers of grain, about which so much has been written, and which was unquestionably born of much benefit to the producer in the marketing of his grain, had been made possible by the existence of the grain exchange and its system of trading in contracts for future delivery. The grain exchange offers to the farmers' elevator the opportunity to market his shipments to the same advantage as his competitor. The price at which to buy grain is available to him as well as to the man against whom he has to compete, and it is the same price for both. When he has bought his grain he can immediately sell it for future delivery at the terminal market. The system of trading for future delivery in his solution, for it relieves him of the necessity of speculating on his purchases. Without this the buying of grain would be in the hands of those financially able to take the heavy risk of carrying grain, the necessarily making it a fewer number, and against this competition he could not survive.

It is the commission man in the terminal market who has made the farmers' cooperative movement in the Northwest the success that it is. He is not only the medium through which the farmers' elevator can sell his grain in the terminal market on equal terms with his competitor, but in nearly every case he has financed the elevator for which he does business, providing the capital which it must have in order to be constantly in the market for grain at its local station, and often providing a considerable part of the money with which the elevator is built.

The progress of the cooperative movement, as represented in the grain-growing territory by the farmers' elevator during the past four or five years, has been so marked as to leave no room for doubt that it is effecting a change in the system of marketing grain in the country. In Minnesota in the year of 1909 there were 1,959 houses owned

by what are known as the land companies, that is, companies controlling a number of houses, generally along one railroad line, and in some instances several. In 1912 the number had dropped to 777. Farmers' houses increased from 103 to 238, and independent houses from 283 to 300. In North Dakota and South Dakota the same growth had been made.

Another very important part played by the commission man in the success of the farmers' and independent elevators is in bringing them to safe methods of doing business and eliminating speculation. The grower of grain is always a believer in higher values, and very often is willing to take a chance on his conviction. Associated collectively in the management of an elevator, they are sometimes inclined to do the same thing. The commission man in the terminal market, with his much wider experience and opportunity for observation, knows that this is an inevitable source of loss, and with money furnished to finance the buying of grain by that house, he insists that they shall be no speculation, that as long as grain is bought it shall be held by it in the terminal market. He knows that every bad failure in the grain business can be traced to speculation; that the country buyer of grain who makes a failure because he takes too small a margin and puts into business a margin. Strict measurement is made that the country elevator that gets money shall do business without incurring loss.

The grain exchange are also striving to educate not merely the farmers' elevators but every country shipper at this direction. The Duluth Board of Trade knows that every traveling man who goes to the country as a representative of a grain firm represented by membership on the Board shall be educated, and this income is granted only after a personal examination of the applicant. During the inquiry his attitude as to speculation in grain is ascertained, and he is fully informed as to its dangers and the hazard that any buyer and shipper of grain takes if he indulges in it. It is imposed upon him that to make the grain business safe and progressive speculation must be stamped out. There is a more or less general impression that grain speculation is a thing of the past, but the actual handling trade in grain, but this is wrong. Very few admit, and most of them absolutely refuse it.

The result of this policy has been a vast improvement in the manner in which the grain business is conducted. Failures are few, and the cooperatives are learning that with competent management and conservative methods their business will be successful. It is operating to the advantage of the grain exchange also, for in bringing the country shippers to see that grain must be sold at the terminal in accordance with their interest.

The value of a well-organized grain exchange is most keenly appreciated by the shipper of grain, who has been misled by some concern that attempts to operate independently. Generally it is one that attempts to get business by appealing to prejudice, claiming the exchange are a monopoly, and their members all know it. They are always successful in getting some business from those who forget that the only reason the concern that attracts has not operated as a member of a grain exchange is because it could not gain admission. It is not more than a year ago that a concern began soliciting business from shippers along business in the Duluth Board of Trade members, claiming ability to handle the business to better advantage. The Duluth man saw the grain being sold in Duluth buyers at prices no better than they themselves could have handled if far, and after poorer, for there are no more shifty elements in the world than the grain traders on exchange. One day the concern's shippers were closed, and the proprietor was meeting with about \$25,000 of money belonging to country shippers. If the board of that concern had been able to go before the Duluth Board of Trade and satisfy it of his financial responsibility and his integrity, he would never have been soliciting business as an independent. Any concern which attempts to gain business upon the reputation of the Board of its advantage is that it does not belong to an organized grain exchange, does not have the application of credit extended to it by any shipper who is in the grain business, and has been misled by some concern that attempts to operate independently. Generally it is one that attempts to get business by appealing to prejudice, claiming the exchange are a monopoly, and their members all know it. They are always successful in getting some business from those who forget that the only reason the concern that attracts has not operated as a member of a grain exchange is because it could not gain admission. It is not more than a year ago that a concern began soliciting business from shippers along business in the Duluth Board of Trade members, claiming ability to handle the business to better advantage. The Duluth man saw the grain being sold in Duluth buyers at prices no better than they themselves could have handled if far, and after poorer, for there are no more shifty elements in the world than the grain traders on exchange. One day the concern's shippers were closed, and the proprietor was meeting with about \$25,000 of money belonging to country shippers. If the board of that concern had been able to go before the Duluth Board of Trade and satisfy it of his financial responsibility and his integrity, he would never have been soliciting business as an independent. Any concern which attempts to gain business upon the reputation of the Board of its advantage is that it does not belong to an organized grain exchange, does not have the application of credit extended to it by any shipper who is in the grain business, and has been misled by some concern that attempts to operate independently.



Loading lake freighter with 400,000 bushels of grain. Each of the loading spouts discharges 25,000 bushels every hour

## The Dairy Land of the North

The dairy industry demands location, climate suited to the growth of a highly prolific strain of stock, accessibility to market, pure water in abundance, and a soil and climate fit and proper to produce luscious food for cattle. The Lake Superior dairy region of Michigan and Wisconsin fits all these requirements more perfectly than that of any other region in the Middle West. With a climate uniform in temperature, free from frosts for an average crop growing season of 140 days, and naturally well soil which does not freeze so the winter-tender, and with a rainfall averaging from 36 to 36 inches, this region is unquestionably peculiarly fitted for the growth both of roughage for the dairy cow in the shape of crop roots, and for the production of cheese curd, whey, clover, alfalfa and other grasses.

The yield of clover is so luxuriant as to justify the name "CLOVERLAND," which has been recently appropriated by the dairymen of the north.

With the advent of farmers from the older settled portions of the West dairy farms with the inevitable silos have sprung up, and practical demonstration has justified earlier prediction that this north country would prove the dairymen's Paradise. In this country of pure water, cool summer temperature, abundance of food for milk cows, and freedom from insect pests, the dairy stock shows a strength of constitution which promises prolonged productivity, both in offspring and in production of milk. Calves show a rapid development seldom seen in sections farther south. Markets both for stock and for dairy products are to be found in the regions of Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee, distant one night's ride from this region, and Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth, distant but a few hours.

Many dairy herds of thoroughbred cattle are already in this territory, and furnish ample supply of acclimated stock for incoming dairymen.

The thriving lumber and mining towns of this territory furnish a splendid home market for farmers. The territory is thoroughly provided with church facilities and public schools, and the road systems are becoming the dependable pride of the region. Here is a vast unexploited agricultural empire at the very back door of the teeming population of the Middle West, and waiting to give prompt response to the treatment of the skilled agriculturist.

Through the very heart of this wonderful new agricultural region, from South St. Mary and Calmar, Michigan, in the east and north to Duluth, Minnesota, in the west, runs the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Ry., with its headquarters at Duluth. This railway has maintained a strongly helpful and effective department which employs agriculturists to offer suggestions and advice to farmers, to construct irrigation trains, and encourages and aids in the introduction and growth of approved pure seed and pedigreed dairy stock. In short, everything is done to give the farmer the benefit of scientific research and practical knowledge without expense to them.

Here lies an opportunity for a profitable farming investment within a night's ride of Chicago, and such an investment can be made without the speculative value enjoyed by farmers of two generations ago in the Mississippi Valley.

Land in this region can be now bought for from \$10.00 to \$15.00 an acre. Comparison is invited between this region and lands, no more productive at least, located a thousand miles from their way from the great central markets.

DAIRY COW OF CLOVERLAND'S FAVORITE TYPE



## HISTORY OF CENTRAL COAL & COKE COMPANY OF KANSAS CITY, MO.

The present expansion in the development and progress of any large industrial organization is such a potent factor that it is almost inevitable that the extension and organization, as necessary, is closely interwoven with the history of the new resource. The history of the Central Coal & Coke Company is no exception. The company was finally developed into the Central Coal & Coke Company of today but its modest beginning was in 1871 when W. C. Perry, who made President in 1871 by Richard B. Keith, and through all the various manifestations of the operations since that time, has been the dominating and the guiding influence of his master mind up to the date of his death, in 1905, when he was succeeded by R. H. Keith, son of Chas. B. Keith, son of Richard B. Keith, who made Vice-President. On Mr. W. C. Perry's death, in 1905, R. H. Keith was made President and General Manager, which position he occupies at the present time.

In the year 1873 a partner was admitted, and the partnership of Mitchell & Keith was organized, and the firm was later succeeded by H. H. Keith & Company.

### THE STAGES OF AN EVOLUTION

During the formative period the style of the firm name was changed several times from Mitchell & Keith to the Central Coal & Coke Company, now chartered. In 1873 the partnership of Keith & Henry was formed, and a new lease construction was continued until 1881, when the name was changed to Keith & Perry. Prior to the last-mentioned year, Mr. Keith had secured a combine at Godfrey, in Bourbon County, Kansas, and this mine was operated until the removal of the Keith & Perry interests in 1881.

Out of these various partnerships, firms and corporations now known as the Keith & Perry Coal Company, which, in 1884, was fully chartered by and operating under the laws of Missouri.

When the change of name was made from Keith & Perry to the Keith & Perry Coal Company, the capitalization was \$100,000, and operations were carried on under the company name with this capital until 1903, when the style of operation was changed to the Keith & Perry Coal Company, an incorporated concern, chartered under the laws of Missouri with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000. The change of the capital stock, and the change in the name, were merely the only changes of importance. From the time when the company, under the name of the Keith & Perry Coal Company had been an interest in all parts of the territory which it now covers.

The growth of the company has three distinct stages. It was primarily a retail distributor of coal, and only the coal which this business had been developed until it became representative, the second stage of its career was the sale of the subsequent acquisition of the territory operated by other firms and individuals, and later of the properties of the Kansas & Texas Coal Company, an organization fully so large from its own producing field as was the Central Coal & Coke Company itself. This was found for establishing a new field of business, but has experienced a growth equalled by few companies whose sole activity has been the production of coal for the industry. This advance has been so steady and continuous, and on such a large scale, that the department of the world from an operator in the manufacture of yellow-pine lumber of the South.

Probably a better idea of the growth of the company can be gathered from the number of men employed and the extent of the operations that have any other source.

When the retail trade was opened on the West coast, only one or two men to assist him during busy seasons. After the formation of the partnership of Mitchell & Keith, this force was doubtless augmented by perhaps a half-dozen more. The firm of R. H. Keith & Company operated in the operation of its properties, and when the Keith & Perry interests realized, the value of the firm's property and the number of employees were about doubled.

### CAPITALIZATION AND COAL PROPERTIES

In 1900 the capital stock was increased from \$5,000,000 to \$7,500,000, the additional capital being used to purchase property of the New-Orleans Coal Mining Company of Rock Springs, Wyoming. The purchase of this property increased the company owned of two of the largest mines in the West, capable of producing 3,200 to 3,300 tons of coal each day, and ranging between 620 and 700 men throughout the year.

The capital stock of the company was

origin suggested in April, 1912. This increase raised it to \$7,000,000, which is the present figure.

### EXTENT OF THE COMPANY'S OPERATIONS

The Central Coal & Coke Company is interested in six different fields, producing at different points in the territory. The quality of the coal ranges from the ordinary steam coal to high-grade semi-anthracite, and the latter is used for the best coal for either domestic or steam-generating purposes suited to any part of the territory, and is used in Pennsylvania, and nearly all the way that.

The coal properties of the Central Coal & Coke Company are located in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Wyoming. A total of twenty-nine mines and two substations are being made to open up new shafts and slopes at a number of places as fast as the production of the additional coal can be utilized. On an average, it requires about 9,000 men to pay the company's mines. The Central Coal & Coke Company has a total of 1,000,000 tons of coal at about 21,000 tons, of lumber, approximately 1,000,000 tons.

Under the leasehold in Texas and Louisiana embrace 175,000 acres of long and short leaf pine.

On the coal lands in Texas aggregate 40,000 acres of land, representing about 100,000 tons of unmined coal.

The territory covered by the company in its mining operations enables it to cover the entire western half of the United States, with the exception of the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast, and from the border line on the north to the Gulf Coast on the south.

### LUMBER PRODUCTION

The development of timber and milling operations in the territory of the Central Coal & Coke Company is a very important and substantial. Entering the field with a small mill and a moderate supply of timber land, the company has since that time the first standing yellow-pine timber-lands of the South, both long-leaf and short-leaf, and handling out part of the largest and best equipped lumber-mills of the South. From a small beginning it has grown steadily, increasing its timber supply as well as its mill capacity, and has become a leading timber into commercial conditions. From the center of a small circle around near Texarkana, in the state of Arkansas, the company has an important factor in the production and marketing of long and short leaf yellow pine lumber and timber from six mills in Louisiana and Texas.

The first venture in the lumber business was made in 1881, when the Central Coal & Perry Lumber Company, of Texarkana, Arkansas, was purchased. Shortly after this time the company began to operate to improve its machinery, changing the rollers to a hand saw, and adding many other improvements, cutting and handling the product of the mill plant.

Following this, plans for the construction of a new mill, which was completed in 1903, the ground for a new sawmill plant was broken near Texarkana, and the mill construction and put into operation by the first of the year following, 1904. This is what might be fittingly termed the beginning of a new era in the history of the Central Coal & Coke Company.

That the business for turning out high-grade lumber has been steadily increased, and a new era of activity in the industry of the central place at Texarkana, a second sawmill, equipped with planer and all other necessary lumber machinery, and the product of the mill, now constructed at Keith, near known as Nemo, Louisiana. At the time this mill and land, it was the most complete in the North in every respect. Time, however, brings improvements of all kinds of equipment, and the mill has many more changes been made in any one year than in the machinery for the mill.

The plant that was once the admiration of the South, while suffering no deterioration of interest, which has been in all humanly constructed machinery, has been overshadowed by a newer lumber-mill plant which the company has been building and erecting in the heart of the short-leaf yellow-pine section of Eastern Central Texas. This is the plant of the Louisiana & Texas Lumber Company, the largest and most modernly equipped sawmill plants in the South.

The timber stay for the Texarkana mill had been exhausted in 1905, and the company secured a large tract of long-leaf pine land in Louisiana, near the town of Nemo, and the Texarkana plant was moved to that timber and reconstructed.

Another new sawmill is now being planned to develop additional Texas long-leaf pine.

This, in a brief manner, is the outline of the company's operations from inception to date.

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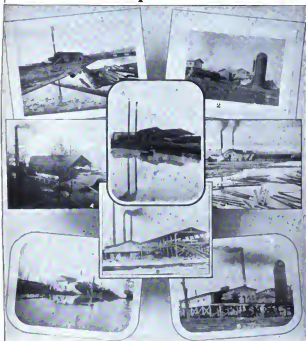
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**H. P. Wright  
Investment Company**  
923 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.  
ESTABLISHED 1885

This Company was incorporated in 1903, succeeding to the business of H. P. Wright & Co., which had its beginning in 1885. H. P. Wright, President of the Company, is a native of Illinois and a graduate of Northwestern University; he is President of the Kansas Gas and Electric Company, and also interested as an officer or director in several other similar companies controlled by the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York. He is a director in the Kansas City Life Insurance Company and several other local institutions. Mr. W. B. Nickels, Vice President of the Company, was reared in Augusta, Maine, but has spent many years in Kansas City. The business of the H. P. Wright Investment Company is confined almost entirely to the handling of western municipal and public utility securities. This is the oldest house in Kansas City handling investment securities, and is the only one whose business is confined exclusively to the purchase and sale of securities.

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### Broker and Client

By Franklin Kecher

A very well-timed offer of one of the big automobile companies on upper Broadway a short time ago stated that he wanted to buy a car. "I don't know the first thing about automobiles," he confided to the manager, "and I haven't any particular requirements. All I want is the best car that this amount of money will buy."

The manager talked the matter over with his prospective customer, then took him across the street to a competitor's. "We think we make pretty good cars," he remarked. "Let me show you a couple of models. These people don't think just a trim car suitable. You'd better buy one of these."

And then the customer woke up. "What kind of a place you go to depend upon what you want to buy. If you don't know what you want, an automobile you want to go to a place where they have that kind of automobile to sell. If you don't know what you want, you don't want to go to a place where they make a specialty of any particular kind, but to a place where they sell just about everything they don't care what kind they sell you. In other words, if what you are after is service, you want to go to a place where they sell service."

There are three distinct classes of firms in Wall Street. The first sell service and service only. The second sell a business of selling service, but carry a line of securities for sale on the side. The third class of firms frankly and openly merchandise securities exactly as the maker of some particular kind of automobile or piece merchandise his particular product.

It is not the object of this article to argue the superiority of one of these classes above the others, but to point out that each has its own legitimate function to perform. With which class do you as an investor want to do business? That depends entirely upon the kind of business I want to do. What do I want to buy—some particular stock or some service loan? Assuredly, in that case, it is reasonable to go to a house that makes a specialty of that class of security. On the other hand, but if I am interested in investment matters and really not capable of deciding whether my money ought to go into stocks or bonds or what? Assuredly, in that case, what I need is service—possibly distributed dividends and the like thing to do so as to go to a firm that has it to sell.

Having been handed with some fair amount of stock of the first class, which couldn't satisfy their fancy south of the old River's decision, it is quite the thing to go to a firm on "Wall Street," who, as a matter of fact, it is in the class of houses having nothing but service to sell that the great majority of these houses have to sell. With all the treasury toward the establishment of bond departments to "carry" and merchandise bonds as do the bankers, what proportion of the firms which are members of the Exchange are tied up in any particular security or kind of security? A very small proportion indeed. You come across a house here and there that has got itself interested in this proposition or that, but in the great majority of cases Stock Exchange firms are free to render their customers' undivided service. Here's the market—here we are, how ready to buy you anything you say. We're London, sure and enough. Commission's the same whether you buy in districts or outdoors, whether the cost of the shares is \$25 or \$100.

"Nothing to sell but service"—it is doubtful if there is anything like general agreement on the legitimate means to handle investment business any longer that can truly say that is in. With no one to grind, no particular securities to sell, such a house can approach with an open mind the investment problems of rich of its clients. This man is in a position where he can take more or less risk with his money—this or that particular stock is what he ought to buy. With some other firm, who sells security as the primary consideration—for him only the best bonds will do. Each case on its particular merits; suitability above anything else. That is the way a broker can handle his customers' business when his personal has financial interest in what they do. Let it mean dollars and cents to him to have them buy one thing rather than another, and—well, human nature is human nature.

Very wrong, therefore, is the idea that because a house does not engage in the business of merchandising securities its business is all speculative. On the contrary, there are a very large number of these houses which, when they know have a stake in any part of the market, that many firms which would otherwise be in this kind of business feel constrained to keep out of it. In most people's minds the term

"broker" is more closely associated with the conservative investment of money than the term "broker," and yet of these it is the broker who is usually in the better position to plan a given investment in a swift and perfectly unbiased way. His own interest does not enter into the matter at all. It is simply a question of what will be best for the client.

And very carefully indeed does the reputable brokerage house attend to the investment of its client's money. It shall take the other side under the purchase and sale of some particular stock, and the transaction will be put through, properly, suitably and honestly. It will take, on the other hand, that you have a certain sum of money to invest and you prefer to have it in a certain stock, not it, and in the majority of cases, even where the total invested is small, to maintain the position in the same house to take. That is the business, to sell service. If the service you want is simply the execution of an order in some particular stock the broker will sell you that. If the service you want involves advice and a scheme for investing the money, with full explanation of the securities proposed, the broker will sell you just that—and at no higher charge than if you merely wish to execute an order on the Exchange.

A woman investor whose experience has been with the reputation of some of the firms above advertised appears in this building with a portfolio of stock she wants to invest \$10,000. For upward of two hours two members of the firm discussed the matter with her, the final selection being five bonds of high grade. Taking out her checkbook and preparing to write a check, the client asked how much she should add for the commission. Six dollars and twenty-five cents, they told her, was the amount of the commission. "Why, if the lawyer who sent me around here had done this matter with me by the way, the margin at least would be around fifty dollars! Very much surprised indeed on this point, it turns that under the rates of the Exchange one-eighth of one per cent, was all that was charged, whether the service rendered took more or little time and whether it occurred in a stock or in a bond.

How can the broker afford to sell service at such a rate? Simply because it is a rate that makes it possible to do stock, investment and otherwise. A man comes in and buys and sells a hundred shares of stock at all times five cents. On that the one-eighth commission amounts to 25¢. The next man who comes in to make a trade of \$200,000 for the firm can give more than 25¢ worth of service without getting behind on two transactions put together. And so the day's business averages up; the reasonable commission from speculative business and the service rendered on service at a charge much lower than could otherwise be possible.

### PUT AWAY PICKLES

Mathematician Figures Out the Field Question.

If any one requires a clear head it is a teacher of mathematics. He must know in the shortest, and in the best possible manner, of truth is necessary if correct results are to be forthcoming.

An Ohio mathematician, who has been teaching for 15 years prior to five years ago, I rather took a harsh opinion of my schoolmates, and quickly ate a hot dinner.

"The result was that I went to my afternoon work, but I was not satisfied and generally out of sorts. Finally I learned about Gove's Nuts and began to use it for my morning work."

"From the first I experienced a great change for the better. The heavy, unimpaired feeling and the heavy, unimpaired feeling that had disappeared. The drowsy languor and disinclination to work soon gave way to a brightness and vigor in my attention that I had never before known."

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. It is an assurance, true, and full human interest."



**Kansas City as an Investment Center**

By Herbert P. Wright

KANSAS CITY as an investment center has not yet arrived. Every city in the process of its growth has had to contend with constantly changing conditions. The growth of Kansas City has been wonderfully rapid. Its increase in population has probably been as swift as that of any other city and its building has been remarkably substantial and comparatively expensive. Where most young cities have built of wood, Kansas City has built of stone, brick, and cement. Where most cities have built their residences in a congested way on small lots, Kansas City has built on large lots with well-kept lawns. The location of the city is exceedingly rough, being full of hills and hollows. The leveling up of this ground is at least a tremendous expense. These facts have undoubtedly tended to labor the citizens of Kansas City largely in the outside and the things that go with it. It has tended to make the most popular investments for the time being either those in improved real estate or loans on real estate owned by others.

Another popular form of investment in Kansas City has been farm loans in the western country and the ownership of farm lands. Kansas City is not yet a manufacturing city. Its business is the agricultural industry to the west, south, and southeast. Its attention is fixed much more on the condition of the crops than on the condition of the stock. It is on the wing of production on the New York Stock Exchange. It is only so why the Western man who has acquired an accumulation sufficient to enable him to be called an investor has naturally taken to the line of securities which he is most familiar. The accumulation of investable wealth in Kansas City to the last few years has been very large, but the means have naturally been limited to lend it out on real estate in the city and on farms in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, and on the outfit in those states, Indiana and Kentucky where the farmer is popular with the Eastern banks. Bond-buyers everywhere recognize that the first requisite of a new investor is to look only for safety for his investment. After he has become somewhat familiar with the operation he recognizes that the ideal investment must be convertible as well, and eventually there will be a change in the class of investments which he seeks. Communities act primarily the individual. Kansas City is just entering into that period of experience when the character of investments is changing, and in beginning to sell for high grade, long-term investments that possess the elements of immediate convertibility at all times.

There is a large amount of real investment money in Kansas City awaiting its owners' education along conservative lines. In a very few years Kansas City will be as fruitful a market for the bond-dealer as Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, or Cincinnati. The familiar outlet for investment in Kansas City is becoming fewer as the money available for investment is increasing. The choice of investments is increasing. Oklahoma, and Missouri, which formerly came to this city, are now being taken up quickly by local investors. The same is the case with this kind of bond in very much smaller than it was ten years ago. The experience of Kansas City is going to be the same as that of all of the cities further East, where of the type of investment has been change in keeping with the evolution of conditions in the city itself and the tributary territory. The class of investments in Ohio and Michigan, both for banks and for individuals, has changed radically in the last twenty years—partly because the investments now popular are so lower in value and partly on account of a better understanding of the wisdom of investments which are not subject to a broader experience in handling them. There is probably no city in the country that at this time offers a better opening for a branch office of a strong modern bond-house than Kansas City. The limited resources of the houses now engaged in the business are not sufficient to carry on a campaign of education such as the market justifies. Some strong Eastern bond-houses with a high reputation will find Kansas City a very responsive place for a qualified branch office, the charge of a resident manager. Occasional visits from traveling salesmen will not answer the purpose; the result will be attained only by establishing a permanent and dignified organization equipped to carry on a campaign of education and to build up a clientele based on intimate personal and permanent acquaintance.

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## THE FAITH AND COURAGE OF THE PIONEER

When, in the year 1890, the project of the Niagara Falls Power Company was begun there was skepticism on the part of many persons and experts as to the feasibility of the great enterprise of the great extent of the river. It was not until the late autumn of the year 1891 that the first dam was built and the first turbines were installed. In the face of all this, the project was not abandoned, and the first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891. The first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891. The first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891.

It was generally believed that a small amount of capital would be sufficient to develop the power of the Niagara River. The project was not abandoned, and the first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891. The first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891.



American Falls, 1876

method of long-distance transmission. In England the first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.

It is through the enterprise of the Niagara Power Company that the first long-distance transmission was effected. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.

To insure that the first long-distance transmission was effected, the Niagara Power Company was organized. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.



was, stated Niagara and became acquainted with the conditions of the great project of the Falls for industrial purposes and the power of the world's most powerful. In an address before the first of the Niagara Falls Power Company, the first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891.

The first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891. The first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891. The first turbines were installed in the fall of 1891.



American and Canadian Falls, 1885

which, which may be used in a great amount of power. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.

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evolution of the Niagara plant required some 12,000 horsepower or more. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.

The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.



American Falls, 1886

the lower Falls and Niagara there was believed to be a great amount of power. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.

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in the year 1890, by an act of the legislature of the state of New York, the project of the Niagara Falls Power Company was authorized. The first long-distance transmission was effected by the Niagara Falls Power Company.

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American Falls, 1886

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## To Save Our Timber

By Hartley Brandon



Your consumption of all varieties of lumber in 1906 was 18,000 million feet, and the per capita consumption was 270 feet. Since 1880, according to the government census returns of 1906, the population has increased 64 per cent., while the total annual increase in consumption has increased 42.2 per cent., resulting in a total annual increase in consumption of 112 per cent. These figures give, briefly, the principal reasons for the rapid increase in the price of lumber, while on the other hand, if we consider the timber supply in relation to the production and consumption of lumber, the results are almost startling.

The continual increase in consumption and the consequent loss of timber lands, has resulted in a steady decrease in the supply of timber. As a result of the continued decrease in forest areas and increase in the demand for the product of lumber, the value of timber and its cost to the producer, and consequently to the consumer, has rapidly increased, with prospects of its further continuation until for a long time has been manufactured into lumber.

This condition has not prevented itself to the public until within the last five or six years, and the public mind is now aroused to the fact. What is going to be the result, and what the remedy? We find that in America, certain companies have been manufacturing the timber trade for a period extending beyond two hundred years, and that every tree grown and every part of every tree manufactured into lumber. These conditions are possible only because of the far-sighted policy of the American government—not only the central government, but the provincial governments of the various sections of the country as well. The general forest policy of the American government tends toward harmony with timber owners and conservation of lumber reserves, and, generally speaking, permits:

First, Trade agreements, which are helpful and under which civil suits can be brought.

Second, They require the land to be reforested—i. e., they require trees that are cut, must be planted.

Third, Reforested land is tax-free for a period of eighty years.

Fourth, There are taxes on the output rather than on the land.

In this country the conditions are reversed. Trade agreements, in the first place, are forbidden by law, and are followed by disastrous results in our timber reserves, and the forest is depressed and overproduction the result of delving values, when the small trees and saplings, which produce the lower grades of lumber are left in the woods to rot, for the reason that under these conditions they could be substituted only at a loss. During the four years following the panic of 1907, this condition prevailed, and the waste of at least 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. of the timber harvested during that period.

Going to powers of the state governments and the policy of state rights, the federal government finds itself unable to pass any federal legislation to require reforestation, and it would be practically impossible to secure uniform state legislation, so that the producers of any one state would not be at a disadvantage when coming in competition with the producers of other states, by means of such legislation. No such legislation should be enacted in the absence of legitimized trade agreements.

It would appear that the only proper governmental policy to be pursued relative to the lumber industry is that every encouragement should be extended to reforestation of timber lands and the encouragement of the commercial of forests on the timber as cut rather than on the land; otherwise our forests will be exhausted rapidly and there will be a steady decrease in the value of timber by reason of inability to manufacture certain portions of the log as a result, causing thereby marked increases in price, which can only be overcome, as stated above, by permitting trade agreements that allow a price to be placed on the material yielding at least the cost of production. This would prevent to a certain extent the rapid depletion of the forests and ease the trend of prices to be more slowly upward than it otherwise would be. It would be interesting by the way, to note that the principal element entering into the present cost of producing lumber are due to the increased application of more reasonable laws and also the rapid increase in population, creating increased competition in every direction and depleting forests.

The remedy is limited but such as it is should be applied before entire deforestation occurs.

## Aluminum, Man's Marvelous Servant

When the history of our age is written the story of aluminum is going to occupy a prominent page. It is to be as important as the story of electricity, the all-pervading fluid that by means of wire is made to do a vast amount of work, and soft iron, and in myriads of waterfalls, until Franklin and Morse and Edison pain became and of the first use of the most metal and laparous servants of man. The giant bulk lifting machine devoted all its efforts to get only killed them in storms—until the genius of our times set up a thousand wheels, for it was with aluminum which constitutes nearly one-tenth of the earth's crust, yet by obscure and unobserved through all the centuries until Humphrey Davy, in 1808, suggested that clay and many other rocks "depended upon some metal as a base."

Very ably the scientists glibbed on the trail. Working in Germany twenty years later proved Davy's hypothesis correct. He first isolated aluminum by decomposing aluminum chloride by potassium and obtained it in the form of powder. Nearly twenty years more before he produced it in little globules. Davy, a French chemist, succeeded, in 1825, in obtaining it in thin plates. Napoleon III. paid the expense, and Davy put the metal on the market at \$100 a pound. The United States prepared to make a metal made of aluminum that this Aluminum was not impure, could not be manufactured that, though for technical uses, such as strength, and durability made it exceedingly desirable. Scientists kept on working, and in 1835 it was produced, and in 1858 it was drawn to 25 " gauge.

Hartley M. Hall, newly graduated in 1868, from Oberlin University in Ohio, had the inspiration to try electrolysis. Neither Davy nor Hall had been the first to reduce aluminum from aluminum by combining the principles of the electrolysis with the electrolytic bath. He achieved a revolution. The metal from eight dollars a pound to sixty-five cents a pound. Today, thanks to further improvement, the metal is sold at a price and malleable as gold and as light as wood, costs less than twenty-five cents a pound, and is being used for technical purposes. But for the testing and heat-treating of the parent glass, electricity, he should not side with the metal. He called it simply electric the demand, for its toughness, strength, and malleability have called it into action all over the world.

All America is familiar with aluminum in cooking utensils. Whether one heated coffee made in an aluminum percolator will never have any other: for the standard of cooking things away every trace of the old grounds, and the best in the kitchen. The metal is used for fresh aromatic steam of exquisite taste and purity. Whether you bake, stew, roast or grill, the aluminum pot or pan or grill comes new and fresh to the table and the end of the food of labor in cleaning. Every bit of aluminum prepared is in the perfection of nature's favor.

Those who have for years used iron, steel, or copper can hardly believe how much lighter and easier to handle aluminum is. Commander Perry took aluminum utensils with him to the North Pole, and the United States has won many an arctic expedition. Captain Roosevelt took them on his famed hunting trip in the African bush. With others have shown his aerial voyage of one thousand miles over the Atlantic ocean. Most of the medals of Europe are now cast in aluminum. Our war army uses some of them. In the war with Britain the Japanese used 150,000 lbs. of aluminum.

But life is not all cooking. The cheap though precious metal is rapidly becoming a general part of everybody's life. A man shall spend every moment of the day within sight or touch of aluminum. Aluminum is an essential part of almost almost as necessary as life in this century is civilized. An enormous amount of aluminum is being used in the manufacture of automobiles. Thousands of miles of wire and cables are used by interurban traction lines. The cars, lighters, and sanitary facilities of aluminum houses it is to be used in the manufacture of cars such as are now in use in the suburbs of New York and for the buildings and racks of all modern railway cars.

## What Fishes Know

That fish possess a certain power of memory is a fact which has been established. They often learn to recognize the voice of the one who feeds them, and will swim to him when they are hungry. It is habitually true to them. If a second person goes large to be swallowed, they will swim to him to divide it on a sharp stone.

## An Accurate Control of the Time of all Workers—Executive, Clerical, Productive and Non-Productive—

- Will Increase Your Capacity
- Reduce Your Time Losses
- Put You on a More Favorable Cost Basis
- Make Your Employees more Valuable to Themselves.

You can best secure this accurate control, increased capacity, and reduction of time losses with an

## International Time- and Cost-Keeping System

A more favorable cost basis will follow as a matter of course; and your employees' value to themselves will be greatly increased when such time losses cease.

Elimination of time losses operates to the benefit of both employer and employee.

We are always glad to show precisely how International equipment will bring about time-conservation in any line of business where labor is employed.

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of New York

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International Time Recording Co., 6, 8 & 9  
St. City Street, London, E. C., England

200,000 HORSE-POWER WATER-POWER PLANT, BUILT AT A COST OF \$27,000,000 ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT KEOKUK



Power Plant Views



Government Lock and Dry Dock

The dam is nine-tenths of a mile long, 53 feet high and as wide as a street. The power-house is longer than five city blocks, and as high as a fifteen-story sky-scraper. This immense plant is one of the wonders of the United States.

Keokuk Views



Over half million dollars worth

# Keokuk

The City  
For You to Live In  
To Build Your Factory In

THE middle west is the logical location for factories. Keokuk is the natural centre of manufacturing in the middle west, because—

1. Here is located the greatest power plant in the world, supplying constant power at the lowest cost.
2. Keokuk is situated on the Mississippi river, insuring low freight rates and the advantage of water transportation, which will in a few years be a most important consideration.
3. The city is high and dry, above any possibility of floods. A healthful and pleasant climate.
4. Keokuk has a new industrial zone set apart for factories, with special switching arrangements for prompt handling of in-coming and out-going shipments.
5. Keokuk Schools—Churches—Fire Department—Police Department—Parks—Clubs, etc., are all of the most modern in every way.

Views accompanying this advertisement show the Water-Power Plant during the construction period. By July 1, 1913, the plant will be generating power and the formal opening with appropriate celebration will be held in Keokuk, August 26, 1913.

Descriptive booklet and any special questions answered on request.

Address

Keokuk Industrial Association  
KEOKUK, IOWA



Keokuk's finest hotel overlooks the river



One of Keokuk's well equipped manufacturing plants



The world's finest from Keokuk's many parks are grand



One of Keokuk's many modern jockey houses



Generators room in power-house



See how factory construction is planned



Close view of the enormous power-house



Below the river plant construction

## Using Niagara's Power

BY EDWARD T. WILLIAMS

City Industrial Agent of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Taste in the electrical era. In the past we have had the steam age, the gas age, but the electrical age is the period of the utilization of the strongest natural forces by the genius of man. In the last twenty-five years probably greater progress has been made in electrical power development than in any other sphere of human activity. This has been done solely by scientific conversion of power, represented in the flow of water, in an invisible current for almost everything that required power, light, or heat.

Naturally, the first development of electrical power was the water power, and the greatest quantity of power anywhere to be found on earth—the Falls of Niagara. We more than two centuries ago the water power had enjoyed a world-wide fame as a stupendous natural spectacle. The present-day capacity of the great outlet is estimated by the most eminent engineers at from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000 horsepower.

The potentiality of the Falls is explained by the fact that the Niagara River falls 206 feet in five miles, but in the upper rapids, 402 feet at the Falls, and 43 feet in the lower river. In its entire length of 26 miles the river falls 525 feet. The average flow of the river is 222,000

cubic feet into nearly every manufacturing industry.

According to a statement made by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives by the president of the Niagara Falls Power Company, that company has expended \$24,000,000 at Niagara Falls, New York, and Niagara Falls, Ontario, in the United States, plus several other plants that in 1908 this company had made expenditures of nearly \$12,000,000, and that it is still making investments, the latter being manufacturing concerns, had expended an additional \$12,000,000.

At the same time the Hydraulic Power Company had expended nearly \$6,000,000, and its allied or dependent companies had made an investment of over \$5,000,000, an aggregate of nearly \$42,000,000 for both power companies. At that time the two power companies were using 15,000 cubic feet of water, which would make possible a cubic foot of water represented an investment of \$2,800. The investment, of course, does not include the three jenny plants at Niagara Falls, Ontario, of which one is an auxiliary of the Niagara Falls Power Company, and the investment in which is included in that company's total investment of \$24,000,000.



A view of the American and Canadian Falls 1913

feet per second. A flow of one cubic foot per second equals one square mile of water 1.16 inches deep in a thirty-day month. The flow of the Niagara River is furnished by 8,000 cubic miles of water from lower lakes having 80,000 square miles of reservoir space.

Under the so-called Burton law the Niagara Falls Power Company was allowed a maximum diversion of 6,000 cubic feet per second. The Hydraulic Power Company 6,500 cubic feet per second, the Lockport Hydraulic Company 500 cubic feet per second; the Niagara Falls Electric Transmission Company was allowed to export 60,000 electrical horsepower; the Ontario Power Company was allowed to export 60,000 electrical horsepower; the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission was allowed 1,500 electrical horsepower, making a total of 167,000 horsepower to be imported into the United States. The Burton law was enacted June 23, 1890, and expired March 3, 1913. The only law governing the matter in the British-American treaty, which permits a daily diversion of 10,000 cubic feet of water at the rate of 20,000 cubic feet per second, upon the Canadian side of the river at the rate of 20 cubic feet per second.

The electrical harnessing of the great outlets has been of general and large benefit to the people of the United States. To the city of Niagara Falls and the Niagara frontier, it has been of stupendous import. As a result of it there are now located in Niagara Falls two manufacturing concerns which are the largest power users in the world. As a matter of fact, there are several products that are made exclusively made with Niagara current at the source of the supply, and they are in general use everywhere. Through great electric lines the most distant from the great outlets has made Niagara Falls the electrical manufacturing center of the United States, and this process would be impossible without great quantities of electric current. It has made the manufacture of aluminum a great commercial success and these products are

Now, as to the question of diversion and its effects upon the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls. The average flow of the Niagara River is 222,400 cubic feet per second. To be conservative, the United States engineers sometimes use 210,000 cubic feet per second as the amount. The maximum use allowed largely by the diversion of the wind on Lake Erie, in conditions in winter sometimes make a material difference in the flow for a few hours.

The Burton law permitted a total diversion on the American side of the river by the construction of the American and an importation from Canada of 160,000 horse power. The British-American treaty, which permits a daily diversion of 10,000 cubic feet of water at the rate of 20,000 cubic feet per second, and it is contended by those most familiar with the situation that neither the Congress of the United States nor the legislature of the state of New York should impose any restrictions less than those imposed by the international treaty which was stipulated after a careful investigation by the International Boundary Commission, a body appointed under a statute of the United States to confer with similar bodies appointed under a statute of Canada, to make recommendations with reference to the control and government of the waters of the Great Lakes and the valley of the St. Lawrence with reference to the question of the amount of water which could be withdrawn on the American and Canadian side of the Niagara River without material injury to the interests as one of the great natural beauties of the world.

When William H. Taft was Secretary of War it was his duty to deal with the matter, and he came to Niagara Falls, held a hearing at which all the parties involved were represented, and he announced that he had reported to the Senate that with a diversion of 15,000 cubic feet on the American side, and the transmission of 100,000 horse power from the Canadian side the people of the United States would not suffer substantially or perceptibly in the eye.

And the manager of the plant had estimated this conclusion.



# HOTEL OSTEND

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

"Where the Surf Sings You to Sleep"

Right at Chelsea's Fashionable Bathing Beach. Here you find rest in abundance. The ocean rolls and surges right up to—and under the hotel piazza, its music is grand and soothing. Distinctly, the Ostend has the finest location on the Beach. Within easy walking distance and roller chair ride to the center of life and gaiety for which Atlantic City is famous.

The Hotel is equipped with everything necessary for human comfort and enters to the best advantage.

All locks, private and public, have hot and cold running, fresh and sea water. When the temperature is highest and cities hot and grimy the Ostend is the coolest and most comfortable hotel in Atlantic City. Rooms large, airy, and 95 per cent of them overlook the ocean. Special rates to single men.

Rates are reasonable. Write for booklet and reservation

DAVID P. RAHTER

Proprietor and Manager, Hotel Ostend, Atlantic City, N. J.



## The Easy Way to Select Your Motor Boat

First, write and get our new, valuable and helpful booklet about motor engines and motor boats in our book.

Our **Big Book** "B" tells you all about what you should know before you buy a motor boat. It tells you about the different types of motor boats, their uses, their prices, and how to select the right one for your needs. It is a complete guide to the motor boat world.

Then there is our **Boat Builders' Catalog**, showing the makes of the various leading boat builders. This is the only type of boat to be obtained and described. Shows you how to select the right one for your needs.

**A Gray Motor in Your Boat Means Absolute Satisfaction**  
Over 1000 dealers will Gray Motors and give Gray engines. We have complete service stations in the large cities and leading centers throughout United States and Canada and, wherever operating, we are everywhere in the service.

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632 Gray Motor Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

Write to get what you want in the easiest, quickest and at an economical manner.

**1. "Book of Boats"** contains over 200 illustrations of boats, selected from all parts of the world. Tells you the best motor boats, their uses, their prices, and how to select the right one for your needs. It is a complete guide to the motor boat world. Price 25c, postpaid.

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TRICKS OF TRAPPING AND TRAP-MAKING

A comprehensive volume on building camps, snares, traps of all kinds, all the practices of trapping, bird catching, and methods of caring for furs. Numerous illustrations, embellish the text, and information is given about the habits of birds and animals.

A treasure book for sportsmen, young and old, and of convenient size for use on the traps. Illustrated, 300 Pages, Price \$1.00

HARPER & BROTHERS ■ Publishers ■ NEW YORK

## Niagara in Romance and in Commerce

Glimpses of the Pioneer Days and of the Twentieth Century Development of the Niagara Frontier

BY EDWARD T. WILLIAMS

City Industrial Agent, Niagara Falls, New York

THE first white man to see Niagara Falls was Father Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, in 1678. He came to this locality with Father La Salle, who built the first boat, the first vessel to sail the upper lakes, on the shore of the Niagara River just above Niagara Falls, where there is now a thrifty village bearing the name of La Salle. Thus romantically began a commerce which is now of tremendous proportions, which makes the production of the great flow more than a thousand miles through the Great Lakes, the Welland Canal, and the Lawrence River to the sea by one route, and through the Erie Canal by another route after breaking out at the foot of Lake Erie or at the Tonawanda on the Niagara River, where it flowed sixteen miles from Niagara Falls and eleven miles from the spot where La Salle built the first boat, now marked a sixth leader and leader, the largest leader ever in the world.

One of the earliest descriptions of Niagara Falls was written in English, a letter from Peter Kalm, a gentleman of Sweden, to a friend in Philadelphia, sent from Alliance under date of September 2, 1736. "When you are at the Fall and look up the river, you may see that the river above the Fall is everywhere exceeding steep, almost as the side of a hill. When all of this water comes to the very Fall, there it throws itself down perpendicular. It is beyond all belief the surprise which you see there cannot with words express how amazing it is! You cannot see it without being terrified; to behold so vast a quantity of water falling from a surprising height, it should not but that you have a desire to burn the exact height of this great Fall. Father

Niagara Falls Power Company, and thus the first steps were taken to revolutionize the region and inaugurate the electrical age.

The charter of the Niagara Falls Power Company gave it the right to develop 100,000 electrical horsepower, and it was estimated that that amount of power exceeds the theoretical power at Lawrenceville, Buffalo, Lowell, Torrington Falls, Manchester, Windsor Locks, Bellona Falls, and Colton, and exceeds the power actually developed at these places and at Andover, Fairport, and Massena.

Niagara electric power was first delivered commercially by the Niagara Falls Power Company, on August 26, 1883, the first customer being the Pillsbury Baking Company, which has since changed its name to the Aluminum Company of America and which is now the largest power user in the world, using 73,000 electric horse-power produced from the six power companies. In three great plants here which last year produced 12,000 tons of aluminum, worth about \$3,000,000. The Niagara Falls Power Company transmits considerable current to the cities of North Tonawanda, Tonawanda, and Buffalo, which operate many industrial establishments in these cities. It also furnishes the current for the International Railway Company, which operates 274 miles of electric railroad track on the Niagara frontier. On its banks on the upper river are the great chemical plants which have made Niagara Falls the chemical manufacturing center of the United States. The value of the chemical products in this city in 1930 was \$11,



A view of the American Falls, 1913

Hennepin supposed it 600 feet perpendicular; but he has passed little credit in this, the name of James Taylor has done this is the grandeur, at no far from this."

Francis Lynde Stearns, the eminent New York lawyer and vice-president of the Niagara Falls Power Company, recently said, "Since Father Hennepin, I have written my Father Baptist concerning Niagara. 'A curtain of brilliant light,' spectators by the million may have revealed something of themselves in various efforts to disclose to others the essential character of the Falls of Niagara, continuously inseparable with any other natural object. To souls sensitive to the beautiful and the sublime, the plunging torrent has appeared by the stateliness of its stream, the brilliance of its boisterous rapids, and the deep green glow of its abutment-flooding break, as well as by the drop into the seemingly infinite depths from which there comes to him who listens the note of the retreating shore, deeper than the diapason of any organ's pipe."

The state of New York, in 1862, established the State Reservation at Niagara by purchasing the land close to the Falls on the shore and the islands in the river, extending along the shore for the purpose and making this month's wonder of the world live to all mankind forever as a spectacle. The next year Assemblyman Peter A. Porter, a member of the Senate, had passed for the next year the bill which was purchased by the state, passed through

1906,720, which was 32.0 per cent of the total for the industry in the state, and which also represented 41.0 per cent of the total value of products for all manufacturing industries of the city combined.

Furthermore, Niagara Falls has not only all other cities of the United States in the manufacture of chemical substances by electrolytic process, this branch of the chemical industry having developed very rapidly as a result of the utilization of the water-power of the Falls.

The Hydraulic Power Company, which had the original water-power owned by Niagara Falls before the dawn of the electrical era, widened and deepened it and began an electrical installation soon after the Niagara Falls Power Company did. It now has an equally great plant, now manufacturing electricity in which are housed many of the city's most important industries, 6000-horse and transmit any of its current outside of the city.

When the first spadeful of dirt was formed for the excavation of the tunnel of the Niagara Falls Power Company twenty-two years ago, the present city of Niagara Falls was two villages with a population of less than 10,000. Now the city extends to the west, and the assessed valuation of the territory was about \$9,000,000. Now it is over \$34,000,000. There are now a vast number of people. The soil was a foot of snow in the territory. Now, the city has seventy-eight miles of sewer, costing \$12,500,000, and over forty-one miles of drainage, and

## Niagara Falls is in your pathway

NEW YORK  
CENTRAL  
LINES

THE Beauty Grandeur and Power of Niagara attracts visitors from every part of the earth.

Have you seen Niagara Falls, with its wonderful gorge and exciting whirlpool?

When you travel Westward or Eastward by way of the New York Central Lines, Niagara Falls is in your pathway.

Summer packages a carefully planned at all our agencies.

An all-round traveler with a most comprehensive map of the Niagara Falls area a must for the safety. Andrew Young, Room 2014 Grand Central Terminal, New York.



## MANHATTAN BEACH

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Vol. LVIII  
No. 25-26

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1913

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## COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HANCOCK will take direct personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

### The Outlook for a Banking and Currency Bill

Despatches from Washington have been growing less and less hopeful about the prospects of getting a banking and currency bill through Congress before the end of the special session. That is not surprising. The Republicans were in power continuously for sixteen years, the need of legislation on this subject was apparent all that time to reasonably intelligent people, and yet all they did was to pass, what prodded by circumstance, the rather crude ALDRICH-VAN DUSEN emergency measure and to appoint the so-called ALDRICH commission. True, the ALDRICH commission did work which in the judgment of competent people is excellent. But it will not be in the mouths of the Democratic party's opponents to say one word about Democratic delay and dilatoriness on this particular issue.

There is the purely political aspect of the matter is negligible. And that, we are glad to believe, is the administration's view of it. President WILSON has done everything he could to secure prompt and intelligent action on this most pressing question. In his speech accepting his party's nomination he modestly deprecating enough knowledge to justify legislation, but he has ever since worked steadily and courageously to secure from Congress the radical changes in the currency system which he sees that this country needs at once.

The opposition to immediate action is easily explained. Congress wants to adjourn and get out of overheated Washington the minute it gets rid of the tariff. Most Congressmen, never having seriously studied the monetary question, do not appreciate its importance or the imminence of trouble if it is longer neglected. Other hold that the party will risk less by doing nothing than by doing what it can to reform a financial system which is confessedly without any sort of safeguards against financial disasters.

We are not ready to rebuke here that something can be accomplished before Congress adjourns. Representative GILMAN shows encouraging signs of an open mind and of a strong desire to co-operate with the President and act promptly and sensibly. There is no sign, so far as we can see, that the President himself has any notion of yielding to the forces of inertia or to any force that makes for leaving bad enough alone. He has every reason to be steadfast and determined. If he and his party pass at this one session an honest low-tariff bill and a sound and scientific banking and currency bill, then the gates of hell cannot prevail against them.

### The Minnesota Rate Case

Naturally enough, most of the talk about the Minnesota railroad-rate decision has had regard to its immediate effects, and of these the railroads and Wall Street took at first a pretty gloomy view. Wall Street's view, of course, was one of the immediate effects, and not a negligible one; less negligible than usual, perhaps, on account of the rather unexpected state of things financial both in this country and abroad. Incidentally, it was brought out clearly that the railroads and their financial backers are now much less fearful of

national than of state control. Time was when this feeling was, to say the least, by no means universal.

Indeed, such recovery of confidence as there has been—and a certain recovery did, in fact, come quite promptly—also illustrates this feeling. What was first seen in the Supreme Court's decision, and what caused the drop in railroad securities, and what is the concession of a state's present right to control rates within its own boundaries. What caused the recovery was the closest reading that discovered Mr. Justice BRIDGES' extremely important dictum which practically conceded to Congress, whenever it chooses to pass the necessary laws, at least control of intra-state commerce as it may deem necessary to make completely effective its control of interstate commerce.

There is, to be sure, a slightly different interpretation of this part of the decision, which would base it mainly on the fact, observed by the court, that the Interstate Commerce Commission had not acted on the state law in question. In other words, it is thought that the state owes its present immunity from national interference simply to the failure of the national commission actually to interfere. But there is not much difference in the outcome of the two interpretations. They both seem to concede to Congress power which, when fully asserted both in legislation and by the proper federal agency or agencies, are bound to proper control. Nobody who has studied the relations of intra-state and interstate commerce, and seen how nearly inseparable the two domains are, and how much that will happen when the law is minded to assert fully national rights as against state rights in this great matter. It is quite possible that at present Congress is not so misled; there are many state-rights menors. But in the long run the apparent triumph of the states in the Minnesota case is extremely likely to prove a Pyrrhic victory.

### Wanted—An Alexander Hamilton

To get made a point decided is, no doubt, making a certain amount of progress with the railroad question. Next October, when the Supreme Court passes on the Texas rate case—a case in which the Interstate Commerce Commission has asserted itself in a way to contravene a state's control over intra-state rates—we shall probably have clearer light on this whole matter of state and national powers concerning railroads and other public carriers. So, no doubt, we ought to feel encouraged.

But, as the other hand, it is not a bit discouraging that we should still be in need of light on a subject so obviously essential to anything like a lasting solution of the railroad question and the other questions intimately related to it? Does not the fact indicate, on the whole, rather deep progress toward a steady and permanent and thoroughly worked-out policy—a policy severely consonant with the Constitution as it is or as we may have to make it, a policy which the railroads and the public, on both the home and the overseas side of it, is immense. We have learned a lot about it, undoubtedly. We have made real progress with it—stopped bad practices, instituted reforms. But nobody claims that we have mastered it, that our policy is fixed and complete, or even that we can see the end of our wrestling with it.

Why? Granting that the problem is soluble, that there is a right and wise policy if we can find it, for the life of us we can see but one answer. It is simply that there has not appeared among us any sufficient genius in constructive statesmanship. Ability there has been, and much of it, in the White House, in Congress, on both sides of the aisle, in the commissions, in academic chairs, among the railroad bond holders. But genius—no. There has, in fact, been nothing whatever to compare with the display of that indubitable quality, made in kindred enterprises, by a single man in the first two or three years of our life under the Constitution.

Study the astounding witfulness and completeness with which HAMILTON comprehended the needs of the infant republic—particularly in finance—the energy and resource with which, molding opinion to his needs, he contrived to avert them, and it is almost enough to make one go down on one's knees and pray for his counterpart. Jefferson's was no so great, and a work of genius likewise. But that work that is just now so nearly hollow as is precisely the kind of work for HAMILTON'S kind of genius.

The Wisdom of Going Slow in Quarters

Agree we are impressed with the value of diplomatic delay. It is going to be increasingly difficult to make fun of diplomatic faces that make for delay. One is almost ready to declare that diplomacy is delay.

Japan's offer to renew her arbitration treaty with us is no doubt construed unpleasantly by bitter opponents of the idea of arbitrating the California question; but it is more generally construed as a sign of an improving good-will attitude as a good omen for the outcome of the negotiations over that troublesome matter. Unquestionably the delay occasioned by deliberate procedure has been of itself a very great help in the search for a peaceful solution.

It has enabled our government to demonstrate conviction in its relations toward Japan. It has enabled both to and the Japanese to get a better knowledge of the actual situation in California. It has, above all, revealed to the Japanese the full extent of what they would encounter by anything like a warlike insistence on their entire restoration; for it is plain—the English press has done much to make it plain—that the California question, in its racial aspect, may at any moment break out spilling into a world question, and that at least half the world will rightly or wrongly side with California. Perhaps the other, the Asiatic half, will sympathize with Japan; but what will its sympathy be practically worth!

Japan has had time to think; and Japan, how- ever high spirited and proud she is, can also, she has ample provok, be wise.

The object-lesson naturally inclines one to look there, and more fervently on such plans for keeping the world's peace as have for their main reliance provisions against hate, insistence on delays. If we can somehow arrange that nations shall always stop and think before they fight, we can get an assurance near insuring that they shall not fight at all.

The South and Immigration

In the matter of self-restricting immigration, Mr. BURNETT of Alabama, who will head the House committee on the subject, is quite keeping pace with Senator DILLON of Vermont, long chairman of the Senate committee. The fact may be significant. For many years, notwithstanding the South's failure to attract any considerable number of the immigrants we get, Southerners in Congress have pretty generally helped to vote down measures intended to reduce the number of them. The South has kept hoping and desiring to get its share of them. There is as yet not enough evidence to show that the South has changed its mind on the subject, but there are signs of a loss of eagerness.

This does not apply to immigration into the South from other parts of the country, which is still earnestly solicited. One conjectures, therefore, that whatever change has occurred is due to the character of the bulk of our recent immigration, to labor troubles in the North, and perhaps to the coming of prosperity in the Southern States notwithstanding the comparative lack of immigrants.

It is quite probable, in fact, that more and more Southerners, now that times are better than they were in the past, are reflecting, as did the late Governor Cassin, of New Orleans, North, and perhaps Georgia has its value—and that one race problem may be better than many. At the Richmond Conference on Southern education last April one speaker vigorously urged the need of fresh blood in the South and more racial studies, particularly in agriculture; on the contrary, indicating more than ever to be content with the stocks they have.

Apparently, too, this feeling is not confined to the Southern white people only. Books WASHINGTON, in a recent article, takes a hopeful view of the negro's chances in the competition for work with the white, but in his "The Man Farthest West," mainly a collection of the people's outlook in the South with that of the poorest classes in Europe, he says:

I have stated myself what would happen in our Southern States if, as some people suggested, large numbers of those foreign peoples were induced to settle there. I greatly fear that if these people should come in this fashion, in this manner, outside of the cities, where they would have comparatively few educational advantages, and where they would be better able and more ready to preserve their native customs and languages, we might have a racial problem in the South more difficult more dangerous than that which is caused by the presence of the negro.

It looks as if the complicated problem of race wars is still to be mainly the North's and the West's, as if the South will still confine itself mainly to its one great problem. There are certainly Southerners who seem increasingly content that it should be so.

#### Votes for Women in Illinois

By a vote of 83 to 58 the lower branch of the legislature of Illinois gave, last week, to women the right to vote for President. Also the right to vote for mayors and various town and county officers. It is a limited franchise, but important, if valid. The Illinois Senate, however, is now conferring it some time ago. The House has now concurred, and assurance is given that Governor DUNN will sign the bill. Under it women may vote in Illinois for all officers except those provided for in the state Constitution. For these officers they cannot vote until a constitutional amendment is passed. They cannot yet vote for state officers and legislators so the legislature ran no personal risk in its liberality.

We have not yet seen anywhere questioned the validity of the action of these Illinois legislators. The Illinois Constitution limits the franchise to male voters, and our *Evening Post* says: "One would suppose that the limitations upon the franchise would apply automatically to all officers, however created, but evidently this is a mistaken notion." Possibly the validity of this action may have to undergo the scrutiny of the courts, but if it is good law it is important and interesting.

Limited franchises for women are usually concerned with school officers or tax officers and the women voters seldom turn out strong over such matters. But the vote for President interests everybody, and in cities like Chicago, where settlement-workers and other leaders of women were who is major, the women's vote may decide elections.

The rest of the way toward complete suffrage may be slow going in Illinois. It is especially hard to amend the Constitution of that state except by constitutional convention, because the legislature can only propose one amendment in any one session, and a defeated amendment cannot be proposed again for four years.

#### Reflections

Incomplete as it is, this suffrage victory in a state this side of the Mississippi, a state that sends twenty-seven Representatives to Congress and contains a city with a population of two millions going on three, is very interesting and important. It is not small help to the great many people, not very favorable as yet to women suffrage, coming to the point where they want to see it tried, and prefer, of course, that it should be tried on other folks. They would be glad to

see it tried in Illinois much more fully than the law provides. A good many other people, suffragists, are very tired of suffrage agitation, and tired also of some of their rick-fellows, and they wish the job was done and over with, and they will rejoice in Illinois.

#### Our Lively Ex-Presidents

We have not a brace of remarkably active and efficient ex-Presidents, experienced men, in good health and in the prime of life, and disposed to be accessible. It must be a long time since we have seen one of our ex-Presidents. Mr. Tarr was in Washington the other day, and visited the President, and the papers said he got lost in the Capitol, not knowing the way about that edifice as well as his successor. And last week, when the Supreme Court passed on the Minnesota interstate rates question, Mr. T. encouraged us with his views on that matter. And lately he went to the Fairview convention in Boston and spoke there, and indeed he keeps his habit of public discourse limber with frequent practice.

So does Colonel ROOSEVELT. He gave about a week of head-lines by his exercises at Marquette, and since then has been out, the stump of Governor Fair, very direct, primary hits at the President, speaking so wearily in the *Outlook*, and in distinguishing incidents of his biography besides, in a chain of newspapers. Nobody can forget the Colonel for more than a day at a time, and he will be seen then over in mind and sight when he goes, as he intends, to the Argentine to lecture.

Our last, and highly interesting, subject. What its underlying motive is we don't know, but it is natural to infer that the Colonel thinks Buenos Ayres would be a profitable change from Oyster Bay, just as Madame SUZAN REINHARDT thinks now that it would be a profitable change from Paris. The end of sport in the Argentine, and the Colonel is a great sportsman and they are likely to be fond of him; and if they connect him with so they may warm up toward us a little as a consequence of knowing him.

We like all these ex-Præsidential activities. They stimulate our national life. We have hardly enough distinguished celebrities to talk about in this country.

And, after all, our ex-Presidents must be active unless they are rich, which both our present ones are not. Nor is either of them, so far as appears, on any pension list yet, either of Uncle Sam or Uncle Assurance.

#### We Win at Polo

The first of the polo games was a joyful surprise to the American spectators. The last one was a mighty bit preceding; in its issue not so surprising as the first because the expectations of the crowd had been raised, but a great game of polo, and one that our people were mighty glad to see on their side with the very least margin that would do the trick.

They were fine games, both of them; played with good spirit, and with entire good-will and good manners. The best team won, but was by no means a desperate effort, or series of efforts, that it seemed doubtful to the very last if they were the best team. The games made two lively play-day fireworks, and served in that a good end, for life nowadays seems very serious, and needs what refreshes it can get.

#### College and Advertisements

It is our earnest to understand why parents or other promoters of a lively young person should be so anxious to send such young person to college. It is not so easy to understand why so many of the colleges should be at so great pains to induce as many young persons as possible, likely or otherwise, to come to their doors. That colleges should try so hard for all worthy causes is precisely worthy, but the practice of their spending time and strength buying up recruits seems doubtful. For every recruit to the older endowed colleges costs at least double what he pays, and any considerable growth in the number of names on the college rolls strains the existing apparatus and necessitates new provisions of buildings and increases the funds for maintenance. A desperate state advertiser for customers to make it rich, but a university shows often nowadays a like zeal to attract customers to make it poor.

It must be that almost every university wants to be great, and assumes that one of the elements of greatness is to be big. And as the universities are not so big as they used to be, it is not surprising that they do not go far outstrip them in numbers.

Prof. DR. JOHN J. STEVENS discusses this propensity in an article in the *Popular Science Month-*

ly, especially in relation to its effect on the salaries of professors. He says in effect that the ambitions of the colleges keep the teaching forces poor; that the idea prevails increasingly that every American young man has a right to a college education, no matter how small, and that the majority of the colleges goes to meet the wish of this idea, instead of going, as some of it should, to increase the professors' salaries. Tuition fees are kept down, and the teachers' salaries stay on the same depressed level. As to all of which the *Scrupulous Republican* observes:

There is much to be said for Professor STEVENS' view. The present system of the college is a strong inducement to take a college course: "University for pupils is as much part of the college plan as the college itself, and the more the more the customers is it a wholesale business house." To accommodate the habits of new students without raising the efficiency system of the factory is involved; the hours of teaching are increased; no documents are used to provide for proof instructions for an increased number of students at cheap rates. Now this sort of popularizing is unworkable, it vulgarizes and cheapens learning instead of dignifying it; it has the effect of making the college a popular store, which though it may have been and intellectual ambitions can be helped to do their best work, whether their gift in the letters, philosophy, or science, is not so great as that of the individual, and a college is more liable for its ability to train for the few than for the many. It is not necessary that all should go to college; a large proportion of those who are there are not making their time and study to better of work. And on the other hand, as Professor STEVENS himself holds, it is well that there should be a certain amount of competition, not so strenuous intellectual competition. Whether or not they have a "right" to a few students, it is well for them to be able to give more than for its scholars. It is time to give over theanship of colleges: "There must be a return to the proper conception of a college, a return to the idea that a college is not to be trained so as to be fit for great things."

Is there not some sense in these observations? We see, and see with astonishment, odd universities of great names contriving elaborate organizations to advertise their facilities and bring their own students to college, when they will have to struggle to take care of them when they get there. With one hand they pull the bell-rope—"Ding-dong! Come! Come! Ours is the great college!"—and with the other they hold out the hat for offerings to defray the costs their advertisements bring upon them. That is not all bad. But it is not good. It is a sign of a low civilization, to true education, that is accomplished by these methods of the soap-builer and vendor of "best sellers."

#### Not a Good Machine

The reason for last week's accident and loss of life at Stamford is not clearly disclosed yet, but it will probably be settled whether it was the fault of the engine or of the engineer. The kindest engineer can hardly classify the fatal crash under "acts of God," and the mildest critic can hardly avoid the conclusion that the New Haven road lacks operating capacity.

In matters that concern the running of trains and conservation of the lives and limbs of passengers the road seems not to be at present a good machine.

There seems to have been no lack of effort or of skill on the part of the officers who operate the New Haven road to operate it safely, but few accidents in two years, costing thirty-one lives and injuring two hundred and fifty people, and all on a stretch of road twenty-two miles long, are so many to be explained on any theory of bad luck or unavoidable misfortune.

#### Very Bad

The death of Miss DUNN, who ran into the King's horse in the Derby, furnishes to the cause of the millitate its first martyr. The number can be increased in any extent wherever it occurs in the millitate to advance their cause by throwing a bomb or a brick at a fellow-traveler. Miss DUNN's exploit was virtually an attempt at suicide coupled with the largest possible advertisement. Incidentally it was an attempt to murder a jockey, but Jockey JONES got off with a broken rib.

#### Not a New Wrinkle

Mr. BUCK may set a new example—that of going to market with his basket on his arm.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It will not be a new example. It was a practice of the last great orator who filled the office of Secretary of State—DANIEL WEBSTER. So perhaps DUNN, and WILLIAM will have one habit in common to emphasize their great dissimilarities.





### BURIAL IN AIR

The last word of a materialistic age. When Nicholas Klein, standing on the ledge of the twenty-fourth story of the Union Central sky-scraper, scattered the ashes of Jacob Gross from a tin can into the air, he was carrying to its extreme expression one of the inherent principles of modern scientific thought—that life is the infinitely valuable and important thing, death an unimportant accident.



EVEN WHEN I SAID MY PRAYERS . . . I WOULD LOOK FORWARD TO THE MOMENT WHEN  
 . . . THE DOOR WOULD OPEN . . . AND MY MOTHER LOOK IN



# MY MOTHER

BY R. H. BENSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLANCHE DEER



**I** WAS about seven years old when my mother died, and my father left me chiefly to the care of servants. Either I must have been a difficult child, or my nurse must have been a hard woman; for I never gave her my confidence. I had long to my mother as a saint; I sang to God; and when I lay her it nearly broke my heart. Night after night I used to lie awake, with the twilight in the room, remembering how she would look in, on her way to bed. When at last I slept, it seems to me now as if I never did anything but dream of her; and it was only to wake again to that desolate emptiness. I would torture myself by closing my eyes and fancying she was there, and then opening them and seeing the room empty. I would turn and toss and sob

hour or two of misery, half waking and half sleeping. I had been crying quietly, burying my hot face in the pillow, for fear my nurse should hear through the partly opened door. I was feeling really exhausted, listening to my own heart, and throwing myself into the half-faith that its throbs were the footsteps of my mother coming toward my room. I had raised my face, and was staring at the door at the foot of my bed, when it opened suddenly without a sound, and there, as I thought, my mother stood, with the light from the oil-lamp outside shining upon her. She was dressed, it seemed, as once before I had seen her, in London, when she came into my room to bid me good night before she went out to an evening party. Her head showed with pearls that flashed as the twilight rose and sank in the room, a dark clink showed her neck and shoulders,

one hand held the edge of the door, and a great jewel gleamed on one of her fingers. She seemed to be looking at me.

I sat up in bed in a moment, amazed, but not frightened—for was it not what I had so often fancied?—and I called out to her:

"Mother, mother!"

At the word, she turned and looked on to the landing, and gave a slight movement with her head, as if to encourage me waiting there, either of ascent or descent, and then turned to me again. The door closed silently, and I could see in the twilight, and in the faint glimmer that came through the other door, that she held out her arms to me. I threw off the bedclothes in a moment, and scrambled to the end of the bed, and she lifted me gently in her arms, but said no word. I too said nothing; but she roused the clock a little and wrapped it round me, and I lay there in bliss, my head on her shoulder and my arm round her neck. She walked anxiously and noiselessly to a rocking-chair that stood beside the fire, and sat down, and then began to rock gently to and fro. Now, it may be difficult to believe, but I tell you that I neither said anything nor desired to say anything. It was enough that she was there. After a little while I suppose I fell asleep, for I found myself in an agony of tears and trembling again; but these arms held me firmly, and I was soon at peace. Still she spoke no word, and I did not see her face.

When I woke again, she was gone, and it was morning, and I was in bed, and the nurse was dimming up the blind, and the winter sunshine lay on the wall. That day was the happiest I had known since my mother's death, for I knew she would come again.

After I was in bed that evening, I lay awake, waiting, so full of happy content and curiosity that I fell asleep. When I awoke the fire was out, and there was no light but a narrow streak that came through the open fire; my nurse's room. I lay there a minute or two, waiting, expecting every moment to see the door at the foot of my bed open, that the minister passed, and then the clock in the hall below beat three. Then I fell into a passion of tears. The night was nearly gone, and she had not come to me. Thus, as I tried to see if, trying to still my crying, through my tears came the misery flash light on the door opened, and there she stood again. Once again I was in her arms, and my face on her shoulder. And again I fell asleep there.

Now, this went on night after night, but the minister passed, and never when I awoke and cried. It seemed that if I needed her desperately she came, but only then.



"I DID I TURNED OVER TO SEE HER FACE . . . WHEN I WAS ASLEEP SHE . . . WENT AWAY."

without a sound. I suppose that I was as near the limit that divides sanity from madness as it is possible to be. During the day, I would sit on the stairs, where I could get away from my nurse, and pretend that my mother's footsteps were moving overhead—that her door opened—that I heard her dress on the carpet. Again, I would open my eyes and as if I were utterly comatose myself to understand that she was gone. Then, again, I would tell myself that it was all right; that she was away for the day, but would come back at night. In the evening I would be happy, as the time for her return drew nearer. Even when I said my prayers, I would look forward to the moment, into which I had cheated myself in believing, when the door would open, after I was in bed, and my mother look in. Then, as the time passed, my false faith would break down, and I would ask myself to sleep, dream of her, and sob myself awake again. As I look back, it appears to me as if this went on for months. I suppose, however, that in reality it could not have been more than a very few weeks, or my reason would have given way. And at last I was caught on the edge of the precipice, and dream lovingly back to misery and pain.

I used to sleep alone in the night nursery at this time, and my nurse occupied a room next door to it. The night nursery had two doors, one at the foot of my bed and one at the farther end of the room, in the corner diagonally opposite to that in which the head of my bed stood. The first opened upon the landing, and the second into my nurse's room, and this latter was generally kept a few inches open. There was a light in my room, but a night-light was kept burning in the nurse's room, so that, even without the firelight, my room was not in total darkness.

I was lying awake one night (I suppose it would be about eleven o'clock), having gone through a dreadful

(Continued on page 82)



# THE LONG TON

BY CASPER DAY

"EVERYTHING goes in the last week of May," said the big, burly, voice of Uncle Sam, leaning on the counter out on the porch. "You come on, kid, in May by the pull of half-past one, and I'll see some good ones for you. You'll do. It's his too bad about his leg. Best worse things will happen. Just now we need the drivers, and you need the money; so if your workin' party looks steady, you're old, sure of your money, you was born as you. You'll do. These child inspectors has the same gumption to get straight the coal-miners. They're a-bus' home, they're a-bus' home, they're a-bus' home, in to bring 'em as early half-ton of chestnut to put away in the cellar for their kitchies stores next fall."

Stanley by on a wide search in the living-room of his father's house, a bundle of splints and bandages above his right knee evidencing that neither boy must take his work to-morrow. Adam, aged twelve, and just through the labyrinth foundation of chickenpox, sat in a chair, swollen with pus.

"Me for it?" he announced.

"You're big for your age," Father said tartly.

Adam related himself several such. No more chickenpox, no more measles, but his! Not silly Third Reader and Contrived Pennsylvania and President's Speech. No longer would he be at the back and end of the line, and he would have an equal share to be sent on errands. He was now a man. To-morrow he was going to take Stanley's share and Stanley's dollar eighty-seven three-month job in the mine.

"Thought I'd learn him all about it, Henry," promised the disabled driver.

"How you out?" And the lone banged the door, to hurry home to both and supper.

Adam sat still, glowing inwardly somewhere in the district of his stomach, but getting no comfort and would cheerfully have broken both Stanley's legs himself for an hour like this and a marrow like to make.

"They'll eat you some, with that swollen knee you got," his brother commented from the couch. "Not's much as if they wasn't so rubbed, though. Everybody's tired out."

Adam spread his lips to say "nobody deserves a thing to him," but thought better of it. He didn't like that. "I'll be a doctor."

"Sam Tucker, my runner? I'll look out for you all, it's his business to, and some more. And all the same, he's a doctor. You'll be a doctor, too, but you'll right about, but you'll look the gate out on if you don't have next the car in doctor's place. She looks like the man in a doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, when you kick 'em make one. Tom's second, and he's a pray. You won't get a cushion in his house, because he's got a ball between the ears. He's a doctor and the doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, that should? May it over?"

Adam's eyes ached. Could he remember it? "An, an, an," he gasped.

"What's the first thing you'd do if you got lost in the mine?"

"What do you say the air goes?" He'd a headmaster taught Adam this when he was three. Good, Sam must think nobody but some boy his!

"What's the air for, Henry? Stanley shut at him.

"To get shut, of course. Oh, say, say."

"Now you remember it and what you, if you want to make a good runner," the older pronounced. "There's been more men killed because some fool kids left the doors open out of laziness, and out of the ventilation, then a good full a grass-ward."

And there's another thing. Unconscious, you get to stop your legs."

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And all the adult males in the room nodded at him when he spoke. He was grown up now, and they recognized him as a man in their midst. A plebeian rising!

Later, Adam was put to school, and wrote with a piece of chalk on the black iron stove-pipe that ran to the ceiling.

"I've got twelve miners on my bench now, day shift," Stanley said. "Old man Paddock, the miner, and the best shaker, and he's a runner. He's a person like him. Bottle White and that three Simon, Simon's 124; and that's the highest number in the world."

"Bottle is 61," revised the pupil. "And they all got a right to lose except a day only if they can't get to the door. You'll be a doctor, too, but you'll right about, but you'll look the gate out on if you don't have next the car in doctor's place. She looks like the man in a doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, when you kick 'em make one. Tom's second, and he's a pray. You won't get a cushion in his house, because he's got a ball between the ears. He's a doctor and the doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, that should? May it over?"

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plants and dead men; the authoritative care of appetitions were really very rare. And lastly, if anything uncommon happened to happen, say in San Yurk-

II

It was dark when his mother washed Adam. He rolled over in bed and wringed his face on something hard. It was the handle of Stanley's loaded shotgun, which he had taken to bed with him, as a girl takes her doll baby.

"Folk as a first was the March morning when Adam was a little fellow, and he was on the way to work, saw the yard-level run up with instant suddenness to blot out stars and the air. The sensation of being lowered at speed, with nothing to hold on to, was disquieting to the new breakish in one's stomach; but otherwise Adam was calm.

"Me for the third year," he said, with an air.

"Henry took me out for one Stanley's place, 'cause it's the last two weeks of mining."

"I'm in the thick."

"You want to go to the barn first and hitch up. I'll show you."

"Lerd, I told I wasn't going to to-day!" panted the father and himself. "I'll be terrible glad to go on strike and get paid up from the last two months, for me! What I was Stanley, on a bed! Say, what'll you do, you'll be a doctor, too, but you'll right about, but you'll look the gate out on if you don't have next the car in doctor's place. She looks like the man in a doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, when you kick 'em make one. Tom's second, and he's a pray. You won't get a cushion in his house, because he's got a ball between the ears. He's a doctor and the doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, that should? May it over?"

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It was an eighteenth-mile day on their branch, nine trips of a mile and a mile back, and over the ancient out about for the heritage crew. A desperate effort was made to get the work done, and they suffered themselves. The world was clamoring for coal.

Tomard fire, Adam had lashed out the sixth car from Miss Paddock's shoulder and chucked a "4" on the short-run for the sixth time that day. And Paddock had the honor to be disgraced about the work.

"Where you been? Cryin' for your bottle? Or some of the cure?"

"I'm a doctor, too, but you'll right about, but you'll look the gate out on if you don't have next the car in doctor's place. She looks like the man in a doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, when you kick 'em make one. Tom's second, and he's a pray. You won't get a cushion in his house, because he's got a ball between the ears. He's a doctor and the doctor, but not a doctor, but not a doctor, that should? May it over?"

# THE SPORT OF THE MONEY KINGS

BY  
HERBERT L. STONE



Nine multimillionaires of the New York Yacht Club are amusing themselves, this summer, racing their "one-design" 50-foot sloops in the waters of Long Island Sound. The owner, or his amateur representative, sails each race, and at the season's end prizes are awarded to the leaders in the series of some twenty-five races.

John P. Morgan, head of the great banking house, is seen sailing his own yacht, the "Grayling," at the left. The picture above represents the close finish of a race at Oyster Bay. G. M. Hecksher's "Acushla" is in the lead, Mr. Morgan's "Grayling" is second, and Harry Payne Whitney's "Barbana" is third.

The other six boats built for this series are owned and sailed by George F. Baker, Jr., of the First National Bank, W. E. Dodge, Pembroke Jones, C. C. Rumrill, Edmund Randolph, and R. N. Ellis. Most of these men are not only competent but expert managers of yachts—the present generation having been trained from boyhood to perpetuate the traditional sport of the Wall Street magnate.

It has been a long time since a yachting season has been as interesting as the present one. This is due principally to the many new boats that have made their appearance, and to the formation of some new racing classes; but, above all else, its success can be laid largely, both directly and indirectly, to the new one-design class of 50-foot sloops promoted by members of the New York Yacht Club. Not since the same club brought out the one-design 20-footers eight years ago (which incidentally produced the keenest racing of any class ever formed) has such a large class been seen, both in respect to the number and size of the boats.

Nine one-design boats in the hands of experienced sailors will always produce the best of sport, and when the boats are 72 feet long or all, as are those under discussion, it is something of a trick to handle them, and it seems that a man must be "on to his job" every minute. Incidentally, there have been but few one-design classes where the boats have been larger than these. The only ones that can be recalled are the 70-foot class, in which four boats were built in 1900, and the 57-footers, built in 1907.

There has always been some criticism of one-design classes on the ground that they do not produce as instructive or interesting sport as open-class racing, but the reason that the boats are all the product of one designer and that there is thus not the incentive for improvement in design and speed as where the boats are by different designers, each striving to outdo the other. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that, so

far as the sport goes for those that participate—and in the last analysis they are the ones most vitally concerned—the best racing is had in one-design classes, where all the boats are identical and the result hinges on the skill and ability of the helmsman. This contention has been proved repeatedly in the New York 30-foot Class, in the 57-foot Class, in the Larchmont Fairbairn Class, and other one-design classes, and it is doubtful if any one who has raced in any of these classes would give up one-design racing for the uncertainty of an open class. As far as speed goes, too, it is probable that the boats of this new class are faster than anything of their size that has been built under the Universal Rule, and Herreshoff's crews even have improved upon himself in these boats, judging by their performance alongside of other boats of approximately the same size.

The promoters of the class were wise in putting in a provision that the boats were to be sailed by their owners or by their amateur representatives, thus keeping the handling of the boats always in the hands of an amateur. This in itself is an excellent thing, and the boats are just about the limit of size on which this could be done. The 70-footers, and even the 57's, are a little too large for one man to be in complete control, much of the work of trimming sails, etc., being necessarily left to others. None of the men who own these boats are comparatively new at the racing game. Among those who may be mentioned George F. Baker, Jr., and M. G. Hecksher, neither of whom has had much experience in boats of this size, while Pem-

brooke Jones has not devoted much time to sailing since he sailed one of the old Newport 30-footers. With nine boats of this size coming down the line together, each requiring four positions, it will take quick thinking and shifty handling to keep them apart, and undoubtedly there will be many exciting and spectacular moments throughout the season just before the starting gun fires.

The coming of this class in the New York Yacht Club ought to be a great deal for the sport of sailing, which in the last ten years seems to have been on the decline in this organization. Outside of its annual cruise, the New York Yacht Club regatta have been marred by a dwindling number of starters, and their race attracted less attention than those of many other clubs on Long Island Sound; but the coming of this new class, and the continued interest in the 30-foot class, seems to indicate that the racing spirit is again coming to the front.

A brief analysis of the new boats shows a good-looking hull, with a long forward overhang and a rather short after overhang, fair displacement (about 24 tons), sharp forward section, and a tall narrow rig. The rig is of the prevailing knobhead type, with a single jib leading to the stem head and the mast and boom set all in one piece. The rig is moderate and well balanced, with the exception of the club topsail, which is an immense sail, the yard being 33 feet in length and projecting some 10 feet above the topmast head. In the light weather of the boat, however, they should be able to carry this easily.



# THE TRADERS IN WOMEN

The First Report of Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau for the Study of the Social Evil

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER



Copyright, 1913, by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

THE MULTIBILLIONAIRE SCIENTIST WHO HAS ORGANIZED AND FINANCED A BUREAU FOR THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF THE SOCIAL EVIL.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., was foreman, in 1910, of the Grand Jury investigation of the so-called "white slave" trade in New York City. That body recommended the formation of a commission to study this subject, and subsequently Mr. Rockefeller brought about the formation of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, of which he is chairman.

The most thorough and careful study of the social evil in modern times is being conducted under the leadership of this body—by scientific means, and pursued in the same order and scientific spirit that has characterized the other philanthropic, educational, and medical work connected with the Rockefeller name.

First of all, a laboratory of social hygiene was established in connection with the New York State Reformatory for delinquents, for the study of individual women, and put in charge of Miss Katherine Bennett Davis, superintendent of the Reformatory, and a member of Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau.

Then, in 1912, George J. Kneveland, who was in charge of the Chicago Vice Commission's investigations, was placed at the head of a general investigation of the conditions of vice in New York during that year, and, not long after, Abraham Flexner, whose investigation of American and European medical schools had given him an international reputation, was sent to study the problems of prostitution as it exists in Europe; and Raymond B. Fendick, formerly commissioner of accounts in New York City, was later designated to study the European systems of police-including, of course, their relations to the social evil.

The first fruit of this elaborate series of investigations is seen in the publication by the Century Company of the book (Commons) "Prostitution in New York City," which gives the results of the study of Mr. Rockefeller and Miss Davis.

## The Army of 15,000 Victims Warned

THE investigation of Mr. Kneveland was confined to Manhattan alone, and describes conditions as they existed in 1912. The scope of investigations could not have been all of the victims warned that they were being investigated; but they did actually establish, largely by personal visitation, the existence of more than 1,000 persons.

"It is safe to say," the book declares, "that a total, in round numbers, of 15,000 does not overstate the number of professional prostitutes in Manhattan. This estimate does not include occasional or casual prostitutes; it includes those only who habitually offer themselves for sale to the public market. This

Prostitution is largely a state of mind. For years we have approached the social evil either in ridicule, or disgust, or hysteria.

Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau of Social Hygiene is now approaching it in the modern scientific spirit. Its first report, based on the records of 15,000 girls, is unemotional and without personal expatiation, and lays the foundation for a sane treatment of this overwhelming problem.

Mr. George Kibbe Turner, one of the recognized authorities upon the white slave question, summarizes this report below for HARTMAN'S WEEKLY readers.

assertion is founded upon an actual count of 14,026 women arrested by investigators in Manhattan between January 24 and November 13, 1912.

The first part of Mr. Kneveland's report deals with a classification of the types of matters at which this army of women offer themselves. His conclusion says: "It is worthy of emphasis to maintain that prostitution in New York City is widely and openly accepted as a business enterprise. The exploiters, the organizers of their operations, their methods, their associates, and their victims are all equally notorious."

The main places located in the first chapter are vice resorts in the strictest sense. In the second part of the book, such places as the "divorced" saloons and "places which cater to vice." There are hundreds of these. Of 745 saloons investigated out of the 1,000 saloons in Manhattan, nearly half were found to contain immoral women; of 13 dance-halls reported upon by investigators in the spring of 1912, only five were characterized as "decent." The exclusive dance-partying tens of thousands every Sunday were in many instances found to cater to vice.

But the great interest of the book actually resides in the section devoted to the exploiters; the men—but they are largely men—who are held responsible for the conditions.

New York. Center of International Exploitation

THE present investigation, says the book, has established the fact that "the business of prostitution in New York City is controlled, for the most part, controlled by men. The names and addresses of more than 500 men so engaged have been made available with personal descriptions and the records of many of them."

The manager of the head of the business are first considered, under the head of "The trader." "For several years," says Mr. Kneveland, "thirty one-dollar houses of prostitution in the Tenderloin have been operated as a 'combine' under the direct control of three or more men. These individuals have been in business for many years in New York City, as well as in other cities both in this country and abroad. They buy and sell shares in their own houses, and net the value of the shares depends upon the ability of the owners to maintain conditions in which the houses bring considerable amounts of profit. The men who profess himself capable of acting thus, through business sagacity and political pull, is called a 'King.'"

"The subjects of mass exploitation of prostitutes in New York City are foreigners by birth. Some of them have been victims of defrauds, some all their lives. The women in question did not come directly to America. Some of them drifted to other parts of Europe with young girls, whom they had secured in small towns or villages in their own countries. South Africa was a favorite destination. Their trail of abduction and corruption can be traced through Argentina, Brazil, Canada, Alaska, and the large cities of our own country—San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Bette, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia. Finally, they realize their hopes in New York City. Here they have made a center, and from this center they go back over the old trail from time to time."

"If a composite photograph could be made of typical owners of vice resorts, it would show a large, well-fed man with the system of age and five feet eight inches in height. His clothes are of the latest cut in design, and exceedingly pressed. A heavy watch-chain hangs from his waist, a large diamond ring sparkles in his left hand, and his fat, chubby fingers are encircled with gold and diamond rings."

## The Minor Traffickers

THE progress—the typical "white slavers"—are shown in their operation upon abundant occasions in amusement parks and dance-halls, choosing "with almost sternly indifference the type of girl which may be pliable to their will." The error of the catch is given as he rises, through the post-parade and the

dance-hall, to his own management of a girl as a "room-keeper," the profit of the business is shown to be in the hands of the women. In the case of the "combine" as New York City they were the agents of the men who own the places. "When an effort has to be made, they are the ones who have to go to work. The large majority of these were born in foreign countries. They have had years of experience in operating houses of many cities of North and South America and South Africa."

This commercial organization of vice resorts is shared specifically for the exploitation of women. "Houses of prostitution can not exist," says the conclusion of the discussion of exploiters, "except through trafficking women. The houses are set up, an opportunity for trade is created. The proprietors give specific orders to the procurer—for young girls, for immature girls for Monday. The shares are made in this, not only a business reality, but a reality almost wholly dependent upon the existence of houses of prostitution."

## The Share of the Brood-estate Owner

INDIRECTLY, but almost as consciously as by the room-keeper, the profit of the business is obtained by the property-owner. In February, 1912, a woman investigator, visiting 122 real-estate agents for the illegal purpose of studying the appearance of immoral purposes, had only 17 outright refusals. The rest, in many cases, was simply advanced on the assumption that the place was to be put to vicious use.

The shares in houses of prostitution were found to be sold only to persons well known to the owners, but there were various lengths when transactions of this kind were not. The meeting-places for the exploiters of this trade are many and well known, and have centers of the business. Sales of third interests in houses, ranging from \$200 to \$5,000 in price, were witnessed personally by the investigators of the Bureau.

The business is, of course, highly speculative—dependent upon many doubtful factors; but, with any chance for extended operation, it is a wonderfully profitable transaction. In many cases, when transactions of the operators, and secured their conditions, reported some business revenue on the basis of more than \$100,000 in annual gross receipts. The operator of the house not only receives half of this as his share, but gets back much more by many charges against the income for clothing and food. As against such receipts, the regular operating expenses are estimated—usually—calculated at not over a quarter of the receipts, is tabulated estimates of a group of houses.

## The Illicitest Fashion Girl

MR. KNEVELAND'S investigations, as recorded in the Commons, dealt quite largely with the commercialization of vice in New York. Miss Davis' study appraised the conditions of prostitution in the district of the girl exploited. Her statistics are taken largely from interviews of her own condition at Bedford; but she says, for comparison, statistics of other girls made in other New York institutions, and of some 1,100 street girls in New York City. Her conclusions are highly illuminating—especially in the case of the Bedford girls, who, being under extended observation, furnish a body of knowledge concerning the prostitute which is most important.

Her figures show a very definite fact. In the first place, the girls come into the life very young. They are seventeen years old, on an average, when their first offer is made. They are under sixteen years and ten months old when they begin their profession. They are surprisingly uneducated. Perhaps 60 per cent. have never finished the primary grade of common school, and 20 per cent. are not even finished grammar school. About a quarter are mentally defective. They are in the case of the women morally uneducated. They are almost all ignorant.

Miss Davis' figures show most interesting light upon the theory of economic causes for prostitution now so common in the United States. Without the influence of poverty may be, it is quite clear that, directly, it does not appear to be a great contributing factor. Of all the girls who were first seen at this point, 100 per cent. were over 100 less than 100 per cent. gave poverty as the cause that led them into this life.

A great murder trial in a tragically vivid and before a nation. Romance, horror, sympathy hold its great audience—but principally the suspense over its outcome. Historic murder cases pass the usual riddle of guilt from one generation to the next.

All France was divided over the Chambige Affair. It was the subject of a widely read novel in a previous generation. It is still an unsolved doubt.

Was Chambige a genius in love, or a cruel madman? Was Madame Marlier a suicide, or the victim of the strange whim of a maniac?

Mrs. Lawrence's clear statement presents all the known facts in this historic mystery.

## THE CHAMBIGE AFFAIR

ON one of those beautiful and pleasantly warm afternoons which often visit the north of Africa in the winter, a young Frenchman named Henri Chambige hailed a cab on the grand square of the town of Constantine, the capital of Algeria. As it happened, the driver knew quite well who his fare was. This small, soft, excitable-looking youth belonged to the ruling class in the colony; he was generous and kind-hearted, and, what is French people in any class of life would seem of more consequence, Henri Chambige, in spite of his being only two-and-twenty years of age, was already a distinguished literary man.

This afternoon young Chambige told the cabman to drive out to Saïd Mahrouk, a suburb of the town, in the beautiful villa of the Marliers.

The driver also knew all about the Marliers. Monsieur Marlier, a clever, good-looking man still on the right side of forty, was the chief engineer of the African railway system; his wife, Madame, was younger

than her husband, and, in spite of the fact that her hair had turned white prematurely, she was still considered a very lovely woman. She was exceptionally kind-hearted and well-cultured, a lovely mother to her two little daughters, and a most devoted wife to her husband, to whom her marriage had been the outcome of a charming romance, for he had been poor, she rich, and they had wanted for each other almost as long as Jacob waited for Rachel.

The fact that the cab-driver knew Monsieur Marlier is worth mentioning, for his subsequent evidence proved that, even among a class ready to suspect evil, H'bow Marlier was regarded as above suspicion. To return to the fateful day when the mysterious tragedy took place which was to make the world ring with this poor lady's name. When he had arrived at his friend's villa, Henri Chambige went into the house, and after a few minutes came out again, accompanied by Madame Marlier and a woman servant to whom she remarked: "I am just going with Monsieur Chambige to his mother's villa. Please see that the children have their tea when they have done playing in the garden."

The villa in which Madame Marlier attended was in the country, two miles from her home, and some time before she had kindly offered the owner, young Chambige's mother, to keep the boys and see that the place was occasionally aired and opened.

On the way to the villa Henri Chambige behaved in rather an odd way, so, as the cab-driver thought, he began staring at the top of his vehicle, a young man known in France, the first line of which may be translated, "Good-by, but nothing of my life."

When at last they reached the empty villa, Henri Chambige helped Madame Marlier to alight from the open carriage. "You will have to walk a little while," he said to the driver, "for we shall probably stay some time here."

The two went up the steps of the villa—young Chambige, the fat of two-and-twenty, and Madame Marlier, the charming, delightful woman of three-or-four-and-thirty—and disappeared through the door. Then Chambige having, did a rather singular thing—he locked the house door behind himself and his companion.

And then began what seemed to the cabman outside an interminably long wait in the hot, still air, and as the minutes dragged on the driver's astonishment that his fare and Madame Marlier stayed so long in the house increased.

Suddenly, after two long hours had gone by, there came the terrific sound of firecrackers.

Then, more noise, deaf silence.

Jumping horribly from the carriage, the man tried to effect an entrance into the villa, but the back door fast. Again he got up to his waist, and again there came that sharp, thundering sound of shots; and a moment later two young men, frantic of thought, came up to the door. They had entered, in apparently breathless haste, and on foot, from the town of Constantine.

"Is Monsieur Chambige here?" they asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the driver. "He has been in three or four hours with Madame Marlier. A few minutes ago I heard shots being fired."



"He was stretching out his hand for the revolver. 'Let me

"We feel something terrible has happened!" they both exclaimed. "Will you help us to break our way into the villa?"

In spite of considerable difficulty, this was accomplished, and then the three men waded through the many lower rooms of the silent house. There was no one there, and with beating hearts they went to the upper floor; and there, in the principal bedroom, on the villa, a terrible sight met their eyes.

Lying on a couch near the bed was Madame Marlier, dead. Writing on a agency on the floor by her side was Henri Chambige, with blood streaming from two bullet-holes through his cheeks.

As they came in, he was stretching out his hand for the revolver with which his hands, and the wound that had killed H'bow Marlier, had evidently been inflicted.

"Let me die!" he cried wildly. "I am not castive yet! Let me die!"

Needless to say, one of his friends snatched the revolver from his hand; and then the three men made desperate, futile efforts to bring the unhappy woman to life again. But she had been shot in the temple; death must have been practically instantaneous.

With bewildered horror and pain, they left the body of the unfortunate woman alone in the villa, and transported their friend, whose wounds they thought were far more serious than they turned out to be, back to his stepfather's house in Constantine, leaving it to the way, at the Villa Marlier of the awful thing that had happened at the Villa Chambige.

II

JUDICIAL procedure in France is very different from that which obtains in any English-speaking country. In France, as in all other, the first thought of the examining magistrate is to get at the truth with out any extraordinary holding for the life of whoever may or may not have committed the crime in question. Accordingly, within an hour of young Chambige's return to Constantine, he was being proved with eager questions by the examining magistrate—who, by the way, was an intimate friend of Madame Marlier.

At first Chambige refused to say anything. Indeed, he did nothing but weep, in sallow tones of anguish, despair, revolt, and despair: "Let me die! I only wish to die! Who did I ask myself? How is it that I have satisfied here?"

At last, however, amid sobs, groans, and tears, and speaking also with very great difficulty—for the wounds in his chest, though not dangerous, were yet terribly painful—young Chambige told the magistrate an extraordinary, and to his listener an utterly incredible story.

"I loved Madame Marlier," he said dramatically, "and she loved me! Either then had led a life of death, either she could not, on such long affairs, we decided to die together."

Now, the examining magistrate was not only Monsieur Marlier's intimate friend, he was also heartily attached to his friend's wife. It seemed so long and so horrible that the woman he had known so long as a being, and as a devoted, ever-ready soldier, could have loved this youth, who was not only



"Her touch filled me with joy and anguish. 'Pity me!' I cried. 'Yes, you may indeed pity me!'"





# THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

## A Remedy for Inefficient Legislation

Having witnessed a great upsurge of public opinion against the measures of wealth and privilege in the affairs of government. That upsurge has been characterized more by the vigor of its expression than by the care with which it has studied out the evils against which it is directed. I believe that the great need of today is thoughtful analysis of the conditions against which we are complaining, and careful study of proposed remedies. It is always more easy to denounce than it is to guide. And there will be required most responsive leadership in order that the efforts of the people should be directed into channels that will remedy these conditions and not make them worse.

There is no lack of many eyes, but few directed at our legislatures, both federal and State. Our factory men speak of their representative assemblies as the refuge of the liberties of the people; there always more that we do not seem to think of them as the refuge of the powerful special interests of business. As to our federal government, that organ has been the subject of the year by the final passage of a constitutional amendment changing the method of electing our senators. This change which has been consolidated against all the efforts of our legislatures of amendment, has apparently been suggested by popular disaffection both with the Senate itself and with the method of electing State legislatures at conducting elections to the Senate. The criticism is a good rather inspired at both levels. Simultaneously, most of our State have been changing the structures of their constitutions so as to deprive their legislatures altogether of their final voice in the choice of legislation and to place it directly in the hands of the people, through the device of the initiative and referendum.

### Limiting Our State-Makers

Even more striking than either of these two recent manifestations in the process of change which has been taking place for many years in our State constitutions throughout the country. We have been parking into these constitutions, in greater and greater quantity, matters which normally should be left to the legislature in its treatment of the statute book, and thus have been leaving the matters with which our lawmakers are deal to an increasingly greater extent, until now most of our constitutional actions and legislative government, have become a complex mass of detail.

Our factory men to demand in their constitutions that their legislatures should meet frequently. We now demand that they shall meet so often. The constitution of one of our States still contains both of these inconsistent provisions, one adopted in 1776 and the other in modern times.

Before taking up a closer consideration of the subject, I wish to express my dissent from two methods which we commonly hear suggested to deal with the trouble. In the first place, we often hear people say that the difficulty arises from the fact that we don't get good enough men to go to Congress and to our State legislatures and that the only remedy is to improve the quality of such members. I do not think that such an attitude is really helpful. When a system of government is shown to be regularly and continually producing trouble, there is little use criticizing the individuals who manage it; there is something wrong with the system. As Edmund Burke expressed it, we should not ask for a new man in the "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent."

"Where there is a regular course of operations carried on, it is the system, and not the individual person who sets it in that is to be changed."

I believe that the individuals who compose the membership of our Congress and our legislatures are, on the average, not only fairly representative of the standards and character of our American life as such, but that the chief standards which they maintain and live up to in public life are rather higher than the moral standards of the business world about them. I believe that the fact that their labors produce ineffective and bad results is not in any general infirmity of their individual characters, but to the fact that they are laboring under a stretched and impossible system—a system which handicaps efficiency and promotes inefficiency and corruption and even corruption. I should also say here that, in whatever sphere examples I may mention in this discussion, I am not making personal attacks on any individual, but merely citing instances which I believe to be typical of the results of a system.

In the second place, I wish to register my dissent from the view that we may make things better by allowing legislation out of the hands of the people's representatives and placing it in the hands of the people themselves. However useful that may or may not be in a few cases, the referendum is to be for certain classes of questions,



STIMSON, U. S. WAR

HENRY L. STIMSON

SECRETARY OF WAR IN PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

We must not forget that representative government as a whole is an evolution produced to meet the problems of a more complex age than the times when the people governed directly. Although the Ages in Three or the Abolition of Man. Much of the difficulty of our present time has come from the fact that our own age is getting more and less complicated, and that the governmental system which we have is being overburdened by the pressure of new burdens. We shall not cure the difficulty by going back to the obsolete machinery of a simpler age.

I shall tell what I have to say to our federal lawmakers—to the executive and Congress of the United States; but because the evils there are more than they are in our State governments,—on the contrary, in many respects they are not so bad,—but because of the fact that I regard the evils there as representative of a bad system which prevails both jurisdictions.

### National Interests Subordinated to Local Interests

In the first place, when we come to examine the work of our houses of Congress, we find that there is a strong prevalence in both houses of what we may call the local over the national point of view. In a body which is supposed to represent the nation as a whole, we find that the interests of the nation are being constantly subordinated to local interests.

We find, for example, that our army, instead of being concentrated and maintained in the places and in the manner recommended by the military authorities as most efficient and economical, is scattered throughout the country in numerous small and highly expensive posts, and that these posts exist today simply because the officers of the town or village or locality where they are placed, in having them maintained, outweigh the interest of Congress in the discipline and welfare of the army.

We find, again, that our Navy Department is spending millions of dollars annually in the maintenance of navy yards wholly unnecessary and unneeded for our modern navy. A few years ago, when the attention of the Chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate was called to the fact that the majority of some of these navy yards was not sufficient to harbor a modern dreadnaught, he replied that that was the reason why he believed in smaller ships, and the sincerity of his belief was evidenced by his dilatory recommendations. In other words, instead of our navy yards being fitted to our navy, our navy must be fitted to our navy yards and to the interests of the harbor around them. These examples are surely typical. If Congress will allow the special interests of a locality to take what more of the national defense, what can we hope for in matters less vital?

The needs of our public building construction in two recent and too countless to need emphasis. The Postmaster General wrote, in 1909, that more than twenty million dollars had been appropriated in that season for the construction of post-offices in small cities and towns where his department had made no recommendations for such buildings. The great work of improving our rivers and harbors has degenerated into a scramble for patch and beautify harbor has recently presented against what he calls "prevented methods," and has pointed out that

the most successful river and harbor bill, from a congressional standpoint, in the way in which districts most widely, and therefore most effectively from the standpoint of the work, the means to be expended.

Tariff legislation, instead of being the great national instrument for upbuilding the industries of the country which Alexander Hamilton proposed, has long been turned on as a systematic series of deals between various manufacturing districts, and the hostility of Congress to a reasonable method has been recently illustrated by its abolition of the Tariff Commission, which was seeking to raise tariff-making to a more national, impartial, standpoint.

It is impossible to exaggerate these local characteristics of Congress. They pervade all that it does, down to the insignificant details of a congressional session. He by someone high authority for his district. His political life is dependent on it. Under the depressed traditions of our politics, he fails to be returned in his district he can not run from any other district. He is not of public life. This depends upon a comparatively small locality, where he is in the name of constituency for votes, controlled, possibly, by a single interest, tends to make him timid and subservient. Where the interest of the nation comes into contact with the interest of his district, it must be sacrificed or he must be sacrificed. If he chooses to sacrifice the nation for the sake of his district, there is no way by which he can be punished by the nation. To the nation he is not responsible, and may be returned year after year in the face of the most flagrant disregard of national duty.

Our Congress is more local in its viewpoint even than the representative assemblies of other nations, notably England, where our rule-making is restricted to members in one district does not maintain, and where a corresponding representative of the nation as a whole can still serve his country from near other place. There is, however, in the American Congress even greater need than in the case of other nations for machinery of operation which will bring to that body the national viewpoint which it otherwise lacks. When we examine its machinery of government, we find that, in being the case, the American system of lawmaking has discarded the general national issue upon which practically all other nations rely.

### Our Executive should be the Leader of Legislation

In other nations the executive is the leader of legislation. The man or men who are to be responsible for enforcing laws and laws have a leading part in drafting and framing them. In the United States alone, the executive is shorn of all chance for effective cooperation in the process of lawmaking, and, under the influence of a stubborn political tradition, he is jealously watched to see that he does not transgress the deadline of separation. In other nations, the executive not only has the authority to propose bills, but he is authorized to frame and introduce his own bills, and to support them upon the floor as debate, either in person or through his ministers, but in some cases of legislation his right of initiative is so restricted that his proposals are carefully limited. In England and, I believe, in all the well-governing English-speaking, not only in the budget introduced by the government, but in all other bills, of course, he cut down by Parliament, so additional can be made to it on the floor without the approval of the executive. It is not our executive leadership confined to maintain where the majority are members of the Parliament, as in England. In Switzerland, for example, the executive is not a body which composes the executive are not members of either house of the legislature and can not vote there, and in many other respects have much the same relation to it as do our executive in England. In England, a constructive executive tradition points of leadership in legislation; they draft and introduce bills; they have the privilege of debate and are permitted to take advantage of the result of their bills, and when amendments are desired in the bills they are permitted to draft them. The executive is permitted to suggest to the members of the legislature the experience of men who, normally, view matters of government from the standpoint of the whole as a whole, and to present to the legislature the executive representative of the nation at large. Not only do his duties upon upon him, but he is, in this country, the only person responsible to the electorate of the whole people.

There is also a second phase of this separation which is most characteristic of Congress of executive leadership in legislation, we have it without any natural or normal leadership whatever. In such a body, leadership is not a natural thing, but is a result of the fact that it is made into that of the two Houses of Congress very. How-

\* Address delivered before the Law Academy of Philadelphia on May 27, 1903



**WELLESLEY'S ROBUST CREW**

MAJESTIC SPECIMENS OF THE NEW WOMANHOOD, WHO HAVE CUT DOWN ALL PREVIOUS ROWING RECORDS FOR THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE IN RECENT TRIALS ON THE CHARLES RIVER



**A GIRL PIONEER IN WIRELESS**

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN ITS OFFICIAL WIRELESS OPERATOR'S LICENSE TO ALICE MONTAGUCCI, A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD CONNECTICUT GIRL FOR WHOM ELECTRICITY TAKES THE PLACE OF THE USUAL DOLL



**EVELYN THAW INVADERS EUROPE**

THE PERENNIAL HEROIN OF THE AMERICAN NEWS-PAPER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN A PARIS STREET, BEFORE STARTING FOR HER APPEARANCE AS A DANCER AT THE SOPHISTIQUE IN LONDON



**"TOREADOR" A COLUMBIA GRADUATION "STUNT"**

WALLY DON'THARIN BEATING BEARS AND THE MARCHES OF OFFICIAL COMMENCEMENT PROCEEDS, THE "OLD GRACETER" RAMP TO AND FRO OVER THE CAMPUS IN ROCK BURY ZONES, PINKETS' HOOPS ON WHEELS, AND MISCOCKINGING "KICK-POUTS"



Copyright Photo

#### AN ARTIST'S WAY WITH A MODEL

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG IN AN INTIMATE STUDIO SCENE OF ADJUSTING HIS APPARATUS BEFORE DEVELOPING A NEW SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS



#### "FIRE"

CRUSH AT BATHAM, A LONDON SUNDAY, BURST JOINT AFTER THE RAIDING OF THE MILITANT'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS. CRUSH'S AUTHORITIES HELD THIS TO BE A STUPID EXPRESSION IN WARREN'S WAR; ANOTHER KING AN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP ST. PAUL'S TWO DAYS LATER



#### "RAIDED"

ENGLISH "WILDMAN" PAGES GET THE SUPPRESSED PAPER, "THE SUPPLEMENT"—PRINTED WITH THE BOLD WORD "RAIDED" ON ITS FIRST PAGE, AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE MILITANT'S HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON

### THE WAR OF THE SEXES



#### THE PRESENCE OF ROYALTY

A STUDY OF TEMPERAMENT—MILD AND STEADFAST; STUFF AND FLOID. THE BULK OF GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN IN THE FAMILY WEDDING PARTY ATTENDING THE BARRIAGE OF THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER IN BERLIN







**ACROBATIC BASE-BALL**

Before First Baseman Derrick of the Portland, Oregon, team had come back to catch, the runner had reached his base.



**AMERICA'S POLO CAPTAIN**

Harry Payne Whitney, the leader of the American polo team, was a member of the famous "Big Four" that defeated England in 1909 and 1911.



Miss Burke has delighted many audiences with her depiction of the young and charming ingenue. This season she essayed the more serious roles of Placer's heroines in "The Maid the Point Girl" and "The Amazons."

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**MISS BOLLIE BURKE AS  
"TOMMY" BELTURBET  
IN "THE AMAZONS"**



**THE GAME OF DUKES AND MILLIONAIRES**

Captain Whitney of the Americans leads Captain Leslie B. C. Cheape of the English team down the field in the first of the recent international polo matches, won by the Americans at Meadow Brook, Long Island, June 10.

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## FLORICULTURE

## INTERLUDES

LETTERS THAT SORROWY EVER WRITES

BY WILHELMINE JENKINS, R.F.D.

FROM A COVETOUS MAN TO A BILIOUS ONE, DRESSING AN ENVOYMENT

PARISH, Mass., May 27, 19—

My dear Mr. Robinson:

While I appreciate most thoroughly the kind thoughtfulness which prompted you last week to send me your certified check for one million dollars, I have, upon careful consideration, decided not to accept it, and I hereby return the same to you, as you will observe, your returned signature, which I have cut off and retained for my autograph collection. Please do not think that I scorn your gift. I do not, but you send it, to quote your own words, "to relieve me of my wants; and I feel that life would really not be worth while if I did not want anything." Shall the pleasure of life, sir, lie in the pursuit of the unobtainable; the other half in the wearing of desired objects. Most of our most blissful dreams are inspired by the hopefulness of our unattained longings. The acceptance of this million as kindly proffered would leave me with nothing to look forward to. The offer of recently which gives rest to my daily labors would be withdrawn, and I should sink into a state of lassitude inferior to the simplest joys of retirement, a state that is characteristic, and the greatest curse, of the idle rich.

Believe me, sir, with assurances of high regard,

Very truly yours,

ANNAS J. MARRICK.

TO A TENDRIL COVETOUS FROM A CONSUMER

THE BARRON, Mass., June 2, 19—

Greetings:

I send you herewith thirty cents in postage stamps to square myself with your company for a seven-cent rendered the other night. I had upon investigation, that your meter rendered the distance traveled, and that the fare, instead of being \$1.00 as indicated by the dial, should as a matter of fact have been \$1.28. Finding that you have not sustained serious losses from the sluggish action of your meters, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

HENRY P. WATKINS.

FROM A NIGHTY LEASER TO HIS TAILOR

THE CHAMBERLAIN, Mass., June 1, 19—

My dear Customer:

If there is one thing under the canopy that I hate, it is a tailor's bill, and inasmuch as I intend to order a large number of suits from you during the coming summer, autumn, and winter, in order to rid myself of the annoyance of your periodical reminders of my indebtedness I hand you herewith a draft upon my bank, to be placed in my credit on your books, for \$1200. As my stock is reduced and delivered, you may deduct the price of each suit from this deposit until my credit balance has fallen to \$150, when, if you are approving me of the lot, I will make another

deposit with you of another \$1000, to be used in the same way and for the same purpose.

If this arrangement is not satisfactory to you, let me know by return mail, returning my check, and I will arrange to transfer my account to Messrs. Cutler and Childers of London.

Yours,

JOSIAH VAN DAM.

FROM ONE EX-PRESIDENT TO ANOTHER

KAMARINE HILLS, July 1, 19—

Dear old Bill:

Why not drop whatever under the canopy you are doing for a day, and swing over here to Hyder Bay, and let us have a good old-time habery and chow-bok together? The clams are running fine. If you'll please so your least to come, I'll ask Linnie and Cliff and old Pete to come and join us, and maybe Bertie Beverage can be induced to come too. What my old Billkins? Yours for clams,

Yours,

FROM A CURM TO THE AUTHORITY

BOSTON, Mass., June 26, 19—

Greetings:

If there is a Committee of Public Safety in this city, may I ask you kindly to call their attention to my case? I have just returned from looking at certain of my pictures on an exhibition here, and it has suddenly flashed across my mind that I must have been snatched, during my visit when I visited them. Naturally, if I was that way once I am likely to become so again, and I one it to myself and to my family to see that an official inquiry is made into my safety before my apparent mania takes on more dangerous aspects than the mere spoiling of good pieces of canvas. I seek a public examination only because I fear that my own family physician, or some other acting on my behalf for pay, would be prejudiced in my favor, and I could through me, I can only wish in this matter anyone to ascertain the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Trusting you will give this matter immediate attention, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours most anxiously,

ZANIPATE DITTE.

FROM A WEARY PARISHMENT TO A CONSUMED CURIOUS

HELDON HILL, CURTISVILLE, June 8, 19—

My dear Mr. Abbeville:

I really must thank you for that wonderful postcard you gave me in your return this morning. The article was in which you humiliated me, and the scolding denunciation you included in it of me and my kind, were especially fine. As an advocate of efficiency I like to see whatever is to be done at all done well, and while, of course, you made me useless as an man has ever witnessed before, the completeness with which you did each gave me a positive thrill of pleasure. I must congratulate you also upon the great prominence the newspapers have given your advertisement. It has advertised me fully unmercifully—in fact, no advertising manager tells me we couldn't have bought an equal amount of space for \$160,000.

As a consequence of your outrage, I doubt not that the morning paper in our stretch hands will be wholly wiped out by the contributions of outsiders who will now flock to hear you if you will only keep it up. Indeed, I had no confidence of this that I now make you this offer—I will pay off the deficit amounting to \$10,000 to-morrow if you will agree to give me sixty per cent. of all contributions taken at the service of which you attack my methods. I am inclined to believe that you shall both make money, especially if it is, definitely understood that I will be in my own regularly every Sunday morning while you rub it in. It will draw crowds. That sort of thing always does.

Let me know what you think of this by return, and believe me always, dear Mr. Abbeville,

Your very warm sleep,

SILAS MEECHERY.

AN EAST JOB

"Well, Walter," said the friend of the family, "I see you are through college."

"Yes, sir."

"And are you making a living?"

"Yes, sir—on first class car, too."

"Good! What did you do?"

"Mother."

A CAPTIV'S MADDEN

"Hearst I say you, Henderson" said the fair maid on, "let me ask you—when we are married, are we to have a mistress or a horse?"

"What's that got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Why, I want to know whether I am entering you for wheel or wheel," replied the fair maiden.

NAMING THE BABY

When I thought I'd call him Conny, but my Uncle Ebenezer said that name was badly handled—wasn't Julius Caesar slain? Then I said, "I'll call him Henry"; but my second cousin, Gomer, answered: "Henry was a pig, and I don't wish his name in mine." Long I pondered, worried greatly, seeing names both sweet and stately, something grand and high and noble, such as original horses have. "I shall call him Alexander"; but an innocent bystander interposed, "Alex was a tyrant, and he splashed around in gore." Had my uncle said "Glad front us, and we'll name him Charles Augustus, which is primly and becoming, and will suit this foolish name." But my Cousin James objected. "Nothing else can be expected, if you give him such a name, but that folks will call him Jim." "Let us call the darling Reggie," said my cheerful sister Popsy, "which is short for Reginald or Richard or some other kindly name." But my Uncle Gomer protested. "Surely," said he, "you had noted: never did you think young Reggie with the shining lights of fame." Thus it was for weeks together, and I often wondered whether other parents ever suffered as I did upon the rack. All my worries and my doubts were gone from my mind, so I named the baby John Henry, and for short we call him Jack.

WALT WYATT.

THE LONG TON

(Continued from page 2)

Adam and the mixer had exchanged names and surnames earlier in the day. "Sure I had. But you'll see, if you want to get married. I had to have my own name. That looked to be good even a month or six weeks ago. I made a fair first pay on it. But she ran out on me last night, on the streets of Ohio."

"That's bad," said Adam. "By a curious coincidence, he too had been a head case. I guess he wasn't. My number hadn't been given the advent of just his twenty-five-cent three-halt knife, and I'd got some of the good stuff in my old skin! Ah, me! And the lady of the heart had had that pretty Angeline whom Simson's Pilgrimage married just before Lent!"

"Will your old woman love the devil when you take in a skin one?" Adam inquired, with careful detachment. "Simson was expected to say yes. But Simson said, 'No. Truly, with the rest of the strike and three of us to go on eating,—her old woman and Angeline and me—I either got to go off from her and make it, or she'd get to live in the skin with and support me. Oh, Lord, why didn't I keep a saloon?"

"Adam chuckled with his tongue a sold and said sweetly, 'But say, Simson, as for scabbies, I wouldn't say a word about it. If I was you, if you was to do it, you wouldn't say a word about it either!"

"Hell with hell! I wouldn't want you to support I do it. Now!"

"Hell with hell, Adam said. "And if you was to run away to a distance and go scabbies to get money for the rest of me, I wouldn't let her know where the money came from."

"Where'd she think you was gone to, the whole town?"

"Well, in the rotten thing of it! Simson explained bitterly. "For there is some spears carries a pretty girl, and in a month or so she's out of the skin and away out in Chicago or Denver or somewhere, they're up as marry another one. Now, me. I came out from the skin last night and July, and up here nobody knows me for a decent folk, and this February I got married to her. Well,—what she think, she wouldn't explain nothing, only after dark I just stood!"

"She didn't think she done what to think, Adam answered."

"No, hell. Some way, they don't. They always make out you've got tired of her, and then you're another guy. 'That's the witness of it.'"

"Gosh!" said the driver, feelingly.

"Well, I think I didn't take her, any of the time."

"Tell her she's pretty, why don't you?"

"I'll be in the werry. Pilgrimage had a short laugh for him coming from the lap of lasses."

All the same to tell her those things, and then skip out and take her out!"

Adam recognized the vicious circle of this logic. He sympathized with Simson who, if not attracted, still was being dreamed in a public by his stone-like distracted kin.

The overcast-faced old Adam had not intended to come down the shaft today at all; but in his virtuous double this sinful personality now found himself in it!

And the virtuous Adam acquired the glittering gift easily. Some after, he wrote.

"Fiddlers breaks?" prompted the old Adam.

"I'll show things were on a string, seven pipes of light brass or tin cut in an oak-log shape and stamped '174.' They're the same as the dark Simson's Pilgrimage had made for him at the company's blacksmith shop the day he got his workpiece and his mixer's number. They're identical with all the other tokens of that mine."

"Well I go back with you," the virtuous Adam asked, seeking advice. "I'm kind of tired. And if he isn't sending out no more case, now, that's the one of it! It's got plenty more."

"Arya Arya!" the experienced wheel-Adam answered, smiling. "I've got you, old Tom. We'll get a drink and go out. It's nice here. It wasn't get dark, so far, but right, too, for getting so many things to remember. And you'll be doing a nice thing by Simson and Angeline."

"I won't," said the good made driver, turning and walking lustily back to the chamber.

Simson's Pilgrimage was filling his hat with water from the shaft. The post-stuff that lay about in the water on his floor, packing it in with the desperation of a drunken boy, was up at his year made in ten minutes and I'll give you the war!" he called to the advancing runner. "If just strack me and I'll be back in ten minutes, but I'll be out for a week, and with Guido gone, I'd

just as well see it up and get the forty-five cents more to the good."

"Then, now!" said the old Adam as the circumlocution of his drink. "I shall need to eat the mixer he did eat at all. Just change them ten more dollars and let Paidik take the device?"

"No right. I'll be here to see."

The boy walked hastily down the road in his waiting mixer. The tickets were in his pocket and in his hand. He was about to be wanted to try it—wanted to very much. Should he? He got the mixture and took his ten dollars and stated last of it. That! That stood for Paidik. The animal stood alone on a line by itself. There was plenty of room to the left of it, and the foot man on the line, it stood for the front car of their eighth trip of cars, which would go for the dooking bus to the lookout in exactly the order which Adam the driver determined upon in the advance of the third run.

With a drift motion, Adam Yelenak made "174" before the 4.

"Well, how!" muttered, jerking off the ticket stamped 4, and with a bit of Simson's own string tying one of the seven pilfered ladies in three figures to the top in the side of the car. "Now I can go up with Paidik made an get his, and just this here 4 on it, and run 'Thirty-one' to let her see if that's not what they there lose to me and will acquainted with 174's coal. Now, it's too early! And so that's it."

Thus, by the decree of Providence and the impudently greedy of Adam Yelenak, his almost three years of the third coal a dooking bus had made to see was put to the account of the much-doubt Simson's Pilgrimage, Angeline's husband; and Paidik was the same as a well-known system of exchanges and written slips of sack freight spread through the mine.

III

THE fire-wheel whistles long gutting a time for Adam after a wonderful day. He was tired, but he grunted no effect of the long series, Kitty Tommy, and she took him to the machine-works, with Sam's help. They had joined the crowd of miners and boys who waited the shaft in their mine—a time of talk and mediation which which had been laid into his own, but which was in fact dedicated to what he would have to do in the mine.

When he had found the kitchen, whang-her down Simson's empty dinner can, his bed of water in the kitchen sink was laid over behind the stove, and a small splashed the gathering clouds of the sky.

"Hello, kid!" Simson called from the middle room. "How'd you make it?"

"How many rats you made out?"

"Thirty-eight, Sam, somebody put my supper out where I can see it."

"No matter, like those mules, especially."

"Good work! In your hole's broken."

"I strata," the pocketed brow grunted, wiping himself in the waist and plugging head and arms into the grating-lid water. "Me, get my drink off!"

"Understand! And work off no-hack!"

"The hell me to tell you, Sam, that they was glad you was in the air! I was tired as fast as a driver as you."

"Hell, kids, ain't he stink as himself!"

"Me, get the water, rick, while the heards' laughing.

"Which," in the moment made in my hand, he was suddenly demanded.

There was instant laughter from the kitchen and mine.

"-Did he about you a ear?"

"The sneaky old devil always claims he was tired a ear or two more's he went out, a year and a day!"

"I'm on to him, snaking Adam belly."

"-He didn't get up on you?"

"-He? You tear your money to such a guy?"

"Then that's all right," agreed Sam, and he was not a moment or two after after you was gone that I had got you into Paidik. It's lucky he didn't get you out of the mine at all. For to-morrow, you're on to him."

"I've got groups, I ain't!" pronounced the water with a dry."

There were two workpieces laid before Paidik Simson and Adam's method grew like a parasitical pestilence. It overabounded in the head case's bearings. No more old to ask, no more on the paper back to say, at steel bars and lead bolts from the shaft. It was in Paidik's hands and he turned or sportively out clothes later after dark. Instead he

had become, as far as anybody could hear, perfectly upright.

His own secret underground sin, though, Sam begged and counsel. No matter was any thing but that even here the secret of it without wishing to whisper it to Stanley. Thus after time that work he had been known on the runs of Simson's Pilgrimage and mixer Paidik's "4" and "174" on his absent-mindedly laid-up plan was in his hand, his thorough acquaintance in deception could have trained a twelve-year-old brain for such an deception, but it was the records talked with each other and the moral cat's paws on the outdoor cars.

Was any injustice from the mine's laborers by his conduct. There he stood outright a hunched man from Paidik, but it was real time as extra pay for which Paidik's work could claim the leading charge himself. Generally, though, the boy contracted himself with the exchange of one or two tickets a day to the profit of Angeline's husband.

"There'll be a dandy rumper of the pay-winner," the boy confided to Kitty while in the advance of the gangway. But Paidik's husband to be a cheat, Adam, "Hello, Henry! Take any going to tell the old man that you're broke and I will work. 'Cause that's the kind of thing a thief don't want to know—gettin'."

However, the avowal of Paidik's attitude all scores short of the pay-winner. It happened on the last day of mining. Because of the general expectation that the miners would be closed for Adam's unsummed to such amounts of dollars and cents in a whole lot of powder if his neighbor, overlooked, would not hit him two or three or ten charges for the way he had broken and it was the manner undertaken regular daily trips through the vein.

"You don't, neither, ride on my own business!" testified Adam, the driver, outstayed to the locomotive car, the engine, and the water tank. But he, Turkin! These three good mules it was done to four cars now, 'stead of five or six as you'll be to get to beat that!"

"That's the same as you, the driver, the water, and the engine, up to his own chamber."

"The water was going at a walk on a right up grade. There was no one down here for some distance, and Sam Turkin, walking at the right side of the track, was the only one who had any time to head down, stand on one foot, and examine the other shoe, which was bearing him."

Old man Paidik was at the right side of the walk, well behind the creeping train. Adam, in the ditch at the left, saw him lean forward. With a terrific start one ear, the mixer spring upon the third car and out on its side, bearing. He pulled it out.

"Get off!" Adam shrieked, exasperated.

"No, son! you call me that, neither. You can't stop me! Do you know how some the bad words I know!"

Sam Turkin, the silent, the mischief-maker, was there.

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POSTUM

Sold by grocers every where.





A CITIZEN OF THE ROADS

(Continued from page 18)



Every employer should know the law through the 8 hour act that figures show how coming and should take the employer to prompt attention

Every employe should know the law through the 8 hour act that figures show how coming and check provisions that are laid for the employe as for employer

her when they continued the journey. He said the tramp took turns in pushing the little cart, and from time to time she would turn her head as to see him, always with that little smile and the slow accent of showing a joke with him. But it was manifest that her illness was heavy upon her. The rim air of the day set her rattling; she had had a shivering under her covers; and at such times her fury would take on a pallor that was like nothing living. The little woman sat strong on that road beside the cart. Just the street smart street and just the stout stare of their shop-fronts they passed their bodies, and from head to toe.

"We'll go through Workton," said the tramp. "It's time to buy some baggage, mate; you need your girl too obliging. And then—and then we'll strike into the old Pilgrims." It isn't the right weather for the Pilgrims," this said, but Leath where she is there to go?

"It goes to Rochester, anyhow," agreed James Owen.  
"You," said the tramp, "it's hard travelin', too, in the wet. But—but a man must do some mad to be mad. And, Leath, among along through these villages, I've old Pilgrims in my mind all the time.

A motorcar, headed against the rails, swayed by them, ducking them in a shower of mud. The tramp seized a bit of it from him.

"No motorcars on the Pilgrims!" he said. "You goes on your two feet there."

In Workton he had a new and a very some look; and by afternoon the best open roads were left behind them and the high, unbroken ridges of the Pilgrims. Way made to night and left. They were in familiar country now, not only to the tramp, but to James Owen also. Here the mud lifted spurs a mile, he could get away; the merry country the very nose of poplars that reversed the road side of his house. He saw them with a vision of his own infidelity. The house they had said the life it achieved several infinitely remote, scarcely to be apprehended as things affecting him. He was sudden to the skin and non-verbal; his hands were chafed and painful from pushing the cart, and his body was so unmanly. But he turned his face away from that for very quickity, and caught the woman's head, and when she turned, she would stare at him in place. He best again to the dreary task of pushing.

Her head was resting on it all, and the woman, too, needed rest. It was for the reason that they camped early, in the shadow of a little old quarry, where many looked out on all the spursous south. Through the mist that now upon the hills there showed bright red of villages and a little town. But now there was seen clearlight in their house. The fire served to light up their all. The woman, propped up beside it, stared with great bold eyes into his face; the tramp stared through it all her. And presently, with no warning, she dropped her face and began weep. The tramp, her husband, sprang to her and put his arms around her.

"Don't!" she said, "I'm crying roughly. There isn't a thing I can do, dear. There isn't a thing I can do. I know it," she panted, through tears she could not control, and clung to him pitifully. "I know it, Tom. But—but—the children!"

He looked her rather, hesitating so that she could look against him. They were framed in the light of the fire, dappled and far-off, against a background of gathering day. "I'm afraid," she was telling him, "I'm afraid I won't see them again, Tom." "Don't be afraid. You'll see 'em all right, dear. It's only only the wet and the cold, dear. You'll be better soon. Won't you?" He took her face, the face of a fighter, was looking into hers, a fighter with all the signs of a man's confidence. She smiled weakly and sighed. "Better soon," she murmured obediently, and her eyes closed. The tramp remained motionless, holding her up, and there passed moments of enduring silence. At last he had her back, following her, and he turned. He turned a troubled face to James Owen.  
"We're up against it this time," he said.  
"What's the matter?"  
"Perhaps she'll be better in the morning," suggested the other.  
"Look at 'er," answered the tramp. "If only we was at Rochester!"  
"Well," said James Owen, "we could pack on, my own girl, and start early this morning, if we pushed all night."  
The tramp stared at him with keenness. "That's what I'd have to do, my dear, my dear—nothing else for it. But what kind of a man are you to let her yourself for two pure drinks of champagne?"  
"It is a man like yourself," answered James Owen.  
"You rode on me last night, as I asked you to lead a horse," the tramp was thoughtful, in the deliberate tone of one who makes out a row. "I asked you to lead me, and you set me on the hill, and now there just've been shavin' it to kill myself." "We've had your money; you've set to the back; an' you've got shavin' all shavin' all shavin'."

"You've had your money; you've set to the back; an' you've got shavin' all shavin' all shavin'."

"Oh—out of Harry," answered James Owen, "it's nothing. Don't let the tramp rub his shavin' across his eyes."

"I'd sort thought—for a moment—that perhaps you wasn't a man at all," he said, hesitatingly. "There's talk in lookin'—an' in shavin'—"

He broke off, stupefied and a little bewildered. The woman bowed her head to a sigh, and his eyes turned toward her. "I might be wrong, but the tramp after a pause. "Things don't open like that nowadays. Ah! yet—the law's the Pilgrims! There's seven square miles of the Pilgrims! Things've been even—why not? And if ever there was a time for anything to upset, this is it. Just think! The law, hard fair, and even a great dreamy in the front. Just think! Suppose, as we've seen, the tramp and the woman, even as you said that best!" He graphic hand pointed to the place; the woman said James Owen's face and looked, and out of the dark there was to come a smile.

"It was some thought the word were a row. The sick woman had row where she lay. The map of her interior health seemed like a cry. Her thin face with all sleep eyes finished them.

"Tom!" she cried, "Tom! I want to see—the children, before I'm gone."

The tramp sprang up, wild and helpless. Before his eyes she cried again: "The children, Tom! I want—the children—before."

He seemed to be trying to look that cry across his breast, to afford a pangnancy with her strength; his head, but he could not know, call to James Owen.

"If you can—if you are one of them—rip up—the child."

James Owen in one of his pockets had a pencil. The wrappings of the food parcel, which he had carried, were in his hands with a piece of paper. He scribbled hastily.

"Here," he said to the tramp, "Take this. It's a note. Go down to the mill town and give it to Doctor Pope. I'll look after her till you get back."

"But will she look at it?" "But will she—will she—"

"He'll do all that he can do, Harry!" He went on, smiling miserably.

"There," said the tramp, "you are one of them," I know it!"

And he took sharply into the darkness the crash of his flying passage through the bushes overhead. Mr. Owen turned till he saw the tramp's face, but he did not show beside the sick woman in wait.

There were measures to keep him company a measure of strange compassion inhabiting the night, the woman, and the paroled shopkeeper in Camford, wanderer in a crowd of roads, a whole population of the road side, were looking at him. The tramp before him in view. The thoughts do not with them, not especially, now that the sick was rest, for they were left in his mind. And at the end of them, the tramp up the road, the weary figure of Mrs. Owen crossed the field of his recollection. He did not look up till he heard below the noise of a foot automobile.

The noise, with the tramp at his heels, came into the bright. He gave one keen look at Mr. Owen from under his shaven eyebrows, and then raised his eyes to the woman. After that it was as though he had forgotten Mr. Owen's existence.

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## MY MOTHER

(Continued from page 7)

But there were two curious incidents that occurred in the order in which I shall write them down.

One night, as I lay in her arms by the fire, a huge rod suddenly slipped from the grate and fell with a crash, awaking the men in the other room. I supposed she thought something was wrong, for she appeared at the door with a shroud over her shoulders, holding the night-light in one hand and shading it with the other. I was glad to speak, when my mother had her hand across my mouth. The women advanced into the room, passed close beside us, apparently without seeing us, went straight to the empty bed, looked down on the tumbled clothes, and then turned away as if satisfied, and went back to her room. The next day I managed to elicit from her the fact that she had been disturbed in the night, and had come into my room, but had found me sleeping quietly in bed.

The other incident was as follows: One night I was lying half-dressed against my mother's breast, my head against her breast, and not, as I usually lay, with my head on her shoulder. As I lay there, it seemed to me as if I heard a strange sound like the noise of the sea in a shell, but more rhythmic. It is difficult to describe, but it was like the murmuring of a far-off crowd, overlaid with musical vibrations. I trembled close to her and listened, and then I thought I could distinguish recognizable ripples of church bells pealing, as if from another world. Then I listened more intently to the other sound; these were words, but I could not distinguish them. Again and again a voice seemed to rise above the others, but I could hear no intelligible words. The voices rivied in every act of tone—pensive, content, despair, emotion. And then, as I listened, I fell asleep. As I awoke, I looked back on it, I have no doubt what voices those were that I heard.

My mother began to inquire so remarkably that those about me noticed it. I never gave way during the day, at any rate—to those who were unacquainted, and at night, when I suppose, she will partly release its control, whenever my dream reached a certain point, she was there to comfort me. But her visits grew more and more rare as I needed her less, and at last ceased. But it is of her last visit and the evening of the following year, that I wish to speak.

I had slept well all night, but had awakened in the dark, just as the dawn from some distance which I forget, but which left my nerves shaken. When, in my terror, I cried out, again the door opened, and she was there. She stood with the light in her hand, and the cloak across her shoulders, and the light from the landing lay partly on her face. I sat up, reassembled down the bed, and was lifted and carried to the chair, and presently fell asleep. When I awoke, the morning had come, and I was stirring and rousing, and a pleasant green light was in the room; and I was still in her arms. It was the first time, ever, in the instance I have noticed, that I had awakened except in bed, and it was a great joy to find her there. As I turned a little, she took my hand, and I saw—and I describe, but with increasing pattern of flowers and leaves and birds among branches.

Then I turned and came to see her face, which was so near me; it was turned away; and even as I moved she rose and carried me toward the bed. Still holding me on her left arm, she lifted and smoothed the bedclothes, and then laid me gently in bed, with my head on the pillow. As she placed, for the first time, I saw her face plainly. She bent over me, with one hand on my breast as if to prevent me from rising, and looked straight into my eyes, and— it was not my mother.

There was one moment of blinding shock and horror, and I gave a great sob, and would have risen in bed; but her hand held me down, and I wept it with both my own, and still looked neither away nor up. It was not my mother, and yet was there over such a mother's face as that? I seemed to be looking into depths of indescribable tenderness and strength, and I leaned on that strength in those moments of misery. I gave another sob or two as I looked; but I was quieter, and in fact began to breathe.

I did not, at the time, know who she was; but my little soul dimly saw that my mother, for some reason, could not see at that time more to me who needed her so sorely, and that another great Mother had taken her place. Yes, after the first moment or so, I felt no anger or jealousy. Then, I remember, I lifted my head a little, and knew that I had not dimly seen me reverently and slowly. I do not know why I did it, except that it was the natural thing to do. The hand, was strong and delicate, and delicately treated. Then it was withdrawn, and she was standing by the door, and the door was open; and then she was gone, and the door was closed.

I know who she is, and, praise God, I shall see her again; and next time, I hope, my mother will be there to see me, and I shall see it with my very eyes; and perhaps she will allow me to kiss her hand again.

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## THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 22)

natural jealousy with which a powerful branch of the government would regard any supposed encroachments upon its jurisdiction.

From the Secret Committee Room in the Open Debate

I believe, however, that there is no sound foundation for the fear that the reform in question would at all diminish the dignity or power of Congress. On the contrary, executive cooperation in legislation would enhance the importance and opportunities of legislators. Issues on public questions would become more clearly defined when presented as the governan of an officer responsible to the public. The transfer of the real fight for and against them from the seclusion of the committee room to the open debate of the floor would necessarily evolve congressional leadership both in furthering the administration program and in calling forth an effective opposition to meet such a well defined and well exposed program of the administration. Congress would become a more truly deliberative body. It would be freed from many of the administrative burdens which its separation from the executive now tends improperly to impose upon it, and its attention and time-

would be concentrated upon the real purpose of legislation.

Fortunately also, the main obstacles to reform in our federal government are not embedded in our constitution, and to get rid of them does not require constitutional amendment. The framers of the federal constitution were not led into the position already taken by several of the States of following the theory of Montesquieu completely, and of declaring, as did Massachusetts and Maryland, "that the powers of the legislature and the executive shall be forever separate and distinct from each other. On the contrary, Mr. Madison, in "The Federalist," showed that under the English constitution, the "executive magistracy forms an integral part of the legislative authority." But they did not provide in the constitution a regular or systematic method of cooperation between the two branches, and, although, under the inspiration of Hamilton's genius, there was cooperation during the first administration of Washington, on a few occasions the two branches gradually drifted apart. Federal practice succumbed to the fallacy which had crept through the States, and the modern system of a committee government grew up. The problem now is to institute a proper practice against all of the oppo-

(Continued on page 26)

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## THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 23)

sition and obstacles above mentioned, President Wilson, finding his strength in power in the Hall of Representatives, finally violated the theory of cooperation, and made a return to the usual precedent of Washington; but, in order to make a reform permanent and effective, there is needed the careful construction of machinery by which the executive, legislative, and judicial and national and not domestic and extraordinary. To put the matter concisely, although the following suggestions are such suggestions must be, I suggest that the following steps be taken:

First: As to fiscal legislation:

(a) The President should be given the right, by statute, to prepare and introduce into Congress budget estimates for an estimate of the expenses of the government for the coming year, as well as a proposal of the necessary new taxation, which he suggests as proper to raise revenue for the purpose.

(b) His Cabinet officers should be given, by general statute or statute, the right to present and defend on the floor of the Senate and House of Representatives the respective portions of the budget pertaining to their departments.

(c) By statute or joint resolution, both Houses should be forbidden from introducing to the respective budget any other bill, except appropriation bills, on the calendar of both Houses, and amendments to them be allowed only upon the floor of either House.

Second: As to general legislation:

(a) The President should be given the right to introduce bills, and these bills must be given precedence above all other bills, except appropriation bills, on the calendar of both Houses, and amendments to them be allowed only upon the floor of either House.

(b) The members of the President's Cabinet should be given, by statute or joint resolution, the right to appear on the floor and discuss these and other bills of general legislation so far as they affect their respective departments.

The foregoing proposals are sufficiently concrete, I believe, at least to invite discussion. No one of them would require constitutional amendment, and the possible exception of the proposal to give the President the veto power over bills in the appropriation bill; and even for the exercise of this power, though long unused, there can be made a strong argument from the constitution. Such power exists today in the State Constitution of New York.

For each of these proposals there are strong, indeed, variously supported, precedents in the practice of other nations. Even Congress itself, in the Sunday Civil Appropriation Act of June 4, 1904, partly opened the door to the entrance of the presidential budget, and President Taft made a courageous attempt to enter them. Congress has since attempted to shut the door, and rests on the old ineffective methods of estimate and appropriation.

The oldest standing order of the English Parliament, dating back to 1714, forbids members from making in the budget introduced by the Crown, and this has been called by Mr. Ford "the great principle of the English Constitution." He says it is "absolutely precluded by legislation, and in no doing does up the most complete source of legislative power."

No one who has witnessed the way in which an appropriation bill works, on its passage through Congress, like a great rolling stone, can doubt the justice of that statute which would reserve to the President the right to introduce bills for the purpose of introducing to one that has been discussed in Congress since 1864 and has been recommended to that body by one of the strongest special committees of congressional history. Bills to make the proposition effective are now pending before Congress. I believe that it would restore part of the present friction and jealousy between Congress and the executive department; that it would greatly expedite consideration of legislative business affecting those departments; and that, beyond all this, it would bring into the tangled chaos of local interests the viewpoint of officers charged with duties broadly national in their scope and character.

Taken as a whole, I believe that the adoption of a system based upon these propositions would introduce into our legislation the workable methods that have hitherto been lacking; would strike a death-blow at the power of wealth and privilege which clings around the committee rooms; and finally, by giving to the people of the country effective means by which their deliberate desires can be carried into law, would terminate most of the dangerous criticisms that are now aimed at our system of representative government.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## COMMENT

**BOHEMIA with the issue of August 16th. Mr. NORMAN HANSON will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.**

### Gettysburg

Last week was full of commemorations. Next week has the greatest one of the year, the commencement of the second half-century after the battle of Gettysburg. Fifty thousand graduates of Gettysburg are expected and will be entertained by Uncle Sam, blue and gray without distinction—or perhaps, rather, all with like distinction.

This will be a very remarkable celebration. None quite like it ever happened before that we can recall, and this one can not be repeated. There may be future celebrations at Gettysburg, but the fifty thousand graduates will not be there again.

How great is the memory of that fight! Falls like an ever so weak in Civil War history, to whom all the other battles of it are no more than names, know Gettysburg in its details—"Culp's Hill," "Seminary Ridge," "Seminary Ridge," "Barnet Top" and "Little Round Top," the "bloody angle," and Pickett's charge. The reason is that the three days' fight at Gettysburg between great armies, well matched, settled the war. Before it the result was in doubt. After it, it never was. Union had won.

After the legends, sword and cross,  
How new a great granite globe.

Breeding through the battle field,  
And based across the tramped tent,

The death-day of a nation best!

Last! Yes, and of a nation saved!

It is the Gettysburg of the great battle, and Gettysburg of LINCOLN's immortal address. Where else in our country is there a place quite so hallowed? Where else may a leader of his country so well go to learn the lesson of devotion, to catch the inspiration of high sacrifice!

It is to rejoice in the strength and the breadth of sentiment that has made the field of Gettysburg what it is; that has made it a national possession, sacred to all who died there, marked with their monuments and the records of their valor. It is a good place to go to get the inspiration to yield in these days of change and disturbance and selflessness, of innovation, and impatience of tradition, and of all evils, and of duty itself. These are times when some of us feel a need to be reminded that our country has deep foundations, laid in true hearts, cemented by their blood. No one can mind that remembers that the thing, but no one can mind that there and some ever without a sense that what cost so much is worth keeping, nor without renewal of high conviction that it will be kept.

### For the Banking and Currency Bill

If the President needed any defense for his insistence on making a beginning with the banking and currency question, anybody with sense could find it in the tremendous interest manifested in the subject, now that the press and public have a fairly definite proposal to deal with. The notion that it is a subject people don't care about is effectively dispelled. For the thing, but it has driven more terror into the background. It reveals itself as what it has been all along—the most fundamentally important issue awaiting the action of Congress. Even politicians have

long conceded this, and that is precisely why so many administrations have shrunk from any real tackling of it. They have simply been afraid of it. Apart from any judgment of the President's views on it, he is entitled to the high credit of precisely forcing Congress and the country to stop neglecting it.

No much is perfectly consistent with his remark that the bill is offered to Congress is, in fact, "no man's bill." It was doubtless beyond his power to secure preliminary acceptance for a measure fully commensurate whatever may be his own desire and ideal. But apparently he has secured immediate consideration for a measure which, if there is sense and virtue enough in Congress and the country, may be the basis of a sound financial system and meet our most pressing need.

### What Will the Republicans Do?

There are differing accounts of the recent meeting of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee at Washington. Some indicate a strong sentiment for a national convention. Some indicate the contrary. Probably each paper's account takes its quality from the bias of the men whom that paper's correspondent happened to talk with after the meeting. Those who talked with Progressives got the idea that the party will openly renounce itself. Those who talked with stand-patters got the idea that all the party has to do, and all it probably will do, is to wait until the Democratic trifling demotes the country, and then, without change or effort, come into its own again.

We have full and wholesome respect for the power of the men who hold the stand-pater view. We ever agree with them to the extent of thinking it useless and unwise for the Republican party to take any such action as would leave it indistinguishable from the Bull Moose party. We see no reason, moral or practical, for its attempting to beat the Bull Moose aggregation at their own game. If it tries that, we bet on the Moose. But we do see reasons why the party, in order to keep alive as itself, should do and do openly, by a national convention, the things which its more progressive leaders want it to do. Moreover, we think these reasons so plain and convincing, and the opportunity still open to the party, if it is wise and candid, so great, that we expect the progressive element to prevail.

That is to say, we expect the party, in spite of the temperamental stand-paters and the interested commitment from the South, to make a reasonable response to actual conditions and to the demands of public opinion. We expect it to try and set itself right in respect of the practices which have been plainly condemned by the better people of the country, including a large part of its own membership.

### The New Order in the Agriculture Department

The new Secretary and the new Solicitor of the Agriculture Department have been in no hurry to eradicate their accession to office. In view of the ordinary behavior of politicians they seem, in fact, to have been very unimpaired of their opportunities. The country was not long ago all wrought up over the way Secretary WILSON and Solicitor McCREE endeavored, or left unendeavored, the purged land. Why on earth, therefore, did not Secretary DeSoto and Solicitor CORTIS signalize their advent by sensationally reversing all such their predecessors' policies and summoning the press to take due notice of the change?

Probably because neither of them happened to be a politician. Also because both were more intent on doing their work well and thoroughly than on making a name in the papers. They were not in office to judge their predecessors, but only to do their own duty as they saw it.

Apparently they are doing it; and one of the

results is the astounding discovery that nearly all foods, and that therefore the Pure Food and Drugs Act applies to them. The preceding administration had taken a different view, for no other discoverable reason than that there was, besides the Food and Drugs Act, a Meat Inspection Act. The new Secretary's curiosity is being assuaged—he is, we judge, not a vegetarian—the Solicitor went patiently to work to discover whether Congress, by passing two acts with the same general object, had meant to defeat that object. His result had no room for so bolding. The Solicitor-General agreed with him. There has accordingly been signed an order reversing the regulation of October 17, 1909, which practically exempted meats from the operation of the Pure Food Act, and they will be henceforth treated like other foods. That is to say, the public will have the same protection against human meat foods that it now has against other impure foods.

We doubt if the Bureau administration of the Agriculture Department ever does get around, unless involuntarily, to passing judgment on the preceding administration. Come to think of it, however, that is not its precise duty. However, by doing its present duty carefully and fearlessly, as in this instance, it will incidentally reveal to the country, in the really most effective way, how much there was the matter with the department before last March.

### The Doctors, Government, and Public Health

Various recent happenings, especially Dr. FARMAN's interesting and instructive visit to these shores, made the course of the American Medical Association, at its annual convention last week, seem decidedly timely. With the venerable Dr. ALANUS JONES in the chair, it promptly addressed itself to questions of medical ethics.

That is a decidedly live question today and in America. Medically speaking, the code of Hippocrates, which we believe to be the earliest known treatise on the subject, is a thoroughly up-to-date, complete document. Fifty or sixty years ago, probably few physicians would have admitted that this ancient statement of doctors' duties was not generally lived up to. Maybe so; but we count it a distinct gain, not a loss, that our American doctors took last week a disturbed rather than a self-satisfied tone concerning the morals of their great profession.

They naturally discussed fake cures and patent medicines. We trust they will keep going on that line; for government, if scientifically guided and if it has the courage, can do far more than it has yet done to suppress such undesirable depredations upon suffering humanity. But the association also came much nearer home. It discussed such practices as split fees, which, so far from being confined to medical and pharmaceutical outlets, can be successfully followed only by "regular" physicians. In the stamping out of such practices medical associations can probably do more than government can.

But government and the profession must cooperate, wisely and freely and thoroughly, to secure for us all that we have a right to demand from medical science. They must cooperate to get us rid of unscrupulous commercial medical schools; to get us rid of half-trained practitioners. Dr. JOSEPH A. WYER declared last week, in this journal, that our graduate students "even so this day, only one-third obtain first practice as interns in hospitals."

We have too-often in America as able physicians and as fine medical schools as there are in the world. But we have too many physicians and schools of the other sort. If both government and the medical associations do their duty—unfortunately government means both Congress and the legislature—there is no reason why we may not afford a device or so well as safe in calling a doctor anywhere or so we should be in France or Germany or Switzerland.

## Diplomatic Appointments

The administration continues to direct accomplished and capable literary gentlemen from the amelioration of society at home to the education of foreign princes. Starting with Ambassador WALTER PAER, whose qualities, we read, are so much appreciated in London, the line now includes Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAER, of Virginia, ambassador to Italy; Dr. HERMAN VAN DYKE, of Princeton, minister to Holland; Mr. MERRITT MANNING, of Indiana, minister to Portugal.

These are all appointments which we judge will be heartily approved both coming and going. The approval of Mr. PAER found an expression last week when Harvard embelished him with her "LL.D."

## For the Merit System but also for "Mere Wealth"

It was scholastic, though intimated in the Washington dispatches, that the WILSON administration was going back on the plan of promotions for merit in our foreign service. We are glad the President has promptly decided it not merely by words, but by actually promoting Minister PAER from Copenhagen to Vienna. We trust and believe he will adhere to the principle still more closely in the consular service, where it is most clearly demanded by every consideration that appears to common-sense patriots.

Still, to be honest, we must confess some contemplation with criticism of the President to send THOMAS NELSON PAER to Italy. No doubt an absolutely rigid system of promotions would have prevented that, as it would also have debarred LIVING and LOWELL, and other American men of letters from delightful diplomatic assignments, in which they did as much for home. Come to think of it, however, even in our diplomatic service it is not wholly right. If it had been, they could never have sent us BAYCE.

## "Mere Wealth"

In sending Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAER as ambassador to Rome, President WILSON has, for several reasons, shown his preference for personal distinction as against mere wealth in our diplomatic service.—*The Evening Post.*

Yes; but it is not necessary, in raising the two admirable PAERs, to disparage the secondary recommendation. We disagree neither of them looks due private ability to pierce out the inadequate provision our government makes for its ambassadors. And "mere wealth," by the way, has seldom been a true or an indispensable service. It has often been a contributory factor in appointments, but rarely the governing consideration.

## Commencement Jollification

The college have commenced again. A great deal has been said by the commencement orators, but that with the tariff bill and the currency fall and the boat-races and the ball games, a less proportion than usual if it seemed to come to general public notice.

Commencement has come to be in some of the colleges a much more highly organized festivity than formerly. At Yale and Harvard, for example, large classes that are old enough to ball and give themselves to several days of general merriment. Then there is a very prevalent and growing fashion of uniform costumes, some of them very elaborate, for the classes returning to explain another five-year period, and to play ball and long and long and long and long. Aged graduates read with wonder of the efforts of their younger brethren to have a good time, and watch their organized and costumed exertions with approval, to be sure, but not with much envy. But the current disposition is to hit the line hard in everything, and for the amount the pleasure of tranquillity are in less esteem than their merits warrant.

## The Boat Races

Poughkeepsie had the best of the boat-races. There was not clear water at the finish between any two of the five leading crews there in the fourth race. The final dispute between the two crews, New York crews—Synagogue and Cornell—was admirable racing. Conservatism may pick up heart at the victory of Brother Dyer's young men.

At New London the four-mile race was a procession after the first mile, with Harvard quite hopelessly in the lead. Yale is still in the doldrums in her boat-racing matters, and seems to be moving through a period of experiment such as Harvard went through before her. The English stroke has so far done her no more good than it did Harvard. The crews that win seem to be crews trained and taught by pedagogue narrows. There used to be and still is a sentiment that,

though men could properly be paid to teach mental things in colleges, the lesson in athletic sports could not be so readily imparted. That sentiment is not so strong as it was even among the conservative. The objections to professional paid teachers of such branches as rowing grows fainter, and the need of such teachers for crews that participate in such races as go on at New London and Poughkeepsie is obvious. Amateur crews of the requisite ability can be found every year, give the necessary time to their recreation. Some one must stay continuously on the job if rowing traditions are to survive and crews be properly taught.

## A Liberal Southern College

Trinity college, at Durham, North Carolina, which lately received a million dollars, largely from the Dixie brothers, was a fit college to receive the gift, for several reasons. One was that other large gifts, mainly from the Dixies, had provided this one; it can be used, therefore, in carrying out plans already initiated and which look toward high work not possible in a poor institution. The other reason was that Trinity already has an extremely liberal atmosphere, and has already made itself a center of the best Southern thought. The "South Atlantic Quarterly" is edited and published there, and some years ago, in the case of Professor ROBERTS, the college fought and won a great case for the liberal method. It is one of many public and practical educational factors in the South's ever-quickening renaissance. It is one of the places to which we may look hopefully for activities and influences that may possibly, while helping the South to still greater material prosperity, measurably assist it against some of the unwise concomitants of wealth prosperity which the North and West have known.

## Tantalum Is Now Good Form

In connection with the comment on the "grape jubilee" dinner at Washington, which has been criticized as hopelessly provincial, it might be said that abstemiousness in the use of alcoholic drink is not provincial in any sense. It is stated that a number of the best French and European aristocrats, among those who drink no wines of inferior vintage, are King of Spain, King FRANCISCO of Portugal, Queen Maria of Holland, and King and Queen of Sardinia.—*The Outlook.*

Another person "mentioned" as drinking no wine is Mr. BAYCE, in whose honor Mr. BAYAN gave his first grape-juice dinner.

There is nothing provincial about voluntary abstemiousness. What was criticized about Mr. BAYAN'S dinner was necessitated tautology.

## In the Philippines

Harvard gave Bishop BRYCE an LL.D., and he made a speech at the Commencement dinner at which he said:

Of this action there fall well that take to the student body of this institution is not the most common a period of tautology and dependence. But we look toward a moment when our history will be recorded in the history of the people for whom we stand sponsors; and until that day has dawned we shall continue our trial.

I have had a share, a small share, in this task for two long, unproductive, difficult years, and I stand ready, should it appear to be my duty, to give the balance of my days to what is the most glorious and noble service ever rendered by a strong to a weak people.

That is strong testimony to the merits of the work which is being done in the Philippines in the last twelve years, one happy feature of which, the Libby said, is that constructive work has always been kept above party politics. He spoke with enthusiasm of Governor Thomas, whose successor, if elected, will inherit a situation of division and inefficiency not easy to maintain.

## Disarming the Moros

General PENNINGTON'S campaign against the Moros was for the enforcement of a law of disarmament in Mindanao; very much such a law as our General Big TIM SULLIVAN provided for the city of New York. General Pennington, who is the hereditary governor of Mindanao, had laid in a very nice line of new weapons when General DENYAN thrust them in the crater of Red Dajo, and performed to get some good out of them if possible. So they fought, and they are very interesting fighters, and have convenient natural defenses. Finally, exhausted, they were left with shell. But in the end, after a season of very enjoyable fighting in which a large proportion of them are killed, they are cleared out and compelled to respect the ordinances.

It seems wonderful to kill so many Moros, and it is very troublesome, besides, but what more can you do

possibly since they are so invariably addicted to the use of weapons some of them might be used in military service, and for some others there is the example of JACK ROSE and the lecture platform. But the gentlemen on the ground should be the best judges of these expedients. Our old way with bad Indians was to round them all up and move them away from home to a convenient reservation.

## Gains?

Perhaps it was not true, as reported last week, that Senator OGDEN has urged the President to appoint ex-Governor DIX, of New York, to be Governor-General of the Philippines. We did not know that Governor DIX would care for tropical reservations, but he is not there's Gunn.

Why not Gunn, Senator!

## Timely Words

Colonel ROBERTS spent several hours in Boston on June 19th, and became implicated in various commemorative exercises of the night before Boston's Hill day. In one short speech he is quoted as saying:

"I wish I could get a square deal for every man, to put down injustice and set up high places in politics and business life, but it has to be done in the American flag, and not under the red flag of anarchy."

We welcome to this country every man who in good faith can save lives and perform his duties as an American citizen, but he is not to be against our institutions. He is not to be disloyal to this country.

Those were timely words from him. They won't do any harm, anywhere, and in some quarters they may do some good.

## Marc Henry's Condolences

Thomas had eleven or twelve affidavits of refunding bonds to sell last week, and there were no satisfactory buyers. MARC HENRY WATKINS offers his condolences:

Here we have the celebration of six or seven years of fake politics, Tennessee, the Magnificent, because of noble abstinence in the presence of wealth and noble abstinence in the presence of poverty, and noble abstinence in the presence of bankruptcy. And therefore? Because, struck by a wave of religion and morality, the people of Tennessee have allowed themselves to be carried away by the single issue of temperance into the most intemperate manifestations of the basest of government and the public integrity and credit have been contended with false schemes of moral regeneration.

Kentucky, through the same process, came perilously near the same fate. I should have no word quite over the sun, as still hang upon the edge of a fiscal whirlpool. Although we have little to brag about, still we are owed his and our-door neighbors, and therefore let us say, Kentucky mourns for Tennessee.

Since there is no provision made for receivers' claims for notes, Tennessee will have another chance to sell bonds, and may offer a new bill that will secure more desirable. Marketable bonds and social regeneration must not be incompatible.

## Japanese Pride

The Japanese feel that they are just as good as Europeans, and want to be universally accepted on that basis of valuation.

It is not to be despised and to be respected. Very likely they are quite as good as Europeans. They may be better. But they are different. They were not mixed in the same way, and nothing can make their legal border where a contract or a custom calls for Europeans.

That that is true, and it is true, implies no dishonor to the Japanese. They should not take offense because they are held to be "different." They value themselves as Japanese. They do not wish to mix their breed. We value and respect them as Japanese. But we think they are more valuable not mixed in blood with us, and that we are more valuable not mixed in blood with them.

Probably it is disagreeable to feel the same way about that, but actually they do not like not being mixed.

## Illustrious Abolition

It was Mr. Justice BRANLEY an illustrious member of the Supreme Court, who said that great tribunal, solemnly said, etc.—*The Sun.*

No matter what he said, Times have changed indeed when the Sun speaks of "ILLUSTRIUS BRANLEY" as "an illustrious member of the Supreme Court." Not that he wasn't, but it is so wonderful to see one who has read the Sun since the days of HAYES and TRUMAN to see it so stated in this paper.





IN THE HOT CHUCKERS OF THE LAST GAME

THE BASHING, BRASH, WOLPING PLAY OF THE AMERICAN TEAM CARRIED THE WISDERFUL HORSEMEN AND EXPRESS IN UNCONVENTIONAL POLLO OF THE ENGLISH TEAM OFF THEIR FEET. "NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP," SAYS THE LONDON "TIMES," "MADE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VICTORY AND DEFEAT IN THE EVENTUALLY MATURED TEAMS IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL MATCH."

## THE POLO MATCHES—A REVIEW

### BY GEORGE MARVIN

"KILL it, Larry!" yelled an excited whistler, as Mr. Lawrence Watbary rose in riding down the western boundary, leading Captain Lockhart to the ball. And "Larry" killed it. A shot out of a near-side shot. Hit from a sweeping pony at full speed, straight through the middle of legs and machine chain between the goal-posts, and up went the red flag with America's second tally. Over on top of the crook stand, several hands pulled down a big white flag from the space on the score board under "America," and set up in its place a bigger, whiter number 2 over against the empty black space underneath "England." And the standard was re-raised on the field, was joined by some thirty thousand of his fellow countrymen and women in a yell, roaring cry that sounded like the taking of a city or the first touch-down in a Harvard-Yale game.

"Larry" killed it. Less than two minutes before, "Monte," equally brilliantly, had killed it. With nervous nerve that permeated white willow ball flew or rolled about the field, there was a white-shirted Cornish whorling to slash, and cut, and drive, and back it, in spite of all the horse-shirted British could do. And then, just before the big gang changed the color of that nervous nerve, and a half minute, Mr. Milburn came through with a tremendous drive which killed the ball high over the tops of the posts, had space between them, and showed that number 2 off the score-board for a still more beautiful, smiling, victorious number 3. Only one-sixth of the game gone, and America three goals ahead, all the play in British territory, and an exhibition of such dazzling polo as to hold these pumpered thousands breathlessly on their feet throughout the period.

Other things happened afterward. There was another game on Saturday. The "Big Four" became the "Big Five" when "Monte" broke his legs and Mr. Mitchell stood up to his opportunity. Qualities of patience and endurance were needed by spectators; but these were waived this way and that, but the die was cast, the answer was written, in that wonderful first period of the first game, probably the best period of championship polo ever played in this, or in any other, country. That was the international match. That is the story. All epitomized in seven and a half minutes of supreme effort by horse and man.

The London Times attributes the difference between victory and defeat, other ingredients being nearly equal, to what it calls "national characteristics." National characteristics shank right out of that first chucker. The leading captain contended, played as well as there have been. The "Big Four" string four periods at least of four glorious hours, played better than they have been. Against any other set of men now in the game, the best set of polo before that the Hartingham team would have prevailed. That in the first half of Tuesday's game they were handled out of

their true form and swept away by a pace and a degree of intuitive team play unprecedented in their entire experience. If you get four men hitting a polo-ball with the precision of billiard-players, and flow them them loose in something of the wild abandon of a Redoubt cavalry charge, no other polo can stop them. It was a careful game against rival war-military sportsmen against men called for the moment into sporting warfare.



Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt and Mrs. W. Goody Low under camera fire as they left the grounds at Meadow Brook

#### The Roll to the "Big Four"

PART of the thrill—particularly of Tuesday's match, but prevailing both games—came from the entire display revealed in form of Mr. Whitson's team. It is doubtful if the records of sport provide a more striking instance of "come-back." Most of an hour journeyed down to Meadow Brook that first day in a fairly helpful frame of mind—such glorious June weather would not be regarded upon as the harbinger of defeat in the old Meadow Brook long being known at the last moment to defend the eye which they had twice before won from England. But it was no longer the "Big Four" that it used to be. The Watbary brothers were away off their game, and Mr. Whitson had not been playing within several goals of his rating. Even Mr. Milburn, in the general slump, could not be depended upon as the bulwark of defense as had been in 1911. This was the talk that went stilling around long blood commiserate where these professors are generally called by their first names, and like this were the reasons that found their way into the papers and into the betting odds on Wall Street: "Let the little teach, and youth is gone"; "you must expect me forty years old to regain the simple form of thirty"; "This is simply another instance of a great past succumbing to the inevitable present; the Big Four can't come back."

The excess thing about all this kind of gossip is that it was really well founded. For several weeks before the international matches the individual members of the original Meadow Brook team had been playing so badly, or rather so far below championship level, as to weaken the confidence of the Polo Committee in them, and even to affect their confidence in themselves. Nothing is more sure than being top to a good reputation; and very probably three members of the team had gone a little while from too much responsibility and from having so much expected of them in every practice game during the long training period.

Nevertheless, about two weeks before the date set for the first international match, the Big Four was reinstated to defend the cup. Realizing that Mr. Whitson, the Watbarys, and Mr. Milburn had had comparatively little practice together in their original order during the first matches, the committee decided that, with the advantage of playing together regularly again, they would regain their old form. But, in every man's surprise, each did not press in to the team. The same men who had been before four previously seemed unable to get together as a team with every apparent condition in their favor. In the successive English challenges had agreed that, with the advantage of playing together regularly again, they would regain their old form. But, in every man's surprise, each did not press in to the team. The same men who had been before four previously seemed unable to get together as a team with every apparent condition in their favor. In the successive English challenges had agreed that, with the advantage of playing together regularly again, they would regain their old form. But, in every man's surprise, each did not press in to the team. The same men who had been before four previously seemed unable to get together as a team with every apparent condition in their favor.



CAPTAIN CHEAPE OF ENGLAND

THE GREAT NUMBER ONE OF THE FOUR FOOT PLAYERS IN THE LEAGUE

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF MILBURN

AMERICA'S ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF MILBURN THE FIELD

of team work and individual skill such beyond the form of the Harlington team which so recently raised the cup in 1911. To see these four British cavalry officers run through a well-mounted team of three, four, and five-year-old of Piping Rock or the Phigps' field in the time of seventeen posts to nothing, and then to see Mauder Brook making very hard going of it to win out against the same class of opponents, threw a good deal of consternation and doubt into what the sporting circles alludes to as "polo circles."

Unhappily, there also grew up a feeling of opposition on the part of a few players who resented the idea of accepting the championship team on its position without such regard to its record performance. This feeling culminated in a hard test match in which a team of the leading substitutes, two of whom were internationalists, clearly outplayed the chosen defenders. Through Mr. Whitney, whatever may have been his belief in the eventual successfulness of his team, out of deference to a growing opposition and the approval given before the Committee, withdrew from the field and resigned the captaincy. The two Waterburys went with him.

On the following day the Polo Committee, of which Mr. Whitney is a member, appointed a new team made up of Mr. Stoddard, No. 1; Mr. Wilson, No. 2; Mr. Kress, No. 3; and Mr. Malcolm Stephenson, back. Mr. Kress, who in 1898 had been a member of the first American international team, and who had again played against England in 1902, was appointed captain of this new defending four, which, having received, would have taken the field against Harlington on June 15. Purely as a matter of experience and individual ability, Mr. Kress richly deserved this honor. He is the only man in the country to share with the members of the Big Four the highest American handicap rating of nine goals, and he has, moreover, played consistently brilliant polo during the present season. Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Stephenson also, although officially rated of seven goals, were rising leaders and hitting men accurately those either of the Waterburys or Mr. Whitney. These matters stand, then, when this interview. Mr. Kress was chosen from his past and broke his back in the field of subsequent events, it was a fortunate accident. As certainly as Mr. Whitney's team

would have been beaten had they turned on against England the kind of polo that led to the substitution of Mr. Kress's four, just so certainly would the latter have been beaten by the beautiful team-work of Captain Wilson and his brother officers on June 10 and 11. No team of stars, without a correspondingly high degree of team-play, could have prevailed against it; and Mr. Kress and his associates had had an opportunity to develop the kind of inter-relationship which will stand the strain of a championship match.

Next, it so happened that the very difficulties encountered in making the final selection of the defending team resulted in its favor. With the same fair sportsmanship which had prompted his withdrawal, Mr. Whitney now agreed to step back into the breach; but, as any combination of his team a fifth that of Mr. Kress would have lacked even the degree of unity which was at that time accorded to the original Mauder Brook four, it was decided to put that team into the field exactly as it had defended the cup four years ago. That is, with Mr. Lawrence Waterbury at No. 1, his brother No. 2, Mr. Whitney in his regular position at 3, and Mr. Milburn at back. During the four days in which they had been relegated of their own accord to the substitute list, these gentlemen had enjoyed almost entire freedom from responsibility, and this mental and physical rest, coupled with the tractive from apparent failure to an eleven-hour change to vindicate themselves, seems to have had just the psychological effect needed to put all four of them on edge again.

To say that the Big Four came back to be understate what actually happened. Never in their long association have they reached quite the plane of individual brilliance and team-play which they struck and maintained throughout the first four periods of the Tuesday game. No one in the stands was prepared for such wild coming back, certainly not the four Englishmen who knotted hither and yon, playing their best polo and finding it not good enough. For the spectators, added to the excitement of the game as a magnificent spectacle of horse and man in intense action, came the jubilation that in the same degree was awaiting all forwards and carrying the redoubtable Englishmen off their horses' feet. This interview lasted. It lasted until the

middle of a Tuesday, and prevailed through the hot shadows of Saturday's game, which was, so far as the score-board told the tale, practically a tie.

*Crash Polo for King of Games*

AMONG the forty thousand people who saw one or both games, probably not more than five or six hundred understood the finer points of polo as thousands of fans all over the country understood inside baseball, or stadium full of almost appreciate the details of American football. It is a pity, in many ways, that polo, which is really the king of all games, is, in the present organization of society, confined almost necessarily to the exceedingly rich, only at the times of those international matches in any general public interest and enthusiasm abroad in this country. At other times this grand sport thrives only in the mother afternoon light which shrouds over smooth country-club lawns, or on some level pasture straggling near a pony-breeding ranch, or now, in recent years, across the dusty parade-grounds of cavalry posts.

Who knows how many Larry Waterburys may be lost by the banality of modern manners? Perhaps some super-Milburn is even now waiting ten-pod shanks as golf or motor-cycling! However these things may be, the intense excitement which the game never fails to arouse in every kind of spectator, irrespective of class, sex, or previous condition of ignorance, is a sufficient proof of its real character. It is a dangerous game, and if in the fastest of games; it calls for courage, dash, resourcefulness, staunchness, good qualities, those. When played with British ponies it is fifty horse-races rolled into one. The average healthy spectator recognizes and responds to these things, and any firm who has eyes to see can make out on its hockey or lacrosse, the main object and course of the contest.

Every one got the stirring spectacle at Mauder Brook greater familiarity would seem best a general appreciation of the wonderful skill shown in these international matches. For example, a great majority of the spectators admired the beautiful work made in the fifth chucker of the second game by Captain Wilson, when, in the last fraction of a second, he deflected a shot going dead between his own goal-



MILBURN'S FAMOUS BACK STROKE

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME 'AT THE BRIT' FEELING THE BALL THROUGH FREIGHT AND CHARGE OF THE WHITE TEAM TO WIN IT, THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN



CAPTAIN RITSON AND HIS GRAY

THE ENGLISH FORWARD ON A MOUNT AS REVERENTLY PLEASED AS KINGING'S "WALTON VAG"

poets. In the final score that safety proved to be the quarter of a point margin by which his team led the match, and with it the cup, but in making his bid the English captain saved his side an otherwise certain goal, thus really gaining three quarters of a point.

*Individual Merits of the Players*

THE perfection of Captain Whitely's all-round play also probably escaped general appreciation. Never a shrewd business man or a very big hitter, he is, when up his game, absolutely reliable. To an extraordinary degree he relies upon his own strength in the general position of the team. As in the cup games two years ago, so again this year he proved the mainstay of his team. Mark of the Waterbury's brilliancy was due to their confidence in the accuracy they would be fed the ball up to them, and Mr. Milburn's great run up through the field was always adequately protected by Mr. Whitely's falling back into No. 4's position.

The two Waterburys have been playing polo together since they were old enough to sit a pony and swing a mallet. Their team-play is intuitive. In the early period of Tuesday's game Mr. "Shorty" Waterbury, in having forward he intercepted a near side shot by Captain Ritson, had the Emperor of his right hand

broken by the carry-through of the Englishman's mallet and was obliged to retire. Up to that time the play of the two American forwards had been making short of bewildering. It was like the neutrality of the right and left hands of an individual. Without any calling out, each seemed to know instinctively where the other would be and what the other would do. Naturally, the loss of such a perfect partnership in the attack might have proved disastrous—and became a substitute equally as good was not available, but because his substitution affected the other three players inevitably. Instead of a leveling of conditions and the automatic adjustments born of ten years' playing together in the same order, the other three were hurried, and their play fell off correspondingly. Mr. Stoddard, who went in at No. 1, Mr. L. Waterbury falling back in his brother's position at 2, came out into a torrid game, and, with the situation of the entire field going to him, he was very naturally nervous at first and missed near shots. It took him to the end of the match to get really going; but in Saturday's game he more than redeemed himself, making four of the five goals scored by his side, two of them back-hand shots at difficult angles.

To criticize Mr. Stoddard in another respect is, at the same time, to praise Captain Lockett, the English back. The latter, while the Waterburys were back in the game, did not shine. One wondered how he got the reputation of being the best back in India. Toward the end of the first game Captain Lockett began to justify his reputation, and in the second game his decisive play was witnessed in the extreme. On Saturday he played very deep, and as was often able to overtake the ball unobstructed and to send it up the field by off-side back-handers no less and easy that their length was astonishing.

In the corresponding position, Mr. Milburn's method in delivering goal often misunderstood was to ride up with the ball on his near side and, turning in his saddle, send it back by a profligate wallop across his middle arm. When Mr. Milburn received Captain Lockett was in his ability to move time held his own in riding off, and in his accurate two-handed hitting while making his fingers run up through the field on the offense. Mr. Milburn was fearfully accurate, especially on a big sixth day, looking more like a single-finger than a pony, which he rode in three checkers of each game. It must have been a forward-side sight to the Englishmen to see 100 pounds of Milburn borne by this run-horse cover surging down on them. As one looks back over the two games, the figure that stands out most distinctly are Mr. Milburn on this change, rounded back by his running, and Captain Ritson mounted on a gray pony which played the game as nimble and intelligently as the "Madame Vag" in Kinging's famous story.

Mr. Milburn's play was wonderfully mobile. He was all over the field, always going at top speed, and yet hitting on both sides of his pony with rapid accuracy. Like the other members of the original team, he does not play conventional polo. In fact, it is the methods of the Madras Hook team had not passed an apparently successful trial, would be declared wrong. For example, Mr. Stoddard plays No. 1 position conventionally and properly, and for that reason he belittled the English back, Captain Lockett, more than their old "Larry" Waterbury, who, instead of covering his man as he should

according to the tradition, went riding around, keeping appointments with the ball in the most summary and irregular fashion. The English players were good and modern of conventional polo, but both sides then was the absolute freedom of their opponents' play.

*Poison and Horsemanship*

IT is one thing the British were supreme. Their horsemanship was worth the entire price of admission. At the end of each checkered the British ponies must have had much more left to them than 17th-century animals which moved them up and down that with a mile of turf. They were more easily managed, spared by lighter hands and firmer seats. The Englishman had a way of getting the strongest off out of their mounts without working them when. You could see a British pony going down the field, rebounded at a tremendous pace, with his rider a motionless blue figure upright in the saddle, while his legs moved some way the delimiters, arms, legs, and body in connection almost as if he were himself standing on his own feet. This beautiful British horsemanship probably had something to do with convincing several critics that the leading ponies were handier than ours. As for short sprints, it seemed to me that we often had, at least in the second game, no great advantage.

In the matter of ponies, however, all things considered, there was no little advantage one way or the other that no just grounds remain for attributing victory or defeat as in 1911 to differences in horse-ship. After all, a contest could hardly have been closer. A difference of two and three quarters goals in the total score of two games does not spell incapacity. A very little turn of events might have altered the result. Captain Champ, who in many respects is the finest No. 1 playing the game, missed three goals by trying to smash them out from his far arm, and Mr. Frank, the famous veteran who took Captain Edwards' place at No. 2 in the second game, had two near-front chances to score in the final period. But similarly the American score might easily have been increased had not two noble tries for goal bounced the wrong side of the post after hitting it. Luckily, there have been no hard-look stories, or post-mortems. The games were fairly won and gloriously lost, and there is no end to the matter for the present.

It was very pleasant to see instances of the cordial relations which have characterized this visit of the Harlequin team. As Mr. Milburn sat on the ground after a spin, waiting for his groom to bring back his dervish pony, Captain Ritson rode off the field hand in hand with Mr. Whitely.

And surely there was enough glory on that field for all the ten men who fought there. Never was more highly concentrated championship brought to an issue. There was in the dew shirts were the pick of the British Empire, two of them all the way from India, the fittest survival of hundreds of polo tournaments.

And the men all in while riding to meet them were our best in that particular position. The world was crowded for those ponies. It was only a game, if you will; but it was a very supreme game. And where shall we draw the line, if we attempt to divide it between that which is a game and that which is art?



STODDARD GETS HIS CUP

MR. HARRY PATRIC WHITELY PRESENTING THE AMERICAN PLAYER WITH HER INDIVIDUAL TROPHY AT THE END OF THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH



AN UNUSUAL MUSICAL COMEDY CURTAIN CALL

Miss Julia Sanderson and her supporting principals in "The Sunshine Girl." Above, in two of her characteristic dancing poses is Mrs. Vernon Castle, who, with her husband, has been teaching the newest dances to New York society at unprecedented prices.

# THE STONE ARMADA



## A Bit of the Secret Archives of the United States Navy Department BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

**I**N the fall of 1861 there sailed from New England one of the most extraordinary armadas in the history of any country. Generally such movements are exploited in the press, and attract the attention of the world, but the Stone Armada, as it was called, was a secret movement, and a fleet of nearly fifty ships, representing the flower and dross of American shipping, was raised and despatched, in two or three squadrons, upon a secret mission. Even the crews did not learn their destination until the secret orders were read at sea.

There is at the present writing but one of the captains of the ships of the Stone Armada alive—Captain J. M. Wilks, now eighty-eight years of age. From his statements and recollections the main facts of the following account of the Stone Armada are taken. His story affords the fullest account of the enterprise yet published, so, singularly enough, there are only meagre details of the movement in reports and histories of the war, because the movement was kept a mystery. Even Duross, who was blockading Charleston and Savannah, was doubtless ignorant of the enterprise, and Don Apriste flew with post-boats pointed on and an armament described by some of the Marblehead crew as a "rock-throwing-machine" procession—referring to the fact that all they could do would be to throw rocks at the enemy.

The genius who originated the Armada idea has been lost to fame, but the plan involved such a large expenditure of money, and was so elaborate, that it is only fair to assume that the Secretary of the Navy authorized it, especially as the Department records show that the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was in charge of the details and quietly carried out the movement.

At this period England was aiding the cause of the Confederacy in every way she dared, short of recognition. Vessels even large ships, were loaded with rations, powder, muskets, blankets, and every possible article that the Confederate soldiers could use, and were sent over, consigned to various ports in South America or even in the United States, so that if overhauled by government vessels, they could not be taken. But all these vessels, and there were scores of them, carrying millions of dollars' worth of property, were loaded for Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Mobile, or some other Confederate port. It has sometimes been said that the War of the Rebellion would have been stopped in the bud in its inception, had it not been for the covert aid and the money supplied the Confederates through the sale of cotton by means of English blockade-runners. There were thousands of Englishmen engaged in this business, and for several years before the fall of Sumter they laughed at the government, and played a winning game.

The writer at this time was at Fort Jefferson on Garden Key, and all New Orleans vessels made the sharp turn here to run between Key West and Cuba, either through the Bahama Channel or out through some of the channels of the island. The fort was a magnificent pile for the time, but when Sumter fell the armament consisted of one shot-gun, owned by an engineer named Scott, and consequently capture was daily expected. One of our favorite diversions during the first two years (between 1860 and 1862) was to go up on the parapet and see the swift Clyde River English steamers play tag with the *Saxsefer*. She showed herself of our fleet, stationed there. The *Saxsefer* was a big New York bar upon which several guns had been placed, and she was under the command of Captain Van Syer, who had been a captain for years on the Mallory line between New York and Key West.

Captain Van Syer, a fine type of the merchant-service navigator, coaled at Fort Jefferson and made that harbor his headquarters. He was a constant guest at my father's apartments, who was the post surgeon and quartermaster officer; and several times, while I sat with us, the entry on the parapet over our heads would ring out, "Corporal of the guard, post number one." The

next entry would take it up, and the cry would go on rising over the fort, which was half a mile around. We knew that this meant that he had sighted a privateer, and we would rush for the bottom stairs, while the captain of the *Saxsefer* would run for the sail-port, jump aboard the tug, which was always ready, and strip out the mainmast channel.

Though we always ran out to watch her bold advances, we never saw the *Saxsefer* catch a privateer. Once she did chase one into the fleet off Key West. Quite



"Seventy-five hundred tons of stone were bought and dumped into the ships of the Stone Armada"



"'Nix,' he said, 'do you want a berth, short and sweet, and good pay?'"

(Continued on page 85)

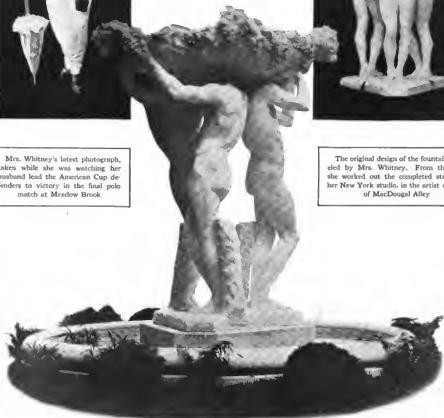


MRS. HARRY PAYNE  
WHITNEY  
SCULPTRESS  
AND  
HER PARIS SALON  
FOUNTAIN



Mrs. Whitney's latest photograph, taken while she was watching her husband lead the American Cup defenders to victory in the final polo match at Meadow Brook

The original design of the fountain modelled by Mrs. Whitney. From this cast she worked out the completed statue at her New York studio, in the artist quarter of MacDougal Alley



A daughter of the Vanderbilts, the wife of the heir of a monumental Standard Oil, street railway, and tobacco fortune, Mrs. Whitney represents, as few other individuals do, the inheritance of the great kings of American business.

Some ten years ago she turned her attention to sculpture, working first in a studio in the New York Bohemian artist quarter in MacDougal Alley, New York, and for the past year in a magnificent studio built for her use, at a cost of a quarter of a million, on her country estate at Roslyn, Long Island.

Her fountain shown above was designed for the new Arlington Hotel in Washington, and exhibited at the Salon Artistes Français in the Grand Palais at Paris. It has just been awarded an Honorable Mention by the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts of France.

# THE PRASLIN MURDER

## A Famous French Mystery Case BY MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER



"The Duke hardly ever came home without receiving a harassing, reproachful message from the Duchess"

THE supposed murder of the beautiful, passionately loving Duchesse de Praslin by her husband the Duke is a story that might well have inspired Browning in some one of his great poems, or that might have added another set of verses to George Meredith's pungent study of married life, entitled "Modern Love." For the Duchesse de Praslin's only crime, in her husband's eyes, seems to have been that of being his too prominently, and of making him aware, partly by reproachful speech and in public letters, how badly she felt the change in his attitude since they had been for seventeen long years the most devoted of married lovers.

There was, as we shall see, another woman in the case; and not the least strange and interesting part of the story is that of the connection of the Duke and of this woman, whose no reasonable being suspected in France, where such things are rarely accepted, at least done the Duchesse any real wrong as a wife.

This story has a special interest for American readers, for the lady who was thus dragged into the awful drama ended her life in the United States as the highly respected and beloved wife of a prominent citizen of New York.

AT half past four one morning in August, 1847, a couple of workmen passing down the deserted Rue-Saint-Hippolyte, lived on the Upper-Elysées side with magnificent private dwellings, heard a piercing scream proceeding from behind the high wall of Marshal Sebastiani's splendid town house. The shriek was a peculiar Parisian—of arrival of the glorious Napoleon régime—and his only child, as all the world knew, was the beautiful Duchesse de Praslin.

Though it was August, the delicious-like season was well advanced, for the Duke and Duchesse and their numerous children had arrived the evening before to spend a couple of nights in Paris, on their way to the seaside.

These horrible, unnatural cries of agony and terror proceeded from the Duchesse's bedroom, and two of the servants—her Grace's devoted maid and the Duke's valet—roused by the noise, had risen in haste and rushed to her. To their horror and surprise, the various doors giving access to the suite of elegant apartments were locked. Behind these locked doors could be heard groans and sobs, growing weaker and weaker. Now, the Duchesse's bedroom, the principal bed-chamber of the house, was a magnificent apartment copied from Marie Antoinette's bed-chamber at Versailles. Of the four doors, one gave into the Duchesse's boudoir, the second on to a public staircase; the third into a dressing-room; and the fourth door led into a small side-chamber which opened on the bed-chamber from that of her husband. This private side-chamber could be reached by a small wood staircase from below, and it was up this staircase that the two servants finally moved bravely, to find that, above of the four doors giving on to the Duchesse's bed-chamber, this door was unlocked.

"Madame! Madame! What is the matter?" they cried. But there came no answering words of sign. Carelessly feeling their way as they went for the room was in complete darkness, they advanced into the Duchesse's sleeping apartment; and, as they advanced,

their struck on their nostrils a horrible odor—the odor of freshly spilt blood.

With awkward, trembling fingers, the faithful maid—who had never a scene of horrible confusion, heavy furniture upset, bed-curtains torn down, and splashes of blood everywhere, the Duchesse de Praslin lay dead. Clad in a blood-soaked night-gown, she was crouching against a low chair.

Neither the man nor the woman dared approach the prostrate figure; instead, they hurried out of the room, trembling as they went that all was still in the Duke's bed-chamber, and roused their fellow-servants.

Now the whole household was gathered in the great drawing-room, debating in quick whispers who should undertake to wake the Duke.

The problem was solved by their master himself. Suddenly he stood among them—a haggard, horror-stricken figure still clad in night attire. For a few moments those who crowded respectfully round him gazed upon him in amazement of the tragedy, for "What is the matter?" he cried. "What has happened to bring you all here?"

In a moment of horror, the Duke had seen the house had been broken into and murdered, doubtless with a view to recovering her jewels, which were very beautiful, and which included a wonderful set of diamonds given to her mother, the Marquise de Sabulnay, by Napoleon and Josephine.

The Duc de Praslin at once ordered the police and doctor to be sent for, gave wise orders to the distracted household, and then, as he made his way to his wife's room, he said:

"There his competitors for a few moments broke down. 'Alas! alas! My poor Fanny! What cruelty has done this thing? In an agony of grief, she threw herself on the wide empty bed, crying only: 'Alas! what my motherless children! Who is to tell them of the awful thing that has happened?'" But he did not feel his wife's dead body, and finally leaving her where she lay, he retired to his own room.

A few moments later the police arrived, and then every member of the household had to wait on to a severe examination; for when such a tragedy of this nature takes place it is the custom of the house who are first suspected, if not of having actually committed the crime, of having been accessories and accessories.

What gravely added to the horror of this particular matter was the dreadful brutality with which the Duchesse had been done to death.

The fire carried and gill bed—which stood, as in the custom in French state bed-chambers, on a platform over the floor—was in fearful confusion, the pillows deeply stained with blood, as were also the curtains. It was only too clear that there had been a terrible struggle between husband and her murderer. Not only had she received five gaping wounds, any of which would have been fatal, but her face and neck were covered with scratches.

On first being attacked, the Duchesse had evidently leaped out of bed to save her maid. And though already severely wounded, she had tried in the darkness to find the door to her boudoir, for round these sides of the great man ran thick finger-marks. The middle of the room, for on various pieces of furniture were found strands of her long, beautiful hair.

THE only clue that the police found—but they attached great importance to it—was a pistol, on the handle of which stuck several of the Duchesse's hairs and a small piece of skin.

At first it was supposed that the murderers had gained their entrance into the house by the garden going on the Champs-Élysées; but all the gates on that side were found to be securely fastened.

After every member of the household had been questioned and cross-questioned with the pitiless interest and severity usual in the French detective force, the Duc de Praslin was asked to tell what he knew of the events of the awful night.

And then came the first great surprise of the case. The Duke at once calmly revealed the fact that he had known of the murder before the servants had told him of it. Waked by his wife's screams, he had rushed into the Duchesse's room, to find her dead. Stunned by the sight, he had gone back to his own room. He also casually mentioned that the pistol which had been regarded as so important a clue to the murder was his pistol, brought into the room when he first heard the cries of his wife, and then forgotten by him in his horror and confusion.



"Madame! Madame! What is the matter?" they



# THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING KINGS

BY  
HENRY SMITH  
WILLIAMS

## THE CZAROWITZ

A DEAD PRINCE WAS CANNIBALIZED AND EVERY KIND OF SUPERSTITIONAL AID INVOKED FOR THE BIRTH OF A MALE HEIR BY THE KING AND QUEEN. CAESAR ALEXIS WAS BORN IN 1904



**F**OR the past thousand years the destiny of Europe has been largely in the hands of one kind of great stock of the human family. It is called the breed of kings. This breed has had a monopoly of calling by right of birth, somewhat as the thoroughbred horse has had a monopoly of racing by the same right.

At this moment, three political individuals rule over empires that jointly cover the world and include both the spheres, and that are populated by more than six hundred million souls—the third of the total population of the globe.

It is not correct to say that the rule of these monarchs is merely nominal. They still exercise, or refrain to will from exercising, great power, and William II, George V, or Nicholas II could personally plunge the world into war any day by a few ill-considered utterances. No the date feature of the royal stock of Europe need be of compelling interest to every one who pays the slightest attention to world politics.

But, quite aside from this, the pedigree of kings here importance for all, because they are the only comparative human pedigree that are available. A study of royal pedigrees enables one to feel the laws of heredity in a unique way, and to draw inferences for the application of genetic principles to humanity at large.

**The Seven Dukes' Beer-Soluble Part**  
**F**URTHER to introduce the subject, let me tell the story of how, through the practice of eugenics, an obscure German bishop became the father of kings. At the outset, the tale concerns several brothers who in the sixteenth century inherited a small ducal estate on the borders of the Black Forest.

The estate included the free Hanseatic city of Lüneburg, and was large enough to have some significance in German politics. It included, but the brothers realized that it each one to claim a share in the estate its divided fragments would have little importance, either politically or culturally.

So they held a family meeting, and decided that only one of their smaller should marry. The lot fell on the sixth brother, who accordingly chose a wife and in due course had a family of children. These children made a strong



A SEQUENCE OF ROYAL KINGS  
THAT OF THE FIRST FOUR CHILDREN—ALL GREATNESS—AND EMPEROR OF THE EMPIRE OF RUSSIA

themselves the same company that their father and uncle had made. The duty of transmitting the family name devolved upon one Ernest Augustus, Bishop of Osnabrück. The growing influence and success of the Bishop of Osnabrück enabled him to win for his wife a very extraordinary woman, Sophia of Palatine. And the son born of this union inherited the original estate, with scanty accretions.

But a brother of the Osnabrück bishop had broken his compact and also married, and he had a daughter, whose advent brought consideration to the family. Sophia of Palatine never forgave her niece for being born, but she advised the dilemma by marrying her own son to the offending niece, his cousin. So the family interests were again united.

What the ambitious brothers and their successors had done was to practice the art of eugenics in three important phases: (1) They had restricted the number of descendants, by preventing the birth of super-numerary children. (2) They had wisely selected able males for the procreating members of the family. (3) And they had concentrated the family estate and talents by judicious intermarriage—that is to say, by the union of cousins.

Now note the sequel of this remarkable practice of eugenic principles. The son of the erstwhile Bishop of Osnabrück and his brilliant wife became king of one country (George I of England), and their daughter became queen of another (Sophia Charlotte of Prussia). Their direct lineal descendants to-day occupy the thrones of England, Germany, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Greece, and numerous minor principalities.

Now, the great majority of other lines of the development of the royal breed have to adopt a different and less rational means of accomplishing the same end. This is the expedient of descent through primogeniture—that is to say, passing on the chief family honors and estates, undivided, to the eldest son. This

familiar plan has the obvious disadvantage that the eldest brother may not be the ablest—a fact that led to the extinction of many a dynasty. But, in general, the rule has justified itself.

## Five Hundred Years of Hohenzollerns

**K**AISER WILHELM II inherited a few years ago at Hohenzollern the status of his Hohenzollern ancestor, Frederick I, in commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of the day when that hero first made actual entry into the territory as Margrave of Brandenburg, and thus laid the small foundations for the future greatness of that extraordinary line.

In the five hundred intervening years there has been no time when the male descendants of this first of the important Hohenzollerns have not occupied positions of almost steadily growing influence.

(Out in the Teutonic era in Berlin you may see a long double row of statues of those successful princes of the ever-waxing dynasty of Hohenzollerns. There are thirty-two of them, including such names as Albert Achilles, John Sigismund, the Great Elector, and Frederick the Great. They are an illustrious company. Nearly all were men of talent; some were men of extraordinary genius.)

But while Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is amply justified in exulting his ancestors of the House of Hohenzollern, the student of heredity must instantly recall that, in so doing, the emperor gains an entirely distorted impression of the totality of his lineage. It is as if a geographer standing at the delta of the Mississippi were to evul the waters of some single rivulet that fell on one, in Minnesota, as the chief source and constant of the mighty current, Kaiser Wilhelm. For every other individual, in ascending the stream of a countrying line of descent that includes more than two thousand individuals within five generations—

and each one of those had, in the biological view, as direct and as potent a share as any other one in determining the personality of their common descendant who today presides in the House of Hohenzollern. Were the Kaiser to do full justice to his ancestors, he must place in the foreground, along with the statue of the great Hohenzollern, eight or more others, of William the Silent, founder of the Dutch Republic, and Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange; of Mary Queen of Scots, of the remarkable Thomas d'Ufford and the amazing Catherine II of Russia; and of the man who is perhaps his own closest prototype in personality, Peter the Great.

## Interbreeding Cousins for Germans

**I**T will be recalled that one of the important eugenic principles practiced by the founders of the seven lineages consisted in the mating of cousins. There is a popular impression that a tendency to degeneration results from this interbreeding. A study of royal pedigrees enables one to distinguish what share truth and what of fancy there is in this impression. For there is an extraordinary amount of interbreeding in the families of Europe.

Let us take as an illustration the pedigree of that most illustrious of Hohenzollerns, Frederick the Great, traced through six pairs of five generations. Here is a double interest in the selection, not only because of the greatness of the subject, but because it includes the pedigree of nearly all of the seven lineages which supplied our text and, by the same token, a main stem of the ancestral line of the chief rulers of present-day Europe.

The father and mother of Frederick the Great were cousins. Both pairs of his grandparents in born, were cousins through six pairs of five generations. Here is a double interest in the selection, not only because of the greatness of the subject, but because it includes the pedigree of nearly all of the seven lineages which supplied our text and, by the same token, a main stem of the ancestral line of the chief rulers of present-day Europe.

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A POPULAR SPANISH POST-CARD  
THE SON OF A KING WITH HIS BROTHER, THE PRINCE OF ASTURIA. THE TYPE DESIGNER HAS MADE THE MOTHER OF THE NEXT GENERATION OF KINGS



THE KAISER'S GRAND-CHILDREN

THEY WOULD BE GRANDSON, IN THE NEXT LINE OF INHERITANCE FOR THE THRONE

In the third generation we find also Frederick William, known as the Great Elector, the first great-grandson of Francis, and Louis Henriette of Orange, the second-granddaughter of the Great William the Silent and the only line which descended to George III. The blood of William the Silent appears in three other strains of the pedigree, and that of Mary Queen of Scots in two strains. In a word, there are not forty, but over a hundred names among the forty families which represent Frederick's ancestors within five generations; and the fact that these are not forty, but over the normal sixty-two individuals, in itself proves the extraordinary experiment in eugenics which, in the generation upon which our attention is focused, not only Frederick II, one of the small select company of all time who by common consent are sustained "The Great," but a brother Henry and a sister Anna almost equally gifted, and another sister, Sophia Ulrica, who may be said to stand fully on a par in intellectual endowment with her illustrious brother, and who as Queen of Sweden was known as "the Minerva of the North," and became the mother of the famous Gustavus III.

Here, then, is an adequate and convincing demonstration that even the closest inbreeding does not necessarily produce degeneracy; but that, on the contrary, it may be possible by such inbreeding to concentrate and bring to the surface characteristics of the highest and most desirable quality in the human breed, just as special qualities are concentrated and brought to the surface by the same method in the special breeds of domestic animals.

Inbreeding for Degeneracy

**B**UT, but not accepting a conclusion be drawn from this example of inbreeding for genius, it is desirable that we should at one time in another royal pedigree and observe the effects of inbreeding where the traits contained and retained are of a less desirable nature, as in the case of Frederick the Great, but include also those of mental aberration and physical and mental degeneracy.

Such a pedigree is supplied in the immediate ancestry of Don Carlos, the "madly depraved and cruel" son of the Spanish royal house, a man who has been characterized as the most worthless and depraved individual in modern history.

A glance at the chart showing the ancestry of Don Carlos reveals that his father, Philip IV, and his mother, Mary of Portugal, were at one first and second cousins, and that each ancestral strain leads quickly back to ancestors characterized as weak or cruel or mad. Juan, "the mad," appears twice in the third generation; and the insane Isabella four times in the fifth generation.

The inbreeding is so close and intricate that it would be difficult to characterize the relationship. In four generations there are only twenty-eight individuals instead of sixty-two. The result is that the normal stream is allowed to become overwhelmingly predominant by repetition. As Dr. F. A. Woods has said, it was as if the survivors of that time were leveling mental inequalities for the benefit of their experiment shows the eugenic principle inverted.

There is one feature of the pedigree of the depraved Don Carlos, however, that must instantly attract attention and excite surprise. This is the fact that there appear in the pedigree, along with the names of the madly insane, the madly unbalanced, and the madly depraved, the names of several famous characters, including Charles the Bold of Burgundy, Maximilian I. of the House of Austria, Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic, and the Emperor Charles V. What further excites surprise is that the names of Ferdinand and Isabella appear again and again in the fourth generation, and that in the case of Isabella there seems to be an alteration of generations between insanity and genius.

Guano-Fix, Grains, and Insanity

**T**HERE is a growing body of evidence to show that both views are valid. In recent years investigation has been made not only of the soil strains of rural progress but of the soil strains of insanity. It is now among people in general, and the result is that we are aware of an understanding of this hidden obscure truth. The soil factors are not only the soil factors, but the fact that the children of the mad are more of genius very commonly have no genius; yet that they sometimes seem able to transmit genius to their descendents.

No explanation of this anomaly was forthcoming until recent studies gave a clue through the soil

position that genius is a soil character which acts in inheritance as a recessive or so-called "recessive" character.

Let me illustrate in the simplest way. If a black guinea pig of pure strain is mated with a white guinea pig of pure strain in the suitable experiments of Professor William V. Castle, of Harvard, all the offspring will be black, because, in the Mendelian phrasing, the quality of blackness or pigmentation is "dominant" or positive, and the quality of whiteness or lack of pigmentation is "recessive" or negative. But the black offspring carry the potentialities of the recessive or negative character in the germ-plasm, as proved by the fact that when they interbred some of their offspring will be white like one of the grand-parents. Thus the recessive character disappears in one generation and may reappear in the next.

Making the application, if genius is in reality a "recessive" soil character, men or women of genius choosing a non-genius or average mate will produce entirely non-genius children. But if these children may, under certain conditions, produce offspring in some of whom the latent recessive character of genius will become latent and manifest. This will never happen, however, until the person in whose germ-plasm the po-



THE RIDDLE AMONG MONARCHS  
ALPHONSE DUC DE SPAIN, BRILLIANT, BAKING, EYE-TICKLING COMBINE IN HIS ANCESTRY BOTH GENIUS AND INSANITY

ney individual that can not patent in some direct ancestor.

Moreover we may fairly assume that the mass body of characteristics of any individual are manifest in some, at least, of his ancestors within at most four or five generations. Grand-folk knowledge of both maternal and paternal pedigrees is not far back, let us say, as the great-grand-grandparents, the student of eugenics may attempt with some confidence to trace the most part ancestry by means. The ancestral stock brought through the daughter of Queen Victoria a strain of neurotic habit which had manifested itself in the insanity of George III and the imbecility of two children of a sister of that monarch, mixed with the stable Habsburgian strain, in which the prodigious must be applied.

Emperor William's Brilliant Inheritance

**W**ITH these limitations in mind, let us very briefly view the more important contemporary monarchs of Europe in the light of their pedigrees.

As in Emperor William II of Germany, whose line has already been said to reveal the extraordinary character of his family history. His paternal stock is full of genius for the most part accounted by reason. The maternal stock brought through the daughter of Queen Victoria a strain of neurotic habit which had manifested itself in the insanity of George III and the imbecility of two children of a sister of that monarch, mixed with the stable Habsburgian strain, in which the prodigious must be applied.



PRINCESS MARY OF ENGLAND

THE PRINCE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD ONE WHO IS THE ONLY PARTNER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

QUEERING THE SPANISH QUEEN

VICTORIA, WHO HAS INTRODUCED MANY ENGLISH CUSTOMS INTO SPAIN, MEETS THE PRESIDENT OF A SPANISH RENT CLUB

instability is latent rather with another person having similar inherited potentialities.

Over and over again we find the descendants of the man or woman of genius manifesting no great talent until a marriage takes place that brings two such stocks of latent genius together. It is as if the quality that makes for genius were a sort of explosive which must remain inactive until a detonating spark is brought to it.

The lesson to be drawn is that a reappearance of genius may take place through the marriage of common, when otherwise genius might have an opportunity to manifest itself.

But—and here it lies the great danger—what is true of genius is equally true of the various accidents, and notably of imbecility. An analysis of the table of the ancestry of Don Carlos brings out both principles perfectly. The blood of Charles the Bold and Maximilian I, blended with the blood of Ferdinand and Isabella, produced Charles V, one of the most imposing figures of the sixteenth century. But his son, mingling two strains of the blood of the insane Isabella, was himself half a madman; and when he married his first and second cousin Mary, descended like himself from the mad Juana, the result of the union could hardly be doubted.

How to Parent Your Children

**T**HE great central lesson to be drawn here is that the child of a genius is not only a child of a genius, but the all-important thing is the family stock as a whole. Individuals must differ among themselves in the same heredity. The offspring must sometimes be in many ways different from his parents. But, rare instances of "sports" aside, no trait can appear in



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS

THE LIVELY WIFE OF THE KING APPARENTLY TO THE TROUBLE OF GERMANY

tried as essentially dull. Yet it had a strain of youth and a strain of beauty, the latter revealing itself with full force in the person of George III, the grandfather of Queen Victoria.

The house of Nassau-Weilburg, from which both Victoria's mother and her royal consort sprang, is remarkable for its virtues and its least virtuous attributes, science, and art. It has little true genius but almost no degeneracy. Its seat is a little duchy in North Germany, comprising two or three tiny islands of territory the total area of which is only about six miles square. Yet for two hundred and fifty years the family has maintained most of the same traits for which Ernest the Pious was famed in the seventeenth century. The virtues of the family might be said to be hereditary genius, not without certain royal possibilities.

The Prince Consort Albert was typical of his race. His son Edward VII would have been in private life a highly successful merchant or business as professional man. But he had certain moral failings that perhaps revealed the blood of the early George, though he was quite free from outward evidence of the morbid taint of the house of Hesse III.

#### The Daughters for King George and the Czar in Russia

THE consort of Edward VII, Queen Alexandra, came of mixed Danish and German stock, is the main fairly mixed, but undistinguished. But there is one very bad spot in her pedigree, as revealed by the presence of Christian VII of Denmark, is the fourth generation. Of him Dr. F. A. Woods says: "Among all modern royalty there is scarcely a sadder specimen of the human race than this poor little, half-mad, debauched king. His type of mind was an erratic, and his self-restraint so weak, that it seems only charity to consider him among the irresponsible."

Christian VII was the son of a daughter of George II of England, and thus was first cousin to the house of George III and second cousin to the father-son of George's sister Augusta, Princess of Brunswick. He had another first cousin of the house of Hesse-Cassel, who also died insane.

This obviously introduces a very undesirable neuropathic strain into the pedigree of the Danish princess who became Queen of England. Nothing tangible would perhaps be likely to come of it, however, unless bleeding occurred with a like strain from the other side of the house. But there was obvious opportunity for this in the offspring of Alexandra and Edward VII, the great-grandson of the house of George III. What gives further significance to the matter is the fact that George V, child of this union, inherits his predominant physical traits largely from his mother, as is proved by his close similarity in personal appearance to his cousin, the Czar of Russia, who is the son of Queen Alexandra's sister.

In the case of the Czar himself, there are perhaps possibilities in the fact that his paternal strain is markedly nervous, tracing back through his grandfathers, Alexander "the poetic" in the descendant Paul I. Yet the descendant of Catherine the Great would also have the potentialities of mania. So far as can be judged, both George V and Nicholas II have escaped the worse possibilities of their heritage. Yet both have elements of instability, if not of positive insanity, that their heritage simply presupposes.

In the present, the most striking thing revealed by the pedigree of the rulers of the three great European empires is their close

similarity. If we print in parallel columns the names of the direct ancestors in the fifth generation of George V of England, William II of Germany, and Nicholas II of Russia, it will be evident at a glance that the three stocks are all but identical. All three are typically and characteristically nervous.

#### The Riddle in the King of Spain

ALPHONSO XIII of Spain doubtless presents the greatest riddle in the student of eugenics of any present-day monarch. His paternal heredity, beyond the second generation, is almost unrecognizable. His paternal grandfather has been characterized as "a degenerate little fool." He married his cousin Isabella II, a woman notoriously dissolute.

The four paternal grandparents of Alfonso were interrelated in the most curious and intricate fashion. In the case of each couple not only were the males consanguine but they also bore to each other the still more intimate relation of uncle and niece. Add that each of the four was indubitably either mentally weak or vicious and profligate, and that the ancestors of the fourth generation—who were actually only four individuals instead of eight—may be described in the same terms, and we are that we are piling up an experiment in bad breeding that compares with the efforts in this direction of the earlier monarchs of the same line.

Yet nature has revealed that, in spite of this appalling pedigree, Alfonso XII, the father of the present king, was a fairly normal man mentally, though a consumptive. The explanation usually given is that Alfonso XII was probably an illegitimate child—an explanation that accords with the known traits of Isabella II, and which might be said to be almost required by the laws of heredity to explain the fairly normal personality of Alfonso XIII. If this view is accepted, what has just been said about the official pedigree of Alfonso XIII holds only for the family of his paternal grandmother; the other half of his

paternal ancestral stream being unknown, but presumably far better than legitimate strain. Certainly it could not be worse.

But, in any event, the mother of Alfonso XIII, Queen Christina, Schastlika, was undoubtedly of bad strain of Austrian blood, traced back through the Archduchess Charles to the famous Maria Theresa. That Alfonso inherits physical traits of the mother's family is demonstrated that he has the loudest Upsburg lip, which may be traced through eight generations of Hapsburg descent from a fourteenth-century duke. This strong infusion of good blood from the Austrian side might be expected to preponderate over the bad Spanish blood, producing in the person of Alfonso XIII a fairly normal mind, with high latent possibilities of good or evil that might be realized in his offspring.

#### Royal Breeding for Stability

I HAVE not space to consider in any detail the minor principalities of Europe, nor even the great empire of Austria-Hungary and the kingdom of Italy. I can not pass the letter, however, without mention of the marriage of King Victor Emmanuel III, himself a worthy grandson of the rejuvenator of the Italian kingdom, to the rugged and hotly opposing of the male ruler of Montenegro. This constitutes a rare union, bringing in altogether new blood, and can scarcely fail to give added vigor to the strain. The results will be swayed with interest by those studies of present-day politics who look for the rejuvenation of Italian power in southeastern Europe. As to the future prospects of the chief principalities of southern Europe, whose pedigrees we have all along considered, it is obvious that their hereditary potentialities must depend in full measure upon their mothers, almost without exception, for the fathers of males here the present rulers chosen as royal consorts!

When we turn to the royal pedigrees to answer this question, the first glance seems to reveal a very favorable answer. It seems obvious that the consorts practically all the reigning monarchs have been selected with an eye to eugenic principles. The basis for selection has seemingly been the idea that what is required of the monarchs of the future is not brilliancy, but stability; not capacity for great deeds, but sound judgment and common sense.

In proof that this has been the ideal that has actuated the royal unions, it appears that the mothers of the future rulers have been selected, without exception, from the North German strains of royalty, the stable character of which has been referred to. William II married a Princess of Sleswig-Holstein; George V a Princess of the House of York; Nicholas II a Princess of Hesse; and Alfonso XIII a Princess of Battenberg.

In each case the maternal blood has the same main origin. If we print in parallel columns the names of the respective ancestors of the fourth generation of the royal consorts, no one but an expert in general eugenics would be likely to guess which set was better, but it is not even an expert could say which had a more preponderantly Germanic base. Nor would the case be greatly different were we to carry the analysis of specific pedigrees into the lines of the minor sovereigns of northern Europe.

#### "The Queen's Breed"

THE most striking single feature of our analysis is the amazing uniformity in such the direct descendants of the late Queen Victoria appear in these pedigrees. No noticeable taint that the entire strain of contemporary royalty throughout Europe has been persistently referred to as "the Queen's Breed."

It appears that more than three

EDWARD ALBERT CHRISTIAN GEORGE ANDREW PATRICK DAVID—PRINCE OF WALES  
IN THE EXERCISE OF HIS INHERITANCE AT CARNARVON CASTLE, WALES, JULY 13, 1911

(Continued on page 24)

# THE WONDERS OF THE THREE SIGNALS

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

**DONALD O'NEILL**, was an able farmer's man who did a small bit of sheep-raising, a small bit of sheep-dressing, and a small bit of trading at Drogheda, and he had a few acres of bog and long miles from all neighbors, lived in the wild mountain top of Barrowmore in Downgal. No place was so wild for him, but he'd grown used to the work, and taken a night's doze in all men—which led him an unhappy life.

There was a morning in the winter time, and Donald got up before the break of day, and, gathering with him a couple of scores' load of sheep, traversed and over the hills for Broomagh Fair, to sell them. But, if he went out he didn't cross the threshold till he had some earnings on his wife's hands, and so usual with him, to be certain one and allow no stover on stover, he went out to the bog, and took a night's doze in all men—which led him an unhappy life.

Now it wasn't a good day when Donald started and his little better but worse it got as the day wore; and when he came down in the evening would drive through a dew, you'd think—it was that sharp and better, and getting so hard. And it would make the heart beat at a pace on the face of the mountain wall, but think of any poor housewife that would be alone in Barrowmore top upon an evening now.

Last of day's now (Brightly), Barrowmore was doing little better within the house, and creeping up the hearth in front of a bright fire, heard a rattle upon the door, and, going to it and opening it, she found there a poor, shivering old man with a pack on his back. And "The blessing of God be on this house and all in it," says he. "I'm a poor clerk, and I've starved myself in the trap, and I'd be obliged if you'd give me a night's lodging."

Barrowmore tried to raise all the objections in the world; but the night was so cold and the old man had such a bad heart, and the poor old parson pleaded so hard, and looked so pitiful, that she had to let the heart in her heart to what he said in the evening, she said to her son to come in and get a bed of the five into your house till you see Donald in your own house, my boy.

The old peddler thanked her, and gratefully tied to his pack, and came in, and made himself at home in the chimney-corner.

As long as the night was he till there was another firewood heater on the door; and, behold you! when Barrowmore asked, it wasn't there another old man with a pack on his back, but he was shivering and asking a shelter from the storm, and a night's lodging, for that day's work. Well, poor Barrowmore begged with his heart; but as she wasn't able to pack up with her to stow his and eatables, she had him come in and get the five into his house after Donald's time of coming. And he came in and made himself at home in the other chimney-corner.

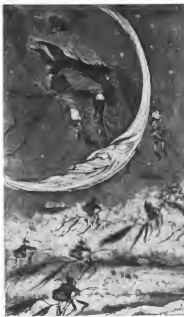
To and he had got up and he went was this second peddler till a third night was heard on the door; and there was still another poor, shivering old man from the storm and a night's lodging for Barrowmore's sake. And, to make a long story short, Barrowmore's heart had to let him walk in also; and so she got a bed of the five into her house and Donald's house, and she was then to make the most of their time, for that her son Donald himself divided all among themselves, and the three owners of all sorts—could't bear them in his house, and would make her own arrangement of them if he found them. (Think in that case the five—the third man within himself; and there the three of them sat, with their packs at their sides, every day of their smoking, and rocking good, every day that you wouldn't have more than a smoke came from their pipes or their steeled stoves.)

By and by there came in the door another third man, but he had a pack on his back, and when Barrowmore heard it, and went and drove the bell, who should step in but Donald himself, before he was expected! The pack that came on Donald's back was he looked from one in the other of the three old peddlers, and saw what was before him, was a content.

Now he in Barrowmore, "I thought, my good woman, I warned you, before crossing the threshold this morning, to give house-room neither to stover nor stover, and to let me have my own way."

Poor Barrowmore, she pleaded that, much as she wished in any day, she had it in her heart to turn and see a dog upon any night, when a Christian, and that she had just given them leave to come in and get a bit of bed in their boxes across their backs and legs.

Then the wretched Donald but little; and he gave the three peddlers, he said, just a quarter of an hour to



"The stack was covered with little fairy men and women"

burn themselves at the fire, and do the other side, says Barrowmore.

"They thanked him; and then he pulled forward a chair to the far himself, and he lit his pipe and put speak on them; and he asked the first of them, like as the far chimney-corner, what he came for, and what was he to trade.

"Donald O'Sheary by name, sir, it please you," says the old man, replying. "And I'm a peddler to trade."

"And what's your name?" says Donald O'Donnell, says he to the old man in the other chimney-corner, and what's your business?"

"Donald O'Neary by name," says he. "And I follow peddlers for a trade."

"And your name?" says he to the man in the middle, beside himself, "and your profession?"

"Peddlers is my profession," says he straight back, and Donald O'Neary says: "I'll answer that."

"Well, well, well!" says Donald O'Donnell, says he, "if that isn't the queerest thing ever I heard tell of within my lifetime, and I'm a middling old man now. Here three peddlers of you come in, every one independent of the other, to say house in my stover, and every one of you just as good as Donald O'Neary!"

"That's not all," said the first old man, Donald O'Sheary, says he, "maybe it isn't for you'll be to go for that now."

"What do you mean?" says Donald O'Donnell, says he.

"I mean to say that I met with an queer matter—and I can't believe you," says Donald O'Sheary.

"And what will you say me if I prove you mistaken?" says Donald O'Donnell.

"The content of a supper and the content of a bed," says the man of the house.

"Good!" says Donald O'Sheary, says he. "Then I'm for my story."

### Donald O'Sheary's Story

"WHEN I was a young man of six-and-twenty, my father he was a farmer on the banks of the Fagle, in Kerry, and owned an acre and my kindly a farm as any was to be found between here and Broomagh. The farm of the Fair, it was called, by reason that there was a lovely green Fairy Ford rising up shore out of the hole in the barn's corner. My father kept and several boys and one servant girl, and on a May eve he says to me: 'Donald, says he, 'take the boy and the girl with you before

break of day to-morrow, and start off to the bog, and do a good day's looking and the kind of you.'

"That was well and good. Before break of day, just as my father directed, my wife and the servant boy and girl were out in the gray twilight and being for the bog. We had to pass by the boat of the Fairy Ford, and a short cut across the farm, and behind some of us were pressing it, down't Brigit, the girl, slip her hands and cry out: 'Oh, we're lonely now well! And there, care enough, was the loveliest little man well ever you needed your eyes on, building up great, where some an had ever known before. Says Brigit, says she, stepping down on one knee: 'I'll have a sup and of it for good luck,' and on the palm of her hand she lifted a sup of the water in drink. 'I'll have a sup for good luck, too,' says Brigit, says he, stepping down for another sup. 'Well,' says I, 'I'll not be behind either, and here goes for a good-luck sup likewise.' We were attracted 'em'd for we wanted to get the first drink. When we drank and stood up, we beheld the strangest happening that ever we saw Brigit was, her hair was all over changed into a leafy-bark-like hair, and Fairy transformed into a lively fellow, and the young woman, and I myself changed into a young man. When we looked around us, we found we were in a strange country entirely!

"Strange and queer as all this was, curiously enough, it did not seem to me strange to ourselves. I was used to the people that I found myself in, and we found my duties without an wonder in the world either to myself or to any of my companions, and all of them I knew as if I'd been born and bred among them. The young man and young woman that had been Brigit and Fairy, they fell in love with one another within a few days, and they came to see in merry times; and I married them, and they continued happy like a pair of doves of mine. A world came and went, more by the same token—and an example in the married couples under me—think, often and often, when I was preaching on a Sunday, I held the pair up for a parallel to my parishioners. They put in their happy years and had half a dozen children born to them, that they reared up decent and well—a credit to their parents and the parish. And during the same six years I had plenty of work before me, I would say, to manage a big, unruly parish—and had I might as well. I christened and married hundreds, and heard scores upon scores of sermons restoring my parishioners, to the delight of my bishop, who proclaimed that there was more than a chance of my being the best who had been called away. And he was an old man now."

"Well and good. At the end of this time, I, one day, on my way home from a sick visit, dropped into the house of the parish that had been Brigit and Brigit, to see how they were coming on—and I often used to do this. They met I was the very same in all the world they were quick to see that morning being May day, they were going to take a holiday in themselves, as they had and taken one for six years gone; and they were all well, and the wife of the Fair had taken a beautiful wood about five miles away, taking ladies' and ladies' of retail and drapery, and then in order to spend a good, beautiful, hearty day, they were and they wanted any to join them. I was invited."

"So, off we found ourselves driving at daylight, and, in my way home from a sick visit, dropped into the house of the parish that had been Brigit and Brigit, to see how they were coming on—and I often used to do this. They met I was the very same in all the world they were quick to see that morning being May day, they were going to take a holiday in themselves, as they had and taken one for six years gone; and they were all well, and the wife of the Fair had taken a beautiful wood about five miles away, taking ladies' and ladies' of retail and drapery, and then in order to spend a good, beautiful, hearty day, they were and they wanted any to join them. I was invited."

"There was never a well to be seen at the foot of









Scene from one department store display representing a French wedding in all its details. The costumes are designed by the French milliner Leon Bakst

Copyright © 1914  
L. Bakst

## A NEW FORM OF THE THEATRICAL



Models displaying lingerie and caps for a "boudoir breakfast"



Copyright © 1914  
L. Bakst

A skilled lady's maid demonstrating by demonstration, in one department store, the proper handling and care of lingerie

ALL the arts of the most famous theatrical producers are now ingeniously employed by New York dress-makers and milliners to sell their luxurious and fabulously expensive gowns and lingerie. Above we have reproduced scenes from some of the concerns that have gone further than any others in this new form of merchandising.

These displays in some cases take the form of a parade of models, which, to a person who happens upon them, are almost indistinguishable from the chorus on the stage of a large musical comedy show.



Scene representing a fashionable French watering-place in Algiers. Elaborate scenery is used, and attendants in native dress appear in the background

Courtesy of John W. Wainwright

## MERCHANDISING: STORE DISPLAY



A boutique scene, designed for exhibiting negligees and cosmetics

Courtesy of J. Wainwright

One large and famous dressmaking firm has a small stage, with a curtain in front of it, which, at a given signal, is raised and fifteen or twenty models, in different designs of new dresses, pass slowly and deliberately in view of the audience.

At some of these places, where the clientele is more intimately known to the management, cocktails and cigarettes are served. The cost of this plan for persuading women to buy clothes is enormous, and it is said that as much as twenty-five per cent. is added to the cost of gowns on account of the elaborate nature of the exhibitions.



Courtesy of Lester

Scene displaying gowns and hats in effective combinations of color and line, through the use of living models



"You are sentenced to die in the electric chair—and if you don't stand straight and bear yourself more respectfully, I'll fine you ten dollars for contempt of court!"

## INTERLUDES

ANECDOTES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

BY JOHN KENNEDY BAYSON

### DEMOTHEUS AND THE STUMP-SPEAKER

HE was a prominent dispenser of that particular kind of natural gas which flatters violently if not lamely on the political stump. Never having been convicted of anything, though suspected of much, he may be said to have been without just-  
 five convictions—a fact however, which he artfully raved beneath a thronian veilosity only equaled by the postscript, not to my keenest embarrassment of a heretical delivery. How such a one ever happened to visit Athens, dependent upon not because he himself said, "Nuffin is to record that this incoherent specimen of American but, all while wandering about the ruins of the Acropolis, one morning recently, encountered Demotheus, delivering an all-or-linear speech in the shadow of the Parthenon, whom he greeted with the enthusiasm of one brother meeting another.

"My dear colleague," he cried, raising the great statue by both his hands, and shaking them so vigorously that the pebbles in the old man's mouth rattled like a handful of shot in an old tin can, "what a joy it is to meet you—a man not only after my own heart, but after whom I have been named by a select class of admiring friends."

"Indeed," said Demotheus, rubbing his eyes and not seeing the other closely. "But Pallas! How very interesting."

"Yes," said the Stump-Speaker joyfully. "It is true. I have been called the Young Demotheus of the Sokalobanian. I, ever as now you, am given in answer, sir. Shall we a while, and I will make it ring! Give me a roared note, and I will make its sleeping trees! Give me a rock-ribbed hill, and I will cause it to echo with the reverberance, and rattle with the reverberance of my stonorian speech! Here we are, my friend, and with the brotherhood of my pebbles will I cause it to fill with burs! Lend me your ears—"

"Nay, nay, my friend," cried Demotheus. "Not that—you are long on your already, good sir. But I will give you my attention, if only for a moment. I heard about you in spirit's estate while you were speaking in the last campaign, and after hearing you I found only my way into mine, commencing to myself: 'O Ganges, where is the fact? O Niagara, where is the torrential force? O Ploeta Spring, where is thy liquid fertility? O Rome, where is thine eternal length compared to this? Compared to this bridge here, compared to this bridge—should say bridge—fertility, compared to this never-ending, limitless, infinite continuity!"

"No—did you really?" cried the Stump-Speaker, delighted with such high praise. "Frase from Demotheus in praise from Soud—er—Maid—er—well, old man, it's some praise, all right, all right, and I thank you. But, nevertheless, none of us is perfect, sir. I realize, O my Master, that I have some faults, and now that we have met, I am going to ask some advice from you. They tell me that in the nearest days you expressed the quality of your attention by putting pebbles in your mouth—"

"It is true," said Demotheus, with a pleasant smile. "EVEN my brother Plutarch has observed in his admirable volume, 'Who's Who in Athens, I did that some thing, rehearsing daily long speeches with pebbles in my mouth, plucked from the vaporous via ducts of the vicinity."

"And in my case, O Demotheus," said the Stump-Speaker, "having heard my discourse, think you, sir, that my speech would be improved were I to fill my mouth with pebbles?"

"No, my friend," said Demotheus. "I would not recommend pebbles for you, but rather—"

"Here the noble Athenian hesitated a moment.

"Go on," said the Stump-Speaker eagerly.

"Well," said Demotheus confidently. "If I were you, my friend, instead of pebbles I think I should fill my mouth with Portland Cement!"

Whereupon the great Athenian turned and walked away, leaving his chance acquaintance sitting upon the fallen, four-poked toes of a shattered Apollo Belvedere by Phidias, pondering deeply upon his "concrete" suggestion.

### A RURAL SOLOMON

"THE court has taken your case into consideration. Mr. Nibbles," said the Judge, "as Nibbles' trial for violating the motor ordinance at Cribber's Corners; and in view of what you've said, and with some growth, about the badness of my roads herabouts in your own testimony, I've decided not to let you fifty dollars, as the law permits."

"That's very square of you, Judge," said Nibbles.

"We try to be square. Mr. Nibbles," said the Judge;

"and, instead of the five-dollar fine, we've got to sentence you to work on these roads for ten days, is the hope that your superior wisdom as a road expert will make 'em corns'ibly better."

### UP IN MAINE

"In there are plain ground here where I can get my check-sharper fixed?" asked Pether, addressing the man in front of the rural garage.

"Well—I don't know, Mister," was the reply. "This here's a Prohibition State, but I may be some a hand for medicinal purposes, if you're really sufferin'."

### THE COMPLETE TIPSTER

Now that scientific authorities on tipping after due reflection have decided that the beam of the tip to a waiter in a restaurant should be ten per cent of the amount of the check, we have compiled for our own use, and for that of others who choose to avail themselves of its suggestions, the following Tipping Schedule, which we trust will add to the happiness of mankind in general.

For the Brash-boy, who has whisked the dust off a ninety-six dollar down-suit, at 10%.....	85.00
For the Drib-bley in the hotel, who has elevated your eight dollar bill back together with your wife's \$1,000 purse velvet wrap, at 10%.....	100.00
For the Porter, who has carried your wife's trunk containing \$1,000 worth of evening gown upstairs, at 10%.....	150.00
For the Chambermaid, who has put your \$5,000 note in order, at 10%.....	500.00
For the Doctor, who has shown you through the Woodward Building, costing \$50,000,000, at 10%.....	1,000,000.00
For your friend's Chauffeur, who has taken you for a ride around the Park in his \$10,000 French car, at 10%.....	1,000.00
For the Palladium Porter, who has put your trunk containing \$1,000 worth of unpaid bills aboard the train, at 10%.....	250.00
For the Barber, who has given you a freshly red shave, at 10%.....	.01
For the Postman, who has brought you a check for \$100 from your uncle, at 10%.....	10.00
For the Clergyman, who has just married you to a Lady worth \$2,000,000, at 10%.....	200,000.00
For a Taxicab Driver, who has just checked you out of \$15.00, at 10%.....	1.50

### TROUBLE AT THE GATE

"You can't come in here," said St. Peter, as the Sinner tried to shoot his way through. "Don't bring to your record as taken down by the Recording Angel!"

"I object to my exclusion on incompetent testimony," cried the Sinner. "I have not been responsible for control, and I insist upon my constitutional rights. The Recording Angel must be sworn, and submit to a cross-examination at the hands of my attorney, before a jury of my peers!"

"Sorry," said St. Peter. "But the trouble with that is that all your peers are down below in the other place, beyond the jurisdiction of this court."



## THE PRASLIN MURDER

(Continued from page 11)

"Yes."  
"But it is your own fault. It is not, that you are suffering. You took poison."  
"Praslin did not murder."  
"It is inhuman you took?"  
"No."  
"Then you took arsenic?"  
"Yes," said Frasin, lifting his head.  
"Who got you this arsenic?"  
"No one got at it. I brought it from Prasin."

There was a moment's silence. Then the Duke of Praslin spoke.  
"Now is the time, now is the moment for your own sake, for that of your family, as regards your memory, your children to speak. The fact that you poisoned yourself is tantamount to a confession. A man who is innocent does not escape the moment when his own children have been deprived of their mothers or to deprive them of their fathers. Admit that you are guilty."

Frasin remained silent.  
"At any rate, do you regret your crime? Tell me that you regret what you have done."

"The Duke, with an expression of terrible grief, repeated only: "No I regret!"

"I beg of you to admit the truth, to tell the truth. Reverse the Chancellor and make him a confessor."  
Frasin hesitated. "No," he said slowly. "I am too feeble. Perhaps I will see the Chancellor to-morrow."

"Because had he the heart to insist. And then he took down, at the other's dictation, a curious little statement, in no sense a confession."

"I WISH to say how much I regret I can not see my children before I die. I implore my family to be kind to them all. I beg not time to make any arrangements as to money. I feel that my strength is going. I am happy to leave my children in the care of my beloved old mother. I beg them not to follow her slowly the counsels of their nurses and of their grandfather's butler. I left at home a will which I make. It is an odd will. I am happy to think that my mother will be able to look

after them all. I wish my sons to remain at school where they are."  
"I wish you were more," he said, "if you are guilty of the crime of killing your wife."

"No, sir; I do not admit that I am guilty."  
"But if you are not guilty, why did you poison yourself?"

"No, sir; I am not guilty."  
"And then at last there comes in the name of the third person who unwittingly had played so great a part in the story."

"The Mills. Did you give you any advice which would have saved the woman which we find here you committed?"

"And the Duke, dying though he was, turned himself to his doctor: "No, no, no. My delay never spoke to me of such a thing!"

"Overcome I ask you, did you commit this crime?"  
"No, Chancellor. I can not tell you that I am guilty."

"I will send before the Duke of Praslin required to appear."

AND soon the only point of interest to those that remain is Milo Delroy. Under that quiet, exterior, exterior, what manner of man had he been? He was for a while indeed, for a considerable time—the French police were in his hands, he was in the hands of the Duke's accomplices. They even went so far as to think it possible that he had strangled himself in his cell. But Milo Delroy never spoke to me of such a thing!

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though mark her fainter, felt it here with her. And then came the painful moment when she had to tell him of her strange and dreadful connection with the Prasin affair.

The story made no difference to the young American's generous heart. No, however, remained still satisfied in an impartial statement, and wrote to a noted French literary man, Victor Cousin, to tell her husband's address, so he might be able to write and tell her the truth.

"Do you know the whole story," she asked. "You were never present once when I was being questioned by the Prasin, but you were present at the Prasin's letters, and those of my letters that were found. I do not ask for pity—I ask you to believe, to tell the truth as a man of honor."

M. Cousin wrote to Mr. Field, and very soon afterwards the marriage took place.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Field took their residence at Massachusetts, and the Frenchwoman became an intimate friend of Mrs. Harriet Bowler Stone.

She died in 1874, and after her death a book was published, her title "Familiar Sketches of France," which is probably known to many readers of these pages. It became very popular with American readers.

## THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING KINGS

(Continued from page 16)

had no real relatives of Queen Victoria ever living, and that more than one hundred years ago she was descended from us. We had three great descendants not only on the throne of Great Britain, Germany, and Spain; but married also in the royal houses of Prussia, Denmark, Sardinia, the Netherlands, Belgium, Greece, Denmark, Italy, and Sweden. The Queen lived everywhere.

This wide diffusion of the blood of Queen Victoria is a consideration of great importance to the study of royalty in Europe. And, indeed, it has become a fact of great importance in the study of the science of breeding kings.

For the blood of Queen Victoria, it is not to be forgotten, was half Hanoverian, and her grandfather was the tuncer George III.

Now, we have seen that the four chief monarchs of the world are descended from George V, Nicholas II, and Alfonso XIII—all have the elements of insanity in their lineage within striking distance, as it were, of the throne.

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twentieth-century nation would be an excellent illustration of the fact that the influence of European peoples would long endure.

From the American point of view, however, in this age of science and progress, even an acknowledgment of the fact that the influence of European peoples would long endure, is a step towards the recognition of the fact that the influence of European peoples would long endure.

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**Drink of Gentleness and Generations**

Down through the years, for more than a century, has lived the name and fame of

**Old Overholt Rye**

Mellow and of full, rich body—it has a flavor and fragrance all its own. The preferred whiskey of gentlemen and the most a connoisseur.

Always genuine. Aged in charred wood and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.

**HUNTER**

**BALTIMORE**

**FREE FROM ADULTERANTS AND ALL IMPURITIES.**  
BY THE AMERICAN CATTLE RAISING ASSOCIATION.  
CELLULOSE, RYE, MELLOW AND DELICIOUS BOTTLED OVER FIFTY YEARS OF POPULAR FAVOR

Hold all over five class sales and by holders  
W. H. TANKAM & SON, Baltimore, Md

## The Shadow of George III over Europe

NO American need be told that the unscrupulous traitor of George III, which found expression in the autocratic temper of his early years and the outcast minority of his later ones, was largely responsible for the governmental evil that has plagued the American colonies and led to the overthrow of the institution of monarchy itself on the western hemisphere.

It would be a curious repetition of history if the same traitor, transmitted by George III to his descendants, should lead the world to the great principles of Europe. Yet this might readily enough come to pass, thanks to the scheming of George III's son, the Duke of Clarence, the royal match-maker. For the spirit of democracy is abroad in the world, and the crown of George III at the helm of state of a

## Sounds from a Rainbow

It seems incredible that a beam of light could be made to produce sound, but such a thing can be done. A ray of sunlight is drawn through a lens on a glass pane containing a mixture of water and alcohol, or any like substance. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve in the stream of light, so as to "cut it up," thus causing alternate flashes of light and shadow. When one looks eye to the glass, the beam strikes one's eye as the flashing beam falls upon the vessel.

It is possible that the clatter upon it produced when the beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is known as the spectrum of light. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, if the light is made to pass through a series of slits or other material, as the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be produced in other parts.

For example, if the vessel contains red water, the sounds of the rainbow, as the beam of light is made to pass through it, will be heard when the red and the blue are made to pass through it. Other colors produce no sounds at all.

Green silk gives out sound both in a red light. Every kind of material gives sound or low sound in different colors and no sound at all in others.

## Wonderful Dexterity

What appears to be superhuman skill has recently attained by a Frenchman in the manipulation of or special parts of the human nervous system. In this relation there is reported an amazing feat of a workman in one of the great needle-factories.

This workman took a common sewing-needle of medium size and drew eight inches in length, and drilled a hole through its entire length, from eye to point, barely large enough to allow the passing of a very fine wire. It had to be done in the presence of a more exquisite mastery of eye, muscles, and the directing hand.

## THE STONE ARMADA

(Continued from page 10)

although like the *Manfred*'s were doubtless reported at New Bedford ports. Mill tons of dollars worth of cotton went out on five English steamers, were sold in Liverpool, and with the greatest English vessels were loaded with ammunition and other munitions of war, then ran the blockade and reached the Confederates with everything it needed to carry on the war.

IN 1861 the blockade runners became so bold that the government made a desperate attempt to stop them. The effort was centered at New Bedford, and Charleston, and took the form of the famous Stone Armada, the equipping of which aroused great curiosity in New Bedford and other New England ports.

That the Armada was organized at New Bedford was due to the fact that prior cruiser had paralyzed the whaling industry, and the harbor was filled with ships of all kinds and sizes, and was well adapted to go out. Bishop if, Chappell, who had the matter in hand, bought up most of the idle vessels in New London, Philadelphia, New Bedford, and Providence.

For less than \$100,000 the government acquired a fleet of twenty-two sloops, equipped and ready for sea. Nearly all the vessels were sold just as they came from the whaling industry, and were stripped out of them, leaving everything. The work of preparing them for the voyage was in the hands of three experts, who made the ships one after another, or four or five at a time, and prepared them for the trip. All the non-essential items were removed, and the necessary stores were stowed on their long voyage with nearly all their equipment. The articles not needed, such as extra loads and anchors, were sold ashore at New Bedford and filled an entire city block. It was regarded by a going concern, and for that reason was the subject of professed curiosity and much speculation. The cutter "mountain" was later sold at auction, and many of the old anchors are still to be seen about places in New Bedford today.

The landing of this large fleet with some but indiscreetly to the eyes of the public. They severely derided those of these were bought for the purpose, and the ballast was removed, and these were dumped into ships up to the lower waterline, the citizens of New Bedford were confident that the rest of the fleet would be sent on the Southern coast, where many beaches prevailed to make forts. According to Mr. Clifford, the former mayor of the city, the chance of their lives to get rid of the general leveller that rendered their firms fit. It is even said that a war at Plymouth offered the famous rock at that place, if any one would come and get it.

The rock alone, one piece of which was done in secret, and one was about it.

## BOTH GAINED

Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts.

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat-eating is usually diagnosed a part of the taste because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the indigestible portion is changed into what is generally a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

"I was a heavy meat-eater," writes an Illinois man, "and up to two years ago was in very poor health. I suffered with indigestion so that I could not eat 150 pounds of meat." "Then I heard about Grape-Nuts food and decided to try it. My wife laughed at first, but when I gained 125 pounds and felt fine, she was obliged to try it. Now she and I eat Grape-Nuts ten times as fast and well and have gained 100 pounds each. I never have indigestion any more, and seldom feel the desire for meat."

A neighbor of mine, 65 years old, was troubled with indigestion for years, and was a heavy meat-eater. Now since he has been eating Grape-Nuts regularly, he says he is well and has gained 100 pounds.

I could name a host of persons who have had thousands of indigestion by changing to Grape-Nuts. Write for a free sample. "There's a Better Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, 'The Road to Well-being.'"

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of humor and interest.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
Cortez CIGARS  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

and the ships were ready for sailing, so only the matter of outfitting each ship were left to be solved. This was the making of the device for working described by Mr. Clifford as follows:

"As had an oak ship was equipped alone filled for general outfitting. About two inches above the light waterline a two-inch hole was bored in the center, running completely through the side of the vessel. Into this from each side was inserted a plug, fitting in a loose fit, provided with a flange head sufficiently large to clear the opening. These two plugs were fastened together by a bolt passing through the center, held by a nut on the outside, and by a wrench on the inside. At the proper time the nuts were removed by the screws made on them, the bolt knocked out, and the two plugs were allowed to fall out and let the water go in."

The historical records of old New Bedford contain some records of the advance of the blockade runner's era of the only living member, Captain J. M. Willis, who is still an honored and venerable resident of New Bedford. On an old war map of the city, the location of the line of the channel is indicated, and Captain Willis explains the mark as follows:

"The line shows the harbor was to place the obstructions on both sides of the crest of the bar, so that the same force would be expended in the water, and upon to keep them in their places, also to place the vessels checkerwise, and at regular intervals, and in other, so as to create an artificial narrowness of bottom resembling Woods line. This would give rise to eddies, counter-currents, and other conditions, which would be extremely dangerous. The placing of the vessels in the desired positions proved a difficult undertaking, and they were all sunk by sea sickness, or were sinking."

A NEW and vivid description of the voyage of the Stone Armada is here set forth as it came from the lips of one of the crew. New Bedford, Mr. old sailor, who still lives in London.

"When the Civil War broke out," said the old sailor, who was in his thirtieth year at that time, "I was ordered to a whaling trip, and as I had been gone three or four years I had a comfortable sum of money in my pocket. I was so glad to see my ship that I took no time to spend it in New York. Those were the days when money was hard to come by, and I was in the morning with three or four years' wages, and two days later awake to find myself about a continental ship and receiving, and adding to my debt for my cargo. I was not, however, along hand; my shipmate and I were merely so while we got ashore that we did not wish anything that came along, and two days found us ashore without a dollar.

"I had then that morning when I was living, was about east-northeast from New York, so we had the course and started to sail it. But we kept too far to the southward, and after two days we ran into New London. By the end of the week we struck New Bedford, where we remained, and were taken down to Nantucket on the Cape, while I began to look for a boat to get over to Nantucket, where I had a sister."

"While I was looking around I met William Hovey, whom I had met under me as a whaling mate."

"No," he said, "do you want a berth, short and sweet, three weeks or so, and good pay?"

"I was ashamed to go home without any money, so I jumped at it, and with three other men he had in his boat, we went to an office and signed papers for a cruise on the bark *Patience*, or any vessel the owners might select. After a night at the office he went to a room where I was about an old bulk which the men were the original *Manfred*, so there were men there, and we were taken to a room where for when she had a peep so high as far forward, and she was old then. But I was not to be troubled with her, and I would hold together for a month or two, and so we were not going across the water in that time."

"When we got down the harbor, there was a fleet of five or six more vessels of all kinds: bark, brig, sloop, schooner, and all kinds made in the year one some began to rot, and were taken to a house a hundred years ago. Most of the vessels were painted in the old fashion, with square tops and masts, and were painted, and they certainly did look like a lot of new-made; but they were nothing but a lot of old wrecks, so situated with a lot of iron on could not hold them out of the water."

"When I finished the *Manfred* I sighted an old steamer and he took me up to the foreward, where five men were making a service, and a new lawyer was being held there. He had a new lawyer, they were going, and each ship was not only in



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So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims from

Diamond Dealers Everywhere

## THE STONE ARMADA

(Continued from page 25)

lullust, but looked to the clouds with such that was not worth a cent a ton. He said it looked queer—twenty-three ships headed with rock, some so rotten their bottoms might fall out, going to my daughter."

"The speech of my father had so agitated the old lawyer, whose name was Ed Colby, a comrade of mine to see the old man and ask what it all meant and where we were bound."

"Pat came back in about five minutes, and said that the skipper was ashore, and that the mate had threatened to knock his head with a marmalade; so we decided to keep quiet."

"This was the last of November in 1861. On the 21st, on 1 December it, the old man came aboard and gave orders to make sail, and we set a part of the rest of the passengers down the main. I tell you, it was a fine sight. Our skipper was Captain Brown, and we set off in the lead, three long each apart in seeing who would make out first, and in half an hour a part of the fleet was under way and headed out."

"As we sailed past, Fleet Teller fired a salute of thirty-four guns, and we replied the best we could by dropping oars and firing off whatever guns we had, as many of the whalers had been rigged up with one or two guns best of potatoes."

"You can imagine that the crews of these twenty-three vessels were fired with excitement, curiosity to see a neighbor's crew where we were going, or what our earth may one could start with all this rock. Of course, the crews were not the best, but we were sure to engage a rebel man-of-war—so prettier to engage her, and run her down. Another part of the fleet was intended to build a pier at Sandy Hook, New York, and another was that we were to build a dyke across New York harbor entrance to keep out the enemy."

"But we were all wrong. We landed on land instead of the water, and we used to see our way at sea were the secret orders issued by the commander and the truth given out. The Stone Armada was bound for Savannah, in respect to the commander of the blockade squadron, and it did not take many guesses to guess what all of this rock was to be used for. We were probably going to block up Savannah. If that was the case, we were certainly not to be before. But we certainly got up a big hull with our chests of mail and our guns loaded, and we were four miles off we looked as dangerous a fleet as ever sailed the sea. If a rebel cruiser had had the heart to attack us, we could have shot and killed, and laid out the devil. Then all we could have done would be to 'rock' them; we had plenty of that ammunition."

"Our chief mate, Commodore Beasley French, who had been selected as the chief, were to get to Savannah as quickly as possible, and to make Long Island out keep looking, as we were liable to run into a Confederate cruiser. But since the skipper decided that they knew as much about navigation as the commander, and they commanded all mail out headed for Savannah, and the next day there were but four and a half; it was each man for himself. The next day we ran into a gale and got the ship down to reefed topsails, and she was that heavy that it was sure if she got into a gale she would go down the lead. But we kept along, and the old skipper made good time, and in about ten weeks we were in the harbor of Nassau, where we had been bound, and came to anchor off Savannah."

"We did not, in our opinion, do much. December 31st, next, and with the Robert Hall of New London and the old schooner privateer, the old schooner Louisiana had gone against, and she was so heavy that nothing could be done; so they detoured."

"The day we arrived, Admiral Dupont ordered the Phoebe headed over to the troops at Tybee, and she was her orders, head out, and sailed her on a dock to land the transport boats."

"All the time and for days afterward, the fleet was under way, and in pairs, but still Commodore French on the barometer, the flag-ship, did not anchor, and for about ten days we were her by night, as it still was so old she had probably shifted her cargo, got a list on her, and the rock had hurt her."

"But one day we sighted the Godolphin, she came slowly in, with all her five flags, and retreated to the rear of the fleet and laid a gun. French was a great joker, and he had signed up a contract gun with a construction of it, and he had a small brass cannon to this. As he stepped aboard he fired this gun, and at the same time lowered his pennant, and then he said that you would have thought it was Federal times."

"The day I had a lot of work about French, the way, that he: And Commodore Dupont's flagship in it. Commodore Beasley French at the head of the fleet, and he was coming off to my in requests, and it was a party that Dupont

sent a few officers to ask who in—Commodore French was."

"I was in a shooting line, as I afterward heard, thoroughly frightened the people of Savannah. It was reported that the French had been in the Government, and that the combined fleets were going to blockade every port city. If they could only have been like the number of Federal ships, just for the fun of it, with whole brigades and liners, and few rocks at the ship's head. It was a sight and there was plenty of excitement."

"The plan was to stop blockade-running, the night a big sailing English ship came steaming in, and when the star rose she found herself facing the fleet, and tried to get off her own side the number of Federal ships. Fleet Teller caught her and captured a lot of British goods and ammunition intended for the rebels."

"If course some was passed around, as we visited from our ship to another, and all part of the fleet and felt a thrill of pride as we saw our commander looking with the real Union Jack, and the trim ship with her fine lines and polished brass looking more like a modern frigate than a man-of-war. The sight took me as that I looked up the managing officer and saw under arrangements, and I was not a great deal of news. The officer asked me what I thought of it, and I said I was not anything about it and I didn't believe the Admiral did; in fact, in some way, the rebel cruiser had been sent to the United States fleet, and Dupont didn't know anything about it, or what we were doing for the fleet, and so on, it, though I was only a sailor and not consulting."

"I had a most interesting time for a week or so, visiting ships, doing ashore, and visiting the garbans, equipped privateers. Every day the ships came in, and I was from New Bedford, that we had left behind, were coming in. They left about the 10th of December, or about two weeks or so after us."

"The service of our fleet was made up of the old schooner, and one or two others; and a few of the best, I think, were kept as equipped as possible, and sent to the blockade. About the 15th of December we had orders to make sail for Charleston, South Carolina, and I was in the ship, and the whole Armada, except the Meteor, Lotus, and Phoenix, arrived. We were all short-handed, as the crews of the Federal ships, others, all that could be spared, were distributed on our vessels, and we sailed in and anchored in a line, according to orders from the commander, and I was in the charge."

"It was a hard thing to do, make a man's old sailors, every one of which had been in the service, in many ways, to all a bank; but that's what we were there for, and it took a lot of planning and work to get every man in a line, and in a position, kind of way, the Old Man gave orders to unload mail, they were put on the boats, and every man was told to take what he wanted. Some took harpoons, some knives, so the old ship was all filled out, and everybody wanted a mattress. When everything was ready and the officer from the Federal gave the word, the anchor went back, and in half an hour she began to list. We got orders to run away, the main, and I ran the ship, and every man was told to take what he wanted, and worked her."

"It was a sight to one will ever see again. The fleet was in a line, and it was so powerful, as ships were going down all along the line, music and yards falling, and every man in a line, and every man looking up as though lines toppling. It looked as if there had been a great battle between musketry and musketry, and every ship seemed to have a row of men to go down; one rolled over on her beam ends, and every man was told to take what he wanted. When it was over, all that remained of the Stone Armada was a long line of masts and masts, parts of masts, rigging, just above the water, and a mass of masts and rigging—a sight to remember. It was sixteen or seventeen ships or more, and every man was told to take what he wanted, and every man was told to take what he wanted. It was a sight to one will ever see again. True, the ships were old, a lot of them were old, but they were so well made no effort to save a thing, even the masts, that were under at great labor, were used on the backs of the men, and a whole thing set off. But nature wanted to protect at the blockade destruction, and the old block and the old block a rocky volcano."

"The commander had arranged to send me ashore to see the fleet, and I was in the command, and after the job was closed up we were all put aboard a transport and sailed on our way. On the 15th of January I landed in Nantucket with money in my pocket and a year to tell that the Stone Armada was in the water, and I know they will tell you there about the Stone Armada."

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

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## COMMENT

Beginning with the issue of August 1913, Mr. NORMAN HARLAN will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

### Taking Our Bearings Again

The proposed tariff bill is still coming along at a slower pace than one could wish, but in other respects her progress continues reassuring. For one thing, it is still unconsciously straight for the port originally announced. There has been no loss of her true bearings, and she steers true to the compass and the mark. Better still, she has passed substantially undisturbed some of the worst framed points in her course.

Speaking plainly, it is no small thing that the bill, having got through the House committee, the House caucus, the House itself, and the Senate committee, and being at this writing in the Senate caucus, remains indistinctly what it was meant to be, a Democratic and decidedly law-true measure. It has only two stages and a half to go, and nobody can contend that its character or intent is seriously altered. Granted that there may still be danger ahead, particularly in the Senate floor, this is the main element that its present state is bound to evoke even from fair-minded opponents.

Nat that the changes have been all important; some of them have been quite important, and there are naturally two opinions about them. None of the bodies concerned has so far succeeded to exercise its rights in the matter of amendment. But one can't help feeling uneasy here that in this instance amendments may continue not to mean anything like constitutional or radical alterations.

On the part of the friends of the measure, criticism may be content to limit itself to urging a little more speed—and not to urge even that violently or angrily.

### A Big Job That We Must Start To Do It

The Park Board is strongly interested. That is a fact to be borne in mind for those of us who would like most to see its long wish come true. There is plenty of work cut out for us.

No such can be inferred by the defeat which, for the first time since his leadership began, Mr. FURNESSE met in the Democratic caucus when he presented a budget policy to keep appropriations in bounds. No matter how inferred, too, without attributing all the opposition to mere jealousy for pork. The plan presented would necessarily have somewhat curtailed the powers of the various appropriations committees, always jealously guarded. It may have seemed not the best budget plan, and there may have been gentlemen who doubt the wisdom of budgeting altogether. Members in caucus may have voted against it primarily for one or more of those reasons.

Still, their votes nevertheless indicate the difficulty of any real reform in appropriations, since it is hard to conceive of any effective plan to keep them in bounds and make them businesslike than would not be budgetary, and that would not restrain the separate committees, and it is also doubtful if any budget plan would meet fewer objections in the House than this one, which originated there and may, perhaps, be regarded as a sort of House substitute for Presidential proposal.

Perhaps Mr. FURNESSE may be more successful with some fairer caucus. The Speaker, it appears, is standing by him. Or perhaps a more acceptable plan still be worked out. In any case, the fight for reform simply cannot be abandoned. The evil is now too widely understood and condemned. It is too plain that the party in power, which almost invariably has promised economy, refers too much by a system which keeps its leaders powerless to reform its pledge against the selfishness of individual Congressmen of all parties.

### The President and the Bad "Rider"

The President signed the Sundry Civil bill with the "rider" that appropriated \$300,000 for certain specified expenses of the Department of Justice, and stipulated that none of this money should be used to prosecute labor-unions or farmers' organizations under the Sherman law. The "Times" takes this action of the President hard. It says:

Physical weakness is probable, but such moral weakness as the President exhibits in signing the Sundry Civil bill "rider" shows other failings than those of weakness. Mr. Wilson's explanation—that it was an expedient to better one thing or thought he could make that that only brightens the discredit. There is national distrust of a man who can command an act of justice, the appropriation bill with the "rider" was bad, it was wholly bad, and no plan in extension can serve as a shield against the executive's mistake.

He contends that the law shall be unapplied retroactively, he permits Congress to control his will and his act. Where there still, he tells Congress that he will about it of its intent by using other funds for the prosecution of labor-unions and farmer organizations. It was not the purpose of the lawmakers. By this enactment Congress declared a policy, and by writing his assenting signature the President becomes a party to that declaration. If the "rider" is not a "rider" it was not a "rider" at all, an avowal. Yet he accuses the country that he will make this new law which constitute him to the nation of old law, backing legislation by then blurring into a double offending. It strips himself even of the excuse of expediency, for in proclaiming his purpose to see for these provisions after fault in them, the issue specifically stated by him by rule his act of his prospective utility as a step to organized labor and the farmers.

The "Times" seems to have mislaid its faculty of discernment. To scold is the privilege of a newspaper, but to scold effectively it is necessary to see intelligently. Let us see what President Wilson said about this matter:

I have signed this bill because I can do so without in any way limiting the opportunity of the power of the Department of Justice to prosecute violators of the law, by whatsoever committed.

If I could have anticipated from the vote of the bill the item which authorized the expenditure by the Department of Justice of a special sum of \$300,000 for the prosecution of violators of the Sherman law, I should have voted that item, because it places upon the expenditure a limitation which is, in my opinion, unobjectionable in character and principle. That I could not regard it.

I do not understand that the limitation was included as either an amendment or an interpolation in the Sundry Civil law, but merely as an expression of the opinion of the Congress—a very important opinion, backed by an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives and a large majority of the Senate. I should have voted that item, because it places upon the expenditure a limitation which is, in my opinion, unobjectionable in character and principle. That I could not regard it.

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The "Times" and the President are agreed that the item they discuss is bad. The "Times" says the President "consents that the law shall be unapplied retroactively" and "permits Congress to control his will and act." The President answers the country that notwithstanding the "rider"

there is plenty of money to enforce the law lawfully, and that it will be so enforced. Why it is a "worse of all" for the President to tell the country that he does not intend to be governed by the "principles" of Congress in instituting prosecutions under the Anti-Trust law we do not see, but the "Times" is so bold, and it declares that by his signature the President made himself a party to a policy of Congress which, over his signature, he absolutely repudiates, and finally that he played bad politics.

Well, will. We judge that the trouble with the "Times" in this matter is that it started out with the notion that Mr. Wilson was playing politics about that "rider." We guess that is not so; and that the truth is that the "rider" at first sight did not look quite so bad to the President as it should have looked, and that, seeing that it was an unaffiliated provision, anyway, he agreed to sign the bill with it in, and felt constrained to abide by that agreement even after his opinion of the "rider" had become considerably worse.

If the trouble was that he did not begin in time to kill the "rider," that was, it seems to us, a mistake that is not inexcusable in a beginning President, new to his duties, and with a vast number of different matters to understand and decide.

And though that "rider" is something that Congress ought to be minded of, and that the President admits that he is ashamed of, for the life of us we cannot see how, under all the circumstances, it can do harm.

### Good Motive But Bad Law

Here is a contribution made by the Finance Committee of the Senate to the Un-American tariff bill so it came from the House. A paragraph of the bill is extended as follows:

No goods, wares, articles, and merchandise—except immediate products of agriculture, forests, and fisheries—manufactured wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor or children under fourteen years of age shall be entitled to entry at any of the ports of the United States and the impurities thereof is hereby prohibited. Any shipment consigned for entry at any of the ports of the United States of goods, wares, articles, and merchandise—except immediate products of agriculture, forests, and fisheries—manufactured in any foreign country, province, or dependency where the industrial employment of convicts or of children under fourteen years of age is not prohibited by law shall be accompanied by an affidavit of the shipper of such merchandise as his legal agent to the effect that the merchandise covered by the license has not been manufactured wholly or in part by convict labor or by children under fourteen years of age.

Why do our friends who wish to protect children from too much work at too early an age exercise such individual means to effect their humane purpose? It is quite hopeless to try by a tariff provision to force and shield labor and convict labor laws on all the rest of the world. When we can take care of our own family in the matter of child and convict labor—something we have as yet by no means succeeded in doing—it will be ample time for us to exact a like benevolence from other countries as the price of permission to trade with us. The provision above could not be carried out, and an attempt to carry it out would be quite as likely to do harm as good. And it would still leave our ports open to rubber gathered at cost of whatever mortality and torture, and to a thousand other products of unwholesome or unfelicitous methods. The way to regulate child-labor is by direct legislation. Most of the expedients that would accomplish it by indirect means are striking examples of bad law.

### The Sons of the Rich

The sons of the rich—arrogant, insolent, indolent, nervous, without self-control or self-respect—these are not only a nuisance to us, but they are a crime and a menace to the Republic. They rot out, neither do they spit, yet they rot the fat of the

lead. They are the parasites of civilization, drawing their nourishment not from the soil, but from the bodies of others. They are the propagators of communism; they are the creators of hatred between the classes and the nations.

It takes a thousand men to support every life of luxury. His house, his yard, his automobile, his table, his garden, his garden, his clothes, his wife, his chair, his diamonds, his fans, his race-horse, his golf-links—all these are supplied to him by slaves who labor only for their bread.

These slaves are not only the slaves of the poor; each one works more than a hundred families because by their extravagance they augment the cost of living, they set the strike and the lowering man both the houses.

Now Justice WHEAT, O. HOWARD, T. TOY, to the Troy High School Alumni on June 25th.

Tut, tut, Judge! Haven't you pitched it rather high! Don't you govern with somewhat too sweeping an inspiration?

Where do you find these life fellows? There are some, of course; but they speak of the sons of the rich as though they were all of a piece.

Well, who are rich sons hereabouts?

For one Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr; for another, Mr. J. P. MORAN; for another, Mr. VERNER AUSTIN; for another, Mr. HENRY H. HARRISMAN. Do you know these persons, Judge? The second, is he life, arrogant, insolent, useless? The second, is he? The third at least is trying to find duty and do it. The fourth is young yet, but was the laborious coach of the Yale crew.

Rich men's sons, Judge, vary much as poor men's sons do. What the first three do they depend on their birth and raising. Some of them are extremely valuable men; valuable enough to be worth considerable expense in upbringing. Money is a handicap in some respects, an advantage in others. There are plenty of pretty worthless rich people, and as yet who are not worth their keep, but we should say that the worst people hereabouts are not those who have money, but those who have not and will do anything to get it. One of the most dangerous disease society must cope with is money-hunger, and to that at least the rich are apt to be immune.

The talk that might be collected from Miss ELEANOR CLARE FRANK addressing strikers is much less becoming in a Supreme Court justice addressing the graduates of a high school. From a judge one expects discrimination.

**President Wilson Speaks Again**

It is still half unready to take pleasure in a President's message. These documents have been used so long as evidence tests for radiologists, lawyers, legraphers, typewriters, and readers of newspapers that one cannot be sure of what Wilson's brief discourses to Congress like a third man long used to "sifters" who is suddenly served with edible pie.

We guess everybody by this time, and especially everybody in Congress, must be pleased with Mr. Wilson's innovation of going over to the Capitol as saying that he has to try in good words with his own voice, and stopping as soon as he has said it. It is the way to do; the way, that is, for him. He is able to give the impression that what he is after is to discharge a duty and facilitate the transaction of important public business. That impression helps. Another President might be so skillful or so fortunate. He might give the impression that he had gone over to the Capitol to show off, and that would hurt. But even legislators who are ready to attribute valuable notices to Mr. Wilson's innovation must share gratefully the relief the innovation brings them, and get from it an effect of stimulation.

**Judge Chalmers**

Confession is being good for the soul, we admit difficultly in being so scandalized as seems suitable over Judge CHALMERS' case. The facts alleged against the judge correspond so precisely with the suppositions we have always entertained about the means used by the older Tammany managers to make their livings that we have to judge our consciences to make us feel a little disappointed. It was a good deal of time in the insurance investigations of years ago, when the courts were so much jockeyed up for doing what was usual and had been usual for years. When it was so, a certain conduct in this world, there is a great difference between what is generally held to be good and what can be put in a court of law. And really it is not a matter of Judge CHALMERS who is under investigation, but a little private inquiry candidate, it would seem, for a position in the system in which he is to be a prominent cog and in which he is to be a prominent

**Killing and Poisoning**

This morning, the "Times" has a story that the remark that RUFFALO'S people...

pos of President PUTNAM'S visit to England, was, whether or not he so desired it, a strong bid for a permanent stay with his administration for Mr. PUTNAM, we haven't yet quite understood why the author of "The Revolution" should be accounted only a possibility for the post, even under a Liberal ministry.

But we can't agree with the "Times" that KIRWAN has wasted his gift of "occasional" verse on a few unimportant occasions that recall far more important occasions that have evoked still better verse—even Elizabethan plays. It isn't a small thing that a President of France should come to England with such assurance of a truly national welcome as M. POINCARÉ had. Does it stand for less than HENRY the Eighth's visit to France, or for the welcome that FRANKS is on the Field of the Cloth of Gold?

We trust it stands for a better promised and more lasting friendship, anyhow. The Franco-English *entente* has lasted long enough already to prove its value to both countries and to Europe. It will not be lightly abandoned. And it is surely a pleasant thing to say, good these few days, or still better, as anybody can write about it. Consider, as KIRWAN does, the centuries of bloody hate it seeks to obliterate. According to Lord ALTON, when NANCY, with bowed head, was retreating from Waterloo, he was heard to say: "It has always been my duty to say, for the most remarkable fact of recent decades in Europe; for the stability of the Third Republic; for a real democracy in France—a democracy that goes deeper than institutions, into the people's thought and ideals, and which thus makes of the French, long the most military of peoples, continuous supporters of the cause of peace.

**An Instance**

Here is a little story from the news columns of the "Evening Post" of June 24: Two Italian school-boys, fifteen and sixteen years old, left their home on June 1st, to look for vacation work. They did not return. Their friends and relatives searched for them, and the police were asked to help.

It was not till June 24th that a friend of the family caught a glimpse of the younger girl at a window of the Thirtieth Street house. The police broke in and found her caked. Her captors had taken away the girl's clothing to prevent her from coming back. It was said that he had been held for a few days after their capture. She also explained that they had been hired to the place and that the man was the same man who had been seen, a year after, is supposed to be in the same plight at some other address, possibly out of the State.

**The Very Lizard was Arrested**

What will happen to GINSENG? When will it happen? Will the other girl be found? What will be the result of that, when such a paper as the "Post," stimulates interest very much in such articles as that of Mr. TUNNICLIFFE, in the WEEKLY of June 21st, on the ROCKEFELLER report.

There seems to be a good many extremely bad people about this town and this country nowadays, who will do anything for money, and who will not be hunted down and cut like hideous rats.

**Flying Boats**

There is a new wonder in the world—our world of wonders—the flying boat, that skims above the surface of the water, rising at its driver's will hundreds of feet in the air, and then swooping down again and on. It was told last week here one of these wonderful toys jumped over a Sound strait. Mr. OSCAR STRAT has been taken out in one of them, and had his picture in the paper. "Wonderful," he cried, "absolutely wonderful! Too fine to express in words. It is undoubtedly the sport of the future. I can tell you how secure the sport of the future we see out."

Very advanced world this is even now; and it is still moving at a good gallop. It is thirty-odd years since STEPHENSON said, "There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men." "Onward-looking" it was then; but "forward-looking" Mr. STRAT is. It has the horizon, but it has the character, too, of these flying boats against it now!

**With Decent**

SEVENSON, discoursing about admirals, speaks of all-time handships and narrow space on ship-board, and quotes from "Roderick Random" about the cruise, inclusive, six feet square, in which downy souls slip and submerge, and his

pipe, sang his Welsh songs, and swore his queer Welsh imprecations."

Weld is to be seen. MORAN is a sure-enough Welsh name, and presumably our late Mr. MORAN was of Welsh descent, though in all the pieces about him we don't remember to have seen it noted. But it was worth remarking, for the Welsh are Celts, and a mighty interesting species of that level, and have imagination, and are everywhere in the world, and in the States, and in the Cities are Roman Catholics, but the Welsh are mostly Protestants. The combination of Welshman and Conqueror Yankee, of which Mr. MORAN was an instance, is one in which vision and practical efficiency are well entitled to be joined.

Mr. MORAN was more attentive to his countrymen than to his country. He was a man who appears from the rising steps of Hartford to prospective impression as an art critic.

Mr. FRANK SANWYD said the other day in a letter to the Springfield "Republican":

At Hartford a week ago I examined the galleries and art collections of that city, which are increasing at a rapid rate, and I feel the most curious of Hartford know—and not all of them. Some of the best paintings of TITIAN, have long been in the Wadsworth collection. One of the most interesting of our colonial painters, is represented there (by the gift of FRANCIS SIMON) in his full-length portrait by LAWRENCE, one of Wren's own cathedral paintings—"The Kissing of Lazarus," which long hung in Wadsworth cathedral, for which it seems to have been painted. Mr. SIMON is expected at Hartford, and a fine marble memorial building is nearly ready for receiving them.

**After the Kiss of Good Feeling**

Of a truth these are strange times. The papers are full of thoughts and musings; SEAMAN and MORPHY, Mr. NIX and Mr. RICHMOND, LOREY pinching up LAURENCE, CHAMBERLAIN and CHILMAN, and all with tall headlines and endless exhortations of print. All this in June when the weather has been moderate! What will it be in the day-days!

**The South for the Japanese?**

A land agent, representing some of the California agents, recently inquired of Governor BROWN, of Georgia, whether that State's laws prohibited the ownership of land by its clients. Some of the Japanese themselves, not unreasonably, wanted to know also whether their coming would be checked by the laws of the Georgia. The Governor found there was no legal obstacle. He was silent on the other point. But the Charlotte "Observer," rightly remarking that it is quite as important as the matter of the law, is more outspoken. It is kinder to say, for it is experience. Southern people should dislike having Japanese colonies among them, they would be quickly forthcoming. Moreover, if it should be announced that a large part of the country, with cheaper good lands than the West, welcomed the Japanese, it would probably get them in considerable numbers. The "Observer" goes on, still very sensibly indeed:

What is the best? We would ask. They are too industrious, too frugal, too efficient as competitors. They would inspire us with new zeal for the Afro-American. . . . They are aside from their probable success, it would fit into our social scheme of things. Their position between the white and the black would not be pleasant for them, and it would be a troublesome problem to all concerned.

Elsewhere, the "Observer" dissolves for Southerners any dislike of the Japanese, but there can be little doubt that its understanding of the South's "social scheme of things" is entirely correct. To maintain a contrary view would be doing a service to anybody concerned, least of all to the Japanese themselves.

**On the Side Lines**

It must seem almost incredible to our Mayor that there could be so likely an exchange as that between STUBBS and MURPHY, and be not in it.

**The End of a Good Beginning**

ERICK GUSTAFSON MARTIN, who died the other day, was a man of pleasantness, hardly defensible, but very real and effective, with which other Southern names than his will be more widely associated. It was the movement, following Reconstruction, to make a long stricken land a full partaker of the last there is in modern life. He fought for it in the pulpit, then on the platform and with the pen, and ten years ago he will have been . . . . However, came a long illness, and the favorite gradual being held. But he will remain our citizen by his fellow-workers and perhaps also a few of the millions to whom the strength of his young method was, as the world goes, too . . . . surely depicted.

## Are We What We Think?

It is an old maxim of the philosophers that a man is what he thinks also. Even his world is shaped in by his capacity to conceive it.

"As what he sees is  
So have his thoughts been."

In the recent repetition by AVONDA of the truth older than Seneca's proverb.

Yet is a man what he thinks? Is his whole life and his value to the world what his thoughts also are? There is a modern tendency not so much to belittle the mere thinking process as to lay the chief stress on what a man feels, what he comes to by his feelings; by his intuitions; by his unreasoned, but not unreasoned, habit, post-training, and tradition. A man is a complex atom, and if he is what he thinks, he is a good deal more. This helps to account for the startling difference between a man's thoughts and his conduct. And what vast divergences there are between theory and conduct! Often they contradict each other with a life-and-death rudeness fairly astounding. One sees the great reformer, the friend of the downtrodden and the poor, merciless to his own writers. There is the man who despises this world and the things of the world, carefully hoarding his fortune. And who has not seen the fragile, sheltered daughter of the rich and confident dominion and the capable, independent officer of the sea who believes the chief obligation of a girl should be in-keeping and the pleasing of a husband? It is a shocking gap that lies between theoretic principles and actual practical application.

A man is not just philosophy to the contrary—after all, not what he thinks. Have we not known men who eagerly and defiantly denied an intelligent Creator of the world, an upholder of an ethical standard in life, who felt moved reverently among the fables, gods and reprobates, as if the all-wise Elys were never out of their consciousness? And do we not know leaders of the world with the same of will and duty even as their lips barely utter the words as soon as the words are spoken, who feel in silence? The theory may be accepted, but it does not compel action. It is a mere dead thought, unproductive of anything but words. The girl believes that a man thinks and what he thinks is what he does, and she looks to the observer. If a given theory of life results in no complaint, conflict, why take note of the theory? The most convincing thing in the world is a self-fulfilling word; hence being who says what he says and what he does. After all, the only test of a theory or a system of thought after the pragmatic method—how does it connect with conduct and with thought?

There are in fact to face with a new difficulty, for the same theory results in totally different standards of conduct. The real test that a man is not necessarily what he thinks, but that behind what he thinks lie the compelling power of the habits of his ancestors, the quality of his mind, the value of the words and looks, the gestures and vestments, of his whole environment; the tone of mind of his acquaintances, and the quality of heart of his friends. He is not only what he thinks; he is not even only what his environment thinks; he is what he has done in the past and all the present, and occasionally or otherwise, not the least little spark of living anywhere but after his growth and reaction upon life. It is this old story of old and noble thrown in the track but the stress must be made.

"Identity," thought LEXIE, "is just your chain of activities." But a man is more than that, and he is as much made of what he does not know as what he does. Just as an oak may be made up of seeds handed down to him from generations he has never seen or thought of, so his identity and mode of reaction are given him from lives of which he has an conscious knowledge.

Indeed, even as we look as we see, we largely, we think as we must. There are all these in the world, fewer than ever, but still too many, to whom any change of method or new idea remains a personal injury. They are might as well be a mountain beyond past. There are those who look unthinkingly toward any and every future, provided only it furnish change, because the remembered past has been intolerable. And so we have the comfortable conservatism and the suffering radicalism of the man at release. The extent and power of our thought is conditioned by everything that has happened since the world began. And in despite of this we believe each man to be responsible for creating a new creature in an open universe. In each of us there is some the deposit of the *divine mind* which may escape improving conditions and go forth to twist and curl and mold the incipient matter of life into an art.

It is when a man comes to a very adequate consciousness of his chains of where and how they lie, that he can loosen the fetters and begin to think more freely. Then he takes his birthright in hand and forces from it more consciousness than the dead past allowed.

That freedom entails first is understanding as well as one can what the twilight is, and what its powers and defects. It is a freedom of identity and consciousness only with things. To do this, one must speak a deeper and profounder vision of being than that of mere conscious thought. He must track his relations further than conscious thought will carry.

Just as his past brings him more than he can ever give account of, so does his freedom stretch beyond his grasp. In a dark, agonizing, hidden region he must seek to find true power. Out of the depths he becomes a new creature. Having gathered and arranged and indubitably all the possible data of his consciousness, he must plunge beneath to find all the words of his speaking, even beyond his vision. Thus the spirit inherits its own and becomes a free, romantic adventurer, making new worlds from the material at hand.

The further that toward the body are at last loosened and destructive. Only the stretch and the earth and the beauty of the inward landscape can give man peace. And this landscape is not all composed of thought. There goes to its making, feeling and the objects of its thought. The outlook into the infinite is half blind intuition.

There has been published recently a pretty tale—fictions or otherwise of the greatest financier of these times, slipping away from his office to an empty chapel to rest and sing alone. He had all the materials that life could give, and, finding them insufficient, he sought a treasure elsewhere.

Whatever life offers, it is he who stands through the half-hour of thought, his feet at the end of the horizon, and his hand at the end of his creation.

To the end of time men will roll up out of the depths to find the answer greater than their own thought. L. C. W.

## Correspondence

## SCHOOLS AND READING

WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

ST. LOUIS.—"Children's Reading," an article appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY for Saturday, May 1st, has several interesting points which are unique in opinion since from my own experience, having been in the business of the *Book Store*. This age is so near an age of low reading than any other preceding one. The children in the past who loved to read, and who in the childhood of the present have ample opportunity to do so. It is in the early years of my schooling that I see all the pleasure I have had in reading the old books of the old world. I had not been made to read aloud in class one or two of the best books I could not have known what it would be like to read.

The child has only to desire for more knowledge and it will be given him. Each school that I attended had a splendid library, and every Friday books were given out to those who wanted them. As we received a great deal, we could not carry away many books with us; so it was the school library that furnished the best reading and many a young child, who had been given the taste for good literature and wanted none.

I am, sir,

NANCY GORDON JONES.

## THE HARBEST BATTLE OF ALL

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

ST. LOUIS.—I have read the battle of Antietam in your paper.

It is quite popular to abuse McClellan for Lee's escape. But what are the facts?

By a captured report of Lee's few days before the battle it showed Lee had about 50,000 men. (See McClellan's report.)

It is ridiculous to say that the rebels had only 10,000 engaged at the moment—McClellan's 70,000.

If he had only 10,000 men, how could he have lost 43,000 men—If so many—to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania when he started?

McClellan did wonder in a short time.

He took the worn and defeated troops of the Army of the Potomac and sent them to the front on the march between Washington and Frederick, Maryland, created a new army, not well fed, not well drilled, not well shod. There was not time between Pope's defeat and McClellan's advance to properly feed, clothe and shoe the Union army. They needed rest, food, and could not get it. In fact, McClellan had a great deal of ammunition at the battle field at the Burnside bridge a heavy battery was firing dead cartridges instead of shell and shot, having run out of the latter.

Lee's army at Antietam was the strongest and best army he ever had, and he had plenty of men on every part of the field; and in the afternoon of the 17th he had the very best of Jackson's army at Harper's Ferry; and further, Lee's advance and retreat in the First Maryland campaign was the most wonderful of any he has accomplished except in the last days of the war, thanks to McClellan.

McClellan advanced in the open field, while Lee was in the woods and he took the men to the front and discharge one in hand many times each circumstance. Lee made blunders, too. He had blown up the bridge over his front and delayed the march by sending a strong force to the front. McClellan had taken days for McClellan to cross Antietam Creek, which he did, with Lee opposing, in one day after the latter.

Any one knows that Lee would have been an awful fool to start an aggressive campaign into an enemy's

country with an army of 70,000 or 80,000 opposing him, with 40,000 men; and every one knows Lee was not Lee.

The writer was in Antietam fight from eight o'clock the night before, all day of the 17th, all of the 18th, and all of the 19th, and he saw the whole of the battle on the firing line. Without a cup of coffee or anything else, until the morning of the 18th, he was brought up to the Antietam; and his regiment has never done in the Antietam National Cemetery than any regiment engaged in that fight. It lost thirty-one men. An illustrated paper published at the time that the boys of the Antietam charge were on every line were lost.

I am, sir,

JAMES BEAVER,  
A printer of the Ninth New York Regiment (Regulars Army).

BRUCE

SACRAMENTO, CA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

ST. LOUIS.—In an editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 31 I noticed your reference to "that unwarlike homophile commonwealth" (meaning California). I am also where you say Roosevelt says "the need of moving tranquility with tranquility" in dealing with California.

The editorial is full of misapprehension, misjudgments, and misstatements concerning the Japanese problem in California.

Do you not think the indignation is rather with you and not with the Japanese, who are treated not as though California is a mighty god and that you are the god?

We in California do not consider that we understand your New York problems as you do. And we are content to let you make your own way for your own good, although several of them are intruded in their course.

Had you New York with a disposition and a healthy of sympathy that might be irritating are it not as intensely fallacious—before us like a high school exercise repeating his lies.

Take a friendly tip: Either come to us in California and see for yourself that of which you show you are deeply ignorant, or else counsel that ignorance from your own desk. You are not to be discussing the Japanese problem in California.

For every editorial you publish upon the subject you are the dealer of you are the dealer of a river boat southward exposing the mud banks of the Sacramento.

I am, sir,

CHARLES McCLARNEY.

## MONEY AND MARRIAGE

MINNESOTA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

ST. LOUIS.—A genuine church publication gives up a half-page of its valuable space to the recumbent of American girls trading their ribbons for poverty-stricken foreign girls, forgetting entirely that there is far more marrying for money both by men and women, but more especially by women, than by men; to better their condition than sell themselves and their fortunes for the glittering baubles of society. Indeed, it is doubtful if the girl who marries for money is not in the more deplorable condition of the two; to marry for money is a crime anywhere; to marry for money in this country, it is a crime, and it is a crime, and it is worse than a crime; it is sissy. It is literally only two generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves.

The man who is poor today may be rich to-morrow; and the man who is rich today is pretty sure to be poor to-morrow, especially if he has inherited the money. It is hardly the match to which a marrying a girl may have her choice between whether she will be poor and wear home-made frocks and rub the streets with her own sweat and tears, or be rich and clothed in imported fancy and ride in automobiles in middle life, or whether she will have inherited a fortune, money for her own use, and be pined for the price of groceries in middle life.

It takes the poor and industrious young man, with a determination to get there and some talent, about thirty years to accumulate sufficient money to be regarded as well-to-do, and a splendidly inherited but idle young man, with a considerable fortune, and three or four wives, and their life is also. At the time they were married neither Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Morgan was getting old, and each had only \$10,000 a year income; neither would the most prosperous men of your immediate acquaintance, but many of them who are getting old, and each has a fortune. This also is to be said against writing for a man to have as income sufficient to support an establishment before marrying him. It is very hard to make a fortune, money for her own use, and her own who eats herself off from being her husband's clerk the latter has missed the most interesting experience that life offers.

I am, sir,

M. L. F.

## INFORMATION

PASADENA, MEX.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

ST. LOUIS.—In your issue of June 7th you refer to the "Iron Ore" as a trade paper, in the reference being that it is not in the business industry.

This is not so. It is a general news paper published over a year. It is called the "Iron Ore" because it is published in Lakewood, a town in which there are a few iron mines.

I am, sir,



AUSTIN DOBSON

*From a Sonnet*  
 In after days when grasses high  
 O'erstep the moor where I shall  
 lie,  
 Though ill or well the world  
 adjust  
 My slender claim to honour'd  
 dust,  
 I shall not question nor reply.  
 Austin Dobson

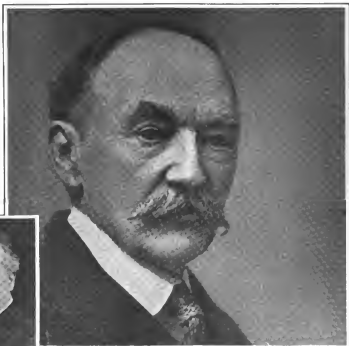


*Comes from "The Ship"*

JOHN MASEFIELD

*From "The Ship"*  
 They are grander things than all the art  
 of towns,  
 Their tests are tempests and the sea that  
 drowns.  
 They are my country's line, her great art  
 done  
 By strong brains labouring on the thought  
 of men.  
 They mark our passage as a race of men.  
 Earth will not see such ships as those  
 again.

John Masefield



THOMAS HARDY

*From "The Poet"*  
 I towered far, and lo! I stood within  
 The presence of the Lord Most High,  
 Sent thither by the sun of earth, to win  
 Some answer to their cry.

"The Earth, say'st thou? The Human race?  
 By me created? And its lot?  
 Nay: I have no remembrance of such place,  
 Such world I fashioned not."

Thomas Hardy

## POETS WHO ARE FOR THE ENGLISH



WILLIAM WATSON

*From the "Old to New"*  
 Let me go forth, and see  
 The overflowing sun  
 With one wise friend, or one  
 More than wise, being fair.  
 William Watson



ALICE MEYNELL

From "The Lady of the Lake"  
 She walks—the lady of my delight—  
 A shepherdess of sheep.  
 Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them  
 white;

She guards them from the steep.  
 She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
 And folds them in for sleep.

Alice Meynell



STEPHEN PHILLIPS

From "Clare in Fife"  
 Give me again great life! To  
 dare, to enjoy,  
 To explore, never to tire, to be  
 alive,

And full of blood, and young,  
 to risk, to love!  
 The bright glory of after-battle  
 wine,

The flushed recounting faces, the  
 stern hum  
 Of hurished armies, thrill of  
 unknown men!

Stephen Phillips



RUDYARD KIPLING

From the "Barraband"  
 God of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The captains and the kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient sentinel,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Rudyard Kipling



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ALFRED NOYES

From "A Walk at St. Helena"  
 I think that he is sweet a kug whose mind  
 Is short God's in power and in desire  
 Both to create and order, and the thought  
 Seemed like a clue in those old days...

Alfred Noyes

## TALKED OF LAUREATESHIP

# THE INITIATIVE AND THE REFERENDUM

## From the Standpoint of Political Science

BY HENRY JONES FORD

Professor of Politics, Princeton University

"The world's best & broadest field is in the  
New England."  
You can't get an eye on the lot.  
And play it in the  
"For the People of the United States,  
of the County of Albany, and of the State  
of New York, do hereby certify that  
this is true to the best of my knowledge and  
belief."  
From the "History of the State" by Wendell Phillips

THE idea in a suggestion of the fitness of things which we must have in mind to see if their proper setting the new instruments of rule to which the people are resorting. Kipling shows and holds that, abstractly considered, the basis is superior to the plan, the folk, or the organ, but only that it is handy when they are unavailable. If this distinction is grasped, readers will disagree with Wendell Phillips on a university president discharged the initiative and the referendum, while as a statesman he now recommends them. In the case even he had in mind general values in the abstract, particular needs. These two points of view will serve to clarify opinion. Those who approach the subject from the historical standpoint are apt to regard the initiative and referendum as dangerous tools of factious; while those who approach the subject from the standpoint of practical conservatism in existing circumstances are apt to regard them as useful appliances for present use. In the current nomenclature of politics, the one side is usually conservative, the other is progressive. Much may be said upon both sides.

### The Conservative View

AN argument advanced on the conservative side is that the means to which the people are now resorting would have wrecked the future. The idea of the fathers was formed in the period of ancient democracies whose experience of direct legislation exhibited it as the road to ruin. Democratic government through means since developed, opponent of the nineteenth century, and the type was unknown to the fathers. Hence a brand and deep suspicion was made before the initiative and referendum could be proposed—a distinction still occasionally visible in judicial opinion. The reasons explained are that the means to be used—a government in which the scheme of representation takes place. Therefore the new government was to be regarded as a thing quite alien to the ideas with the ancient democracies in which the government was subject to the immediate direction of the people. Such democracies have ever since experienced instability and confusion, but have never been forced incompatible with personal severity or the rights of property and, in general, have as about in their lives as they have ever known in their history. He declared that "the true distinction between these and the American governments lies in the total exclusion of the people of the collective capacity from any share in the latter."

Thus it appears that the distrust of democracy that permeates the writings of the fathers was based on ancient and medieval experience. Nowhere was there any system of democratic competitors. Switzerland—some a striking example of the economy and efficiency of democratic government and the great source of inspiration to the direct legislative movement in this country—figured in the "Federalist" as a divided territory.

At that period De Laune's "Constitution of England" ranked as a book authority. The author—a lawyer and publicist of Geneva, and the individual trouble of his own country led him to write his treatise advocating the superiority of the English system of representative government to the latter. The citizens of Geneva had been "stripped of all their political rights, and had little more left to them than the pleasure of their own consciences, and the assembly they met." At the same time, he concludes them with having "governed their liberty more than the laws have ever been able to do in the other commonwealths of Switzerland."

The new view of Swiss political institutions is adopted in John Adams' "The American State Constitutions," published in 1787. The attitude of popular sentiment at this period is indicated by Schiller in his youthful dramatic production, "The Robbers," in which one of the characters refers to the Gracian as "an Athens of Switzerland."

The notion that Swiss politics were corrupt continued to prevail, and it was not until the Gracian in which the referendum was compulsory on all acts and engagements of the government. Cuvier's "Switzerland," the standard history of the country in the middle of the nineteenth century, speaks of the extraordinary prevalence of bribery and corruption in the Gracian. His Gracian, however, is the Gracian published in 1842, taking a similar view of Swiss politics. The apparent failure of Swiss democratic institutions was the subject of a book by the one country of a noted writer of the best of English critics of American "New System" which ended his "History of the Continent" with the

declaration that he should visit America for light upon the problem whether the faults of the Swiss form of government could be remedied. In his volumes, "History in America," in six volumes, the publication of which began in 1829.

The political institutions of Switzerland for good government has been established since the adoption of the federal constitution of 1848, introducing representative government of a peculiarly high and refined character.

Although the reputation of Switzerland in now somewhat in our political institutions, the day of her institutions, the earliest approach is not yet filled from the apparatus of direct legislation which Switzerland has retained and systematized as adjuncts of her system of representative government. Instead of attributing to them the excellence of Swiss government, some students of political institutions are inclined to regard them as the drops of poison which, whose virtues qualify has been nearly all extracted, but which are a hindrance rather than a help to the system.

President Lowell, in his "Government and Parties in Continental Europe," makes a detailed survey of the history of the initiative and referendum in Switzerland, and he concludes that "the idea of the right of everybody to take part in public affairs by proposing laws for the good of the country has it has not proved of value."

Professor Wilson, in his standard manual of political science, "The State," remarks:

"The initiative has been very little used, having given place in practice, for the most part to the referendum, which has been employed and not proposed either progress or enlightenment, leading rather to doubtful experiments and to reactionary dispositions of reaction than to really sound legislation."

As for the referendum, he says:

"The vote upon such measures submitted in the United States is not so high, there is not much popular discussion, and the referendum by no means creates that quick interest in affairs that its originators had hoped to see it excite. It has failed the sense of responsibility among the people, and in fact quickening the people to the exercise of any real control of affairs."

These quotations are not agreed as to the value of these institutions, and it is noticeable that those who approve them do so not so much on the basis of their own political theory as on their actual operation. It is manifest that they are a break rather than a driving wheel, or, using the illustration of American politics, they are stand-pat rather than progressive agencies.

It is to be expected that any kind of the referendum, which characterizes the initiative and the Liberal party opposes it as a hindrance to popular rule expressed through representative institutions. It is not the other way about in this country. The issue of progress or democracy for the institution, and conservative opposes it. This striking difference is due to the fact that we do not have responsible government in this country.

Woodrow Wilson put the case exactly in his speech at Kansas City, May 5, when he said:

"If we had that we had genuine representative government in our State legislatures no one would propose the initiative and referendum in America. It is proposed in this country because of the defective features of direct legislation, and of the defects in Swiss we do it, and yet favor it in this country as a political agency for present use."

### The Progressive View

TO view a right the new political forms now being introduced is aid of democratic progress, they are not to be regarded as a thing quite alien to the ideas with the ancient democracies in which the government was subject to the immediate direction of the people. We have to do with a political situation favorable to defects in our constitutional organization, which the initiative and referendum are proposed to remedy. The American state was corrupt and impugned from the start, and this was the principal cause of the rapid progress of the federal movement that is the characteristic of our constitutional history.

Such an achievement as setting up a workable national constitution by agreement is no act of the most ordinary kind, but it has been accomplished and the mirror disappears when the actual situation is surveyed, and the fathers are now working like obedient slaves to repair the defects, guard their values, and set the crew under control.

The debates of the constitutional convention give evidence of the fact that they were not the obedient slaves under such as the breakdown of discipline, as shown in the behavior of the States. Mercey of Maryland in the Federal Convention of 1787, in the words when he remarked that they had to protect the people "against these speculative legislators which are now prevailing throughout the United States."

The progress of the convention leaders to apply the oath was very marked. Hamilton's motion was adopted, and the convention was dissolved. Madison's motion was that the federal government should have "a negative in all cases"

whatever, on the legislative acts of the States, as the King of Great Britain before him, and the inability of the laws was such an immense evil that "it would be well to provide as your constitution that three shall sit on the bench between the executing a bill and passing it."

But as the convention went on with its work, the federal leaders found that the king did not get what they wanted, but had to take what they could get, and what was attained, did not receive recognition in State action.

Madison took his failure rather hard. Even in the midst of the campaign to carry New York for the constitution, he had occasion to declare that the people "will never be satisfied till some remedy be applied to the vices and inconveniences which characterize the State administrations."

Madison was not alone in this view. The people have tried various remedies in vain, and have concluded that the political institutions which affect them are unworkable, and that the only hope of relief lies in taking the extreme of authority in their own hands.

In their search for an off-land remedy for the ills of their State administrations, the American people, from 1789 down to 1902, explored 217 distinct State constitutions. It is difficult to keep count of constitutional amendments, their being so general official record; but it appears that in the decade 1890-1900, there were 100 amendments. In 1902, were proposed, of which 217 were accepted. In California alone 17 constitutional amendments were adopted between 1892 and 1902.

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The progressive contention is that the initiative and referendum are to be valued, not upon their own merits, but upon the ground of the improvement of the present unworkable. Talking about the superior advantages of representative government in an abstract way, the corrupt nature of the system is unnoticed. Even a critic so friendly in his attitude and so moderate in his opinions as Ambassador James Bryce is found to use terms as "Swiss pool" and a "Wicked" method of juggling, shoring, and prostitution of political power" in discussing the initiative and referendum. In the latest edition of "The American Commonwealth," he says that he finds no reason for any marked change in judgment, but that the corrupt nature of the system first made public more than twenty years ago. The general situation is much the same, "the fathers working for good and evil having not greatly changed."

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1. They avoid inequalities of legislative apportionment.

2. They escape legislative abstraction to constitutional amendments.

3. They provide means of political action apart from those controlled by special interests and free from the worst entanglements of the legislative committee system.

4. They provide for more careful legislation.

5. They clear the way for a reorganization of public authority.

6. They clear the way for a reorganization of public authority.

THE English view of the actual tendencies of our State politics from representative government that not one of those points could be used in Canada, Switzerland, and America. It is to be expected that any kind of the referendum, which characterizes the initiative and the Liberal party opposes it as a hindrance to popular rule expressed through representative institutions. It is not the other way about in this country. The issue of progress or democracy for the institution, and conservative opposes it. This striking difference is due to the fact that we do not have responsible government in this country.

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(Continued on page 26)

AN  
INTERESTING  
EXAMPLE  
OF  
AMERICAN  
PORTRAITURE



Dr. WILLIAM JAMES MAYO  
AND  
Dr. CHARLES HORACE MAYO  
OF ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

Painted by  
LOUIS BETTS





# THE TOSS-UP

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. N. MARCHAND

**I**NTO the stagnant heat of the "Bald Eagle," right at the door's edge—heat that roared beyond even the fevered probability of the poker-players and fattened the leverage to incursive liquid—fell the mangled stranger. Like a bolt from the blue.

Just how he came, or whence, he could tell! A groan, a gasp, a flapping shingle, a creak of the swinging back door, and there he was. A skeleton of a man, bronch-battered, overhung with rags, powdered with dust which had oozed on here and there and stopped his bloodshot eyes—eyes that lagged and blinked, half blind, whitey terrible. Into his matted hair he thrust his fingers; he sweated a moment, then, "On an empty gassy-stomach, flattened into a chair, fell he down across a table, gasped, "Water!" and thereafter grew very still.

One moment, no response. Two chairs scraped, seats craned, men crowded toward him; and, over all, rose the voice of Buck Dawson:

"Water—hell! Hey, Bo, a slug of Fire-X! Jump!"

But, as Bo Squires, behind the bar, stood rooted, Buck's own jaw snapped up a long-sworded, sloped four fingers into a V-shaped plane, and (just a second later, as Chato Andrew's pulled back the stranger's head) erupted if down the bloodshot throat. Some of the stuff trickled through the man's beard and dripped off upon his neck, long about.

Gripping, lapping beads wide and wide of sweat, the devil's rated again. Two or three in the crowd tried to hold him up, but Chato interposed:

"As, drop him, you first-hand pistol!" he belted angrily. "Kain! you all see as how his phant' wined! Let him rest, you, of he 'erts ho. Why—back at 'em!"

Starting, he pointed with a nerve-like leverage at the floor beside the stranger's right foot. There, slowly oozing, spread a trickle of black ink blood. They saw that the man's head was all sudden and awry, with a bullet-hole obliquely through the middle. His fingers-knives were torn as if from crawling far, far, over rocks and mud. His hands were just four most articulated riveness—nails were down to the quick, fingers stripped of their skin.

"Sore-bless! her water, where 'lar wa'n't none!" squeaked the voice of old Pop Haddock. "What in Tophet has he went 'g'n'?"

Chato whipped out a seven-inch blade and slit the cloth, exposing the lip of a ghastly tear in the flesh of his high up on the calf—a wound cleanly squared with a hand of slicing that had slipped just off.

"Something like a committal oath of consecration—snapped the gag.

"'In he ain't bind to death yit!" narrowed Dexter, of Tree Fren. "Well, darned if he ain't got 'y-tality! Reminds me of a certain fellow."

"Here, but 'em 'er 'em 'er 'em!" Chato interrupted. A moment later he was kneeling to bind the gap. "Check another gargo into him, some an'!" he commanded.

Shorty McGroth tried to avenge, but the stranger, getting a grip on the table-edge, shook his ghastly head. They heard his breath rattle. "I owe his law, while 'er a clem's under his mouth of dirt.

Still blood-sweating, he leaned around. Then a swirl of smoke cracked his prominent lips, and he held up one hand as if for silence.

Shaking, it fell again and with it the hand.

"What—what do—?" he whispered. "It was hardly even a whisper; yet not a prancer in his

Bald Eagle but heard his every syllable. "Heys, what day is—this?"

Black answered; then Chato answered:

"Friday, May."

The stranger shook his head again.

"There where days are—I left him," they heard his mutter. Then, louder:

"Where am I?"

"Bald Eagle, at Howell's."

"Howell's? Then I must be—went north. Didn't ought—?"

His voice tailed off to nothing, though his lips still moved.

McGroth brought his glass to the numbling mouth. The stranger blinked.

"No, no!" he objected. "Water—that's all!"

"Not him some—of you-all but and may!" cried Chato. "As will—grace the devil's granted the luke-warm slip that Squires shoved across the bar to McGroth."

"No more!" he repeated, as he continued haltingly.

"A—? What fert?"

"Why, to string—me!"

Dexter's voice was the only one that audibly gave vent to the universal stupefaction.

"Big show!" judged Dawson, behind his palm, to Shorty.

The stranger, blinking, trying to lick his lips with a longer all swollen and cracked, squeaked:

"A card? Yes, that's what—I said. Broken that's what I—lived 't' git here—fer!"

It must have been a full minute by the tin abstract clock back of the bar before anybody seemed to find to speak. Down dropped the stranger's head again. He lay there motionless, wheezing slowly, his hands still gripping the table.

Round him the crew now ranged themselves, staring blankly. Chato rapped the blindest note that had given him his Grover machine. Pop Haddock belched his long, masculine. Shorty leaned an elbow on the table, and, his left hand on his vertebrae-battered hip, stared at the man point-blank with wide eyes.

The other, such in his own way, tried to digest that astonishing phenomenon. Then out of the stillness rose Squires' judgment:

"I've and 'em took 'most every way, by Judge Priest! but this sort o' bug has got me skum!"

And on his hand, close-cropped skull his knuckles tapped out his opinion:

"The stranger moved again. Into his forehead he thrust his fingers and whirled a little life.

"No, not buggy," he thought again. "It was hardly even a whisper; yet not a prancer in his

lim miles. Know what I'm a-sayin'. It's right, too. Strang I'd ought to be, an' mind to be—what's left o' me to string. Huh? Don't you git me 'sral? With a bone-rubber phant' strumme beside a me? Listen!"

**T**HEY listened, hushed into tension. But for a time the stranger brought no words to utterance. He just sat there at the table, swinging a little from side to side, hands baling fast, eyes blearing. The blood-pool at his feet started and creaked. His face, beneath the beard and dirt, had gone the color of soggy pie-crust.

Pop Haddock made as if to stir him in the ribs, but Chato stayed the old man's hand.

"Cut that!" he warned. "Kain! you-all let him tell it the way he 'erts ho! We'll git it soon enough! Ah—"

Breaking the silence where no head only the deep breathing of the punchers and the tick-tack of the impertinent clock, the stranger blurted in a raw, hoarse, inhuman voice:

"There was him an' me. Just as two—sawry? Jackson. That was him, I'm Hyerson. Sam Hyerson—yes, an' Sam K."

A sort of wailing murmur hummed into audibility. Two or three of the men glanced at one another. And Buck Dawson, peering into the stranger's face, let his hat drop upon the table with a indifferent impatience.

"Sam K. Hyerson, the wounded man went on.

"An' I ain't a-goin' to let nobody tie my bag up, nobody, hell! What 'd be the use, when I'm done through with her? Sam K, I reckon you-all have heard o' me, down here south of the Gila. Mobbe some of you 'erts even see me, though you wouldn't recognize 'em no more. No matter."

He leaped.

"He ain't!" growled Buck.

"Huh?"

"How is hell 'd you ever git here, hey?"

"Oh, that? Hey, I dropped the bar a spell back."



"I goes fer to hit Tomaso, an' hits my own self. Ain't that a joke, hey?"

(Continued on page 22)





### THREE BUILDINGS—THREE CENTURIES

**P**ROBABLY nowhere else in the United States is there such an interesting juxtaposition of buildings as that of St. Paul's Chapel, the Post Office, and the Woolworth Building in New York City. The scene reproduced herewith is familiar enough to thousands of New-Yorkers and visitors to the metropolis, but few many have considered that there are three unusual relations not only shared by the Church, the State, and Business, but also represent, respectively, the past three centuries in the history of the city and the nation.

St. Paul's Chapel, the oldest church building in the metropolis, fittingly represents the eighteenth century. Completed during the Siting Act settlement of 1743-44, it has been a place of calm in the midst of turbulent ever since. President Washington and Governor Clinton, marshaling within its walls, enjoyed temporary respite from affairs of state, while, in all the years since, countless thousands of busier

persons, retiring momentarily from the rush and roar of the great city without, have been rested and sustained by a few minutes spent in this quiet sanctuary or among the historic graves in its churchyard.

The Post Office—or Federal Building—stands for the nineteenth century, in that it was completed in 1811; but many would not regard it as really typical of the architecture of that period. New-Yorkers are not particularly proud of this \$10,000,000 pile of mixed Doric and Ionic architecture, and it need be admitted that it is not, strictly speaking, a work of art. It occupies what used to be the southern point of the once beautiful City Hall Park, its massive bulk cutting off what formerly was a fine vista up lower Broadway to the splendid old City Hall. But there is talk of tearing down the "big, costly, and conspicuous" Post Office, and restoring the park to a measure of its pristine beauty as a civic center. Then the City Hall, which is considered an architectural gem, would be the more suitable repre-

sentative of the nineteenth century in this interesting group.

The Woolworth Building, just completed this year, will represent the present burgeoning century. Towering 106 feet above the street, it is the highest structure ever reared by the hand of man, save only the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Twenty-eight high-speed elevators are required to handle the traffic of its fifty-two stories. The owner of this \$11,000,000 property, Mr. F. W. Woolworth, began his business career as a clerk in a small up-State city a little over thirty years ago. To-day he is at the head of a company controlling a chain of about one hundred department stores, which prosper because they help the masses to buy economically in these times of the high cost of living.

Thus the Woolworth Building may be regarded as a vast monument to Thrift and to the opportunity which is another name for America in this glorious twentieth century.

I. D. MATTHEWSON.

# NOT PROVEN

## A Famous Scotch Criminal Case

BY  
MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BERGER

**I**n the long roll of murder mysteries, the case of Madeleine Smith need always take a conspicuous place on account of its intense romantic interest. Some features of the story would seem absolutely incredible if we did not know there is no doubt. But to what purpose does all the evidence converge? Was Madeleine guilty, or not guilty, of poisoning her lover? Or must we, as the jury themselves did, give up the riddle and return a verdict of "not proven?"

Small wonder that for long weeks nothing aroused such interest throughout the British Empire as the fate of this lovely and accomplished girl. If guilty, she had proved herself capable of planning and of carrying out one of the coolest, most deliberate, and fiercest murders ever accomplished, while her victim had ever been the object of her devoted love.

Details of the story might well have made it difficult of discussion in an ordinary literary circle, especially in the pros and Victorian age. Yet it burst through the conventionalities of eyes that pruned. All over Scotland, in particular, gently nurtured girls heart and pruned each night, in an agony of anticipation, that Madeleine Smith might be acquitted of the awful charge brought against her.

The greatest legal authority of that day declared that "never in a criminal case were the chances of condemnation and acquittal more evenly balanced." Yet so great was the dominant fascination and charm of the youthful prisoner that during her trial she received no fewer than seventeen genuine offers of marriage!

And when at last, after a most careful trial, the elderly humane Scottish verdict of "Not proven" was returned it was received with a mad outbreak of cheering all in the courtroom, while outside, among the tens of thousands who had assembled to hear it, hundreds burst into rapturous cries of joy, beyond the confines of the city in which she dwelt.



"He spoke to her, only to be spurned with proper dignity"

for her exceptional beauty, her vivacity, and her charm of manner. His was of moderate height and especially graceful; he was large, deep blue eyes were shaded by long lashes and her whole being emanated an air of aristocratic instinct with health and the joy of life.

The mother's eyes rested very tenderly on her child, for Madeleine was about to leave the home nest—in fact, the date of her wedding had been fixed the day before.

Her parents were delighted at the marriage, for their prospective son-in-law, William Minnoch, was not only prosperous in business, but he was also a man of character to whom they could with confidence intrust their beloved child.

The whole household was in a joyful happy state, and that perhaps was why Mr. James Smith came in and out of the drawing-room so often that day, addressing kindly words to his wife and giving fondly to the young daughter who was so soon to leave him.

As her parents' glances rested on Madeleine, they could not but have noted an unusual side look-alike with a young foreigner named L'Angelier. Madeleine had shown herself a good, dutiful daughter on that occasion, for she had certainly been more or less in love—in so far as a child of seventeen can be in love—with Leslie L'Angelier. Mr. Smith ever recalled the words of the letter which Madeleine had written to the not very nice woman—a certain Miss Perry—who had acted as go-between and confidante in that unresolvable love-affair:

"My men will not give me consent and I am to stay here in this house. Can you do anything for me? I had hoped to go to have been happy with him, but she was not to be disappointed. I hope and want to see her sooner. I am going to leave the country, if it would have seemed, that my men to have met her. They are not to be disappointed. My father to study, and a kind letter too."

Yes, in the eyes of her fond parents Madeleine had behaved very well ever that matter-of-fact, in a way that might serve as an example to every rebellious daughter, and while they were thinking of this, the door bell rang.

"A visitor, my dear," said Mr. Smith, and, next-like, hastily left the room. A moment later Miss Perry, the very woman who played her questionable part in Madeleine's love-affair, was shown in.

Mother and daughter glanced at each other. They could well have spoken with a voice this afternoon, and particularly with this visitor. Madeleine, indeed, looked a little troubled.



"Through the empty lamp-lit streets she crept quietly:"

They were but slightly acquainted with Miss Perry, and their only association with her was not pleasant; but they provided her easily.

After a few moments of aimless talk, the visitor (continued):

"Mrs. Smith, I had a serious reason for coming here this afternoon, or I would not have troubled you with a call. I feel that you and Madeleine ought to know that Leslie L'Angelier is dead. He died last night, very suddenly, having sent me a message to say he was ill and desired for me to see him. But when I reached his lodgings he had already passed away."

There was a moment's pause. Then Mrs. Smith expressed her regret at the news. Madeleine flushed deeply, but did not seem very deeply affected. And Miss Perry, in some confusion, rose and stiffly took her leave.

The news was characteristic. All three ladies in the painful circumstance showed a true Scotch reserve, and as a word was spoken of past events, she let us look into their hearts. Mrs. Smith, though rather shocked at her own feeling, could not help being glad that L'Angelier was dead. The episode of his love-affair with her daughter had caused the only rash that had ever passed between herself and her elder daughter.

And Madeleine? What were her feelings on learning the bad news? Whatever secret was hidden behind these lovely, downcast blue eyes, we may suppose that she was only remembering that L'Angelier had truly loved her.

As for Miss Perry—well, she, it is clear, was seized with her more sinister feelings of pain and distress, and her stiff behavior showed us clearly as the pharisaical speech how indignant she was at the outbreak of both.

It is to be noted that Miss Perry lingered for a moment in the entrance-hall of Mr. James Smith's comfortable house, wondering whether Madeleine would rise out after her to learn something more of the pitiful end of her erstwhile lover. And so she thus lingered. Miss Perry wondered indifferently whether she ought to tell the girl that certain letters had been found among the dead man's belongings. But Madeleine Smith remained upstairs with her mother, and on at last the door of No. 7 Blythswood Square closed behind the unwelcome guest.

THE rest of the afternoon whiffed itself away in lonely meetings. The family—consisting of five heavy men and daughters—met at the evening meal, attended family prayers, read by Mr. James Smith, and later had one another good night and went to bed. Madeleine, and the little sister who slept with her, retired to the various half-bathrooms room where, by the young girl's own wish, she had always slept since the Smiths moved into their new house.

Next morning, at the eight o'clock when still dark, Madeleine got up, indignantly dressed herself, and slipped out of the house, talking with her only a





**VAUDEVILLE INVADDED BY THE NOBILITY**  
 LAST COUNTESS STEWART-RICHARDSON HAS BEEN APPEARING ON THE VARIETY STAGE IN NEW YORK IN A SERIES OF ECCENTRIC DANCES



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**PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT**

WHILE BOON, GIVING HER IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA AND AMERICANS AS OBSERVED DURING HER RECENT VISIT HERE, WAS WITHDRAWN FROM PUBLICATION BY THE WIFE OF QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND



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**THE BIGGEST SHIP PASSING THE TALLEST BUILDING**

THE "IMPERATOR" STEAMING PAST THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING ON HER FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE. THE NEW HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINER IS 929 FEET LONG, WHILE THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING TOWERS 700 FEET ABOVE THE STREET LEVEL. THE SHIP HAS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 2425 PASSENGERS, BESIDES CARRYING A CREW OF 1100 MEN. SHE COVERED HER MAIDEN TRIP IN SIX DAYS FIVE HOURS AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES



**WAGING WAR IN AUTOMOBILES**

THE NEW ARMORED MOTOR-CAR RECENTLY ADOPTED BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT. SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING CONDUCTED WITH IT ON THE HILLS OF TRIESTE, AND THE MACHINES HAVE BEEN INSTALLED AS A PART OF THE REGULAR DEFENSE TRAIN



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**VINCENT ASTOR AND HIS NEW MOTOR BOAT**

MR. ASTOR HAS SEVERAL BOATS AND THIRTY AUTOMOBILES—SAILING AND MOTORING ARE HIS TWO FAVORITE PASTIMES



DOUGHERTY ON THE WITNESS-STAND

THE "GIBBY" ENGINEER OF THE WHEWEL EXPRESS ON THE NEW BAYN ROAD, TELLING HIS DEARBY STORY OF ACCIDENT THAT FAILED TO WORK, AND OF HIS INABILITY TO RECOVER THE ENGINE



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THE REMARKABLE ACCIDENT AT THE DERBY RACE

SNAP SHOT TAKEN AT THE MOMENT THAT EMILY DAYTON THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE, STOPPED THE KING'S HORSE, AMMER, SUFFERING INJURIES FROM WHICH SHE DIED A FEW DAYS LATER. ABOVE IS HARRY JONES, THE KING'S JOCKEY, WHO WAS ALSO PAINFULLY INJURED. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN WHILE HE WAS RETURNING TO LONDON SHORTLY AFTER THE ACCIDENT



"EVERY MAN HIS OWN CHAUFFEUR"

HARRY LAUDER, "THE WORLD'S MOST ECONOMICAL COMMISSIONER," BELIEVES THAT HALF THE PLEASURE IN MOTORING LIES IN DRIVING THE CAR HIMSELF



NEWPORT'S WOMEN POLICE

THE MAYOR OF NEWPORT HAS APPOINTED TWO WOMEN OFFICERS OF THE LAW. THEIR DUTIES WILL CONSIST CHIEFLY IN WATCHING UP AND DOWN THE BEACH, NATHAN FOR "MARRIERS"

# DANGEROUS DILEMMAS OF

# WILD ANIMAL TRAINERS

BY ELLEN VELVIN

One of the foremost experts in this country on the handling of wild animals in captivity is a woman, Ellen Velvin. Miss Velvin has visited and studied all the celebrated collections of wild animals in North and South America and in Europe. She has known the leading animal trainers of the world, and has experimented under them and observed their methods. In a highly specialized branch of animal psychology—the psychology of wild creatures in captivity and under taming—she has an equal.

In this issue of HUNTER'S WEEKLY, Miss Velvin gives a new series of articles, dealing with some of the most critical wild animal problems that have come within her experience.

AMONG the many varied and peculiar occupations of man to earn a living, that of a wild animal trainer is perhaps one of the most unique. He works in a field that is very other on the face of the earth; his hours are long and tedious; he lives in a constant state of excitement and nerve strain; and if he has the interests of his animals at heart—and in man ever makes a success of this peculiar calling unless his animals are never fatigued.

After a day of incessant activity—for trainers sometimes begin their rehearsals as early as four in the morning—he generally retires at about twelve o'clock at night, tired and weary. But at the slightest signal of an animal among his animals—and night is the restless time for the wild beasts of the forest—who is up and among them, with a light in his hand quelling them and making sure that everything is all right.

The majority of wild animal trainers take such keen interest in their animals that they search for them with delight the progress of each animal; and when, after weeks of incessant labor, the success of an "act" is secured, they are as proud as a man taking his degree at college.

Had a man such possess unusual qualities to succeed in this calling. The loss of a wild animal costs him, of course; but this is only a small item among the many other essentials. In the wild days it used to be considered that an animal trainer, or "handler" as they were then so erroneously called—for no wild animal is ever tamed—must be a rough, strong, and somewhat brutal individual, in order to obtain any sort of control over the wild beasts.

## Quiet Men Make the Best Trainers

**B**IT at the present time this idea has been discarded entirely. It has been proved that those who have the greatest power and control over wild animals are the quiet, reserved, and good-tempered people. A man first, in the first place, have capacity to control over himself, and must possess a placid disposition. A man who gets excited is worthless as a trainer. Nervous commentators think it wild animals in a most remarkable manner, and one of the great factors in training is to calm, not excite.

Physical agility is also absolutely necessary—not a quick, nervous agility, for this the animal would not understand, but an agility that consists in quick,

quiet movements and a lightning-like appreciation of the animals' varied moods and movements. Strength and good health, patience and plenty of nerve, are other essential qualities.

There are, of course, certain rules and methods of training wild animals; but, generally speaking, each trainer has his own peculiar ways and tricks of breaking them. What will succeed with some animals will not succeed with others. Each man must go his own way and do as he thinks best; and this is why it is sometimes so puzzling to the general public to realize all that the greatest men.

As lions always played a prominent part in the exhibitions of the ancients, so at the present time they are, perhaps, among the most interesting of all the performing wild animals. The largest group of lions ever trained to perform together were the twenty-seven trained by Captain Benarria, which were exhibited in all parts of the world. Captain Benarria is one of the greatest trainers I have ever seen. Calm, placid, self-possessed, he would walk about among this herd of lions, speaking to one, touching up another who perhaps did not seem inclined to do as he was told, compelling a third by quiet insistence to mount his pedestal, making a fourth more sure by to show a good pose, etc.

## Benarria Disciplines a Refractory Lion

**H**E lives in Richmond, Virginia, one day, teaching his lions a new trick. He thought he would give them one hour that morning, and another the next day, and so on. But, for some reason or other, one lion absolutely refused to do anything he was told. It is not always nice to force a lion when it is in this mood; but, having to do this, Benarria made him all get into certain positions, and then gave him attention to the disobedient animal.

For two solid hours the man and the lion did each other. The lion would refuse, with a snarl, growl a little, make a rush forward, and then stop suddenly before the solid figure of the trainer. Then he would walk round and round the arena in a dashing, shifty manner, with the trainer turned round and round him, making him until he must have been quite dizzy. After this, the lion would sit down on his haunches for a while. The same thing would happen again and again. But he would not get up on the pedestal, which was the only empty one in the arena.

Meanwhile, the other lions became tired of sitting on the pedestals. Some of them yawned, some began to get down. And now came the great danger. Any trainer is supreme master while he keeps on his feet, but once down he has no chance whatever. It is the signal for an immediate attack, and the trainer was now likely to be knocked down at any moment. When one lion gets down, all the others follow, and, moreover, it is impossible to touch one stubborn animal while twenty-six others are pawing round.

To give in now would have been fatal. So a signal was given, the arena doors were opened, and all the other lions were sent back to their different cages. Benarria himself going with them, leaving the lion alone in the arena. It was assumed to see the lion, as soon as he was alone, go up to the very pedestal which he had so obstinately refused to mount, and smile it carefully. As he smiled he growled. Then he walked round the arena, went up a second time to the pedestal, and smiled it again. After this he sat down, settled his head comfortably on his huge paws, and was half asleep when the trainer returned.

The same thing was repeated with the same results. The lion began to get excited and angry—he had not been punished in any way, but he was evidently tired of it; while the trainer was white and trembling. At last the lion lay down again, and then suddenly, without the least sign of relaxation, got slowly up, stretched himself, walked over to the pedestal and mounted it! There was no more trouble after this. He went to his cage like a lamb, and the next day, when told to mount, got up instantly, looking for a way into the distance in that indifferent manner, as if all lions have.

## The End of the Dark with Frightened Lions

**T**HE man was with this very lion—Merriman—that I once had such a terrible experience not long ago. While putting his lion back, after a performance, the electric lights suddenly went out.

I was then in the narrow passage in total darkness—no lions. He was at the extreme end where there was no exit. As the other performers were still going on, the noise and confusion among the audience can be imagined. It was quite useless. Therefore, to call or shout for help, as no one would have heard him. This was one of the most terrible moments I ever had—called and had no one



A dangerous act—putting a lioness where she can spring. This is one of the least showy and most dreaded parts of the performance.

was Mervine in the very act of springing! But the sudden brilliance of light, another crack of the club on his nose, and a peremptory order from his trainer, so realized the lion that he turned round and went into his cage like a tame dog. With a supreme effort, Bonavita put the other lions in their cages, but was felled soon afterward by a trainer at the entrance of the ring, in a swoon. The strain and effort had been too much even for him. It was considered by all the other trainers that he owed his life entirely to his wonderful power of mind and his cool, quiet behavior.

*Terror—versus Lions*  
*Fight at rehearsal*

AT another time Bonavita had been smiling all his lions through a rehearsal, when one of the lions suddenly appeared to discover that a strange lion had been



CAPTAIN. I whipped at it afterward.

Leopards are always unwilling performers, but their agility and intelligence enable them to achieve remarkable results.

heard his cries, I doubt whether any man could have been found brave or hardy enough to venture in a dark passage with a number of frightened wild beasts.

Fortunately, Bonavita had his club with him, and this he kept swinging in a circle in front of him. He could hear, even in the midst of the confusion outside, the heavy breathing of the lions, and knew instinctively that one was moving toward him. When the club suddenly came in contact with something and a roar followed, he knew that he had hit a lion, and that the lion meant here been very close.

He dared not stop swinging the club for a moment, although his arms ached and he was getting exhausted. But when he struck the lion a second time, and actually felt himself knocked by a paw, he determined to keep at it until he dropped. The danger was, however, that the lion would spring upon him. In this case nothing could have saved him, for the weight of the lion would have thrown him down. When he had become dizzy from the strain and the constant swinging of the club, the lights suddenly came on again, and there



**CAPTAIN BONAVITA, THE "QUIET" TRAINER**

Bonavita's specialty is the handling of large groups of lions—he has exhibited as many as twenty across in one act. Although he lost his right hand in one encounter with a lion, he is still one of the most skilled trainers in the world, owing his success to his extraordinary tact with animals.

in the arena just before, (All lions are heartily jealous, especially of a newcomer.) The lion stopped his performance, got off his pedestal, went over to the corner, and snarled suspiciously. He ordered another lion to go over and see what he was snarling at.

The first lion promptly turned round and hit the second. Next lion in line, lion number five, retreated just as promptly, and before any one could realize what was happening, the whole lot had pined in and were fighting as fiercely and viciously as if they were in their native state. The trainer was in danger of his life every moment. He was likely to be knocked down and trampled upon; he was just as likely to be bitten and clawed as any of the lions, not to mention being lashed across the face with the hard, rough tails of the animals, which give terrific blows.

Without a moment's hesitation, he began to climb and jump over the backs of the animals. More than once he nearly lost his footing; but he knew it was a matter of life and death, and, as so many times before, he saved his life by his quiet self-possession and pluck. He managed to reach the top of the back of the lion, and once safely on the edge of the ring there was nothing to do but to hit the lion right in the center of his forehead.

And right it out they did, and a most sorry-looking sight they presented the next day, with swelling skins and torn heads and noses, many of them had blinded from the swellings of their eyes. But they had relieved their feelings, and after that quieted down, and as soon as their wounds healed they became as good performers as before. It is a curious fact that lions generally have a good fight among themselves after an excess of rage, and no matter how much they may have been, they always appear to become more comfortable and contented afterward.

A curious incident in Bonavita's training of lions is that of J. Lion, a trainer who performed with seven lions at the New York Hippodrome a short time ago. The lions belonged to the family of Lincoln, and were big, well-developed animals. But all through

he set the trainer lashed his heavy whip, making it crack harshly, pulled the lions about (not hitting them, however), and generally made an excellent performance.

*A Lady Who Feeds Her Lions by Hand*

MRS. CLAIR BELLOT, although handsome and graceful as still to her lions, always attended at them. Never did she in any performance treat them gently. She had a high, pleasant voice, but to keep up these somewhat shrill notes all through her performance, as it were, she had a great strain on her. She explained it to me by saying that they could not hear her otherwise, while the band was playing.

And yet, downstairs, when she was talking to them, she spoke in the softest of tones, and patted them continually. She never allowed any one to feed them, but herself, and let them actually take the meat out of her hands. It was a most dangerous and risky thing to do, and she gave it to them in very small pieces, and sweetening that it had been warmed by just the right temperature—the sometimes grew very be-



One of the most difficult feats is to teach an elephant to stand on its head.



It took Mile. Albany three years to train the only trick donkey in the world.

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# BROADVIEW—A BOYS' COMMONWEALTH

BY

ELIZABETH HUNTER AND ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

The new school-boys

IN the autumn of 1910 Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, received a deputation from a commonwealth of which he had never heard before; and although that deputation consisted of a Governor, in a Cabinet Minister, a Comptroller, and two distinguished private citizens, only the Governor was more than seventeen years old. Nevertheless, Sir Wilfrid, being a Frenchman and a statesman, betrayed an surprise. As his visitors were introduced in turn, he received them with all the deference that the great State owes to the small one.

Here is the dialogue:  
"Albert Jod, Comptroller."  
"Mr. Jod, this is indeed a privilege!"  
"Harold Stroh, Minister of Finance."  
"Your visit, Mr. Stroh, places Ottawa under an immense obligation."  
"Minister of Athletics! In this hour I learn what the newspapers have been endeavoring to truth for the last twenty years. What the Canadian, what every modern country, needs in a Minister of Athletics!"

"And were more the Premier of Canada congratulated the Governor of Broadview upon being the head of a commonwealth so progressive, so truly representative, so manfully inspired."  
For its beginning, all this goes back ten years to the day when a certain big, beaming Canadian master printer, Christopher Joseph Allison by name, battered himself with nineteen thousand dollar mortgage, and gained possession of a small estate in a thickly populated quarter of Toronto known as Broadview, with Broadview Avenue for the main thoroughfare. Riverside, according to the Inspector of Public Schools, had more boys in the area than any district in the city, and a great deal more than its share of juvenile delinquency. Well, Allison had an instant for boys. For twenty-five years he had been working there in printing-office and Y. M. C. A. classes, in steam school and Provincial Reformatory. He had organized three hundred of them into a Boys' Brigade. He had studied theories in practice and in theory; and he had come at last to feel that he had hit upon a big and basic idea for getting hold of them, for keeping hold of them through the danger years in a boy's life, the years from twelve to eighteen—and for giving them in the mean time a kind of education which will fit his own life experience. Had taught him ought to be exceedingly good work. But a stern condition was the assumption of that thirteen-thousand-dollar mortgage. He assumed it. He finished told him that he was simply "a great big fool." He answered that it would be a satisfaction, anyway, to be big in something. And with gratefulness, a native and unswerving helpfulness, and a capital that people laughed at, he went ahead and started the "Broadview Boys' Institute."

The property covered by the mortgage consisted of a large house and five and a half acres of land. More than half of the land he turned into an athletic field. He made it a good one, for he wanted it to be a magnet for every sport-loving boy in the district. It very soon became so. But the athletic may be allowed to go in a short while. His accompanying motto was to make the house itself a second magnet by offering it as a meeting-place for all boys who had hobbies—books, birds, pigeons, garden, or games; boys who collect shells or coins, insects, curiosities, "specimens," naturally buttons or post-cards. The hall was arranged to be a "club" for all sorts, and to get them all. Then he divided it into four themselves into "hobby clubs," and made it appropriate name. A twelfth-century man-of-war he

covered everything—and, where it was necessary, an opportunity was given to wear this.

## Learning to Do by Doing

THE motto he had given his Institute was *Learn to do a thing, and be taught to make it a habit in the world in which the boy should, during his Institute hours—after work or school and in the evening—live the life of a boy in such a manner as to prepare him for the life of a man. The master printer believed that such hours could be made more absorbing, more engaging, for both mind and body than the hours of gang or street-work. And how far this "new way with boys," as he called it, was to be carried should not with the boys themselves. Meanwhile he went to work to leave these boys about in a whole series of "hobby frames."*

He still had an acre and a half or more of vacant land. He divided this into seventy-five ten-by-fifty-foot "farms." Every boy who leased a "farm"—actual horse farms were used—might plant and grow what he chose, and have the free disposal of all the produce raised. Of course, only seventy-two boys could be accommodated. "If you want to get boys into farming," he said, "make it hard for them to get in. Try to keep them out. Always have a waiting list." (It was not long since, by so doing, he had increased his Boys' Brigade membership from seventy to three hundred.) And those farms were taken immediately. When they were gone under way, he went back to organizing the Institute proper.

He had already been arranging for evening classes. Equipment called for more money. He still had a little of his, and his printing, continued by day-work continued, too, for the next five years—would always give him more, but not enough. "I had to begin to go around with the lot," he said; "I had to borrow."

And the master printer proceeded to borrow in the hard-earned way. He had to learn to beg was the hardest thing he ever had to do. But in that Broadview district there were a lot of wise people, and the boys who were getting to know him through their boys; and, joining to them regard to chess or chess, they provided the Institute with barometers. Fathers took hold of a child, and he had a good opportunity and planning and wiring. Wherever it was in any way possible, the boys were made to do the work themselves, and in some of these classes the boys did their own work. It was a great thing to see the boys at work, and the day when from the work of a twenty, book manual-training plan.

With this installed, teachers volunteered, and one by one these classes grew up. The first manual training training then was practical. That was something Allison had

well could teach; there were designing and lettering; typewriting and business correspondence; music; free-hand and mechanical drawing; wood-working and book-binding; domestic science, even cooking. In addition drawn in by hobby club and athletic field, more than three hundred boys met on a sign, and founder and leaders set themselves to make their classes interesting.

The printers to be were allowed to print score-cards and badges and team certificates. Music was made to turn the formation of a Broadview Band and Orchestra. There were also great prizes for the first wild flowers. At the manual training benches were gathered boys, games, book racks, specimen cabinets—all of which helped indirectly to their makers. "In our way," says the master printer, "a boy is as bad as a man. It's just about useless to try to get him to work for nothing."

## Cooking—by Lord Strathcona and Jimmy Fink

THE cooking classes, regarded at first by most of the boys as practically *infra dig*, were given their grip by a succession of irrepressibly desirable "Tuesday teas." They were prepared and served by the boys themselves, although under the direction of two women teachers from a big school of domestic science direction. And from talk-setting to public conversation, all was done as things are done in high society. In other words, every Tuesday tea was given a second value as a school of manners. When, a little later, Allison had occasion to talk at his Institute to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada in London, president of the Hudson Bay Company, and a great many other things, the Broadview crew invited to speak of these cooking classes. But they were exactly what caught the



The boys set out of doors under a big tent. Most of them know how to cook when the domestic science course was opened, three hundred boys put on caps



Every year a stream of boys from the manual-training class flows into Toronto's big printing and engraving plants, its machine and carpenter shops and piano factories

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the men had been previously convicted. But it was also proved that this man was serving in the army at the time. A week later, however, fingerprints were identified. It was found that he had been in and about the grounds of service of another, and that he had never been in the army.

This was something like a recent case in America, where for certain years a man gave himself out as a doctor. Upon our army and was sent to a Western United States penitentiary. His fingerprints were taken and he was found to be a deserter. There it was found that he had never been a United States soldier. Fingerprints revealed this man of fortune when he fell from a high window. The system has time and again proved itself so infallible that a writer of detective fiction, in a recent story, had no way in which to make a man appear to have the clever criminal out of his fingers and grow new ones by the ultra-modern methods of the new surgery.

**A Historic Finger-Print Case in India**

AMONG the historic finger-print cases in India was that of the manager of a brickyard in the Dabhoi district. He was found lying in bed, his throat cut, his despatch-box and rifle, and several hundred rupees had been carried away. The Indian police at once rounded up a number of suspects and they were taken to the brickyard, where it was thought that perhaps some of the coolies on the ground had murdered him. But, in looking over the ground, the police found suspicious blood-spots on the bricks.

Not to let any possibility escape, the relatives of a woman with whom the murdered man had had a liaison were arrested. She was taken to the brickyard, where he had been imprisoned for theft. Kingal Cusam, besides her, a wandering band of native musicians accompanied her. The woman, however, was eliminated the band of natives, the woman's relatives, and the coolies. Inquiry showed that the woman had been released recently and she had never been in the neighborhood. The coolies were interrogated, but the stains were of pigeon's blood from a hole that he had made.

As it happened that among the papers in the despatch-box was a calendar in lock form printed in London, it had a finger-hole cover, and on the cover two latent blood smudges appeared. Under the glass they were seen to be impressions of fingers, and the chemical examiner of the government demonstrated that they were of the same man who had murdered or an associate had placed his bloody thumb on the lock while hunting for the key to the safe. The murdered man's own blood the murderer signed the warrant for his own arrest. But who was the murderer, the cook or the servant?

The latter proved to be the murderer. He appealed to, and they looked through their classified finger-print records. The latent finger-prints corresponded with a record of the man who had been arrested on the basis of a chemical analysis made that the spots on the cook's clothes were really of pigeon's blood. Kingal was arrested because he was found to be a deserter in Calcutta. There his fingerprints were again taken. The prints on the book, in the police records, and those on the article were compared. It was found that there was a striking resemblance—established by Sir Edward Henry at over one million to one against him. The judges ordered Kingal to be kept in custody, but he properly, but held it unsafe to commit him to a prison, and he had seen the deed committed. To-day there would be no such likelihood.

**The Carpet in the Billiard-Room**

THE first case in Great Britain in which the evidence of finger-prints was solely relied on to convict a man occurred in 1902. A billiard-room in a house in Downside Hill had been broken into and robbed, and the thief had used part of a dust cover in which to carry off the stolen property. There was no clue, apparently, to the offender. But the dust was going to be sifted over the billiard-room, for that was the work of the window-fitters had been quite recently painted and was not yet dry. On this airy painted carpet they detected the marks of a man's feet. Sergeant Collins, one of the officers in charge of the records of fingerprints kept at Notland Yard, who had the special training in this matter, recognized and notified, and he immediately photographed the single print a slender thread, it would seem. Here were the fingerprints, and he was sure that he could identify the thief in a day, and he was.

Four nights later a burglary was perpetrated in Hever Hill, and there the dust-cover that had been taken from Downside Hill was left behind. It was not the same man, but the prints were of the same individual amounting to six hundred dollars were taken.

He had taken a long time to go through all the records on file, laboriously comparing the left thumb-print with those filed. Fortunately, it proved to be unnecessary. The police knew the kind of man who would have been likely to do such a job, and among those whom they investigated was a man named Harry Jackson. His prints were already on file. The moment he saw them he knew he had the right man. But Jackson could not be found in any of his regular haunts.

He was taken to the city morning, a noise was heard on the roof of a public house in Brighton. The constables were called, and a man was seen on the roof. He gave evidence that he had been on the roof of food that showed him to be a house-breaker. Other constables, and finally into a garden, he was followed by a policeman. He said that he had been on the roof.

So far the case had been ordinary enough. But it was novel in this respect—the single finger-print on a billiard-room carpet connected the man with two previous robberies. The man was taken to the police station with the fingerprint of the prisoner himself and the record on file. The three agreed absolutely.

But would the court accept such evidence? Would it go even as far as in the Kanglei case? There was evidence to establish identity of a kind never before made before a jury in an English criminal case. The man was a deserter, and he was a deserter. Nevertheless, the authorities went ahead and presented their evidence, photographs, and explanation of the case. The court did not seem to be at all surprised about a month later, in spite of the man's plea for leniency, he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. The man was a deserter, and he was a deserter. The first man had been convicted in England by means of finger-prints alone.

Other remarkable cases have occurred where fingerprints have identified and convicted criminals—impressions on plated ware, drinking-glasses, but the most famous was the case of a man who was charged in Birmingham was found to bear a finger print on a note left in London. Within a few minutes a burglary impression was found on the file, and the burglar was arrested the same day.

In another case two finger-prints on a wine glass identified a notorious criminal of a robbery at a West End house where he had passed long enough to help himself to a drink. A man who bearing a resemblance to the criminal was found in the cell, and his side arrested in Deptford. Two brothers suspected of the crime were arrested, and the fingerprints of the man who had been arrested were taken on the box. A curious case was that of a finger which it claimed a two-foot gate, but in attempting to do this he was arrested. The man was arrested, and he had been holding the splint on the top with his right hand. The ring on his little finger was so full that the finger from his hand. The ring and finger were found by the police, an impression was made which revealed a duplicate record, an life, and he was arrested.

**The "Candle Bagging"**

CHARING CROSS the mystery of the "candle bagging" was so called because he always had with him a tallow dip. This case involved the robbery of a house in Washington Square, New York, and the solution of the mystery rested on the fingerprints of the thief who stole a soap-bath. Captain Farrer, who has a memory for fingerprints better than most people have, was called in to identify the prints. He was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

While John H. Milburn, Jr., son of the noted corporation attorney, and his family were in Europe one day, a man came to their door and offered them a large sum of money. The man was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

One of the many cases with a queer little hand-manipulated found in that which involves about a cat and glass case-bank. Three years ago a house in Flat-bush, New York City, was robbed, and most of the contents were the dining-room were taken. A money-lift, freed from the cage, was flying about the room but found the things left behind was the bowl on the table. The man was arrested, and he was arrested.

"Why did you release the manny in that other case?" Farrer asked, who had been arrested and would see with the evidence against him. "Well," he replied slowly, realizing that the game was not to be played on the river itself, and I had to be very careful about it." So far, fingerprints had secured indictments and convictions after the criminal had confessed or confessed after the fact. In the case of a man who was arrested in New York, who offered in open court before a jury that he had been in the room on the night of a burglary on Waverley Street was not a glass print was removed from the dust in the room. The man was arrested, and he was arrested.

He had taken out the petty and looted the glass case on the wall, so as not to break it and attract attention. He was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

returned, and Crisp had gone to bed. The accused man fought vigorously, but he was not so strong as he was produced to court. But Captain Farrer's testimony was a sensational feature. Still the jury's verdict was a foregone conclusion. The man was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

**Finger-Prints on Objects Not Fide**

AT a rate fingerprinting objects are valuable, however, after a few days, and after hours. For instance, in one case the New York police found finger-prints on a safe that had been broken into. They found that the prints were of a man who had been arrested for a police record. At the trial his lawyer admitted the fingerprints for the sake of argument, but contended that the prints were not his, and he was arrested.

In one case an express package containing six thousand dollars was stolen. The thief had been arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

The man was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

**The Wide Use of Finger-Prints**

NEW YORK is probably the first city to use fingerprints in the case of minor charges. In that city they are now used in the night court for women. The man was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

The man was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.

The man was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested. He was arrested, and he was arrested.



"Hey, there! you feller in th' air-ship! Shit that cloud over my farm. I need rain"

## INTERLUDES

### FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

It is hardly yet time to vex ourselves over Dr. Hillis' prophecy that a hundred and fifty years hence our children will all be bald as a hilliard-bill, but we no reason why in this moment of calm we should not suggest as a measure of relief that when the time comes the manifest thing to do will be to get them a cure. As the editor of London "Punch" will probably say when he hears of the forecast, there will be the deuce to pay if something isn't done.

A Boston newspaper has for some time now been engaged in a commendable effort to ascertain "what is the moment job in the world." Frankly, we have no decided convictions on the subject, but we should say offhand that next to trying to live in New York on a Scholastic income, the moment job in the world would be trying to write an acceptable account of a baseball game with the style of a Henry James.

A German scientist tries to remark that a particle of water before evaporation has been in the ocean for 2,400 years. This may be an interesting item of general information, but the only perfection it inspires in us is the thought that if it is true it is no longer strange that sea-water should not be fresh.

A glance at certain modern sciences is convincing evidence that, however successful a scythes may be in imparting spiritual beauty to a homely face, all the graces from Pallas to Harpocrates have utterly unable to placify what some residents of the Hub still call "peasants." It is doubtful if Helen herself, with her elbow and a block of marble of the finest texture, could enter a mile of trousers that even a Cubist would regard as a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

It is said that King George of England and the Cur of Lincoln look so much alike that they can only be told apart by their uniforms. If this be true, King George will do well to devise all institutions from his imperial cousin to join him in a plunge in one of the old swimmer-baths of the latter's domain. It is possible even for a king to be higher!

The average cost of an A.R. at one of our leading Eastern universities has recently been shown by an authoritative figure to be \$4,720. This is some cost! King George is said to receive only a dollar a word for his writings, but here is an invention that costs in \$2,162 a letter!

### PLEASANTLY PUT

"Yes," said Senator Grapher, with a deep sigh, "I often years deeply for the joys of private life."  
"Well, by George, Senator," said one of his father-in-law's relatives, "Nobody deserves to be returned to them more than you do!"

### DOMESTIC ADVENTURES

"If I had known I was to marry you what finally," said Flinke ruefully, "I'd have wanted seven dollars on an engagement ring for you."  
"No!" said Mrs. Flinke coldly.  
"No," said Flinke, "I'd have bought a seventy-five cent belt big enough to circumnavigate the whole world."

### CONSISTENT

"Now, this car is so constructed," said the agent, "that it can't possibly fare turtle."  
"Well, I should say not!" said Flinke. "At the price you ask for it, it couldn't turn anything short of diamond-backed ferris-wool."

### HARD TIMES

"It's pretty hard making a living these days," sighed Haddock.  
"You bet it is," said Hithers. "Why, even the life-insurance people are getting to be careful. A fellow can't get more than thirty thousand dollars' insurance on a carpet-bag full of pennies and nickels!"

### A MARVEL

"I TELL you, that woman is a wonder," said the druggist, as Mr. Shoppage left the pharmacy.  
"How does she show it?" asked Silliers.  
"Why, she just bought a five-cent stamp, and asked me to be sure to deliver it at her house before twelve o'clock!" said the druggist.

### QUITE APPROPRIATE

"Have you heard my chauffeur during the summer?" asked the visitor of the rural husband. "Per-haps I ought to explain that he is a negro."  
"Was?" said the husband, reflectively. "I ain't never look reared people yit, but I guess—I suppose, 'cuz' in the death o' my brother Jim last spring, a few black boarders wouldn't be outta't?"

### CEPID À L'ANGLAISE

"Why, Capid," said Psyche, "what have you done with your bow and arrow?"  
"Thrown 'em away," said Capid. "I've joined the Suffragettes."  
"Oh, now!" protested Psyche. "Suffragettes are just as susceptible to love as any other women."  
"I know that," smiled Capid, "but they don't use bows and arrows—they use bricks."

### UNCLE SILAS' WISH

"I wish for goodness they'd hurry up an' settle this low question about whether I'm to keep the post-masterly or not," said Uncle Silas. "Hallelu! out this way as long as they live, how am I for know whether th' administration's gait' 'r be successful or not?"

### THE RECKONING

"How do you reckon these great profits in your vrenamery?" asked Digbes. "In the value of your plant?"  
"No," said the manager, with a grin. "We don't plant. We calculate our percentages on our gross savings."

### UNCONSCIOUS CONTENT

"The way of the transgressor is hard," said the Justice as he filed Haddock for exceeding the speed limit.  
"Not around here it ain't," protested Haddock. "I never saw such monkey roads in all my life."  
"Ten dollars extra for contempt o' court," said the Justice.  
"Why, I haven't said anything about you, Judge," protested Haddock.  
"Yes, yo' hev'," retorted the Justice. "The Road Commissioner here as well as Justice o' the Panes."

### CUMULATIVE WOE

"But I haven't got fifteen dollars," protested the victim of the law.  
"Oh, all right," said the Judge. "That hev' the case, we'll have to attach your car for fifty dollars now."  
"Fifty dollars more?" demanded the victim.  
"What's the authority for that?"  
"That's the penalty in this State for bringing short loaders to market," replied the Judge, with a sly wink at the Sheriff.



THE TOSS-UP

(Continued from page 20)

All ahead in—Jackman. His no' me-  
mories as 'em took up an' remembered  
that he' had bread, cooked, fried!  
An' starved! An' no water! Only them  
damn things—you savvy—blows an  
etch, here an' there an' elsewhere. An'  
tucker-tanachs, little specks of 'em,  
nites high jolt a-waitin', waitin'.

"Done an' his knees—savvy? 'Twas  
an' the hard bod' of the dry creek, ripplin'  
his milk off. 'Twas he'llin' like a load  
of wind against one land, an' he' tried  
to grab one of these little brown  
lizards out from behind a rock, 'cause,  
you see, we hadn't had one damn fly for  
nigh for weeks, I reckon.

"O you! Come here, you little  
sawd-gum! I need your' licks! Jack-  
man, awake! That lie, she ain't  
there. There!—"

DAWSON held a hand on the bowed  
shoulders.

"No here, pard," said he, "bees like  
there's a gap in your memory. But you  
thought in some stupor. Bimeby you  
tip, now, an' let's have it straight!"

"On a regular pent, a moment's ab-  
sence, 'em thinking in some stupor, an' led  
into a dumb grin. Then, at last—"

"Prospectin' with 'Jackman,'  
he whinnied. "See, where was I?"

"Headin' water," prompted McGrook.  
"Cut that out. Cut out 'heads an'  
water. We kin't do that. What's your  
pointed. How you got that last night?"

He pointed at the wadded log. "'An'  
Jackman, where he' jumped the wreck."  
Then silence again.

"Must he' erowed here, I reckon," he  
said, "regardless. This tangible rock  
lies cleared an' strolled him. "Why,  
yes, sure!" he affirmed. "I sure did  
mean that that must be been after I  
went for to shoot Tansie an' hit myself.  
'Cause, you see—"

"Which should kin' impudently, de-  
spite that's growin' prohibition."  
"See, now! You took it, pard!" he  
quoted, peevishly. "Here—take this?"

"An' you're the glass. This time the gambler accepted it  
eagerly.

"Why, I am skippin' to it," he pro-  
tested. "You see, that's the burro, see?  
Well, after an' an' her bones—Jackman—  
broken his neck in the end, you see  
savvy—an' strikes out—'cause, you see,  
Tansie can't carry no load—"

"We gitt load, 'Tansie an' no dead,"  
he went on, after a pause. "Load me,  
Tansie. Pretty soon I ain't stand it no  
longer. I think, an' pull up you."

"No, 'Tansie," says he, "you got load  
in you, an' I'm a-goin' to have some.  
It's wet, anyhow."

"No! I should. But things is ripen-  
in, an' you'd no' mind like that—  
dumb me if I don't play my own will  
through the hole in the sky. An' that's  
a joke, hey?" he chuckled into a laugh.

"I was for to hit Tansie, an' hit my  
own."

"Well," he went on in a dead voice,  
with slapping intentions, "well, after  
that, I povers away some considerable.  
Next thing, there's that abandoned of a  
burro ripin' away at my legs with her  
tailer teeth, an' she's no' dead. I kin  
shoot her five times—five, that's all—  
before I drops her. Now, ain't that good?"

"What happened?" insisted McGrook,  
looking at the man's expression. "I gitt  
you savvy—your' his bones—well—  
an' ain't pinto for no new black burro—  
no, not loads no' skin. It's you 'n'  
me, an' you kin't do it. You kin't do it  
at all. Savvy that? How come you to  
get the critter, an' not me?"

THEY looked around to think for a  
moment, holding himself silent.  
"Well," he replied at last, "I said  
flesh sound through his party skin."  
"No, ain't I told you that yet?" Well,  
say! "An' that's what I come for!"  
"—"

The assembled partners allowed cheer.  
"There was Jackman down on his  
knees, an' rememberin' that I had  
here was a little brown lizard, back of a  
stone, no-fashion. Well—now, say, I don't  
think that I ever had any of 'em. I  
see, pard. After that, 'er see, Jackman  
was in, me, says he—"

"—"

"—"

"—"

"—"

"—"

"—"

IS the maker solid? You  
need to know that, now,  
before you buy a car. For  
the day of reckoning in the  
automobile industry is  
here. Witness the sudden  
changes in plans, methods,  
models, and prices—heavy  
stock offerings—reorgani-  
zations—big loans—fail-  
ures, more than 25 in the  
past year. Excessive over-  
heads and super-expanded  
plants, extravagances, and  
mushroom methods are

coming home to roost. Already several well-known  
makers have failed, and cars of good reputation have  
disappeared from the market.

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not a good investment. Neither is an automobile  
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car owners, and sustaining the commercial value  
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"Well, then, which one is it, an' ap-  
pear to be? Had better the question."

"You go, 'Savvy,' says he to me.  
"You're younger 'n' what I be. You your  
outside sense. Take the devil an' sell  
your freight," says he. "I'll stay."

"No, Winton's not," says he. "Winton's not  
it that's-way. This year has got to be  
done proper an' all—down—down right."  
I bet, all that, then, says he, "well,  
well, well. You see why I act for that  
these rigs. Listen!"

"We're a-listenin'!"  
"Keep right on." This year has got  
to be done right, says he. "I takes a  
quarter out of my pocket. A quarter,  
you savvy? One what I'd had a long,  
long time. You bet I had!"

"Flop for R?" says he.  
"Jackman, he nods."  
"First got no two out of three?"  
"Two out of three," says he.

"He's lookin' mighty bad, Jackman,  
an' he's troublein' when he says that."  
"You too an' I'll hold my eye, I an'  
bonds him the quarter. He dips her like  
his hand, G. K."

"I've the 'n' Slicker's to the end,  
an' she done she spoke into the wind."  
"Heads, says I, an' so it was. Jack-  
man, he smiles back, an' pishes up."

"Tally!" I calls her, an' I mean, (O,  
you, I look real time, an' sure enough,  
well—"

"W. I sorry, this time you kin't do  
no—"

and everything that was  
there. She sent money  
and those were

# CAUTION

## Read Carefully.

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ought to know about what's happening in the auto-  
mobile industry: sent only to car owners and those  
intending to buy. Ask for Book No. 15.

## WINTON SIX

only barely make no sound of all, but  
some power! Well, then—"

THEY view of the narrator died down  
in smiling. "That and Pop Hadlock  
spilled another drink into his, surreis-  
ing, and after a little while he went  
along."

"There was a little brown lizard, you  
savvy. Both of us tried for 'er look him,  
but—"

"But the old man interrupted with  
"See, now, that varmint, you, an' give  
us the third one-up, kin't you?"

"Oh, say, I told you that already,  
didn't I, 'bout that there prolessioner  
pinto? Evens so, says he. Where was  
it? 'Tansie' says—that's it. Well, then,  
Jackman spins her the third time, an'  
down she comes."

"The stronger stopped short. All went  
kin, the horse became lethal.  
"Squires' turned out." An' it was?"

"Why, for sure? Why wouldn't it be?  
Heads it was, all right, all right. So then  
me an' Tansie holded. Jackman, he set  
it over."

A long pause. Then spoke McGrook:  
"Well, says, that was sure rough-  
handed it was, but I told you kin't always  
be helped in these ver-ports. Our friend  
was sure to be a-sufferin' from a case of  
infamous constipation. I think he'd done  
acted plain justifiable, an' I sure used  
well exercises his. Ay, body differe?"

As he looked the wounded man. By the  
table he stood, his lips whitened into a  
sordid laugh, his eyes glazed and wild.

"Tucker-bugs," he croaked. "Tiber-  
an'—an'—pickin' away. An'—her's a whack  
—down—!"

Into his pocket he fumbled a pulsed  
head, arranging the white. Out he lobbed  
a coin.

"Look, you all!" he shouted, an' it  
with a last gasp of breath, and down  
the coin so high that it clicked against  
the ceiling-panels.

THEN he fell, knocking the table over.  
The glass spanged into shivers. In  
the hallway, some one slipped a foot  
down on the ground, and fell, an' sprang  
over the floor. And, ever before Mc-  
Grook and Chain had lifted the body, a  
fly went up.

"Gawd's sake! Look! Look a  
year!"

On to the bar, close beside where they  
had laid the organist, Hadlock slipped  
the counter.

"Heads!" queried Squires. He turned it  
over.

"Heads again! Heads! Both sides!"  
Then, through the sudden hush, Chain  
gave indirectly.

"Bos," said he, laying his ear against  
the dentist's clock and holding up a  
significant card. "There, I reckon an'  
how this year do—down he saved me a  
piece of hard proposition, fifty-eight."











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# COMMENT

**HERMANN** with the issue of August 12th, Mr. Newman HAROLD will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## At Gettysburg

The nucleus at Gettysburg was a barefooted, very remarkable, very non-warlike. The veterans truly had, as school-girls say, a wonderful time. They got together wonderfully; they were well looked after; there was an immense fraternization, and, not as it was, there were hardly any fights. The tone of all the proceedings, as one reads of them, was patriotic and affectionate. Disrespect was very free, too. Everything seems to have been talked about. There was no need to keep anything back.

The veterans who sat fifty years after an experience of a country that had thirty million inhabitants, and a very large proportion of them native born. They are doubtless more of a kind, more closely related in descent and inherited traits of mind, than an average fifty thousand men that would be gathered from all over this country now. But the veterans of the South are probably more nearly representative of the present population of the States they came from than the veterans of the North. As to that, the letter of Mr. MANN on page 3 is interesting. He points out that while the South in the last fifty years has increased in population at a faster percentage than the North, the South has had the more increase, whereas the increase in the North has been very considerably an increase by immigration.

Maybe that is one reason why the South is advancing so fast just now toward political control of the country. Its white population is almost all of the old American stock, stimulated by the ideals, traditions, and institutions, and usually interested in politics.

And that makes the attitude of the Confederate Civil War veterans the more important. We have seen them to be very mindful of past history, but manifestly reverential to its verdicts; fraternal, affectionate, better united with the rest of the country than men of the South have been for a century. That letter was written for our country, and all the better because we may assure ourselves that the younger men behind these veterans of the South are like them, of the same stock and habits of mind, and inspired, we doubt not, with the same acceptance of accomplished history, and the same good-will.

## President Wilson's Speech

When the transformation has opened with the Lord's Prayer, the brother who is called to follow first in oral supplication is entitled to feel that the standard has been set pretty high. So Mr. Wilson, following LINCOLN in an address at Gettysburg.

Yet there has not been since LINCOLN a President so likely as Mr. Wilson to speak high-water mark again in a Gettysburg address. And so there was a special interest and expectation to see what he would say.

His speech is full of distinction; a beautiful address which to speak we think of could have belonged. Mr. Wilson followed LINCOLN in speaking what was in his own mind rather than what

he might have been expected to say. It was his own message he carried, and so much to his insouciant hearers as to all of us who read him; a lofty message; an inspiring summons to a difficult task.

## Marine Hero Contributions

Colonel WATSON contributed last week (July 4th) a delightful discourse to the literature of Gettysburg—two double columns of the "Courage-Journal" but not a word too much. More than any other writer was aware to the edification of his readers that he does now; nor ever wrote, perhaps, out of so wise and kind and philosophical a spirit.

One thing he said in his Fourth-of-July piece was that we are a wonderfully homogeneous as well as an overwhelmingly united people, and that the old tradition that peopled the South with Cavaliers and the North with Roundheads had mighty little real basis. The Americans, he says, were pretty thoroughly mixed, and he cites examples, to wit:

WATSON had all the votes supposed to have signaled the Cavalier, and CALDWELL all the votes claimed for the Puritan. During twenty years three attempts were made to change the name of the leaders of Cavalier Mississippi: ROBERT J. WALLACE was named in Pennsylvania; JOHN A. SPURMAN, born and reared in New York; and SAMUEL S. PAVENY, born and reared in the good old State of Maine. They tried Florida, JOHN MURPHY, never saw Louisiana and he was old enough to vote and to fight; a native New Yorker sprung from New England ancestors. ALBERT HENRY JEFFERSON, the most prominent of modern Cavaliers—from try to tie a type of the old Virginia Cavalier, General Sherman liked in his time; Yankee on both sides of the house, though born in Kentucky a little while after his father and mother arrived from New Connecticut.

ALBERT STREET JEFFERSON, a Connecticut Yankee ever renewed! Well, that is worth reading, though it will not surprise any one who knows much about the quality of Connecticut Yankees, and the people they have produced. General JAMES S. WADSWORTH, of Genesee and Gettysburg, was one. His biography has just been published. Mr. J. P. MANN was another. A son of Southern birth, he says: "I didn't know how much aristocratic matter I had behind me until I had occasion to compare some of the old villages near Hartford and discovered the old houses in which some of our Connecticut forebears used to live. I had always thought of them before as very plain people."

The same word, MARSH HENRY! JEFFERSON HENRY might easily have derived from Vermont (where they used to raise very, very hard-shell Democrats) and General DEWEES from the Aroostook.

## General Meade's Fatigue

JAMES was deeply disappointed at Meade's failure to push in and push Lee away after Gettysburg. Meade rested and LEE retreated at his convenience. Whether Meade was at fault, and if so how much, has always been much discussed. Perhaps the true answer is that given in a letter to the "Times" by Mr. ARTHUR H. WALTON, who quotes Mr. HUNTER, an intimate friend of General Meade, who once asked the General why he did not pursue General LEE after Gettysburg. Mr. WALKER says:

Mr. HUNTER told me that General Meade was justified in this regard in saying that, at the close of the battle of Gettysburg, he was practically exhausted of mental power that he could not think, and was temporarily deprived of the use of his mental faculties; and being conscious of this, did not dare to take the responsibility of immediately ordering a new battle, which would have resulted from a pursuit of LEE's army.

That sounds very likely, and the army was tired out as well as the General. Still, it may be, as Mr. WALKER says, that

If nature had happened to give to General Meade the same power of indubitably continuous, unceasing intellectual activity which nature gave to General

GAZE, the rebellion would have been finally subdued in 1862, instead of in 1865.

But General Meade, as it was, did a great work that will keep his name always in an honorable and distinguished place in history.

## The Fourth in London

The London "Times," in a grand-natural discourse, comments upon the significance of the Anglo-American Fourth-of-July festivity, which has become, it says, "one of the established functions of British life," and in which Englishmen cheerfully participate.

It means in the first instance that they are celebrating the tragic disaster of British slavery; and in the second that they are paying tribute to the memory of the men who brought Britain to her lowest depth of material impoverishment. It has come to be a sort of annual prayer. Year after year this "old and hoary custom" does the white work, and through the mouths of some of the most eminent Congress men congratulated for her share in the American Revolution. If that motto was great, we have at least many, sincerely, and repeatedly admitted it.

The "Times" is reconciled to the annual festivity, even as interpreted, and speaks gracefully about it; but its interpretation seems to need amendment. Englishmen and Americans celebrate the Fourth of July in London in just the same spirit that "Boys" and "Yanks" have been celebrating the anniversary at Gettysburg. They do so not so much celebrate victory as reconciliation and reunion. What is celebrated in London on the Fourth is not the distress of a mother, but the birth of a child; of a child born, not without tribulation, of British parents.

## The Tariff—Changes and Riders

As the tariff bill goes at last to the floor of the Senate, two things stand out as unusual in its history so far.

One is the comparative importance of the trouble due to changes and attempted changes in the schedules of duties. There is, of course, need of emphasizing "conservatism." There was a short fight over the very important items of sugar and wool, and plenty of other items were attacked. Of these others, however, not many were of any great importance, and not many were changed. Let us see: There was a change in the direction of free grain and free live animals in accord with free meats and free wheat—a good change; finally for wine-making it is to pay duty; wool already to be free; insurance to pay a less duty; unhappy works of art below a certain age are not to be free, as the House bill promised; mutual life-insurance companies are to have some exemption from the income tax, and the tax is to favor married men.

Really that is about all one finds worth noting in the way of direct change in the bill considered as a revenue measure.

What one can't help noting, however—and this is the other striking thing about—the bill's history—is the amount of effort expended in the direction, not of changing it exactly, but of enlarging it, of grafting on it features, but slightly if at all germane to its proper purpose.

This may be said, indeed, to have begun in the original draft of the bill: the anti-dumping clause and the clause favoring imports brought in American bottoms. Both could be argued for as permissible in a tariff bill, since they took the form of raising or lowering tariff duties. But the plain object of the anti-dumping clause was not revenue, but protection, and that of the other was not aid, practically to the manufacturers, but merely to give

The latter proposals have had still less chance for seeing incorporation in the bill, whatever their merits when considered apart. The plan to tax down the output of big tobacco companies does not belong here. It belongs with the trust question, with the internal revenue question, perhaps with the question of our jurisdiction. See issue, p. 316.

to regulate child-labor abroad, and to take all dealings in cotton futures out of the only one of these enterprises which the bill actually has on board. They were not pertinent.

These things are really tricks. They are attempts to overload the bill with extraneous matter. Its sponsors have therefore done well to reject them, as they did, with one exception, without consideration of their merits. The job was too big to be any further complicated. We shall hear more, no doubt, in the Senate debate, both of these and other additions in the shape of amendments, but they should be left for separate action. They might not be permitted to delay or impede what is essentially the administration's design to meet the country's demand.

#### Putting Back the Tax on Art

Now as to the tax on art, the PUNE-ALBANY bill did one thing commendable. It took the tariff tax off works of art, now that twenty years old. Largely in consequence of that partly enlightened legislation, America is to-day far richer in great works of art than it was forty years ago. The original Interoceanic bill went further and set us Americans free to acquire without taxation all the works of art, ancient or contemporary, that we can buy. The Senate committee and means here for some reason decided to tax the importation of all works of art less than fifty years old.

That is to say, we suppose there is a reason. But the only reason we can think of is revenge, and if that was the reason, then a tax on the later acquisitions of art, now that they are so plentiful, would be more logical. They are very costly; only wealthy men and institutions can afford to import them. Contemporary works of art are the only ones that moderately well-to-do people can buy. Protection, even if it could be considered in this bill at all, is out of the question. Of us all, none so unjudicious as the idea of it as our American artists.

On the contrary, they deplore a policy which deprives American art students of opportunities to observe and compare which other countries jealously preserve for their youth of artistic inclinations. But that is as nothing to the state appeal of millions of Americans, remote from our great cities, for the chance to see good pictures and statues which practically every French and Italian peasant, and many others, enjoy. If our statesmen think our people still unconscious of such enlightenment and high pleasure, then they are simply mistaken.

We trust Senator TILMAN, of South Carolina, will repeat in the Senate debate the simple and admirable speech he made four years ago after Europe had in his old age taught him what art holds forever in store even for the life-long consumers of his offerings. If he does, and falls, then may Mr. FURNES and his House be wise as in a conference on the question of this particular amendment.

#### Mississippians

President WILSON will hardly know his New Freedom as described last week by Colonel ROBERTS of the Progressive club at Newport. The Colonel said:

"The New Freedom" is nothing whatever but the right of the strong to prey on the weak, of the big man to crush the little man, and to shield their rapacity beneath the cry of the "New Freedom." "The New Freedom" means nothing whatever but the old device translated into terms of pleasant rhetoric.

It lacks a little, so though Mr. ROBERTS had depicted a conviction that Dr. Wilson was a fraud. If so, it is a conviction that has no set to great voice among the Progressives. Most of them are able to detect in the ideas and purposes of "the New Freedom" something quite different from the freedom of the strong to prey on the weak.

#### States and Rates Again

North Carolina's rather remarkable effort to secure by State action, changes in inter-State railroad rates affecting her interests, continues unabated. It promises to keep on till somebody learns something that will prove worth while.

As yet the legislature hasn't met and the threatened retaliation on the railroads haven't been tried; but there was never before in the State such organizing for any purpose. The matter remains, as far as results, the foremost topic in a sweep and at public meetings; and the debates, with interesting proposals.

One comes from Mr. A. J. MAXWELL, clerk of the State's corporation commission, who in a comprehensive study of the problem finds little hope in mere retaliation. If one State can sue that, he remarks, so can all; and where is the State that thinks it gets the rates it ought to have? Neither would he appeal to the long-and-short-haul principle. That would not give North Carolina citizens any advantage over certain of their competitors, particularly to Norfolk. It would simply give more business to the short lines near these cities, taking it away from the longer lines, passing through North Carolina, which are now permitted to bid low for it, on account of water competition.

It is now Mr. MAXWELL thinks the Virginia cities are their low rates—perhaps the lowest in the country—to a real advantage of position, mainly due to the very extensive coastwise shipping of the Norfolk-Portsmouth group. He asks, therefore, why North Carolina cannot go to work and give her cities the same advantage by building up her own Wilmington to be a real rival to Norfolk. He proposes State aid to steamship lines and to any necessary railroads from Wilmington inland.

That is not a new idea, but it looks decidedly pertinent to other cases besides North Carolina's, and we should not be surprised to see it taken hold of in some way that will be new. There is the case of pretty nearly all New England, for instance—one can't help recalling what happened to the Harvard and Fall some years ago, and what has happened to various other merely private attempts to give New England the full benefit of her opportunities in commerce and industry. Could the idea of a new way that will be new. There is the case of pretty nearly all New England, for instance—one can't help recalling what happened to the Harvard and Fall some years ago, and what has happened to various other merely private attempts to give New England the full benefit of her opportunities in commerce and industry. Could the idea of a new way that will be new.

And of course it will take a lot of thinking over. We have had unhappy experience with State aid and State ownership applied to transportation. All one feels like saying now is that the present state of our transportation problem, and the present popular mood, naturally evoke suggestions as this one and may quite naturally lead to serious experiments with them.

#### Not the Only Powerful Appointees

The point seems well taken that power conferred on the Federal Reserve Board of seven members appointed by the President is not necessarily more liable to abuse than power conferred on a larger board of nine members appointed by the President.

#### The British Laissez and Home Rule

Most of us admit that in important respects the English government beats ours. A general election over there much more promptly and completely puts in power the party favored by the people. Since the latest curtailing of the Lords' prerogatives—a revolution far bigger than most of us quite understand—the successful party is only to hold together to do almost anything it wills. With us, on the other hand, a successful party's leaders can not even get a budget respected, much less their followers may control both Houses of our Congress.

The present Liberal government, though a somewhat unstable coalition at best, can and probably will get its Home Rule bill through, the Lords and filter to the contrary notwithstanding—the country itself. It is possible, now, to the contrary notwithstanding. The probability, indeed, is that it is impossible to doubt that there has been a big anti-Liberal reaction, but there is still nothing to force an appeal to the country, and the London "Times" rightly remarks that ministerial "manages," however discouraged, have lost the habit of disappearing until they are forced to go to the country. That really means that a general election yields not only more power, but a longer lease of it than with us.

Of course, with our regular and more frequent elections, we Americans may question (if this is best); we may hold that the people ought to be better consulted. In this matter of Home Rule, however, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are unusually good grounds for holding to their purpose—and therefore holding to office. Home Rule was most plainly in issue at the last general elections, and the policy was sustained. There is no real evidence that the present apparent reaction is due to that issue. On the contrary, there are good reasons to believe, as most observers seem to

believe, that it is due mainly to other things, such as the failed insurance and the Maxwell scandals. When the Unionists send Sir EDWARD CARSON, later's champion, to Scotland to speak for a dissolution, the Liberals accordingly do well to send Mr. RAMSAY, rather than others, hard upon his heels.

The Liberals will be excusable if they hang on to their grip. Home Rule is a trial, even if they have to bear as many riles of "Reign of Heaviness" as Mr. BALFOUR heard before the last Unionist government went forth to overachieving defeat.

#### A Stylish Embellishment for Amherst

It is proposed to erect an equestrian statue of Lord AMHERST on the campus of Amherst College, and the very handsome model has been offered. Mr. EDWIN D. MEAD says No; that Lord AMHERST had nothing to do with Amherst College, which got its name from the town of Amherst, which, to be sure, was named after Lord AMHERST. So Mr. MEAD would have the statue on the village green, and not on the college campus.

He argues, possibly about pointing out that Lord AMHERST was an interesting historical figure, and that as military adviser to George Third he wrought, along with General Wolfe, to conceive that New England should be New England, and not New France. But put the statue on the campus, and the Amherst alumni to have it so done.

Lord AMHERST, as he appears on a horse, in the model, is a mighty stylish man. Amherst needs him and ought to have him somewhere. For if there is any good thing that Amherst College lacks it is style. Merit she has aplenty.

#### The New Haven's Boon

Along the New Haven Railroad, west of Stamford, the company, fed by we know not what inspiration, has planted the sides of the road, especially the edge of the cuts, with pink and red geraniums. There are miles of them, a beautiful decoration and restful to the eye, who are not much used to provision of beauty by railroad corporations. These flowers, much more than all the embellishments of the Pullman cars, give the traveler a sense of being in a civilized country.

#### A New Laureate, Maybe

There are a good many emplacements, including some literary ones, in which a competent discretion is much more desired than outrageous talent. Perhaps that explains the report that Mr. ASQUITH has offered the British laureateship to Mr. EDWARD BISHOP. Mr. BISHOP is an experienced poet of mature years, and, we presume, of a discretion that inspires confidence that he will do his full duty by the royal family, without heaving out in any way to EDMUND PASKYHEAST on the side.

The papers say he will accept the appointment, which attests his courage. It takes almost as much courageous concentration to accept the laureateship as to run for Vice-President of these States.

#### Syndicalism

Here is an idea about syndicalism, from a discourse by Mr. ALVIN CRAPANZ, of Boston, at the seventh annual sociological conference at Sumner Beach, Massachusetts, last week:

In a state of nature, a struggle for existence is a struggle for efficiency. Our modern industrialism has removed from man the incentives for efficiency, and life is reduced to a mere struggle for existence. When man put into the product of his labor his own thought, inspiration and made the economic value of that product was the result of his individual efficiency. The individual efficiency, so to speak, of the individual. The individual system leaves man in a position to either degenerate to a mere machine, or revolt. No other moral standard gives us any assurance that man has no interest in degeneration. We may, therefore, view syndicalism and other revolutionary movements as forerunners of efficiency.

Syndicalism seems to be a sort of industrial gunpowder. Gunpowder is destructive, as, apparently, is syndicalism. But gunpowder has done a work in civilization. On the whole it has been a provoker.

#### Don't Skip

Ten thousand dollars a year is not salary enough for members of a Federal Reserve Board. It is not necessary that they should match responsibility, but it may well indicate it. The man who is wanted most is willing to forego half of his income, but not the credit of it.





The Harvard crew, just after winning from Yale by ten lengths at New London

# WHY THE ENGLISH STROKE FAILS IN AMERICAN ROWING

BY GEORGE MARVIN

A Member of the Harvard Varsity Eight in 1898 and 1899

**E**NGLISH rowing, or rather rowing in England, has one advantage as a sport over rowing in this country. The men in the boats are allowed, by general consent, to win or to lose their own races. In this country, according to the reports, rowing races are rarely decided by the efforts of the crews on any day. The annual regattas of Frogheepsaw and New London in prize to deal with these two regattas not so much as a sport as an exposition of exact science, ascribing victory or defeat to the merits or defects of a given "stroke." In the theories and personality of a given coach, or to the mechanical appliances of oars and rigging by means of which racing shells are made to move smoothly over the face of the water.

## A National Standard in England

**T**HE reason for this difference is simple enough. In England every one rows, or tries to row, in the

same way, according to the rules generally accepted principles. Differing theories may prevail at Oxford and Cambridge as to training, table diet, or the exact width of oar-blades; but among Englishmen the game of rowing is standardized. By the same token, you will read the annual accounts of the Varsity race from Putney to Mortlake or of Henley Regatta in vain for expostulations on the theory and practice of rowing. All that is taken for granted, and the story consists only in the naming of the victors between crews of picked oarsmen, all hands endeavoring to do the same thing with varying degrees of success, and victory going to those fittest survivors who most highly combine the qualities of skill, courage, and endurance. Thus it was in the beginning, if we remember rightly; for in that first recorded boat race, faithfully reported by Virgil in his *Æneid*, the winning trireme crossed the line several galleys length ahead because the crew most desperately "struggled against" their oars. Although the competing ships were pulled, and

hailed, and lauded, and submerged by various superstitious sea deities, it is written that the victorious heroes "were able because they themselves thought (believed) they were able."

## The Magic of the "System"

**N**OT such simplicity or leaning down to tradition in these waters of the free. Yale used to win year after year because of the "Bub Cook stroke," a magical term in the early nineties; Cornell victories at Frogheepsaw are generally foregone conclusions because of the "Carruthers stroke"; when Syracuse wins, it is the triumph of Ira Ryan; and Harvard's series of triumphal processions during the past six years are in large part rightly ascribed to "Jim" Wray. Each system has its partisans, unconvinced by the success of other systems; but, as a matter of fact, four-mile races are still won very often by the united and



The Yale victory in the middle of the English stroke. The extra effort required by this stroke is not only unproductive of extra speed, but it can not possibly be maintained for four miles

and everything that man  
can, the rest may  
be, and there were  
no terms.



The spirited finish of the Harvard-Yale contest showing the Elis hopelessly outclassed

sustained efforts of eight strong backed, stand-bored men.

#### Reveries of Harvard and Yale Crews Compared

CONSIDERING rowing purely as a sport, it is scarcely doubtful to have boat races solely primarily of the competitors themselves. Nevertheless, the Harvard-Yale race at New London on June 20 ranks a considerable list of methods particularly appropriate because, this year, the race provided a complete contrast in boats, rigging, men, and stroke. No matter how much the various schools of American seamanship may differ among themselves, as a whole they offer a lively distinct contrast to English seamanship, which is, as has been stated, much more thoroughly standardized. This year an especially new Harvard rowed according to American ideas. Yale after having lost to Harvard five years in succession, having discarded one professional coach, and obtained no better results in a return to alumni coaching, adopted this year English rowing methods in their entirety.

#### Yale Discards Harvard's English Experience

SIXTEEN years ago, Harvard, after a long series of humiliating defeats at New London, did precisely what Yale has done this year. Mr. Rudolf C. Lehmann, at that time the most famous rowing coach in England, took charge of the Harvard crew and entirely Anglicized rowing at Cambridge. That year at Pound-Brook, and the year following at New London, Harvard in English boats, with English men settling around in English thos-pies, rowed as crews in England now. And back years they were conclusively beaten by Cornell and by Yale. In those two years English methods were given a thorough trial at Cambridge, were found ineffective as means of winning boat races in this country, and were abandoned. To the writer, who was a member of the Harvard crew during those two years, the lessons of that experiment are almost as vivid now as they were then. It seems extraordinary that Harvard's experience should have been, as it seems, entirely lost to Yale, particularly since the resemblance as to the naturalization of English rowing, rowed at Cam-

bridge fifteen years ago, were heartily shared by Harvard's opponents, who then assisted in the June demonstration.

#### Learn Efficiency of the English Method

THE chief defect in English rowing, so exemplified in this country, is that it seeks to achieve results in spite of lost motion and by a maximum of effort. The stroke that Harvard rowed in 1907 and '08, and that Yale rowed this year, is the most exhausting of strokes. Were the extra effort compensated by extra speed, the stroke might nevertheless be practiced for a set of men who could maintain it over four miles. But such has been proved again and again not to be the justifying fact. No demonstration could have been clearer than that provided at New London this year. All men without previous knowledge of seamanship could see a distinct difference in the rowing of the two sights as they struggled at first side by side, and later singly, down the course. Those sitting bodies in the Yale shell described an arc much wider than the rhythmic figure in the standing boat. The Yale crew reached out until their backs were almost parallel with the gunwales of their shell, and then coming over backward until they lay in a semi-reclined position.

And yet, that irritably and devastating haste did not send their boat on its own stroke, even in the first half mile of the race, as the unerring and more elastic drive sent the other boat. The Harvard crew, sliding easily forward to the same point that Yale attained by strained reaching, applied back and legs together as they drew their men through, finishing each stroke in a position from which they could pull easily back on the oar, without the useless extra effort of lifting themselves up by their abandoned oars.

#### Exhausting Effects of the Body Swing

THAT extreme body swing means that the English tradition believes in slow accomplishing what men American rowing authorities believe can more economically be accomplished by a more equal combination of back and legs. Thirty-two times every minute, during twenty-two strenuous minutes, the

devised men in the Yale boat were crumpling their backs and straining their muscles to a degree noticeably beyond the corresponding efforts by the Harvard crew. No wonder they fell steadily behind from the start, and finished twelve lengths in the rear of a not particularly fast Crimson eight.

#### Yale's Loyalty to the Classics

YALE'S defeat can not be ascribed to failure in carrying out their coaches' ideas. Mr. Harcourt Gold and Mr. Kirby, the two English coaches, admit this. Yale rowed the race out as they had been taught, and finished, generally, every man sitting up. It was a singularly fair test of method as well as of material. In addition to the extreme swing fore and aft, the Yale crew were rigged alternately across the boat in the English manner, a method which is supposed to give greater leverage in managing the longer, smaller-bowed oars of English make, but which, unless habitual, is apt to make men swing across the boat instead of straight up and down the boat. English thos-pies, with which the Yale shell was rigged, were discarded by Harvard in 1898 with good effect. They do not hold the leather "bottom" of the oars as neatly and firmly as do American row-boats, and no corresponding advantage has been advanced for them to offset their lost motion and extra friction.

#### Ability and Unison the Prime Factors

IT was the opinion of many good judges at New London that this same Yale crew would have finished half a minute better, rowing a less punishing stroke and rigged in the American way. That need require a matter of opinion. But it is confusing such opinion to remember that a English crew has twice won the Grand Challenge at Henley, where the course is so short—only a few yards over a mile and a quarter—that "strokes" are of slight significance compared to spryship ability and unison. Moreover, the Oxford-Cambridge records are made with a curved and side-way oar rather than the stream at Pound-Brook, and those races are rowed over a course so winding that position is a distinct factor in the result and violent ranging bursts of speed are of about equal value as sustained pace.



The Syracuse freshman eight, rowing in striking contrast to the awkward, erratic English style. These pupils of the veteran "Jim" Ten Eyck used the deliberate but steady and rhythmic American stroke



"Let me tell you, Hoff, they can convict grafters like you!"

# "FOR FAILURE TO PROVIDE"

BY P. C. MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MARTEAU

**B**ETTER lay up a few judges for a rainy day, Hoff. That's my advice," said Larkin, the State Boss.

They were in a small committee-room just off the floor of the State Convention of the reigning political party.

"Why?" asked Hoff, the City Boss, a portland Hebrew, who set blinking culture like as he pandered. His present mind was to demand, he was next after in the pie and Larkin was rattling up together, the chief of State Proctor, for there was large graft there. The judges offered, he took possession, have a sense of doubt flared over his shrewd eyes, and he asked again, as Larkin resumed staid and thoughtful, "Why?"

"Because," said Larkin, reaching suddenly one of the cash-purse state in which he had been chewing his cigar since the last month, "because, in the end, Hoff, they always get grafters like you."

Hoff dashed and straightened up with a start. "No offense, you understand," apologized Larkin, seeing the movement, "but I mean it. Some day there'll be a new boss in the town. I don't want, you know, that you'll just fall down, lose your grip, and hit the cobble. You'll have a straight criminal case; and they'll get you—get you dead. And you ain't got a friend on the Appellate Bench. Let me tell you."

Larkin bowed over close, his cigar in his fingers, and the knob of the hand that held it tapping for emphasis upon the little table between them.

"They can convict grafters like you, Hoff. Folk down in St. Louis—stark, 'em big and stark, 'em little, but the Appellate courts turned 'em all loose. Skinned one of them only the other day because the lawyers lost a 'the' out of the plaintiff. Larkin needed the Appellate conviction sufficient, but the Appellate Court set it to a whipper and come down 'em again! Larkin to fall for disorderly conduct."

"Same everywhere? They'll get you. They'll get you a case that twelve men locked up together can't get away from, no matter how much they want to. Hoff with the upper courts it's different. They get time and lawyers to figure a way out for 'em and write the decision and put it in their hands, and all the courts here to do 'em in case it isn't stand. Take it from me, Hoff,—and apply Larkin your conviction!—the Appellate courts of this State has crumpled nose down and windows clean all the cases in both years. You're going to need 'em; and my advice to you now is to let the Public Printer job, and the Surveyor-General's, too, go to me, and put a few friends of yours on the Appellate Bench. It's a mighty good investment, you'll find."

Hoff listened till Larkin had finished, and reflected solemnly. He quite agreed with Larkin as to the courts, but he did not agree for a moment that the power was in the great city which he held in his hand could ever wane. Why, he was absolute master there. He killed and made alive; he plowed and sowed and reaped and gathered in every department of the city government; he made judges, there, and jurists, too. From all he got what results he would; and was it possible that things could ever be different—that a grand jury would indict him or a police judge condemn him—or a jury convict him, a court condemn him—his jurist and his courts? No, it was impossible. Success was his fetish. He would hold it, and it could never depart from him. Some of it he had in Larkin himself, and he was not so much hooked in to the mill and because State Boss Larkin's plan. There he would make his way to

governance and himself United States senator. So his imagination ran on before. Meanwhile he fanned his hands with graft, for it takes money to be a United States senator. And—

"BETTER hire an anchor to windward, Hoff," urged Larkin.

"No," Hoff said decisively, contemptuously, after a moment. "I don't need you. Give me the State Printer, or I can collect off the School Book Trust—and one judgment, just to take care of my broad Missouri."

"Short term do long," asked Larkin.

"Yes," said Hoff carelessly.

"All right," said Larkin. "Who's your man for Public Printer?"

"Denny," answered Hoff through the smoke.

"Denny?" declared Larkin, making a mental note. "And was here we saw the District Courts of Appeals—Hargren and Myers, long term; Case and Fitzhugh, shorts. Do you get 'em?"

"Yes," answered Hoff.

"By the way," asked Larkin, shouting over a shawl, protruding glasses, "are you sure you can deliver on this judgment?"

"Deliver?" asked Hoff in amazement. "Haven't I been delivering all the week?"

"Yes; but Marinetti—I hope he has promised his district to Plude, who is running against my man Harrigan. That's why I work and tied it up with the farmers on the Surveyor-General—no I could have something coming on the judgment—if I needed it."

Hoff flushed. He recognized in this both a snarl and a threat—a snarl in the suggestion that his power was not absolute in the city, and a threat that a combination was laid against him in the State. The snarl stilled his vanity and hurt him some, but the threat frightened him. He never could understand those grafters. He never could do business with them successfully—political business. It was his weakness. In the city he was king. Get him off the ribbon and, to use his own expression, he was "lamed." He knew it. With Larkin, now, it was different. He could cut bait with those lawyer-whippers all day long while they fished, and at night put all the fish on his string.

Rudolf, Marinetti was always a possible snag in Hoff's pathway. He had taken orders liberally, but, perhaps without intending it, had managed to cause Hoff the vague feeling that some day he would block. So Larkin's threat frightened him. But he bluffed.

"Marinetti?" he queried composedly. "Marinetti's rating at my crib, isn't he?"

"Aw—yes, of course," answered Larkin.

"Well, then, what's ratin' you?" asked Hoff insolently.

That bit of language seemed to win the day, for Larkin, appearing satisfied, arose and went out on the floor of the convention, where they were buying themselves with the final clean-up of the convention's work.

Hoff stayed behind in the little committee-room to meet his district leaders and pass the question to the politicians. They came singly.

Last of all came Marinetti—amiable, aggressive, loyal. "Hullo! Biggest eye in Hoff's machine, and therefore distrust of him; absolute master of the Sixty-second Assembly District, Superintendent of Public Works in the administration cabinet, and the most popular man in the city government. He was a native of Switzerland, big as a Holoetin, with a large, hammy face and a half's complexion. Small blue eyes set in the upper corners of the face kept laughing watch over the Alpine jumble of features below, prominent among which was a nose-stem and upspring like one of his native crags, and under the nose a long, snipe-cleft that was a sparkling valley or a forbidding chasma, according as the Boss of the Sixty-second called or showed a fang.

"'S all right," said Marinetti. "'S all right, er—Harrigan. He's distrust you for Blako."

Hoff's eyes showed white.

"What?" he screamed. "Your district? When is time did it get to be your district?"

"I don't own another thing, er—got to be yours," retorted Marinetti coolly. "I give you the Sixty-second sometime when it suits me. You don't give it to me—never." The politician's great face hardened.

Through narrow slits his beady eyes looked out, and his mouth had become a mere seam upon his face in the tactile comparison of his determined lips.

Hoff next tried to reason with him. "We all stand together, don't you see?" he began. "Sit to do so indignantly. They is only a credit ask for the trustee, Marinetti.—Hoff drew close and confiding—

"If the Sixty-second should vote for Blako we should have to have a new Superintendent of Public Works."

Marinetti started as though he had been stabbed.

"So?" he breathed deeply. "So? I was the Superintendent of Public Works."

"Yes, but we can't fire you."

"No," said Marinetti, with a dangerous chuckle.

"You did not appoint me. Ernest appointed me be-



"He was thinking of Larkin's advice to lose about 'rainy-day' judges"









### SEGANTINI'S MONUMENT IN THE ALPS

The monument to Segantini, the great Italian landscape-painter, just completed by the Italian sculptor Bistolfi. It stands on a mountain-top at St. Moritz, Switzerland, overlooking the country that Segantini painted. At the base of the beautiful figure of the Spirit of the Alps are bas-reliefs of Alpine mountain-scenes, typifying the artist's work



Gardens of the Villa Lasser, the home of Princess Henry of Battenberg, where the Queen drove daily in her donkey-cart

# QUEEN VICTORIA AS I KNEW HER

BY XAVIER PAOLI

Former Special Commissioner of the Sûreté Générale, Detailed to Accompany Royal Visitors to France

For twenty-five years M. Xavier Paoli held one of the most difficult and dangerous posts under the French government—that of guarding the European sovereigns who visited France and of mastering for their personal safety. No man in France had better opportunity for observing and judging the rulers of nations of close range. His tact and judgment won the confidence of the visiting princes whom he guarded, and he was admitted to their friendships and to the freedom of their households. Among the many foreign sovereigns with whom Paoli was associated was Queen Victoria of England, who asked the French government that an man she should watch over her during her visits to France and to the French Riviera. Paoli's reminiscences throw new light on the character of the great English Queen.

My duties as special commissioner placed me in attendance on Queen Victoria during each of her later visits to France. I therefore had the opportunity of living beside her, as it were, of leading about the same life as her Majesty, very nearly every year, for a varying period of time. I will not speak at length of the Queen's first holidays in the South of France. These were really but so many trials of the climate, and I should not have anything very striking or sensational to tell about them.

I lighted on the news that the Queen had become a landowner in that part of the country. Fortunately, one of those small and petty differences which are always apt to arise where a question of property is involved, and which are generally settled in a friendly way, was exaggerated and cultivated by local rivalries, with the result that the whole thing was spoilt. When her Majesty was preparing to lay the first stone of her French home, she asked the local authorities to make an alteration in the roads, for which she offered to pay liberally. Objections were raised; an attempt was made to turn the situation to account by imposing onerous conditions upon the royal landowners; and this need to seek brought the Queen along by abandoning her project, selling her property, and taking leave for good of Aix-les-Bains.

At that time the Queen of England had not yet quite lost the use of her limbs, and could still move about a little, with the help of a stick. This slow and painful method of progress soon tired her. She took long carriage drives, but what she really needed was a means of locomotion suited to easy and moderate use and requiring no great preparation. One day, as she was driving, with her suite, along the edge of the Lac de Stangnet, she met a peasant approaching slowly in a little cart drawn by a donkey. The animal was still young, but so thin and so ill looked that he was nothing to look at. The Queen stopped her carriage and beckoned in the fellow.

"Would you care to sell me your donkey, my good man?" she asked.

"Not knowing to whom he was speaking, the peasant replied, with the usual distrust that country people instinctively entertain for those who come from the towns.

"It all depends, madame."

"How much did you pay for him?" asked the Queen.

"A hundred francs—and he was cheap at the price."

"I will give you two hundred. Will you take it?"

"The peasant pretended to hesitate. I said, in my turn:

"You can buy two donkeys with that."

All but he made up his mind; the bargain was struck; and the donkey became the Queen's property, and was duly washed, crumpled, groomed, and generally made up. Above all, he was better fed.

Now after, he was put to draw the Queen along the little roads and narrow paths which the carriage could not enter. Thereafter, indeed, as he was christened, had an easy, painless, and agreeable life.

When the Queen next took to the sea, in 1890, it was decided that Anglet should be taken with her on the journey.

On the day of his return to Aix, the sky Queen proved that he had a good memory. He broke loose from the wagon in which he was carried, sniffed the air of his native land with delight, took his bearings, and disappeared away before any one could lay a hand upon him, walking straight for the stable where he had been so well cared for



THE QUEEN'S "LITTLE FRIEND."

Portrait of Angèle Goutard, the French peasant child, which was pointed at Queen Victoria's order on one of her last visits to the Riviera

It seems that the Queen took a great liking to Aix-les-Bains from the start. She was to stay there, and there was every reason to believe that, thanks to the "Alpine gardens of Stangnet," which Victor Hugo sang, she would never see a moment of being in another part of France with so good a better springtime resort. She bought a piece of land not far from Aix, and proposed to build a country house upon it. The whole district was de-



The Queen taking tea in the highroad. Beside her is the Princess Victoria

in the previous year. One of the Queen's apartments, on the story, contained, quite richly, — "See you?" Will have to change your French manner which says "Nilly as a donkey?"

**AFTER** Aix-les-Bains, Queen Victoria went southwards in Provence, Biarritz, Gijón, and Lisbon, and ended by selecting Nice as her holiday resort. She was faithful to the Riviera for five years, and death alone prevented her from returning there, but shortly before existing, in one of those dreams of hope that light up so many death-beds, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I shall never get well except at Nice! If I were only at Union, how soon I should recover!"

An old Xavese scholar of my acquaintance, who had made a far-reaching study of the archeology of the place, said to me one day:

"I suppose you think that this is the first time that an empress has been in stay at Union; but there was one before the Empress of India, who also came here in search of peace and health. I desire to say that I am not speaking of the day before yesterday. The Empress I here allude to was the Empress Satalonia, the wife of Gallimor, who lived and reigned in the third century of our era."

The Grand Hotel at

Casino still exists as it was at the time of the Queen's stay. It is a very plain building. The Queen's empress had hired the whole hotel for a period of some five weeks, at a price of about fifty thousand francs. The hotel was furnished with all speed, for the accommodation of the illustrious guest, and the Union municipality gave orders for regular road-making operations in the country-side. The neighboring landlords cheerfully offered to throw open their parks and gardens, and even to give benches made in their woods, so that the Queen might have a place wherever she went. In short, a general spirit of veneration prevailed.

Everything was done to make the royal guest comfortable, attractive, and agreeable. A great number of hatteries were sent over from England, and especially a number of little commodes, such as which the Queen liked to see about her. The sovereign's apartments occupied the right wing of the hotel. The bedrooms were quickly furnished with a few chairs in thick velvet, a very fine Venetian mirror, and a mahogany bedstead.

The dressing-room was more sumptuously furnished, in a rich mahogany, artistically carved; and the walls were upholstered with flowered hangings. Rich and thick curtains barred off the doors and windows. In the middle of the room stood the Queen's little wash-table, covered with papers and lining photographs.

The dining-room looked neat, and was very large indeed, so much so that, for private meals, the size had to be reduced by means of an enormous and very handsome screen. On the left were the apartments of furniture, tapestries, objects of art, and vases with flowers; and water-colors, etchings, and paintings by master hands.

The Queen's two daughters, Princess Ilveta of Badenberg and Princess Christine of Schleswig-Holstein, and the belle-in-law, Lady Southdown, and Miss Harriet Popham, had their apartments in the left wing.

In the ground floor, on the right, two rooms were used as reception-places. On the left were the apartments of Sir Arthur Rippe, the Queen's private secretary; of Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Carrington, her equerry; and of Sir James Hall, physician-in-ordinary to her Majesty. The remainder of the hotel was allotted to the different members of the staff.

This hotel formed Queen Victoria's first residence at Nice in the spring of 1855. The second was the Hotel Excelsior-Horizon, comprising altogether eighty large rooms and dressing-rooms, which was let for the respectable figure of eighty thousand francs for the length of the visit.

The Queen's Indian Body-Guard

THE Queen's household comprised, in addition to the household members of her suite, a fairly numerous staff of servants, including a first assistant, assisted in her service by several others; a French chef, M. Ferry, who had three or four Frenchmen; and a whole regiment of soldiers under his orders; a coachman, an outrider, and a dozen grooms, besides the small band of Indian servants who, to a certain extent, formed a set apart.

I think that my readers may be interested in a few details concerning these last. They were a fine-looking body of men, Mohammedans from Agra and Lahore, clad in big turbans and cashmere garments of dazzling colors. They wore a trifle fierce and shy, but were very impressive in their demeanour, and quite taken up with the almost religious importance of their duties. They acted as a sort of private body-guard to the Queen. They enjoyed certain privileges, practiced all the rites of their creed without restriction, were thoroughly accustomed to discipline, and were faithful and devoted in their service in life and death. The Queen also brought with her a French gillie, who wore the picturesque costume of his native land.

allowed herself the time to read everything that was submitted to her for her signature. She sent many telegrams, both official and private, and these were nearly always couched in either an English or a French agreed upon with the recipients. The Queen's correspondence was really enormous, and I think it will be interesting and amusing to know that she gave to a variety of communications which her Majesty received in abundance. The more powerful you are, the more you are troubled with communications of every description of every unexpected sort and kind.

These letters, I assure you, were very curious reading. They arrived from every point of the compass. They were obsequious or arrogant by turns, fresh or cringing, clever or silly, and in general, the supplicants laid upon a thousand ingenious methods of calling attention to themselves. Sometimes they took the most finishing pains to write a beautiful hand; sometimes they finished their petitions with decorative devices. There were those who had their appeals written by children, hoping thereby to produce a more sympathetic effect in the recipient. There were others who were so modest themselves on the strength of great precedents, that they invited the most complete confidence in the success of their enterprise. Some of the petitions were signed by an old man of eighty, who was writing:

"How painful and repulsive it would be to me, but as you were the first to have to alter my high opinion of the value of my youth, maturity, and benevolence!"

"Others made a display of penmanship:

"If your Majesty does not include me in my country, I shall be obliged to be left to me not to put an end to my life."

A correspondent at Bordeaux, who was as busy as a pining fiddler, had cherished the hope that the Queen's return would consent to pay his son a visit at the Bordeaux Normal School. A young man from Lyons Lorraine had written her to send him a bicycle.

Requests for postage, stamps and autographs were not infrequently made. Not a day passed but the Queen received some of these petitions, which were often very important—such as that of a person named Nastes who had carefully drawn up an extract list of the things that were missing from his collection. The list filled many pages. There were also numerous petitions for objects of every-day use, for clothes and linen.

Other correspondents offered to sell various knock-knives, and, of course, piled themselves on affording the Queen the opportunity of having "a real bargain." Some of these had sold and some were an acceptance or refusal.

The Inventions

SPECIAL mention must be made of the inventions. Among the latter was one who asked her assistance and patronage in introducing a machine that would automatically stop a ship in motion and thus avoid those terrible collisions at sea which result in so many catastrophes." Another man modestly devoted solely to manufacturing an artificial hair which he had long had the idea in his head. A third wished to sell a new improved sort of his invention, that is to say, a sort of "large winged sparrow" (1) used in the Kingdom of England, for use at different colors, endlessly varied and impossible of imitation."

The Queen was ever ready with the men, and they seized every opportunity, every fleeting actuality, to improve the agency of their enterprises.

No one will be astonished to learn that parts figured largely among the Queen's habitual correspondents. I have instructions before me in which particular frequency is singled with absurdity and even sometimes



Queen Victoria in her donkey-cart, drawn by Jaquet, the donkey bought by the Queen from a French peasant on one of her drives. Jaquet became the favorite of the royal stable, and the Queen took him about with her on her travels through France.

All these servants had a great deal to do, especially on the arrival and departure of the royal party, for the Queen always carried nearly all of the furniture of her bedroom with her, including the bed and bedding, together with her own linen and plate and articles and knock-knives of every sort.

The Queen usually rose at nine o'clock, proceeded in dress at once, and then took breakfast, which was laid on a small sitting-room adjoining her bedroom, and consisted of chocolate, coffee, tea, and various kinds of rolls. A dish of eggs was also served prepared in a different manner every day: a dish of fried fish, grilled bacon; and Cambridge omelette. Let me hasten to add, after saying this substantial list, that the Queen ate very little, and selected one of those dishes at random, without showing preference for any in particular.

Victoria's Enormous Correspondence

NEXT came the turn of the mailing and the daily correspondence. As the Queen made it a rule to answer every letter of ours that was worth answering at all her two secretaries were kept very busy. She had to sign a number of papers, and

(Continued on page 24)



Scene at the wedding of the court favorite, Lady Mary Dawson, who married the master of the King's household



**AT A LONDON SCHOOL OF BALLET DANCING**

The little girls shown in three pictures are all advanced pupils. The upper photograph shows a finished dancer pirouetting in a difficult attitude, where the rapidity of her turning baffled even the camera. The lower picture shows four pupils practicing a ballet tableau at the finish of a dance



Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the only man who failed to salute the Queen while passing the royal box, in the coaching Marston from Hyde Park to South Richmond, England



Miss Nancy G. Steele, the fiancée of Devereux Milburn, and daughter of Charles Steele, of J. P. Morgan and Co.



Miss May Eberidge, a London Gaiety girl, escaping from the crowd at the registry office where she married Lord Fitzgerald



**MISS EMILY DAVISON'S FUNERAL**

An interminable procession of suffragettes marched through the streets of London in the funeral train of Miss Emily Davison, who stopped the King's horse at the Derby race. Above is shown the railway carriage in which the coffin was carried from London to the cemetery. A militant suffragette stood on guard during the journey



Devroux Milburn, America's famous polo back, whose engagement to Miss Steele was announced shortly after the international matches



Officer King, of the New York Central Park mounted police, vaulting over a trotting horse during one of the private drills

# SURGICAL OPERATIONS ON WILD ANIMALS

ON  
WILD  
ANIMALS  
BY  
ELLEN VELVIN

A convalescent monkey. The wooden necking in to prevent it from tearing off the bandages and splints

THIS is an age for operations—especially surgical operations. In many cases, as it is said, these surgical operations are not really necessary. But there is now an increasing operation on wild animals—some may not accord on that point. There are too many and too great difficulties in the way, not to speak of the expense and the danger to the operator, as well as to the patient.

In every case where an operation is performed on a wild animal, it means a chase between operator and patient. The animal, and, generally speaking, wild animals are extremely elusive. No, in case of broken limbs, torn flesh, ulcers, tooth, ingrowing claws, etc., the animal is first of all given a little chloroform, then tied down securely, and the operation takes place.

All this needs very sharp and keen. But to those who have ever studied or had anything to do with wild animals the difficulties and dangers are only too well known. In the first place, it is extremely difficult to drug animals of any kind, especially wild ones.

Animals are often tied down without being chloroformed before a minor operation; but, in the case of a being obligatory to chloroform a wild animal, it is found better to put him in a traveling cage, which is closed so narrow that he can not move about in it. It is then possible, even when he constantly moves his head about, to keep a cloth saturated with chloroform in contact with the animal securely, and then the animal surgeon does his business as quickly as possible.

When the animal is once chloroformed, no time is lost—and a moment. For drugs do not act equally in different men and different ways, and it is no telling at what interval the patient will wake up again. So the men rush forward with their ropes and hooked sticks, fasten the animal securely, and then the animal surgeon does his business as quickly as possible.

It is never a minute too quick; for very often, almost before the ropes have been loosened, the animal is beginning consciousness; and many an animal has had to be left with the ropes still being round him, in order that attendants might get out alive. In some cases the animals are ferocious with rage; in others, so dazed and stupid that they scarcely wake up for the rest of the day.

## Curing a Fever Near of Improving Toe-Nails

It was observed some time ago, in the Zoological Gardens of Copenhagen, that a particularly fine polar bear was suffering from improving toe-nails on his hind feet. This is a very common complaint with polar bears in captivity. If it is well known, to people who have watched these bears, that, in turning round, they twist themselves right about on their hind quarters, and that in this and in nearly all other movements, except that of walking, they rarely use their hind feet at all. Being to this, the nails, not having anything to rest them down, grow so long that they turn over and grow right into the soft pads of the feet, which is extremely painful.

In this case it was found that the claws had not only grown into the soft part of the feet, but had bored right through to the other side. The poor bear must have been in extraordinary pain. A large transport cage was built, the dimensions being four feet six inches high, seven feet long, and only one inch six inches wide. The front of the cage was covered only with iron bars. The object of this was to get the bear where the operators could see hold of his hind paws without having him in a struggle to tie him down.

The bear was very willing to go into this narrow cage, but a trapping piece of fresh fish did the trick, and he was found in the dimensions being four feet six inches high, seven feet long, and only one inch six inches wide. The front of the cage was covered only with iron bars. The object of this was to get the bear where the operators could see hold of his hind paws without having him in a struggle to tie him down.

After this the animal was put into a

box of wood was lined with straw about a foot high. The bear was filled with cold water, and in this the bear was made to stand all day. Fresh water was supplied occasionally, and— I believe—the cage was drained in the evening to give the animal dry quarters for the night. In a few weeks the bear was quite himself again, and appeared to have forgotten everything in connection with the incident. I mention the matter here because in some cases animals not only recover but are lauded like this, but do not forget it, as in the case of a lion quite recently in Mr. Frank Bostwick's case in London, England.

The lion had been suffering from an abscessed tooth for some days, and it was hoped that by giving it soft food, like baked mackerel in milk, etc., it would get over it. But when it was found that the animal was getting worse, that one side of the jaw was terribly swollen, and that the poor animal was starved for want of food, it was decided to extract the tooth. It was a fine specimen, and the owners did not wish to risk dragging it, so it was decided to extract the tooth without any anæsthetic.

Accordingly, all the men in the show were told off to help the men the lion with ropes to get it ready for the operation.

## Pulling the Ulcerated Tooth of a Lion

AFTER tremendous difficulty—it was found impossible to get him into a small cage—when the men had attracted his attention in another direction by means of poking him with sticks, one leg was fixed securely and then all the men set to work, entered the cage cautiously, and, keeping clear of his head and front—to speak of his roars that—might his other set in business of pulling; and he was finally on his back and ready for the operator.

No time was lost, and, in spite of thirsty, ferocious growls and heavy breathing, the piece of buckram round the tooth, a mighty pull was given, and, simultaneously with a roar from the lion, the tooth was pulled out. For a moment the lion seemed quite surprised—probably at the sudden cessation of agonies, for his mouth was fearfully ulcerated—and then he tried to get up. He again seemed puzzled. He gave a very low moan, his ears were lowered, he sprang on his feet again, but, beyond a heavy groan as the ropes drawn out of the cage, he made no more noise.

He was given a pillow of hot bread and milk, which he took greedily, although he snarled at the trainer who brought the milk as directed, as he was the man who always fed him. Some one suggested that it was because the trainer had been the one to hold off his hind legs, and that another laughed at the idea, and said it was probably because his mouth was still sore and a faked stick while the tooth was drawn out. That another laughed at the idea, and said it was probably because his mouth was still sore and a faked stick while the tooth was drawn out.

Though the lion quickly recovered, and was in the best condition for his cage, as directed, as he was the man who always fed him. Some one suggested that it was because the trainer had been the one to hold off his hind legs, and that another laughed at the idea, and said it was probably because his mouth was still sore and a faked stick while the tooth was drawn out.

If it is curious in all animal shows for the trainers to go very early in the morning into the cages to see them all. Accordingly, about five o'clock one morning, the keeper went in to clean out the cage of this lion before having his breakfast. It happened to be a particularly dark and dismal morning, and on all the electric lights were turned on.

The lion seemed perfectly quiet when the trainer went in—grinned a little when the man made him a bow, and otherwise seemed in a fairly good humor. And then, suddenly, without the least warning, all the electric lights went out! And in a moment, with a ferocious roar, the lion sprang at the keeper, his head in his mouth, and began to maul his ears. He was shrieked and tried to fast of the animal, but when the trainer saw that he was getting on his feet, he struck and the lion's ear attracted the attention of the other trainer, who put the light on, and the lion was in a state of great excitement, striking, thus causing the lion to jump on the other to drag out the trainer, who was now in a condition and bleeding terribly.

A doctor was sent for, and he found that the man's arm was badly torn, and that three digits of his hand had been completely bitten off. He was sent to the hospital, and was there many weeks. He finally recovered and returned to the show. But, as every time he went near that particular lion the animal showed great resentment, it was thought wiser to put him at other work. So he and the lion had been the best of friends until the tooth-drawing operation. There can be no doubt that this was the cause of the animal's change of feeling. This episode almost proved a critical operation for the trainer.

## A Young Lion Was Operated on Himself

IN the Forepawm Brothers' show, at one time, it was noticed that a fine young lion kept his mouth a little yaw open and appeared to be in pain. After much difficulty, it was found that in some way a piece of sharp bone had got between the lion's teeth, and was firmly wedged there, a pointed splinter of a protruding outside his mouth. Brags were out of the question when it came to an animal; and when it was found that the lion was himself in pain, and that it was starting to death, prompt measures were taken to be taken. The young lion was to be kept, and the piece of bone extracted.

But the animal was extremely nervous, and when one man was tied, it was found that he was shivering like a leaf, and that he was not at all steady in his keeping, being very fond of the young animal, and he was afraid, thinking in quiet and gently him; but, need not worry, the lion was himself in pain, and was raising three feet and attacked the keeper's carriage. The keeper was so surprised and of his guard that it would have been badly with him had it not been for another keeper, who rushed forward with an iron bar to protect him.

But by this time the lion had worked himself up into a perfect frenzy, and, as the lion bar was put in front of him, he bit at it so savagely and violently that he snapped the piece of bone in his mouth. This caused the pressure, the remaining gear fell out, and there was now no need of an operation. The lion seemed just as much surprised as any one else, and lifted his nose and snarled, as a thoughtless, unsteady manner. Soon after, a lion of warm blood and with was given to him, and, after lapping up every drop of milk, he was given a little more, and was utterly exhausted from want of food and sleep, but when he was recovered, and grew into one of the finest lions in the show.

When the well-known evangelist Dobson, in the New York Zoological Park, was in his last sickness, he was thought that he was coming from an operation caused by some foreign substance he had swallowed, for some-one would swallow anything that he could not swallow, and was very much interested in getting them things when they think of as looking.

As after the most careful watching, it was found that he could not swallow anything, something was being done. It was decided to try something in the hope that it might save his life, so he was a great favorite with the public and all the keepers. And with every day, and just as his preparation as well to be taken for a human being, with several doctors present, he was given ether, which he took with rather a puzzled air, but quite placidly. The operation was performed, but there was no obstruction. It was found, however, that he had double pneumonia, and that he was coming from an operation caused by some foreign substance he had swallowed, for some-one would swallow anything that he could not swallow, and was very much interested in getting them things when they think of as looking.

It was found, however, that he had double pneumonia, and that he was coming from an operation caused by some foreign substance he had swallowed, for some-one would swallow anything that he could not swallow, and was very much interested in getting them things when they think of as looking.

low night after night, and he had as much attention as any right man, for his keepers were both devoted to him. When he died on the 24th of February, 1897, everybody in the Park was sorry, but Dr. Hornaday and the keepers were more than sorry; they were deeply grieved. It is wonderful how those big eyes gain the affection of those who have anything to do with them. They are so intelligent, so affectionate, and so appreciative of any kindness that it is not to be wondered at. Few children have so much care and attention as some of those andropod apes.

*A Struggle with a VICIOUS LLAMA*

**A** VERY recent operation which took place in Mr. Frank Hootick's show was that performed on a llama. The circumstances were interesting and peculiar. This llama had conceived a great friendship for a mired white donkey in the same show, and the two were therefore put together. The old friendship was kept up for more than three years, and then, one night, those two respectable friends had a most terrific fight between themselves. When they were separated, after much difficulty, it was found that the poor llama had had one eye completely destroyed, and that its head and eye-socket were in a bad condition.

A first-class veterinary surgeon was sent for, and the wound was thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, and the llama's head bandaged up snugly. All this sounds very easy, but some experts think when you can realize the amount of trouble and difficulty it meant. In the first place the llama, in being so disfigured and mangled, was exhibiting a strong tendency to attack his own eye, and when any attempt was made to get near him, he struck out viciously with his fore feet and tried to bite—and llamas can give terrible licks. It took nearly all the men in the show and some outside men in the White City at Shepherd's Bush to keep him still while the veterinary did his work. Even then, one or two received kicks, and one was bitten slightly.

The poor head presented a pitiful sight when it was finished, but as soon as it was over to be given—so it is called—by the head application, for he must have suffered greatly; and after a few weeks, when the lambs were returned, the neck had healed. But it was found that his love for the white donkey had changed to hatred, and each time he caught sight of his former friend he became terribly enraged. Now he is always kept with his blind eye carefully covered the donkey.

A very common operation among snakes is to take out their loose teeth, or to feed them by artificial means. Nearly all snakes in captivity suffer from new mouths, and it becomes necessary at times not only to take out the loose teeth, but to snub out the mouths with some disinfectant, and also to wash of the pieces of loose skin round the lips. That this is a very critical and dangerous operation, not only to the snake but to those in attendance, need not be said.

*Erasing the Tusk of a Python*

**A** BOUT eight pythons, for instance, which is about twenty feet in length and weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, is not only a cumbersome and heavy article to manage, but also a very dangerous one. It takes twelve or fourteen men to handle him and take him out of his cage. This is done by one man taking a large piece of coarse matting and, after the door of the python's cage is opened, throwing it without one moment's hesitation over the python's head, and then rapidly quickly securing the snake by the back of his neck. And now here should be the best hold of just the right place on the neck—the front instead of the back of the neck,

for instance—he is as good as a dead man.

But, supposing that the man has caught the python in the right place, in the apex of the neck, with a quick movement he draws the snake's body forward; and, so he draws it, the other men come forward and catch hold of the snake's back at intervals of about a couple of feet, and hold on for dear life. Then, while the men are holding him, another man takes to time, but with a pair of pliers takes out the loose teeth—they come out very easily—snubs out the snake's mouth with some cotton wool steeped in disinfectant, and then puts in another lot of cotton wool saturated with iodine. And here, unconsciously, the snake helps in the operation: for he holds on the cotton wool in the most vicious manner, which is the very best thing he could do. After he has done this several times, the wood is taken out of his mouth with a pair of pliers, his lips are washed off and dried by means of some cotton wool inserted on the end of a wooden pole, and the operation is over.

I witnessed this operation myself on one time, and I can safely say that no one was more delighted at the ending than the men who were holding the python. They were all exceptionally strong and energetic men; but it needed great strength, great nerve, and cool presence of mind. For occasionally the python would present long fangs in this manner, and with a fearful and most powerful wriggle would send the men nearly of their lives. If they had loosened their hold, it would, in all probability, have meant the death of the whole lot of us. For what could any human being do in a comparatively small room with a twenty-foot-long python loose? The men kept their heads and the python; but when he was more sure of his grip, and had slipped into his tank of water like an oiled rat, each man was streaming with perspiration and panting for breath.

*Manicuring the Elephant's Paws*

**O**PERATIONS have been performed on nearly all wild animals in captivity at one time or another—hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, river elephants. There is one operation on elephants which is always performed at least once a year and sometimes much oftener in all zoological gardens, wild animal shows, and circuses. That is the simple operation of manicuring their tusks. In captivity, the elephant does not get enough exercise to keep his tusks worn down or the skin of his feet in good order; so it becomes necessary to cut and trim the tusks and cut off the superfluous skin that collects round his legs feet.

This is a very simple operation, and, yet not, of course, least the animal in the end, and most elephants stand quite still until it is over. But, in other cases—small elephants being extremely nervous creatures, in spite of their enormous size—the greatest difficulties are encountered because of the animal's timidity. One large elephant in a Kansas show had always been considered one of the most gentle and amiable of his species, and not the slightest trouble was anticipated when the time came to cut his snags and trim his feet. But, at the very first



Making an examination of a sick elephant's mouth. Elephants display almost human resignation in allowing the doctor to relieve their sufferings.

sight of the knife, the big creature uttered a shrill shriek, trumpeted at the top of his voice, and, with his big body swaying from side to side, tore off and was not only run out of the circus grounds, but all the way down the village street!

After such time and trouble, he was persuaded to come back, and soon became as quiet and gentle as before. The circus people visited a while, and then, thinking he had forgotten the incident, and wishing to get his feet into good condition, tried again. But just as soon as the elephant saw the implements, he uttered another shriek, at this time an angry one. He took up one of his men in his trunk and tossed him away as if he had been a rubber ball; and this he did to each man in turn. And when the unfortunate men jerked themselves up, terribly bruised and cut, they refused ever to attempt the operation again, simple as it was.

But in course of time the elephant's feet became very sore and the overgrowing nails caused him much suffering. So it was finally decided to try just once more to get his feet in good order. And, curiously enough, this time the elephant allowed them to do just what they liked, and stood perfectly still until the whole business was concluded. After that he always submitted most willingly in this operation, even lifting up his huge foot as if to help the operation.

But, among all the wild animals, there is one who can not be operated on. That is the giraffe. This curious creature, the tallest of all earthly inhabitants, is so timid and nervous that anything the least unusual frightens it. At one time, in the Zoological Gardens in London, it was noticed that a young giraffe seemed to be in pain, and it was decided to give it some medicine. Several keepers were called in to help, but, as they came in, the giraffe looked at them nervously with its beautiful eyes, trembled all over as if with rage, and greatly distressed on the floor of the stable, and died on the spot! So no one had touched it; no one had hurt it in any way. It simply died from sheer fright.



"Brutus," a fourteen-month-old lion, being made ready to have an ulcerated tooth drawn. Not an instant is lost after the animal has inhaled the anesthetic, for he may wake up at any moment.











"For the Calmed lady and Judy O'Geady are sisters, under their skins"

## INTERLUDES

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

The man who invented cold storage is eighty-five years old. This fact is itself should be a sufficient refutation of the fable that a majority of the fresh eggs now consumed were laid in days prior to the War of 1862.

Since a recent very pertinent pronouncement from the White House, a good many citizens at Washington who are desirous of obtaining well in the eyes of the Administration here have anxiously seeking suitable names without any failure to the front door.

A German Militant Suffragette advises her British sisters to burn their husbands' diaries and breakfasts. This is not half so effective as the American plan under the operation of which a good many really fine women burn their husbands' money.

The authorities up at Newport are said to have placed two police-men in charge of affairs on the Newport beach. We do not recall the rumor that this concession to the ladies is shortly to be followed by an order requiring that all the waves that break on the beach shall be married.

Ex-Speaker Cannon will be heard from again, having been captured only recently. This time he announces that, now that Illinois has granted the suffrage for women, it is a fine time for good-looking men to run for office. This is really the first complete act of co-operation on Mr. Cannon's part that has ever come in our notice. Let the good work go on!

An interesting item in the newspaper informs us that out of seven hundred members of the San Francisco Birth-Women's Union one hundred are college graduates; and another item in the same journal asserts that a college education is worth \$25,000 in increased earning capacity. If both these items are true, they must be some extra-odd in San Francisco to require an investment of \$2,500,000 on the disbanding account alone!

A correspondent wants to know the correct pronunciation of the word *Parallal* in Faneuil Hall. Frankly, we do not care to commit ourselves definitely on so important a matter; but we can say positively in our retrospective that upon a recent visit to Boston we heard the word pronounced by natives in such a way that a newspaper report would be justified in using it as a rhyme either for "bassal" or "bassal"; so we presume that is about the way it really should be spoken. But why refer to it at all in days like these, when everybody seems to have forgotten it altogether?

In a list of the twenty greatest women in history recently published, we find such names as Marie Antoinette, Madame de Maintenon, and Cleopatra; but no reference whatever is made either to the lamented

Currier Nation, whose art was quite so famous and much more effective than George Washington's halibut; or to the late Casser I'badwick, who as a "dove" of the 19th, if not devoid, has had an rival since the days of Tolstok.

In laying our belated wreath at the feet of the Kaiser, who has recently completed his twenty-fifth year of service as a German leader, we have only to say that a man that holds fair to be just one thousandth larger than another has turned out to be nothing more than a refreshing shower, for which the whole world has reason to be profoundly grateful.

### SUPERFLUOUS

"I see," said little Blanka, "that the Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois wants to have newspaper reporters hanged."

"Nonsense!" said the Gentle Philosopher. "Seems to me the general run of 'em takes too much license on it."

### ON ELECTION DAY

"In this the polling-place" asked Mrs. Silibers, over the telephone to Tampa's Barber Shop, where the voting was going on.

"Yes, madam," replied the inspector. "Well, I'm Mrs. Silibers, of number ninety-seven Greenway Street. I just wanted to tell you that it is raining so hard just now that I can't think of going out, so will you please cast one straight ticket for the Progressive Party for me? And, while you are about it, ask Mr. Higgs to send me up four pounds of liver, two pounds of chops, a dozen fresh eggs, and—"

"But—would you believe it—last night politician actually hang up the receiver, with a bang!"

### AS TO BACHELORS OF ARTS

A YOUNG man has just been denied his Bachelor's degree by Columbia College because he had not passed his ordaining examination, as required by the rules of the faculty of that institution of light and leading. In all other respects he had proved himself a capable student; but, after four years of abiding hesitation on the brink of the swimming-pool, he had not felt himself wholly prepared at all times to propel himself from one end of the tank to the other, and in consequence he flunked at the emergent moment. We notice a disposition in some quarters in Pad Mall to give the college authorities for withholding the young man's degree as any such score; but the more we think of it the more are we convinced that the faculty are not only wise in making his requirement, but would be wiser still if they carried the principle still further. It is their job to fit the young man committed to their care to fight the battles of life in the larger world, and it is clear to any man of ordinary common sense that a youngster who can't swim eighty-six feet in real water would have no chance whatsoever as Wall Street, or in the Social Forum, or in a new consolidated, and to induce him as fit for the struggles of existence would be most improper under all the circumstances of modern life.

### But why swimming alone?

With New York's gamblers in considerable numbers shooting real bullets at real people out of real guns, and Muffragette bullets hurling bricks with an unenviable accuracy in many quarters of the world, why not have a course in judging, or skill, or in swimming? In view of the sudden changes of base required of men in modern politics, why should a student who can not learn a complete sonnet-craft at a woman's nod be considered as a capable person, fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils? In view of the swift pace of modern life, why should the ability to swim, eighty-six feet be regarded as a sole test of a man's capacity to keep up with the procession, with an requirement that be able to mix a hundred yards in fifty seconds? Considering conditions in the subway during the rush hours, why should more swimming, when everybody knows that the only thing under the canopy that saves a man from suffocating is a rough and wool in a complete mastery of the arts of hating, abusing, and poisoning?

Truly it is all right to hold that a man be able to swim before certifying him to the world as a Bachelor of Arts; but the idea that anybody can get along in the world as it is constituted to day without judging, writing, judging, writing, and being judged, writing, judging, writing, and being judged, is quite preposterous.

If the Butler does not believe this, let him talk it over with the Mahook Conference, and with his friend the Kaiser, on his next annual visit to both these institutions. We give our guess if they don't both tell him there's something in it.

### THE MORGAN OF MARGUS OPTUTY

TRAVEL, my son, may broaden your intellect, as many wise sages have said; but take it from me, who have wandered much, that it is not likely to increase the circumference of your pants.

Nothing the constitutionally, friend Nostin, is as unprofitable; therefore never contented with a swim for the last word. She will have it, even if it requires a V. S. to get it in.

I, who have been twice married, and speak therefore from experience, my dear Cassius, do hereby solemnly flow that the one thing under a woman's hand will first make inquiry as to the cost of gloves.

When you find your nose rising higher and higher in the days of your youth, O Senegambian, do all that lies within thee to keep it down, but in your later years you shall bend beneath the strain of keeping it up.

Kiss-kisses, Bostonian, are dangerous adornments for ambassadors whose lips are bowed, since they afford his adversary ample opportunity to see through him, and not infrequently serve to place his unadvisable in an undesirable light.

As I have gone through life, Beatrix Quintus, I have observed that a gassy tongue is a more indication of a light mind, which sheds no illumination whatsoever, save that which brings into better relief the own emptiness of thought.

# AMANDA

BY  
KATHARINE BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY JAMES W. FREYTON



**T**HIS Duchess of Alabachon has left her soul's capital, and is now at Berkeley, Cal. She has lately been troubled with a slight rheumatic ailment, which, it is hoped, may disappear before the date set for the marriage festivities of the Duke and his son. The preparations are said to be beyond—

At this point the cabbage boiled over and overflowed, whereas Amanda, tactlessly laying aside her newspaper, went to the rescue of the dinner.

"By George!" said Mr. Wood enthusiastically, as he ate, "Amanda certainly is the boss cook. This sausage-and-cabbage combination beats the world. We must have some when Bartholomew comes to dine."

Amanda frowned. She was waiting at table—there was nobody else to wait. Mrs. Wood looked discomfited. Her American husband often amazed her by exhibiting phibetic tastes. She was too young to know that all husbands have phibetic tastes.

"Do let us give him something thoroughly vulgar and coarse," she commented. "No American!"

"It was always the favorite dish of my father," says Amanda indignantly, then, checking herself, she left the room.

"No," retorted Mr. Wood to his wife's remark; "let us send around to Burnard's for a plum-cake, serve it with tea, and imagine we have given a new something to eat. That would be the English way."

Amanda is really intolerable, with her impertinent habit of looking in upon the conversation at table, regarding the lady, changing her point of attack. "I can't think why you ever married her."

"Best to be had at the price," he answered eloquently. "As far as that goes, can't you see that she has any faults. But at two pounds ten a month some might reasonably be expected. If you can do any better—"

**S**HE could not, and not so well, wherever Mr. Wood had some weeks earlier spent an arduous day examining applicants, until Amanda presented her ruddy countenance. Mrs. Wood was not much of a housekeeper. Her chief claim to distinction, after her pretensions, was that she was third cousin to an earl. This fact was of no interest to the earl; indeed, he did not know it; but it was the pride and glory of Mrs. Wood's life. In the daughter of a rosy city merchant, and later in the wife of an energetic young American striving to introduce a California champagne to an indifferent world, this hardly connected had served only to excite desire and respect.

"Have you noticed how all the journals are filled with the marriage of the Duke of Alabachon," she inquired over the coffee. "Hush! me those newspapers, Amanda, Lieben. The Danziger Duchess of Alabachon is indisposed, it is said that the Duchess is more troubled than ill, and that the same is to be found in the approaching marriage of her son, the reigning Duke Leopold, with the Princess—"

"You're not interesting," she broke off. "I'd like to marry a winning duke myself."

"I wish I knew a few to impress Bartholomew with," remarked her husband, who pursued his business meditations everywhere, in the American style; "here is a long list of one or two, if you like. You call it. Yes, take the cap, Amanda; I'm through," likewise turning away, that before. But he an introducer who handed into every decent hotel in London, if he takes it up. If I can get him to dine here next week, will it cost days? I must go up to Berkeley first to see what it says, but we can do it when I get back."

"So you are going to Scotland!" said Mrs. Wood pleasantly. "I wish I were going somewhere! Men can always call it business."

He rose and touched her shoulder with logical embarrassment.

"Why, girls!" he said, "I'd love to have you, but honest, I haven't got the money to do it. It's right way and you wouldn't like any other way, would you, now? But when we put this deal through—"

"He shook off his hand.

"Oh, we can't afford anything, of course. A Distinguished but and one arrest, and the Crystal Palace for diversion—I suppose that's your idea of fitting circumstances for me. I never see a soul. If it weren't for Horrie Robinson—"

"If being a Jewish man having a motor and giving dinner at the Carlton, then I wish all the men I know were Jewish," said the spirited Mrs. Wood; and Mr. Wood retired into his room, there he went daily. "He wanted to buy me a fan-chain at Street's to-day," she continued testily, "the sweetest thing in baroque pearls. It was lovely, and I didn't like any other way, would you, now? But when we put this deal through—"

"I do prefer to buy my wife's jewelry myself," remarked Mr. Wood grandly oblivious of the fact that he had not bought and could not buy any. She forbore to trouble him of this. Perhaps a gilt-wood chair with a Bible upon it, he has ever more inspired her annual magnificence.

Amanda loved. "Poor boy," said she to herself, as she sat at the dining-room table. "Amanda loved her husband. Yet he can't ever buy them."

Amanda had a great fondness for Mr. Wood. He resembled a young lieutenant of hussars whom he recalled very well. He loved her, and on account of the difference in their station, vainly.

**A**MANDAN'S room was in the angle of the lower court, and the building adjoining it was of no pretension. The apartments therein were not only small, but more comfortable in every way. Amanda looked from her window. A pretty, tidy girl's head emerged from the one opposite.

"I suppose," announced the calling head, "Thanks ever so, my Mrs. never thank you. You know everything."

"How goes it with the invalid?" inquired Amanda.

"I haven't heard yet," admitted the girl. "But I expect some very day. This is the longest time he has ever left me, and I have been with him two years now. Amanda's disappointment was evident.

"He will come soon," persisted the girl.

"I suppose so," granted the cook. "But a month is too long for a girl to stay home. He doesn't do right."

"He won't."

"Then? Well, you have some enough to take care of yourself. What have you for dinner?"

The girl laughed softly. Amanda was certainly surprised.

"Jan," she confessed, "and tea."

Amanda frowned. Then produced a plate of cabbage elaborately ornamented with sausage links.

"Eat this," she commanded.

"I'm not hungry."

"Mrs. Wood might not like it."

"I dislike it."

"In tell the truth," said the girl. "I can't bear cabbage."

"All my Mr. leg I have been annoyed," said Amanda, "by people who would not say what they mean. And she let the table slide."

"You're no dictator!" murmured the girl, unafraid. "You are the kind of cook one reads about, that makes everything miserable. You don't like the Duchess in 'Alice in Wonderland.' Oh, have you read the Queen about the Hobbies of Alabachon? Her son is going to marry a German princess, and the ladies German princess, and she's going off to Vienna and Germany and she's water for humpste. It says she always loved to go about in white, but her husband never liked it, so she read it. It says she's a splendid cook, too. Here it is. The woman next me on the bus left it when she got it."

Amanda took the Queen from her neighbor, and read the article with interest.

"Now was Amanda alone, and for some min. with the sense of anti-climax possessed her."

"Through her paternal grandmother, the Duchess is a great-granddaughter of the eccentric Count Paul of Bavia, who was murdered for his liberal tendencies by the reactionary nobility. She inherited vast domains in the province district near Baku on the Caspian Sea, and is immensely wealthy in her own right. The Duke will be short of much of his inheritance if the count's adverse counselors drive the matter to hidden her proceedings. . . . An incident in the Duchess' family which . . . She reads Karl Marx, an admirer of Henry Bismarck, and holds it in mind, startling socialist views—views which her husband during his lifetime repressed with difficulty, driving her to turn her overflowing energies into the American channel. . . . She has with pride offered to the Car and the Kaiser bond made by her own hands—"

**BOND STREET** was crowded. A stout, homely, middle-aged woman, who had the air of regretting her husband, entered Street's. She was evidently unused to shopping. The haughty clerks gave very perfunctory attention to her demands.

"These are rather cheap," said one, with many incidents, when she asked for pearl fan-chains. The woman eyed him with an ask look, drew from her shabby bag two handfuls of coin, and pushed them toward him. The abashed salesman produced the chains. She chose one. Too fashionably dressed women, passing, stared curiously.

"My dear," said the elder in a clear undertone, "these, if you please, is the missing Duchess of Alabachon."

"But she's at Peverel, because the Car writes so on her address. The Times this morning says so. And there is an official announcement that the Duke's marriage is off, and she will go back so soon as the Car is a King!"

"Did you notice all that American gold on the counter? Here's for her husband's belongings."

"She's no parcel at once," said the stout woman authoritatively.

The salesman clerk obeyed.

As she stood on the curb waiting for an omnibus, a cab containing two men passed. A brown, black face turned out, fastened with interest, and was withdrawn.

"There stands the Duchess of Alabachon—the alabachon," said a short, balding man to his companion.

"Looks like a wash-woman," said Dr. Watson, distrustfully.

"Friend number one, my dear fellow," answered Holmes. "But did you not remark her left boot-heel, as the wind exposed it? Only one man in the world puts on a boot like that, and he is the court bootmaker of Alabachonshire. I bet a pair of his boots is evidence, I remember, in the strange case of the Lithuanian Margravine's lover. You must hear that some day."

Long before the end of those garrulous remarks the cab was out of sight, but the first words had been quite audible, and much discomfort, the woman hastened to Oxford Street, and by that thoughtless of farting horse and slipshod freaks made her safe way to Tottenham Court Road.

**A**MANDA, returning home after an airing, found a message from Mr. Wood awaiting her. He knew better than to expect her to take a real bit interest in the census.

"Most important has champagne left right Bartholomew dinner tonight," read the message. Mrs. Wood stood beside her mirror, eyeing a nail



"He tore the covering from a parcel. It was a case from Street's!"



**The Bouquet of Age**

**Old Overholt Rye**  
"Same for 100 Years"

"Mellow as old recollections; fragrant as the rose of yesterday." The whiskey that has retained its reputation for over a century. Aged in wood and bottled in bond.

A. Overholt &amp; Co.



## QUEEN VICTORIA AS I KNEW HER

(Continued from page 12)

with genius—that is to say, commercial genius. One set of letters was placed in the following order, to address to the Queen's private secretary:

I shall be truly grateful if you could present my best love to her Majesty and say that I send you a small order for my \$200-tube cigar.

The Red-White-and-Blue Club

FROM the poets to the creatives in art, I got a stop. It was taken by the writer of the following, which did not absolutely genuine letter, in which I have changed nothing except the signature:

August 3, April, 1867

About a year ago I was told that you give a card of one of these, red, white, and blue, for her Majesty the Queen of England would receive a million thanks as a return. I have occasioned many disappointments in the intervening hours of time, but I refused to let a card that will meet your wishes. If it gave your Majesty, as you are at New York, I propose to bring the card myself. That would give the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and I should be able to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Should it be possible, would your Majesty be so good as to let me know if this means of carriage for your services, and the card will be quite effective during the crossing, and I do not ask this to the charge of any one but myself.

Amating your Majesty's reply, I beg to remain,  
Your obedient servant,  
Wm. F. G.

Real madmen who possessed the Queen. A certain Count de C— invited her to order her government to replace him in possession of the Egyptian scepter. Another fanatic believed himself to be the son of the Queen of England, and naturally took it into his head to assert his rights. I am bound to say, in very respectful terms.

Madam and Dear Madam:

I fear that you are in France at present, and I therefore hesitate to write you in a state which would do you more harm than good. I am sure I am not on British soil, where I could do you more harm than good. I am sure I am not on British soil, where I could do you more harm than good. I am sure I am not on British soil, where I could do you more harm than good.

Yours truly, Wm. F. G.

Thank, &amp;c., &amp;c.

These few examples, which I could here merely mention, will give you a general idea of the importance, the diversity, and the eccentricity of the requests of her Majesty's official correspondents. It is a miracle to our country. There was no replying to all these letters; it was really impossible.

FOR CURE OF BRUISES  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
MADE AT KEY WEST

## The Queen's Routine

I RETURN to the daily employment of her Majesty's time. The Queen had breakfast at eleven o'clock, when she went for her quiet drive, without pomp or circumstance, in the little donkey-springs, round about the royal residence in the beautiful gardens of Combe, or, more often, in the delightful grounds of the Villa Lancelotti.

The Queen seldom went back to her hotel before six o'clock. Lunch was served in the kitchen at twelve o'clock. This was the old Queen's chief meal during the day. The bill of fare generally consisted of fish, poultry, game, vegetables, and fruit. From six to nine the French cooking was served with national dishes. The Queen received five or six visits after tea, usually for she was eager to start on her afternoon drive. Tea was taken in the carriage, which stopped for the purpose of six o'clock. The Queen returned to the hotel at about six o'clock in the evening in March, and at about seven in April; that is to say, just before dawn.

After a short rest the Queen sat down to dinner, which she usually finished for half past eight, was seldom served before nine o'clock. Her favorite soup was a cream of cauliflower. Every day specially for her every day. Her Indian cook also sent up a dish of his own preparing. Apart, apart from this, in addition to the queen's appetites. At the royal table was invariably French. As a hotel diet, I must add that, in addition to the queen's appetites. At the royal table was invariably French. As a hotel diet, I must add that, in addition to the queen's appetites. At the royal table was invariably French. As a hotel diet, I must add that, in addition to the queen's appetites.

Her Majesty usually left the dining-room at ten o'clock, stayed for a little while at reading in the library, and then returned to the Queen's private apartments. She usually took a walk in the park, or to the lake, and then returned to the Queen's private apartments. She usually took a walk in the park, or to the lake, and then returned to the Queen's private apartments. She usually took a walk in the park, or to the lake, and then returned to the Queen's private apartments.

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## Bernhardt Plays for Queen

QUEEN VICTORIA always interested herself in the pursuit of art. In the spring of 1871, Mrs. Bernhardt, who was then in the height of her fame, was asked to give a performance at the Albert Exhibition. She took place in the large reception-hall, and was so successful that she has been invited to give a performance at the Albert Exhibition. She took place in the large reception-hall, and was so successful that she has been invited to give a performance at the Albert Exhibition. She took place in the large reception-hall, and was so successful that she has been invited to give a performance at the Albert Exhibition.

Never had I seen a more unanimously loved and admired actress. Her performance was so successful that she has been invited to give a performance at the Albert Exhibition. She took place in the large reception-hall, and was so successful that she has been invited to give a performance at the Albert Exhibition. She took place in the large reception-hall, and was so successful that she has been invited to give a performance at the Albert Exhibition.

quite as eager to cheer the Queen. The Queen, however, did not like cheers or noisy manifestations. The public respected her wishes, and contented themselves with waving their hands and the royal carriage drove between the rows of sight-seers amid a soft shower of friendly wishes.

## Palming the Donkey-Cart

I MUST admit that I felt a certain anxiety each time that we went out for a drive. The Queen's carriage was always in the good feeling of the inhabitants of New. On the other hand, I knew that the Queen's carriage was always in the good feeling of the inhabitants of New. On the other hand, I knew that the Queen's carriage was always in the good feeling of the inhabitants of New. On the other hand, I knew that the Queen's carriage was always in the good feeling of the inhabitants of New.

The Queen certainly did not see the main, but she was not afraid of it. More than once she refused to get into the carriage, and she was not afraid of it. More than once she refused to get into the carriage, and she was not afraid of it. More than once she refused to get into the carriage, and she was not afraid of it.

Although the Queen displayed a marked preference for excursions to lonely places, she was not afraid of it. More than once she refused to get into the carriage, and she was not afraid of it. More than once she refused to get into the carriage, and she was not afraid of it. More than once she refused to get into the carriage, and she was not afraid of it.

The festive day reported is held at Combe on the first Sunday in April. It is a most interesting and important occasion, and is held at Combe on the first Sunday in April. It is a most interesting and important occasion, and is held at Combe on the first Sunday in April. It is a most interesting and important occasion, and is held at Combe on the first Sunday in April.

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most touched by human weakness. But it did not say to devote her object was to relieve poverty and suffering, and to encourage the spirit of the Queen's charity. Many a time she repaid me for being too circumventive in my thanks in the direction of generosity, she used to say: "It is better for your peace of mind."

She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor. She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor. She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor. She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor. She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor.

One day her Majesty was driving with Princess Victoria and her friends, Lady Austin, when she suddenly caught sight of a small band of people, who were in the park. She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor. She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor. She was also not too proud to do well and waiting for the poor.

It was, as I expected, a funeral; but the funeral was so simple and so beautiful, that it was a most interesting and important occasion. It was, as I expected, a funeral; but the funeral was so simple and so beautiful, that it was a most interesting and important occasion. It was, as I expected, a funeral; but the funeral was so simple and so beautiful, that it was a most interesting and important occasion.

On one or two other occasions her Majesty openly manifested her respect for the profession of the clergy. On one or two other occasions her Majesty openly manifested her respect for the profession of the clergy. On one or two other occasions her Majesty openly manifested her respect for the profession of the clergy.

Queen Victoria and the Prussian Civil

THE Queen visited Berlin. Here is one of the most interesting and important occasions, and is held at Combe on the first Sunday in April. It is a most interesting and important occasion, and is held at Combe on the first Sunday in April. It is a most interesting and important occasion, and is held at Combe on the first Sunday in April.

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FOR FAILURE TO PROVIDE

(Continued from page 9)

So the Mayor, by Hoff's order, took a hearty trip to the Atlantic. It was a part of the scheme to get Mariavetti without embarrassing the Mayor. Hoff's plans were laid, and he was at the station that night to see his boss off and wish him a pleasant journey. He could not tell that Mariavetti came running up Boardwalk out of breath, holding a wet copy of the latest edition of the evening paper in his hand. He could not help at first to comprehend Mariavetti's unaimed pleading voice, hoarse with excitement and haste and nervousness, regarding his duty. He read a heavy thump on the name of Sullivan, who had that day, by the Mayor's act as Hoff's order, been appointed acting Mayor, and would have the power of official life and death over all executive appointments.

"He'll do me? He'll do me?" Mariavetti was saying.

"Don't you worry about that! Don't worry. You, Mayor assured him. "You'll live you all right."

"You bet he'll find him," said Hoff to himself, feeling the surge of anticipated vengeance.

THE next morning, in his office, Hoff was checking over the knowledge that Mariavetti's head was rubbing in the political gutter.

In the midst of one of his earlier chuckles, the door burst open unceremoniously, and Mariavetti himself strode in. Ordinarily Hoff did not have a word of color in his face. Now he was white to ghostliness. His small eyes were close shut, and he only a glimmer of light appeared, and awful angles of intensity converged round them. A faint hair line marked the terrible expression of bloodless lips. His cheeks, white and prominent, now looked about knitting lumps of muscle that told how terrible was the constriction of his jaws in their set Emperor of unrelaxable resolution.

Hoff looked at him calmly yet anxiously. The plant lowered down upon him, his face shaking with the fury of the storm of anger that swept over him and which he was striving to control.

"Hoff," he said at last, trying hard to be calm. "Look Ernest here at me, this will come home with me. I will get you some good kick, and together will put you where you belong."

"Ernest!" roared Hoff, snarling derisively. "What Ernest! Why, Mariavetti! Ernest was in the deal. He went away as I could kick you out?"

FOR a moment Mariavetti stood bolt upright, his head drawn back and down at the base, and his arms quivered from top to toe like a man who had been dealt a death-blow. Hoff looked intently at the expression on his face. He was confident: then for a moment was gray and smothering like a fire. After that the expression was:

"You lie!" he roared, with all the pent-up violence of his soul, and, purely as an incident of his emotion, his great feet, which, when he walked, had struck about his head, downward, sliding, also as an incident, a perfectly unobtrusive, slip.

Hoff drew back quickly. A lead about the eye of darkness in his desk was cut. Hoff saw that it was coming in with a crash that echoed like an explosion.

He retreated completely out of the play-area now that he strove to maintain Hoff's opening up to share.

"What, man! Am you crazy?" he asked.

Mariavetti looked surprised at his own violence.

"I would be," he confessed boldly, "to catch you like an egg-salt on a night, and came near to doing, when—when there was no other and better way. Oh, I'll crack you, all right. There'll be a new boss in the Sixty-second, did you see? No, but there's a new boss in the city, Hoff, for I'll put you out of here, and I'll put you in somewhere else. Oh, I'll crack you, Hoff, here! here! here! here! Good stuff, Hoff, and stone walls, and tarries, and gangs, and Winkler. Oh, if it'll be left, Hoff, but you'll get it. You'll get it."

Mariavetti was bowling at the mouth as he ran out of the door, with his trousers hanging his great feet heavily. The touch of eggs and salt was resting there, feeling upon his skin. He hurried about into a ship in a storm, started to feel the door, and then strove out.

Hoff, who had arisen, sat down weakly, white and nervous. He was in the control of himself when Larkin stood in to see about a new-back franchise he was interested in getting through the street.

"Well, Larkin," Hoff said, their faces flushed. "You find the man that lived up down at the convention—Mariavetti. You know, he was really to blame for it all."

"You've got to send him," said Larkin in disgust. "You're up to Hoff."

"Up!" queried Hoff. "I'm just getting loose head."

"Nothing to do. You've done you. You got some money out of the game, a few hundred dollars all right, and a hell of a lot of revenge; but that's all, except a few more years in the pen. They're coming all over you all around. Mariavetti will be the end. When the play gets strong enough, Ernest will step you, and you can't get a friend where you need him. You're a damned fool. You got an amazing enemy in Mariavetti; you can't get no friend in me unless I get mighty positive orders from above, and I don't think I'll get 'em; and even Blake, the man you elected to the District Court of Appeals, is the only man that couldn't be bought or beaten into doing a thing for you. You've short-circuited yourself, Hoff. I smell your sides already."

A suspicious sneered Hoff's crafty mind.

"Larkin," he said, "see you in the fight against me? Your own actions were bound to feel themselves biting over every feature of Larkin's face."

"No," responded Larkin frankly. "It's 'heads off' with you. If you win out, I do business with you. If you don't, I do business with the man that does."

Hoff's eyes had dimmed still. Cold sweat stood on his brow. The thought of the threat Larkin had made the week before at the convention. The Mayor frowned his thoughts.

"Oh, I did say I'd take your sparks' play; but I can't keep it for a while yet—for so long as—you can, be drawn, rising to go."

There was a paralyzing tremor in Larkin's manner that was menacing, and that forgot his lips in anger, as anger that was childish in its boastfulness and lack of direction.

"Look here, Larkin," he blazed. "You needn't crew. I'll win this fight here in town, and then I'll go into the State and put you over my head. Talk of sparking plays, I'll take yours—and when you want to see it, you'll come to me for it."

Hoff's manner was laconic, but Larkin's phlegmatic nod looked at the words, his phlegm, simple language did not betray it.

"So long, Hoff," he murmured smoothly. "We'll get your personal company for each other this morning; don't mess and wade away, leaving the little few unprofessionally agitated."

Hoff's agitation grew with the days. The total wave of reform, rising higher and higher, and rolling inland unceasingly, threatened everything. The waters were up to Hoff's neck. Presently they were gurgling about his ears. He heard a left-one of his own, his first child (what treachery!)—pronounce him guilty of extortion; and one of his own judges, innocent as he did, yet spent the initial words that marked out for the erstwhile savior of the city a staid prison cell.

The flood waters were rising higher. They rained about Hoff's eyes, and an unending sea of mud and rollers came rolling over him. Hoff's face, the full moon, glowing in yellow fire, derived, the great circle face of Mariavetti's. Hoff's head! He was staring for a moment at the bottom of all this. He felt that really opened the floodgates to that incoming wave of reform. It was as if the bloodhounds of the prosecution on a trail that was hot enough to lead someone.

But the waves surged higher and engulfed the Mayor; swept higher still, and the flow of reform, steadily changed from purity to gravitas, they took apprehension, and with sudden attack, Mariavetti felt something pulling at his bottom, and he lay disappearing beneath the eddy currents—all because of a little reversal in having voted for his candidate. Since, in his district, the Sixty-second, a man who had been dead since the spring before.

"THREE years," the judge said to Mariavetti.

The Mayor had two coming to him, and more. He had felt the shabby up against him, and a perfect storm of indignations. But he was absorbed in the wave of reform, and he appealed, and he confidently expected a new trial. This was denied, so that his complaint. But the Mayor got a new trial, and Mariavetti. Each walked the streets

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A NEW SCIENCE AND THE MAN WHO MADE IT

(Continued from page 39)

being much more difficult to remember. All his work, therefore, in this most obscure field has been founded on the idea that psychology and discipline, the heaping of terms and definitions and an accumulation of all receptors, autoceptors, opticians, sensitivities, six-cines, ten-cines, logarithms, and the rest, under a few clear principles, the whole mass of discordant facts, there will not be much left besides accident and odd age for you to die of. In the meanwhile, for those who are interested in the progress of science, Nautic August Arrhenius will be a good name to watch.

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# HARBERS WEEKLY

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## COMMENT

HERNANDO with the issue of August 19th. Mr. NORMAN HAYDON will take charge of HURPER'S WEEKLY.

### A Report on New Haven

The Interstate Commerce Commission, having examined into the conditions and present proceedings of the New Haven road, has made a long report which contains these passages:

The present management started out with the purpose of controlling the transportation facilities of New England; in the accomplishment of this purpose it sought what must be had and paid what must be paid. Any betterment of railroad conditions in New England must begin with the assurance that the New Haven management will act not only privately, but, above all, within the letter and spirit of the law.

That is to say the New Haven must give up trying to be a monopoly (and be content to be a railroad).

It is a step to that direction that Mr. MELLER has resigned the presidency of the Boston & Maine Railroad, though that road is still a part of the New Haven system and may continue to be so. A government suit to undo some things that have been done by the New Haven is likely to be another step. But the way out is not at all clear yet. There has been cruel wastes in the pursuit of monopoly, but there has also been good work done. There is an enormous property, heavily leveraged but not overvalued, with obligations. The commission finds that the physical plant of the New Haven has been very well maintained; that its passenger service is the best, barring accidents, that comes into New York; that passenger fares are lower in New England than elsewhere in the United States; that its freight service is almost as good as that of the Pennsylvania and equal to that of the Baltimore & Ohio; that the passenger service of the Boston & Maine has improved under New Haven's management.

The commission thinks the New Haven should get rid of its trolley lines, but it does not recommend the separation of New Haven and Boston & Maine. Its general conclusion is in these words:

It would seem to be perfectly apparent that, if this road is suffered to exist, there must be some, where a power of regulation which is co-extensive with the monopoly. In other words, the federal government must assume jurisdiction over the maintenance and operation of these railroads, so far as they may be necessary to secure to the public a proper service.

### Judge Cochran

A legislative committee has heard evidence about Judge COTTELL and his dealings with Mr. COOKLEY, and found favorably to Judge COTTELL. The proceedings, on the whole, seem overmuch directed to the disparagement of the claims of Mr. COOKLEY to be a righteous man. That is well enough, but his public is more interested in the Judge than in his success.

### Farmers' Loans and Government

The visit of our Agricultural Commission to Europe is an incident thoroughly representative of the time. Coming at last to recognize that our resources of arable land are limited, though still far from being fully used, or even fully occupied, nothing is more natural than that we

should inquire of other people how they make the most of lands that have been cultivated for ages. We are simply fulfilling, in this and other ways, the prophecies of MARYLANN and THORPEVILLE and HAYNE and others who have understood how much the frontier has had to do with our prosperity.

Our commissioners should learn much, particularly about the proper care of land. In Ireland, SIR HENRY PRYDETT alone should prove so because he has been over here and looked into our own agricultural ways.

As we understand it, however, this commission, a government affair, wanted especially to learn about the devices of European farmers for borrowing money cheaply by combining to secure credit. Something may, no doubt, be learned about that also. Some of the European loan associations have had considerable experience, which may well be worth studying.

We shall, however, learn something better left unlearned if, because our commission is governmental, we make much, by far, of the governments, we get the notion that financing agriculture is a proper government enterprise. It is not so considered in Europe. There is no reason on earth why it should be so considered here—any more than that government should finance any other form of private enterprise. There is every reason why our farmers should, like those of various European countries, combine and cooperate to get lower rates on the money they need to borrow. The rates many of them pay are still, for various reasons, too high. There is no reason, either, why government should not cooperate, and we doubt that government, State and national, will readily enact any legislation needed to facilitate such combination and cooperation. The principle of it is already successfully exhibited in our building and loan associations. We are not even without examples of it among the farmers themselves. But it would be anything but a service to farmers to spread the notion that this is something for government itself to do. Financially probably one can not do it. Certainly ought not to do it. It will do more harm than good if it ever seems to attempt anything more than to procure information and offer plans which will aid farmers to do it for themselves.

### Don't Look Qualified

Governor NILES's nomination of CHARLES J. CHASE, of Uxton, and WALTER E. LEFFENWELL, of Watkin, to be members of the U.S. Public Service Commission has not been received with favor. Mr. CHASE is a locomotive engineer; Mr. LEFFENWELL is a hotel-keeper and an energetic Democrat. Both are worthy men, so far as appears, but there is a severity of fact on which to base belief that either of them is qualified for the fifteen-thousand-dollar job he has landed.

### A Fight Between the Ems

The Balkan fighters do not advertise. The newspapers, as a rule, are disgusted with them, and inclined to let them proceed, unheeded, the way gone by the cuts of Kilkenny. That is all the papers can do, for the Balkan brethren seem to have little more concern for the hopes of correspondents than the Japanese had in their war with Russia. Accordingly, up to the time of this writing very little has got out about the fight between Bulgaria and the Greeks and Servians. But it seems to be a very earnest fight, directed to the enforcement of a joint resolution of the Greeks and Servians that Bulgaria shall not have all the best of the best (distilled) from Turkey.

It must be admitted that the late allies do wisely to minimize publication of their differences. If they can fight them out behind the bars of Europe and reappear with a settlement, it is the best way. To appeal to arbitrators would be to

risk the loss of the whole disputed spoil. They can trust no one, not even one another. It would be a great missionary work to send a company of experienced arbitrators to the Balkans to help those impulsive and afflicted people divide their winnings. It could be done. Our own great country has the necessary men. For, after all, where is there such a company of practical arbitrators as our millions of householders? It is wonderful to think how much good a few of them could do in pacifying the Balkans if the Balkans would only submit to their judgment.

Meanwhile we know very little about what has happened. What is much more unusual, hardly anybody pretends to know. The editors in the papers, though from habit content, are from necessity not only vague, but brief. Our writers only that there has been some fighting, probably on a big scale, among the allies of yesterday—Bulgaria alone on one side, Greece and Serbia, with little Montenegro sympathizing, on the other—over their spoils. Bulgaria seems to have been getting the worst of it, and finally Rumania has cut in, declaring war on Bulgaria, and sending her banker. So it looks like success for the effort to make Bulgaria listen to some reason.

And that is very necessary, for permanent peace for such a region as the Balkans can hardly be attained without the utmost attention to the claims of race in any partitioning of soil, difficult as that may be. Religion, too, must not be neglected. Their collisions have filled each other's breasts. But nothing is quite like blood for stirring men up to pride and ambition and combatsiveness.

### The Underworld of National Politics

Although averse to anticipating the outcome of judicial inquiries, we make bold to do so in the matter of the lobby investigation. We confidently predict that the Senate committee will find that there is and has always been a lobby—a lot of lobbies—at work on national legislation. We predict that the House committee, if there is one, will arrive at the same astounding and horrifying conclusion. President WILSON will necessarily not be impeached for calling attention to something that exists not merely in connection with our national legislation, but with every other legislation in the country, if not in the world. We are almost, in fact, tempted to predict that no minority report will try to define "lobby" in such a way as to exclude, say, the representatives of the sugar people or of the National Manufacturers' Association.

Really the most surprising thing about the whole business so far is the apparent surprise occasioned by it. Were there any among us who actually doubted if there was such a thing as lobbying? If there were, then let us all follow in the way the Senators' example. As they solemnly reported to what extent they had individually been lobbied, let us all ask ourselves whether or not we have ever attempted any lobbying. A lot of us will be surprised to have to admit the extent of our own lobbies in that line.

This is not meant as unkind light of the inquiry or of the specific disclosures before the Senate committee; of course, when we speak of lobbying as well-known universal, we make the term over-generally all forms of private inducements upon legislators, no matter to what ends directed.

Some of the revelations have indeed been surprising. Mr. LAMAR's telephonic impersonations especially, and many of MARYLANN's still unconfessed confessions. But are they not surprising mainly because we haven't thought much about the matter? Ought we not to have remembered that every conspicuous man and every important event in politics is hourly watched by shoppers and adventures, obscurely trained, like common thieves or pickpockets, to get their living from them? Do we not know, from mere knowledge of human nature, that politics always has an ample

underworld of its own? Surely we do not need to go to Washington to find that out; one's own city or town or village is quite sufficient, if one keeps one's eyes open, to prove it.

Investigating underworlds is troublesome business, and seldom more than moderately successful. But it is often best, and sometimes necessary, to undertake it, notwithstanding. One study at the Senate's original idea of covering in two weeks the entire underworld of national politics. But the investigation is started, and it will find no logical place to stop until it is, humanly speaking, complete. To be that, it must examine every form of influence on the government that is not entirely public.

#### At Keokuk, Iowa

Doubtless the spectacle at present stands for the future to more minds than anything else does. It came superbly heralded and imagined. There was probably never a time since men began to have visions at all when they did not imagine the ultimate future of this world or the next, or any of us at a period when men should die.

Think of comparing the realization of that dream with a mere promise done—a thing that men and beavers have patched up immemorially!

But think of the Keokuk dam, across the Mississippi—and then think again. Think of the enormous power, which is also heat and light, which by long lines of its industry, and kindred, and will, has been thus forever captured and tamed to the use of millions. Think of what the "white coal" of little Switzerland always does for her, and of the immense river flows of the two Americas, as yet hardly challenged—and of many other dams the Mississippi itself can leap without the slightest impairment of its energy. Remember our vanishing forests, our recklessly increasing coal consumption. See if it does not look reasonable to conjecture that the rivers may yet yield us, in the long run, more of power and achievement than the air can—more than anything else, indeed, until such time as we harness the tides.

#### The Mayor and the "Mooves"

Mayor GAYDON'S defense of the "mooves" before the owners and exhibitors thereof had a decidedly favorable reception. Even when he paid his respects to the elegancies and others, "who are much better than the rest of us," and who sell some of the "mooves" for lead, that broad-minded audience remained admirably complacent. The first thing we know the Mayor will be telling the labors to their faces that bakers' bread is all right, or the undertakers that, say what they please, there's nothing like a real handsome funeral.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, the Mayor was, in the main, and the whole, dead right about the "mooves." Of course, there may have been and may still be some bad ones. The creators of them are artists after their kind, and all kinds of artists occasionally offend people's moral senses and present things that children would be better for not seeing. There is need of some supervision, no doubt, particularly in this country, where children see pretty nearly everything their fathers do. But "mooves" offend far less and less often than other kinds of shows. As the Mayor remarks, parents and mothers take children to them much oftener than to other shows, and the managers of the "mooves" know it. They are not eager to risk half their patronage from decisions to peddle as they find, and any of the other things that come over-erecting passages in books or questionable scenes on the stage.

To tell the truth, "mooves" are at present as simple and cheap and enjoyable that we should hate to see their higher possibilities studied. We almost hate to hear that a "moovey" opera has been written. We are almost bound to see this new movement of the people, now led by fashion and high art. We can't help recalling what the regular stage was when it was simple and popular, and what fashion and cosmetics art did to it when they got hold of it.

#### Are We Americans Impatient?

Phony among ourselves, and most foreigners, seem to think so. We are certainly often in a hurry; go fast, out fast, (most of us), make quick decisions, in many ways show our love of speed, of expedition. While a few visitors have lately descended to the stage, most visitors have found our cities in a perpetual state of rush.

But is that quite being impatient? Do we not, on the contrary, actually show extraordinary patience in what we often submit to in order to save expenditure on it? Some foreigners have even found us especially patient with overcrowded trains and street-cars, for instance.

Herein we also show a good deal of patience—we're patient, perhaps, but patience toward the law is not a whole virtue! Maybe California will be cited to the contrary but did the rest of us show many signs of restlessness? Maybe the abrogation of the Russian treaty is mentioned, but it is only fair to recall that that treaty was pretty old, and that the dissent with it was fairly old, too, and among some of us very acute.

Anyhow, Mexico is enough to rest against these instances. We repeat, patience has probably been lost, but we repeat certainly shown it. Two administrations, though both seriously troubled by Mexico's state, have waited and hoped steadfastly. Texans of the border have complained, and without reason, but the country has not seen get really excited, the land of government has not been forced. It has been, in truth, a remarkable patience, and a reasonable.

#### Eugenic Marriages

A news item from Lynn, Massachusetts, notes that a clergyman there who announced in May that he would marry no one who could not bring a health-certificate from a doctor has since had no applications for his services as a minister.

The same clergyman. People about as good as not going to bother to get certificates of health because this of that clergyman thinks it suitable. If this detail of eugenics is to work at all, it must be part of a license system, enforced by the civil authorities.

#### The New Heave in California

Miss HELEN YOUNG, of the California Civic League (formerly State Factory Inspector in Illinois), has been in these parts on business connected with a Federal suffrage amendment, and makes interesting assertions about the effect of woman suffrage in California. She says:

The right to vote has positively given the women of this new lease of life. Her husband is now beginning to reap the rewards of industry. He is sought to serve on committees and the school board. The wife's work is over-abundant has advanced to do it well. Her children are away at school or at work. Suddenly an entirely new field of usefulness has opened to her. She is getting a new husband and at the same time, she is helping, by her own vote and saving activities and at home after dinner.

Among the laws which women have caused to be passed in California are "a subcommittee was constituted with power to investigate banks of any business and appoint a trade board for each industry." Also a law for pensions for widowed mothers. Of another law, she says:

The health certificate law, which the women advised the almost unanimous enactment of the women and also before enactment, but as it was passed by the Legislature it applies only to men.

She tells of other laws, and goes on to say:

The men are still back of the women in achievement, but the women are doing the hard work. At the best elections we could not harness enough women speakers. They were wanted at every gathering, and voters could not be attracted to meetings without them.

California is going to be—in already—a very interesting subject of study for Eastern people. Travel should set straight toward "the coast" this coming year. There is much to see there and much to discuss.

#### Every Man to His Trade

Report says Mr. HAYAN will start out this week on a six weeks' lecture tour in the West, leaving the helm of State in the competent hands of Professor JOHN BRYCEOTT MOORE.

It is a heavy load, but probably no one will object. Mr. HAYAN is a very unusual Secretary of State.

#### Useless Army Posts and Navy-Yards

Secretary of War HANCOCK starts this week on a six weeks' tour to inspect army posts. This is a Washington dispatch. It is preliminary to a plan for the discontinuation of the nameless army posts and the concentration of the army in well-situated units upon a military instead of a political and "pork barrel" basis.

People who read the papers know about these useless posts, most of them survivors of frontier conditions, which are now rated as the greatest waste of money and life-money in the army. Not only does it cost much to maintain them, but our little army is spread all over the country, in hanches too small to be advanced military instruction, in order that there may be soldiers and heads in all these places. It is to give entertainment to the neighbors, and help local trade.

It is hard to get rid of them and save this expense, leaving behind every one there in a Congressman who objects to anything prejudicial to the interests of his district. Mr. GANNON knows this difficulty, but he has hopes. He will go as far as the powers of his office permit to cut off these suckers and distribute the army on a military basis. And what he can not do himself, he hopes Congress can be induced to order done. And though Congress is probably before now, he is getting tired of waiting and trying.

We wish that Secretary DANIELS showed as much zeal in getting rid of the useless navy-yards as Mr. GANNON does about the useless army posts. Heavier DANIELS thinks more in terms of voters than Mr. GANNON does. He seems disposed to close to the useless navy-yards that cost so much and do so little, and to secure by funds Congressional support for that disposition.

#### Rumania and Czarism

RUMANIA, having crossed the Danube in flow, it believes us prepared to know her better. She has washed into Bulgaria, it seems, to possess herself of twenty-five hundred square miles of territory which, held, were awaiting to her American agreement with Bulgaria as a reward for remaining neutral during the Russo-Balkan war.

Which looks as though Rumania was fairly keen at a bargain.

We have a diplomatic acquaintance with her and read a minister—at present Mr. JACKSON, of New Jersey—has been in these parts for some time, dollars a year to be polite in our name. Mr. KAZEMSKY, of Delaware, who now represents us in Berlin, was Mr. JACKSON'S predecessor in that post, and it is at his suggestion, the papers say, that Secretary HANCOCK and Fish Commissioner SMITH are about to stork the Delaware River with their hands in Rumanian straggle. As we all know, straggle is produce certain, which is now pretty dear, so that you pay a dollar at a restaurant for just a little. That is one reason why there are no stragglers left in the Delaware River, nor yet in the Hudson. They have been sold out, and largely for their own.

If Mr. JOHN BUCKNER were still alive he would remind us of the Rumanian straggle, and perhaps that the Hudson River was a clean river. But now it isn't, and very likely the Delaware isn't, either, and perhaps the Rumanian straggle may not like it. But, anyhow, it is creditable to Mr. HANCOCK to make this effort to bring order and the simple life to the choppy waters, and perhaps the imported straggle do furnish it may help Congress to see that ministers and ambassadors are seen good and to vote them more liberal allowances.

#### The Tall Gray Hat

The gray hat tall was a popular thing in this country in the 70's, and every reader will remember—*Maryland Republicans*.

Alas! not "many a reader."

Some readers.

To be sure, there were 50,000 veterans at Gettysburg, and they remembered the attire, let alone the scarlet. But the country was scraped to get it again. Only a few, mostly New Jersey, and the tall gray hats—gray plaid, if the Republicans will excuse us of the scarlet. But they were few hats, and if, as our neighbor hears, they have returned to earth this year in London, it is a good thing, and makes for peace and settled order, and we hope they have cause for a long stay.

The tall gray hats, and the tall gray plaid, need to live and move to such a hat. So did all the college boys who could raise the necessary money. The gray top-hat is the lawful descendant of the old and beautiful bell-crowned army beavers of the days of the great-grandfathers of such of us as had them. The never-should have looked. It is a good sign if they are back in London, this year, and, coming to us, New York next year, and in Philadelphia and Chicago, maybe, in 1912. Any establishment that man can get forth he should get forth now. He never was so on trial. There never was so much doubt, among persons competent to enforce their doubts, whether it is either necessary or desirable. If he can attain to it, it is a good thing. New York next year, and in Philadelphia and Chicago, maybe, in 1912. Any establishment that man can get forth he should get forth now. He never was so on trial. There never was so much doubt, among persons competent to enforce their doubts, whether it is either necessary or desirable. If he can attain to it, it is a good thing. New York next year, and in Philadelphia and Chicago, maybe, in 1912.

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HENRY WOODRUFF TELLING ONE OF HIS FAVORITE STORIES TO "OLD BILL" BOWNE, THE OLDEST FISHERMAN OF SIASCONSET



BERTHA GALLAND AND HER SCOTCH COLLIE IN THE BAY WINDOW OF HER SUMMER COTTAGE AT SIASCONSET

## WHEN THE ACTOR



JOSEPH KILGOUR PREFERS TO FISH FROM THE BEACH AT SIASCONSET, WHERE THE WATER IS DEEP NEAR THE SHORE



JACK BARRYMORE IN HIS HOT WEATHER HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND



CHRISTIE MACDONALD MOORS HER LAUNCH TO THE DOCK AND FISHES UP AND DOWN THE LONG WHARF



ROBERT HILLIARD DELIGHTS IN PLAYING BASKETBALL IN THE EARLY MORNINGS WITH HIS BIG COLLIE



ALLA NAZIMOVA, IN THE GARDENS OF HER PORTCHESTER COTTAGE, HAS TRAINED HER FOX TERRIER TO POSE AFTER HER OWN STYLE

Photographs by



VINCENT SERRANO'S ONLY MEDICINE IS THE MEDICINE-BALL, WHICH HE TAKES IN DAILY DOSES



BLANCHE BATES STARTING FOR A HORSEBACK RIDE FROM HER OSSININO BUNGALOW

## REALLY PLAYS



GUY BATES POST'S FAVORITE SPORT IS SWIMMING IN THE WATERS NEAR HIS SUMMER HOUSE AT WINSTED, CONNECTICUT



MR. AND MRS. DEWITT C. JENNINGS FIND PLENTY OF RELAXATION IN THE HAY-FIELDS



LOTTA LINT-ECUM AND MRS. LOUIS WHICHER



ONE OF NAZIMOVA'S HOBBIES IS RAISING PRIME WATERMELONS



OTIS SKINNER AND HIS DAUGHTER AT THEIR SUMMER BUNGALOW

# THE STRIKER

BY

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HALEIGH



"He herded them like sheep toward things he saw"

"All or nothing!"

All work and heavy jaw, Donnelly did not look the orator. Not so much, as you, the best of speech was on him. Then the vein of his throat swelled to thick cords, and the voice, ringing stern challenge, thrilled those who heard it.

Their pulses throbbed hard and their Celtic blood ran hot—these miners of Lead Creek were a sympathetic audience, sympathetic because they revered this modest organizer who spoke of principles as dear to them as religion. A rough-hewn crowd in the parlors of their tall, hard-furred, the faces lit with earnestness, they packed the lower-level hall. They cheered him eagerly.

"All or nothing! We make no compromise, boys!"

His full face flamed. It was a well-fed face, a face grown stern with purpose, masterful, indomitable. His head went back; he squared his big, thick shoulders like the fighter that he was. His eyes swept the sea of eyes that turned up to him from the seats below. His very look compelled. He drove them to it, and his whole frame shook with the conviction that he drove them thus was right. He herded them like sheep toward things he saw—such things they could not see—for purposes they knew not. To him they were in their entirety—meat to be handled for his cause.

They listened to the hot words as they fell. Their hot indolence, fed by long years of idleness with the company and fattened by these months of open battle for the wage they sought, became white-hot. He ridiculed the compromise that had been offered them; they laughed with him derisively. Congressmen! Their hard heads cracked; their heated feet stamped the floor; their big throats tightened as they growled that they would strike first.

In his way Donnelly, the great organizer, drove that Lead Creek union toward the vote, and paved the road toward better things. Thus he made possible the next step which he had planned for his faction as the body of organized labor. This vote must come, that other things might follow—all incidents to shape a campaign's end. Like a pool

general, he saw these large things clearly, unmistakably. First upon the platform, he looked down over those many faces, and beheld them as a crowd—a giant ready to obey him.

The great orator with the scorned emotions of individuals, fanatic in their cause. Suddenly they sank to silence as the organizer raised his hand. Team-faced, they waited now to give their vote.

NONE of them felt the anxiety to assess his convictions more keenly than Deane Foley. His thin form had swung before Donnelly's champion like a live before a wind. His union card was in the pocket above his heart. He gripped the bench seat he sat on. He was in the crowd's thick, his hair back bent, his leg arms rigid at his sides. His thin face was alive with eagerness; his eyes hung on Donnelly.

He had a quick face, mobile, with a long upper lip, and a pair of eyes that cried the heart's deep feelings from their depths. This was his first strike. He had been a steady man; had done well married; bought a cottage upon his wife; and was going to wait for children. When the walk-out came, they too had not and better; level, and other interests; and she had been as glad—more and she was—so he to take war's fortunes. Even now, sitting here, he thought how grandly he would tell her of the speech of Donnelly and of his vote. A moment later he shouted "No!" yelled upward to the diapason that shook the rafters.

They left the hall slowly, Donnelly the organizer, and his audience, the expelled. The latter spread, scattered in groups, in pairs and individuals. The men talked of many things, of long months yet ahead, of wild heads to come, of hard, lean days. And some whispered of ugly deeds. For these Colorado miners, an interval in their vision of principle as old Deane Clevelanders, were men of action, and saw but a little way ahead.

Deane Foley went home to his unopposed board cottage, where his wife met by the silent organ. He held her of the vote; praised Donnelly as only loyalty can praise. And she agreed that it was right.

Donnelly went to his hotel, lighted a thick cigar, and pined. He knew what must come next. Foley

demanded it. That multitude became intolerant of foolish capital, martyrs must be made. Pulling his black eyes, seeing beauty in masses, he took no thought of individuals like Deane Foley.

Two weeks later the inevitable arrived. The thing took place one sultry afternoon—a trading fair, a building torn to fragments, a crowd of brutes bled skyward, a fog of dust above a rubbish-heap, and ground all buried men. Those who had watched the strike had expected rioting. This dynamite paralyzed them all. But the arrival of State troops hard on his heels was a climax which none of the crowd doubted when the taking of that vote. Donnelly saw it with the satisfaction of a man who watches his machinery working. The soldiers came in two block-lined companies; they swept the streets of Lead Creek clean. They piled the awnings—Donnelly's awnings—into one place, and held them there, stockaded, guarded by a ring of bayonets.

THE strike was over, lost, a dead cause gone for ever. And now began the sowing of the seeds for future crops of radicals in Labor's world, the creation of the martyrs.

For many days the miners of Lead Creek walked in the packed indoor where the soldiers held them. During many nights they tried to sleep upon the tramped and rocking earth. Among them, Deane Foley ate his hard-baked shivers, and inhaled polluted air, and wondered how his wife might live. He observed secretly his union card.

At length the strikers were deported, under martial law. The soldiers packed the prisoners in battens and shipped them to the boundary line loads of slaughter-house sheep. At the depot, standing in the loaded racks of his fellow, Deane Foley glimpsed his wife outside the line of barracks. She smiled at him—smile of hope and love and encouragement. He could not kiss him, for the soldiers stood between; but he took with him the cross of her worn eyes.

It was a harder journey. The jolting out-cars heaved cruelly, and the human freight curved the machinery of man-made law for many weary miles. From mountain grades the train plunged down to



"He rested and sank upon the dripping pavement"

the hot-100's. Then swept out to the broad country of the prairie. And over, as it went, there came through its iron rear into the moving wind a stifling murmur of sentences that never rested. At her wider reaches of the flat-lands had shown for some time between the wooden stiles, the cars stopped with a whine of brakeshoes on heated wheels. With layabouts fixed, the soldiers lined up by the track side; the doors slid open; the miners emerged.

Brown-ranched, the regiments stood on Oxbow's boundary. The engine strikers went before them across the grassy prairie toward the coal. They went slowly, for most of them were weary and many were sick, retreating to a country which they did not know. Dennis Foley, standing as he walked, felt through his stomach and the surge of a great pride for his principle. Like others in that rugged company, he was his own end as a badge upon his hat.

ONE night, two years later, when rain was whipping through a lawley, red-haired highway at a

head turned toward him hesitantly. She waited for the fit to pass, that she might give him opportunity to say what she anticipated from all men who came there. Thus she stood until the second wave to minister, and he still bent before the cough's evil weight, supporting himself by one hand upon the wall. Then her look changed and she dropped the book.

"Man," she cried, "you're sick!" She seized him by the shoulder and half pushed, half dragged him within her door. There he retired somewhat, and sat huddled in a chair close to the stove while she brought him a glass of liquor. She watched him drink it, saw the flush come to his wan, tight cheeks, and some of the hard lines of his face began to relax a little.

"Where are you from, brother?" she asked at last.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Lead Creek," he answered huskily. "But I've been all over pretty much of late, washed away by

the wind. Behind the headstones she sought the peculiar trifle of his voice, the best one common to the track underground. Like all the West, she knew

quartz camps, high ways, and wanted men. The companion laid their luggage out. They parked the miners carefully, with caution; they knew who worked for them. Since that winter evening when the brown-headed address had watched the forms of the strikers income dots against the prairie's skyline, he had wandered far and asked for work in many places, seeking the steady job, the chance to make again his home, he had answered questions put by many farmers, had showed each of them his usual card. Always the same; they had told him to go on.

Full camps and waiting men—he came to one after another. Carl Inquiries, brown when they read the name "Lead Creek" upon the little postcard. The Four of Alices, Enoch, Butte's posted hill-side, Idaho, and Washington—were gone but satisfactory from Grand Norovity that followed at his heels.

"I'll have an agitator here," they said when unions came but ruled. The greatest copper camp of the West he saw filled with idle men, who turned in long lines every morning to get tickets permitting



"She was looking gravely into his face. It was as white as hers where the rain had washed away the rouge."

another town, Dennis Foley plucked the sleeve of a belated workman, home-bound to his fire.

"Please, Mister," he began, and ended with a hard, dry cough. Then advanced from his berth in his lower shelter, he observed at the clammy hand. He looked eagerly into the face of the man whom he held; but the other stood himself hunched and hunched on; and Dennis Foley shook back into the shelter of the car's where he had emerged, a minute splash among the shadows.

Hecker then saw the shadow in his sight. The heavy rain had drenched the eave of the red shingle house. Beneath its eave, patches of gravelly rock had become still holes; it whipped the bitter underfoot he felt; the very air was colder with it. Nowhere seemed a thumping pain; through the darkness came the wailing cry of a woman's mouthless laugh. Otherwise the place was silent, save for the splash of the falling water.

A third-time woman crossed the roadway to the wall when Dennis Foley again, and opened a door close beside him. In the flood of yellow light that came now from within, her garments showed clinging to her. The rain had struck the eave upon her sunken cheeks. She was one of that dreary company who live in place and noise by night; but the street, she had now but everything except her loneliness. Dennis Foley coughed by the wall's edge. She turned her head—the movement was as quick and stiff as that of a prowling cat—and she saw him standing there as one who waits.

"Hello," said she—and her tone hardened as she asked an acknowledgment.

It did not answer, for the cough was on him; it gripped and shook him to the bones.

She stood fast, her hand upon the doorknob, her

the history of Lead Creek. "Ah, yes," with understanding.

He added, "I've been on the team two years."

She was looking gravely into his face. It was as white as hers where the rain had washed away the rouge. Something in the man's eyes appealed to her, and she said decisively: "You've got to stay at dry work."

He retransferred weakly, giving his reasons. She laughed—it was as hard and dry as his cough. "It don't make an difference," she answered. "There's law out with this rain, and God knows you're not one. How come you here?"

"I thought," said he, "there might be some work where I'd be able to get a few dollars' worth of money. I got a chance to stop out for some hard rock work, so anyway; but I saw the rule of a dollar for the employed other people, I've not." He left to coughing again. "I'm from here," he explained, "I can't get a job anywhere else. My wife is different now than they was before the strike."

SHE drew up her chair so that she sat on the other side of the stove from him. The world-fellowship between those whom the world has helped made him so glad to tell his story as he was glad to listen. First of all he showed her his union card, strewn with big blundering, couched from wear, his eyes lit upon it with a faint pride and beneath the pride a half-smiled expression. Holding the card in both his hands while he talked on, he glanced at it occasionally with that same old look, as one who worries over something he would like to understand.

It was not like the old days, the days of roaring

them to ask for work. Most of these, he learned, had been killed by the labor trouble.

ONE he got a job at a smaller, housing one. The other was working and prisoner and lack of work—most had now combined against his lungs. He saw an hour of the same he had been. Years in underground passages whose damp air had come thousands of feet from compressor valves had sooted the soot of "miner's consumption," which usually means quick consumption. Now the malady came on.

It weakened him as he sought deeply for the tool which he was used to stand. Mopping behind behind's complex, with the fire shifter against the night wind, heaped the disease. For he'd worked now with traps. At first—at the outset of his journey—he had made card had got him many rides at the hands of friendly brethren. As time went on, such made become numerous. Benefits from leaders later troubles, discouraged workers, and professional vegetarians and those for begging debts.

"When I showed mine, they kicked me off." He laid his hand on mine upon the postcard in his hands. A number of that sad story of homeless wanderers who speak the country's wails, he shared their treatment. In his West-iron city he was arrested and served time in a jail cell. Making his way across the mountains, he reached the Pacific coast, then in the grip of a wet, slump winter. The police again found him an idler upon the streets. This time he got a chain-gang sentence. He left, one day, beside the rockpile, and finished his term on a jail hospital bed.

Weak and great, he turned his face toward the South. It was now a rare against sickness, a plot

(Continued on page 35)







### "LE BAISER," BY RODIN

**M**OLDED of snow-white marble, her arm draws down his head.  
Over them both hath genius a mystic stillness spread.  
Curved of the purest beauty, her face and her bosom rise.  
Tender his touch upon her, reverent, strong, and wise.  
And their kiss creates a rapture wherein all discord dims,  
Miraculous with harmonies as the music of their limbs;  
Poignant as utmost anguish, of utmost bliss the flower;  
Immaculate and immortal in love's most tremulous hour!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT



# FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE ZOO

BY ELLEN VELVIN

Author of "Dangerous Dilemmas of Wild Animal Trainers," "Surgical Operations on Wild Animals," etc.

**I**t is extremely difficult to realize, when watching wild animals living quietly in their cages in the Zoological Gardens or in some wild animal show, the many and various troubles—the frightful dangers, even—which not only the animals, but those who have had the labor and expense of bringing them to their present condition, have been through.

It may perhaps be mentioned that invariably, when a wild animal show or a zoological garden gives an order for the purchase of wild animals, the order is made subject to an agreement that the animals purchased shall be delivered in "good condition." As a matter of fact, wild animals on their first arrival are scarcely ever in a good condition, and it is a most difficult thing to prevent them in even fair condition. They always suffer from extreme fear and terror during the first months of captivity. In addition to this, they are confronted with an absolutely new method of living, a new method of feeding, a new environment—an animal new to the animals accustomed to perpetual

freedom. They suffer from the discomforts of travel, from the close confinement, from the change of climate. Everything is entirely different in every way from what they have always been accustomed to.

To begin at the beginning—a lion is born in the thick of the jungle. Great care is taken by the parents that the cubs they choose for their issue is large and sturdy, and that it is close to water. The lioness is able to spy on the deer, antelope, gazelle, etc. that come down to drink at creeks, and the damppan caused by the close

keeps away the innumerable insects, rats, grubs, and flies that are so terribly trying to hot creatures.

These cubs are most cleverly hidden—so cleverly that it is almost impossible, in some cases, to tell that there is any cub at all. In some instances the thick interlocking branches of the wild olive and similar trees form such a thick arch in front of the cub, that hunters pass the opening again and again, without seeing it. This delicate arch keeps the lion's den beautifully cool and shady. It also affords him privacy, and the advantage of being able to see his enemies without their seeing him.

In this luxurious retreat the lion and lioness, with their cubs, make their home. They sleep nearly all day long. But at night, when the "dew" rays of the sun have died down and the cool evening shadows begin to appear, they wander forth in search of food, which they generally have little difficulty in finding. And then, into the jungle, one day, come some hunters of wild animals. They know there are certain lions in the vicinity, and also know there are young

cubs. It is difficult enough to hunt wild animals for what is called "sport"; but that is more child's play compared to capturing wild animals alive, and not only alive but practically unharmed. For an injured animal is practically valueless. Such an animal it is almost impossible to deliver in good condition.

## Taking a Lioness with Cubs Alive

To capture lions alive, the best way is first to take the cubs. It is needless to say that this is one of the most difficult jobs of all. Hunters are sent out in various directions to find signs of a lioness with cubs. Should they find these signs, they call to one another by peculiar cries, each cry having a certain significance. They then meet at a chosen place, and follow up the trail until they come to the den. They do all this care to retire the mother and cubs outside, the next move is to capture the lioness. But a lioness with cubs is a dangerous beast, and many a man has lost his life in trying to do this.

There is a story of some hunters who, trying to capture a lioness outside, told one man to go to the back of the cub and fire off a gun at a given signal. But the lioness crept quietly out at another entrance, and while the unfortunate man was waiting for the signal, she sprang on him and killed him. Those in front, having no knowledge of this, wondered why he did not fire, and two men went right round to see. They were met by a ferocious animal, and had not their cries brought the others quickly, there is no doubt that they also would have fared badly. As it was, the "hunters

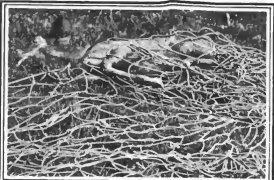


Young female elephants called "hookies," are trained to enter wild elephants into the stockade. Using all their tricks and blood-courting, the hookies lead the strange elephants into the enclosure. They then trumpet as a signal, and the natives come and close up the entrance.

was killed, and they got the cub alive.

But capturing rats is no easy matter. Young lion cubs, especially forest-born animals, are so strong, brave, and savage that great care has to be taken. They bite, scratch, and tear with their sharp claws in such a vindictive manner that they can in five terrible minutes. All lions have curved claws, and their claws, which are driven straight, are always claws out curved. Terrible shakes in the flesh are the result. Moreover, all mammals from wild animals are extremely shy, and take a long time to lead.

The best way is to throw nets or sackings over the heads of the cubs. In dragging, they get themselves rather glad, and after they have lifted themselves out, the nets are loosened, and they are



mental difficulties of transporting wild animals across the desert are the laborious and the great scarcity of water. Extreme precautions have to be taken to guard against such losses.

With a large contingent of wild animals, the larger animals are generally driven first, each attached to several men. An elephant will sometimes have as many as four or five attendants, and it is to be his own disposition, a guide three or four; sometimes, a veterinarian, and others all have their keepers or caretakers, while his driver of slaves and attendants with this unique provision. The cubs are sometimes used as food for both men and animals, while the larger goats supply the milk for the young animals. This is a most important item, for many of the



Great difficulty was experienced in getting this elephant to enter a freight-car. After the men had spent several hours trying to walk up the inclined plane, he pushed it away and climbed into the car without help.

An antelope caught in a net—one of the most common devices for catching an animal without injuring it. An injured animal rarely survives transportation.



Goats and dogs are used as foster-mothers for young lion cubs while they are being carried into captivity. This dog brought up two lion cubs, but seemed relieved when its task was completed.

put into a strong cage specially provided. They are allowed to get very hungry, and are then taken to some goats in full milk, which have been prepared in readiness; and the little cubs are fed by those foster-mothers until they are old enough to eat a bill-meat.

*Goats and Dogs as Foster-Mothers of Young Lions*

SOMETIMES when goats are not procurable, and also when wetters are provided who act as foster-mothers. But although in these cases, and in many artificial gardens and wild animal shows, dogs have been used for this purpose, and although in a few cases they appear to be attached to their foster-children, they generally show a marked aversion, and it always appears to be a great relief to the dog when the mothering business is over.

In capturing full-grown lions, of course different tactics have to be used. As a rule, large traps are placed in the trail of the lion, when his space has been found. A very costly mole trap that is often used in quite square, one side lifting up on a spring, just like our old-fashioned mouse-trap. A piece of fresh bullock's or antelope's flesh is put in as a bait, and this will often tempt a lion inside—when down goes the door, and the animal finds that he is a prisoner.

But lions, like all the rest of the cat, are very crafty and cunning. They are, however, terribly suspicious. And after watching the lion patiently for hours at a time, thinking from his actions that he is just about to enter the trap, many a hunter has felt sick with disgust and disappointment. A piece of lion's skin, with hoofs and claws, will often save the lion, after thinking it over, walk bravely away.

Tigers are caught in various ways. One plan is to enclose the leaves of the plain and enclose or any broad leaves with some sticky substance.

The second the tiger puts his foot on these leaves, his feet is settled. Like all the cat tribe, he at once puts his jaws over his head to get the sticky substance off. Not being able to do this, he rolls on the ground, then covering himself all over with the leaves, and getting more and more angry and furious as the leaves get into his eyes and ears, and then partially blind him. The natives then come forward and cover him with cow dung, and drag him into a cage, and leave

him until he has quieted a little. There are many other effective means of catching wild animals. In some cases, inclosures are built, formed of bamboo and covered with netting, into which all kinds of wild animals are driven by the natives, who form in a ring, with beating sticks, there in the animals can not get out. The bamboo is not sufficiently strong for lions to climb over; it holds with their weight; and they are then thrown back again. The net is too high to reach, and so sharp the animals stay still, hungry and thirsty, they are driven into cages and taken away by trained elephants.

Trained elephants also render their own kind into these inclosures. Young female elephants are specially used for this purpose. The elephants, which are called "kumbhis," are used and led to the forests, and when they meet a strange elephant they see all their tricks and misbehaviors upon him. As soon as he is interested, the kumbhis lead the way toward the inclosure, and the dog elephant follows quickly and sleepily. As soon as the fore-runner leads the kumbhis has caught a prisoner, the inclosure is lifted, and the natives come and close up the inclosure.

Other wild animals are caught in different ways. The most modern being by hunting. The first polar bear ever caught by a lion (by Mr. Paul Hadow) is now in the New York Zoological Park. Some excellent moving pictures are being shown in London at the present time by Mr. Paul Hadow and Mr. Cherry Kearton. In these pictures we see all sorts of wild animals being caught by the lion—the lioness I have just spoken of, a large thicket, a wild bear, a tiger, a giraffe, and others. The giraffe picture is very funny. The poor animal seemed so surprised and puzzled that he stood quite still, only occasionally giving his little wisp of a tail a sharp twist.

When a dealer in wild animals has caught a number of animals of all kinds, he next turns his attention to the consideration of their transport. And this is one of the most serious things in the whole business, from the financial point of view.

*The Journey Across the Desert.*

THE traveling is generally done at night, for the fierce sunlight of the tropics makes traveling at most impossible in the daytime. The two great func-

tionary animals are entirely dependent on this little alone.

Most of the camels travel together in pairs, with the smaller animals, like lions and tigers, leopards, panthers, cheetahs, etc., are carried in rough-made, but strong wooden boxes. These boxes are placed on the backs of camels, and here, again, is one of the great trials of a young or newly captured wild animal. For the awkward gait of a camel causes a most uncomfortable motion, and the continual shaking, the outside jolts when the camels kneel down and rise up again, are most trying to those wild creatures, who have never in their lives known any other movement than their own natural walking and leaping.

The start is made early in the evening, and about midnight a halt is made while the animals are fed and watered. Some of the drinking-places are free of charge, and animal as if it were the most rarely champagne. All the animals are attended in most carefully, some being rubbed down, others being cooled, while those in the cages are made as clean and comfortable as possible.

*Lions and Balloons Suffer Most from the Heat*

IT is very often, in spite of the greatest care, a large number of the poor animals die before reaching their destination. Although all the animals come from a tropical climate, the lions and tigers, many of their natural state the animals know how to take care of themselves, and during the heat of the day even to die from the heat more often than from any other cause. The poor lion, coming from a cool, damp area, where he has been accustomed to lie freely on his back and sleep all day long, and even crawl, by his own simple, cramped leaping, and his limbs get weak and stiff, he puts an excessive weight on his back, and he is in strange surroundings which he is not used to. The intolerable heat prevents him from getting any rest or sleep during the day. And at night the fearful noise of the camp disturbs his rest. No wonder, then, that even if he survives the terrible journey over the desert he is in a most feeble condition on arriving at the ship's side. The embarking of these wild animals on board ship is a trying, and



Young alligators being held in captivity by means of an incubator (Continued on page 85)



Copyright, Undisputed by E. Edwards  
 Atlanta posing in her race  
 to pick up the golden apple



AMERICAN WOMEN REPRESENTING A FRIEZE OF GREEK SCULPTURE  
 WOMEN HAVE FOUND A NEW RECREATION IN THE STUDY OF RHYTHM

#### PAVLOVA OPENS A GARDEN PARTY

The premiere danseuse étoile of the Russian Imperial Ballet opened the festivities at the annual life of "Our Dumb Friends League," held in the Botanical Gardens in London. Although a native Russian, Mlle. Pavlova prefers to live in England, and her residence, Ivy House, is one of the show places of Hampstead. With her own company of seventy ballet dancers, and her dancing partner, Laurentos Novakoff, Pavlova begins a six months' American tour, by permission of the Czar of Russia, on October 17.



Training novices to act for the "movies" at a London costume  
 "game" of their enemies. On the left a "trance" scene is being rehearsed



AT SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS, SOCIETY  
 EXPRESSION BASED ON GREEK MODELS

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"The Spirit of the Mist," unveiling the head with her hair

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"VETERANS ON THE BATTLEFIELD"

Merrill H. France, a survivor of the renowned Bucktail Brigade, which occupied Devil's Den at Gettysburg; and Russell Johnson, mascot of the G. A. R. Encampment



TWO WOMEN PIONEERS

Miss Milla Mills, the fifteen-year-old conductor of an English motor-bus, and probably the only girl in Great Britain licensed to operate a motor-bus for public conveyance. Miss Mills is also an expert mechanic.

Miss Mary L. Jobe has started on a solitary expedition to explore southern Alaska and northern British Columbia. She will be accompanied only by two Indian guides. Miss Jobe is professor of history in a New York normal college.



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head. Above, a little girl and her father are being saved from the while the women posing before the mirrors are studying expression

男爵  
三井 八郎 右衛門 茂



Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui, a banker worth \$40,000,000, who was educated in the United States. His title came to him in recognition of aid given to the war with China.

# RICH MEN OF JAPAN

BY  
ALLAN L. BENSON



Denzoro Fujita, who looks like Lincoln and acts like Schwab. He takes contracts from the government and is the Emperor's political adviser.

藤田 傳之 郎 茂

"MR. ROCKEFELLER," said a Japanese banker, "has been liberal in my stomach. Whether he takes it in digestion and has most important articles are usually not visible to outsiders."

The remark was made in connection with a great Japanese capitalist, Mr. Yasuda.

"Mr. Yasuda and Mr. Rockefeller are much alike," continued the banker. "Mr. Yasuda also works like a stomach. His early history, too, is not unlike that of Mr. Rockefeller. But there the resemblance ends. Mr. Rockefeller is broader-minded — that my countryman. Mr. Rockefeller has surrounded himself with an able staff, some of whom are so well known to the public as to be almost, Mr. Yasuda has no such staff. His own brain is the only great brain that is working for him. What he himself can not think of, he'll thought of."

Morgan, Rockefeller, and Russell Sage in One

AMERICA never heard of Mr. Yasuda. An America-speaking head-bow never heard of any of the enormously rich men of Japan. Yet America's lack of knowledge is not the fault of Mr. Yasuda or of his fellows. Mr. Yasuda began, as early as did Mr. Rockefeller, to practice some of the principles that have made Mr. Rockefeller world-known. They have not traveled in parallel paths because they have not lived in parallel countries. Mr. Yasuda has reaped part of the crop of power that Mr. Rockefeller has reaped, without being so great as Mr. Rockefeller. Perhaps that is because Mr. Yasuda, in some respects, is the greater of the two.

But so greater is the sense that he has never sided. Rockefeller is Rockefeller, and so were. Yasuda is Rockefeller, Morgan, and Russell Sage at his prime, rolled into one. At the age more than seventy, he is the most powerful banker in Japan, and the only man who can raise \$50,000,000 upon a day's notice.

安田 善次 郎 茂



Emryo Yasuda, who is Rockefeller, Morgan, and Russell Sage at his prime, rolled into one. At the age more than seventy, he is the most powerful banker in Japan, and the only man who can raise \$50,000,000 upon a day's notice.

Emryo Yasuda, in more each, ranked below Mr. Rockefeller. But Yasuda, like Mr. Morgan, has a genius for controlling the money of others. His personal fortune is only \$11,000,000. The wealth that he controls runs into the hundreds of millions. He controls the greatest chain of banks in Japan. He is the man in whom all Japanese go when they want to finance a big undertaking. And he is the only one in Japan who, upon a day's notice, can raise \$50,000,000 in cash.

The father of this great Japanese man the sort of a fabled hero. Yasuda, as a boy, struggled as the boy Rockefeller never thought of struggling. And, now that he is old and rich, he has the Rockefeller fondness for selling stories of the time when he was young and poor. He has written the story of his life, and the facts that follow are from his own account.

### Copying Books of 1-2 Cents a Hundred Pages

YASUDA was born in 1818 in Toyama. He was the only son among five children. His father belonged to the military class. He appears to have had ideals. Though he was not the sort of a fabled hero, he was ambitious for his son. He taught his son that merely to live was not enough, that animals and birds live, but a man who really lives must achieve something, and that industry and thrift were necessary to achievement. Yasuda's father was both industrious and thrifty, but he could save nothing. His income from his fabled land was too small and his family was too large.

The elder Yasuda gained permission from the feudal lord to cultivate a little garden on his own account. The boy Yasuda, who was then ten years old, was pressed into service on the ancestral garden. He worked cheerfully, but not contentedly.

"I was 'began to work," he says, "that I might find some of the good things of the world. I followed the lord's command and did not mind him about it."

安田 善次 郎 茂

one day. The job was copying books. For every third page that he copied he received half a cent. He was, indeed, was an exception. There was a great demand among the Japanese people for books containing accounts of the lives of ancient warriors. The art of printing was very little practiced in Japan, and being expensive at less than a cent a day required a special investment that buying printing presses. Yasuda like the work, and grew a student of it. He kept himself supplied with parchment, and divided the rest among his sisters.

Yasuda's first step up the stairs of success came when he transcribed the life of Tai Koo, the Japanese conqueror of Korea. He received the work's inscription from the work by copying that he saw in himself the possibilities of another kind of Tai Koo. Tai Koo, like himself, had been the son of a poor farmer. For seven years he fought in the army, under the orders of others. Then he moved up to the top, and made others take the credit of his success. "I was tremendously impressed," said Yasuda, "by the exploits of this great man. The rise of a mere farmer's boy to the rank of the greatest general of Japan, and of, more, due to his extraordinary genius, but I did not fail to note that, instead of going upward at a single bound, his advancement came as the result of a slow, orderly process of achievement."

Yasuda's next lesson came when he was sixteen years old. He saw a banker visit his father's master. Arriving to the custom of the time when a person of inferior rank had to kneel to a person of higher rank, the inferior person removed his sandals and, calm or alone, stepped in the street to salute his superior. The lord, of course, contacted his lord, but little Mr. Yasuda was shrewd enough to notice that the lord accompanied the banker a little way on his return journey, removed his sandals, stepped in the street, and saluted him. Yasuda quickly reached the conclusion that the lord need the banker money.

"This incident," said Yasuda, "gave me some conception of the power of money. It also created in me my first great desire to be wealthy. I resolved, at all costs, to become rich—to have a thousand dollars a week, at that time, was regarded as great wealth."

He looked about him for means to reform his desire, but he saw an opportunity for more intensive employment as a wage-worker.

"I drafted the conclusion," said he, "that I would gain wealth only by becoming a merchant. I therefore determined to give my life to business."

### Yasuda's Rules for Growing Rich

THERE was no business around Toyama. All the business was done at Osaka, a traveler must pass through several provinces. Upon entering each province, he must have a passport. Yasuda could get no such passport from his father, and he was so sure that his father would not give his consent that he never took the trouble to ask his father. Instead, he determined to run away, going to Osaka to seek his fortune, by traveling through the mountains.

"One morning in October," he says, "I left my home. In order to become rich, I knew I must have great determination. No, of the outset, I made the following resolution:

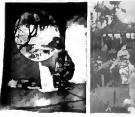
"To abstain from drinking for five years.

"To be extremely thrifty, even after I had become rich."

"Never to depend upon others; never to lie; never to wrong others."

But Mr. Yasuda's "great determination" was coupled with a great philosophy and a great philosophy. Knowing nothing about mountain trails, he was soon lost.

"And realizing," he says, "that without life I cannot achieve, I returned home on the second day. My father, confessed to my father what I had done, and asked his permission to go to Toyama. The old man had been angry about his fall. The old man would not give his permission to go to Toyama. The boy waited three years, and then ran away again. In his solitude, he had a great time of it, and the people of his country were happy from the time he started, he trudged



late Tokyo, with more than half of the twenty-three cars which he had left home.

Yasuda's first employment in Tokyo was as an apprentice for a wholesale dry shop. His work was to deliver goods, carrying them in large baskets on his head. He chose this occupation because he believed that his future success as a merchant would depend upon his knowledge of the city and the people. He retained the position for three years. By that time he was ready for a larger field.

*Starting on \$2.50 Wages a Year*

YASUDA found a larger field in a store that came into the selling of groceries and the buying and selling of foreign coins. His wages were \$2.50 a year. His master supplied him with food and a place to sleep, but the boy had to pay for taxes, hair-dressing, and clothing.

When the money of Tai Ko again yielded Yasuda to wonderful success. He recalled what Tai Ko did when his master, according to veritable Japanese custom, removed his sandals upon entering a building, and left them outside the door. Faithful little Tai Ko always put the sandals in his bosom to keep them warm.

Outside the toy shop and the grocery there were many sandals. The sight of so many foot-wear irked Yasuda. He was averse to the sight of the sandals. There were too many sandals for Yasuda to put in his bosom; but he did the best he could, and arranged them neatly, pair by pair, in rows.

"Other boys had been punished," said Yasuda, "but had gained. I did it on my own without getting caught without being noted. In all other small matters I worked with the greatest fidelity. So pleased was my master that when, at the end of my third year, I wanted to leave his service, he offered to increase my wages to six dollars a year."

Yasuda remained another year. Then the desire to go into business for himself became too strong to resist. The four second apprentices, Tai Ko had arrived seven years ago as an apprentice in the store. They took command. Yasuda had served seven years as an apprentice in Tokyo.

Yasuda left him in the grocery, and sold all of his clothing that he could spare. With his savings, the sum amounted to \$27. He rented a store for a year and set a market. His former master gave him credit for a stock of groceries and foreign coins. Also, he hired an office-boy and a woman to cook.

Every morning Yasuda got up at four o'clock, and swept and sprinkled the street, and only in front of his own store, but in front of the stores of immediate neighbors on both sides of the street. Then he built a fire in the kitchen, and awakened the cook and the office-boy. As I worked in the same faithful way in all things, I soon became well liked. People came from quite a distance to buy at my shop."

*A Wife Was Where Nothing But Cash*

YASUDA opened his store in March. At the end of the year his business showed a net profit of 90%. His success was the subject of general comment. Friends and neighbors began to enquire. He refused to tell them. Yet he did not immediately act upon it. Yasuda, like he was cautious in this matter, as in all other matters. Little by little, money troubles him—money made the things that make and save money. The Yasuda wife must be no more beautiful but she had looked pink, died in smiling skin. She must work hard and live cheaply.

"As I tried continue to work," he declares, "I despatched for one thing, that the woman whom I married to carry must take the work, and in my absence, look after the store to the satisfaction of the customers. Also, for the time being, she must do all the house-keeping. I married my present wife when she accepted these conditions."

Such is the story of Yasuda's early life as he tells it himself. The rest of his story is a part of the financial and commercial history of Japan. From a grocer and a money-lender, he became exclusively a banker. From the owner of the bank, he became the owner of the bank and three and four and more. From a mere owner of banks, he became the controller of banks that he did not own. By the time he was fifty, he had a million-dollar bank under his spot. His four banks had grown to fifty, with a combined capitalization of 25,000,000 yen in yen equal to \$100,000,000 and more. He had made great deposits of his business. He had loans in the old capital of Edo. From Japan, banks in the new capital of Tokyo, banks in all the big cities of Japan, and banks in Korea. Yasuda, the banker, had become too big for his country. He had become too big for two countries. He needed a larger field in which to put his work. His rapidly increasing herd of money.

Yasuda did what Rothschild did, what Morgan did, what Roca did, when such of these men were called upon to save a similar situation. Yasuda "spread out." He spread the money all the money that he made in banking, and invested it in other lines of business. He had Morgan and Lyons. He put money in the capital of the United States, in the companies. In a little while he controlled the life-insurance business of Japan. Then he controlled fire and marine insur-

ance. Yasuda's life, five, and more. He had a company now have a capital of 12,300,000 yen and a reserve of 10,000,000 yen.

But the success of Yasuda's investments, in yen, only increased his wealth. Previously by looking into bank profits that he could realize in banks, insurance had yielded him a more profitable investment. He could realize in insurance companies. But the business of manufacturing here seemed to hold the surplus of both genius and money. The lines industry of Japan was in the same condition that the steel industry of the United States was in before Mr. Morgan struck it into shape. Unorganized competitors were warring on the competitors. Yasuda combined the principal companies into a corporation capitalized at 6,000,000 yen, and put the industry on its feet.

*A Japanese Real-Estate Success*

YASUDA next turned to the north bank as a promising field. In this line of investment he was observed. He invested heavily in Tokyo real estate, and organized the Tokyo Building Company. The building company which he formed to be an enormous financial success. Yasuda built no skyscrapers, but he dotted the hillside with working-men's cottages. He never ran short of business; but, in the course of time, the Tokyo Building Company fell behind Yasuda's ability in real estate. Yet Yasuda did not stop building. He extended his operations to include Taiwan, China.

Taiwan has a large foreign population that is not content with either Chinese architecture or Chinese construction. Yasuda, while visiting Taiwan, had noted the opportunity for Japanese architecture and Japanese construction. At the time when he was there he was not known to have an opportunity to make money. Thus it came about that when he was looking for an undertaking in which to invest his banking, insurance, and loan profits, he remembered the real estate possibilities of Taiwan.

Now, Yasuda the banker had much use for his skills. He bought from competing manufacturers at the best prices he could get. But the best prices he could get were not good enough for him. Somebody seemed to be making a profit from him. To keep this profit, Yasuda built a mill factory. And, while he was about it, he built a factory large enough to supply and sell his own demands, but part of the demands of others.

Of course, such widespread operations raised Yasuda's name as a banker to the first rank in Japan. He had not the most money, but he worked the hardest with his money. He was not the greatest banker, as far as mere dollars were concerned; but he was by far the greatest banker as far as activity, enterprise, and power were concerned. Men soon learned that if there were heads to fund, a railroad to build in Manchuria, or any other great business venture afoot, it was always best to see Yasuda. He was the strong, energetic, progressive factor in Japanese financial affairs. He was capable and daring—and fearless, but daring. He would take a chance.

An incident that occurred ten years ago illustrates the manner in which he sometimes backs his own judgment against the judgment of others. Certain men who associated themselves under the name of the United Realty Trust had obtained a franchise to build an electric line from Osaka to Kobe, a distance of twenty miles. After they got the franchise, they were unable to raise the money. They had no banker could get up an amount of money as they wanted. No banker had such faith in the project. Every banker knew a bit about jurisdiction. He has learned that the electric line had no banker except Yasuda, and he was too busy with other affairs to give the subject attention.



Things drifted along for a year or two, and the men were in danger of losing their franchise. Yasuda heard of their plight and sent for them; told them the story, and which he would furnish the money; drove a hard bargain; furnished the money—something like a million; built the road—and made money.

Yasuda always drives a hard bargain, whether he is buying a railroad for a railroad ticket. A Japanese banker who has traveled with him in Japan told me the following incident. One day Yasuda had but little time in which to catch a train. At the station, an employee of Yasuda had bought the tickets. He handed the tickets to Yasuda with some change. There was not much change, because the tickets were for only a short distance, and cost but fifty cents each, and Yasuda had not given the correct exact money. But when the change was handed to the great banker, he counted every piece; moreover, he handed the change short. The banker, who was anxious to be the first to offer, but failed to present a certificate which would have entitled Yasuda, as stockholder in the road, to a dividend from the regular rate. The loss was not much—perhaps ten or six cents—but Yasuda held it over the employee with good, vigorous Japanese language, which, he explained to his fellow banker, was easy to touch the employee's pocket. But the banker says he smiled because he left the loss.

*Yasuda Gives a Banquet for Sixty Cents*

FARTHER along on the trip, they came to the capital of a province, and Yasuda invited the governor to dinner. When a governor is invited to dinner by a traveler, the agreed is usually given in the banquet-room of the best restaurant in the town. Waitresses and girls are hired, at an expense of six cents out.

There was no gossip at Yasuda's dinner to the governor. Nor was the dinner given in the banquet-room of a restaurant, but in a room at a hotel. Yasuda's room was approximately twelve feet long by five feet wide. The furniture was all new and very beautiful, and the bill for the three men was between sixty and seventy cents. The cost of entertaining the governor in the banquet-room of a restaurant, with approval waitresses, girls, and wine, would have been perhaps fifty dollars.

Called every month calls together the members of his own family and all of his employees who are in Tokyo, and gives them advice. Some of his employees evidently say that he never gives them anything else. He has furnished also for the guidance of his family and his employees. Upon his family he urges harmony and thrift. Upon his employees he urges industry and thrift. To his employees he pays the lowest wages that can be paid for similar services in Tokyo. Other bankers hire many graduates of business colleges. Yasuda, for the most part, retained men and women, who had no college education.

Like most men who have become rich, Yasuda has a great temptation to tell others how to amass fortunes. A few years ago he wrote the following advice to "Young Men":

"I want to give some words to young men, based upon the experience of fifty years. Those who want to go into business should first get careful attention to the business in which they will be most likely to succeed. It is not a man's business trying to do something that he can't do, while believing in do something that he could do."

住友吉左衛門氏



Baron Kichisaburo Sumitomo, the Japanese copper king, who is considered a "progressive" in that he has introduced many advanced European customs into Japan. He likes to be referred to as a social reorganizer and reorganizer for the Russo-Japanese war.

岩崎久彌氏









## THE PLAYGROUND OR THE SCHOOL?

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

IT is natural to have a high opinion of the work of our own hands. The children of our towns are as ungrudgingly fair and as boundlessly promising as the children of our bodies. That which comes of itself through the beauty of nature we have

little opinion of, partly because, through aberrant inertia, we think nothing about it, and partly because it cost us nothing. There is a world of wisdom in the quiet saying of that rural philosopher, Josh Billings, "What people gets for a thing they generally values at about what they give for it." And yet, the most precious things are those that cost us nothing, like air, sunshine, and water, and we never value them until, by our senseless worship of the things of our own creation, like houses and streets, we are in danger of being deprived of them.

Even so it is in our estimate of the playground as compared with the school-room, or the school as play or against that of books and blackboards. The one is our natural heritage, and we take it as a matter of course, holding it at best in a sort of scornful deference, never dreaming of its precious value. The other we have made ourselves at much pains and with its facile stupidity. Moreover, it has cost us money, that most precious of all readily things, and, like Aara's golden calf, we have made it into a fetish, and here ideas and worship before it. The work of our own making are those we most devoutly worship.

### Grass and Geraniums Instead of Children

THE popular idea of a playground is simply an open space surrounding a school building and repaired to set off its proportions to advantage. If there happens to be a spare corner of this that can be utilized

for the children to play on, well and good; if not, they must be satisfied with the street. Worse yet, in our school systems of the debris instead of the merits of our educational systems, such portions of it as might have been valuable for play purposes, if they happen to be gently toward the street, are weeded down in grass or disfigured with flower-beds. Grass and geraniums are very pretty in their place, but to see them growing as a substitute for children makes one's fingers itch to get at them with a grub hoe. Grass growing in a school yard is no savor; a reflection upon the intelligence of the community as its appearance to the outside of the main street would be upon its commercial prosperity.

In short, we are worshipping and exalting to the very heavens the little ten or fifteen per cent. of finishing and training of body, mind, and character which we have invested ourselves, and ignoring or deprecating the eight or ninety per cent. which the great edifying forces of nature carry out without our help.

I have no hesitation in declaring that, under modern conditions, the playground is far more important than the school-room, and that, if I had to choose for my child between a school-house without any playground and a playground without any school-house, I should unhesitatingly select the latter.

The chief trouble is that we attach far too narrow a meaning to the term education. To "get an education" is to go to school, and so peremptorily have we conventionalized our attitudes upon this small percentage of the whole that we have come to regard nothing as education except what is got in the school-room. The education of a child begins with his first cry and continues until he is thirty or forty years of age. His school life, however, on an average, only lasts ten

years of this period, and, counting vacations, only about one third of his waking hours during this ten years.

The problem of the old education was how to make the training of this one third of ten years, or our ninth of the total period of education, as different as possible from the remaining eight ninths. The problem of the new education is to make it as completely in harmony as possible. Stripped of its externalities, this is the battle between the classical and the modern view of education—between the classic and the sciences.

### The Battle Between the Classics and the Sciences

FROM the point of view of the scientist, the aim of the old classical education, which we have slavishly followed until within the past quarter of a century, was to make, not a worker, but a scholar and a gentleman. There is truth in the general complaint that the old education spoiled men for manual labor—it was meant for. Its definite aim was the creation of a class that should be marked by its superiority to the rest of humanity, and the chief value of its interesting product was that it was "different." It accordingly laid great stress upon those subjects which were not only of no use,—perish the very thought of such production,—but of no interest except after prolonged training in studying them. Hence the classics really won first place in the curriculum. It had no intention of increasing either the happiness or the efficiency of the street man.

The battle between the classic and the sciences is one between two totally different ideals. The ideal of the classic is *culture, superiority*. The ideal of



"Here in the playground the chief credit is given to initiative, vigor, and individual aggressiveness. The picture on the left shows the boys playing in their garden, a necessarily studying the ever-changing processes of nature. The single-rope swing in the center teaches some of the primary principles of physics. While the girls on the right are exercising their initiative reasoning in garden-making."



"The tendency of the entire mass system, with its large classes, its drill, its discipline, is to make puppets out of children instead of free men and women. It crushes individuality, promotes uniformity, and dwarfs the reasoning powers."

the sciences to service, brotherhood. As one of the means to the unimpaired development of human powers, the scientist has no quarrel with the classes. As an aid to be nurtured or a shield to be set up, he has nothing but a single banner, and never will have as long as two fragments of the flag hang together.

The first step toward making this one truth of our education harmonious with the other eight axioms is that the school-room should recognize its limitations. This is precisely what it is most unwilling to do. There are few dissenting voices among those who have made a careful study of both the physical and the mental aspects of the problem of education, that a large share of the wasted triumphs of the school-room have been achieved without its aid—in fact, some of them is quite ill.

But the blind council of the school-room is something almost incredible. It insists upon full credit for the whole mental and moral development of the child, and the almost that it can be brought to do as regards his physical development is to gradually grind on him at least two or three days per year to be "waxed" in play. It regards itself as broad-minded and even generous when it reserves certain little shaped-out hours, called recesses, for the gratification of the play instinct. And it usually fights vigorously against every attempt at reducing the form of the child's daily imprisonment of hard labor, and of relinquishing the methods of study and the curriculum. The child was made for the school-room, and wherever the interests of the two appear to clash it is so much the worse for the child.

Worse than this, the spirit of the school-room—which is, of course, a direct inheritance of the monk and the priest, who were the earliest formal teachers—not only refuses to harmonize with the natural instincts and tendencies of the child, but regards him as so suspicious and so to be controlled at every possible point.

The child takes in play, therefore, he can acquire nearly both mental and moral, by being shut up indoors five hours out of his available eight. The child lives in his constant anxiety, therefore, it is unnecessary to add perfectly still, on most nights as possible, without even the slightest privilege of wriggling. The child sees through a thing like a hawk, then finds it and wants to go on to something else. The average governing thinks that the child is just as slow and stupid as he is, and insists that it is for his good to be compelled to stick to a subject at least ten or fifteen minutes after he has tired of it.

#### School Hours Might be Cut Down Fifty Per Cent.

THIS superiority of the playground over the school-room for the physical development of the child is so obvious to all except the teaching force that it needs no support or even illustration. The chief function of the school-room in the physical development of the child is a negative one—to keep out of his way as much as possible, to perform the proper and necessary share in education, with as little interference

once with its natural life in the open air as can reasonably be planned.

Nearly all intelligent students of the problem, whether from the hygienic or the pedagogic point of view, are now unanimously agreed that the present school hours are unconsciously and criminally long—that they might be cut down from thirty to fifty per cent., not merely with benefit to the health of the child, but with an actual increase in the rapidity of his mental progress. Children who are kept out of school altogether until nine or ten years of age, or who, on account of health, are allowed to attend only half time, one session a day, are almost invariably not only up with children of their age by their third or fourth year, but usually a little ahead of them; and I have never known a "ball-tower" of this sort who failed to keep up with his or her class.

The most stubborn objection to the shortening of school hours comes, not from the teachers, but from the intelligent tax-payer who wants to get the value of his money, and from busy mothers who want the children taken off their hands. The school of play would meet both these objections.

Part of the money a school of play would cost is playgrounds it would save in school-buses, as these could be used for two, even three, releases of children each day.

We are trying to teach altogether too much in the school-room now-a-days, crowding the child's mind with an overmass of superficial information upon an absurd variety of subjects—as if it were a case of new or never, and so were prohibiting him for a

careless journey through an intellectual desert at the root of his life.

#### The New Idea in Education

THE idea of the new education is exactly the reverse—to teach the child the use of the tools of his mind, and make their use so interesting to him that he will go on and learn new trades and new accomplishments of his own accord. Instead of improving him with the ridiculous man-milliner's idea that his education is finished when he graduates, it teaches him that his education began long before he entered the school-room and will continue for decades after he leaves it. Here to give education its carrying power, so that the boy or girl will not only be in harmony with it, but will go on with it after our mechanical school ever feeling the break, is the vital pedagogic problem of the day.

Nowadays the admission that a given method is physically superior carries with it at least a presumption of its favoring mental development also. Whatever attitude we may take in the old-fashioned world squibbles about the superiority of mind over matter or matter over mind, it is universally admitted that mind has a broad and most necessary material or physical basis. The tools of the mind—the eye, the ear, the hand, the memory, the brain, and the nervous system—must be supplied by and made of matter; and to keep them is the best possible condition, both of vigor and of longevity, is only common prudence. But the relation between the two goes much further and deeper than this, and when a child is developing his body in vigorous muscular play or healthful and reasonable amounts of bodily labor, he is developing his mind also.

The very first thing that is done with defective children, in our intelligently devised modern schools for their care, is to try to teach them the proper and purposeful use of their hands and limbs. The moment that one of them begins to handle a ball or a pair of scissors a new in some purpose, or even to dance gracefully, his mind is beginning to improve.

#### Muscular Training is Mental Training

IT is astonishing how long and completely we have managed to shut our eyes to the fact that a large part of so-called muscular training, whether in the shop or in the playground, is really mental training. Give a boy, for instance, two or three pieces of board, and tell him to make a box of certain dimensions out of them. Instantly he takes out his rule, and proceeds first to calculate with his eye which of the pieces would be best suited to make the bottom, which the sides, which the top. These vital estimates are verified by actual measurement.

Then begins the problem of getting them together. First, they must be used to provide the right dimensions and at the right angles in order to make them fit together. For this so-called "true eye" is required, and comes only by repeated experience. Then, when they see to be placed and trimmed down, the direc-



"The moment the children begin to use their hands to some purpose, even if it is only to dig holes in the sand or to make mud-pies, their minds are beginning to improve"

(Continued on page 85)



Only the Brave Deserve the Fare

## INTERLUDES

### LITERARY NOTES

Messrs. TIMBER, BELL AND COMPANY announce for publication this fall a volume of poems entitled "Chirpings of a Jail-Bird," by Thomas Maginnis, late of Williamsburg Prison. Mr. Maginnis was recently pardoned while serving a fifteen-year sentence at Williamsburg for second-story work by the Gracey Gang, who was named to citizenship by the author's account. "The Eternity of Beans," which appeared in *Wasp's Magazine* last May. Mr. Maginnis's verses were all written lachrymatically at Williamsburg with the aid of a burnt match on the walls of his cell, and had to be set to rest with considerable power the atmosphere of his incarceration.

"Great Mugs I Have Lathered" is the title of a volume of reminiscences of Washington life shortly to be published by the Dulles Publishing Corporation of Washington, written by G. Endow Dousherry, the octogenarian brother of the New Squillard at the Capital. The reminiscences are said to be very rare, and give intimate portraits of eminent statesmen. Mr. Dousherry has abated during the past forty years, the chapter on "China, Past and Present," in which Mr. Dousherry contrasts the motive power of modern orders like Bryan, Salter, and James Hamilton Lewis with those of Webster, Stephen A. Douglas, and other famous spellbinders, is said to be most striking.

The popular series of papers entitled "The Confessions of a Cop," written by Officer Number 100,000 of the New York Strong Arm Squad, presumably a new de power, which have been running for the past two years in the *Brook Magazine*, will be published this autumn in a fresh and larger edition by Messrs. Mack, Kalk, and Company, of West Philadelphia. Seven editions of this interesting work have already been bought up on line by certain individuals mentioned in the chapter on "Great Grifts at Home," presumably for private distribution.

Professor Dobbie's *Sketches*, at the University of Journalism at Cornell, New Hampshire, will issue his original lectures on "How To Make Fresh Human Out of Antique Jaws" in both forms next month through the Jay Press of Watkins Glen. Those who heard Professor Sketches' infernal talk before the Hackensack Institute of Human last winter on "Originality Through Invention" will be delighted to hear that this lecture, revised and improved, is included in this little volume, which is to be the first in a series of sketches to be published under the auspices of the distinguished Professor of Parasitic Literature.

Henry Washington Bell, until recently a contributor on the Broadway surface cars, has written the *Brooklyn Publishing Company* are at it to publish "The Padded Nickel—A History of the nickel that is said by those who have read it to be a valuable addition to American literature, if not to the

looked-for American Novel. The story is, in fact, a chapter out of the author's own life, and tells most vividly of his own courtship and marriage of Mrs. Templeton Soudge, the widow of the millionaire California Junk Contractor, whom Mr. Bell met for the first time on the car he was conducting at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, permitting her to pay for fare with a padded nickel contrary to the rules of the company, whence the title of the novel. The readers of the Brooklyn Publishing Company say that Mr. Bell's style flows limply along, easily suggesting a New York trolley-car in the easy rhythm of its movement.

### IN MERRIE ENGLAND

"I like you, my boy," said the Cautious Father, "but when you ask me for my daughter's hand I want to see the style in which she is accoutred!"  
"Well," said the young man, gazing thoughtfully at his toes, "if she will go off on a bumper strike car in a while I think I can manage it."

### FROM A DEXTERIAN NOTE-BOOK

We started to write a Sonnet on the extraordinary phenomenon of a Butterfly Seen on Broadway the other day, but when we came to think the thought over it didn't seem so much of a phenomenon, after all, Broadway and Greenwich Street, in the last analysis, aren't so very far apart!

Our idea of the most futile proceeding in the world is that of an Indian trying to be held seen through the dense and stormy underbrush of the forest, up steep hills, through deep valleys, across parching deserts, and over raging torrents, in order to show the legible's scalp to his collection.

Billed says that "if you want to pull the leg of a man with a cork limb read before you agree with a corker." We mention this observation of his merely to show the depth of idiocy to which an ordinary intelligent citizen will descend under the influence of a prolonged spell of bad weather.

A Chicago lady says that every human soul has a free affinity, and that the trees themselves have their hills and dingles. We do not know just how true this little bit of philosophy may be; but, for comparative, we must confess that, while we try to do it in the world of honor, and to convert only with lofty spirits, when it comes to trees in the summer-time we have a distinct preference for those of stately bearing.

A Newport late-dresser is said to have announced that she will shampoos her customers down with a

vacuum-cleaner. There is a more or less subtle implication here that we really prefer not to dwell upon; but, just the same, we wish the same instrument would come into use in the barber-shops of some of our State capitals!

Women's clothes have always been more or less sympathetic of the condition of the money market, so it is with some apprehension that people who live on borrowed capital loans that need year the ladies' skirts will be lighter than ever. This would seem to indicate the imminence of some panic!

A New Jersey Historical Society has erected a marker on the site of Monmouth where General Washington overrode so effectively as General Lee. It is good to mark these historic spots, but in these militaristic days how much more appropriate it would have been had these good people built a dam in the Delaware that could have been turned to some real account!

The Post-office Department has substituted the head of Jefferson for that of McKinley on the postal cards, which is perfectly proper. The Democratic party has a perfect right to spread the fame of its own bright particular stars, but, after all, what good did the Democratic postmaster try to do in concealing the noble features of Jefferson? Truly, it would have surprised some men in the subordinate staff had they not the likeness of Rutherford B. Hayes thereon.

It has just come out that there is only twenty-three cents' worth of copper and nickel in four dollars and fifty-five cents worth of five-cent pieces—almost the precise proportion of the relative amount of War-surger and fresh in the average glass that needs fifty-seven fusions.

"It is all right to say 'see America first,' but, after all, it didn't seem to do Columbus much good. A dozen or more active-minded individuals who came along considerably later seem to have got all the cream in that particular coconut.

### AT THE CAUCUS

"MARRAGE FORTUNATE," said Miss Mattie Bettle-fare, rising and addressing the chair, at the caucus of the United Brotherhood of Suffragette Progressives. "I mean you that, in the interest of economy, this can-us phre in nomination the same ticket we had last year."

"I don't see exactly where the economy comes in, Miss Bettle-fare," said the Chairman.  
"Why," said Miss Bettle-fare, "I understand from the secretary that we still have on hand five thousand unused ballots left over from the last election, and by nominating the same ticket we shall save printing a lot of new ones."













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## COMMENT

Beginning with the issue of August 10th, Mr. NORMAN HADSON will take charge of **HARRIS'S WEEKLY**.

### Mexico

Nothing dignifies that Mexico is in a bad case. The chief question is: How much worse must she be before she is better? Her railroads ran unacceptably or not at all. Her business is pretty much at a standstill. The HUERTA government seems not only unable to keep order, but unable with increasing weakness. There is talk that Mexico if left to itself will soon split into three parts, with separate governments and separate alliances.

Appeal is made to Washington to do something. It is expressed that the failure hitherto of our government to recognize the government of General HUERTA has restricted the power of the HUERTA government to borrow money enough to put down the other revolutionists. It will be recalled that President WILSON has this Mexican problem handed to him warm off the fire by his predecessor, and that his decision was not to recognize the HUERTA government until it had been indicated by a vote of the Mexican people. That decision was well regarded by the country when it was made last spring, and still has ample support in public opinion. Whether recognition by our government now would be HUERTA's only good line in question, whether immediate recognition of HUERTA would do Mexico good is another question. President WILSON wants more information before taking further action. At this writing Ambassador WILSON is on the way to Washington to tell the President what he knows. Until he makes his report there is not much to say. The problem is big, difficult, and growing. It is the problem of helping to provide the best obtainable government for people who are not able to provide good government for themselves, and who seem able to agree on nothing except opposition to interference from outside.

### Mr. Bryan Lectures

MR. BRYAN says Mr. BRYAN will start out this week on a six weeks' lecture tour in the West, leaving the helm of State in the competent hands of Professor JOHN HANCOCK MERRILL.

It seems unusual, but probably no one will object, —HARRIS'S WEEKLY last week.

We guessed wrong about nobody objecting. There has been a good deal of objection. There are those who think objection is the best, leaving the helm of the business of the Secretary of State Mr. BRYAN is content to leave to Dr. MOORE the lecture. But there it is. The papers disposed of the habit of finding fault with Mr. BRYAN are at it hard, and the papers that want to support him are mostly respectful and apologetic. It does not seem to impress very deeply so suitable for the Secretary of State to be out lecturing for money during his term of office. There has been so much sniggering that Mr. BRYAN has explained that his salary as Secretary does not cover his living expenses, and that he is unwilling to draw on his savings, and must just give a few lectures, while his colleagues are on their vacations to keep himself in funds.

It is true that even on a grape-juice basis he can't live in Washington as a Secretary of State is expected to live, on \$12,000 a year. The salary of his office should be about double what it is. A great many people in the country do not know and

will not believe that that is true. They have no experience of life that qualifies them to appreciate how the Secretary of State ought to live, and what it costs to do it. But Congress likes to know. The members of Congress live in Washington, and can discover by observation and comparison what manner of housing, housekeeping, and hospitality the Secretary of State is in for, and how much salary he should have to meet it. If any one thinks it undignified for the Secretary of State to be out on the lecture platform, let him speak to Congress about making a proper provision for his official needs. Mr. BRYAN on the Chautauque circuit will be a good object lesson on the inadequacy of the present provision by Congress for some of the high officers of government. The Justices of the Supreme Court, the Vice-President, most of the Cabinet officers, the ambassadors, and some of the foreign ministers are all out-of-pocket.

It is not only to say the word Mr. BRYAN ought not to have as plausible an excuse for lecturing. It is not really a good reason. Mr. BRYAN knew what the Secretary's salary was when he took the place. It is a matter of taste, opinion, and custom whether a Secretary of State should lecture for money. The sentiment that he shouldn't seems to be gaining with the country. But Mr. BRYAN's own bebout as a politician to justify his course it is and whether it is worth lecturing. In all matters of taste he is apt to follow his own judgment, and no doubt he can continue to do so as long as he is sustained by a sufficient popular backing. But it may be with the oratorical art as it is with the sword, that they who live by it shall perish by it.

### Keep Them, for the Present

For our part we do not expect to discharge Mr. BRYAN for this exercise of his judgment. It is better to give all the members of the present Cabinet ample time to find themselves and their constituents. Some of the usefulness, however, to give notice to most of the members of Mr. WILSON's official family. The *World*, for instance, thought Mr. McBRIDE ought to get out because of the CUMMERTON case, and take with him Mr. Secretary WILSON. The *San*, on July 13th, had three columns about Secretary DIVISION and what hob he is raising with the Navy; they forget what was saying the other day that Secretary McALAN ought to have the decency to resign because of something he had done wrong. But it is too soon to set about making a new Cabinet to suit critics. There is too much else to be done and the President needs help too much to spare any one who can help him.

Mr. BRYAN is entirely disposed to help him, but it is doubtless very much easier to Mr. BRYAN's taste to help him on the lecture platform than in the State Department. Any man would rather do something he knows how to do than something in which he has less skill. The complaints about the condition of business in the State Department would be terrific if it were not that there were few men, very like them in the last administration when Mr. KNOT used to spend his summers at Valley Forge.

### Good Work All Round for Arbitration

It is hard to find fault, and few indeed even seem to find any, with the way the threatened strike on all the Eastern railroads has apparently been averted. On the contrary, there is praise on all hands for SETH LOW and the Civic Federation, for President WILSON, for both Houses of Congress; commendation, too, for the railroad presidents and the union heads who took part in the White House conference; and Secretary WILSON, by his ready acceptance of the legislation he had opposed has indignantly stood for any mistake he can find there, have made.

To avert the strike and secure arbitration in this instance alone was ample worth the exertion of all these co-operators to that end. The public, the

railroads, and the men who strike have all learned what ill and suffering every big railroad strike entails; and this promised to be the biggest yet. But more than that was accomplished. We can hardly double, more railroads, unions, and the Civic Federation agree on the point, that the newly passed amendment to the EMERSON law decidedly improves it. If it greatly renders it more acceptable to both the usual parties in such disputes, that of itself is a very big gain.

We are glad to believe there were still other gains. Every conspicuous instance of choosing the peaceful instead of the destructive way of settlement strengthens the habit and makes both sides so much less ready to force the fighting. One gain, too, the interest of the public, the right of the public to be considered and heard, is emphasized.

At this writing, only two things seem in any way to be in the prospect of a peaceful settlement. One is the refusal of the Erie Railroad to go into any arbitration or to be bound by its results. The other is the demand of the managers for the railroads that certain grievances of their own, and not merely those of the conductors and trainmen, shall be considered.

We can not say that Erie will reconsider, —or that mediation and arbitration as to the other roads will proceed notwithstanding. As to the managers' unexpected move, while we should all deplore it in any way obstructing a prompt settlement, may there not be in it something the future will profit by? It certainly seems to indicate a fuller acceptance of the arbitration principle than railroads have made in the past. It would certainly be a gain if, committed to the principle, the rivals should bend over, whenever they want to leave wages or to restrict privileges, first seek impartial arbitration, instead of acting first on their own judgment and then waiting to see whether the men will accept, strike, or ask for mediation.

### The Tariff—Feared and Hoped for Changes

Public opinion, if we may judge from the papers, has got pretty clear as to those features of the tariff bill as it now stands which are still open to what may be called practical controversy; that is to say, as to those provisions which one may reasonably hope to see changed without any general or radical changing of the character of the bill.

From the very start, of course, those of us who keep the post in mind have understood that the chief danger to the bill's fundamental aim and enterprise lay in Senate amendments, accomplished in the old log-rolling fashion. Those of us who read the bill moved and made in the House, that enterprise accomplished, have accordingly been gratified to note how kindly mindful of this danger the bill's managers have been, and how wisely, on the whole, they have striven to avert it. They were wise, we think, to try and commit Democratic Senators not only to the whole bill on the final vote, but to certain amendments not accepted by the Finance Committee. They were equally wise not to insist on too hard-and-fast a form of commitment. It was good and loyal management, and Senator SUTTON and his colleagues deserve to be praised for it.

Assuming, however, that their plan succeeds, it will plainly make rather difficult the few changes which friends of the bill would like to see, for there seem only two ways to accomplish them—by the action of the Committee of Finance or, later, by the action of the Committee of Conference. Clearly, then, the provisions of this character which stand the best chance of getting changed are those which are themselves changes from the original House bill.

It is fortunate, all in all, that the two provisions of the bill as it stands which have provoked the most opposition from Democratic law-tariff sources, are, in fact, amendments to the House bill, and there are therefore two chances to get rid of



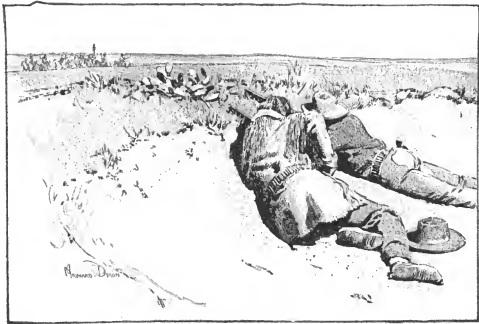






A FISHING-SMACK CONTAINING SEVEN MEN CAPSIZED IN A SUDDEN SQUALL, ON GRAVESEND BAY. SIX OF THE PARTY WERE TAKEN OFF BY LIFE-JANES, BUT THE LAST MAN COULD NOT SWIM, AND HE REFUSED TO LEAVE HIS PERCH UNTIL HALF A DOZEN LAUNCHES CLOSED IN AND A LIFE-PRESERVER WAS TOSSED TO HIM





"We got our cartridges where we could use them, and prepared for the closing act of our lives"

# THE INDIAN FIGHTERS OF THE ARICKAREE

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY MAYNARD DIXON

IN western Colorado there is a mountain, inconspicuously white in the vast expanse of brown plain, that marks the scene of the most desperate Indian fight in frontier history. The place is remote from railroads, and when one comes upon it after a long and hazy driving drive over a mountainous prairie and the glimpse of the white shaft rising from the shallow valley of the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River gives one all the thrill of a fresh message. It was here, beneath the cotton-woods that flank the meadow, that Major George A. Forsyth and his fifty scouts defended themselves against the charge of at least a thousand warriors under the great Cheyenne chief, Roman Nose. There are four tablets near the main shaft, telling of the best fighting days of those of the command who were killed outright by the Indians; and, if one happens to visit the spot while an anniversary reunion of surviving scouts is in progress, one may hear thrilling stories from the lips of men who bear the marks of desperate wounds, for hardly half of the command escaped from Deesler Island with whole skins.

It was due to the fact that the scouts were able to make a stand on slightly depressed ground, instead of on a hill, that Forsyth's command was not annihilated. His command of Currier and Fetterman, the same topographical conditions restricted to the Fetterman massacre, in the Powder River country, in Wyoming, when a detachment of eighty men from old Fort Phil Kearney was surprised by Red Cloud in 1866, and killed on what is now known as Massacre Hill. Had Forsyth been caught on any of the high cliffs overlooking the Arickaree valley, his defense, to use the words in which the Indians described Currier's fight, would have lasted "about as long as it takes a hungry man to eat his breakfast."

Forsyth's scouts were attacked by the war party of Roman Nose at dawn, September 17, 1868. The Cheyenne and Arapaho had grown very bold in victory Kanam and Forsyth, who had been on the staff of General Sheridan in the Civil War, had been directed to gather an independent command and stop the wholesale murdering. The scouts were not regular men, but they signed a personal agreement with their commander, and were paid from emergency funds in the quartermaster's department. They were chosen from the scouting service because of their

skill with the rifle, and most of them had seen service in Indian campaigns. Forsyth's men had been on the trail of a large war party for several days, and were receiving the utmost caution. He had, someone had protested that the command was going into a death-trap, and this led to a little incident that showed Forsyth's splendid courage.

Forsyth called a consultation, and "Tom" Banahan, one of the scouts who traveled all the way from Idaho to attend the fortieth anniversary of the fight, "He explained the protest that had been made, and then said: 'Now, boys, when you signed this agreement, didn't you understand that you were going out to fight Indians?'"

"We all saw the point," added Banahan, "and there wasn't another kick made, though a good many of us thought our scalps might be lifted any minute."

WHEN the Indians made their attack, the estimate that there were at least a thousand warriors and a large number of squaws and children in the war party proved to be correct. The hills leading down on the steep stream toward Hiramly lake with Indians. At the first onslaught, many of the horses, and the mules bearing the provisions, were carried off, and the whole carrying part of the ammunition was swept only by desperate efforts. The scouts who are living to-day seem to agree that an elaborate order was given to fall back on the steep island directly opposite the camp, but the scouts, moved by a common impulse, sought shelter on the strip of sand that proved to be their salvation. This island was not more than a hundred yards in length, and perhaps half as many yards in width at its widest point. At its head, where the scouts sought shelter, two or three cottonwoods. Except for these, and a clump of bushes in the center, the island was barren. The stream was barely knee-deep, and the narrow bank fortunately was not high and afforded no protection to the Indians.

The retreat to the island was made under steady fire, but Forsyth and his men kept their heads well. Work was instantly begun, rifle-pits were scooped in the sand, and several horses were shot, to make additional breast-works. The Indians were so intent on annihilating the little band that they rode to the edge of the stream and concentrated a deadly fire

on the island. Forsyth, who had been standing, to divert his men in digging pits, sank to the ground with a terrible wound in his thigh. A few minutes later he was struck again, and the bones between his knee and ankle was shattered. Raising his head to observe the movements of the enemy, Forsyth received a third wound, the bullet striking him a glowing blow in the forehead. Dr. Mosser, surgeon of the little command, was struck in the forehead, and died three days later. Several of the scouts were desperately wounded, and, to add to the misery of the defenders at the island, it became apparent that the Indians were going to charge.

Roman Nose, who was an Indian of splendid physique and fearless courage, withdrew with fully five hundred of his warriors, and formed in battle array behind a bend in the river. Then the Indians came charging down the riverbed. Roman Nose was in the lead. The scouts waited until the yelling horde were close at hand, and then they fired several volleys with telling effect. At the critical moment the Indians broke under the withering fire, and swept around the island, leaving Roman Nose with the slain in the shallow river. The squaws and children, who had assembled on a hill several hundred yards up the river, and who had expected to see their warriors ride over the whole sea, burst into prolonged wailing when they saw the chief fall and the line of Indians water and break.

This remarkable charge is one of the few instances known of Indians directly assaulting a fortified position, and it was disastrous to the whole man as well as to the rest men. Lieutenant Fred K. Beecher crawled over to Forsyth and said:

"I have my death wound. I am shot in the side, and dying."

Then, after lifting his commanding officer "good-night," and whispering a message to his mother, this young knight of the frontier breathed his last. Young Beecher was claimed by his command, though he had been little Indian service. He had made a good record in the Civil War, and was an admirable type of the young, ambitious, courageous army officer. In his memory, the battle-field has been called Beecher Island, and the headstone that bears his name has been located upon the spot where the scouts are certain they buried their friend.

(Continued on page 85)

# IMMIGRATION AND DEGREE

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

RECORDS of the shift of our population in the past three generations will show, I think, that the bulk of American population is being substituted; that we have virtually ceased to be an Anglo-Saxon race; and that the entire composition of our civilization is being rapidly metamorphosed. The facts will at least raise a doubt, I believe, as to whether our civilization is being benefited as well as metamorphosed. They will also, I hope, to raise a question in a good many minds as to whether it is wise to continue such large-scale or characteristic American policy of letting all kinds of alien

## The Native Stock of America

AT the outset, we must recall that the American colonization of the early days dealt with what now seem almost insignificant numbers. Accurate figures are not a matter of record, but we learn that the famous fleet of eleven vessels that sailed from England and landed at the port of Salem, Massachusetts, in June, 1620, conveyed 1,200 passengers. The Massachusetts Bay Company sent a fleet of sixteen ships, presumably carrying a somewhat larger cargo, the same year. Meanwhile we are told that the colony of Virginia by about 1620 had acquired a population of 4,000 souls.

These were the two chief colonial nuclei from which what we now speak of as the "native American stock" sprang. Between 1620 and 1640 about 2,000 persons came to New England, and from 1640 to 1660 were discouraged and possibly even barred. The colony of Pennsylvania received about 6,000 immigrants between 1640 and 1660, but there were few other immigration reversals of corresponding magnitude.

It is estimated that the total immigration throughout the colonial period was not over 170,000 souls, and that the population of the United States, when the first authoritative census was made in 1790, had reached about 4,000,000. A very large proportion of these it will be obvious, were of "active" stock, in the sense that their ancestors had been in America for only a few years—let us say, for from three to five generations. In the course of the ensuing thirty years the population a good deal increased. In 1800 it numbered 5,700,000. And substantially all of this was "active" immigrant, inasmuch as the total immigration of the period from 1790 to 1800 was 100,000. In other words, for every 1,000 additional inhabitants in the period 1790-1820, 167 more were born in this country and only 43 came from abroad.

Here, then, we find the United States populated in the year 1820 with a tolerably homogeneous company of 6,800,000 people, of whom 1,000,000 were of "active" themselves American, inasmuch as all but a very small percentage of them were born in America and represented a stock generally ten generations old. We may fairly enough speak of this as the native stock—the present or actual blood—of America.

## The Assimilation of the Native

THIS is a well-understood, even if obviously paradoxical, sociological doctrine, according to which an immigration such as that to which the United States has thus been subjected does not increase the population. The claim is made that the coming of the hordes of alien alters the conditions of life and so increases the stress of living that the birth-rate among the native rapidly decreases.

As illustrating this, we are pointed out that before the day of the great migration the population increased with astounding rapidity. In 1790 the native population numbered 4,000,000. In 1800 it was almost 5,000,000—an increase of 25 per cent. And the native population continued to increase at the same rate, when the census of 1810 showed an even of 5,000,000 by the end of the century, even as had no immigrant come to us.

Yet, in recent years, by subtracting the count of nearly 20,000,000 aliens in the period 1820-1900, the population at the close of the century was only 7,000,000.

Thus it is quite within possibility that the population of the United States to-day is not larger than it would have been had we had no immigration in the past century. There is a high authority for this paradoxical doctrine; but, whether or not it be accepted, at least there is no doubt that the immigration has had a marked effect on the character of the population from what it would have had its increase been dependent solely upon the normal growth of the native stock.

Fully to appreciate this, we must consider the factor of foreignness from another standpoint. True, for we have been concerned with mere numbers. We must now give heed not only to numbers, but to nationalities and classes.

When this is done, it will be apparent not merely that the native stock is being supplanted by foreign stock, but that the Anglo-Saxon race from which the native stock has heretofore sprung is being supplanted by races of widely different character. As to this, the statistics speak in unmistakable terms.

The recent investigation of the subject are agreed in dividing the great foreign body into three periods, one of which is spoken of as the old immigration, the other as the new immigration—the terminology being about the only one of these words, the

old immigration comprised the immigrants of all generations except the most recent; whereas the new immigration is the most recent immigration of our race (therefore the one that ultimately concerns us most directly).

The chief point of the matter is that the immigrants of the old period—that is to say, those of the colonial time and all the succeeding generations in about the year 1820—came primarily from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Denmark, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. These countries furnished about 90 per cent. of the total number of immigrants of that long period.

But since 1842 the entire racial aspect of the immigration problem has been changed, inasmuch as more than 80 per cent. of the total number of European immigrants have come from Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Greece, Italy, Macedonia, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Serbia, Spain, Syria, and Turkey.

## The Invasion of the East

IT appears, then, to be beyond dispute that the old colonial stock of America is being pretty rapidly displaced by a population of totally different racial strains.

But, when we come to the interpretation of the facts in their bearing on the future civilization of the United States, we are met by a variety of divergent views. It is very difficult, in dealing with the subject, to get entirely away from the bias of our own day. From the earliest times, the cultivated nations have been disposed to look upon other nations as pertaining to a lower order—the very application of the term "barbarians" which originally meant only foreigner, is sufficient proof of this.

But, in the present case, it would seem as if the most candid and unbiased observer must be convinced that the major part of the great mass of the immigrants that have been coming into this country in recent years do belong to a lower intellectual order and must tend to lower the level of our civilization. As, for example, the average of immigrants that came from a ship at Ellis Island would in itself suffice, I suppose, to counter most practical objections.

If evidence of another character were required, it might be found in the tables of illiterate among immigrants, compiled by the United States immigration commission. These tables show that in the fiscal years 1903-1906 the total number of immigrants over fourteen years of age was 1,000,000. Of these, 1,000,000 were of the old immigration, and the new of the old immigration type; that is to say, more than half of the immigrants of the total number only 27 per cent. were able to read or write.

But, of the adult representatives of races that we may call the "new immigration," no more than 35.6 per cent. were illiterate. When the individual races are considered, the contrast is still more striking. Thus, 12.13 per cent. among Scandinavians number only 4 per cent. among the North 3 per cent. among the English 1.1 per cent. among the French 4.4 per cent. among the Welsh 5 per cent. among the Irish 27 per cent. among the Dutch and Flemish 47 per cent. Contrast this with the illiterate among the old immigration: for Rumanians 34.7 per cent. of illiteracy, for Russians and Norwegians 36.4 per cent., for Russians 39.5 per cent., for Belgians 41.8 per cent., for Lithuanians 48.9 per cent., for Rumanians 51.0 per cent., for Poles 54.4 per cent., for South Italians 54.2 per cent., for Portuguese 65.2 per cent.

Of course, illiteracy is not an absolute test of intelligence, but it was hardly to be disputed that illiteracy is a sure sign of a low mental and moral level. It is a good gauge of the level of society and phase of civilization from which the class springs. Accordingly, then, the immigrants of the new immigration make up the highly cultured colonial stock and the relatively illiterate average colonials of the old immigration. The chief difference of the new immigration concerns is found in the fact that illiteracy is much more prevalent among the recent immigrants than among the old. The statistics of the Census Bureau of the City of New York recently published statistics showing that of the patients under treatment in insane asylums in the city of New York, 10.5 per cent. of foreign-born patients had increased, since the federal census of 1892, by 13.4 per cent. In the State of Massachusetts the percentage of illiterate among the inmates of the insane asylums of 1900 showed that the percentage of aliens in the total population in the State is only 29.5 per cent.

It is computed that the State of New York alone spends \$3,250,750 for the care of its foreign-born inmates in the city of New York.

Doubtless the proportion of aliens to the total foreigner population is not at the New York rate throughout the country, but it is certain that it is not enough to cause apprehension, and it had students of the subject to marred at the combination with the present rapid assimilation and the coming of hordes of unfortunates. As Professor Charles F. Johnson puts it: "A new plague that rendered 40 per cent. of our population, chiefly at the most productive time of their lives, incapable of doing more than 8100,000,000 yearly to support, would indicate at least universal affliction. But we have become so used to crime, disease, and degeneration, that we take

them as necessary evils. That they were on in the will of the gods is granted. That they must remain so is denied."

## The Immigrant and the Labor Problem

IT can hardly be doubted, then, that the physical station of the American race is suffering from the new immigration. Scarcely less in question is it that in the quality of the native stock is being lowered by the influx of this alien horde is making itself felt disadvantageously. The art, literature, public morals, and national character are being lowered.

Natural accomplishment is largely conditioned (1) by general intelligence and (2) by parental inheritance. The aliens who came to us during the first great period of immigration, 1820-1860, were intelligent north-western Europeans, who sought homes where they and their children could find a larger measure of personal liberty and better social and intellectual opportunities.

But the aliens of the new immigration, for the most part, seek America for no reason other than because it is the land of the dollar. If you work hard and save, you will have money. It is not so hard to get and therefore a little better than your neighbor. You may even acquire a competency that will enable you to return to your Mother European home to spend your well-earned days in comfort. That is the thought of a large majority of the millions of immigrants that have come to us in recent decades. In such a case, the immigrant is not supposed to have traditions, history, art, literature, or ideals, except those of the money-bag.

Such an aim may lead to money-getting rather than the making of homes, the immigrants of the new era do not go to the most desirable of the middle and lower West, but to the cities, where they can get and come under some American influence. They cluster about—St. Louis, "Little Italy," "Little Bohemia," "Little Poland," "Little Denmark," and "Little Ireland"—and give opportunity for the development of the system of business that has made the government of the United States a struggle between the masses and laborers, introducing an element of competition that is destructive to the interests of the American citizen.

Commenting on this aspect of the subject, Professor E. A. Ross says: "The most momentous consideration in the new immigration policy is the fact that free land is gone, and immigration is confined to the cities. The result is that the immigrants are settling the public domain, not becoming a competitive force in the West. There is a deep significance in the fact that during the past few years the population of Minnesota grew 10 per cent., of Kansas 10 per cent., of Wisconsin 13 per cent., of Nebraska 15 per cent., of Colorado 15 per cent., of Pennsylvania 20 per cent., of Connecticut 21 per cent., of Rhode Island 21 per cent., of Massachusetts 22 per cent., of New Jersey 23 per cent."

Thirty or forty years ago, Germany, Poland, France, Italy, and other countries, furnished a large number of immigrants, landing at Castle Garden, journeyed straight through to the frontier with a railroad ticket paid for by the government, and they went to the west and yoked the loom of the incipient future. This new immigration, which has Constantinople as its geographic center, is the product of the North with its immigrants, who have no intention whatever of seeking the remaining fragments of the frontier—Idaho, the short-gone country, the Texas Panhandle, or the empty lands of the West.

The report of the United States Immigration Commission is summarized by Professors Josiah and Helen H. Henshaw in their book, "Immigration and Nationalities where Belgians, Russians, Rumanian Magyars, and Armenians live by themselves, with their own languages, customs, and habits, and with their own social life from any American influence." The report adds further that there is everywhere a feeling that the immigrants are a burden on the American citizen or approach attitudes in working with the native aliens or in the same occupations. This is the situation in the United States. The Commission declares, in the psychological in its nature, and arises from race prejudice or ignorance, but is nevertheless not a natural or effective force in racial segregation and displacement.

"Perhaps the most significant feature of the entire situation," the Commission concludes, "is the fact that the immigrants are a burden on the American population (in general) in the recent local galleries and in their condition."

The situation is indeed becoming serious. The one thing that the American public has been taught to hate is the competition of every European laborer. We hold it a crime to let a foreigner take the place of our laborer, but we do not get over our "detest our infant industries." But the immigration ports are holes in the dam that let a steady stream of laborers come to our shores. Thus the American manufacturer is protected from foreign competition, while cheap foreign labor side him is piling up a colossal fortune.

## Cosmopolitanism versus Americanism

IT has been urged that immigration is now leading us to fall off and so that the worst is over. There is nothing to justify the latter belief. The 1911 population is an economic phenomenon varying 25

(Continued on page 21)





## THE TENTH INNING

This picture, taken at an amateur baseball game between two rival boys' teams, shows the interest and excitement that can attach to the national sport even though the professional element be absent



A history class studying the epoch of the cave-dwellers. The pupils enact scenes from the life of the cave men, making as faithful as possible a representation of their customs and occupations

## OUTDOOR SCHOOLS

BY THOMAS S. CARRINGTON, M.D.

**A** NEW theory of primary education has spontaneously revealed itself to us in America. It is a theory based on the belief that good health is more to be chosen than great knowledge, and that neither knowledge nor health need be acquired at the expense of the other. A still further conviction is that this theory may be readily turned to the advantage of any community that elects to embrace it. It is the opinion of the writer that has turned these convictions upon us.

When the first open-air school was established in Germany, in 1901, and when later the idea was adopted in England, and still later in the United States, its primary aim was exclusively to benefit the sick. We are now beginning to see that what is good for a sick child can certainly do no harm to a well one; and, still further, that there are other advantages in the idea than that of the improvement of the pupil's health, and that well children should not be deprived of these advantages merely because they have the good fortune to be strong and healthy.

### The Open-Air School Good for Well Children and Country Children

THE open-air school was started as a city movement, and remained such until very recently. But the absolutely plain discovery of the advantages for the strong as well as for the weak has now developed an other obvious fact, which is that if the institution is good for city children it must have some benefits for country children. And it has. Arrived that there are more sick school boys and girls in the cities than in the towns and villages, it does not follow that all country children are beyond the possibility of acquiring still stronger constitutions, or that the new methods of learning and discipline would fall utterly in small communities, when they succeed so wonderfully in large ones.

No, there has come to be almost a universal interest in this new theory of instruction, and many are seeking to learn just what an open-air school is, how it is conducted, what it costs to conduct it, what special equipment is required, and how the methods of instruction differ from those of other schools, and why. The substance of such an investigation is a foregoing commonplace. Business and city living conditions are in no degree essential to the success of the school, in the country, if they can accomplish what may be said for better children in the city. The only condition is that there must be healthful children in the country, and when these are few and strong alike, it is not that they

get close to nature—the closer the better. There must be due provision for protection from inclement weather, and there must be no fragmentary disregard of the fundamental rules of health, but otherwise the success of the school is in direct proportion to the degree of freedom that it attains from roofs and walls.

### The Open-Air School Need Not Cost a Dollar for Special Equipment

THE aim of the open-air school is twofold—to improve the child's health and to provide more effective methods of education. In the first respect, its aim is that good fresh air is a most effective counter-agent for disease. In the second respect, it rests on the principle that actual association with the things that are studied is more inspiring and instructive to pupils than the abstract lessons acquired from books only. The open-air school, therefore, helps in

two ways to secure—the closer the better. There must be due provision for protection from inclement weather, and there must be no fragmentary disregard of the fundamental rules of health, but otherwise the success of the school is in direct proportion to the degree of freedom that it attains from roofs and walls.

The building problem is one wholly of convenience or local conditions, and is settled only by the needs of each individual case. In its simplest and most effective form, the open-air school is conducted in a garden or field or under the trees. Here it can be carried on only in fair weather, but with the school-house close at hand, as it usually will be, there is shelter near by in time of need.

### Simple Ways of Constructing an Open-Air School-Room

IF some simple form of shelter other than the school-house itself seems desirable, there may be an open

ly as much for their practical working upon nature and the great out-of-doors, which the country of years provides at its best, while the city has to fight for every breath of country atmosphere if you go—and even then often gets but the artificial likeness of the thing and not the thing itself.

To accomplish these aims, the equipment of the open-air school may be practically whatever its teachers wish to make it. There may even be an effective open-air school without the expenditure of a single dollar for special equipment. The main thing is to



The children learn geography from maps of sand which they make themselves, planting ferns with sprigs of vegetation natural to the region they are representing and adding tiny hours, laden with articles of the country's actual commerce, up and down the play watercourses

and with only a roof and one inclined side, and with the grotto for the floor, or perhaps a simple board platform. A still more elaborate plan would be to build a somewhat more pretentious shelter with all sides inclined about three feet up from the ground, and with rolling canvas curtains to be let down to keep out the wind and rain or snow when there is a storm. Tents have sometimes been used in place of these wooden shelters and are fairly satisfactory when placed over board floors.

Of course, there are days throughout the year, and sometimes weeks at a time, when some of these devices would afford adequate protection from sun, snow, or wind. At such times there is again the old school-house; but if the school is occasionally directed indoors by the owner of the shelter, the operation is entirely abandoned in out-of-door aspect. Even if nothing else were done, the open-air theory could still be practised by the simple use of the open-air shelter of the shelter; or, if a new building is to be constructed with the open-air idea in view, its rooms should be so arranged that all sides can be opened or closed. There is thus perfect protection from sun, snow, or storm, from whatever quarter it comes, but still with two sides of the rooms open to the fresh air. Starting and revolutionary as the idea may seem, it has been found that cold weather does not harm children if they are properly dressed and protected, even though they sit for an hour or more at a time at their desks.

The alteration of an old school-house to adopt the new idea may be easily accomplished by removing the entire wall on one side or on two, and replacing the walls with long windows, so long that they may be wide open from top to bottom. In some instances these alterations have been carried to the extent of removing a portion of the roof and replacing it with canvas curtains on storm days; but this is hardly necessary, since the open sides will provide all the required circulation.

#### Giving Children Rest Instead of Inactivity

FULL looks the open-air school has no special requirements. The same desks may be used as in school; and there need be no radical changes in the course of study, nor do the teachers require special training for the work. If the classes are to be conducted in the open air, there will perhaps be the necessity for portable blackboards, chairs, and desks; and if in the old school-house the chairs and desks are fastened to the floor, it may be necessary to acquire a new outfit of furniture of the portable type. But even this possibility of expense disappears if the school committee, the parents, and the children will be satisfied with a modified form of the out-of-door installation, whereby as much of the work and study as is possible is done out doors, while the building is used for such parts of the daily routine as require desks and blackboards. In any case, the lack of chairs, desks, and blackboards should not be allowed to check the open-air campaign. The fresh air is the main thing. Not merely the child's health, but also his capacity for learning is increased and his mental faculties stimulated by permitting him to learn and study under the most favorable conditions that nature can provide, and by supplying the almost imaginary problems of the text-book with the concrete, visible demonstration of the same problems in the fields and among the trees.

There are various accessories required for the city open-air school for sick children, some of which could be rendered useful in any school of the type, but most of which can be dispensed with if necessary and their absence not felt. But the one absolute essential is the good, fresh open air itself. All else is secondary and has a merely auxiliary value in securing the best possible supply possible of the parent or substitute. And as this all-important particular the smaller town and village have an advantage over the big cities that no human agency or power of dollars can counterbalance.

#### What Sick Children Need in the Open-Air School

IN the city classes where none but bedridden children are admitted, and in the poorer sections where the parents are unable to provide the clothing and food

needed for effective treatment, the schools provide beds. Frequent baths are secured; there are reclining-chairs, sitting-out bags, bolsters, and foot resters. Special medical attention is also provided, and there is apparatus for recording the child's condition and progress toward recovery. But the country school may easily dispense with these accessories.

If there are sickly children who would have to stay at home at least the school made special provision for them, their parents should be more than willing to provide the reclining-chairs and sitting-out bags, since this would prevent interruption in the child's school course. While the old-fashioned school at home, with its management and its maintenance, is still making against a fair chance for improved health, was the last place in the world to which to send a sickly child, the new out-of-door school provides precisely the methods of cure and restoration that make for increased strength of mind and body. The parents provide their child's food and clothing as usual, and would hardly expect the school to do that.

Out-of-door treatment would also be far more effective some times, and doubtless far less expensive all the time; but no complaints need be entertained from the parents on these scores. The sitting-out bag may be easily and cheaply made at home if the school committee's appropriation is not large enough to provide it. It is made of cloth, or of some sturdy material, and is closed or opened by means of a cord or strap, and is so constructed that extra clothing will be required, whether the climate are hot or cold, or whether by drifting storms as the chief indicator of the locality, or as the best course of the curriculum.

To sharpen the child's powers of observation; to increase his capacity for knowledge; to make the acquisition of knowledge attractive and interesting; and to rub it in of his drudgery and reading lessons; to associate study and learning closely with the child's natural interests and identify them intimately with the things about which he knows something already; to teach him how to discover for himself the "secrets in stones" and "hacks in the running brooks" that are so ready at hand to be discovered on all sides; these are the aims of the open-air school's educational theory.

#### Geography Out-of-Doors with Maps of Sand

THE geography class needs hardly a small book where a "map" has been worked out on the ground in the clay and sand. Rivers are represented by strings laid in slight depressions, mountains and hills are raised up near by with piles of sand. Little groups of toy buildings are placed to indicate towns and cities, and softeners, iron founders, cotton mills, and other industrial plants, including coal and iron mines, are suggested by bits of the manufactured material placed here and there. Sun routes from the various points, and railroad lines by the rods of all materials. Somewhat more understandable and easy to comprehend than the old style map is the geography, with like symbolizing made of many colors and materials of interest.

History is taught by taking one period at a time and by enacting some of the principal events in the period, in costume, in costume, as of course, taking all the time. The knowledge of the historical periods in this period is not confined to the study of the past, but is also applied to the present, as well as military events, which are especially interesting to the boys. For the sitting-out bags, there are tape-measures and yard-



Studying physical geography from actual surroundings instead of from a text-book. The class members bend a brook to learn some of the laws governing watercourses.

sticks, and measurements are taken of the distance of trees, the distance between the trees, the surface of buildings, and so on, and the examples based on these measurements. The advantages of this method over the old system of theoretical classes is easy to appreciate.

There is much of the manual training system worked into the European open-air schools and in some of those in the larger American cities. One striking feature is the use of the boys and girls in a study course of the local plants. There are sewing classes, and for boys and girls alike, and it seems that the small firm and English boys experience no improvement of pride when they are asked to join the sewing circle and do the things that young America of the nineteenth century would be sure to consider with contempt as girls' work. Other forms of household industry are taught in some of the schools, such as the care of babies, and bandaging.

But, of all the forms of instruction that the children like, gardening comes first. We in this country already know much about school gardens. They are, in reality, one form of the open-air school. Like the open-air schools, they were first devised for city children; but, since then, they are ideal for the country, where there is more likely to be found a large number of practical one for gardening knowledge than in the city.

Out-of-door life is not so much of a novelty for country children as for those who live in cities, and to the extent it might seem that the disadvantages of this type of school would be less intense for the boys and girls of the villages. But the variety of instruction provided and the novelty of its method have their special appeal to the country children, in teaching them how to apply their book learning to the things with which they are familiar by daily contact. The country lad whose interest is attracted to the vegetable garden by knowledge that first came to him in school in the form of nature study, is much more likely to be a helpful and effective worker among the plants when he grows up than one whose first introduction to farm work is the command to go out and go to work without results accomplished by one's own hands. This is a very natural question for any community to ask before it joins in the movement.

First of all, the most remarkable improvement in the children's health. At the end of the first three months in the first open-air school, twenty-three per cent. of the children had been completely cured of various ailments, and forty-six per cent. greater improvement. Other reports of the first open-air school are most extravagant in their enthusiasm, but not more so than subsequent developments have actually warranted. The earliest reports stated that the children showed a marked improvement in attention, mental alertness, and behavior; that passively, cleanliness, and orderliness were developed; that the introduction of the greater freedom allowed the children, there was no difficulty in maintaining discipline; that a close personal relationship was established between pupil and teacher; that many of the children carried into their homes a new health, wholesome atmosphere—and so on through a long list of advantages.



Working in clay, bow-making, and basket-making. The work is all done out-of-doors. Results show that not only well children but sick children, not only city children but country children, do better work and improve physically in out-of-door schools.

(Continued on page 27)

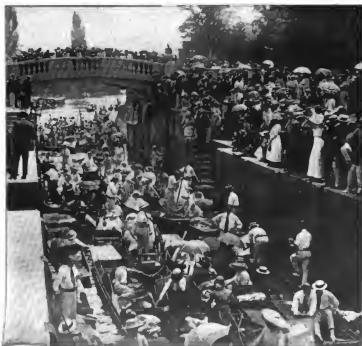


**THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY**  
The Oxford University Training Corps, of which the future King Edward VIII of England is a member, is stationed between Hermitage and Bradfield College. The Prince (at the right), as a scout, has captured the enemy and seized the ammunition.



**"THE HANDSOMEST"**

The coach of the Second Life Guards, of Ascot Races. Lord Tweedmouth, the Earl of Worsley, and others of the



**ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE THAMES**  
At Boulter's Lock, which is always jammed with "punts" being lifted back, and forth, crews of Londoners stand all day, watching the boats go by.



**EMANCIPATED DRESS**  
Mrs. John E. Boldt, a New York suffragette, wears the articleless trousers costume which the advocates of



IN ENGLAND"

regiment of England, at the  
in Monte Grenell. Lord and  
wife mounted on the coach.



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**THE FIFTY MILLION-DOLLAR BABY INSPECTING HIS LIVE STOCK**  
Vincent MacLean, one of the richest boys in America, has just become the owner of a \$75,000 farm near Newport, stocked with hundreds of sheep, chickens, goats, ponies, and dogs. He is said to find this farm the most interesting of all his playthings.



**THE MASTER BUILDER OF OPERA HOUSES**

Oscar Hammerstein, having abandoned the attempt to produce London operas, is now studying plans for his New York house, which is expected to open within the year.



**NEGRESS CHAUFFEURS IN PARIS**

One of the up-to-date Parisian business companies has introduced colored women drivers for its cars.



**A LESSON WITHOUT WORDS FOR FOREIGN-SPEAKING FACTORY GIRLS**

Mrs. Christopher, New York's deputy fire inspector, teaching girl operatives what to do in case of fire.

# The Love-Making OF THE Newfoundland Caribou

BY

A. RADCLYFFE  
DUGMORE, F. R. C. S.

The big fellow let him rise, and then the fight began for the mastery of the doe

If any one would form a satisfactory opinion of the caribou's stage, one must see the animal at least—see him when nature has provided that he shall be in his fullest power; and that is only during the brief period of the mating season. Then, and then only, can it be said that the caribou displays himself to advantage. For of longer, born of eye, impatient of interference, arrogant yet supple, filled with a passionate desire to display himself to his kind, he is rarely as gay as usual in his battle to secure his superiority over all comers, especially those smaller than himself. For he is an animal of great discretion, an animal too much to realize that, in his battle with success, it is important that he should not be inferior in point of size to his antagonist.

For months nature has been at work preparing the stag for this task of power, for months the life of the animal has been sacrificed to the one real perfection of power. As the athletic train for weeks or even months that his condition may be as nearly as possible perfect, so does the stag give almost half of his life to preparation—immensely perhaps, but nevertheless the sacrifice is made in order that when the crucial test comes he will be found ready and in all ways worthy to be the father of future generations fit for the open world as nature, it must be clean of flesh and sound of body, exhibiting nothing but what will help it in the great battle of life in the winter country, where the battle is fought against almost overwhelming odds, where weakness, inherited or contracted, means death, where only the few who are hardened and who can hope to survive the rigors of climate and be clever enough to outwit the numerous enemies that are ever on the watch, ready at all times to destroy the weakling.

## The Stag's Preparation for His Love-Making

PERHAPS you are already asking, in what way does the caribou stag prepare himself for the season of love-making? Let me answer your question by taking you back to the days of early spring. Nearly has the winter's accumulation of ice and snow begun to melt than the northern stag, alone and in great straggling herds, leave their winter quarters, and seek their way southward in their summer haunts. It is a hard journey, for the country in all its very worst; streams are converted into roaring rivers by the melting of the snow, ponds become lakes, and shallow streams are under water, and the water is as cold as ever, even the water deep under water, and slushy snow are almost impossible. Yet through such obstacles the caribou, by force of habit or reason, must make his way to his fair-weather home.

At this time the doe, heavy in fawn, is also coming northward, seeking the sweet of the husband stag, latest only on finding a suitable place where she may bring forth her young safe from the hands of man.

The stag is not now an object of beauty. Mottled in color—for his winter coat is dropping—he is thin from scarcity of food, he is harden, and his eye lacks fire. If we examine him, we shall see that the horns, pedicels are slightly swollen, and covered with soft, velvet-like substance. The horns are beginning to drop. At first they are a little or no matter, but as the summer advances they grow with surprising speed. A great part of the animal's food must go toward something these horns, structures of bone which are imposed in the soft velvet coat that they will not become dry until development is completed. During this period the horns are covered with velvet, and some can readily imagine how great an obstruction they must be to the animal's freedom of action. Throughout the entire summer the stag is handicapped in this way; and when we remember that the greater part of the summer is spent in the close woods in order to avoid the sharp eyes of the hunter, it is not surprising that the strenuousness of Deane's saying, "By the way, they would make an excellent horse, whereas in the present-day world the available horse need be a constant source of trouble."

## The Caribou's Transformation

WITH the approach of autumn conditions change for the better, and when the caribou display their wonderful winter clothing, and the horns become

masses of shimmering gold, so bright that my eyes are dazzled by the lustrous color, the stag's horns have attained their full growth, they have hardened, the velvet, no longer needed for protection, is peeling off by being rubbed against the rough branches of scrubby trees, and the animal comes forth in all his glory—the glory of newly hardened horns, his prominent possession. His eye, too, is full of fire. The glint of his neck shew itself to conspicuous size, and from his ears to his shoulder he is clothed in a heavy white mantle.

What a transformation has been effected—from the dull gray, graceful, hairless creature, that seemed to lack all qualities in this particular, heavy-antlered, perfectly animal as contrasted to his wedding garb.

This is no fanciful picture of imagination, made up for the purpose of trying to interest the reader. It is merely a statement of actual facts that any one may see for himself if he but takes the trouble to visit the country where the caribou lives. Unfortunately, only too few of those who are interested in these animals ever see them during this most interesting season. For of this time must be absent, the government of Newfoundland having wisely decided that shooting shall not be allowed during the mating season.

It is a great pity that more people are not sufficiently interested in animals to enjoy watching them in their native haunts, being possessed of the single idea of hunting them with intent to kill. It is evidently the survival of the fittest in us that makes the joy of the chase so dependent on death as the end of each object. The chase of wild creatures, when conducted on sportsmanlike lines, has much to recommend it. It teaches us many things that might not otherwise be learned, and leads, of course, to vigorous, healthy exercise. But when we see pictures published showing the so-called sportsmen actually photographed standing in a veritable sea of caribou, the wretched animals that have been so ruthlessly sacrificed to satisfy man's fit, we feel almost ashamed of being called sportsmen.

Perhaps the man who has done a reasonable amount of shooting, and has been educated in a proper knowledge of the animals' ways, so that careful stalking has become an unconscious part of the hunt, may enjoy to the very fullest extent the art of hunting with the camera.

## Camera-Hunting Has Erasing this Rifle-Hunting

If I may speak from my own experience, I should say, without the slightest hesitation, that the camera has, directly and indirectly, given me unusual pleasure and actual excitement than I had ever found in using the rifle, and very few creatures have paid off greater gratitude to me than the caribou of Newfoundland. Not accurately correct, I visited the country before venturing in obtaining even reasonably good photographs of the autumn migration; and on each visit I always hoped that I might have the good fortune to catch the stag during the mating season, and so perhaps secure a photograph of that most interesting event, the fighting of the stags.

At every suggestion of such a desire, disappointment was offered most freely by guides and others, and it was almost hard to believe that such a quest was an impossible one. But, last autumn, peculiar conditions gave me reason to hope, for an early snow drizzle had given the caribou herds of caribou down in the lower plains immediately before the mating season. This good fortune and unexpected occurrence gave me the opportunity for which I had so long worked in vain.

On the morning of October 10, the sun rose on a cloudless hill that were well covered with freshly fallen snow. It was unusually early for snow, and at first I scarcely realized what it meant for me. At the time I was working an heaver, with scarcely a thought for caribou. During the many autumn days in the country, I had never seen them before the 20th of the month, though I had always hoped that they would winter.

The mating season, which lasts about two months, begins about the end of the first week in October, and it is very probable that the animals are in the best of health when they begin to migrate. The first week of snow would bring the animals down to

the lowlands before the season begins. Allowing three days for the herds to reach the Sandy River region, which is in the path of the autumn migration, I went out to a large barren about five miles north of Grand Lake, and there, to my great delight, found that a almost constant stream of caribou were appearing from the north—small herds and large ones, all traveling in a very leisurely way. On reaching the large herds, they rested, and the silver-colored coats could be seen scattered in every direction.

## Stalking the Caribou in Clear Range

THERE was an air of excitement among them, the old and the young stags intermingled with the does without being noticed. It was quite evident that, unless they continued on their southerly route earlier than they had ever been known to do, I was practically certain to have an opportunity of being with them throughout part, if not all, of the mating season. The caribou was entirely correct, and though during the three weeks that followed there was a steady but very slow southerly movement, there was scarcely a day that I did not see some caribou. By October 21st the southing herd had ended, and practically all the herds had passed.



A caribou stag looking for a mate. With the approach of autumn the stag's horns have attained their full growth, and the animal comes forth in all his glory.

For a good many years there had not been such an early migration; in fact, for several seasons I had had to wait until well into November before the animals appeared, and one year it was as late as December. Most of my previous experience with caribou had been during the autumn migrations, so that I had never really seen the stags at their best. But this year fortune was kind to me, and I had abundant opportunity for watching the animals and studying their habits.

#### Caribou Are Not Monogamous

LITTLE or nothing has ever been written on this subject. Let me begin by saying that the caribou are not believers in monogamy; at least, this is true of the Newfoundland species, for they will take as many wives as they can get possession of. Judging by

what anything like reasonable photographs range, I might add that my experience was not with one or two stags, but with nearly a hundred, and headed throughout the entire breeding season. Perhaps I was unusually unlucky—or lucky, according to the point of view—but I would have given a great deal to have found even one stag tractable enough to come within close range, so that really satisfactory photographs could have been obtained.

The most interesting day I have ever spent with caribou was when I was for five hours with a large herd that numbered over a hundred does and stags. Then it was that there was opportunity for watching them at very close quarters, so that their behavior could be carefully observed. This herd, when I first saw it, contained about forty, among which were several fairly good stags. They were joined during the day by another herd, until there were nearly a

hundred, of course, have been fatal. The slightest word of man will arouse their suspicions, and soon that occurs there is no chance of doing anything with them. As it was, they were absolutely oblivious of my existence, and were as peaceful as a herd of domestic cattle on a warm summer day.

Not more than a few yards away from me, a pair of ungrazed antlers showed above the bushes. A post-stag stag was lying down near a couple of does. In front of me was a very old stag with long, spindly horns. He stood perfectly still for over an hour, with his head lowered almost to the ground. It is difficult to understand the meaning of this curious habit, which exists only during the breeding season. Sometimes a stag may be seen in the middle of a barren, standing in this absurd manner for hours at a time, apparently oblivious to all the world. The animal near me was almost white, and had the very



A caribou stag driving his "harem" of does northward to their summer home



During the mating season, when the woods are deep in water and slushy snow, the fawns are often separated from their mothers, but they take to the water like ducks

all the accounts that had ever come to my knowledge, either by reading or hearing, I imagined that each herd contained only one stag, and that the stag would always fight if he met a possible rival.

There appears to be absolutely no foundation for either of these ideas. The stags do fight, but only on rather exceptional occasions; and herds may have quite a number of full-grown stags, who behave on a whole in a most amicable way. These stags even go from one herd to another, with only occasional interference.

I had also heard that the croonings were so all-trouped that on the approach of a man they would throw aside all discretion and attack him, without the least provocation—so that attempts to photograph them at this season would be attended with considerable risk.

This is not at all in accordance with my own experience. Not only did the stags not attack me, but I had the greatest difficulty in approaching them to

hundred and fifty altogether, and one poorly fit stag.

#### Following One Hundred and Fifty Caribou through Swamp and Woods

FOR hours I scrouled about through swamps and woods, now-and-then not daring to make a move, until I felt as if I should frown to the ground—for it was a bitterly cold day. Frequently the animals would be within a few feet of me; some even slept so close that I could almost have touched them. This, unfortunately, was in a swathed thicket of dwarf spruce and scrubby birch, so that the camera could not be used; but, even if it had been entirely clear, it would not have been wise to attempt to get photographs, since the sound of the shutter would have revealed my presence and the herd would instantly have vanished.

So it was that I watched patiently, keeping a careful lookout that no straying doe went down wind,

long nose that is characteristic of old stags. It was impossible to obtain a good photograph of him, for there was a lot of intervening brush, and I severely scared many a doe, for fear of disturbing the many creatures that were within sight. At last a doe came along, and the old fellow moved. This seemed to offer a fairly good opportunity, so I gradually raised the camera and secured the photograph shown on page 16 without attracting attention.

During the hours of waiting, the stags could frequently be heard crooning. They were, however, in the thick scrub, and being entirely surrounded by does, there was no possible chance of approaching them—the only hope was that they might come toward me.

#### A Battle Among the Caribou

LATER in the afternoon a stranger doe appeared on the scene. Evidently he was unknown to the





small thumping travesty as melody, until it all but drowned the deep low voices of the men. Beneath the arched lamps that hang from the low board ceiling, many of the men's heavy faces were red with fresh blood, others were ashy, some of which wore the rugged marks of exultation like the recent one, while others, dead by loading powder, had been revived in the crowd, surrounding warriors about the leavers waged against the living rest of the mountains.

SUDDENLY the roar was hushed. A woman's scream ran along it. The men turned toward the bar. Jerry Morley stood facing them. His big throat was swollen with passion, the great veins standing out on it like ropes. His red-tinted eyes were half closed. Eight lines between them drew his brow deeply. Near his feet lay a half-drowned form. He kicked it as they looked.

"Get up, you—!" he said hoarsely. The bundle stirred slowly; the roar of voices went on. The piano turned to his instrument. The rattle of tin began again at the crystalline. Jerry Morley walked the length of the bar. He

"Ye can't stand for what ye robbers!" he growled, and raised his empty fist.

The man's hand flew toward his hip. Jerry Morley leaped the wrist, wrenching it; there was a sharp cry of pain. The arm hung limp when the guest loosed his grasp, and a revolver fell to the board floor. "Ye will!" cried Jerry Morley. "I'll learn ye!" And he struck the man down, and kicked him as he lay on the floor. Some in the crowd laughed, others yelped encouragement.

THE woman in red—who was leaning on the bar—saw—raised her head from her arms, then dropped it again wearily. The door opened slowly.

Jerry Morley sprang to it with upraised hand—and came to a halt with his hand stiff on high. A black-robed man entered.

For a moment she stood, dazzled by the glare of the arched lamps. Beside her, Jerry Morley covered about her front form, his hand still raised. The piano had come to a stop. The men in the room stared, silent. On the floor, motionless, a growing patch of dirt red beside him, the bartender lay huddled, his arms still before his face. Near him stood the woman

The man answered his question as calmly as if there were nothing unusual in the things about them.

"Could you show me the right path? I must hurry."

She asked it with the simple assurance she would have used in making the request of an altar-boy on a street corner.

Jerry Morley threw open the door. Before them lifted the black wall of the mountain-side, and against the blackness, high up, a yellow ray was moving swiftly. As he looked, it vanished suddenly.

He grasped her arm. "We must make a run for it. Niels," he said briefly. "The train's in the cut now at the end of the second leg."

They ran together out of the place and over the snow gateway to the short cut. There a path straight across it.

"We must try this steep cut. There's no time for the regular trail." His bare nose beamed on the still night air.

Behind them a low glow of saloons threw lines and patches of yellow light on the snow. The night sky was clearing, and a few stars showed above the black outlines of the mountain ahead.



"The Ruby saloon was living up to its bad repute this night"

lifted his bass voice until it rose above the noise of the room.

"Billy Cassidy," he called—"Billy Cassidy, come here."

A square-shouldered man with high cheek-bones and slanting gray eyes passed his way through the crowd. Jerry Morley advanced into his ear, and the other smiled evilly. Together they moved to the closed door and stood beside it. From their places in the crowd, the other side watched these two.

The door swung open. Morley's great hairy paw fell on the shoulder of the man who entered. From the other side, Cassidy seized the newcomer. Together they dragged him to the bar, with the crowd in the low room stood looking at them without a word. The victim had fought for a moment; but now he stood cowering in their united grasp. Morley nodded. The two giants reversed their hold, one man in with a ban when they tip it along end over end, and grasped the man by the legs, lifted him on high in this position, and shook him. There was a sound of jangling, and they threw the headless man to one side like an old sack. Cassidy bent to pick up the money.

A roar of laughter went up from all sides of the room. The stock-barred, hoarse-eyed man behind the bar did not laugh. This thing had gone too far even for him. He ran from his place to where Jerry Morley stood, now holding in one clutched fist the money, which Cassidy had given him.

"Jerry Morley, I can't stand for this!" he cried. The giant's eyes straightened and he half closed his gray-green eyes. The bartender was close to him now,

in the red wrapper, her black locks hanging in a loose tangle, a vital mark upon her cheek.

Gradually the eyes of the man included three things, and as they did they dilated. Yet her white face remained absolutely calm. There was an almost imperceptible shivering of her slight figure, and she half raised one hand to her head. All that moment Jerry Morley, with his great hand of a hand, mechanically took off his misshapen snow-white hat. For perhaps a second he stood, holding the alkalin head covering beside him. The green square of the bartender stirred and he moaned faintly. The movement and the sound awakened Jerry to speech.

"Niels," he said, "did ye want anything?" His heavy voice sounded dead, though he spoke low. The man turned toward him, her small oval face looking upward into his. It was a rare face, even with the setting of snuff-buff and the white borders. And from beneath the front of her hood peeped a lock of auburn hair whose soft sheen and curl no convent's discipline had ever completely subdued. Yet the impossible features and the large, quiet eyes possessed complete spirituality.

JERRY MORLEY felt all these things as he looked down into the quiet face. He did the others in the room, peering at the black-robed little figure. None of them stirred—except the woman by the bar, who raised her head, then lowered it, bring her eyes on the form of the man's garment.

"I missed my way to the depot; and the train is coming now."

"Niels Corvella is at the depot, waiting for me," she said. "I came alone, and I took the wrong path."

"Ye were mistaken, Niels," he asked, a mixture of disbelief and deep respect in his hoarse voice.

"For the Paul Leavenworth Orphanage," she told him. "Do you think we can get there in time?"

THE yellow eye was in sight again, far lower on the black wall, crawling softly toward them now. They could see little dots of light marking the rough windows. Suddenly a flare of red sprang through, then vanished in smouldering darkness. As they looked, the train swept up above them and a faint humming came to their ears.

He suddenly realized that he held his left hand clamped. Noting, he felt the money that he and Cassidy had shaken from their last victim. He had held it instinctively all this time. He was about to thrust it into his pocket, when the man caught her foot in his cumbersome black shirt and stumbled. Morley reached out and grasped her; then stammered her awkwardly, with his hand on her elbow.

He quickened his pace, taking long strides, and she stumbled as she tried to keep up with him. As they crossed the dump, the train was nearing the end of the last leg. It had almost reached the cotton bed.

The path turned now, making a detour to the right to reach a little bridge across the stream. Ahead of them the side of the dump dropped sheer to the creek, now making full-banked from the flow of the day before. Across it, twenty feet above the water, cutting the loop of the trail, stretched a tree-trunk. The



Addressing the ball

## INTERLUDES

HOW HE DID IT

They were seated in the smoking compartment of the Pullman car, and, as men will do under such circumstances, they began discussing the high road of living. One middle-aged individual who sat in the corner smiled deeply as the discussion ran on, and finally blurted out his feelings.

"It's a perfect outrage, the way everything has gone up," he said, "and there it's all going to end suddenly under the canopy known. The worst part of it all is that thousands of worthy young people don't dare get married for fear of being swamped by the ever-increasing expense required."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said the mirror of fashion and mold of form over by the window. "I get married last year on ten dollars a week—"

"What?" cried the middle-aged man, with the manner of a doubting Thomas. "You mean to say that as these times you got married on ten dollars a week, and make it go?"

"I sure do," said the young man, taking a solid gold cigarette-case from his pocket and passing it around. "That's all I had, and I only got twelve now."

"Well, by George!" said the other. "I'm blast if I see how you do it. I get forty dollars a week, and life's a Chinese puzzle for my wife and myself all the time."

"Why, of course it takes some management," said the young man, "but by snatching things carefully, and reducing my expenditure to a system, I make it go all right."

The middle-aged man laughed a mirthless laugh. "Well," he said, "that stumps me. I wish to thunder you'd give me a sort of general lay-out of your expenditure. It might help—"

"Sure," said the young man, smiling pleasantly. "I'm always delighted to help another chap along with the benefits of my experience. The married life I workly expose amount of mine is my lead for so long now that I really know it by heart. I can recite it backward and forward, and let it slip at the top, bottom, or in the middle without the aid of a pencil or a cash register. Here is the detailed statement—take it down if you want to:

2 packs cigarettes per day, at 20 cents, or . . . . . \$2.00  
 14 packs per week . . . . . \$2.80  
 I travel, at 20 cents a day, with 10-cent tip for leader and baggage . . . . . \$2.00  
 16 dollars per week at two for a quarter . . . . . 1.75"

"Excuse me for interrupting," said the middle-aged man, "but do you really live fourteen now dollars every week?"

"Oh, no!" laughed the young man. "That's one of the ways I economize. It saves a lot on my laundry bill. Wearing two collars a day, as a gentleman should, your head's job would amount up some if you had my wash-day."

"Oh, no!" cried the middle-aged man dejectedly. "What else? How many dress suits do you have per week? Seven?"

"Oh, no!" laughed the youth. "I had one last spring well through the winter, even after I lay in three pairs of trousers, six white waistcoats, and a dinner jacket to go with it at the start. But, let's see—where did we leave off?"

"You had just accounted for your weekly cargo of collars," said the middle-aged man grumpy.

"Oh, yes," said the youngster, "I remember—well, that totted up to \$6.00, which, with two new hatted ties per week at \$1.50 apiece, brings the total for what I may call the necessities up to \$9.00, leaving, on the ten-dollar basis, thirty-five cents for lavatory, or, on the twelve-dollar basis, \$2.25. This goes for such things as an occasional hat, or a visit to the theater or to the club, or perhaps for a bunch of sweet-peas or a lot of candy for my wife. I find that it isn't the cost of the thing so much as the thought of the thing that pleases a woman, and my wife doesn't care what I bring home to her, even if it is only a pocket card with a picture of the Grand Opera Building on the back of it, as long as she knows I've thought of her during the day. But, somehow, I always hang these expenditures under the general head of trifles, which finishes the account—"

"But see here," cried the middle-aged man, "you haven't accounted for house-rent, wages, food, clothing, light, fuel, shoes, doctor's bills—"

"Oh, those?" said the young man. "No—I don't account for things of that sort. You see, I don't have 'em."

"Don't have 'em?" echoed the middle-aged man. "Under what gloriously inspired delirium do you live that you don't have to consider the narrow, whetted shall we be fed, and what you shall put on?"

"No, sir," replied the young man. "I'm strictly unknown to humanity."

Here he lit his thirteenth cigarette with an automatic silver pocket-knife studded with rubies.

"I'm an idiot, but, you see, when my wife and I got married last year, we went home to live with some," he said.

**THE MESSAGES OF MARCUS OTTUM**  
 A POWERSOME man is not necessarily a sign of political undergrowth.

"In Union Is Strength" is a motto that is seldom heard at home.

Contentment is better than riches, but the two together are better than either.

A girl may be a perfect pharisee and yet fit a man with one by giving him the agoutie.

Many a prospector looking for quarts of gold succeeds only in finding a rock or two in the end.

If it is the time of your prosperity you will give every man his share, in your adversity you will find more men taking your part.

Love may make the world go round, as both have said; but there are times when it fails to do the same thing with man's income.

A poltroon is a fine possession, but we have nevertheless known many a man made of common clay to turn out a perfect hero.

often delight in catch him napping in his criticism thereof.

The man who thinks twice before he speaks never may be reckoned among the wise, but he will never make a reputation for himself as a master of verb first and adjective.

The Wheel of Fortune is a very smooth running affair, even so we get it going; but when on the Road of Extravagance be careful not you joust the tire.

It is to be feared that when some women get to heaven they will be found putting the feathers out of the wings of the cherubim to decorate their backs.

By the proper use of cosmetics, a clever woman who is physically a trifle "out of drawing" may yet make a first-class composition of herself.

**FOR CONSCIENTIOUS SAKE**  
 "Will you Mr. Meaton be going to abolish the Title of Collector of the Port at Mr. Bryan's request?" said Jimpson.

"What's the idea?" asked Whimper.  
 "It is to be Collector of the Grape Juice hereafter," said Jimpson.

**CHEAPER AT HOME**  
 "I see," said Bill-headache, "that over in Tartary you can buy a first-class wife for \$125."

"That's nothing," said Yincicus. "Here in Anurolo almost any man can catch a Tartar for the same."

**A WISE CHOICE**  
 "If you could choose, Billings," said Waggles, "which would you take—a wife or a motor-car?"

"A motor-car every time," said Billings. "Because, you see, if I had a motor-car, the chances are I could get a wife; but if I had a wife I'd be less to me I'd never be able to afford the car."

**A CHARITABLE SOUL**  
 "Can't you give me nothing to eat, man?" said the tramp. "I'm out of a job, and I haven't had nothing to eat for a week."

"Maybe I can give you a job," said the farmer's wife. "What do you want to do?"

"I was the Glass Eater in a Dime Show, man," said the wanderer.

"Poor man!" said the lady. "Come right in and eat down. I've got a half store of patent medicine bottles just waiting for you. Would you like 'em hot or cold?"

**A USEFUL OCCUPATION**  
 "I see," said Mr. Bizzled, "that your son John has been made a B.A. and a B.S. and a C.F. and an M.C. all at once at Spurgeon's."

"Yes," said the proud father. "John has pretty nearly the whole alphabet tacked in his name."

"What's he going to be, now that he's graduated?" asked Mr. Bizzled.  
 "Why, I don't know. With all those degrees, he ought to make a good letter-carrier," said the proud father.

# THE BATTERY

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

A GROUP of unshaven, bearded men sat around a door-shutter supported by two men-horses. The light from two oil lanterns washed each side and center of the shed, and fell upon the many-colored surface of a big map spread out on the floor. The men looked at their chins in their beards, and looked at the map and colors of color with light, unwavering eyes. All over the surface of the map were little pegs, some of some color, and with some of them were small pieces of paper, so that it could be stuck into the heavy paper and leave only a small hole. A tall man on one end of the improvised table upright, lighting a single black peg up and down in his hand.

"We've got to show our battery close to the line," he said after a long pause during which he stared fixedly at the map.

The chief of artillery, sitting at the speaker's left, gripped his thin hands tightly about his face and scowled. He had an earnest, eloquent objection to breaking divisional artillery into smaller units than three-battery battalions.

"A lateral move of three miles would bring three batteries into action there if the occasion came," he asserted.

The tall man shook his head soberly and forced the black peg into the map with an air of decision, then looked at his chief of artillery for support. The latter bowed forward with a slightly stony, arbitrary glare of the last of his batteries.

"It's thinking out the line too much," he said to himself, as he stretched out a leg forward to the map.

The black peg had been stuck near one of the wriggling contour lines marked "500" in gray figures. Both sides of the line were marked "100," thus pulling the battery on the top of a hundred-foot rise.

"It's a tidy little place for a battery, it cuts away these three thousand feet that stand against the general, seeing that the chief's forces are divided."

The chief stared steadily at the map. The general had the black peg stuck on the edge of the map; he had had several other of the colored paper for hours, and he was tired.

"Inconvenient," he announced. "I think that divides our positions."

He passed, but the chief kept silent, each was intent upon some portion of the map. The general sat down and began to give an order, and shortly, motionless face of a messenger debiting to his stomach. The circle of four men stared silently as the general spoke, and then the chief of artillery, who had the heavy musk drawn on, with an occasional hiccup; then the circle broke up, the batteries came down from their pegs, and horses' heads nodded behind in the night.

A few minutes later, all orders were pushed their horses through the darkness in every direction, and they lighted trails here and there, where the men of the field-telegraph were going over their instruments that nothing might slip in the morning.

CAPTAIN HAYE made it a rule never to sleep on the right before a battle, as he made it a rule never to do anything else that he could not do honorably responsible. It was a matter of instinct to the surgeon and artificers of his battery, that he looked at specific incidents during battle marches (and even forced marches) and had them never to every act and not—but HAYE's gun was never losing wheels at critical moments, or coming barely into "action line."

So HAYE was sitting wide awake by a tiny fire, smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper three months out of date, when the first of his men and horses brought his instructions at three o'clock in the morning. Left alone, HAYE shifted his pipe into one hand and the newspaper in the other, and went the other side to himself.

"Open being joined by your orders at five o'clock, you will march west, receiving your final instructions by telegraph."

HAYE scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Detached service of some sort," he said, fiddling the thread, it into his pocket, and resumed his newspaper.

The night-lighting process was already over, and the four lieutenants, in the darkness, had a suspicion of guns and caissons, when ten sleep troops of cavalry, who were to act as escort, made their appearance. The battery got into the road with the usual accuracy, but there had always been asked, the cavalry escort split its flanks, advance, and re-arranged of the main body, and the little column took the road.

With what his subordinates privately considered almost servile following of the regulations, HAYE rode carefully in the middle of the column, at the left. The narrowness of the road prevented his position being exactly fifteen yards from the hub of the wheel and others in the column, but he kept his eyes neither to right nor to left until the column passed a fence guarding the wayward side of the field-telegraph, then HAYE centered ahead and probed his instructions.

"The battery will occupy square 101," he read, and will act under the orders of the divisional commander unless directly ordered to the contrary."

HAYE looked up the order and conferred with the captain of the leading troop of cavalry. In the light of the moon's pocket, the other three lieutenants, and HAYE's steady forwarder pricked out their own position and located "square 101." The column joined

on its way, while HAYE began debating in his own mind as to whether he should use Russian or French gun-pits, should arrange fire his time for their construction.

The line of their march cut the patch of the ad-joining body at right angles, and the little column, which had been several times when drawn away of leading infantry, charged troops of cavalry, and long, winding lines of horse and foot-artillery would appear about the same time and place.

From time to time HAYE consulted his map and conferred with his lieutenants. His caution was met by that of a sudden lawyer that a final man; he seldom changed his mind, but he seemed to require that each part of his mental processes should have without a gap when he might call into his own view. Now viewed the passage through the advancing army without concern or apparent interest, but his lieutenants were not so minded. Despite no Wainwright's order, the main body of the battery would decrease the interval between them unattended and converse in low tones.

"They're shoving us clean out to the fringe of things. We've gone through the corps artillery and a good bit of the divisional artillery. We'll be out in the cold—and this is going to be something of a fight, too."

"Probably we'll swing on to the flank of the divisional artillery," announced Wainwright, "but we'll take the old man out of things altogether. He's too well-sided!"

The coming column became thinner and frayer, and each of the men on either side were running into the reverse communication lines, when the column turned a corner and swung to the right. HAYE's head swiveled again, and presently the non-commissioned officers of the battery went ahead to reconnoiter, while the cavalry, dismounted, scrubbed themselves of artillery on the left and the infantry gathered in a knot behind HAYE. Presently the sergeants came strutting through the gloom, and talked excitedly to HAYE, who clicked in his horse and looked at them.

"Now," complained Drake, "we'll waste HAYE's good intentions. He's,"

"Well," admitted McCord, "he is a job, with all his pretensions!"

THE minutes passed. Finally HAYE rode back, and the four lieutenants, and the four lieutenants looked at one another and then laughed.

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The other three shook their heads.

"There ain't a better judge of gun positions in seven kingdoms," Drake went on, "and he's stuck on square 101. He's a real expert, and the reason is that the guns will stick out of sight in the mud!"

"They leveled their glasses at the night, snapped shut, and looked at the map, and finally looked at which probably thinned into woods, as their flanks.

"It's crazy as well as be a million miles away," admitted Wainwright.

"It's HAYE's!" was Wainwright's opinion.

Wainwright, whose forehead had been furrowed with perplexed thought, shook his head vigorously as he put his binoculars away with a snap.

"You know better than that," he corrected. "I'll admit that it's the craziest thing I ever heard of—but he thinks he's doing the right thing."

"But that ridge up there was drawn for me!" wailed McCord. "And he puts it as thick as lead into this mud-hole with his eyes open!"

"And we've got two weary troops of cavalry for support," Wainwright put in. "One infantry regiment can't get up in five minutes."

"I know, I know," admitted Wainwright. "He's all wrong, but there's something back of it. HAYE has blundered. I am convinced of his wronging—almost lost out of his making a mistake."

THEY waited, dumbly, while the sound of firing grew louder for a time, and then drifted away on the outskirts of the two forces drew out of fourth and watched each other like cautious hunters after the deep blue of a fall-gate; a strained interval then another and another.

"That's the ending the range," whispered Drake. "Half an hour, and there'll be three hundred guns going—and we'll have a fog-pond!"

As the firing of the distant batteries sounded, he knotted the ash from his pipe, straightened himself in the saddle, and then went on to study the landscape, which was clearly a few moments he held the posture; then for the third time he pulled out the map, studied it with painful care, nodded, got away the map, and looked at the sky.

"He's worried," muttered McCord; "he keeps looking out at us in five minutes."

"It's the snapper they'll grill," persisted the loyal Wainwright, to which the others said "snapper" in chorus.

THE volume of gunfire increased until the air and earth seemed to tremble with the reverberations. The men listened with pale, set faces, their heads twisting and playing with the hills of their men and the battle of their reserves. At the noise of the guns swelled, they looked at one another like men in physical pain. Only HAYE and the horses seemed to be unaffected. HAYE, with a definite shake which square his shoulders.

"Lord will shepherds!" he announced solemnly.

The sun jumped as if they had been pricked. The order—was nothing as stout as had a dreary march, empty of everything save a few freezing, howling blackbirds—sounded like martial blasphemy. But the men hoped to cry it out. There was relief in the action, and they stood about the leading up of the charges, the opening and closing of the breech-blocks, and every detail of the operation with a precision that was almost a study in itself.

Once again his glass and studied the surface of the earth, the distant skyline, the woods, and the noise of the sun passed yards for a long minute, then he spoke again.

"Fight for seven hundred yards," he ordered. "Cut the lines so the charges will burst in air at that distance."

Again the warring powers executed the order with dead movements, then leaped into inactivity, leaving only the artillery dead dotted out every other second.

THE order which hurrying pencils had transferred to note-books from the lips of the man general on the preceding evening had set forty thousand men and one hundred and sixty guns in motion. Through the very center of the line, the first of the ranks had rolled. Ten miles to the north of the shed, the railroad crossed a river and ran into a flourishing city, where were the first of the great masses of rolling stock. It was this city that the iron passed and his heart thousand were endeavoring to take—was the first of the great masses of rolling stock. It was this city that the iron passed and his heart thousand were endeavoring to take—was the first of the great masses of rolling stock. It was this city that the iron passed and his heart thousand were endeavoring to take—was the first of the great masses of rolling stock.









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# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



the Indians from attempting any more direct assaults, for there was no other lighter of the great war chief's order in the city.

The Indians soon found out the exact range of our carbines, and Kananah, at the head, position of Beech Island carried a rifle. "They would come leisurely down the slopes from the hills that overlook the valley, and when just within range they would lob their points and gully like a shot right up to the river-bank, where they would fall long enough to give a man of bullets and arrows in our direction. Then they would be out of range again in an instant. I never saw such magnificent marksmanship as those Indians displayed."

In the meantime, the scouts kept dropping their trenches, and by daylight were fairly well reconnected.

"Some of us didn't have much protection at the outset," said E. A. Gilbey, who enlisted in Forceth's company under the name of Louis M. Langrish, and was shot through one lung early in the engagement. "There was a reloaded clip near me who had been very busy fighting in the much fighting. Finally when the Indians were standing on the opposite bank, pouring bullets and arrows into us, this fellow lay on his face to fill the clip was over. Part of his back was struck, and some of the Indians got his range in five days. Any way, they would pump bullets at the edge of his scalp, and every one of them would scrape the hair off his head before he could get up. I had enough to break the skin, but except to make him yell and cower. That clip was wounded fifteen times, in just that way, before he could borrow me enough to find absolute protection. You get an idea from that of some absolute no-were at the mercy of the Indians. If I had not lost track to the island, I could not

have been too excited to shoot well, but I would have been all over in the first round."

As night fell, it was seen that the Indians had determined to starve out the little band on the island. The cries of the howlers could be heard from all sides, and it was evident that a cordon was tightly drawn about the place.

Water was found only at a depth of two or three feet, but Forceth knew that the question of food would soon become a matter of life and death. The scouts had about a few days on the carcasses of dead mules and horses, but there would be no more of that. Forceth determined to call for volunteers to penetrate the Indian lines and get out from Fort Wallace, the nearest army post, eighty-five miles away. From the men who came forward for this hazardous service, Forceth selected Jack Wallace, a youth and Peter Treason, an experienced plainsman and trapper. Hiding nearby to their comrades, these men started down the bed of the stream, and as nothing more was heard from them, it was supposed that they had penetrated the Indian line. Through the chances for making their way through a hostile country were very slender.

The second night, E. A. Gilbey and another scout were chosen. Pilley, on receiving the battle-field for the first time after forty years, insisted that he should where he and his companion tried to break through.

"I had who went with you was plucky enough," said Mr. Treason, "but he was too hot for such a long and tiring trip across the plains, and I think he gave up at the outset. He was killed on going so we made the trip. We reached down the river about midnight, in the middle of the night, and found we were playing along the bank, and suddenly there came an extra light flash. By the light, I saw a bunch of Indians directly in our path, evidently waiting for us. The three boys and Major Forceth lurked away more at length that night. Next day my companions were finally persuaded that he was not cut out for such work, and the choice of his successor fell on Jack Dawson—fortunately for all of us.

Dawson and Pilley, who were sent out on the third night, reached Fort Wallace only an hour behind Wallace and Treason, but they have received much attention at the hands of his comrades. They have been almost completely ignored, in spite of the fact that, but for the heroic Dawson, who guided the relief party, there is no telling what would have resulted the starving and disheartened garrison of Beecher Island.

Forceth was beginning to suffer before from his wounds, and I have been told by his sons that a good part of the time he was delirious and did not know what was going on about him. Hence, Dawson was selected in the commander's account of the fight, and it is only within recent years that he has been given the credit that is his due—credit that seems little better than mockery, if it came after the severe soldier's death.

"I missed with Jack Dawson—God bless him!" said Kananah, "and a better type of fighting man would be hard to find. He was the lightest-hearted man I ever saw. He could not down at the extreme end sleep songs at his evening, and never sing the same song twice. He never drank anything but water. Every man was wild to get him, because such a type of fighting man would be hard to find. He was given his shot of coffee whether he drank it or not, and what he didn't use went to the great ones. When Dawson and Pilley were on the march that had been taken to the dead Indians,

and said goodbye to us, we never thought we'd see them again, but we were wrong. We thought we'd see Dawson and Treason, who had gone a night before."

Crawling in and out, as silently as leopards, Dawson and Pilley made their way down the north side of the island. Fortunately, the night was dark, and they managed to get past the Indian pickets. But a scout was on the island, they crawled up on the bank and made their way up a draw to the top of the bluff overlooking the valley of the Arkansas. The scouts decided to trust only at night, for the country was alive with Indians, and at attempt to travel they would have met certain capture. They had put on moccasins instead of boots, in order to deceive any Indians who might observe them, and they shaped their course by the North Star. The two men had not gone a mile, however, before they found that every step was torture. The moccasins, being wet, afforded little protection against the spines of the cactus and prickly pear, with which the desert was covered.

Dawson and Pilley agreed that the best plan was to make their way up the Shucky Hill stage line, which then ran as far as Denver. If they could find wild meat and take the cross-country stage, they would reach Fort Wallace more quickly than if they tried to do the whole journey on foot.

"The first night's walk took us not quite across the divide," said Pilley, in recounting his adventures in a buffalo saddle, and by three all day at the hot sun without water, our only food was a little of the horse-meat, we had taken with us. The next morning we were on the island. About three o'clock in the afternoon we spotted a fair party of twenty-five Indians coming from the south. They were headed directly toward us, and we thought they knew our whereabouts, in fact they had followed their course, they would ride over us. We got our cartridges where we could see them, and after a moment's hesitation we fired. But when the Indians were within a quarter of a mile of us they halted, and after a moment's hesitation they turned and passed by without seeing us. Dawson, always light-hearted, was simply too excited to say a word 'til, for a thousand longings!"

"After dark we took up our weary way, but our feet were so sore that we might have, they were doubly painful now. Every step was agony. We had to use all our strength to keep from giving up and lying down to die on the prairie. About midnight, though, we reached the South Fork of the Republican River, and spent the night on a small island and looking our men and women folk. When we drew our moccasins, we simply had to discard them, because they had worn down to the point that they would be of no use. Still we kept on, and after a moment's hesitation, we were in the valley, as before, but sighted no more Indians."

We had planned to strike the Shucky Hill stage near Cherryville, a station near the present Colorado-Kansas line, but the condition of the river drove us back in the morning, we struck the road at a much lower three miles east of Cherryville. Our feet were swollen to twice their size, with blisters protruding from them like plas from a gun. The men were so weak that they could not get up, and we had to carry them down to where they could be put in a wagon and taken to the station.

"The next day, the Indians being disappointed by the condition of the abandoned men, a detachment of about the wounded to defend themselves, as but the soldiers at the station, the low hills in the south, exclaimed:

"There are moving objects on this hill!" They tried to be Colonel Carpenter's ambulance, with Jack Dawson riding in it. The ambulance was so full of wounded that the scene of the fight. Nobody being guided him up the Arkansas River, he was given his shot of coffee whether he would have been carried for and the heavy fee.

It is agreed that a delay of another day would have been fatal to some of the scouts. Kananah had set in, Forceth's son, and twenty-four hours more would have been enough to have killed him. If it was, the scouts arrived the assistance of his shattered leg, but Forceth was so weak that he could not be allowed to have his own way and create all the link was sunk, though the command was given to the ambulance. It was two years after the engagement.



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## COMMENT

### Public Opinion and the Railroad Controversy

The controversy between the Eastern railroads and their conductors and trainmen ought to result in something for we are getting an uncommonly good chance to study it. No doubt, there have been and will be things done more or less behind the scenes, influence exerted, for instance, in quiet ways that we shall not know about. Personality will count, and the Associated Press reports, though often well-written, are not the work of BALDWIN and THUNDERBOLT. But we can hardly recall another great labor-and-capital controversy put before the public as well as this one so far has been.

We have seen the metamorphosing of position, the swift transfer of action to Washington and back to New York, Erie's stand and revision, the railroads' disconcerting demand about their own grievance, which at this writing looks like a fairly successful effort to score a point rather than the taking of a position meant to be adhered to. If the general present expectation of an arbitration is fulfilled, then we shall be equally well served concerning the merits of the case; and we might in study it.

For it looks more and more as if, in the long run, we, the people, were going to decide about these things—not the specific cases, perhaps, but the way cases shall be decided. We have not, so doubt for good, letting the railroads decide and the men do what they can. It is hardly proposed to let the men decide and the railroads go hang. When President CHAMBERS, of the new mediation board, said the other day that public opinion was already the strongest factor in the situation, he was not far wrong, and the future will set him completely right. Public opinion will continue to set through legislatures and commissions, through both the unions and the railroads themselves, and finally, crystallized, through the courts. But this matter of justice as between public-utility corporations and their men is in public opinion's proper province—and now in its grasp. It is a kind of justice which we believe that public opinion really has the virtue, in the long run and after errors, to determine aright.

### Some Obvious Arguments for Protecting Nicaragua

It is not at all surprising that our provisional treaty with Nicaragua should have instantly arrested public attention. It could not for a moment be mistaken for anything less than an extremely important departure in our diplomacy. In consequence, as with Cuba and the Philippines after the Spanish War, we have taken steps more or less like this; but this, taken deliberately, has the earmarks of a policy whose result is not determinable. Neither is it surprising, reversing the objection, as they say in the House, that the administration's proposal, fully concurred in by the Nicaraguan government, should have instantly found favor in the Senate and other strong quarters; it aims at things too plainly desirable.

As to securing the Nicaraguan canal rights and a new naval base, these are things which stand apart and for which we had already made offers. As two administrations have not thought three millions too much to pay for them, that valuation is doubtless all right. Of course, we don't want to build a second canal, only to keep others from

doing it. The late Senator MORAN, of Alabama, the tireless and learned advocate of the Nicaraguan route, is in a way vindicated by our thus continuing to guard it.

But it is the new parts of the proposal we are all thinking most about, and these, too, aim at things desired, which may as well be given first. They aim at peace and settled government in Nicaragua, from the lack of which we ourselves have recently suffered in men and money; at a sound financial system for that perpetually embarrassed state; at a sensible management of her foreign relations, to keep her out of broils with her neighbors and the world. It seems only true to add that the proposal would readily have been extended to embrace Nicaragua's independent neighbors if they had wished, but that for them also those of its aims are desirable. On the other hand, we believe one can say honestly that no territorial aggression or absorption is set one of its ends. There are a few filibustering Americans, no doubt, most of them in Latin America, but the great mass of us have no such designs in our direction, and our politicians know it.

### Some Sources of Hesitation

No such is good; perhaps that is enough, and it is good enough, to overcome all fears and objections that rashly or hastily advocate treating these otherwise than very carefully.

There are the promptly declared objections of Nicaragua's neighbors. Not only have Honduras, Salvador, and Costa Rica declined their assent to any such arrangement for themselves, but they regard Nicaragua's net as something like treason to the old dream of a federated Central America, no doubt, most of them in Latin America, but the great mass of us have no such designs in our direction, and our politicians know it. There are the promptly declared objections of Nicaragua's neighbors. Not only have Honduras, Salvador, and Costa Rica declined their assent to any such arrangement for themselves, but they regard Nicaragua's net as something like treason to the old dream of a federated Central America, no doubt, most of them in Latin America, but the great mass of us have no such designs in our direction, and our politicians know it.

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### The Whole Bill

After so many weeks of talk about amendments to the tariff bill, it may be as well to have some discussion of the bill as a whole. After so much of detail and application, it seems wholesome to emerge awhile into an atmosphere which permits broad principles to be considered, here, constructions watched and analyzed. The Senate debates

will not continue like that, but we are glad they started off that way.

For one thing, it serves to show both sides how real and unavoidable this conflict is, and that is something only too easy to forget when tariff-makers are absorbed in specific schedules and items. Thus the fight really comes to seem merely an affair

"Of slowly calculated loss and gain,"—and it is hard to keep in mind that "more"—though it be such by only a cent or two in the pound or yard—is one thing, and that "less" is a different, a positively irreconcilable thing. That, indeed, must be a chief reason why so many tariff bills go wrong in the making; they vary detail makes it so hard to keep any principle dominant.

Yet one can not read the opening outgoings of Senators SWAN and CROMBIE and BATES without again perceiving, as clearly as ever, the old conflict of political principles and economic theories that has surely, by this time, proved itself irreconcilable even if it does now-and-then wear for a little while a respectable, if hardly hardly have strengthened the demonstration if, wicker years ago, we had had a war with the Nullifiers about it. For it is not plain that these Republican speeches, in which we readily grant sincerity, express a view, not merely of our American conditions and our trade, but of all trade and of the sense of all national prosperity, which is different from that which the COLUMBIAN bill attempts to work out!

For these gentlemen do the Democrats the justice to perceive that they are entirely in earnest, and on that ground, not because of any slight inconsistencies, attack the measure. Senators CROMBIE and BATES, in their efforts for freeing our trade, not for falling to Senator SWAN was too earnest to be at all content when he asked the Senate just to look how much we are already buying from foreigners and think of getting us any more! In this philosophy there is simply no place for such considerations as that two-sided deal between nations may be best for both; that America may be either over-producing or under-producing.

It is not, therefore, also plain that it would be a coincidence in any case to have the bill tampered with, to have it become anything less than what it now is—no least experiment, so reviewed by friends and foes of tariff-reforming taxation? We believe that any such tampering would have that feeling. As to tariff boards and other plans for gradual modification, meritorious as they may be, this is no longer a time for them. This is not modification, it is change—change to a different basis and principle. If, as we saw before, that basis and principle shall yield us to economic stability, we may quite possibly find under it a use for devices of correction and of energy, amending modification.

### All Quiet Along the Pacific

There is something interesting about the still very recent Union-Pacific-Southern-Pacific settlement. One hears so little about it!

Of course there were LAWRENCE and LATHROP, but really, if it isn't speaking disrespectfully of a newspaper sensation, that episode didn't amount to much, either in business or politics. It was a mere extraordinary piece of knavery, with little or nothing behind it. What we mean is that the arrangement accepted by the Attorney-General as opponent of the Powers was so far from having provoked little heated animosities, as we need less to add, we shall all be delighted if we find this news that the deal was about the best way out of a big mess that was far from new.

For the California railroad situation was nasty and political long before the New Haven road, or New England, dreamed of monopoly. There was a BRYANIAN lag before there was a NEEDLES, and HANFORD, after all, was a visible







NEWPORT CHILDREN

AT THE HORSE SHOW



*Copyright, International News Service*  
Mrs. Norman Whitehouse starting  
on a ride in her motor runabout



*Copyright, The Associated Press*  
John Nicholas Brown, the richest boy in  
the world, at a Newport garden party



Mrs. Is Grande Gustwald in an improvised carriage on the Southampton beach

*Copyright, The Associated Press*

The Ladies Four in hand Driving Club on a roughing run through Westchester. On the front seat is Morris Hewlett, the instructor of the club

THE  
FOUR  
HUNDRED  
AND  
THE  
FOUR  
MILLION



Mrs. Godfrey Proce with her "morning glory" parasol at Narragansett Pier



NEW YORK NEWSBOYS ON A TEN-CENT EXCURSION



Sleeping on the beaches at Coney Island. On hot nights thousands of New York City's poorer population take refuge on these beaches



The packed shore front of Coney Island on Saturday afternoon



Working girls dancing to phonograph music at one of the summer camps near Kingston, New York, where the girls spend their vacations camping out in old horse-cars, at a cost of four dollars a week



When the fireman turns on the plug to relieve the water-pressure



"It's no little for me, an' I've got two real strykin hats, howdy? but I ain't goin' to feign that you want 'em!"

"What makes 'em call you 'Hindoo'?" the youthful inquirer demanded. "That's a funny name."

"My real name's Hindoo, but I don't think that's got any 'go' to it, do you?"

"Go," repeated Abelson vaguely. "Go where?"

"Well, just 'go—anywhere—anywhere!"

"Blessed foolish to me," Abelson had the small boy's seven of pit amuses. "I'd rather call you Mazy—'t wouldn't be my fault."

"Well, I guess so. I want to sound like an aunt." They looked at each other for a moment; in the passageway they could hear the footstep of Mr. Baldwin returning from the "break." "Yes, I guess I do"—and she stooped to kiss him; but Abelson, who had a very young gentleman's dislike of such demonstrations, evaded the kiss and, reaching his little finger in hers,—that infatigable creature of friendship the world over,—said: "Partners?"

The little ceremony was over before the group returned, headed by Mr. Balch, bearing a slice of stale Swiss cheese as a treat for Abelson; it was the most generous thing that the bar afforded. "Mr. Balch was incoherently hospitable. The young guest did not for the taste of his treat, and was glad it had so many holes that it fell less to be eaten for 'measures.'"

In the little, moss-walled, solid edifice was telling for the wholesome tones of his own voice.

"Now, this here Last Shoonster, if he ever was found, he wore a mighty eye and velvet coat of mine. In the old days, every prospector that comes into the country had the Last Shoonster leaver—and it was, too. There were those saggies some of 'em got up as a walaak, that old chief Hain in the face had up to the eyebrows, and the old prospector would look out to you—let you get plumb drunk in the eyes looking at 'em. Then he'd tell you the mine they come from leaping to his people a long way back, and let on that he knowed where it was—and you'd give a drink—maybe, if you was soft, a doze. It was all the same, a barrel couldn't make him tell where the Last Shoonster was hiding itself."

"And were the saggies, pros'ers?"

"Oh, weren't they just?"

Martin passed a shaking hand across his forehead. "I had no idea of the tremendous distances here, or that to hunt this mine I should have to travel over so much territory. I'm an old man, sir, but I'm going to have my try for it. I don't care about it for myself, but that little boy of mine, he ought to have his chance. He's bright, and I don't doubt he'll make a good thing out of mining; that was my rise, sir, but I don't mind admitting to you, it don't satisfy a father's ambition."

"You don't mean you're going to waste time hunting for the Last Shoonster after what I've told you? It might be anywhere—might be nowhere; there's nothing beyond the word of a bunch of drunken louts that it ever existed."

"But the saggies"—the old man repeated.

"Firsting you the saggies, but in all probability they came from a long way off, from the Pacific slope to the North. The best country's been pretty well run-tooth combed for the Last Shoonster and she ain't showed up yet."

TOWN was the beginning of that mad quest which, in its time, went on, kept the old man away from his can for longer and longer periods. He bought a horse and a prospector's outfit, and the hills saw more of him than Town. When the outfit and mining industries in the neighborhood failed, the Hindoo had left the town to its fate and had betaken themselves to more profitable pastures, and the outfit chug with the beauty of failure, waiting for something better to turn up. In its day, Town had heaped of many things, but a boy as an actual resident was a hard-earned experience, and it was a miracle that in his parental enthusiasm Abelson was not lured by the lures, blown up by the outrigger, and stampeded by the bonuses which he was hourly given to "play" with.

But Abelson was an alert Town, with hosts of friends and a following that would have insured an election, was one thing, and Abelson aged six, crying



"The boy backed off. This wild creature here no resemblance to his dear Mary!"

in the dark, afraid to go to bed when his father had failed to return from his greatest quest, was quite another. It was that that his "paddies" found him one evening, weeping desolately at the foot of the stairs, too weakened to touch the stick of "Biederich" the clerk of the general store had given him.

Now didn't say a word; only, gathering him into her arms, hurried up the rickety steps. She could not have told why she ran, nor put into words her dread that those inviolate powers that secured respectability to his name to thwart her should attend the simple pleasure of putting the child to bed. But as care came to question her right, and she put him down and lighted the lamp.

Abelson's preparations for the night were as simple as those of a young robin; he removed an old L.D.F.E. badge with which he had been ungenerously honoring himself for the last few days, and washed his coat.

"Where's your nightgown?" Biddle demanded, rummaging through an abundance of empty barrels.

"Oh, it's all wore out a long time ago. I must always take off my outside shirt to save it—don't sleep in all the rest."

"Would you like to have me make you a little nightgown with a pocket in it?"

"Thank you, Aunt Charley, want to make 'em for me; but she did, and papa sold the farm and came out here to hold the mine. I say my partners now." Abelson's suppositions were the faintly personal de-

ments of childhood; he prayed for his father, the prospector, for a partner who had been kind to him on the trail; he prayed for a miner to share his hardships, and he prayed for Mary (he desired to call her Biddle); and lastly he prayed for himself.

THIS place in the dance-hall below looked into mine and across preparatory to the burst of sound that ushered in the evening's entertainment. A little while, and the girl would be dancing in the smoky atmosphere, drinking an occasional stiff shot behind the back and smell of salt, but accepting it all graily as part of the day's work. But now the four walls that sat, and she deviated over the unusual experience of putting the child to bed, making believe to herself that she did this thing every night and that she was "like other women." Even when the boy was fast asleep she could not persuade herself to go, but lingered on, watching him. She stooped and kissed the hand of the sleeping child with an impulse womanly and good as gentle of the world of her month; then she descended to the glare of the lights and the din of the piano and the mystic heat of feet.

There was none the more but a little generous mis- understanding on the part of the stranger. Instead of seeing it in all its dreary, emphatic, vicious, brutal, cheap,—Martin Trow's simple old eye saw only growth, prosperity, and thriving industries. The yellow-haired Indian, with the vivid complexion that he characteristically in his bush years, were less in search of health, or because they enjoyed traveling—no reason was too absurd to be accepted. But Martin, so fertile in everything else, was granite when it came to his mine. For the character of the mine had become real to him already in imagination. As he roiled through the hills, he was spending the phantom gold that later he and his partner—Abelson should have his share. Seeing that he knew no more of the trick of getting gold from the ground "than a rooster," sometimes, if they left available or had small hope of their own at home, fellow prospectors would tell him certain fundamental truths of the great power of silver and rock. The other man would listen with a far away look in his eyes, and perhaps a week later the outfit that had entertained him with food and was general disintegration would be then passing allah! dust with sugar, quavering hands.

SINCE that first evening when Biddle had found Abelson crying on the stairs, she had put him to bed, with song and story, every night but his father was away. She had made his little nightgown with the pocket—was two of them so that he might have a change, like a schooler and a gentleman. Town regarded her general absorption in the boy with amazement, though no one dared put with her on the subject of her foster-motherhood after the day when Mr. Balch—prospecting on his position of professed admirer and willing donor, if he could ever save the mine of the larder—ventured an unenthusiastic ally in that direction. "I declare, Biddle, you've gone plumb to the good sense town," he struck Town; "you damn well ain't got no more spirit in it than you was ten a day's washin'."

"The day washin' I'd enjoy, Jimmy Balch, would be washin' my hands of you and your dear-old and the bested gang that's got soft'n' hole but their general manner of paying compliments. I just wish by the

"Are you a lady?" Abelson asked the one they called "Biddle."

(Continued on page 44)







SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON  
AS HAMLET



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS OPHELIA



## "HAMLET" IN MOVING PICTURES

SCENES from Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's remarkable production of "Hamlet" for moving pictures, which took place at Lulworth Cove on the Dorsetshire coast, where a medieval castle was especially built for the purpose. The out-of-door scenes were acted on the rocky coast beside the sea. The film, which was three miles long, was the largest ever made in England. Forbes-Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, are announced to open an engagement in America in October.



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"The white tern is hatched on bare twigs, and seems to enjoy it"

# THE BIRDS OF LAYSAN

BY ERNEST H. BAYNES

**I**N the Oceania there are a number of bird communities situated on tiny atolls, rocks, and reefs, which straggle off southward from the main Hawaiian group in the direction of Japan. However important these may seem from the standpoint of man, they are nevertheless centers of great activity among the island population of the ocean. Each year, throughout the nesting season, which includes every month in the calendar, vast herds of sea fowl sail of remote corners of the southern sea to flock together to rear their offspring free from fear of molestation or injury. Every rock and reef has its community of many species, which return year after year, not all together, but in an orderly and definite succession, so that, even while some kinds are leaving with their young for the ocean, which will henceforth be their home, others come flocking in to fill their place, and to undertake the strenuous care of nesting.

Nothing more wonderful exists, among the manifold mysteries of nature, than the regularity and precision with which these creatures journey from distant parts of the Pacific and seek their homes, with no other guide than the fact that they have been there before. Whatever may be the faculty that enables them, after a flight of often many thousand miles, to pick up with certainty a speck of an island peopled scarcely three leagues at sea, it is certainly true that the voyage is now little more arduous than in earlier times when men first gave thought to such matters.

Intending as are all these islands because of the exclusive character of their inhabitants, one stands prominently as a singular center for the bird life of that region of the globe. I refer to the islet of Laysan, lying some eight hundred miles northwest by wind from Honolulu, and about four hundred in the opposite direction from Midway Island. It is really only the smallest of this on the chart—scarcely three

miles long—and in a slightly elevated shell with a lagoon in the center. The white coral sand is clothed in rich bushes and coarse grass, and, were it not for the birds, Laysan would be the loveliest spot on the globe. There are probably few other islands so far from continental shores.

## *The Home of Millions*

**M**YRIADS of sea-fowl fill the air and cover the ground. As far as the eye can see, the island is dotted with lonely albatrosses, the snowy whiteness of their heads and lower parts gleaming in the semi-tropical sun. Thousands of sea-swallows or terns of several species, dart back and forth through the air, and keep up a noise-making enough to drive one to madness. Splendid tropic birds, in glossy plumage of pale rose pink, flutter by in nervous haste, their two red tail plumes, fully eighteen inches in length, trail



Interviewing the chief of Laysan. "Two very striking facts at once impress the visitor: the vast numbers of birds and their surprising tameness"

ing out behind them. Men-of-war birds, boobies, and shearwaters join the throng and add to our bewilderment till we scarcely know which way to turn.

Landing Laysan, we had difficulty, if we wished to cross the island, to avoid crushing the eggs of terns, and as we proceeded we were constantly breaking through the roofs of petrel burrows, which everywhere brood upon the soil. We floundered along as if walking in deep snow, thereby disturbing the spaciousness of many of the best residences by our awkwardness.

This reminds me that the bird population is so extensive that all do not nest on the surface, but hidden in brown-rot bushes. Some, like the petrels and shearwaters, make dens below the sand and rear their young in darkness. Others occupy the ground floor, and among these are the albatrosses, terns, and tropic birds. Still others, like the land birds, dwell half-way up in the bushes, the topmost branches being occupied by many of our birds, boobies, and sooty terns.

Two very striking facts at once impress the visitor: the countless numbers of birds and their surprising tameness. They seem little put out by our presence, and permit of ordinary action as if we were a part of the community.

#### Dance of the Albatrosses

Of all the birds that make Laysan their home, none possess more striking personalities, or exhibit greater peculiarities of habit, than the white albatross. There are literally a million nesting on this tiny island, and they dominate all the other birds as rulers of the domain. They dwell in large colonies, forming rookeries over elevated areas in the interior of the island. There seems scarcely a touch of grass but has in its shadow an eagerly young one, ready to snap at the visitor with an enthusiasm show of ferocity. In these rookeries, deathless swarms to strike terror in the heart of the visitor, really live, for, after the first paroxysm of rage is over, one can stroke them with little danger of scratched hands. When undisturbed, they sit for hours with their feet lifted awkwardly in air, gazing gravely at their beaks. They have few amusements to vary the monotony of the long day; for, in this lagoon land, it is the growing pit, like play, while the young are at and demand.

We were struck with the quite different reception accorded us by the old birds. They did not once squawk for our arrival, and continued their domestic occupations and amusements as if they had known us always. They have a half-dabbling inquisitiveness, and if we sat among them they would sooner or later walk up to observe us. One became greatly interested in the light aluminum top of my tripod, which it curiously examined from all sides. Finally it led the way with its beak, and we were pleased with the fragrant sound, repeating the operation until satisfied.

The old birds have an insatiable objection to insects, and so for their diversion they spend much time in a certain dance, or perhaps more appropriately a "cake-walk."

First, two birds approach each other, bowing feebly and stopping heavily. They swagger about each other, nodding and courtesying solemnly, then suddenly begin to fence a little, crossing bills and whetting them together, sometimes with a whistling sound, unchangeable necking and drooping little bows. All at once one lifts its closed wing and flutters at the others' breast, or, rarely, if in a hurry, quickly turns its back. The partner, during this short performance, assumes a stammering pose, and either bows mechanically from side to side, or swings its bill loudly a few times. Then the first bird bows more, and points its head and beak straight upward, then, in its next gesticulation, it leans and utters a prolonged nasal "Ah-h-h," the companion snapping its bill loudly and rapidly at the same time.

When both birds see their heads in air and either one or both will have the nodding with the rhythmic and bell-shaped gait. When they have finished, they go through a series of bows again, repeat and alternately, and presently repeat the performance, the birds often reversing the order in the game. Sometimes three of them will dance, one dividing the attention between two. They are always executed with vigor, and never lose their vigor in any way.

Occasionally, while "cake-walking," one will lightly pick up a straw or twig and present it to the other, who does not accept the gift, however, but increases rather the compliment, when always are promptly dropped, and all hands begin bowing and nodding about as if their lives depended upon it.

Several times, at this stage of affairs, I have walked quietly among a group of the old rookeries and have begun to bow very low, imitating as nearly as possible the manner of the game. They would all stop and gaze at me in astonishment, but, reverting to their usual equanimity at once, would gravely nod my bows and walk around me in a puzzled manner, as if wondering what sort of bird I might be. Unaware as we may appear, it accomplishes in a striking way what extraordinary birds albatrosses are.



The albatross "cake-walk." "All at once one bird lifts its closed wing and snatches at the feathers beneath."



"Then the first bird utters a prolonged nasal 'Ah-h-h,' the companion snapping its bill loudly and rapidly at the same time."



"They swagger about each other, nodding and courtesying solemnly, then begin to fence a little, crossing bills and whetting them together."



The finale of the dance. "When they have finished, they go through a series of bows again, rapidly and alternately."

#### Six Hundred Tons of Squids for Breakfast

EASILY in the morning they hit themselves off to sea and across the water for the century squid, which is a staple article of diet for the larger members of the vast bird population. There, about sunrise, the whole community begins to return, and for several hours they straggle in, tired but full, and seek their sleepy children, who see soon very much to eat.

Breakfast may be ready about any time during the early morning, for the mother does not invariably feed the baby immediately upon returning. However, when all is ready she alights near the impatient and greedy child, and, to immediately arouse the initiative by waddling up and pecking or biting gently at her beak. This pecking always takes place at some strategic moment, for in a few minutes she stands up, and, with head lowered and wings held loosely at the sides, regurgitates a load of squid and ash. Just as she opens her beak, the young inserts its own rostrum, and skillfully catches every morsel, which it feeds with evident relish.

At this single meal each young albatross consumes from a pound to a pound and a half of squid, and, as there are several million birds, old and young, the daily aggregate would surpass six hundred tons. All the other birds come in for their share, greatly increasing the total amount of animal life gleaned from the surrounding waters every twenty-four hours.

#### Punishing the Robbers

AFTER the landing process is repeated at intervals of a few minutes over eight or ten lines, the aerial is over; but the young bird is not at all content in its dominion, and keeps asking for more. The mother soon picks back in an annoyed manner, and, if the baby still insists, she walks off and vents her anger by snapping at some neighboring young. Often I have seen her dash over to an inoffensive and unprovoked "goat," and give it a most unmerciful beating, mauling and "woolof" it in a pitiful manner. The poor little thing never knows what she is to be taken to task for, but is so wounded, and cries in a plaintive wail for relief. After a while the ill-treated creature returns to its own nesting affairs, sometimes in food it again, or only to start off for another strange day.

One day an especially vicious gony was making the rounds of a large circle of nesting young, but came at last to one which sat up as if piping. Its mother, who was expectedly sent, fell upon the intruder with disastrous effect, and in the ensuing scrimmage fell her completely to rest. In this case, at least, the "victim" was not and the "innocent victim" asked, but the story does not always end so pleasantly, for sometimes the babies overtake in their behavior. I am at a loss to suggest an explanation for this persistent and heartless explosion.

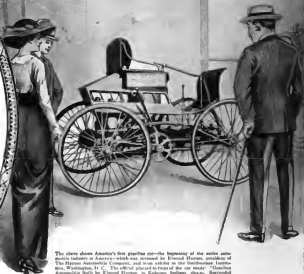
A spirit of inquiry sometimes leads the young gony into trouble. We found one buried in its nest in a collapsed petrel burrow, yet still living. From the condition of the surrounding soil, the creature had been in this predicament for some time, and had now faithfully tended by its parents. Not did it feel being dug out but objected most vigorously to our interest. When finally released in a normal position, it took a favorable view of matters, and began to preen its feathers.

Albatrosses are impulsive creatures, especially on the ocean. One day our dory, rather overcrowded, was making for the beach through a choppy sea. Suddenly a wave curled ahead, and then the bird, rearing its back over the waves, began pecking for a tender morsel. It walked over the plumped member of the party, and began about a little bear of inspection. The look of anticipation in the creature's face was an unmistakable fact that the creature, at such a rare moment, and exclaimed: "Can't you wait till I cook?"

The albatross lives on Laysan fully nine months of the year. During the last days of October, before the winter storms set in, the migrant of the mighty earth appears, and for days they continue to look in from all points of the compass. In exposed places the number of birds that many are obliged to be content with rather unobtainable spots, while late-comers must leave the overcrowded ones. Leaving couples defend their rights against the tardy ones, and in several days before all have settled their respective claims. The young are not hatched until February, and then many months of hard work to feed the hungry babies. They grow slowly, for birds, and it is not until the last of July that the most fortunate some follow their parents on short flights to sea. By early August all are to the west, with the old birds, they scatter far and wide over the Pacific. Thereafter will the next nesting season they become less abundant, but not less.



Mr. Elwood Haynes  
Inventor of  
America's First Car



The above shows America's first gasoline car—the beginning of the motor automobile industry in America—which was invented by Elwood Haynes, president of The Haynes Automobile Company, and was exhibited at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. The official placard in front of the car reads: "Steamlike Automobile built by Elwood Haynes, in Kokomo, Indiana, Chicago, November 19th, 1895, at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, July 6, 1896. Used by Elwood Haynes, 1895. No. 200-12."

# HAYNES America's First Car Adopted Electric Gear Shift as Standard

## America's First Car

America's first car—made by Elwood Haynes, president of the Haynes Automobile Company, is today an exhibit belonging to the United States government in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C.

Not only is the Haynes America's First Car, but its part in the development of the automobile is shown by the way it has been first in the fundamental development of the motor car.

The Haynes was the first gasoline-driven car made in America and commercially successful.

It was the first two-cylinder-opposed car built in the world.

It was the first to use aluminum in cast parts. This use of aluminum is universal today.

It was the first to use nickel steel in axles.

It was the first side-door car.

It was the first to have the floating carburetor.

It was the first to use the make-and-break spark and the first to use the jump spark.

It was the first to use electric ignition.

It was the first to use a magneto of any type; its magneto was the first American-made magneto.

It was the first to use the double independent system of ignition through two sets of spark plugs.

In other words, the geological tree of the American-made automobile has its root in Kokomo, in the Haynes factory.

The Haynes—America's first car—was the pioneer. It set only led the way, but it made the way.

When you have a Haynes you are buying more than the automobile which naturally attaches to America's First Car.

You are buying an automobile which embodies every advanced development—and which has introduced practically every fundamental betterment of the automobile. You get every tested, proven advantage—and more. You get the benefit of the creative knowledge and scientific accuracy which inspired Elwood Haynes to make America's First Car.

The Haynes policy is to put nothing on in the car for the sake of novelty or to meet a passing whim—but to put everything on and in which the Haynes experts know will make for efficiency in operation and economy and normal in service.

Twenty years ago Elwood Haynes built the first American gasoline car. Since then, the Haynes has constantly been first in developing and perfecting the Automobile. And now the Haynes is again first in the use of the most wonderful of all automobile improvements—the Electric Gear Shift.

## Simply Press Push Buttons and Electricity Shifts the Gears

The wonderful Vulcan Electric Gear Shift, standard equipment for all new Haynes cars, removes ninety per cent of the bother of learning to run a car and eliminates all the bother of driving. In a convenient dial on the steering wheel is a group of push buttons. You simply press the button and electricity does the rest—does it without the grinding and crashing which has been one of the annoyances of motoring in the past—does it instantly and with automatic surety. No chance of a wrong selection, no possibility of stripping a gear.

Any member of the family can drive the new Haynes. The slightest woman is the complete master of the powerful car. No lever pulling, nothing complicated. Makes driving so safe and simple that even the person afflicted with nerves enjoys it.

You must see the Haynes with the Electric Gear Shift to appreciate this new improvement in all its remarkableness. The apparatus is almost automatic. You never have to take your hands from the steering wheel. The starting, lighting and gear shifting buttons are under your finger tips as handy as a set of desk call buttons.

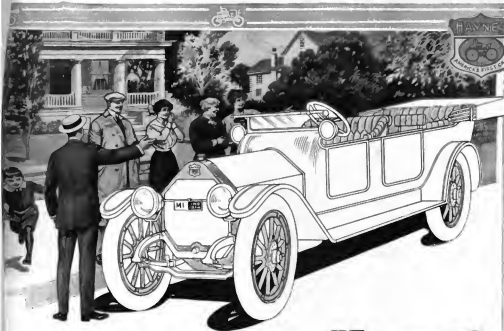
Model 26, 6-cylinder, 2-passenger roadster, 4-passenger straight line or 5-passenger touring car, \$2700. Coupe, \$3200

Model 27, 6-cylinder, 6-passenger straight line or 7-passenger touring car, \$2785. Limousine, \$3850.

Model 28, 4-cylinder, 2-passenger roadster, 4-passenger straight line or 5-passenger touring car, \$1985. Coupe, \$2700.

Hand levers are optional at \$200 reduction





# You Can See the New **HAYNES** at Your Dealer's NOW!

## Haynes Specifications

**Engine**— $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bore,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stroke, L-head Haynes design, cylinders cut in pairs. Enclosed valves.

**Ignition**—Centrifugal pump and pressed steel fan.

**Wheel Base**—Model 26, 159 in.; M. 27, 154; M. 28, 118.

**Intakes**—American Super magneto, with patent pole shoe, producing hot sparks at full speed. Perfect synchronization, greater horse power and more perfect running motor.

**Lubrication**—Splash and gravity feed to main bearings and side gear; also constant feed to oil lines in lower beam.

**Control**—Left-hand drive, Valves electric gear shift, dispensing with hand lever and clushing device to shift gears electrically.

**Transmission**—Selector type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Tinker roller bearings.

**Steering Column**—Worm-and-worm gear. Tinker bearings.

**Clutch**—Haynes contracting steel band. Adjustable with single set screw. Applies power gradually.

**Rear Axle**—Tinker full floating on Models 26 and 27. McCar design on 28 with Gurney bearings.

**Front Axle**—I-beam, single piece, O. H. steel best treated.  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch spindles of chrome nickel.

**Wheels**—Artillery type with Fink demountable rims.

**Tires**—Model 26 and 27, 34 $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, Model 28, 34 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

**Brakes**—Front, semi-elliptic, 195 in. long; 2 in. wide; rear, 18 in. long, 2 in. wide.

**Trunks**—Diameter, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  external and 11 internal on Models 26 and 27, 12 and 14 on Model 28, both external.

**Finish**—Body Indiana dark blue or Pacific Tom gray (optional) with black gear and wheels.

**Gasoline Feed**—Pressure feed. Storage tank holds 20 gallons of gasoline. An one of cut when needed.

**Battery**—Model 26 and 27 had buffer battery, model 28 has tubular battery.

**Starting and Lighting**—Lever-Neutral electrical system. A separate set system obtaining a generator to charging battery and motor for starting engine. Each efficient under all conditions.

**Dashboard Equipment**—Electric lights, night oil feed, motor carport for lights, dash lights, necessary air pressure pump, lights in and out of door, mud chock.

**Other Standard Equipment**—Top, top cover of silk plush, overhauled front and rear axle, "springing" steel shaft, two loose electric headlights, electric side lights, electric bell horn, full size standard equipment, electric starting, generator, battery, spare battery, spare lamp, spare and four 1000, six 1000, full size equipment, six every demountable rim, Gurney tires.

This is an electric gear shift year. This wonderful feature is far greater than the self-starter and a more important improvement. Only a Philadelphia car of small output preceded us in adoption. The Vulcan Electric Gear Shifter. Our orders naturally will be given preference over later ones. You are sure of getting a car with the new feature when you order the Haynes.

## Everything Else Desirable in Design, Equipment, Comfort and Performance

### Electric Starting and Lighting

You press a button and the motor starts. You turn a switch and the electric lights are on. You press another button and the warning sounds. Your tires are pumped automatically.

### Beautiful, Comfortable

The cumulative refinements of two decades are clearly reflected in the Haynes. It has a perfected look. Long, graceful, sweeping lines, superb finish and masterful workmanship, make the Haynes a car you'll be proud to own.

### Powerful, Economical, Durable

Under the handsome body of the Haynes lies a frame, an engine, a transmission, a complete motive mechanism

that's the result of 20 years perfecting The motor—built in the Haynes shops —is L-Head type, famous for its economy and efficiency.

### Long Service Insured

The new Haynes is entirely built in our own plant or under our supervision. It is Haynes quality and Haynes tested in every detail—plus beauty, up-to-date-ness, and economy of upkeep, meriting the consideration of everyone in the market for a car.

### Write Today for Our Book, "The Complete Motorist"

Written by Elwood Haynes, creator of the American Automobile. A valuable education on the subject of selecting and running an automobile. Points out the pitfalls to avoid. Puts you on familiar terms with mechanics, transmission and cooling systems. Gives full information concerning the latest models of the Haynes, with a complete description of the wonderful Vulcan Electric Gear Shift.

**The Haynes Automobile Co.**  
41 Main Street Kokomo, Indiana



# A LOST QUIXOTE

BY  
EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

**L**ANDLORD "Bossy" Sharp of the Crystal Palace Hotel leaped in an apple chair and repeated loudly three friends of his on the shelf behind the bar. These three were trendy, rum, and gin, all so respectable and time-worn as to look that Sharp alone knew one from the others.

Turning from an inspection of his three enemies to that portion of Kansas Junction visible from the window, Mr. Sharp was confronted with a lean, snappy partner. In the meretricious light of the Arizona sun, the woman seemed to crinkle and turn up round the edges. The false fronts of the sharks assembly referred to as "business" looked dropped as if weary of the pretense they preserved; the equal red station resembled close, seemingly for protection, to the outer water-tank. The scattered adult loaves lay blistering in the heat.

Inevitably this scene of pained desolation drove Mr. Sharp back to his liquid friends on the shelf. Fighting heavily, he peered himself from the chair and huddled behind the bar.

"I say, it's hot," he muttered, pouring out that which would make his better.

"Doo" Haywood, during his unaccustomed career, displayed his unusual animation at the sound of smoking glass.

"Hot?" he sympathized. "It's hotter than Topper." And then, his diverting eye noting no second glass on the bar, he dropped back into a slumber.

Thus fortified, Landlord Sharp returned to his chair and stared again the prospect from his window. From time to time his thick lips moved in whispered protest against the heat.

**MR. SHARP** was a sight at which the gods might weep. Berlinches, fang from heaven, could have fallen in further. His face was that deep shade of red that emotion readily converts to purple. The fire through which he had passed had singed a very big eye, leaving mercilessly desolator before the world a pair of watery eyes long ago washed destitute of color. It is that hollow, vacant gaze blossomed the year round, regardless of the season. No testimony of his avarice shone, his hands remained thin and girlish, with long, slender fingers, at the sudden sight of which men sought to play the fero right in the corner had been banks to restore their money to their pockets and take away.

As Mr. Sharp gazed dully out at the sea-struck town, a habited train crawled into view and passed sleekly at the station. From this a lanky young man alighted, and, after a word with the station agent, alighted the burning street toward the Crystal Palace Hotel.

Mr. Sharp made no move to rise and, in his capacity of landlord, welcome a possible guest. Instead, as the young man assumed the steps, he staid out to indicate a berth, and, before the stranger had taken the hallway, past the kitchen "ladies' room," and into the main dining room, Mr. Sharp then inquired:

"How young man make into a chair, Bossy Sharp noted that he was big and good to look at, with the manner of the one who has spent his days in the open fields of 'God's country.'"

"Nothing," he answered. "You can do nothing. I take the 2:10 train back East."

"It don't stop here," granted Mr. Sharp, pronounced of the fact.

"They'll Sag it to slow down, and I can grab it, I guess. Yes—'E's gone' back—back home."

The laws of hospitality seemed to demand of Mr. Sharp some slight interest.

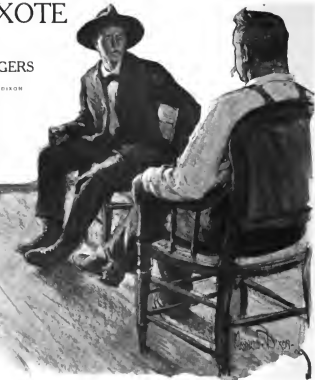
"Where's that?" he inquired languidly.

"Indiana," returned the boy with feeling. "Boy, don't you ever get to longing for a mountain out in the farmer? Don't you looker for a chilly morning, when the wagon wheels crack and your breath's white with the frost?"

It was a disconcerting picture Mr. Sharp ran his fingers through his hair—so dirty gray in color.

"Now and then," he admitted. "No you're from Indiana, boy? I've known a good many from there in my day."

The boy leaned forward quickly.



"Maybe you can help me," he said hopefully. "You're my last chance!"

"Maybe you can help me," he said hopefully. "You're my last chance. I came out here to find a man who left Indiana fifteen years ago. I've tracked him from South down here, and now the trail leads up to Arizona, and my money's gone. So I got to go back—without him. I got to go to her—alone."

He sat gazing unhelpfully out, past the huddled sharks of the Junction in the silent desert beyond. Regularly from the corner came the noise of the sleeping Haywood. In sympathy with this melancholy, Mr. Sharp yawned.

"What's the fellow's name?" he inquired.

"Hubbs," was the answer. "Heary Statins, of Greenburg, Indiana."

**MR. SHARP** crossed his fat legs, and then, as if he had done it merely to prove that the trick was still in his repertoire, crossed them again.

"Seems to me I wouldn't go very far," he remarked facetiously. "To find a man with a name like Statins."

"The boy's eyes flashed.

"You would if you was me!" he cried. "I'd go through hell for to come face to face with Statins, too. I'm lookin' for Statins, all right. I want to talk to him. I want to say: 'There's a little woman back in Indiana I'd like mighty well to see you, Heary Statins. There's a little woman who's been waitin'—waitin' all these long years, with never a word to ever her, or a dollar to lighten the burden of raising that orsawly, played-out farm.'"

He stood up. His cheeks were aflame.

"Yes, I reckon I'm lookin' for Statins. I'm lookin' for him to tell his law, every night for fifteen years, when the six-thirty-five train from the West has whizzed round the bend, she's gone to the door and shaded her eyes with her hand—her hand, that's okay and ugly, slavin' for the kids he left behind. And I don't need to tell him, I guess, how every night for fifteen years, she's gone back to her work with a sigh, settin' her hopes twenty-five hours ahead to the next night's train. You, sir! I want to see Statins. I want to ask him where he's been these fifteen years."

Mr. Sharp blinked in awe under the face of the silent outcast.

"What's Statins to you?" he inquired, with his first display of interest.

"He's my father," said the boy, in a hoarse tone. He sat down again. "I'm Bill—'s the oldest boy. Five years old, I was when he come out here on a grub-pitch gambler, and since that day, almost, I've had to take his place on the farm. They preach about honorin' your father, but when I think about the land on that woman's heart these fifteen years, I could strangle him on sight."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Sharp peacefully. "Oh, no, now."

"But I wouldn't," the boy went on—"for her sake. She wants him. Married the farm, she did, and set me out here to find him. She's waitin'. And now the man's gone, and I got to go back—without him. I know how I'll be. The train from the West'll whistle, and she'll wait in the door—for me. And I'll come down the old Miller road and up the bank and the crooked ledge. I'll come—alone."



"All I've got—about sixteen hundred," he gasped—"gone down on the red!"

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Mr. Sharp blinked out a very dirty

handkerchief and passed it lightly over his forehead.

"Stubbs," he stated thoughtfully, "Stubbs, at Indiana, I don't recall the name."

"It wouldn't be by some year's remembrance him," the boy said. "He'd change that. Trust him. Always good on his word, that name did. No name for a driver, anyhow."

"Driver?" queried Mr. Sharp. "Driver?" repeated the boy bitterly. "That's what Henry Stubbs was. That was what went into the driver's clear out here, away from a woman's million times too good for him. Good looks, he did. His hair was too white for his farm—his soul was too high-toned."

"His nose rose in scorn. "Started his nose when he was a boy. They talk about it yet in town; brag about it. And, whether he rose back of me, I wanted her to have a little Henry, and some credit, these last years of her life. He'd come on long—she looks so tired—I wanted her to put on a dress and sit and down in a chair with a lady at it, and rest—just rest—to the end of her days. And now—"

"The boy sat, his mouth twisted into bitter lines, "It is," he said to the boy. "And there's the mortgage to be paid—(old) knows how that's to be done. And, whether he rose back of me, I wanted her to have a little Henry, and some credit, these last years of her life. He'd come on long—she looks so tired—I wanted her to put on a dress and sit and down in a chair with a lady at it, and rest—just rest—to the end of her days. And now—"

"A lady had, sort of," he commented. "A lady," answered the boy. "Followed his nose, as you call it here. Wife, children, home—they didn't count with him. Said he was coming out here to make a fortune. How could he make a fortune? Said his nose back with a thousand dollars—that's a fortune in town;—or he wouldn't come at all."

"And he never came?"

"No."

"You never heard from him?"

"At first," said the boy, "he wrote in my mother regular, but he was doing well—costing timber in Oregon with a man named Harding. A few months later he wrote that Harding had gone to Portland to sell their lumber, and that when he got out his account was a hundred dollars—he was coming home."

"What?"

"The next letter was the last she ever got. It was severely discouraged—set in a week, just in a way. You see, this Harding turned out a cunning, mean, contemptible cur. He sold the timber and skipped out with the money. Never heard that seemed to be in my old Henry Stubbs—all up."

"And he was gone to try again, but there was no heart in his words. He never wrote again, and then these people from home would send word that they'd run across him out here. Name and his name—nothing more."

He stamped, and his breath came heavily as he gazed out at the drooping trees. In his favorite corner, the boy would still snored listlessly. With difficulty the landlord of the Crystal Palace, striving to get well from his chair and shuffled toward his friends on the wall. He returned smacking his lips. "You can't believe all you hear," he remarked cheerfully. "If I wasn't sure, I wouldn't add any on in Henry Stubbs' case."

"I don't intend to," remarked the boy. "She says" his voice softened—"he was a good man. Keeps says that right along through it all. Says he was a man who lost his home and his family. She blames it all on the West."

He turned sharply on the landlord of the Crystal Palace.

"What sort of a country is this out here," he cried, "that makes a coward of an honest man? You say about you and your friends, and how they drive a man closer to his God. What about their crime? You say they're a hell of a ways from his wife?"

Mr. Sharp did not answer. He was content to see the defense of his ruined West. Instead, he carefully studied the distant staid agent, making in the shadow of the doorway a copy of a man's face who gave a week old. Then he passed his hand tenderly over his gray hair, and through his wrinkles.

"It isn't recalled," he said, "that any number of Quakers ever strayed across my path and here. But then, you haven't described Henry Stubbs very clear."

"I've just seen his picture myself, to remember," answered the boy. "She showed it to me the day."

There in the old parlor, there in her old chair, seated black with the house of my gaze—she showed me his picture and behind of him. He was handsome enough, I guess, but—again, she said—and curly black hair. Handsome, but the chin was weak.

"She told me he talked like the books he read—always about queer people and places he'd got out of there. Nobody in town; nobody could make him out. And every now and then," she says, "he'd pass his hand quick before his eyes, like a man brushing strange dresses away. I'd know him in a million by that," she says, "if he was a good man, your father would be sure, and I don't believe, anyhow, that the years have changed him. It he'd died I want to know it, and if he's alive—I want him back. I love him in spite of all, and I want him back!"

Mr. Sharp took out a vile-looking cigar, and lighted it.

"Heard luck," he remarked. "No you got to go back without him—without even news of him. That's tough."

"It is," he said to the boy. "And there's the mortgage to be paid—(old) knows how that's to be done. And, whether he rose back of me, I wanted her to have a little Henry, and some credit, these last years of her life. He'd come on long—she looks so tired—I wanted her to put on a dress and sit and down in a chair with a lady at it, and rest—just rest—to the end of her days. And now—"

The boy sat, his mouth twisted into bitter lines,

"Want to try the wheel?" he asked suddenly, a bit startled at the sound of his own voice echoing through the stillness.

The boy laughed heartily.

"Not so," he said. "I don't care to buy a gold brick, either."

Mr. Sharp assumed a bearing of offended dignity.

"You think the wheel's bad," he said in a hurt tone.

There was no reply.

"They say that some of 'em," went on the head look. "It's a lie. They lose, and then they go away and lie. Your chance is as good as mine."

"Forget it," answered the boy. "I've got my ticket and all of eleven dollars beside. I've got the wheel, and I've got the wheel."

Mr. Sharp's eyes became whirling. A scolding smile crept evilly out from his hid-eyes in the watery eyes.

"I don't want your money," he argued softly. "It's just to pass the time—nothing to be made of it. The excitement I'm after. Always start something. Always have something doing. That's my motto."

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"Don't stare at me like that. Go back to her. Stubbs is dead!"

his eyes fixed on the shabby lying in hot despair on the bosom of the dead. No sound broke the stillness, for the Haywood's name was uttered, and he slept peacefully, his feet far forward on his breast. Mr. Sharp, looking at him, evaded him his obligations to the land and to the tragic confidante of the youth from Indiana.

IN a spirit of broad hospitality, Mr. Sharp suggested a drink. His offer was begrudgingly refused—so abruptly, in fact, that he postponed his own visit to the table. He had recourse to his dirty handkerchief to cover his disappointment.

Then they sat, silent as the desert. Mr. Sharp smugly as he sat, while minute after minute ticked by, and the hands of the scratched and mottled clock, back of the gambling table's empty chair, crept on toward the hour that need start the boy on his long, subversive pilgrimage back to Indiana—where no sign of life was visible in the picture before them. In the shade of the station agent was kneeling, as usually asleep as the Haywood, over his work of old years.

Finally Mr. Sharp rose, and, walking over to the bare, cold, cushioned car, the little boy, of the latter, made an sign. Heavily Mr. Sharp glided on to the toilet, and over which he had passed with the soft rustle of a liver.

the minutes passed it became startlingly evident that the thing called luck was on his side. Only at rare intervals did he lose, and then at such times when one more risked was usually small. The hands of the dirty clock crept toward midnight, yet the pile of chips before him showed no signs of diminishing.

It was now to him suddenly, that the game was, for some reason, clearly against him, and the silent Sharp played at gambling, with a new-found wheel on a ivory ball, and make-believe chips for bets. Sharp's eyes, and there it was, when one more risked was usually small. The hands of the dirty clock crept toward midnight, yet the pile of chips before him showed no signs of diminishing.

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The warden, the "truncies," and the mascots at one of the "ranches"

# A COLORADO PRISON REFORMER: "TOM" TYNAN AND HIS CONVICT "BOYS"

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

THE Colorado State Penitentiary sits grimly at the mouth of the cañon of the Arkansas River, that a few miles farther on narrows into the awe-inspiring Royal Gorge. Less than two years ago the penitentiary was the scene of disaster, but today, owing to the work of its new warden, Thomas J. Tynan, whose achievements have attracted the attention of statesmen dignitaries in all parts of the world, new wings is and out of the iron gates with songs on their lips and hope in their hearts.

"Tom" Tynan, without any previous experience in such work—and who would not rather to read a book on criminology, even if he could "saw" Lombroso and his associates—what came nearer than any other man to a practical solution of the problem of the criminal. He has established penitentiary schools and workshops, and, from a practical standpoint, has shown that such institutions need not be a drag on the purse of the taxpayer; but, better than all else, he has demonstrated that it is possible to save the criminal and send him forth from the penitentiary with self-respect regained, and with a desire to be the friend of society instead of its enemy.

Looking for the first time at "Tom" Tynan, with his fresh, ruddy cheeks, his merry blue eyes, his laurel hair, and his general air of worldly sophistication, one is inclined to be astonished. Here is not a type of the student, but rather that of the traveling salesman. And that guess is exactly right, for Warden Tynan was what the young reporter in the small town before he called a "knight of the grip," before he received his appointment from Governor Shafer, in 1908, as warden of the Colorado Penitentiary.

## A Traveling Salesman Turns Prison Reformer

TYNAN knew nothing of prisons and penitentiaries before assuming his post. He had been a busy and successful traveler for a Denver wholesale firm. His home was in Pueblo. He had "sold a little" in politics there, as he puts it, and as a result he was selected by Governor Shafer as a good man to fill that place in the Pacific states. The post was proffered somewhat apologetically, because it paid only \$200 a month.

"Tom" Tynan was making a good deal more than \$200 a month; but, on thinking the matter over and taking a look at the forbidding cañons and Cofran City and the human devils gathered therein, he decided to take the job.

"It was a matter of pride with me," said Tynan. "It sort of got on my nerves—all the advertising" message that that was in evidence. I saw new ones landed life me, so I was willing to save this a sure of life

wasn't, and, true to my business training, I got to figuring up what could be done with all that wasted energy. I couldn't stop thinking it over, and figures marched in my head in a long procession. I saw there wasn't any need of keeping those fellows fed up in that prison yard and in those narrow cells. I knew I could figure out work for them that would not interfere with free labor, and that would make the prisoners healthier and better men in every way. I had visions of road gangs making big highways—the kind it is said they have in Europe—and then I saw convict farms worked by big gangs of tractors. I took the job, and what I have done since then is merely a working out of those dreams. It was a practical idea from start to finish. As to the other side—well, I guess I have a faculty of separating the sheep from the goats, and that's about all there is to it. I give the promising ones a chance, and if they make good they don't regret it. If they throw me down I don't bear a personal grudge, but I see to it that they don't have a chance to repeat."

The warden's merry blue eyes and smiling mouth looked as he spoke, and he told regrettably of the only attempted prison break during his term of office. Several of the most desperate convicts attempted to get away by shooting down their keepers and dynamiting the prison walls. Probably the attempt would have been successful had not Warden

Tynan, who had been hastily summoned from his home, headed a rush into the prison yard, where he faced a convict named Williams about to blow up the wall with dynamite. Headless of the explosion, and of a gas with which he was threatened, Tynan dashed at his man, and, with a well-directed shot, brought Williams down with a bullet in his leg.

"When I went to get Bradley, another one of the men who tried to escape," said Tynan, "all the men in both tiers of the cell-house begged me to stay away; they cried out that Bradley had a gun and would kill me. That showed that the sympathy of the prisoners was with me, and it did me more good than any praise that has ever come my way."

As it happened, Bradley had been wounded by one of the guards, and we had no difficulty in capturing him. He and the three others conspired in the outbreak I never could do anything with, I never could get under their skins, and could find no source of honor or decency in appeal to.

"They were furnished with dynamite and a revolver by a paroled prisoner who has since been recaptured and made a confession. Three men of them made a break here, with which he returned the cells of the others, after he had leaped from his own cell and wounded the keeper. The boys laughed their work off every time, but it was safe owing to their bad luck. I did not lose some of my best men. It was the first and only attempt at escape. The prisoners scrawled words and signs I had traveled. If one of my road gangs or some of the men at the prison ranch had thrown me down, I should have felt bad about it."

## Putting Convicts on Their Honor

IT is a fact, however, that, out of the hundreds of convicts "Tom" Tynan has sent into the fresh air and sunlight, receiving their word of honor that they would not attempt to escape, only two have proved unfaithful. One was the convict Norton, who furnished the dynamite and firearms to the desperate man who had been recaptured. The other was a paroled prisoner who deserted from one of the road camps, but who, however, could not stand the strain, and who returned to the prison of his own accord.

That fellow whose conscience brought him back to me in the picture you took of those tractors on the ranch park," said Warden Tynan to the writer of a printed picture of the penitentiary ranches, where the men had been for a group photograph.

"He hit the high places not long ago, and I was making beds on him for a week. I had a hunch that he was coming back, so he hadn't needed his



Warden Tynan and some of his convict laborers at Ranch No. 4, where one of the section gangs is quartered. One of the men in the group ran away, but came back on his own accord. Good work on the road-building enables a convict to reduce his sentence by fully one sixth



the sort of chap who would throw me down. It says he got into Kansas, and could have made a complete hell out of it, but his conscience got to hurting him so that he couldn't stand it any longer.

"I turned back to Colorado, and one day came into my office in the penitentiary and told me the circum- stances of his return. I told him to go out and get to work. He expected some punishment for his offense; but I let it go, and he has not had me say a word to him since, and is going right along with the traffic as usual."

#### Solving the Nation's Road Problem

THE convict road camps are the pride of "Tom" Tynan's heart. He believes that convict labor is going to solve the road problem of the nation. Furthermore, he is proving his theories in practice. Union City contains five built camps of the finest highway in the world, including the celebrated "sky-line drive" extending along a "hogback" north toward the foot of the Arkansas Valley and offering a superb view on both sides. It gives a big road gang of inmates in putting the finishing touches to a magnificent mountain highway near Tynan. Another gang has just completed a perfect boulevard connecting Union City and Colorado Springs. It was

constructed from Independence, Missouri, through Steam City, Hartsburg, and Garden City, Kansas, and Pueblo, Colorado, along the old trail followed by pioneers in the early days of the West.

Let it not be supposed, however, that all this work is being accomplished by means of the laborious pick-and-shovel of the hard-day villain clad in the striped garments of shame, hampered with leg-irons and watched by eagle-eyed guards armed with rifles. That is usually the way sporadic road work is done from reluctant and desperate convicts in the South; but things are different in "Tom" Tynan's road camps. Picture several white leads meeting among the pines in an ideal camping spot in the high foothills of the Rockies. Cooks are busy preparing the noon meal. Around a bend in a half-finished highway above the camp, some swinging the numbers of the "road gang." The morning shovels have been "planted" and there will be no more work until after dinner. At the tipping point of exploding dynamite descends the silhouette of the mountains, one takes a look at the bathhouse of the highway. Here is no prison jailer, neither does one consider the wretch the body that denotes the man who has fallen into the habit of the lock-step. Instead and, finally, the convict is leaning at the rear and his arms, like open arms at the throat, and street-lamp bulb offered by the

building is particularly difficult. Three hundred miles of road a year would soon cover the State with a web of perfect highways.

I am not taking any of the effect on the men, but am advancing a business proposition for my state to consider. The quality of work done by convicts on roads is as good as that done by the average free labor, provided the road gangs have the right kind of overseer. As in the case, it is only twenty per cent. that of free labor—a saving of eighty per cent. to the taxpayer.

"So great is the demand for convict road labor from counties that are willing to defray the expense that I am at a loss to pick the required number of men. We give the road men better food than they get in the prison, on account of the nature of their work, and they are also provided with better clothes. It costs thirty cents a day to keep a man in a road camp. The extra expense above the twenty cents a day necessary to maintain a man in the prison is borne by the county in which the work is done. This summer I was working a gang of men on the small highway between Canon City and Colorado Springs. The county was out of funds, but public-spirited citizens at Colorado Springs made up the amount and enabled me to complete the work."

Each man who works in one of Tynan's road camps



The famous "Skyline Drive" at Canon City, Colorado. This road was built by convicts from the Colorado State Penitentiary, and it is one of the most remarkable scenic highways in the world.

opened with impressive ceremony by the Governor and other eminent citizens of Colorado.

At present many convicts are employed on a scenic highway from Union City to the top of the Royal Gorge. Nearly every mile of this road is a magnificent road being blasted out of solid rock. The road sweeps in majestic curves around the eternal hills, and every one of the countless curves are all hairpin-looking in character, but bank full and dangerous in the spring—is bridged with a wide-arched culvert of stone. The highway winds upward in a series of easy grades, most of which can be taken by an automobile on a "high gear," and when the road is completed the eight-mile run from Canon City to the very brink of the four-thousand-foot gorge will be a matter of ease.

The Royal Gorge road enters the hills at the foot of Mount Manitou, two miles from Canon City, but its wonders begin when one enters Grand Canon. From that point on, the road rises in a graceful succession of curves, each turn affording a beautiful view of mountains and plains. Pike's Peak, Mount Pisgah, the Greenhorns, and the Sangre de Cristo range can be seen at various points on the drive. The climb is reached when the traveler reaches the end of the road, at the top of the Royal Gorge, almost directly above the world-famed "Hanging Bridge." Twenty-five hundred feet below, the Arkansas River flows and seems always about to engulf the trains that share its narrow passageway between the boiling cliffs. It is proposed to build a suspension bridge across the top of the gorge, but the chief feature will always be the convict-built road, which has been made part of the new "Santa Fe speedway"—an automobile high-

way—no matter thing that "Tom" Tynan will not tolerate in the atmosphere "prison bar-out."

#### The Prisoner's Ward of Honor

SURELY those bhakti-ist men, who meet your gaze so often, and who talk and laugh among themselves in their own way, are convicts. They troop the camp, where they work with pick and shovel and splintering. Meanwhile, you sit by the window, you come so frequently at the rear and who passes for a convict with the warden, in the forenoon. There is no rifle at his shoulder. In fact, he is entirely unarmed. There is no argument until twilight, when two armed guards patrol the camp, more as a matter of form than as a precaution; for the men who are sleeping so peacefully in the camp have given their word of honor to the warden that they will not try to escape—and honor is the thing that rules the camp here. "Tom" Tynan's "best" hold forth.

"I have about fifty per cent. of my men working on the road," says Warden Tynan. "Let's see—there were just seven hundred and six prisoners in our charge this morning, according to the prison register. That means that there are about three hundred and fifty men doing work for Colorado, which is other class of men will do for free or money. It is getting more and more difficult to find free labor for road work. Men get more money in rock lands of employ- ment, and that is what makes the good roads problem in this country so hard to solve. But I figure that, when things are running as they should, I can build a mile of good road every day with convict. That means a lot to a State like Colorado, where road-

has ten days a month taken off his sentence, in addition to the usual time off for good behavior. This incentive does much to make the road work popular, so, by "hooking" paid, with the road gang and also getting the customary time off for good behavior, it is possible for a convict to reduce his sentence by fully, one sixth—which means more to the man.

#### Selecting the "Trusties"

THE real test of Tynan's manhood comes in select- ing the men to work as trustees. The Colorado State Penitentiary, like other Western penal institutions, has a large number of "hardy fellows"—men who have been sentenced to long terms for murder, swindles, those criminals, there is the usual motley array of rogues, lawyers, confidence men, etc., which makes up the majority of prisoners in Eastern institutions, where the gang-fighter is not quite so prominent.

To "pick the sheep from the goats" is such a collection of humanity requires a shrewd judge of human nature. The warden keeps in personal touch with the men in prison, so far as that is possible, is always continually moving about the prison or the various outside camps and ranches. He speaks to a group of men at work in the stone quarry, under the towering cliff that overhangs the back of the post penitentiary; he goes in at some other camp who is undergoing punishment in a dark cell, and what he sees, is never made known, but privately it is con- sidered helpful, for he chances to see the convict prisoner is seen applying for work at a farm. Every Sunday morning Tynan steps into his car

(Continued on page 22)



## RENO-VATED

# INTERLUDES

FROM A JESTER'S NOTEBOOK

### STRATEGY

I SUCKED myself between the deep sea and the devil, but soon as when I tried to down him—the devil, I got a hose and squirted the deep sea all around him. And ere I was diverted I'd taken the D. and drowned him!

Our idea of the serious-minded man is the chap who reads the new tariff bill aloud in his front yard, bringing in a hammock on a soft summer afternoon, with a string orchestra playing Wagner in the distance.

New Jersey now has a law making it a penal offense to "steal ice from any one's pond." Is it to be inferred that if you can slip it out of a refrigerator, or off the last end of an ice wagon, ice may be stolen with impunity?

Mr. Stuenkel has written a story about Panama that makes mighty interesting reading; but, all the same, we can not help wishing that when the author was making a name for himself he had not chosen one that sounded like an official linguist at state dinners to the Diplomatic Corps.

Why a man should throw himself at a woman's feet when he really is aching at her heart is beyond me, unless it is because his own heart is in his hands at the time and he concludes that that is his natural anatomical position.

Some prominent bills now pending before the senate seem to a correspondent to be as follows:

Career Bill.....	Bill McAllen
Prohibition Bill.....	Bill Bryan
Municipal Bill.....	Bill Gaynor
Treaty Bill.....	Bill Raymond
Patrol Bill.....	Bill Vard
Non-6-Cleaning Bill.....	Bill Edwards

Mr. Walter Scott once wrote to Shelley, "Call that, then, sir, your taste for poetry and heliobolites as an elegant and novel interesting amusement, but combine it with studies of a more serious and solid cast, such as are now interestingly connected with your prospects in future life, whatever those may be." After that it would seem that nobody in the world should consider himself too humble to knock his grand mother to his own eggs.

With a historian as President of the United States, two officers in the cabinet, and the Authors' Club spread all around the continent of Europe, an ambassadorial duty bent, the Ellimanian period has nothing on this as the golden age of letters. Even the President's landing up in New Hampshire is a lit-

erary letter. How different would have been the rule of Mr. Justice Hughes, had he been chosen President after his war on the bookmakers!

While no man can properly justify the use of white-wash on public offenders, it is at least to be said of it that it makes it easier to see them in the dark, which, considering all things, is a commendation devoutly to be wished.

### OPEN POSTALS TO THE FAMOUS

(To a distinguished Cabinet Official)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear William:

A little carbonic water mixed in with it will make it fit more like the real thing. Try it on the Diplomatic Corps at your next strawberry festival.

Yours ever,

PAO BONA PANAMA.

(To a Famous College Professor, Ex Officio)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Mr. Ex-President:

In a judge, would you find the Republican party guilty of venality on the ground that it has no visible means of support? R. N. V. P.

Respectfully,

ONE OF THE FEW.

(To a Generous-Minded Secretary of the Treasury)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Sir:

Why can't you tell the fall to distribute that \$100,000,000? As one of the 100,000,000 citizens of the United States, I'm ready for my five now. Wire it collect, if you wish.

Ever mine,

DRURY ROANER, KING OF THE HONORS.

(To a Distinguished Ex-President)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Teddy:

What's the use of trying to convert the Argentine, with Tammany Hall and the I. W. W. right at your door? There's plenty of free-pape space waiting for you if you don't wait the wind dies normally.

Minutely,

PANAMA.

(To a Sympathetic Agitator)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Bill:

When you promised those Paterson strikers Morris chairs to work in, why did you omit all reference to the valve you are going to provide them with to do the work itself? You lost a trick that time.

Respectfully,

CAPTAINMORRIS.

(To the Jailer of a British Staff Sergeant)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Sir:

Don't try forcible feeding. Put a broiled lobster and a coffee perked before the lady. It is a combination no man has ever yet been able to resist.

Yours confidentially,

THE WISE KNOWS.

(To a Famous Irish Patriot)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Brendan:

I am told you are looking around for a new and startling pose. Why not try answering just for a flyer? It would make a lot of talk if you tried it just once.

Yours devotedly,

CONSTANT READER.

(To a Leading Cabinet Minister)

New York, July 21, 19—

Dear Old Boy:

As a friend, let me advise you never to waste your money on lotteries. You know yourself that you never could draw anything, not even a pain.

Unwittingly mine,

PANAMA.

### ADREPT IN THE BUSINESS

"I am situated here in the Guano that a former tax-collector is quite prominent in politics out in Oklahoma," said Little Binks.

"Well, what of it?" said the fiscal philosopher. "Fishing up railroads is an essential part of the duties of the modern statesman. This chap has had practical experience, where most of the others bungle along on mere theory."

### HIS COLLECTION

"I wouldn't mind marrying in haste and repeating at leisure," said Hallowberry. "The thing that gets me so like time is marrying in haste and repeating at hard labor."

### AN EXTREME CASE

"Do you remember that Mrs. Giggibody a first-class" asked Hallowberry.

"First" cried Binks. "Well, I guess she is a first. Why, Hallow, that woman would first with her own husband if there wasn't anybody else around to first with."

### THE TEST

"Do you think your Knollies really love you, do you?" said papa.

"He says he'd die for me," said Mattie contentedly.

"All right," said papa. "That makes the test simple and easy. You tell him for me, to go out and die for you, and the day he is buried I'll give you a cent."

















way or another they have been losing it constantly.

Their latest downfall was just like the others—something anybody could have foreseen. Filkins and Wittens, the two Wilson candidates for Governor, were killing each other off. Former Senator Smith's name was sure to be nominated, and after that it didn't matter who was elected. The Wilson "machine" would be smashed, anyhow. The President, of course, couldn't interfere. Either of the candidates would be sure to resent any of his dictation.

So then you were told the astonishing Wittens actually "resigned" his office to the President for advice. The President advised him to come down, and he did it. That bit of correspondence, of course, assured Governor Filkins the united support of the Wilson men all over the State, which has several times proved amply controlling in the party, and meanwhile, as a by-election the other day showed, the opposition has remained as helplessly divided as ever. So there are probably plenty more downfalls still in store for the President and his friends in his own State.

The truth seems to be, however, that New Jersey is not so very exceptional, after all, in the way it strikes to the political conditions revealed last autumn, and which, while they continue, give the President and his party such a free hand. The Republicans have been the same sort of party together in certain States. But the schism of 1912 is practically unhealed. It is hard to see any powerful single opposition aligning itself for 1914; and on the whole the party in power has done pretty well in the matter of holding together and following its leader. The country is not worrying to witness a change of power. It is giving the Democrats a real chance, and that, they must candidly acknowledge, means no excuse for failure.

#### Dutch with Ditions

Mr. PAUL in a speech said that of all the Presidents from Washington to Wilson, not one of the Presidents of Colored Race, there has not been a man whose main strain of blood did not come from the British Isles—London, of course.

VAN BRUN of Kinderhook, for instance, is a genuine of the British Isles as man and place pedigree.—"The Sun."

For that matter, the Colored isn't so very Dutch. His mother was a BRILLIANT of Georgia, and his grandfather a BARRELL of New Jersey, another of whose names is Dutch. Still his main strain did come from Holland.

#### Sounding "America"

That was an amusing assault which was made the other day by the Roman Catholic Weekly "Monitor" of Newark, New Jersey, upon the venerable patriotic hymn "America." About a fortnight ago the "Monitor" came out, it seems, with this:

It will not be out of place to insert a note of warning against the singing of "America" by the pupils of Catholic educational institutions. The degraded lines so long the boasts of all Anglo-Americans should never be heard within the walls of a Catholic school or a Catholic college. Unlike the "Star-Spangled Banner," they do not generate a racial spirit. "America," in essence, is the "National Anthem of God Save the King," it helps perpetuate the fiction that we are a mixture of "Anglo-Saxons." From the viewpoint of broad outlook, equal these are the reasons why a national song, as a Yankee Protestant minister who wrote it for a Yankee Protestant Sunday-school picnic, is objectionable. It has not been so long as it is to be present on an occasion when this offense shall be repeated we advise them to bias, and his vigils, usually. No matter what the date, but for the sake of the proceedings. Their doing so will help to bring out the true character of "America," which should never be sung at a Catholic gathering.

Hymns are matters of taste. No one should wish to force on the "Monitor" any hymn it objects to. But this objection to "America" does not seem to be well taken. Dr. SUTHER of Harvard's famous class of '38, was not yet a Protestant minister when he wrote it in 1822, but only a divinity student at Andover. He got the time out of a German hymn-book and did not know it was the time to which the English sing "God Save the King." But it looked to him like a good tune for a hymn of patriotism, and he was words to it, not for a national picnic, but for Lowell's Bay, publisher of verse. His hymn is not great poetry, but it has answered its purpose for nearly three generations, and has patriotic associations in the minds of millions of Americans. There is nothing in it that should give offense to anybody.

So the line "Land of the Pilgrims' pride" may be the one that divides our New-Englanders. But why should it? We believe that Irish-Roman Catholics are now in the majority

in Boston, and are likely to constitute a majority of the population of Massachusetts. Certainly, then, they are the heirs of the Pilgrims, and should, and probably do, share their pride in the land of which Pilgrims and Puritans were by far the most numerous and important early settlers. "America" is a hymn of liberty; of religious liberty as well as other kinds; of religious liberty by which no group of our American population has profited more conspicuously than the Irish Roman Catholics. There is nothing in the hymn for Irish Catholics to object to, nothing in it that is out of place in their gatherings; nothing in it so much as to suggest to us that a score of every million of them will ever make complaint.

#### Mrs. Young Resigns

The resignation of Mrs. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG as superintendent of public schools in Chicago, anticipated the close of her term of office by only about three months. She asked to be released in January, but her resignation was not allowed to take charge in the middle of the school year. She resigned, it seems, because of a hard fight on text-book lobbyists, in which she has been covered, and which has divided the Board of Education and deprived her of the power of selecting text-books. She would have to fight, she says, to hold her place in the position in December, and she says that she thinks herself too old to fight for any personal advantage, and besides, she says, "I have always talked peace and harmony."

We are not informed about the details of the dispute in which Mrs. Flagg is involved, but it is to admit the dignity of her position. She is a very distinguished woman, a teacher-a married woman—who has done some of the best work of her profession since she was seventeen years old; fifty-one years and over. There seems to be a pretty strong sentiment in Chicago against her retirement, and it seems likely at this writing that her resignation will be withdrawn.

#### Mr. Adams at Oxford

For English people who tell you of America, and who's more, I beg you frankly, set my eyes to look anything of it. Students at Oxford were surprised to hear the announcement that the distinguished AMERICAN LAWYER who had something to do with a Civil War in the United States. They have heard of STANWELL JAMES and his son but he was not known to them. They knew very well that he was a man of a high character. Whether they were in the rightness or the wrongness of their view, they are by no means wrong.

The laws of the English are set toward the East. The British situation has been their permanent to view. Their own Best War means more to them than does America history. America and the story of our Western transatlantic committee are little to them. We see they looked upon as a profitable field of study.

So Mr. CHARLES FRANKLIN ADAMS is quoted by Mr. KING in the Boston "Transcript."

Mr. ADAMS went over last spring to lecture at Oxford on his Civil War. Mr. KING, he says, broke it to him gently that he would not find Oxford interested in that topic, and intimated that the English had forgotten all about it, and that it would be of no great fundamental importance, and that the programme he figured in it would divide in the lapse of time. Mr. ADAMS disagreed with him and thought the issues, historically, very big and likely to look bigger as time went on. He noted out there; the shaping up of a world power of the first class, the question of chattel humanity, and the world movement toward democracy. Mr. ADAMS went, and lectured. But he says: "The Oxford, I freely confess, was one I should not care to be called upon again to face."

"Pioneer work," Mr. KING calls it. We have a vague memory of reading that one of Mr. ADAMS' lectures fell on the day of the Oxford-Cambridge races. If Oxford on that day was not interested in American Civil War there was a reason. But there is no one about better qualified than Mr. ADAMS to do admirably what he undertook to do at Oxford, and if Oxford neglected to profit by his ministrations it was Oxford's fault and Oxford's loss.

#### The Immigrant Food

The papers of July 14th had this notice: SEATED PROPOSALS will be received at this office, at 100 Nassau Street, N. Y. C., until 10 o'clock P. M. Thereafter, for the entire period of immediately thereafter, for the entire period of furnishing food to immigrants and their families at the restaurants at the Ellis Island immigration station for a period beginning from date of notice and continuing to June 30, 1914. For specifications apply to the COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION, Ellis Island, N. Y. C.

The job of furnishing food to immigrants at

Ellis Island is very attractive to persons who aspire to furnish improper food at luncheon prices.

Mr. WILKINSON, the late commissioner, had the reputation of being extremely vigilant about the immigrants' food, and successful in seeing that it was good, and sold at a fair price.

Will the next man do as well? There is something to watch.

#### Must Paris Beat Itself?

What is this! In three parallel columns in the same New York newspaper, whose foreign service is excellent, are read these three head lines:

1. London 'Crowded After the Season, Hotels Are Filled and the Stores are Kept Busy by the Americans. The Disappointment is Real.

2. American Tourists Still Crowd Berlin. German Health Resorts Also Welcome Them in the Unfinished Numbers.

3. Disastrous Season in Paris at an End. Managers of Shops, Restaurants, and Open-air Theaters Complain of Heavy Losses.

Really, here is something of almost as much concern to Americans as to Parisians. If it's true, and if it should continue, then it is not a sign that Paris has been charged, quite as likely as that Paris has changed. There is something, no doubt, in the dull and drizzly weather Paris has been having. London has had it, too, but sunshine is not a London specialty, anyhow. It can stand the loss of it better. So for this we make allowance. Still, those head-lines remain disturbing.

We must, therefore, make allowance for another fact which is that London and Berlin have been changing prodigiously of late, whether Paris has or not, and with the American tourist very much in mind. London's transformation has been really extraordinary. In streets, shops, and hotels particularly, it does ten times what it used to do to attract and hold the traveler. It keeps its unquenchable dignity, yet it has grown palpably more cheerful. Berlin's self-improvement has been even more studied. No wonder American respond.

Maybe there is another thing. Maybe Paris has at last over-reached herself as the arbiter of fashions, particularly in female apparel. Maybe she has made too many of her royalties bow down to rivals in the field and think ridiculous, and changed them too much for it. Hence her temporary loss.

For we doubt its permanence—almost as we would doubt a prophecy of Rome's own downfall. We cannot conceive that Americans will continue long to go and lose to Paris, wherever they may go. Her charm is too great and perpetual to be so easily lost. She has shown us rather, to see what she will do, now that she perhaps feels she must more actively rival Berlin and London. We can no more believe she will bow humbly to their rivalry than we could believe the like of a woman wove all her life to non-ambitions than her sisters.

#### Our British Civilization

Mrs. RITA SUTTER says in the paper that "the continued destruction of birds has assumed the proportions of a vulgar crime against our boasted civilization."

Well, so it has, but does any one nowadays boast of our civilization?

The anti-suffragists say it out, but say that maybe they could better do it if they had the vote. The anti-suffragists aver that what with feminists, militants, and the disruption of the home, it is all to the bad, but they may save the pieces if they can only head off votes for women. The I. W. W. and the socialists deny my standing to a capitalist society; the capitalists are successful in a social system in which such showmen as the I. W. W. can exist. The radicals generally declare our civilization can only be saved by radical measures, and the conservatives generally feel that standards have already been so upset that salvation is a foregone hope.

Who is boasting nowadays of our civilization?

We guess the phrase Mrs. SUTTER has used was left of a social system in which such showmen as the anti-suffragists were better pleased with their achievements.

Nevertheless, rather than here our civilization lack a voice to praise it, we will raise ours. It is full of faults, but full of hope. Our world was never so full of people at work to better it. The oceans to that end were never so abundant. The soil yielded there never so free, not so bountiful, nor more intelligently devoted.





Michelangelo's "Night" and "Day"

## COLUMBIA INSPIRES SCULPTURE ANEW

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

**M**ICHELANGELO, sculptor, has had a rebirth in New York. A group of American disciples of the plastic art, some young, others veterans of the atelier, have adapted his methods of studying anatomy by actual dissection. They begin work this autumn in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, with the sanction of the trustees of Columbia University. For the last year, however, under the direction of a demonstrator from the school, they have been pursuing their studies in their several studios and sometimes in the dissecting room.

With Columbia in the same relation to them as the great prior of the monastery of St. Spirito here to Michelangelo, the pupils of a great master hope to achieve yet more of his inspiration. His influence upon their work is apparent in a virile and a sure touch, in a vitality that seems to radiate even through their close with life. George de Forest Heath, seeing his son studying under the old order that has become new again, exclaimed: "At last we have something!"

Many fine works have been produced by American sculptors, and some are being modeled by men with the true impulse of the artist; yet this vintage of the school of Bessarotti now revived is indeed well arrived. It comes at a time when conventionalism is rampant on one hand, and the cult, with undisciplined indifference to the things that are, are reaching their rampage.

The country is emerging from the gossamer Renaissance Movement period into a world of reality. It is well that Michelangelo has been invoked by us. Who knows whether this movement gains impetus, but that, instead of statues brought up by pedagogue and painting-manicure, we shall see sculptors working the solid marble themselves, as did the illustrious Florentine when the fine lady of his art was upon him!

Michelangelo Bessarotti was in his early years led to the study of anatomy by dissection, even in an age in which the dismemberment of the human body was practically under the ban. The ancient Greeks, who were under much the same prohibition, probably dissected little. The Renaissance, reviving the Helianthion of anatomy, copied the statues of antiquity, and often sculpture fitted into grooves of cold and classic imitation.

Michelangelo, who began modeling at the age of sixteen years, was soon under the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici, and became a resident of the Medici palace. The prior of St. Spirito was the first to call his attention to the value of anatomy to his art, and despite the attitude of the authorities toward the examination of the dead, obtained bodies for him to dissect. The sculptor, against his natural inclination, applied himself with energy and enthusiasm to his studies. The effect of those hours of intense application may be seen in works that the world has long since hailed as immortal.

In later years Michelangelo planned to leave the result of his labors in a treatise on anatomy for the use of sculptors. He had consulted with his friend, the noted Italian surgeon, Realdo Colombo, and the sculptor entered upon his task, and made voluminous notes. The work, however, was never completed, and finally was lost. The records of similar labors, however, remain in a molten mass containing these volumes in such masterpieces as the "Moses," the "David" in the wonderfully muscular anatomy on the torso of the Medici, and the torso of "The Last Judgment."

The sculptors of this modern day who are following the method of him whom they have chosen for their master have gone back to the same principles that guided him. They do not know and do not understand the human structure. Michelangelo, as his biographers record, did not concern himself with all that the surgeon needed to know, but he sought to learn how the human frame was built and moved. The sculptors of today have vision in their studios a rickety fashioned structure to support the mass

of clay that they would impose upon it, some spend months in modeling an arm or a leg, putting down the damp plaster and rasping it up and leaving it down with tiny tools until it conforms to their ideal.

And here is the mighty artist hewing his "David" from a block of stone scarcely ten feet high.

—A fine one, Master Michelangelo, what you do.



"Toll," by Victor D. Salvatore

for you have only a small wax model," said they of his art.

How the great few, how the great hordes of marble went hurrying to the ground, as the mallet smote the chisel. No stone did he come in his rough work to the outline for which he strove that it seemed as if he must ruin the work at last. His touch was so sure because he knew. For how there was an uncertainty as to where the bones should come in the surface, and where the muscles were attached. Such knowledge as this is what the little group is seeking to gain by its first-hand studies.

Some critics have said that Michelangelo bestowed too much attention to his anatomy, and that symmetry and beauty would have fared better at his hands had he had less stress upon anatomy. The "David" of Michelangelo, as is received, it was an athlete. The popular conception of the slayer of



"The Young Girl at the Pool," by Frances Grimes

Gelatin in a slender striping such as Donatello has given to us in bronze. In later years the sculptor felt that he might have given more attention to representing the soft loquacity of the feminine form.

Micheleangelo was the sculptor of force and vigor and life. The quality that his studies in anatomy especially gave was a virility, elasticity. One can well imagine his figures straining and working. Their poses even as only those of the moment. The bodies give the impression of substance, the feeling that they exist beneath their clothes. His human forms were not mere scaffolding for the holding up of classic attitudes. Where an arm came to the edge of drapery, it was evident that it there right places were not mere scaffolding for the holding up of classic attitudes. Where an arm came to the edge of drapery, it was evident that it there right places were not mere scaffolding for the holding up of classic attitudes. Where an arm came to the edge of drapery, it was evident that it there right places were not mere scaffolding for the holding up of classic attitudes.

This is the effect, then, for which we are working the grasp of sculpture over whom, at the recommendation of Professor George S. Huntington, the College of Physicians and Surgeons has extended its friendly arms. First of all they made a careful study of the human skeleton, under the direction of Martin Perleson, who for many years has been anatomical dissections of the institution. They learned the nature of every bone, and what its function was in sustaining the fabric. They found where the muscles began and where they ended. It became known to them through actual dissection, or by witnessing the taking apart of the tissues, just what the later play

of muscles would be when the frame was put in motion. They learned where the articulated framework beneath was snaked, and where it receded under the impulse of muscles and tendons.

A glance at the works of Daniel Chester French, of A. Phimister Proctor, of Herbert D. Adams, of Adolph A. Weissenberg, who signed the application to Columbia, and of the younger members of this circle, such as Barry Faulkner, Victor H. Balster, Jerome Brush, Max Francis Grimes, and Miss Melville Hoffman, show the influence of the new spirit that has come from our old master.

The records of this work are of unusual interest. Victor H. Balster, the young Italian sculptor, modeled an arm in clay as a result of his studies of the cadaver. Miss Melville Hoffman, another of this class, made a sketch of a right arm that is of unusual power.

A recent work of Mr. Balster, representing "Toll" after the day is done, is a fine example of the influence of his recent studies. A stubborn figure of a man bent over and with muscle relaxed, it commands attention at once for its lifelike quality. It is as if the worker had just come home, that he had stopped to rest only for the moment; that, if he rose, he would be ready to go on full possession of muscle and practical force.

Do you remember that remarkable little group, "The Russian Emigrants," by Miss Hoffman, that was

exhibited and hung since at the National Academy of Design? The agile forms, heavily resting upon their support, represent the new inspiration in terms of beauty. The anatomy is true and exact, the pose forced. Here is the art that is first seen in the principles and then gives free rein to fancy—the art that was not stray from truth.

Of the new school of anatomy none is more sure in his method than Mr. Proctor, sculptor of Bass and lions and mountains above. His attempts are nervous in the field with the best—indeed, for he is an enthusiastic big-game sportsman—have always made him a good artist. It is one of Micheleangelo that his dissections of animals were very extensive, and that he was especially proficient in demonstrating the muscles of the horse. The animal sculptor, above all, needs the expert knowledge of the tissues and nerves beneath the shaggy exterior.

The class that was begun in the quiet of the studio, and has now extended its work to the directing room, has few little children and gone out to struggle with the dynamo of a movement that may electify American art. It may mean an effective protest against the imitation of the prime masters of the antique, and the servile copying of a degenerate art of hands beyond the sea.

Above all, it may point the way to the preservation of the principles that will inspire American sculpture with a new and better life.



"The Tiger," by A. Phimister Proctor

## A MOTHER OF REVOLUTIONISTS

BY NINA LAWTON

*The following story is not fiction. "Mother" really lived, and lives now in the hearts of those who knew her. Characters like hers are not rare in Russia. She is only one of those numerous "fighters for freedom" whose life is a complete self-renouncement, a*

EVERY house-owner who had to mortgage his property at the Territorial Bank of Chicago—and this is what nearly every proprietor in those times of financial crisis in Russia had to do—knew that first of all he had to address a plan of his property to the Bank, and he submitted himself to Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff, who, as an architect, furnished such plans.

When they came to her to speak about their business, they invariably found her at work as her study,—if that there could be called a "study"—in which stood several chairs with somewhat-out-thrust straw seats, a big black stool filled with books, papers, on the floor near the walls hung of sketch-books and glass watercolor and diffused in great disorder. In the middle of the room an enormous table—four boards joined together and hid on two trestles at each end, covered with ink-stands, pencils, rulers, and paper; the windows without any curtains, with panes on which rain and dust had left their traces—this was the furniture of the "study."

Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff had such quiet with a manly shape of the head. And in general she gave the first glance the impression of a man rather than that of a woman. She was about forty, tall, of a somewhat rugged constitution and large features, with light-colored hair smoothly combed and arranged in a small ball at the back of the head. Her gray eyes looked at one directly.

But she had only to smile, and her jawless smile showed blindingly white teeth, the gray eyes became soft and tender, a deep, all-understanding love shone in them—the whole face transformed itself, as if illuminated and became truly womanly. This same came to see her on business rarely saw this wonderful smile; they saw only the hard-working woman in her,

energetic and clever, in whom they could intrust very serious business. Therefore, Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff's social position in the business world was quite definite: she was the architect, the designer, a clever and honest laborer.

MRS. BARBARA IVANOFF'S personal life was one of luxury to those business men who consulted her. But all the thinking young people of southern Russia knew it. Every student, boy and girl, knew her by name—"Mother," though they might not know her by name. They knew that "Mother" was a member of the Central Committee of Russian Revolutionists; that she held in her hands all the threads of the secret revolutionary work of a whole district. They knew that she was greatly appreciated in the "Party" as an old, experienced worker, and that she was famous for her extraordinary ability to escape from the most dangerous political affairs under the very nose of police and gendarmes—and not only to escape herself, but also to help others to escape and hide. Traditions grew up about her, and everybody, even those least acquainted with the delivering movement in Russia, knew about them.

But for those young people Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff was not only the member of the Party of Russian Revolutionists; she was their mother—the woman with the all-understanding, all-sacrificing, loving heart, who loved them, not sentimentally, for herself, but who loved in them all humanity. They knew that they could come to her at any time of the day or night, and always find not only a cup of tea and, in case of want, a night's lodging or a ruble, but also a sympathetic or encouraging word. They knew that she was always ready to help them not only in their studies, but also in solving complicated moral or social problems that tortured their young minds.

(Continued on page 56)

And they could tell her their joys and sorrows. She enjoyed and suffered with them.

It was known that long before she had left her husband, a despicable creature; that she had taken her few little children and gone out to struggle with life; that she had seen much sorrow, suffered starvation, had worked very hard; and that, putting her personal life aside, she had devoted her life to the cause of others, and had found time and energy to devote herself to the of the poor Russian youth, passionate and excited, for whom self-sacrifice is the highest of ideals, could not but adore such a woman.

ONE day I received a big package by post. When I opened it I saw thousands and thousands of proclamations, of pamphlets, of collections of so-called "illegal literature." I was known to one of those who did not belong to the Party, but who sympathized with its aims and who helped it as best they could. The names of such "sympathizers," as they were called in those times, were known to the Party, and their addresses were often used by the Party for transmitting letters, illegal literature, etc. "Sympathizers" were not under surveillance of the police, and so these packages and letters usually arrived at the destined address. Therefore, I was not much surprised, and went immediately to see Mother to tell her about the package.

When I arrived, she was sitting on a bed in the room that served her and her two little girls as a bedroom. On chairs and on the other two beds sat her son, a university student, some other students, and her grown-up daughter, also a student. Mother had probably just come from some handling that was under her direction, for her hand-covered boots stood before the oven, and her jacket, soaked with



A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF FIVE GREAT GENIUSES  
Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Isaac Newton, Goethe, Voltaire, and Benjamin Franklin

# GENIUS

## A World-Old Problem Viewed in the Light of Modern Psychology

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

**T**HE theory of genius that it is my purpose here to present and defend has little in common with the views held by most students of this world-old problem. (Especially does it differ from the well-known and at present dominant doctrine of the *Motiv-Lexikon*—the work of investigators by whom the man of genius is regarded as an abnormal, even depressive type of humanist, closely allied to the insane, and hence by implication deserving to be repressed rather than encouraged.) Nor am I at one with those who, justly protesting against the depressive theory, themselves contend that genius is an anomaly in the scheme of nature, and that the man of genius, biologically speaking, is a "varietal" dependent on an unknown, perhaps unobtainable, line of heredity.

On the contrary, following the lead of the late Frederic W. H. Myers—the first, in my opinion, to glimpse the true significance and fundamental characteristics of genius—I shall endeavor to show that in the man of genius there is, at bottom, no real departure from normality, and that he differs from the "average man" only in being the fortunate possessor of a power far utilizing more freely than other men heretofore common to all. More than this, going beyond Myers, I venture to affirm that genius is to an appreciable extent susceptible of cultivation, so as to become a far more frequent phenomenon than it is today.

In other words, I maintain that God, or Nature, as you choose to put it, is giving to the world its DuRoi, Newtons, and Einsteins, but not withholding from any mere scraps of admiration and admiration, but no indications of possibilities open to the generality of mankind.

Such a view, it may at once be conceded, could not reasonably have been advanced many years ago. It rests mainly on facts then unknown or misunderstood, and even now little appreciated outside of a narrow circle of scientific investigators. Foremost is important in the discovery that, in addition to the ordinary realm of conscious thought, there exists in all of us a second realm—that of the so-called subconscious—in which, quite without any will-directed effort of our own, the most varied mental processes are carried on.

The subconscious, in fact, is a kind of vast

storehouse, wherein are preserved, seemingly without time limit and in the most perfect detail, memory-images of everything we have seen, heard, or otherwise experienced through our sense-organs. It is also a kind of workshop for the basic manipulation of ideas, including even the elaboration of complicated trains of thought. Manifestly, the more freely and habitually one can draw on its resources, the more one ought to be able to accomplish with regard to any set task or chosen field of work. And in this, I am persuaded, we have the clue to the true explanation of the brilliant achievements of the man of genius.

It does what he does so well, not because he is of an abnormal type of mentality, as the *Lexikon* men seek us to believe, nor yet because he is born with gifts transcending those of other men, but simply because he has found a way more readily, more frequently, and more probably than others to avail themselves of the subconscious powers that are the common heritage of the race.

### *Solving Problems in Our Dreams*

**T**HAT the "inspirations" of genius are really nothing more than spontaneous pourings from the depths of the subconscious is indeed demonstrable from the recorded statements of men of genius themselves. To the modern psychologist, one of the most impressive proofs of the activity of subconscious mental processes is the occasional solution in dreams of problems that have long baffled the waking consciousness. In this way obscure mathematical problems have sometimes been worked out after all hope of solving them had been abandoned; and troublesome clerical errors, the perpetual dread of bookkeepers, have been cleared away during sleep, on the following typical instance, reported by a successful business man:

"I had been bothered since September with an error in my cash account for that month, and, despite many hours' examination, it defied all my efforts, and I had almost given it up on a hopeless case. It had been the subject of my waking thoughts for many nights, and had occupied a large portion of my leisure hours. Matters remained thus until the December 11. On this night I had not, to my knowledge, once thought of the subject; but I had not

been long in bed, and asleep, when my brain was on leave with the books as if I had been at my desk. The cash-book, banker's pass-book, etc. appeared before me, and without any apparent trouble I almost immediately discovered the cause of the mistake, which had arisen out of a complicated conundrum.

"I perfectly recalled having taken a slip of paper in my dream and making such a memorandum as would enable me to correct the error at some leisure time; having done this, the whole of the circumstances had passed from my mind. When I awoke in the morning I had not the slightest recollection of my dream, nor did it even occur to me throughout the day, although I had the very books before me on which I had apparently been engaged in my sleep. When I returned home in the afternoon, as I did daily for the purpose of drawing, and proceeded to draw, I took up a piece of paper from my dressing-table to wipe my eyes; and you may imagine my surprise at finding therein the very memorandum I fancied had been made during the night.

"The effect on me was such that I returned to our office next day to the cash-book, when I found that I had really, while asleep, detected the error which I could not detect in my waking hours, and had actually jotted it down at the time."

The modern psychological explanation of all this would be that in his many hours of searching through the books he had, though without being in the best aware of it, probably brought together the data necessary to correct the solution of his problem; and that in this case this happened to be first definitely formulated in his mind while he slept, thus giving rise to the dream that caused him such astonishment, or he might have the correct law unconsciously known the cause of his error, but without being able to profit from the knowledge until a favoring condition of sleep permitted its emergence above the threshold of his consciousness.

Now suppose that instead of being a business man he had been a novelist, artist, or musician, and had been preoccupied with some special or general problem peculiar to his art. If in that event, he had had a dream in which was presented in his sleeping consciousness a plot or subject or theme, which, being afterward given permanent form on paper or canvas, proved to have the qualities of a "work of genius."









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"Christy" Mathewson's hand just before the delivery of his "fade-away" ball, which has baffled the most expert batsmen for years  
(Reversed Photograph)



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An off-season cliché of the Indian, "Chief" Bender, who for the last decade has been one of Connie Mack's most dependable pitchers



The crippled hand of "Three-finger" Brown, which has enabled him to throw a mystifying curve that has won many a hard game for the Chicago Cubs



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How "Nap" Rucker, the famous southpaw of the Brooklyn team, delivers his dreaded "knuckle" ball  
(Reversed Photograph)



Copyright, Paul Thompson

The slender, almost feminine hand of "Rube" Marquard, which fetched \$11,000 in the baseball market, and pitched seventeen successive victories last season



Copyright, Paul Thompson

"Marty" O'Toole's hand at the moment of delivery. O'Toole, for whom the Pittsburgh team paid \$22,500, is the highest priced pitcher known to baseball history



Copyright, Paul Thompson

The formidable hand of the greatest twirler of all times—Walter Johnson of the Washington club, who is making new and wonderful records again this season



Photograph by Bruce Deane

# CHILDREN'S COURTS

BY

ERNEST K. COULTER

**A** CENTURY ago they were hanging children on Tyburn Hill for robbery. Some one protested, and it was ruled sentimentally. But in time the hangings ceased. Sentimentality has always been the cry set up in opposition to legislation for human betterment. The proposition to create children's courts was denied as the "foolishness of a lot of women and other long-haired cranks." Children, being the weakest members of the community, have been the last to come into anything of their own. Jurists and "leading citizens" clamored against the Children's Court plan in Illinois in 1898, where the first separate tribunal for children was created by authority of legislative enactment, and later in Colorado, where Judge Lindsey first came into being.

The introduction at Albany in 1901 of a bill drafted by Joseph M. Dewal, then a police magistrate, prevailing for a separate court in New York City for the hearing and trial of the cases of children under the age of sixteen also came into conflict with the law, expelled the District Attorney and a cohort of defectors to fly in Albany to amend the State constitution and the courts thereafter against this proposed invasion of their sacred rights. These police courts are of their jurisdiction, and what difficulties have not attempts to improve their arduous procedure! Had the sentimentality of women who protested against the further arraignment of children—many of them merely the victims of environmental and parental cruelty or neglect—in company with the city's thugs and drunkards, prevailed.

## Women Responsible for Next Humanitarian Progress

**WOMEN**, indeed, have forced most of our steps of humanitarian progress. Frankly it is because the men are so busy with the bread winning that they do not have time to think of these things. Until a good woman created a Hell's Kitchen tenement thirty-eight years ago, and decreed to light a naked, half-dead little creature whose body was covered with the marks of the shears her guardians had used in torturing her, the dog and the horse reeked higher in the law's eyes than did the child. The dog and the horse had a property value, the child had none. The rescue of the child Mary Ellen by Mrs. E. A. Wheeler inspired Henry Bergh, then the head of a society to pro-

tect animals from cruelty, and Elbridge T. Gerry to organize the first society for the prevention of cruelty to children. The movement which began with that sentimental act by Mrs. Wheeler has spread until there are now some such societies for the protection of children.

The awakening consciousness of a new duty to the child which led to the establishment of juvenile courts came much later. Now that the majority of States have children's courts and they are proving great life-saving stations, various communities are vying with one another in their claims for credit for their first establishment. There are several New England towns whose magistrates, backed by no law other than their own common sense and spirit of humanity, have for more than twenty years been holding the trial of children's cases separate from those of adult offenders. In Providence, Rhode Island, for instance, the Grand Jury in 1831, after the summary review of court, found that a boy who had robbed a bakery had been in jail for many weeks with hard-core cranks while waiting for the uncertainty of justice to move. The recommitment in a preventative against their further incarceration with grown criminals, and for the quick and separate trial of children, has since been followed.

The injustice of the arraignment of children at the same bar with New York's thieves and thugs led Judge Dewal, in 1903, to hold separate hearings in his police court for the children brought before him. Had it not been for such splendid unsentimental jurisdictional obstacles, had it not been for the untiring efforts of the late Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell and the woman's clubs she headed, the bill he drafted later could not have had the effective moral support back of it that finally served it on the statute books.

There are communities today that are still jailing children in company with depraved criminals. The writer, on a visit to Charleston, North Carolina, not many months ago, was asked to inspect the jail, and found a boy of thirteen years locked in the same cell room and mingling freely with a vicious lot of tramps and thieves. Through the barred windows of the cell room was seen the wretched structure of the gallows. This occurred close to Tyburn Hill.

The writer, in his official experience of almost ten years in the Children's Court of New York County, the largest children's tribunal in the world, and a

court that he helped to organize, saw at close range a great pathetic procession of innocent children pass before it, creating those who were there on one or more occasions—children charged with all sorts of offenses, from larceny to homicide.

Mark that in procedure, mark that in fact, has been written about our children's courts. None of our juvenile courts have been bitterly criticized, usually because of political motives; others have been held up by some theoretical sociologists as being ideal. Perhaps the writer's experience may give him the right to set down with some authority a few observations about the work of our children's courts and the subject of delinquency.

## Children's Courts Not Yet Perfect

**A**T the outset it would say that there is no "ideal" children's court" in existence today. They are too young to have attained to any such degree of perfection. Fifty years from now, perhaps, we may properly talk of such a thing. But we have gone far enough to prove that they are great life-saving stations, and that they are developing a new value as great social chairs. For in dealing with children we deal with fundamental, and under the X-rays of judicial investigation in these courts for children, we are being shown in a manner most startling not only the delinquencies of the child but the more serious delinquencies of the parent and the community.

When any one holds up any one children's court as a model for the world, whether it be in Indianapolis, Denver, Chicago, or New York, it is proof that he does not know what he is talking about. There are widely different State constitutions, conditions, and problems to be met in dealing with the children's case of different cities, and it would be impossible to attain the best results and have the procedure in any two cities exactly alike. The great advance that has been made in all of them, however, has been the saving of the plastic material of future citizenship that comes to them from the inextinguishable mold of criminality, the placing of his material in the hands of a judge who, in those common-sense instances, give wide disciplinary powers, and who usually is a wise father in time of greatest need to the boys and girls who come before him.

A recent study of the cases covering a period of six years showed that less than one per cent of the



A scene in the Richmond County Children's Court on Staten Island, where a case of neglect is being heard from six children, who accuse their parents

Photograph by Ernest K. Coulter

children who had been arraigned in the court of New York County returned a second time. If all the thousands of children who had been found guilty of juvenile delinquency, to have been without proper guardianship, to have been unmanageable or disorderly, and who had been released on probation, only eleven per cent had failed to make such good progress that their commitment to institutions was necessary. In the old days, a vast majority of these same children would have been returned off into the gaping maws of barracks-like institutions, there, perhaps, coming into contact with children no truer worse than themselves, and suffering the great risk of being turned out confirmed criminals.

The great effort in the Children's Court of New York County is to save the children in their homes if it is at all possible. The feeling is that a home must be sought not to be better than the best institution ever created—and the institution may have catalogs of male and male lunatics. This is not any rebellion on the institutions; it is necessary to have them; but, save for unusual conditions, the home is the best place for the child. So it is that of the army of approximately 11,000 children arraigned at the bar of the Children's Court in New York County each year, only about one fifth go to institutions, and one half of that fifth are committed, not

hospitally of the old Department of Charities and Corrections. That report in countless thousands the city's cradled grown-ups to beg its grudging charity. But today the constant presence of the negligent and delinquent children who pass between the doors are being saved from the army of pauperism and crime.

### The Forces that Make for Juvenile Delinquency

Of all children's courts, we are opening our eyes to the forces that make for delinquency. They are forcing us to see that our great city of the past has been social irresponsibility. We have not saved particularly what has happened in our neighbor or his child, so long as nothing unpleasant has happened to us. Since they have been committed we have been brought to a realization of the enormity, the injustice of treating children as thieves, burglars, and felons. The Court of Appeals in New York only last week gave the case of the man of the People's Park, decided that a child under sixteen, who had been convicted of a felony was disqualified to be sworn as a testify in any proceeding, civil or criminal.

Most of the States that now have children's courts are no longer convicting children of crime, but, where they have offended against the law, are finding them to have been guilty of juvenile delinquency only. Formerly, children that had been convicted were barred from civil service examinations. Now they are being disqualified from any of the civic privileges of citizens. Our children's courts are teaching us, too, that seventy per cent of juvenile delinquency is due to parental delinquency, and that most of the parental delinquency is due to the delinquency of the community. They have shown to what an alarming extent had grown the practice of parents tramping up charges against their own children in an effort to have them committed to institutions and thus shift to the State the burden of their support until they had reached a bread-winning age. If the children's courts have done nothing else to justify their establishment, they have made it possible to put a check on this practice. For now many of the States have laws that permit the judge who has committed a child to an institution to place the father under a court order to pay in the State, in whole or in part, and, if unable to maintain that child while it is in the institution.

Formerly there were some parents in the congested districts who were so proud of the fact that their boys had been sent to an institution, reformatory or otherwise, as we would be that our son had gone to Harvard or Yale. In fact, in many of our newly settled Italian immigrants these institutions were known as *colleges*. But where the parents know that, unless they pay at least a part of the tuition of the college, the father stands a good chance of going to jail, they are not so anxious to get rid of their children in this way. They have reasoned, in the past, that if the State insisted that the child go to school, and would not permit him to help in the bread-winning world he had reached a certain age, then the State should pay for his support and education until that age.

There are parents of this class who even try to get rid of the support of their infants. A mother with a seven-month-old baby in her arms appeared at the Children's Bureau one day, and told a pitiful story of a husband at home dying of consumption. They were out of food, fuel, clothing, and had pawned everything for medicine. The mother said that if the city would relieve her of the support of the child for a few months she would go to work. An examiner was sent hurrying down into Oliver Street. He climbed four flights of basement stairs, and there, in a room that had been stripped of everything except the bed and a wooden box that lay conspicuously beside it, was the consumptive. Surely enough, he was in the last stages of the disease.

The woman, who questioned, stepped her walking



More than half the children brought in the courts in New York each year are there because of the thwarted desire for play

long enough to explain that her husband had met with a blasting accident before the consumptive had developed, and had had a leg. The realization of misfortune made the examiner suspicious. He lifted the covers at the foot of the bed, and two legs were revealed by as good a date as legs on a consumptive in that stage of the disease could be. The services of the consumptive who lived in the next block had been hired for the day in an effort to defraud the city. The woman boy had been borrowed from a professional mendicant who lived a few doors away, and who had no particular use for it on this day, so he was sitting on a corner not many blocks away with his stamp and a hat rebound, enjoying the presence of the sympathetic passer-by. The husband and father was at work earning ten dollars a week. This was all a plot to get rid, for a number of years at least, of the support of the infant.

There was recently been coming to light, too, another heartless but ingenious scheme of parents for unloading the care of their offspring on the public—practically family desertion. This evil has grown to alarming proportions. In addition to the ten thousand children arraigned in the Children's Court of New York County each year, the commissioner of another ten thousand is proposed in the Children's Bureau of the Department of Charities of that one county because of institution and dependency. One-fourth of this number have been deserted by one or both parents. In many of these cases, it has been proved before the parents that the father will disappear, and will locate in or out of the city under an assumed name, and that after the supposedly stranded mother has succeeded in having the city relieve her of the care of her children, they will reappear. Sometimes it takes weeks and sometimes months until the mother has included the children on the authorities, but in the end she plus usually works, and she disappears too, to rejoin her husband and start life and child-bearing all over again. All this is brutal and criminal, but how much of it is due to the State's care delinquency?



Photograph by James Van Der Zee

These boys may be primary pupils of an East Side "Fagan," but their fathers are helpless to prevent it

because of any offense, but because their own homes are not fit for them. Our children's courts have proved beyond any future question that there is no safe even in the child of the most wretched surroundings—and he may be the child of criminal parents—a case of decency and right, and that he can be saved to good citizenship if the community will but take him as he is in time. If frequently call the dirty old building in which the Children's Court of New York County still has its home, and which stands on the lot in the Bowery, the great Gray Way of the Metropolitan, the Palace of Ignominy, because of the hopeful, helpful work that goes on there. In the old days, before children's courts were thought of, it was the Temple of Sorrows; for then it was the



The Boys' Detention Room in one of the courts on lower Third Avenue. While writing for their case to be called in the court-room adjoining, the clerk takes a record of each boy's home life

(Continued on page 85)



Mrs. Winston Churchill leaving the court-room at the adjournment of one of the sittings in the Sackville will case, in which the relatives of Sir John Murray Scott contested his will in favor of Lady Sackville, alleging undue influence.



The Crown Prince of Germany, who rarely lacks good listeners, discussing terms before an interested audience.



Lady Sackville seated, the successful defendant in the million pound will case, which has provided the most sensational event of the London season. The beauty and rank of the defendant, her spirited bearing under cross-examination, and the interest of the testimony packed the court room with members of London society. The picture was taken at Kenil, the Kenilworth seat of the Sackville family, and one of the greatest mansions in England. At the right is standing Lady Sackville's daughter, who was frequently referred to during the trial.



Ex King Manuel of Portugal and his family.



Copyright, International News Service

The gallantry of the English midship is well shown at this trying moment during the inspection of the new battle cruiser H. M. S. Australia



Mrs. Olive Fremstad, the great Wagnerian soprano, sailed July 12th for her estate in Austria. Mrs. Fremstad's career during the last five years has been one of the most dramatic and remarkable achievements of the Metropolitan stage



Barney Oldfield at the finish of a 425-mile race, smoking his invariable stogie. He finished third in the road race from Los Angeles to Sacramento

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From Augusta Victoria of Hohenzollern



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Two pictures showing the fire fighters at work during the actual progress of a great forest fire in eastern California. Volunteer brigades were formed from the land-owners of the district, and the men went out with axes and cleared great roadways in the path of the flames. The dense character of the underbrush, which often rose above the men's heads, is shown in the lower photograph

# TOM SAWYER'S TOWN



MARK TWAIN AND THE HEROINE OF "TOM SAWYER"  
Mrs. Laura Hawkins Fraser (Becky Thatcher) was a guest of Mr. Clemens at "Stonfield," Connecticut, in 1908

BY  
KEENE  
ABBOTT

THE thousand of today, with its thriving factories, steel mills, and brick pavements, is a very different place from the languid, yawning hamlet of Mark Twain's boyhood. In the abandoned era of the Illinois the levee was nearly always crowded with big side-whippers; there were five packed lines on the upper river, whereas there is now but a single line. In those pioneer days pork, beef, and lumber were the exports; now they are cement, steels, and cars, and there are five lines of railway to transport them.

But the mile-wide Mississippi is still picturesque with life along the levee. In summer-time four steam-boats a week come in and depart, plying up and down the river between St. Paul and St. Louis; there are daring little skiffs, gayly festooned riverboats,

floats, port launches, delicate yachts, heavy tugs, houseboats, winks; and there is always a jostling dredging machine, with a pair of tall stacks (tumbling forth black and heavy plumes of smoke, towering the town on the bank, the river crackles and splashes and gleams, and at evening gloriates with the reflected sunset. All day long the sycamore green blanches down and down, out there in the slow and tranquil current.

### The Cadets of Temperance

THE river, in short, has not changed, and without the river Samuel Clemens could scarcely have been Mark Twain. Yet perhaps it had no more influence upon him than had the picturesque old town of his boyhood. It is still the same cotton, yellow, soil-gorged stream, with its mud-bars growing with willows and out-towndocks; still the refuge of fraud, school-boys,

filchily known as Polaris, says that withdrawal from such an organization is a gift that comes natural to boys. He modestly declares that he himself was one of the most gifted. "I got expelled," he says.

Mr. McDaniel is a cigar-maker in Hannibal; he is now in his seventy-sixth year, and still works at his trade. I found him "looking" cigar-binders in the factory where he has long been employed.

"How did it happen," I ventured, "that the Cadets of Temperance thought they could go along without you?"

"Combing his fingers through his gray beard, he smiled quizzically as he replied:

"You see, we weren't allowed to smoke any, and maybe I smoked a little; we weren't allowed to chew, and maybe I chewed a little; we weren't allowed to drink any cider or wine or beer or whiskey, and maybe I—well, I reckon they sort of lost confidence in me."

"Was told that his predicament was shared by several others, he solemnly added:

"Yes, sir; I believe the boys were pretty much of a strain on the confidence of that order—all except Tom Blankship. You never struck any one else."

"How was that?"

### The Original Hackberry Finn

"WHY, he could never get in. He was too harem-strange even to try to stir a row of society. Tom—old Tom ago—Tom was the original Hack Finn. Sam Clemens says so in his autobiography; and Tom has no wiles up as the most cowardly boy in town, after Tom Blankship. Says the boys never saw me ending early. Though my father was a rowdier; and he says, too, that the boys always supposed that really was my ordinary diet."

"You were well acquainted with Blankship?"

"How I? Well, I reckon so. Co boys, with Tom and Sam Clemens, used to go fishing together away and away a time, down at Hannock Island. Another place we liked to go to was Turtle Island. It lies up the river above the bridge. That's where we went to get turtle eggs."

After tentative interest the Mr. McDaniel said deliberately:

"I remember all about the Blankships. The main family—father, mother, two boys, and a girl—was down the river in a dugout. Know what a dugout? Well, it's a boat or canoe made of a big tree hollowed out. They came from up river some place, and they landed at the foot of North Street. I was three at the time. Ben was the name of the other boy, and he was older than Tom, but what the girl's name was I don't remember."

"As for the name of Finn, which Sam Clemens gave to Tom Blankship, I'll tell you about that. When we were boys together, the town drunkard used to be Jim Finn. Now, I never have read any of Sam's books, but from what I hear I reckon that his description of that Finn's old pig of a father was pretty much on the order of old Jim Finn. One morning he was found dead in Jim Finn's barnyard, that used to be up there at Main and North streets, but it's gone long ago. It was in the same place where the carriage and wagon shop is now."

This information was corroborated by Mr. John A. Fry, a distinguished citizen of Hannibal whose very special distinction is that he neither withdrew nor was expelled from the Cadets of Temperance. When this fact was mentioned to him, he blandly inquired:

"What, they didn't put me out? Well, then, I reckon I was overlooked. Must have been that, so the secretary got worn out with scribbling off the names of so many boys. Still, it's a solemn fact; I have kept the ledger."

As he sat in the sunshine on his front porch, he drew deliberately at his ash pipe, letting little blue wisplets of vapor eddy up through his gray mustache,



The house in which "Hackberry Finn," whose real name was Tom Blankship, used to live. It was in the same block with Mark Twain's old home



The old schoolhouse, now used as a cheap dwelling, where Mark Twain and Becky Thatcher started to school





# HIS LITTLE TAN SHOES

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY H. M. OLCOTT



It was Saturday, a beautiful day, a first-pat-twelve. The sun shone straight down on the peak of my eucalyptus of a hundred windows, which were now compassately empty after the usual Saturday morning bustle of cleaning, sweeping out the curtains on the cross lines, of beating and sweeping the rugs, the lathie having resigned itself to the fate, where the preparation for the Saturday afternoon outing of those people, for whom Saturday and Sunday are the only holidays, was going on.

Usually the couple in the windows of the fourth-floor flat sat and quarreled all afternoon; but, to my intense amazement and delight, all was lathie these two.

There, where they quarreled once a day and twice or three times on Saturdays and Sundays, something was happening. They were going to France or Brighton Beach, at any rate, they were not going to quarrel that Saturday afternoon of the terrible heat in their cramped and badly impured flat—in their flat of the wall-paper. They were going to spend it on the beach where the sands were white, and the skies were blue, and there was no fery, quarrelsome nod to egg them on to battle, unless perhaps a dash or so here and there in the oasis of the children, too widely diverse and separated to hurt.

I don't know! The account of the child! That past year, I had pitiful child a boy of five or six, who spent all the days of his unhappy life in the vain endeavor to separate his father and mother as these piteous battles, brought on by his own hands, unless by the wisdom and lathie of his mother, the crowd—all to be so different from his usual Saturday afternoon with his quarreling parents, those departing, heart-breaking afternoon that were robbing him of health and strength, and snatching his growth.

There was the mother, harrying about in her lathie way, getting, mending, the lathie along, perhaps, in another room of the flat that I couldn't see, but which, in all probability, was paged the same bright, fiery red, for he frequently came from it in a violent and unmanageable temper that was only assuaged by the breath of fresh air and the view of a scrap of sky that he got from the window-blind.

I sat by the window of my den, watching the boy polishing his shoes, glad that this Saturday afternoon was to be different.

Now and then the mother would come by, in her process of getting ready, and look over the work of polishing the shoes, telling him to hurry or to work a little more in time, and he would always make a dash at the throat of leaving him lathie in the heat of the afternoon.

The mother was pretty, very pretty, young, and would have been wonderful except for the wall-paper and the heat. Sometimes, when she put on the light green gingham with the little checks, and did up her hair she was wonderfully pretty. All day long she went about her work, chatting with a woman friend, laughing at her children on the roof, and laughing a little fat laugh that I rather liked to hear, good-natured rough and sweet when she was out in the open on the roof under the sky—she was good to the boy, and she hardly ever slapped him and then not so very hard.

Once the father came in the window with one hat of his late slaved and the other lathie, and looked at the shoes.

The part of his face that was slaved had a piteous look of content. He was rather good-looking on a Saturday afternoon a boy he first came home, before he had not a couple of hours with the wall paper and his remaining glass of beer on the window-sill, she at the other window with her glass of beer, sometimes a friend at that window with his glass of beer, and the little waving between the two, laughing at each other.

—It's the third pint," would cry my neighbor, who

watched the court courtmen, too, from her window seat to come along the street.

"It's always the third pint!"

"That and the wall-paper," said I. "Don't forget the wall-paper!"

Then the run—the row! The man who called each other! Terrible, terrible! A disgrace to the court. After, in spite of my shouting, I closed in the afternoon of the light, I had to shut my windows down, but all went so well this Saturday afternoon, on account of the boy. Now all must go well. What a day he would have on the beach! How different from the cramped heat of the fire-escape!

The boy had almost finished one shoe. He had set it down, with a smile of self-satisfaction, to look at it, and see what else it needed, when—

What was it again? The wall-paper, for there had been no beer.

A word, a look, a fashing glance of impertinence, and the war was on.

I gave a loud cry as I looked at the boy.

For a brief period he kept on shining his shoes, kept on valorously, in a determined way. He must go! Every Saturday afternoon of his life he spent trying to separate those two. He must have some afternoon of play, he must!

But, as the light progressed, he lost heart. He stood there for a time, he stood as if he were designing into the room, and I could hear his piping, childish voice, trying to make peace between them, trying to separate those two.

The two swung past the window in their circuit, she running, he following. I saw the child follow them, clinging wildly to the skirts of his mother.

I heard him give a cry of terror as the father suddenly snatched his nurse in mid-air, threatening his wife.

I think he had no real idea of killing her, or even beating her. He never did, though he often threatened it. She was so many. If she had ever seriously suffered punishment she would have been afraid, I guessed myself!

There she stood by the window, where I could see her, the boy clinging wildly to her skirt and sobbing his small face white and drawn with fear. But she was not afraid. She barked frightened words, as she stood there, at the man with her eyes.

I sprang to my feet and had the thought of calling for the police. In my heart was the fear that she should be the child—the fear of Maudslott, of a tragedy, but it was not in her.

Perhaps he had waded the race at her many times before in that beach room. Perhaps the boy had not been a witness of these scenes, or maybe he had, and yet the red terror of it entered his little and each time as it had done on the first.

The mother turned, and I could hear the sob of the boy as he flung himself prone upon the floor in his childish despair.

I could see there flat on the floor, sobbing. Toward the middle of that terrible afternoon which I had hoped he would spend on the white and beautiful sands of the beach, the quarrel came to a close as a little. He and by some one reached the ground.

For another hour the two quarreled, but apart, one at each window, with a glass of beer on the sill of each, and the other with a glass of beer on the sill of each, and the two quarreled so long and loudly that I was fain at one time to put the window down, and would have except for the intensity of the heat.

The quarrel increased as usual, at the third pint, but thought better of it and quieted down considerably, at the fourth, as much as that was and the boy's feet began to sound merrily.

Finally she drew up her chair, saw that drink was beginning and the shadows deepened upon the wall-paper and set quite close in him.

And then?

Well toward dusk of that bright day, which should have been a happy for the first white boy, as the sun—be he first came home, before he had not a couple of hours with the wall paper and his remaining glass of beer on the window-sill, she at the other window with her glass of beer, sometimes a friend at that window with his glass of beer, and the little waving between the two, laughing at each other.

—It's the third pint," would cry my neighbor, who

"There, where they quarreled once a day and twice or three times on Saturdays and Sundays, something was happening"









NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE next issue of this WEEKLY will be the first one edited by Norman Hapgood.

Mr. Hapgood has had a varied career in literature, daily journalism, and magazine work. Like a good many others who are interested in writing, he went through the law school at Harvard, but, after practising a year, left that profession and went on the *Chicago Evening Post* at \$5 a week. From there he went to the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, where he dealt mostly with politics and the drama. From there to the *New York Evening Post*, where he did general reporting, especially on educational matters; and from there to the *Commercial Advertiser*, where he began by writing editorials and building up various departments, but ultimately settled on the drama and made that his specialty for four years. At the same time he conducted a dramatic department in the *Bookman*. While doing this work in journalism he found time to write the following books: "Literary Statesmen," biographies of Webster, Lincoln, and Washington, and "The Stage in America."

Since then there has been added to the list "Industry and Progress." He became the editor of *Collier's Weekly* in 1903, and remained there until last fall.

Taking charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY will give him a full opportunity to make exactly the kind of publication he believes in. It will seek to be a combination of popularity with a special appeal to the intelligent class throughout the United States, both women and men. The WEEKLY has a great past. In the days of Nast and Curtis it was, without any question, the foremost publication in the country. It remains to be seen whether the new management can recapture the leadership.

Public affairs will occupy a considerable part of the paper. The attempt will be to have them treated authoritatively, much of the time by men who are taking leading parts in them; but they will be treated in a modern, energetic manner, rather than in an academic spirit. There will be three pages of editorials. Those aspects of public affairs which are not so much political as social and economic will be carefully covered, and a very special attempt will be made to have the paper the spokesman of the new Feminist Movement in its broader and deeper aspects—those that have to do with real changes in morals, traditions, and industrial conditions, and relations of the sexes.

Humor will be looked upon as very closely related to intelligence, and the central idea of the WEEKLY will be that the life of intelligence is a very agreeable and even amusing one. This idea will be carried out in serious and humorous treatment of current affairs, both in text and pictures, more and more as the paper develops into its intended nature.

Mr. Hapgood looks upon the drama as one of the most interesting as well as one of the most popular expressions of human nature and human ideals, and he will make an attempt to build up a dramatic department that is really notable.

Sports, books, finance, and various other features will be emphasized, and some idea about what may be expected of the WEEKLY can be obtained from next week's number, both from the nature of that number itself and from the announcements made in it.







gins of their hearts and thought to their "little sisters".

"As we look back at the story of boys and girls whose good fortune has dated from the day they were brought to the children's Court and who have developed into strong men and women who are taking a useful part in life, we can not but say, surely the profits of our work run big to the children, but biggest to the State.

The establishment of our children's courts on the foundation of a new attitude on the part of the community. We are experiencing these strange conditions of a unique new situation. We have made some progress, so far as the child is concerned, in the last hundred years than in all of the world's previous history.

How difficult it has been to get away from the dollar mark and the supremacy of money "rights" properly children's courts are helping to awaken the conscience to the truth that religion means relationship, social service. This knowledge is coming, but at least we are getting away from a period of empty resolutions and discussions and non-achievement in getting down to direct attempts. The sowing of seeds and seeds must go hand in hand. The sowing of seeds in the real story is a kindling of new hope in the heart, the children's courts, too, are teaching us that the best education lies in the heart and that the child only had the solution. Unless we give the parent enough return for his help in support of his child, we have done little more, in regulating the legal support father, than to say that it is bad for the child to be under the shadow, so it is better that he should starve.

When we go down and look at the children destined on the streets and at their elders with the lines of care necessarily lighted on their faces, we can not but realize what even a fragment of a chance means to our neighbors and his child.

At last our thoughts are turning to the thousands that are being sacrificed in social irresponsibility and the great movement of liberty which Ellen Keys says, "shall bring their degradation of rights and make an end of the spiritual and bodily ill-treatment of children" as surely begins.

**A MASTERY METHOD**

(Continued from page 10)

an anxiety. "It is connected with our mission. We are thinking steadily of finishing."

**POSITIVE** with a soft and green was the Patterson, home on Christmas morning. The star pointed in at the windows of the dining room, where the family dinner, cheerfully busy. Lois was tying red ribbons around a white paper package and humming to herself. Mrs. Patterson was driving Tom as he sat up a step-back and was talking about being a body worn at every angle but the right one. Only Mollie stood idly looking out of the window. Mollie was getting rather into the habit of idly looking out of windows. Tom from his left eye had an interested expression as he looked at Lois. "Tom will do, Tom," said his mother, but Tom still did.

"He never decided what to give Gregory for Christmas, did he?" he said, solemnly.

"He has the Bismarck's will come tonight," said Mollie, with fervent haste.

"No," said Tom. "But, as I was saying, we have not yet decided what to give Gregory for Christmas. It is the only one. I looked over the lists in my morning papers. They are always helpful, but there was nothing there except 'What to Give Grandpa' and 'Cocoa for the Cousin.' He had one name in his pocket as he descended from the ladder and joined Mollie at the window. There he stroked away again, and he placed back of the shiffling slight-of-hand man. Lois sat there by package in his mother's chair. Mrs. Patterson had gone to the kitchen.

"What? What?" broke out Mollie.

"What's up?" asked Tom, coming from his appreciative and proprietary contemplation of his precious sister.

"It's a horse!" said Mollie. "And— and Gregory!"

"Right on line!" murmured Tom. Two steps took him to the side porch, where he looked behind a horse, a beautiful bay, leaving a lady's smile and led by Mr. Campbell. Without ceremony Gregory dropped the lead on the man's hand and ran up the steps. Mollie heard the door open behind her, but she did not turn. It was quite half an hour before Gregory spoke.

"Do you like it, Mollie?" he said.

"Do I like it?" she asked. "Is it really

to me, Greg?" She loved him with radiant eyes, that were after all unconsciously shy for Mollie's eyes. "I'm going out to see it."

"Well, fine, Mollie," Gregory spoke cheerfully. "It's something planned to your blouse."

Mollie flew in the mirror. Across the shoulders of the mirror she started a broad red ribbon. On it in bold black letters—no black and hold that even the broadest reflection in the mirror was easy to read—stood the inscription, Gregory's Christmas Present.

As the red of the ribbon burned Mollie.

"Tom did it," she muttered.

"Yes, and Gregory," but may I have it?"

"You may have the ribbon," said Mollie.

**GENIUS**

(Continued from page 6)

another. Moreover, all the forty-five super-genius ones, and a few were doubtfully absorbed even then in their own lines of mental activity—for example, Whiston, Byron, and Lander. And, as regards the health of men of genius in childhood, more than two hundred were found to have been of an unusually feeble constitution; a number that involved by no means represented the full proportion of the total population. Even the writers of the biographical dictionary made an analysis of the physical conditions of their subjects during infancy and youth.

These figures—which are corroborated by the findings of other investigators—of air of interest and significance, but they are serious. They tend to bear out the growing belief among psychologists that the creative and energetic use of the mental faculties in childhood, provided this results from the awaking of a lively interest in the things thought of, is beneficial rather than harmful—for the men of genius who in childhood were found here, on the whole, remarkably well-lived. And, secondly, the figures unmistakably suggest that weakness in infancy has a direct bearing on the production of genius by forcing the development of interest in things of the mind. If only because through ill health the child is to a great extent deprived from participating in the physical interests and activities of other children.

**Can Genius be Developed by Education?**

**B**UT is the awaking of a lively interest—an interest so intense that it spurs to increased endeavor in some special field—enough to account for achievements of the men of genius? Granting that the men of genius depends for its results, as I have tried to show, on the extent to which he sustains and stimulates his subconscious powers by continuous absorption and thought, may we not assume that he possesses, to begin with, an exceptional mental capacity? Or is the average normal mind, by environment—the occurrence of events that make so profound an impression on his mind as to arouse a great longing for accomplishment—sufficient to rapture him? In short, would it be possible, by certain education and the wise adjustment of circumstances, to foster, and to develop any individual of normal mentality that he might achieve in his chosen life-work, results usually regarded as leaving the stamp of genius?

"Nark, decidedly, is my belief. I saw it pretty on the repeated failure of inventors to demonstrate the operation of heredity in the making of the most notable men of genius who, by the history of mankind, have sprung from all sorts and conditions of ancestors, rich and poor, and of various bloods and languages. Partly I base it on the many instances in which men of genius have known little or nothing of the circumstances of their activities to facilitate beginnings in early life. But most of all I base it on the many experiments in education by parents, entirely unaware of the interrelationship between conscious thinking and subconscious "inspiration," yet which have shown that the more a child is habituated to using his mind to good purpose the more he will accomplish in his life.

"Without exception, the outcome of these experiments has been the production of men of extraordinary attainments. In one case, a German country physician named Witte, taking in hand his infant son whom he had known as congenitally defective, began a process of formal education as soon as the child showed a first sign of awakening intelligence. Treating the boy from the start to learn through and simply by memory, led by the activities of his senses, gradually he came to become more and more interested in the great work of Nature as well as in the contents of his school books. Con-

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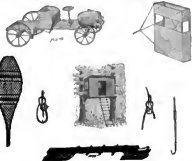
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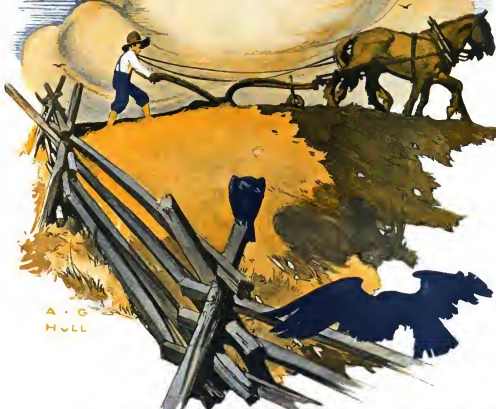
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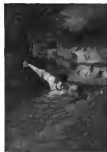
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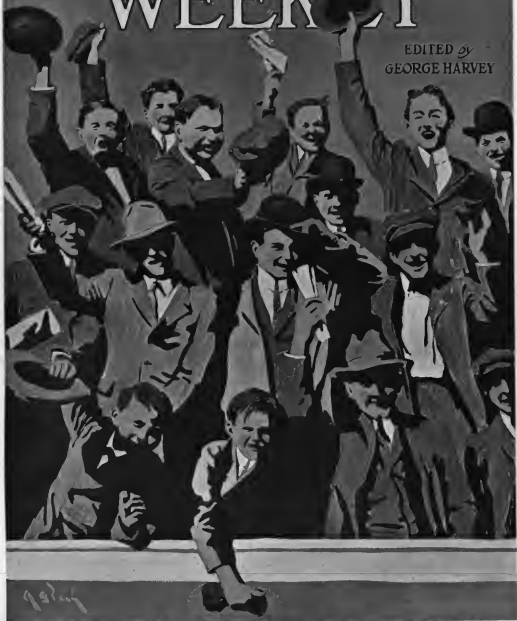
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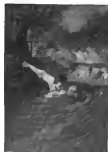
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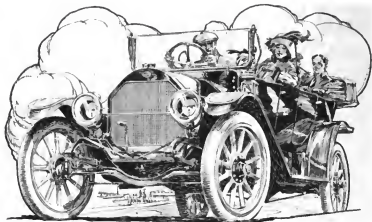


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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**INDUSTRIAL SERIES:  
STATE OF WASHINGTON**

May 31 1913

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## OPPORTUNITIES

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for both

## FARMER and INVESTOR

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**W**EST of the Missouri River, along the "new line" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, in the states of North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington, there lie millions of acres of fertile land awaiting only the developing energy of its future citizens. Nowhere else at this late date are better opportunities being held out to the prospective settler. When this land has finally found ownership no future time will hold forth the rich reward and independence as the opportunity which is presented today in this wonderful country.

A few years hence and the settlement of this fertile region will be a matter of history, and the home-seeker or investor who has failed to take advantage of the opportunity now offered will surely regret it, for certainly home-seekers looking for ideal conditions under which to live a life of prosperity and contentment, or the investor seeking the largest possible returns on his investment, need look no further.

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Special stress is laid on the advantages of these states as a wheat-producing country, but at the same time it is not intended in any way to belittle the value of its diversified products. In the Dakotas are to be found hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest prairie land, some of which can be bought at very low prices and on very easy terms, while there still remain thousands of excellent homesteads to be had practically without cost.

### MONTANA

The state of Montana contains 146,572 square miles and is as large as the combined area of New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Maryland, and Connecticut, while the population of the entire state is less than half a million and will support in comfort thirty times its present population. All it needs to make it one of the greatest states is more capital and more people of the right kind. Wealth awaits those who, properly equipped, will join fortunes with the "Treasure State," and now is the time. Montana's average wheat yield during the past ten years has been 26.5 bushels. Where can you beat it?

The farm land of Montana is located principally in broad valleys, among the most noted of which are the Yellowstone, Musselshell, Judith Basin, Smith River, Gallatin, Jefferson,

Deer Lodge, Missoula, Blackfoot, Bitter Root, and Flathead, all of which are reached via the "new line" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

### IDAHO

Along the "new line" in the state of Idaho is to be found some of the most fertile farm land in the country. The soil in the valleys is a deep, rich alluvial deposit, while on the highlands it is a volcanic ash, deep, rich, and very productive. The lands of Idaho will produce abundantly any crop common to the temperate zones. The climate is equable and the winters are at all times tempered by the Chinook winds. This state offers wonderful opportunities for farming in all branches, and the investor can hardly fail to secure unusual returns.

### WASHINGTON

This state is divided by the Cascade Range of mountains into two nearly equal parts, commonly known as Eastern and Western Washington. Western Washington is primarily best fitted for intensive cultivation, although general or diversified farming can be had and is being carried on very successfully. The soil, climate, and market facilities, however, are so favorable for the growing of strawberries, blackberries, cherries, and garden truck that this branch of farming is being carried on to a very large degree.

In Eastern Washington the principal crops are grains, hay, apples, and potatoes, although there is no known crop grown in the temperate zone which cannot be successfully grown in this state.

The principal agricultural districts of Western Washington are the Nookwich, Snohomish, Cherry, White River, and Puyallup valleys, and the Grays Harbor country, Puget Sound country, and Enumerate District, while in Eastern Washington the principal agricultural sections are the Island Empire, Kittitas Valley, Moses Lake country, Inland District, and Palouse country—all reached via the "new line" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Here, as elsewhere along the "new line," await untold opportunities for the farmer and investor.

For further information, literature, etc., regarding this wonderful section, write to the Immigration Bureau of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at either Seattle or Chicago.

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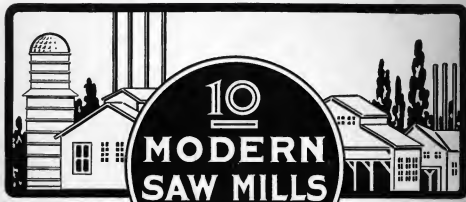


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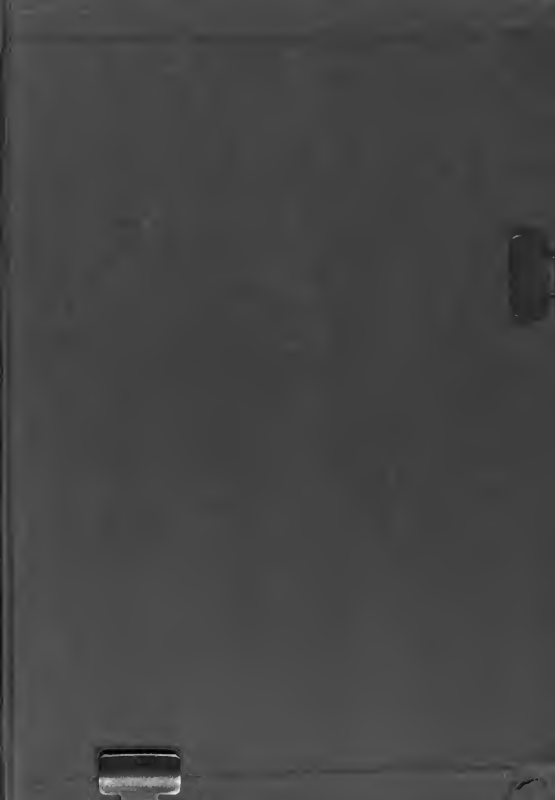


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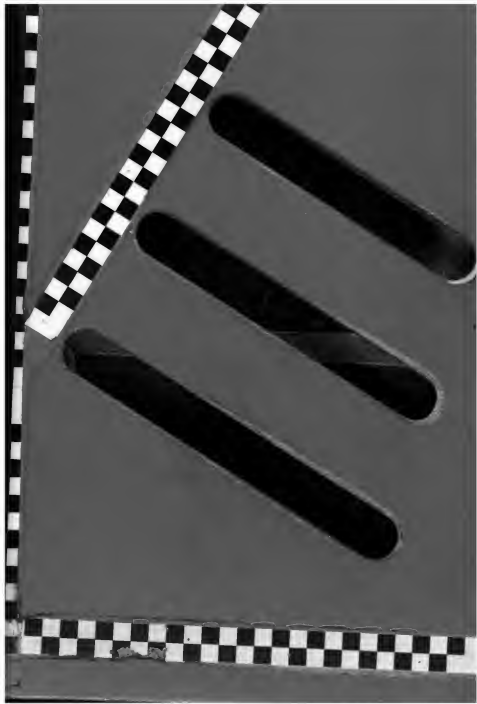
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